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Christine Simpson

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Done 7 25

G. Minna Wilson
Kilmory
Hawick

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THE
ACADEMIC
READER AND RECITER:

OR,

Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose and Verse,

SELECTED

FROM THE BEST ENGLISH WRITERS, AND ARRANGED UNDER
PROPER HEADS;

DESIGNED FOR THE

IMPROVEMENT OF YOUTH, IN READING, SPEAKING, AND
RECITING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE, WITH PROPRIETY
AND EASE:

AND TO INCUPLICATE

SOME OF THE MOST IMPORTANT PRINCIPLES OF PIETY AND
VIRTUE.

By WILLIAM LORRAIN, A. M.

*Rector of the Grammar School of Jedburgh, and Author of Books
keeping, &c.*

DOCTRINA SED VIM PROMOVET INSITAM,
RECTIQUE CULTUS PECTORA ROBORANT. *Horatius*

HAWICK:

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AND R. ARMSTRONG, HAWICK.

1810.

The most general, distributed in the
the principles of religion, sustained by
general knowledge, and encouraged not less
by the example, than improved by the in-
struction of their parents and their teachers,
will be used in the upbuilding of the
generally; they will, their ancestors in
the paths of morality, and the
principles of conduct, will be fortified
against the attacks of infidelity, and
they will be enabled to advance
in the various virtues and duties
of life.

And may the invaluable and invaluable
truth be ever (sustained) by parents and
teachers, with a degree of solicitude and
zeal, proportioned to the importance of the
subject, and its ever renewed by the
young, that the posterity of the British con-
tinent, and the stability of the British con-
stitution, as well as the religion, virtue,
and happiness of their present and
future, in the higher ranks of society,
may be ever and ever sustained.

“ THE rising generation, instructed in the true principles of religion, enlightened by general knowledge, and encouraged not less by the examples, than improved by the instructions of their parents and their teachers, will be freed from the imputation of degeneracy; they will follow their ancestors in the paths of integrity, honour, and true nobleness of conduct; they will be fortified against the attacks and the artifices of infidelity, and will persevere, as they advance in life, in every virtuous and honourable pursuit.

And may this indispensable and invaluable truth be ever inculcated by parents and teachers, with a degree of solicitude and zeal proportioned to the importance of the subject, and for ever remembered by the young, that the honour of the British character, and the stability of the British constitution, must depend upon religion, virtue, and knowledge, as their firmest and best supports! In the higher ranks of society, and more particularly among professional

men, it is more immediately requisite, that these constituents of personal merit should be carried to the greatest perfection. Every sincere lover of his country, therefore, will be eager to promote, by all expedients in his power, that rational, enlightened, and comprehensive system of education, which admits, improves, and perfects all of them; and he will determine, that every channel of useful information ought to be opened, every proper reward offered, and every honourable incitement held out, which may stimulate our ingenious youth to improve to the utmost of their power the faculties, with which Providence has blessed them, in order that the seeds of instruction may produce the most copious harvest of virtue; and their conscientious and able discharge of all the duties of life may contribute equally to the happiness of themselves and their friends, and to the general prosperity and true glory of their country." K.

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THE
ACADEMIC
READER AND RECITER.

PART I.

PIECES IN PROSE.

CHAPTER I.

RELIGIOUS AND SENTENTIOUS LESSONS.

SECTION I.

Extracts from the Proverbs of Solomon.

FOOLISHNESS is bound in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him.

Train up a child in the way which he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.

My son, attend unto my wisdom, and bow thine ear to my understanding.

Hear the instructions of a father, and forsake not the law of thy mother.

Bind them constantly upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck.

When thou goest, they shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, they shall keep thee; and when thou walkest, they shall talk with thee.

My son, let not mercy and truth forsake thee, bind them about thy neck; write them upon the table of thine heart.

So shalt thou find favour and good understanding in the sight of God and man.

Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not to thine own understanding,

In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the Lord, and depart from evil.

Honour him with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase.

So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine.

SECTION II.

My son, despise not the chastening of the Lord; neither be weary of his correction.

For whom the Lord loveth he correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom. She is more precious than rubies; and all the things which thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.

Length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand are riches and honour.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her; and happy is every one that retaineth her.

By wisdom hath the Lord founded the earth; by understanding hath he established the heavens.

By his knowledge the depths are broken up, and the clouds drop down dew.

My son, keep sound wisdom and discretion; let them not depart from thine eyes.

So shall they be life unto thy soul, and grace to thy neck.

Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble.

When thou liest down thou shalt not be afraid, and thy sleep shall be sweet.

Be not afraid of sudden fear, neither of the desolation of the wicked when it cometh.

For the Lord shall be thy confidence, and shall keep thy foot from being taken.

My son, withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it.

Say not unto thy neighbour, go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee.

Devise not evil against thy neighbour, seeing he dwelleth securely by thee.

Strive not with a man without cause, if he have done thee no harm.

Envy thou not the oppressor, and choose none of his ways.

For the froward man is an abomination to the Lord: but his secret is with the righteous.

SECTION III.

Extracts from Christ's Sermon on the Mount.

BLESSED are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they who do hunger and thirst after righteousness : for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God.

Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake.

Rejoice and be exceedingly glad : for great is your reward in heaven : for so persecuted they the prophets who were before you.

Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.

Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father who is in heaven.

Agree with thine adversary quickly, whilst thou art in the way with him.

Let your communication be, Yea, yea ; Nay, nay : for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

Give to him that asketh thee ; and from him that would borrow of thee turn thou not away.

Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them who despitefully use you, and persecute you.

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them : otherwise ye have no reward of your Father who is in heaven.

But when thou dost alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth.

SECTION IV.

WHEN ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do : for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking.

Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask him.

Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal.

But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal.

For where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

Take no thought, saying, what shall we eat? or, what shall we drink? or, wherewithal shall we be clothed?

But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness; and all these things shall be added unto you.

Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you:

For every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened.

Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doth them, I will liken him to a wise man, who built his house upon a rock.

And the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house, and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock.

And every one that heareth these sayings of mine, and doth them not, shall be likened to a foolish man, who built his house upon the sand; and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house; and it fell: and great was the fall of it.

And it came to pass after Jesus had ended these sayings, the people were astonished at his doctrine: For he taught them as one having authority, and not as the Scribes.

SECTION V.

The Sayings of the Ancients.

TEACH a child that which will be most useful to him, when he becomes a man.

They who educate children well, are more to be honoured than they who produce them; for these only gave them life, those the art of living well.

Learning is an ornament in prosperity, a refuge in adversity, and the best provision against old age. It teaches youth temperance, affords comfort to the aged, gives riches to the poor, and is an ornament to the rich.

Expect the same filial duty from your children, which you paid to your parents.

Avarice and vanity are the principal elements of evil: but a blush is the complexion of virtue.

Folly is the obstruction of knowledge, and fame the perfume of virtue.

In childhood be modest, in youth temperate, in manhood just, and in old age prudent.

It is not the situation of life which makes a man honourable, but the man that makes the situation so.

Lie not, but speak the truth.

Liars are the authors of all the mischiefs that afflict mankind.

Praise not the unworthy on account of their wealth. To praise what is estimable, is right; but to flatter what is wrong, is the property of a designing hypocritical soul.

There is no possession more valuable than a good and faithful friend.

Be the same to your friends both in prosperity and in adversity.

The man who knows how to speak, knows also when to be silent.

Neither betray a secret, nor commit one to a friend, which, if reported, would bring you infamy.

Do good to your friend, that he may be more friendly; to your enemy, that he may become your friend.

Honour age, and deride not the unfortunate.

What you would not have done to yourself, never do to others.

SECTION VI.

Select and Instructive Sentences.

DILIGENCE overcomes all difficulties; but delays often ruin the best designs.

To be ever active in laudable pursuits, is the distinguishing characteristic of merit.

Choose that course of life which is best, and custom will make it the most agreeable.

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

The man who gives his children the habit of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a stock of money.

Virtuous youth gradually brings forward accomplished and flourishing manhood.

The acquisition of knowledge is one of the most honourable occupations of youth.

To say little and perform much, is the characteristic of a great mind.

Narrow minds think nothing right that is above their own capacity.

Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable.

He who is puffed up with the first gale of prosperity, will bend beneath the first blast of adversity.

To maintain a steady and uniform mind, amidst all the shocks of the world, marks a great and noble spirit.

A temperate spirit, and moderate expectations, are excellent safeguards of the mind, in this uncertain and changing state.

A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all.—Without a friend the world is but a wilderness.

Upon the choice which we make of our friends depends our good or bad fortune.

Our ignorance of what is to come, and of what is really good or evil, should correct anxiety about worldly success.

There is but one way of fortifying the soul against all gloomy presages and terrors of the mind; and that is, by securing to ourselves the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity.

SECTION VII.

AN infallible way to make a child miserable, is to satisfy all his demands.

There is no such fop as my young master of his lady-mother's making. She blows him up with self-conceit, and there she stops. She makes a man of him at twelve, and a boy all his life after.

Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that the man was never yet found, who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

The corrupted temper, and the guilty passions of the bad, frustrate the effect of every advantage which the world confers on them.

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.

Moral and religious instruction derives its efficacy, not

so much from what men are taught to know, as from what they are taught to feel.

Never suffer your courage to be fierce, your resolution obstinate, your wisdom cunning, nor your patience sullen.

When, even in the heat of dispute, I yield to my antagonist, my victory over myself is more illustrious, than over him had he yielded to me.

It is ungenerous to give a man occasion to blush at his own ignorance in one thing, who perhaps may excel us in many.

He that is truly polite, knows how to contradict with respect, and to please without adulation; and is equally remote from an insipid complaisance, and a low familiarity.

It often happens that those are the best people, whose characters have been most injured: as we usually find that to be the sweetest fruit which the birds have been picking at.

Solicitude in hiding failings makes them appear the greater. It is a safer and easier course frankly to acknowledge them. A man owns that he is ignorant: we admire his modesty. He says he is old: we scarce think him so. He declares himself poor: we do not believe it.

SECTION VIII.

HONOUR is but a fictitious kind of honesty, a mean but necessary substitute for it, in societies who have none: it is a sort of paper-credit, with which men are obliged to trade, who are deficient in the sterling cash of true morality and religion.

The difference there is betwixt honour and honesty seems to be chiefly in the motive. The honest man does that from duty, which the man of honour does for the sake of character.

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 to make it good.

Let us preserve our reputation, by performing our engagements ; our credit, by fulfilling our contracts ; and our friends, by gratitude and kindness : for we know not how soon we may have occasion for all of them.

The happiness of every man depends more upon the state of his own mind, than upon any one external circumstance : nay, more than upon all external things put together.

That gentleness which is the characteristic of a good man, has, like every other virtue, its seat in the heart ; and, let me add, nothing except what flows from the heart, can render even external manners truly pleasing.

Reason is the noblest faculty of the human mind, it is of the highest importance to consider its proper conduct and application, more especially, as upon its right direction in controlling the flights of imagination, and abating the violence of the passions, depends the happiness of life.

When, upon rational and sober enquiry, we have established our principles, let us not suffer them to be shaken by the scoffs of the licentious, or the cavals of the sceptical.

Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humour another : to follow the dictates of the two latter, is going into a road that is both endless and intricate ; when we pursue the other, our passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

Life has no pleasure higher or nobler, than that of friendship. It is painful to consider, that this sublime enjoyment may be impaired or destroyed by innumerable causes, and that there is no human possession, of which the duration is less certain.

A man deprived of the companion to whom he use

to open his bosom, and with whom he shared the hours of leisure and merriment, feels the day at first hanging heavy on him; he sees time come and go without his wonted gratification, and all is sadness within, and solitude about him.

SECTION IX.

THE wisest and best of men in all ages, have been generally such as have conformed to the laws and religion of the country in which they resided.

No man, whose appetites are his masters, can perform the duties of his nature with strictness and regularity; he that would be superior to external influences, must first become superior to his own passions.

The devotion of life or fortune to the succour of the poor, is a height of virtue, to which humanity has never risen by its own power.

We must snatch the present moment; and employ it well, without too much solicitude for the future; and content ourselves with reflecting that our part is performed.

He that waits for an opportunity to do much at once, may breathe out his life in idle wishes; and regret, in the last hour, his useless intentions, and barren zeal.

Men are willing to credit what they wish, and encourage rather those who gratify them with pleasure, than those who instruct them with fidelity.

Suspicion is not less an enemy to virtue than to happiness: he that is already corrupt is naturally suspicious, and he that becomes suspicious will quickly be corrupt.

Wealth cannot confer greatness, for nothing can make that great, which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak.

The greatest human virtue bears no proportion to human vanity. We always think ourselves better than we are, and are generally desirous that others should think us still better than we think ourselves.

To praise us for actions or dispositions which deserve praise, is not to confer a benefit, but to pay a tribute.

It is dangerous for mean minds to venture themselves within the sphere of greatness. Stupidity is soon blinded by the splendour of wealth, and cowardice is easily flattered in the shackles of dependence.

To solicit patronage is, at least, in the event, to set virtue to sale. None can be pleased without praise, and few can be praised without falsehood; few can be assiduous without servility, and none can be servile without corruption.

He that resigns his peace to little casualties, and suffers the course of his life to be interrupted by fortuitous inadvertencies or offences, delivers up himself to the direction of the wind, and loses all that constancy and equanimity which constitute the chief praise of a wise man.

They that have grown old in a single state are generally found to be morose, fretful, and captious; tenacious of their own practices and maxims; soon offended by contradiction or negligence, and impatient of any association, but with those that will watch their nod, and submit themselves to unlimited authority.

SECTION X.

WHAT a piece of work is man! How noble in reason! How infinite in faculties! In form and moving how express and admirable! In action how like an angel! In apprehension how like a god!

Children of men! Men formed by nature to live and to feel as brethren! How long will ye continue to estrange

yourselves from one another by competitions and jealousies, when in cordial union you might be so much more blessed? How long will ye seek your happiness in selfish gratifications alone, neglecting those purer and better sources of joy, which flow from the affections of the heart?

What are the actions which afford in the remembrance a rational satisfaction? Are they the pursuits of sensual pleasure, the riots of jollity, or the displays of show and vanity? No: I appeal to your hearts my friends, if what you recollect with most pleasure, are not the innocent, the virtuous, the honourable parts of your past life.

The great sacrifice which is alone, immediately, and directly acceptable to the Deity, is, the sacrifice of our faculties upon the broad immortal altar of society; the substance of divine service is social service.—Benevolence to man is the “beauty of holiness”—The sphere of usefulness is the chief church of man: “This is the most holy place; the holy of holies; the most sacred court in the temple of God; those that minister here are the highest priests, whose office has most sanctity in his sight.” Generous offices are the noblest of religious exercises—He that teaches the sighing heart to sing for joy, awakes the harp which best befits the fingers of devotion—The spirit of religion is the love of rectitude, rectitude living and realized in the divine nature; the exercise of religion is the practice of that rectitude.

Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. Is not that man little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the

plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.

To profess what he does not mean, to promise what he cannot perform, to flatter ambition with prospects of promotion, and misery with hopes of relief, to soothe pride with appearances of submission, and appease enmity by blandishments and bribes, can surely imply nothing more or greater, than a mind devoted wholly to its own purposes, a face that cannot blush, and a heart that cannot feel.

Who will not acknowledge that there is more excellence in wisdom, than in mere animal strength? Who will not own that there is more happiness in the improving conversation of the wise, than in the tumultuous uproar of the debauched and licentious? Are the rays of light as pleasant to the eye as the radiations of truth to the mind? Have sensual gratifications a charm for the soul, equal to intellectual and moral joys? While the former soon pall upon the appetite, are not the latter a perpetual feast? While the remembrance of the one is attended with no pleasure, is not the remembrance of the other a repetition of the enjoyment?

CHAPTER II.

NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

SECTION I.

The Basis of successful Education.

LONG experience and observation have convinced me, that less depends on modes of education than on the susceptibility of the pupil. The labours of the most intelli-

gent and active agriculturist must, at last, in a great measure be rewarded by the fertility of the soil, and its adaptation to his crop. He who sows his seed in a field repugnant to cultivation, or of qualities unpropitious to what is committed to its bosom, will, when harvest approaches, have to regret his ineffectual toils and his disappointed hopes.

The minds of youth, in like manner, are not all equally adapted for the reception of learning. No pains can overcome the natural sterility of some, and no neglect can wholly check the growth of fruit in others. Happy, however, are they, whose aptitude to receive instruction has met with the hand of diligent cultivation, who have early had the weeds of ignorance or error eradicated, and every generous plant reared to maturity, with faithful assiduity and vigilant care.

By diligent tuition the most unpromising genius, inspired with a real desire to improve, may be rendered useful to society, and advantageous to itself. Providence never intended an equality of mental endowments, or of personal advantages, but he has impartially distributed his *favours* for the good of the whole; and where he has denied the shining talents that lead to *fame*, he has generally conferred the more solid qualities, that are calculated to secure independence.

A parent, and not unfrequently a master, is dazzled by the lustre of opening abilities, and forgets the precipice to which they lead, the danger of their being perverted by ill examples, or of being nipped by the frost of neglect. They too often inspire a youth of talents with the fallacious hope, that he will attain to any station which he is qualified to fill, and that the homage of mankind will be liberally paid to superior mental excellence. This, no doubt, fans the most generous passions, and sometimes is productive of salutary consequences; but in the great mass of mankind how few, however gifted, can succeed!

How many must be left to languish in obscurity, for want of occasions worthy of their attainments! It is, therefore, safest to combine a regard for the substantial with the showy; and while the young are stimulated to run the career of glory in hopes of an adequate reward, to teach them in case of disappointment, how they may render the sublimest talents productive of good to themselves or the community, in spheres of action no less honourable, though less brilliant.

Far is it from the intention of the writer of this to depress the ardour of juvenile expectations, or to throw a gloom over the gay prospects of early life. He only wishes to moderate extravagant hopes, which generally end in disappointment; and to extend the empire of happiness, by showing that it does not entirely depend upon rank, station, or acquirements. Those who possess a moderate capacity, and are content with moderate views, frequently enjoy more felicity than such as are qualified to gain the heights of celebrity, but want the means to rise, or the prudence to conduct themselves.

But whatever may be the natural endowments of youth, they never can be effectually polished, or brought to perfection, without docility. To this grand point I wish to call their earnest attention; and I most anxiously invite parents to accompany me in the subsequent remarks. The instructors of youth, of either sex, I am sure will breathe their felicitations on my endeavours: they know and feel that all their useful labour is vain, without a willing mind and a tractable disposition.

In the days of yore, children were brought up with a strictness, not to say severity, which rendered the tutor's business easy; or if he did not find sufficient pliancy, the ferula and the rod were called in without mercy, and without the fear of censure, to exact attention and submission.

Every period has its foibles and excesses. The unbending sternness with which the young used to be treated in former times, was disgraceful to free agents; and if it restrained the impetuous sallies of unguarded passions, it cramped the energies of the most exalted virtues, which must be spontaneous to be praise-worthy. It introduced hypocrisy and dissimulation, from the dread of punishment; and rendered the character correctly formal, from the apprehension of giving offence, rather than nobly virtuous, from the innate love of principle.

But the laxity and indulgence of modern manners are, perhaps, still more inimical to the best interests of the rising generation. The foolish fondness of parents in general, towards their children, knows no bounds. It cannot be called love for them, for love is quick-sighted to discern faults, and studies to correct them; it cannot be called tenderness or humanity, for these qualities are not displayed by momentary impulses, but by consistency of action. It is rather a fashion or a habit, springing out of indolence, and want of moral feeling: it may, without breach of charity, be traced to general dissipation, which renders persons indifferent about what does not contribute to their own immediate pleasure, and callous to the warm emotions of a rational regard. I will not ascribe this criminal indulgence, or rather neglect of children, to irreligion, and a contempt of all authority, but unfortunately it leads to both; and if it continues for a few generations more, or is carried to still greater heights, it must dissolve every tie that binds man to man, or man to heaven.

When children are habituated to pursue their own pleasures without control from parental authority; when they disobey the authors of their being with impunity, and treat them with contempt in proportion to the mis-

taken kindness which they have received, what can be expected from the best modes of education, or the most sedulous care of masters? Will the boy that disregards his father respect his instructor; and will he who is used to have his will at home, whether right or wrong, quietly submit to necessary restraints when sent to school?

Parents ought seriously to reflect on this, both for their own sakes, and the happiness of their progeny. They should inculcate the necessity of a rational obedience from the first dawn of reason; they should encourage docility in their children, as the mutual basis of comfort to the one, and of improvement to the other. The same habits which they still think it requisite children should acquire at school, should be early ingrafted on their natures; and the business of the parent and the tutor should be shown to be the same in effect, though differing in degree. The maxims which regulate the school, should be a continuation of those which have directed the nursery. Owing to the contradiction, however, between them, what ills have arisen, and how much has the business of education been impeded! The most able masters have, perhaps, incurred the blame which ought to have been solely imputed to the parent; and the hopeful genius has been lost to the world and to himself, by the neglect of precepts, which would, if early imbibed, have rendered docility habitual.

“Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.”

No one can teach those who are unwilling to learn, or resolutely bent to disobey. Let parents therefore give the proper impressions in time, and continue them as they find opportunity and occasion; or the labour of the tutor will be the toil of Sisyphus. What he accomplishes with difficulty in months, may be undone in a day, or even a moment.

The young are naturally docile, and inclined to please.

If early taken in hand, they may be moulded to any form without severity, and without harshness. Did I meet with an untoward disposition in youth, I would make use of language like this: "The restraints which I am obliged to impose on you, and the duties which I call you to perform, are solely prompted by a regard for your lasting welfare. I have no interest in exacting obedience: the services which you are to discharge, are not calculated to benefit me, but yourself. If you are disposed to do your best with a willing mind, I have no more to claim of you. It will facilitate my instructions, and make them beneficial to you: it will tend to make you beloved by your superiors in every relation; and if you have learned to practise obedience yourself, during those years in which the reason of those who have gained experience is necessary to guide you, when you reach maturity you will be able to command with prudence, and to receive that duty which you have paid."

There are few, it is hoped, who would turn a deaf ear to such a lesson as this, affectionately and frequently repeated. The young, indeed, ought to have "line upon line, and precept upon precept;" but I am well convinced, from long acquaintance with their native bias, that, when parents have done their duty, the business of the master or mistress will be comparatively easy and pleasant.

SECTION II.

Virtuous Youth rewarded.

IN some dispositions there is an inherent amiableness, not the effect of education, but the gift of nature. In others, discipline and attentive cultivation so totally obliterate every unlovely quality, that it is difficult to say, whether art or nature has been more propitious. Of the

first stamp was the subject of the following little history ; and happy was it for himself, his parents, and his tutors, that he had so few evil propensities to correct, and that his genius was so well suited for the reception of what education alone can give.

WILLIAM MELVILLE was the eldest son of a man who had struggled hard with the world, but in every situation supported an honest and independent character. As he had much leisure and some learning, it was his pleasure to give his children the first rudiments of education, and to train them up in those habits which were likely to facilitate the business of the master, whenever they were put to school. He taught them, without the least harshness, the necessity of obedience ; he early made them sensible, that civility and submission were the most effectual means to render themselves beloved ; and that he who is indulged in foibles, however innocent, before he has gained the use of his reasoning faculties, will most probably give occasion for correction to break him of real faults, as he advances to maturer years.

His eldest son, to whose story we shall confine ourselves on the present occasion, only required to have the right way pointed out, to induce him to pursue it. His temper was so mild, and his attachment to his parents so sincere, that nothing gave him so much pain as to offend, or so much satisfaction as to please.—He was always active, but never appeared in a hurry or confusion. He followed method, yet was never formal. The task prescribed was always finished in time, that it might not interfere with other engagements. Indeed to an indifferent spectator he would have seemed idle, as he generally had so much leisure from study ; but this was in consequence of diligence and assiduity till his business was completed, and a love of regularity for the sake of the praise which it gained him, and the pleasure it gave.

Thus instituted, he was removed to a public school,

when about thirteen years of age, and placed on the foundation. Habituated to the most tender treatment, and full of filial and fraternal affection, it is natural to suppose he did not leave his home without a few silent tears. It argues insensibility rather than courage to show indifference on such an occasion. But though young Melville's heart was full, and his eyes overflowed, not a word escaped his lips that was unworthy of the most dignified resolution. He had been duly instructed in his duty to his family and to himself. He had been made acquainted with the motives which dictated this separation, and saw his own good was connected with the prospect before him. He was not launched without principles, and they served as a guide to direct him.

In a few days he found himself quite naturalized in his new situation. His companions discovered the unassuming modesty of his deportment, and his inoffensive manners; and it was their pleasure to communicate to him what information was necessary for a stranger to know. They soothed his apprehensions, and fortified his resolution. They took an interest in his welfare, because he seemed to place a generous reliance on their assistance; and his masters, speedily discovering how anxious he was to merit their good opinion, were neither strict to mark his involuntary lapses, nor severe to punish them.

Before he had been six months at this school, he was the universal favourite. Both his masters and all the deserving among his school-fellows were his friends; yet this excited neither envy nor opposition from the more rude and ill disposed. He used no specious arts to conciliate favour or affection; and each saw and confessed that it was his own fault, if he was not as well beloved as William Melville.

At this school was the eldest son of a nobleman, who, though born to the highest expectations, did not forget, that the more distinguished his rank, the more requisite

it was to adorn it by learning and virtue. Between him and Melville an intimacy took place, which gradually ripened into the sincerest friendship. Their hearts seemed to beat in unison. Nature had cast them in the same mould, though fortune had destined them to very different spheres of action. Melville rejoiced in the happier prospects of his friend, without drawing idle and envious comparisons. He knew that all could not fill the first characters in the drama of life, or the business of the world would soon stand still. He studied to qualify himself to rise; but he placed his hopes of success on his own merits, rather than on the assistance of others.

His friend, however, was too warm in his attachment not to mention him in the most honourable terms to the peer. An invitation to spend a vacation at his seat was the consequence. The parents of his friend were so much pleased with his behaviour, that they gave their son credit for his taste and discernment, in selecting such an amiable associate. This laid the foundation of Melville's fortune. As he possessed none of those showy qualities which could impose on a first acquaintance, but those substantial virtues, which, the more they are developed, the better they are loved, when the young nobleman was removed to the university, the father of Melville was solicited to permit his son to accompany him.

He hesitated not to comply, without any stipulation or *eclaircissement*, though the expense was an object, to a person of his very limited income, of deep and serious consideration; but he disdained to sink himself or his child by a hint of this kind, as he was sensible his situation was well known; and that it is the highest gratification to the truly noble, to confer a favour without the painful homage of solicitation. He had no reason to repent of his conduct. Means were found without alarming the delicacy of either father or son, to make them

both easy and comfortable in this respect. The friends and companions at the school were still more strongly those at the college ; and young Melville having established his reputation for learning, probity, and the most prudent and praise-worthy conduct, was engaged, at an ample allowance, as travelling tutor, or rather companion, to his noble associate. They visited almost every country in Europe with improving delight in each other's society ; and when the young nobleman returned, and was called to fill a public station, for which his abilities, his virtues, and his rank qualified him, Melville, who had entered into holy orders, was presented to the valuable living of the parish in which the country mansion stood, and which had for some years been held for him, without his knowledge.

In this situation, he endeared himself still more to the family and to mankind, by his correct and meritorious behaviour ; and his noble friend, whenever it was in his power to retire for a short space from the service of his country, sought consolation in his society, and advice and assistance from his long tried wisdom and attachment. He might have risen higher in the church, had he wished it ; but he was wholly destitute of ambition, and would not listen to any overtures of advancement. He had gained a competence, and he asked no more.

May every youth who copies the example of Melville, and adopts his principles be equally fortunate in a patron ! And should it ever be his happy lot to secure such a warm and generous protector, or to exhibit his virtues in a sphere where they can be known and adequately rewarded, the still voice of approving conscience will whisper resignation and content, and heaven will be his recompence at last.

SECTION III.

The Pleasures of Spring.

THE Spring affords to a mind so free from the disturbance of cares or passions as to be vacant to calm amusements, almost every thing that our present state makes us capable of enjoying. The variegated verdure of the fields and woods, the succession of grateful odours, the voice of pleasure pouring out its notes on every side, with the gladness, apparently conceived by every animal, from the growth of his food, and the clemency of the weather, throw over the whole earth an air of gaiety, significantly expressed by the smile of nature.

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

In the opening of the spring, when all nature begins to recover herself, the same animal pleasure which makes the birds sing, and the whole brute creation rejoice, rises very sensibly in the heart of man. I know none of the poets who have observed so well as Milton those secret overflowings of gladness which diffuse themselves through the mind of the beholder, upon surveying the gay scenes of nature: he has touched upon it twice or thrice in his

Paradise Lost, and describes it very beautifully under the name of vernal delight, in that passage where he represents the devil himself as almost sensible of it.

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

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

and raises such a rational admiration in the soul, as is little inferior to devotion.

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

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

SECTION IV.

Description of a Palace.

ACCORDING to the custom which has descended from age to age among the monarchs of the torrid zone, Rasselas was confined in a private palace, with the other sons and daughters of Abyssinian royalty, till the order of succession should call him to the throne.

The place, which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes, was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered, was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it has long been disputed, whether it was the work of nature or of human industry. The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth which opened into the valley, was closed with gates of iron, forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy, that no man could, without the help of engines, open or shut them.

From the mountains on every side, rivulets descended that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl whom Nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise, from precipice to precipice, till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees, the banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers; every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass, or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, war-

dered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them. On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures, on another, all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together, the blessings of Nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessities of life, and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the Emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music; and during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of time. Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hopes that they should pass their lives in this blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted, whose performance was thought able to add novelty to luxury. Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they, to whom it was new, always desired that it might be perpetual; and as those, on whom the iron gate had once closed, were never suffered to return, the effect of longer experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new schemes of delight, and new competitors for imprisonment.

The palace stood on an eminence, raised about thirty paces above the surface of the lake. It was divided into many squares or courts, built with greater or less magnificence, according to the rank of those for whom they were designed. The roofs were turned into arches of

massy stone, joined by a cement that grew harder by time; and the building stood from century to century, deriding the solstitial rains, and equinoctial hurricanes, without need of reparation.

This house, which was so large as to be fully known to none but some ancient officers who successively inherited the secrets of the place, was built as if Suspicion herself had dictated the plan. To every room there was an open and a secret passage, every square had a communication with the rest, either from the upper stories by private galleries, or by subterraneous passages from the lower apartments. Many of the columns had unsuspected cavities, in which a long race of monarchs had reposed their treasures. They then closed up the opening with marble, which was never to be removed but in the utmost exigencies of the kingdom; and recorded their accumulations in a book which was itself concealed in a tower not entered but by the emperor, attended by the prince who stood next in succession.

SECTION V.

The Vanity of Riches.

As Ortogrul of Basra was one day wandering along the streets of Bagdat, musing on the varieties of merchandize which the shops offered to his view, and observing the different occupations which busied the multitudes on every side, he was awakened from the tranquillity of meditation by a crowd that obstructed his passage. He raised his eyes, and saw the chief vizier, who having returned from the divan, was entering his palace.

Ortogrul mingled with the attendants, and being supposed to have some petition for the vizier, was permitted to enter. He surveyed the spaciousness of the apartments, admired the walls hung with golden tapestry, and the

floors covered with silken carpets, and despised the simple neatness of his own little habitation.

Surely, said he to himself, this palace is the seat of happiness, where pleasure succeeds to pleasure, and discontent and sorrow can have no admission. Whatever nature has provided for the delight of sense, is here spread forth to be enjoyed. What can mortals hope or imagine, which the master of this palace has not obtained? The dishes of luxury cover his table, the voice of harmony hails him in his bowers; he breathes the fragrance of the groves of Java, and sleeps upon the down of the cygnets of Ganges. He speaks and his mandate is obeyed, he wishes and his wish is gratified; all whom he sees obey him, and all whom he hears flatter him. How different, Ortogrul, is thy condition, who art doomed to the perpetual torments of unsatisfied desire, and who hast no amusement in thy power that can withhold thee from thy own reflections! They tell thee that thou art wise, but what does wisdom avail with poverty? None will flatter the poor, and the wise have very little power of flattering themselves. That man is surely the most wretched of the sons of wretchedness, who lives with his own faults and follies always before him, and who has none to reconcile him to himself by praise and veneration. I have long sought content and have not found it; I will from this moment endeavour to be rich.

Full of his new resolution, he shut himself in his chamber for six months, to deliberate how he should grow rich; he sometimes purposed to offer himself as a counsellor to one of the kings of India, and sometimes resolved to dig for diamonds in the mines of Golconda. One day, after some hours passed in violent fluctuation of opinion, sleep insensibly seized him in his chair; he dreamed that he was ranging a desert country in search of some one that might teach him to grow rich; and as he stood on the top of a hill shaded with cypress, in doubt whither to di-

rect his steps, his father appeared on a sudden standing before him. Ortogrul, said the old man, I know thy perplexity ; listen to thy father ; turn thy eye on the opposite mountain. Ortogrul looked, and saw a torrent tumbling down the rocks, roaring with the noise of thunder, and scattering its foam on the impending woods. Now, said his father, behold the valley that lies between the hills. Ortogrul looked and espied a little well, out of which issued a small rivulet. Tell me now, said his father, dost thou wish for sudden affluence, that may pour upon thee like the mountain torrent, or for a slow and gradual increase, resembling the rill gliding from the well ? Let me be quickly rich, said Ortogrul ; let the golden stream be quick and violent. Look round thee, said his father, once again. Ortogrul looked, and perceived the channel of the torrent dry and dusty ; but following the rivulet from the well, he traced it to a wide lake, which the supply, slow and constant, kept always full. He waked, and determined to grow rich by silent profit, and persevering industry.

Having sold his patrimony, he engaged in merchandize, and in twenty years purchased lands on which he raised a house, equal in sumptuousness to that of the vizier, to which he invited all the ministers of pleasure, expecting to enjoy all the felicity which he had imagined riches able to afford. Leisure soon made him weary of himself, and he longed to be persuaded that he was great and happy. He was courteous and liberal ; he gave all that approached him hopes of pleasing him, and all who should please him hopes of being rewarded. Every art of praise was tried, and every source of adulatory fiction was exhausted. Ortogrul heard his flatterers without delight, because he found himself unable to believe them. His own heart told him its frailties, his own understanding reproached him with his faults. How long, said he, with a deep sigh, have I been labouring in vain to

amass wealth which at last is useless! Let no man hereafter wish to be rich, who is already too wise to be flattered.

SECTION VI.

A Picture of Human Life.

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the vallies, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did, not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was some-

times tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade; and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to

seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or destruction. At length not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escape of this day, sink deep into thy

heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour and full of expectation ; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides ; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation ; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we purpose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another ; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance ; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made ; that reformation

is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted ; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors ; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose, commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence, and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

SECTION VII.

A Robbery Required.

A JEWELLER, a man of a good character, and considerable wealth, having occasion in the way of his business to travel at some distance from the place of his abode, took along with him a servant, in order to take care of his portmanteau. He had with him some of his best jewels, and a large sum of money, to which his servant was likewise privy. The master having occasion to dismount on the road, the servant watching his opportunity, took a pistol from his master's saddle, and shot him dead on the spot : then rifling him of his jewels and money, and hanging a large stone to his neck, he threw him into the nearest canal. With this booty he made off to a distant part of the country, where he had reason to believe that neither he nor his master were known. There he began to trade in a very low way at first, that his obscurity might screen him from observation, and in the course of a good many years, seemed to rise by the natural progress of business, into wealth and consideration ; so that his good fortune appeared at once the effect and reward of industry and virtue. Of these he counterfeited the appearance so well, that he grew into great credit, married into a good family, and by laying out his hidden stores discreetly, as he saw occasion, and joining to all an universal affability, he was admitted to a share of

the government of the town, and rose from one post to another, till at length he was chosen chief magistrate. In this office he maintained a fair character, and continued to fill it with no small applause, both as governor and a judge; till one day as he sat on the bench with some of his brethren, a criminal was brought before him, who was accused of murdering his master. The evidence came out full, the jury brought in their verdict, that the prisoner was guilty, and the whole assembly waited the sentence of the president of the court (which he happened to be that day) with great suspense. Mean while he appeared to be in unusual disorder and agitation of mind; his colour changed often; at length he arose from his seat, and coming down from the bench, placed himself just by the unfortunate man at the bar, to the no small astonishment of all present. "You see before you," said he, addressing himself to those who had sat on the bench with him, "a striking instance of the just awards of heaven, which this day, after thirty years' concealment, presents to you a greater criminal than the man just now found guilty." Then he made an ample confession of his guilt, and of all its aggravations. "Nor can I feel," continued he, "any relief from the agonies of an awakened conscience, but by requiring that justice be forthwith done against me in the most public and solemn manner."

We may easily suppose the amazement of all the assembly, and especially of his fellow-judges. However, they proceeded, upon his confession, to pass sentence upon him, and he died with all the symptoms of a penitent mind.

Mr. D. Fordyce, in his *Dialogues on Education*, vol. ii. p. 401, says the above is a true story, and happened in a neighbouring state not many years ago.

SECTION VIII.

Fraternal Affection.

DARIUS, king of Persia, had three sons by his first wife, the daughter of Gabrias, all three born before their father came to the crown; and four more by Atossa, the daughter of Cyrus, who were all born after their father's accession to the throne. Artabazanes, called by Justin, Artimenes, was the eldest of the former, and Xerxes of the latter. Artabazanes alleged, in his own behalf, that the right of succession, according to the custom and practice of all nations, belonged to him preferably to all the rest. Xerxes's argument for succeeding his father was, that as he was the son of Atossa, the daughter of Cyrus, who founded the Persian empire, it was more just that the crown of Cyrus should devolve upon one of his descendants, than upon one that was not. Demaratus, a Spartan king, at that time at the court of Persia, secretly suggested to Xerxes another argument to support his pretensions; that Artabazanes was indeed the eldest son of Darius; but he, Xerxes, was the eldest son of the king; and therefore Artabazanes being born when his father was but a private person, all he could pretend to, on account of his seniority, was only to inherit his private estate; but that he, Xerxes, being the first-born son of the king, had the best right to succeed to the crown. He further supported this argument by the example of the Lacedemonians, who admitted none to inherit the kingdom, but those children that were born after their father's accession. The right of succession was accordingly determined in favour of Xerxes. Both Justin and Plutarch take notice of the prudent conduct of these two brothers on so nice an occasion. According to their manner of relating this fact, Artabazanes was absent when the king died; and Xerxes immediately assumed all the

marks, and exercised all the functions of the sovereignty. But upon his brother's returning home, he quitted the diadem, and the tiara, which he wore in such a manner as only suited the king, went out to meet him, and showed him all imaginable respect. They agreed to make their uncle Artabanes the arbitrator of their difference; and, without any further appeal, to acquiesce in his decisions.

All the while this dispute lasted, the two brothers showed one another all the demonstrations of a truly fraternal affection, by keeping up a continual intercourse of presents and entertainments: whence their mutual esteem and confidence for each other banished all fears and suspicions on both sides, and introduced an unconstrained cheerfulness, and a perfect security.

This is a spectacle, says Justin, highly worthy of our admiration: to see, whilst most brothers are at daggers-drawing with one another about a small patrimony, with what moderation and temper both waited for a decision, which was to dispose of the greatest empire then in the universe. When Artabanes gave judgment in favour of Xerxes, Aartabazanes the same instant prostrated himself before him, acknowledging him for his master, and placed him upon the throne with his own hand; by which proceeding he showed a greatness of soul truly royal, and infinitely superior to all human dignities. This ready acquiescence in a sentence so contrary to his interest, was not the effect of an artful policy, that knows how to dissemble upon occasion, and to receive honour to itself from what it could not prevent: no; it proceeded from a real respect for the laws, a sincere affection for his brother, and an indifference for that which so warmly inflames the ambition of mankind, and so frequently arms the nearest relations against each other. For his part, during his whole life, he continued firmly attached to the interests of Xerxes, and prosecuted them with so

much ardour and zeal, that he lost his life in his service at the battle of Salamis.

SECTION IX.

Virtuous and Manly Conduct.

Scipio the younger, when only twenty-four years of age, was appointed by the Roman republic to the command of the army against the Spaniards. His wisdom and valour would have done honour to the most experienced general. Determined to strike an important blow, he formed a design of besieging Carthagera, then the capital of the Carthaginian empire in Spain. His measures were so judiciously concerted, and with so much courage and intrepidity pursued both by sea and land, that notwithstanding a bold and vigorous defence, the capital was taken by storm. The plunder was immense. Ten thousand freemen were made prisoners; and above three hundred more, of both sexes, were received as hostages. One of the latter a very ancient lady, the wife of Mandonius, brother of Indibiles, king of the Hergetes, watching her opportunity, came out of the crowd, and, throwing herself at the conqueror's feet, conjured him, with tears in her eyes, to recommend to those who had the ladies in their keeping to have regard to their sex and birth. Scipio, who did not understand her meaning at first, assured her that he had given orders that they should not want for any thing. But the lady replied, "Those conveniences are not what affect us. In the condition to which fortune hath reduced us, with what ought we not to be contented? I have many other apprehensions, when I consider, on one side, the licentiousness of war; and, on the other, the youth and beauty of the princesses, which you see here before us; for as to me, my age protects me from all fear in this respect." She had with

her the daughters of Indibiles, and several other ladies of high rank, all in the flower of youth, who considered her as their mother. Scipio, then comprehending what the subject of her fear was, "My own glory," says he, "and that of the Roman people, are concerned in not suffering that virtue, which ought always to be respected, wherever we find it, should be exposed in my camp to a treatment unworthy of it. But you give me a new motive for being more strict in my care of it, in the virtuous solicitude you show in thinking only of the preservation of your honour, in the midst of so many other objects of fear." After this conversation, he committed the care of the ladies to some officers of experienced prudence, strictly commanding that they should treat them with all the respect they could pay to the mothers, wives, and daughters of their allies and particular friends. It was not long before Scipio's integrity and virtue were put to the trial. Being retired in his camp, some of his officers brought him a young virgin of such exquisite beauty, that she drew upon her the eyes and admiration of every body. The young conqueror started from his seat with confusion and surprize; and, like one thunder-struck, seemed to be robbed of that presence of mind and self-possession so necessary in a general, and for which Scipio was remarkably famous. In a few moments, having rallied his straggling spirits, he enquired of the beautiful captive, in the most civil and polite manner, concerning her country, birth, and connections; and finding that she was betrothed to a Celtiberian prince, named Allucius, he ordered both him and the captive's parents to be sent for. The Spanish prince no sooner appeared in his presence, than, even before he spoke to the father and mother, he took him aside; and, to remove the anxiety he might be in on account of the young lady, he addressed him in these words: "You and I are young, which admits of my speaking to you with more liberty. Those who

brought me your future bride, assured me, at the same time, that you loved her with extreme tenderness; and her beauty left me no room to doubt it. Upon which, I reflected, that if, like you, I had thought on making an engagement, and were not wholly engrossed with the affairs of my country, I should desire that so honourable and legitimate a passion should find favour. I think myself happy in the present conjuncture to do you this service. Though the fortune of war has made me your master, I desire to be your friend. Here is your wife: take her, and may the gods bless you with her. One thing, however, I would have you be fully assured of, that she has been amongst us as she would have been in in the house of her father and mother. Far be it from Scipio to purchase a loose and momentary pleasure at the expense of virtue, honour, and the happiness of an honest man. No: I have kept her for you, in order to make you a present worthy of you and of me. The only gratitude I require of you for this inestimable gift is, that you would be a friend to the Roman people." Allucius's heart was too full to make him any answer: but throwing himself at the general's feet, he wept aloud. The captive lady fell into the same posture; and remained so, till the father burst out into the following words: "Oh! divine Scipio! the gods have given you more than human virtue! Oh! glorious leader! Oh! wondrous youth! does not that obliged virgin give you, while she prays to the gods for your prosperity, raptures above all the transports you could have reaped from the possession of her injured person?"

The relations of the young lady had brought with them a very considerable sum for her ransom; but, when they saw that she was restored to them in so generous and godlike a manner, they entreated the conqueror with great earnestness, to accept the sum as a present; and declared, by his complying, that new favour would com-

plete their joy and gratitude. Scipio, not being able to resist such warm and earnest solicitations, told them, that he accepted the gift, and ordered it to be laid at his feet: then, addressing himself to Allucius, "I add," says he, "to the portion which you are to receive from your father-in-law this sum; which I desire you to accept as a marriage present."

SECTION X.

Courage and Intrepidity.

I do not recollect any example of courage and intrepidity, all things considered, more worthy the attention of the English reader, than that exhibited in the resolute conduct of the celebrated Lord Clive, at the siege of Arcot, in the East Indies. To place this example in its most proper light, it may not be amiss to acquaint my young readers, that the Great Mogul is the arbitrary sovereign of the East Indies: but besides him there are many Indian princes, who are permitted to enjoy their respective sovereignties, without molestation, on condition that they pay the stipulated tribute, and do not infringe any of the articles of the treaties by which they or their ancestors acknowledged the sovereignty of the Great Mogul. These Indian princes are called *Rajahs*, i. e. Kings. More than one half of the empire of Indostan, or as it is now more generally written Hindostan, (properly called India), is at this day subject to these Rajahs, of which some are princes of very small territories; and others, as also the kings of Mysore and Tanjore, possess dominions larger than those of the kings of Prussia and Portugal. A very large army, ready to move at the first warning, was found necessary to over-awe and be a check on the Rajahs: the same force divided under several distinct commanders, would have been ineffectual.

Hence, it was necessary to give a large tract of country to the government of a single officer; or to relinquish the design of extending the dominion. Another branch of the duty of this officer is to collect the annual revenues of the crown, and pay them to the Saubahdah, or Mogul's viceroy, who remits them to the treasury of the empire; and to attend him in all his military expeditions within his viceroyalty. These officers are now well known in Europe by the title of *nabob*, which signifies deputy, though originally they were no more than commanders of a body of forces, were frequently called to court, kept there, or translated to another government, whenever the ministry thought these changes necessary. But the divisions of the royal family gave the nabobs of provinces, distant from the capital, opportunities of acquiring a stability in their governments little less than absolute; and what is more extraordinary in the officers of a despotic state, both the viceroy and nabobs have named their successors against the will of the throne, and who have often succeeded with as little opposition as if they had been the heirs apparent to an hereditary kingdom. The nabobship being thus attended with so much power, honour, and profit, the right of succession became an affair of importance, and it hath given rise to disputes and wars as cruel and bloody as any recorded in history. The English and French who have settlements in this part of the world, have thought proper to interest themselves very warmly in these disputes. In one of which, between Chunda-saheb and Mahomed Ally, the French took the part of the former, and the English of the latter. The object of this dispute was of the greatest importance: and in the course of the war, captain (afterwards lord) Clive, who had many times before distinguished himself in a very extraordinary manner, proposed to attack the possessions of Chunda-saheb in the territory of Arcot, and offered to lead the expedition himself. His whole

force, when completed, consisted of no more than three hundred sepoys, and two hundred Europeans, with eight officers; six of whom had never before been in action, and four of these six were young men in the mercantile service of the company, who, inflamed by his example, took up the sword to follow him. This handful of men, with only three pieces for their artillery, marched from Madras on the 20th of August, 1751. On the 31st, he halted within ten miles of Arcot; where the enemies' spies reported, that they had discovered the English marching, with unconcern, through a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain; and this circumstance, from their notion of omens, gave the garrison so high an opinion of the approaching enemy, that they instantly abandoned the fort; and, a few hours after, the English entered the city, and marching through an hundred thousand spectators, took possession of the fort, which was inhabited by between three and four thousand persons. The merchants had, for security, deposited in the fort effects to the value of L. 50,000 but these were punctually restored to the owners; and this judicious generosity conciliated many of the principal inhabitants to the English interest. This acquisition soon produced the effect which had been expected from it: Chunda-saheb laid close siege to the place. At the beginning of the siege, captain Clive was deprived of the service of four of the eight officers who set out on the expedition; and the troops fit for duty were diminished to a hundred and twenty Europeans, and two hundred sepoys. These were besieged by a hundred and fifty French, two thousand sepoys, three thousand cavalry, and five thousand peans. The English sustained the attack with invincible resolution. On the 30th of October, Rajah-saheb, who conducted the operations of the siege for his father, Chunda-saheb, sent a flag of truce, with proposals for the surrender of the fort. He offered honourable terms to the garrison, and a large sum of

money to captain Clive ; adding, that if his terms were not accepted, he would storm the fort immediately, and put every man to the sword. Captain Clive, in his answer, reflecting on the badness of Chunda-saheb's cause, treated the offers of money with contempt ; and said, that he had too good an opinion of Rajah-saheb's prudence to believe that he would attempt a storm, until he had got better soldiers than the rabble of which his army was composed. Exasperated by this answer, he immediately prepared to storm the fort. Besides a multitude that came with ladders to every part of the wall that was accessible, there appeared four principal divisions. Two of which advanced to the two gates, and two were allotted to the breaches. In these different attacks the enemy continued the storm for an hour, when they relinquished all their attempts of annoyance at once, and employed themselves earnestly in carrying off their dead. Many of the English being disabled by sickness or wounds, the number which repulsed the storm was no more than eighty Europeans, officers included, and one hundred and twenty sepoys ; and these, besides serving five pieces of cannon, fired twelve thousand musket cartridges during the attack. The loss of the enemy during the storm was computed to be no less than four hundred killed and wounded. Of the English only four were killed and two sepoys. Two hours after, the enemy renewed their fire upon the fort, both with their cannon and with musketry from the houses. At two in the afternoon they demanded leave to bury their dead, which was granted. At four they recommenced hostilities, and continued their fire smartly till two in the morning, when it ceased totally. Perceiving by this time, that difficulties and dangers only served to increase the courage and activity of the English, and that neither promises nor threatenings made any impression on men determined to conquer, or die, they abandoned the town with precipitation.

Thus ended this siege, maintained fifty days under every disadvantage of situation and force, by a handful of men in their *first* campaign, with a spirit worthy of the most veteran troops; and conducted by their young commander with indefatigable activity, unshaken constancy, and undaunted courage. And notwithstanding he had, at this time, neither read books, nor conversed with men capable of giving him much instruction in the military art, all the resources which he employed in the defence of Arcot, were such as are dictated by the best masters in the science of war.

SECTION XI.

Patriotism and Magnanimity.

EDWARD III. king of England, 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, however, under the conduct of Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. Day after day the English effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to storm by morning; but when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts nightly raised, erected out of the ruins which the day had made. France had now put her 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. The English made their approaches and attacks without remission but the citizens were as obstinate in repelling all their efforts. At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcasses of their half-starved cattle, they tore up old foundations and rubbish, in search of vermin: they fed on boiled leather, and

the weeds of exhausted gardens; and a morsel of damaged corn was accounted matter of luxury. In this extremity, 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. On the captivity of their governor, the command devolved upon Eustace Saint Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue. Eustace soon found himself under the necessity of capitulating, and offered to deliver to Edward the city, with all the possessions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty. As Edward had long since expected to ascend the throne of France, he was exasperated, to the last degree, against these people, whose sole valour had defeated his warmest hopes: he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though he wished to avoid the imputation of cruelty. He answered by Sir Walter Mauny, that they all deserved capital punishment, as obstinate traitors to him, their true and notable sovereign; that, however, in his wonted clemency, he consented to pardon the bulk of the plebeians, provided they would deliver 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 common people. All the remains of this desolate city were convened in the great square, and like men arraigned at a tribunal from whence there was no appeal, expected, with throbbing hearts, the sentence of their conqueror. When Sir Walter had declared his message, consternation and pale dismay was impressed on every face: each looked on death as his own inevitable lot; for how should they desire to be saved at the price proposed? Whom had they to deliver up, save parents, brothers, kindred, or valiant neighbours, who had so often exposed

their lives in their defence? To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace Saint Pierre ascending a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly: "My friends and fellow-citizens, you see the condition to which we are reduced; we must either submit to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or yield up our tender infants, our wives and chaste daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiery. We well know what the tyrant intends by his specious offers of mercy. It does not satiate his vengeance to make us merely miserable, he would also make us criminal: he would make us contemptible; he will grant us life on no condition, save that of our being unworthy of it. Look about you, my friends, and fix your eyes on the persons whom you wish to deliver up as the victims of your own safety. Which of these would you appoint to the rack, the axe, or the halter? Is there any here who has not watched for you, who has not fought for you, who has not bled for you? Who, through the length of this inveterate siege, has not suffered fatigues and miseries a thousand times worse than death; that you and yours might survive to days of peace and prosperity? Is it your preservers, then, whom you would destine to destruction? You will not, you cannot do it. Justice, honour, humanity, make such a treason impossible. Where then is our resource? Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid guilt and infamy on one hand, or the desolation and horrors of a sacked city on the other? There is, my friends, there is one expedient 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 in others, which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length, Saint Pierre resumed :

“ It had been base in me, my fellow-citizens, to promote any matter of damage to others, which I myself had not been willing to undergo in my own person. But I held it ungenerous to deprive any man of that preference and estimation, which might attend a first offer on so signal an occasion : for I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous for this martyrdom than I can be ; however modesty, and the fear of imputed ostentation, may withhold them from being foremost in exhibiting their merits. Indeed, the station to which the captivity of Count Vienne has unhappily raised me, imports 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 ! exclaimed 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 I not a citizen of Calais ? ”

The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example.

The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody. He 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.

Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers.—What a part-

ing! 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 camp.

At length, Saint Pierre and his fellow-victims appeared under the conduct of Sir Walter and his 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 murmured 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 royal presence, "Mauny," says the king; "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. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads, as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands."

The king, who was highly incensed at the length and difficulty of the siege, ordered them to be carried away to immediate execution; nor could all the remonstrances and intreaties of his courtiers divert him from this cruel purpose. But what neither a regard to his own interest, and honour, what neither the dictates of justice, nor the feelings of humanity could effect, was happily accomplished by the more powerful influence of conjugal affection. The Queen, who was then big with child, being

informed of the particulars respecting the six victims, flew into her husband's presence, threw herself on her knees before him, and, with tears in her eyes, besought him not to stain his character with an indelible mark of infamy, by committing such a horrid and barbarous deed. Edward could refuse nothing to a wife whom he so tenderly loved, and especially in her condition; and the queen, not satisfied with having saved the lives of the six burghers, conducted them to her tent, where she applauded their virtue, regaled them with a plentiful repast, and having made them a present of money and clothes, sent them back to their fellow-citizens.

SECTION XII.

Prudence of Henry V. King of England.

HENRY the Fifth, king of England, while he was prince of Wales, by his loose and dissolute conduct, was daily giving his father great cause of pain and uneasiness. His court was the common receptacle of libertines, debauchees, buffoons, parasites, and all the other species of vermin, which are at once the disgrace and ruin of young princes. The wild pranks and riotous exploits of the prince, and his companions, were the common topics of conversation. This degeneracy in the heir of the crown was not more disagreeable to the king himself, who loved him with a most tender affection, than it was alarming to the nation in general who trembled at the prospect of being one day governed by a prince of his character. But their fears were happily removed; for no sooner had the young king assumed the reins of government, than he showed himself to be extremely worthy of the high station to which he was advanced: He called together the dissolute companions of his youth; acquainted them with his intended reformation; advised them to imitate his good example;

and, after having forbid them to appear in his presence for the future, if they continued in their old courses, he dismissed them with liberal presents. He chose a new council, composed of the wisest and best men of the kingdom : he reformed the benches, by discarding the ignorant and corrupt judges, and supplying their places with persons of courage, knowledge, and integrity. Even the Chief Justice Gascoigne, who had committed young Henry to prison, and who, on that account, trembled to approach the royal presence, was received with the utmost cordiality and friendship ; and, instead of being reproached for his past conduct, was warmly exhorted to persevere in the same strict and impartial execution of the laws. When the archbishop of Canterbury applied to him, for permission to impeach a great man, for holding opinions contrary to the established religion, he told him, he was averse to such sanguinary methods of conversion ; *that reason and argument* were the proper weapons for defending and maintaining the truth ; and that the most gentle means ought, in the first place, to be employed, in order to reclaim men from their errors. In a word, he seemed determined to bury all party distinctions in eternal oblivion, and to approve himself the father and protector of all his subjects, without exception. Even before his father's death, he seems to have been sensible of the folly and impropriety of his conduct, and determined to reform ; for his father being naturally of a jealous and suspicious disposition, listened to the suggestions of some of his courtiers, who insinuated, that his son had an evil design upon his crown and authority. These insinuations filled his breast with the most anxious fears and apprehensions, and perhaps he might have had recourse to very disagreeable expedients, in order to prevent the imaginary danger, had not his suspicions been removed by the prudent conduct of the young prince. He was no sooner

informed of his father's jealousy, than he repaired to court, and throwing himself on his knees, accosted the king in the following terms: "I understand, my liege, that you suspect me of entertaining designs against your crown and person. I own I have been guilty of many excesses, which have justly exposed me to your displeasure; but I take heaven to witness, that I never harboured a single thought inconsistent with that duty and veneration which I owe to your majesty. Those who charge me with such criminal intentions only want to disturb the tranquillity of your reign, and to alienate your affections from your son and successor. I have therefore taken the liberty to come into your presence, and humbly beg you will cause my conduct to be examined with as much rigour and severity as that of the meanest of your subjects; and if I be found guilty, I will cheerfully submit to any punishment you shall think proper to inflict. This scrutiny I demand, not only for the satisfaction of your majesty, but likewise for the vindication of my own character."

The king was so highly satisfied with this prudent and and ingenuous address, that he embraced him with great tenderness, acknowledging that his suspicions were entirely removed, and that for the future he would never harbour a thought prejudicial to his loyalty and honour.

SECTION XIII.

Bad Effects of Gaming.

THE late colonel Daniel, took great pleasure in giving advice to young officers, guiding them in their military functions, the management of their pay, &c. Whenever he was upon the article of gaming, he used always to tell the following story of himself, as a warning to others, and to show that a little resolution may conquer this ab-

surd passion. "In Queen Anne's wars, he was an ensign in the English army then in Spain: but he was so absolutely possessed by this evil, that all duty, and every thing else that prevented his gratifying his darling passion, was to him most grievous: he scarcely allowed himself time for rest; or if he slept, his dreams presented packs of cards to his eyes, and the rattling of dice to his ears:—his meals were neglected, or if he attended them, he looked upon that as so much lost time; he swallowed his meat with precipitance, and hurried to the dear gaming-table again. In one word, he was a professed gamester. For some time, fortune was his friend; and he was so successful, that he has often spread his winnings on the ground, and rolled himself on them, in order that it might be said of him, "he wallowed in gold." Such was his life for a considerable time; but as he often said, and I dare say every considerate man will join with him, "it was the most miserable part of it."—After some time he was ordered on the recruiting duty, and at Barcelona he raised one hundred and fifty recruits for the regiment; though this was left entirely to his serjeant, that he might be more at leisure to attend to his darling passion. After some changes of good and ill luck, fortune declared so openly against him, that in one unlucky run, he was totally stript of the last farthing. In this distress he applied to a captain of the same regiment with himself, for a loan of ten guineas; which was refused with this speech, "What! lend my money to a professed gamester! No, Sir, I must be excused: for of necessity I must lose either my money or my friend; I therefore choose to keep my money." With this taunting refusal he retired to his lodging, where he threw himself on the bed, to lay himself and his sorrows to a momentary rest, during the heat of the day. A gnat, or some such vermin, happening to bite him, he awoke; when his melancholy situation immediately presented itself to him, Without money,

or the prospect of getting any to subsist himself and his recruits to the regiment, then at a great distance from him; and should they desert for want of their pay, he must be answerable for it; and he could expect nothing but cashiering for disappointing the queen's service.— He had no friend, for he whom he had esteemed so had not only refused to lend him money, but had added taunts to his refusal. He had no acquaintance there; and strangers he knew would not let him have so large a sum as was answerable to his real necessity. This naturally led him to reflect seriously on what had induced him to commence gamester, and this he presently perceived was idleness. He had now found the cause, but the cure was still wanting: how was that to be effected so as to prevent a relapse? Something must be done: some method must be pursued so effectually to employ his time, as to prevent his having any to throw away at gaming. It then occurred to him, that the adjutancy of the regiment was to be disposed of, and this he determined to purchase, as a post the most likely to find him a sufficient and laudable way of passing his time. He had a letter of credit to draw for what sum he pleased for his promotion in the army; but not to throw away idly, or to encourage his extravagancy. This was well: but the main difficulty remained, and he must get to the regiment before he could take any steps towards the intended purchase, or draw for the sum to make it with. While he was endeavouring to fall upon some expedient to extricate himself out of this dilemma, his friend, who had refused him in the morning, came to pay him a visit. After a very cool reception on the colonel's side, the other began by asking him, what steps he intended to take to relieve himself from the anxiety he plainly saw he was in? The colonel then told him all that he had thought upon that head, and the resolution he had made of purchasing the adjutancy as soon as he could join the regiment: his friend then getting up and em-

bracing him, said, "My dear Daniel, I refused you in the morning in that abrupt manner in order to bring you to a sense of the dangerous situation you were in, and to make you reflect seriously on the folly of the way of life you had got into. I heartily rejoice that it has had the desired effect. Pursue the laudable resolution you have made, for be assured that IDLENESS AND GAMING ARE THE RUIN OF YOUTH. My interest, advice, and purse, are now at your command : there, take it, and please yourself with what is necessary to subsist yourself and recruits to the regiment." This presently brought the colonel off the bed ; and this afternoon's behaviour entirely obliterated the harshness of his friend's morning refusal ; he now viewed him in the agreeable light of a sincere friend, and for ever after esteemed and found him such. In short, the colonel set off with his recruits for the regiment, where he gained great applause for his success, which, as well as his commission, he had well nigh lost by one morning's folly ; he immediately solicited for, and purchased the adjutancy ; and from that day forward never touched cards or dice, but, as they ought to be used, merely for diversion, or to unbend the mind after too close an intention to serious affairs."

SECTION XIV.

Drunkenness derogatory to Character.

CYRUS, according to the manners of the Persians, was from his infancy accustomed to sobriety and temperance ; of which he was himself a most illustrious example through the whole course of his life. When Cyrus was twelve years old, his mother Mandana took him with her into Media, to his grandfather Astyages, who, from the many things he had heard said in favour of that young prince, had a great desire to see him. In this court young

Cyrus found very different manners from those of his own country : pride, luxury, and magnificence, reigned here universally : all which did not affect Cyrus, who without criticising or condemning what he saw, was contented to live as he had been brought up, and adhered to the principles he had imbibed from his infancy. He charmed his grandfather by his sprightliness and wit ; and gained every body's favour by his noble and engaging behaviour. Astyages, to make his grandson unwilling to return home, made a sumptuous entertainment, in which there was a vast plenty and profusion of every thing that was nice and delicate. All this exquisite cheer and magnificent preparation Cyrus looked upon with great indifference. " The Persians," says he to the king, " instead of going such a round-about way to appease their hunger, have a much shorter to the same end ; a little bread, and a few cresses, with them answer the purpose." Astyages desiring Cyrus to dispose of all the meats as he thought fit, the latter immediately distributed them to the king's officers in waiting ; to one, because he taught him to ride ; to another, because he waited well upon his grandfather ; and to a third, because he took great care of his mother. Sacras, the king's cup-bearer, was the only person to whom he gave nothing. This officer, besides the post of cup-bearer, had that likewise of introducing those who were to have an audience of the king ; and as he did not grant that favour to Cyrus as often as he desired it, he had the misfortune to displease the prince, who took this occasion to show his resentment. Astyages, testifying some concern at the neglect of this officer, for whom he had a particular regard, and who deserved it, as he said, on account of the wonderful dexterity with which he served him ; " Is that all, Sir ?" replied Cyrus ; " if that be sufficient to merit your favour, you shall see I will quickly obtain it ; for I will take upon me to serve you better than he." - Immediately Cyrus is equipped as a

cup-bearer ; and advancing gravely, with a serious countenance, a napkin upon his shoulder, and holding the cup nicely with three of his fingers, he presented it to the king, with a dexterity and grace that charmed both Astyages and his mother Mandana. When he had done, he flung himself upon his grandfather's neck and kissing him, cried out with great joy. " O Sacras, poor Sacras, thou art undone ; I shall have thy place." Astyages embraced him with great fondness, and said, " I am mighty well pleased, my son ; nobody can serve with a better grace : but you have forgot one essential ceremony, which is that of tasting." And indeed the cup-bearer was used to pour some of the liquor into his left hand, and to taste it, before he presented it to the king. " No," replied Cyrus ; it was not through forgetfulness that I omitted this ceremony." " Why then," says Astyages ; " for what reason did you omit it ?" " Because I apprehended there was poison in the liquor." " Poison, child ! how could you think so ?" " Yes, poison, Sir : for not long ago, at an entertainment you gave to the lords of your court, after the guests had drank a little of that liquor, I perceived all their heads were turned : they sung, made a noise, and talked they did not know what ; you yourself seemed to have forgotten that you were a king, and they that they were subjects ; and when you would have danced you could not stand upon your legs." " Why," says Astyages, " have you never seen the same thing happen to your father ?" " No, never," says Cyrus. " What then ; how is it with him when he drinks ?" Why when he has drank, his thirst is quenched ; and that is all."

SECTION XV.

French Cruelty and Cowardice.

A more atrocious and deliberate act of villany never

was perpetrated by the subjects of any civilized nation, than is related in the following anecdote.

Citizen Charbonniere, commander of the Bourdouse, being in company with another French frigate, fell in with and captured a British merchantman, which of course made no resistance. He took the captain and crew out of the vessel, and brought them on board his frigate, and there in cold blood put them all to death. The captain of the other French frigate humanely remonstrated against this needless bloody act: but this monster urged a decree of the convention, which ordained that all British prisoners should be put to death: the other argued, that at least he might take them to Toulon (near which place they were), as it would never be too late to put the decree into execution, which had probably been passed in a moment of phrenzy, and would undoubtedly soon be repealed. These humane arguments had no effect on this sanguinary savage, for he caused them all to be taken on the forecastle, and shot, to the number of eleven; among whom was the captain's son, a lad of twelve years old, who in vain interceded for his father's life, as the unhappy father did for mercy towards his child. This anecdote was related by an officer of the strictest honour and veracity, who was in the bay of Tunis at the time Charbonniere was there also; and having heard this story of him, and wishing to ascertain the truth or falsehood of it, he waited on the French consul for that purpose, who candidly acknowledged that the fact was too true, and that the deed was reprobated by the whole of the French nation; yet how could that be, when the French government removed this assassin from the Boudouse to the command of the Artemise, a fine new frigate; and soon after promoted him to a line of battle-ship? The account further adds, that the fishermen's wives, apprehensive their husbands might, by way of retaliation, suffer a similar fate, if they fell into the

hands of the English, were so enraged against Charbonniere, that they insulted him grossly as he was proceeding from Toulon to Marseilles, and his life was in such danger from them, that he was allowed an armed force to guard him. This cruel wretch is since gone to answer for his crimes before the most just of all tribunals.

SECTION XVI.

British Valour and Generosity,

THE following is a striking instance of the generosity of our naval officers and seamen, exemplified in the conduct of Capt. Lord Cochrane, his officers, and ship's company, of the *Pallas*, to the Spanish captain and supercargo of *La Fortuna*, one of the rich prizes captured, among others, by the *Pallas*, in one of her cruizes, at the commencement of the present war with Spain. It deserves to be recorded to the honour and credit of the royal navy of Old England.—The *Pallas*, Captain Lord Cochrane, on his cruise off the coast of Spain and Portugal, fell in with and took *La Fortuna*, a Spanish ship, from Rio de la Plata, to Corunna, richly laden with specie (gold and silver) to the amount of one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, and about the same sum in valuable goods and merchandize, in all near three hundred thousand pounds value. When the Spanish captain came on board with the supercargo, who was a merchant and passenger from New Spain, they appeared much dejected, as their private property on board was lost, which amounted to thirty thousand dollars each person in specie and goods. The papers and manifest of the cargo of *La Fortuna* being examined, the Spaniards told Lord Cochrane that they had families in Old Spain, and had now lost all their property, the hard earnings by commerce in the burning clime of South America, the sav-

ings of nearly twenty years, and were returning to their native country, to enjoy the fruits of their commercial speculations. The captain in particular stated, that he had lost in the war 1799 a similar fortune, by being taken by a British cruizer, and was forced to begin the world again. Both the Spaniards seemed to feel their forlorn situation so much, that Lord Cochrane felt for them; and, with that generosity ever attendant on true bravery, consulted his officers as to the propriety of returning each of these two gentlemen to the value of five thousand dollars of their property in specie, which was immediately agreed to be done, according to their respective proportions. On this his lordship ordered the boatswain to pipe all hands on deck, and addressed the seamen and royal marines with much feeling, and in a plain seaman-like way stated the above facts.—On this the gallant fellows, with one voice, sung out, “Aye, aye, my lord, with all our hearts!” and gave three cheers. The Spaniards were overcome with this noble instance of the generosity of British seamen, and actually shed tears of joy, at the prospect of being once more placed in a state of independence. They of course returned their thanks to the captain, his officers, and ship’s company, for their unprecedented munificence on this occasion.

SECTION XVII.

The unexampled Sufferings of Captain Boyce.

In the year 1727, I was second mate of the *Luxborough*, a ship belonging to the South-sea company, in which I sailed from Jamaica on the 23d of May, 1727; and on Sunday the 25th day of June was in the latitude of 41. 45 north east from Crooked Island, when the galle was perceived to be on fire in the lazaretto: It was occasioned by the fatal curiosity of two black boys, who

willing to know whether some liquor spilt on the deck was rum or water, put the candle to it, which rose into a flame, and immediately communicated itself to the barrels from whence the liquor ad leaked. It had burned some time before it was perceived, as the boys were too much intimidated to discover it themselves, having tried in vain to extinguish it. We hoisted out the yaul, which was soon filled with twenty-three men and boys, who had jumped into her with the greatest eagerness. The wind blowing fresh, and she running seven knots and a half by the log, we expected every moment to perish. We had neither victuals, nor water; no masts, no sail, no compass to direct our course, and above one hundred leagues from land. We left sixteen men in the ship who perished in her. They endeavoured to hoist out the long-boat, but before they could effect it the ship blew up, and we saw her no more. Having thus been an eye-witness of the miserable fate of our companions, we expected every moment to perish by the waves, or if not by them by hunger and thirst. The two first days it blew and rained much, but being fair the third day, we began to contrive how to make a sail, which we did as follows:— We took to pieces three men's frocks and a shirt, and with a sail-needle and twine, which we found in one of the black boy's pockets, we sewed them together, and finding in the sea a small stick, we moulded it to a piece of a blade of an oar that we had in the boat, and made a yard of it, which we hoisted on an oar with our garters for halyards and sheets. Knowing that Newfoundland bore about north, we steered as well as we could northward. We judged our course by taking notice of the sun, and time of the day by the captain's watch. In the night, when we could see the north-star, or any of the great bear, we formed a knowledge of our course by them. We were in great hopes of seeing some ship or other that would take us up. The fifth night, Thomas

Croniford, and the boy that had set the ship on fire, died ; and the next day three more men, all raving mad, crying miserably for water. The weather was now so foggy, that we could not discern the sun by day, nor the moon and stars by night. We used frequently to halloo as loud as we could, in hopes of being heard by some ship. In the day our deluded fancies often imagined ships so plain to us that we have hallooed out to them, a long time before we were undeceived ; and in the night we thought we heard men talk, dogs bark, bells ring, &c. and we condemned the phantoms of our imagination, believing all to be real men, ships, &c. for not answering and taking us up. The 7th day we were reduced to twelve in number, by death. The next night the wind blew so hard, and the sea ran so very high, that we expected every moment to be swallowed up by the waves. In the afternoon of July the 6th we found a dead duck, which looked green, and was not sweet ; we ate it, however, very heartily ; and it is impossible for any body, except in the like unhappy circumstances, to imagine how pleasant it was to our palate, at that time, which at another, would have been offensive both to our taste and smell. On the 7th of July, at one in the afternoon, we saw land about six leagues off. At four o'clock another man died, whom we threw overboard to lighten the boat. Our number was then reduced to seven. We had often taken thick fog-banks for land, which often gave us great joy, and hopes, that vanished with them at the same time ; but when we really saw the land, it appeared so different from what we had so often taken for it, that we wondered how we could be so mistaken : and it is impossible for any man, not in our circumstances, to form an idea of the pleasure it gave us, when we were convinced of its reality. It gave us strength to row, which we had not for four days before ; and we must infallibly, most of us, if not all, have perished that

very night, if we had not got on shore. Our souls exulted with joy and praise to our Almighty Preserver. At six o'clock we saw several shallops fishing, which we steered for; we went with sail and oars about three or four knots: when we came so near that we thought one of the shallops could hear us, we hallooed as loud as we could; and at length they heard us, and lowered their sail. When we approached pretty near them they hoisted it again, and were going away from us; but we made so dismal a noise, that they brought to, and took us in tow. They told us our aspects were so dreadful they were frightened at us. They gave us some bread and water. We chewed the bread small with our teeth, and then by mixing it with water got it down with difficulty.

During our voyage in the boat our mouths had been so dry, for want of moisture for several days, that we were obliged to wash them with salt water every two or three hours, to prevent our lips glewing together. In foggy weather the sail having imbibed some moisture, we used to wring it into a pewter bason which we found in the boat: having wrung it as dry as we could, we sucked it all over, and used to lick one another's clothes with our tongues. At length we were obliged, by inexpressible hunger and thirst, to eat a part of the bodies of six men, and drink the blood of four, for we had since we came from the ship, saved, only at one time half a pint, and at another, about a wine glass full of water, each man in his hat. At eight o'clock at night we got on shore, at Old St. Lawrence harbour, in Newfoundland, where we were kindly received by the admiral of the harbour. We were cautioned to eat and drink but little at first, which we observed as well as the infirmity of human nature, so near starving, would allow. We could sleep but little, the transports of our joy being too great to admit of it. Our captain, who had been speech-

less thirty-six hours, died at five o'clock next morning, and was buried with all the honours, that could be conferred upon him, at that place.

Mr. Boyce, from the year 1727 to his death, annually observed a strict and solemn fast on the 7th of July, in commemoration of his arrival at Newfoundland, after the dreadful hardships he had endured in consequence of the destruction of the *Luxborough*. So rigid was he in the act of thanksgiving and humiliation, that, when in the decline of life he became settled at Greenwich, he not only abstained from food, but from day-light, would not suffer any person whatever to converse with him, lest that time should be interrupted, which, with becoming gratitude, he devoted to returning thanks to the Supreme Being, for his wonderful escape. Let those who may be so unhappy as to experience his sufferings, imitate his piety; for signal benefits ought to be repaid by exemplary devotion.

SECTION XVIII.

Sir Sidney Smith's Escape from the Temple.

AFTER several months had rolled away, since the gates of his prison had first closed upon the British hero, he observed that a lady, who lived in an upper apartment on the opposite side of the street, seemed frequently to look towards that part of the prison where he was confined. As often as he observed her he played some tender air upon his flute, by which, and by imitating every motion that she made, he at length succeeded in fixing her attention upon him, and had the happiness of remarking, that she occasionally observed him with a glass. One morning when he saw that she was looking attentively upon him in this manner, he tore a blank leaf

from an old mass-book, which was lying in his cell, and with the soot of the chimney contrived, by his finger, to describe upon it, in a large character, the letter A, which he held to the window, to be viewed by his fair sympathizing observer. After gazing upon it some little time, she nodded, to show that she understood what it meant. Sir Sidney then touched the top of the first bar of the grating of his window, which he wished her to consider as the representative of the letter A, the second B, and so on until he had formed from the top of the bars a corresponding number of letters; and by touching the middle and bottom parts of them, upon a line with each other, he easily, after having inculcated the first impression of his wishes, completed a telegraphic alphabet. The process of communication was, from its nature, very slow; but Sir Sidney had the happiness of observing, upon forming the first word, that this excellent being, who beamed before him like a guardian angel, seemed completely to comprehend it, which she expressed by an assenting movement of the head. Frequently obliged to desist from this tacit and tedious intercourse, from the dread of exciting the curiosity of the gaolers, or his fellow-prisoners, who were permitted to walk before his window, Sir Sidney occupied several days in communicating to his unknown friend his name and quality, and imploring her to procure some unknown royalist of consequence and address, sufficient for the undertaking, to effect his escape; in the achievement of which he assured her, upon his word of honour, that whatever cost might be incurred, would be amply reimbursed, and that the bounty and gratitude of his country would nobly remunerate those who had the talent and bravery to accomplish it. By the same means he enabled her to draw confidential and accredited bills for considerable sums of money, for the promotion of the scheme, which she applied with the most perfect integrity.—Colonel Phelipeaux

was at this time at Paris, a military man of rank, and a secret royalist, most devotedly attached to the fortunes of the exiled family of France, and to those who supported their cause. He had long been endeavouring to bring to maturity a plan for facilitating their restoration, but which this loyal adherent, from a series of untoward and uncontrollable circumstances, began to despair of accomplishing. The lovely deliverer of Sir Sidney applied to this distinguished character, to whom she was known, and stated the singular correspondence which had taken place between herself and the heroic captive in the Temple. Phelipeaux, who was acquainted with the fame of Sir Sidney, and chagrined at the failure of his former favourite scheme, embraced the present project with a sort of prophetic enthusiasm, by which he hoped to restore to the British nation, one of her greatest heroes, who, by his skill and valour, might once more impress the common enemy with dismay, augment the glory of his country, and cover himself with the laurels of future victory. Intelligent, active, cool, daring, and insinuating, Colonel Phelipeaux immediately applied himself to bring to maturity a plan, at once suitable to his genius, and interesting to his wishes. To those whom it was necessary to employ upon the occasion, he contrived to unite one of the clerks of the minister of the police, who forged his signature, with exact imitation, to an order for removing the body of Sir Sidney from the temple to the prison of the Conciergerie. After this was accomplished, on the day after that on which the inspector of gaols was to visit the Temple and Conciergerie, a ceremony which is performed once a month in Paris, two gentlemen of tried courage and address, who were previously instructed by Colonel Phelipeaux, disguised as officers of the *marée chausée*, presented themselves in a *fiacre* at the Temple, and demanded the delivery of Sir Sidney, at the same time showing the forged order for his removal. This

the gaoler attentively perused and examined, as well as the minister's signature. Soon after, the register of the prison informed Sir Sidney of the order of the Directory, upon hearing which, he at first appeared to be a little disconcerted, while the pseudo officer gave him every assurance of the honour and mild intentions of the government towards him; Sir Sidney seemed more reconciled, packed up his clothes, took leave of his fellow-prisoners, and distributed little tokens of his gratitude to those servants of the prison from whom he had experienced indulgencies. Upon the eve of their departure, the register observed, that four of the prison guards should accompany them. This arrangement menaced the whole plan with immediate dissolution. The officers, without betraying the least emotion, acquiesced in the propriety of the measure, and gave orders for the men to be called out; when, as if recollecting the rank and honour of their illustrious prisoner, one of them addressed Sir Sidney, by saying, "Citizen, you are a brave officer, give us your parole, and there is no occasion for an escort." Sir Sidney replied, that he would pledge his faith, as an officer, to accompany them, without resistance, wherever they chose to conduct him.

Not a look or movement betrayed the intention of the party. Every thing was cool, well-timed, and natural. They entered a *fiacre*, which, as is usual, was brought for the purpose of removing him, in which he found changes of clothes, false passports, and money. The coach moved, with an accustomed pace, to the Fauxbourg St. Germain, where they alighted, and parted in different directions. Sir Sidney met Colonel Phelipeaux at the appointed spot of rendezvous.

The project was so ably planned and conducted, that no one but the party concerned was acquainted with the escape, until near a month had elapsed, when the inspector paid his next periodical visit.

What pen can describe the sensations of two such men as Sir Sidney and Colonel Phelipeaux, when they first beheld each other in safety? Heaven befriended the generous and gallant exploit. Sir Sidney and his noble friend reached the French coast wholly unsuspected; and, committing themselves to their God and to the protecting genius of brave men, put to sea in an open boat, and were soon afterwards discovered by an English cruizing frigate, and brought in safety to the British shore.

SECTION XIX.

Nelson's Victory of the Nile.

It was on the 1st of August, 1798, that Captain Hood, in the *Zealous*, discovered the French fleet in Aboukir Bay. They appeared to be moored in a compact line of battle, supported by a battery of guns and mortars on an island in their van, while their flanks were strengthened by gun-boats.

Although the wind blew fresh, and the day was far spent, yet the admiral made the signal for battle, and signified at the same time that it was his intention to attack the enemy's van and centre as it lay at anchor, according to the plan already communicated by him to the respective captains.

The British fleet, every ship of which sounded its way as it proceeded, stood in; and Sir Horatio being struck with the idea, that where there was room for one ship to swing, there was room for another to anchor; measures were taken for carrying this idea into effect, notwithstanding the *Culloden* had grounded on Bequier Island. The *Goliath* and *Zealous*, together with the *Orion*, the *Audacious*, and the *Theseus*, led inside, and received a most tremendous fire from the van of the fleet, as well as

from the batteries on shore, while the Vanguard anchored on the outside of the enemy, within half a pistol shot of Le Spartiate. The Minotaur, Defence, Bellerophon, Majestic, Swiftsure, and Alexander, came up in succession; and Captain Thompson, of the Leander, making up in seamanship for the deficiency of a fifty gun ship in point of metal, dropped her anchor athwart the hawse of Le Franklin, an eighty-gun ship, in such a masterly manner, as to annoy both her and L'Orient.

Notwithstanding the darkness that soon ensued, Le Guerrier was dismasted in the course of a few minutes, while the twilight yet remained; Le Conquerant and Le Spartiate were also soon reduced to a similar state; L'Aquilon, Le Souverain Peuple, and Le Spartiate surrendered; soon after which the admiral's ship, L'Orient, was discovered to be on fire, and the flames burst forth with such rapidity, that great apprehensions were entertained not only for her safety, but also for that of such ships of the British fleet as were in her immediate vicinity. The only boat in a condition to swim was immediately despatched from the English admiral's ship, and the commanders of others following the example, about seventy lives were saved; and many more would have been rescued from death, had not L'Orient blown up suddenly, with a most tremendous explosion.

With the interval of this awful moment only excepted, the firing continued; and the victory having been now secured in the van, such ships as were not disabled bore down upon those of the enemy that had not been in the engagement.

When the dawn developed the scene of this terrible conflict, only two sail of the line (Le Guillaume Tell and Le Genereux) were discovered with their colours flying, all the rest having struck their ensigns. These, conscious of their danger, together with two frigates, cut their cables in the course of the morning, and stood out

to sea. The whole of the 2d and 3d of August was employed in securing the French ships that had struck.

In the heat of the action, Sir Horatio Nelson received a severe wound, which was supposed to have proceeded from langridge shot, or from a piece of iron : the skin of his forehead was cut with it at right angles, and hung down over his face. Captain Berry, happening to stand near, caught the admiral in his arms ; and the general idea at first was, that he was shot through the head. On being carried into the cock-pit, where several of his gallant crew were lying with their shattered limbs, the surgeon, with great anxiety, came to attend on the admiral. " No," replied the hero, "*I will take my turn with my brave fellows!*"—The agony of his wound increasing, he became convinced, that the presentiment, which he had long indulged, of dying in battle, was now about to be accomplished.

Sir Horatio was so deeply impressed with a sense of the service which had been rendered to him, by Captain Louis, in the commencement of the action, that he sent for that officer ; observing that he could not have a moment's peace, until he had thanked him for his conduct : adding, *this is the hundred and twenty-fourth time I have been engaged, but I believe it is now nearly over with me.* The subsequent meeting which took place between the admiral and Captain Louis, was affecting in the extreme. The latter hung over his bleeding friend in silent sorrow. —" Farewell, dear Louis," said the admiral, " I shall never forget the obligation I am under to you, for your brave and generous conduct ; and now, whatever may become of me, my mind is at peace."

The admiral then immediately sent for his chaplain, whom he requested to be the bearer of his remembrances to Lady Nelson ; and, having signed a commission, appointing his friend, the brave Hardy, commander of the Mutine brig, to the rank of post-captain in the Vanguard,

he resigned himself to death with truly christian composure.

But the hour of his departure was not yet come. When the surgeon came to examine the wound, he soon discovered that it was not mortal. This joyful intelligence quickly circulated through the ship. As soon as the painful operation of dressing was over, Admiral Nelson returned to the quarter-deck, where he arrived just time enough to behold the conflagration of L'Orient.

On the morning after the victory of the Nile, Sir Horatio issued a memorandum to the respective captains of the squadron, expressing his intention of publicly returning thanks to Almighty God for having blessed his majesty's arms with victory. This pious intention was carried into effect on board the Vanguard, at two o'clock the same afternoon; the other ships followed the example of the admiral, though perhaps not all at precisely the same time.—This solemn act of gratitude to Heaven seemed to make a very deep impression upon several of the prisoners, both officers and men; some of the former remarking—"that it was no wonder that we could preserve such order and discipline, when we could impress the minds of our men with such sentiments after a victory so great, and a moment of such seeming confusion."

SECTION XX.

The Battle of Marathon, and Defeat of the Persians.

THE continual dread of tyrants had taught the jealous republicans of Greece to blend, on every occasion, their civil with their military institutions. Governed by this principle, the Athenians, as we already had occasion to observe, elected ten generals, who were invested, each in his turn, with the supreme command. This regulation

was extremely unfavourable to that unity of design which ought to pervade all the successive operations of an army; an inconvenience which struck the discerning mind of Aristides, who on this occasion displayed the first openings of his illustrious character. The day approaching when it belonged to him to assume the successive command, he generously yielded his authority to the approved valour and experience of Miltiades. The other generals followed this magnanimous example, sacrificing the dictates of private ambition to the interest and glory of their country; and the commander in chief thus enjoyed an opportunity of exerting, uncontrolled, the utmost vigour of his genius.

Lest he should be surrounded by a superior force, he chose for his camp the declivity of a hill, distant about a mile from the encampment of the enemy. The intermediate space he caused to be strewed in the night with the branches and trunks of trees, in order to interrupt the motion, and break the order of the Persian cavalry, which, in consequence of this precaution, seemed to have been rendered incapable of acting in the engagement. In the morning his troops were drawn up in battle array, in a long and full line; the bravest of the Athenians on the right, on the left the warriors of Plataea, and in the middle the slaves, who had been admitted on this occasion to the honour of bearing arms. By weakening his centre, the least valuable part, he extended his front equal to that of the enemy: his rear was defended by the hill above mentioned, which, verging round to meet the sea, likewise covered his right; his left was flanked by a lake or marsh. Datis, although he perceived the skilful disposition of the Greeks, was yet too confident in the vast superiority of his numbers to decline the engagement, especially as he now enjoyed an opportunity of deciding the contest before the expected auxiliaries could arrive from Peloponnesus. When the Athenians saw the enemy

in motion, they ran down the hill with unusual ardour, to encounter them; a circumstance which proceeded, perhaps, from their eagerness to engage, but which must have been attended with the good consequence of shortening the time of their exposure to the slings and darts of the barbarians.

The two armies closed; the battle was rather fierce than long. The Persian sword and Scythian hatchet penetrated, or cut down, the centre of the Athenians; but the two wings, which composed the main strength of the Grecian army, broke, routed, and put to flight, the corresponding divisions of the enemy. Instead of pursuing the vanquished, they closed their extremities, and attacked the barbarians who had penetrated their centre. The Grecian spear overcame all opposition: the bravest of the Persians perished in the field; the remainder were pursued with great slaughter; and such was their terror and surprise, that they sought for refuge, not in their camp, but in their ships. The banished tyrant of Athens fell in the engagement: two Athenian generals, and about two hundred citizens, were found among the slain: the Persians left six thousand of their best troops in the scene of action. Probably, a still greater number were killed in the pursuit. The Greeks followed them to the shore; but the lightness of the barbarian armour favoured their escape. Seven ships were taken; the rest sailed with a favourable gale, doubled the cape of Sunium; and, after a fruitless attempt to surprise the harbour of Athens, returned to the coast of Asia.

SECTION XXI.

The Battle of Thermopylae.

It was now the dead of night, when the Spartans, headed by Leonidas, marched in a close battalion towards

the Persian camp, with resentment heightened by despair. Their fury was terrible, and rendered still more destructive through the defect of barbarian discipline; for the Persians having neither advanced guards, nor a watchword, nor confidence in each other, were incapable of adopting such measures for defence, as the sudden emergency required. Many fell by the Grecian spear, but much greater multitudes by the mistaken rage of their own troops, by whom, in the midst of this blind confusion, they could not be distinguished from enemies. The Greeks, wearied with slaughter, penetrated to the royal pavilion; but there the first alarm of noise had been readily perceived, amidst the profound silence and tranquillity which usually reigned in the tent of Xerxes; the great king had immediately escaped, with his favourite attendants, to the farther extremity of the encampment. Even there, all was tumult, and horror, and despair; the obscurity of night increasing the terror of the Persians, who no longer doubted that the detachment conducted by Epialtes had been betrayed by that perfidious Greek; and that the enemy, reinforced by new numbers, now co-operated with the traitor, and seized the opportunity of assailing their camp, after it had been deprived of the division of Hydarnes, its principal ornament and defence.

The approach of day discovered to the Persians a dreadful scene of carnage; but it also discovered to them, that their fears had multiplied the number of the enemy, who now retreated in close order to the straits of Thermopylæ. Xerxes, stimulated by the fury of revenge, gave orders to pursue them; and his terrified troops were rather driven than led to the attack, by the officers who marched behind the several divisions, and compelled them to advance by menaces, stripes, and blows. The Grecians, animated by their late success, and persuaded that they could not possibly escape death on the arrival of those who approached by way of the mountain, bravely

halted in the widest part of the pass, to receive the charge of the enemy. The shock was dreadful, and the battle was maintained on the side of the Greeks with persevering intrepidity and desperate valour. After their spears were blunted or broken, they attacked sword in hand, and their short, but massy and well-tempered weapons, made an incredible havoc. Their progress was marked by a line of blood, when a barbarian dart pierced the heart of Leonidas. The contest was no longer for victory and glory, but for the sacred remains of their king. Four times they dispelled the thickest globes of Persians, but as their unexampled valour was carrying off the inestimable prize, the hostile battalions were seen descending the hill, under the conduct of Epialtes. It was now time to prepare for the last effort of generous despair. With close order and resolute minds, the Greeks, all collected in themselves, retired to the narrowest part of the strait, and took post behind the Phocian wall, on a rising ground, where a lion of stone was afterwards erected in honour of Leonidas. As they performed this movement, fortune, willing to afford every occasion to display their illustrious merit, obliged them to contend at once against open force and secret treachery. The Thebans, whom fear had hitherto restrained from defection, seized the present opportunity to revolt; and approaching the Persians with outstretched arms, declared that they had always been their friends; that *their* republic had sent earth and water, as an acknowledgment of their submission to Xerxes; and that it was with the utmost reluctance they had been compelled by necessity to resist the progress of his arms. As they approached to surrender themselves, many perished by the darts of the barbarians; the remainder saved a perishing life, by submitting to eternal infamy. Meanwhile the Lacedæmonians and Thespians were assaulted on all sides. The nearest of the enemy beat down the wall, and entered by the

breaches. Their temerity was punished by instant death. In this last struggle every Grecian showed the most heroic courage; yet if we believe the unanimous report of some Thessalians, and others who survived the engagement, the Spartan Dionece deserved the prize of valour. When it was observed to him, that the Persian arrows were so numerous, that they intercepted the light of the sun, he said it was a favourable circumstance, because the Greeks now fought in the shade. The brothers Alpheus and Maron are likewise particularized for their generous contempt of death, and for their distinguished valour and activity in the service of their country. What these, and other virtues, could accomplish, the Greeks, both as individuals, and in a body, had already performed; but it became impossible for them longer to resist the impetuosity and weight of the darts, and arrows, and other missile weapons, which were continually poured upon them; and they were finally not destroyed or conquered, but buried under a trophy of Persian arms. Two monuments were afterwards erected near the spot where they fell; the inscription of the first announced the valour of a handful of Greeks, who had resisted three millions of barbarians; the second was peculiar to the Spartans, and contained these memorable words: "Go, stranger, and declare to the Lacedæmonians, that we died here in obedience to their divine laws."

SECTION XXII.

Agriculture.

OF all the amusements or employments in which country gentlemen are engaged, that of superintending with intelligence the cultivation of a farm is one of the most useful to the community, as well as to the individual who applies himself to it.—The pursuits of agri-

culture are connected with that love of the country, which may be called an universal passion. The charms of nature are there fully displayed; and every mind, which is not debased by vicious refinement, or enslaved by irregular desires, is eager to enjoy them. A principle so universally felt has never failed to call forth the powers of genius; and writers of all ages have expatiated on rural scenes and occupations with the most lively satisfaction. Every poet more especially claims the country as his peculiar province: thence he derives the most beautiful and striking descriptions, and is enabled to represent those various prospects of nature, which are so highly gratifying to every ingenuous mind.

But rural scenes and occupations, considered as conducive to the support and comforts of life, become far more important and useful objects of speculation, than merely as they please the eye by their beauty, or charm the fancy by the images with which they enrich it. They lead to enquiries, which are worthy of the particular attention of every lover of his native country; inasmuch as they present a view of the powers of art combined with those of nature to improve the soil, to the greatest degree of fertility; and thus minister to the subsistence, the increase, and the happiness of mankind.

Agriculture is the art of causing the earth to produce the various kinds of vegetables in the greatest perfection and plenty. It is not only essential to the well-being of society, in a rude and unpolished state; but is equally requisite in every stage of its refinement. As an incitement to its constant and uniform pursuit, it repays the exertions of mankind with regular and abundant returns. From the remotest ages, it has been esteemed worthy of general attention. The simplicity of ancient manners rendered it an object not inconsistent with the rank and situation of persons of the greatest eminence. Gideon, the renowned champion and judge of Israel, quitted the

threshing-floor to preside in the public assembly of his countrymen; and Cincinnatus, the conqueror of the Volsci, left his plough to lead the Roman armies to battle; and afterwards declined the rewards gained by his victories, to return to his native fields. In modern times this occupation has been held in no less esteem. There are not wanting those among our nobility, who take a lively interest in all rural improvements, and preside at the annual meetings of agriculturists, with no less reputation to themselves, than benefit to the art. Washington, the late celebrated president of the United States of America, found the most pleasing relaxation of public care in the superintendence of his own estate. The emperor of China, at the beginning of every spring, goes to plough in person, attended by the princes and grandees of his empire; he celebrates the close of the harvest among his subjects, and creates the best farmer in his dominions a mandarin.

An art like this, which from its obvious utility must necessarily claim not only the patronage of the great, but the general attention of mankind, in proportion as they are civilized, has been not less distinguished as a subject to exercise the talents of eminent authors. In various ages many have written to explain its principles, and celebrate its excellence. Some have adorned it with the elegance of fancy, and others have methodized it with the precision of rules.

The various societies, particularly those established in England, Ireland, France, Italy, and Germany, have contributed to suggest and disseminate a variety of improvements. To three writers, who have lately favoured the world with their publications, our country is much indebted. Marshal has, by his close attention to the particular occupations of the country, proceeded to many valuable conclusions, highly useful to the farmer; and Anderson has shown great accuracy of observation.

in his remarks on particular soils and plants, and in his proposal of trying experiments upon an extensive scale. Young has as far surpassed his predecessors in the compass and variety of his researches, as he has reduced the directions of others to practice, suggested many plans of improvement in every branch of farming; and added much to the general stock of knowledge, by actual observations on foreign countries, as well as on the different counties in the united kingdoms.

Agriculture has been gradually improving since the errors of ancient husbandry have been corrected, and vulgar superstitious traditions exploded. A solid and rational system of the art has been founded upon clear and intelligible principles. The application of natural history and chymistry to it has greatly accelerated our improvements, in proportion as enquiries have been made into the causes of the fertility and barrenness of lands; the food and nutriment of vegetables, the nature of soils, the best modes of meliorating them with various manures; and, more than all, by the introduction of foreign seeds, and adopting from the nations whence they were borrowed, their methods of cultivation. The connexion between causes and effects is now better understood; and a degree of ability, management, and skill, far superior to the practice of former times, is exercised in the various departments of agriculture. In the process of husbandry, as it has been conducted for some time in Great Britain, little is left to the precariousness of chance; and the bigoted regard to ancient customs gives place to the dictates of good sense, and more correct views of utility. The intelligent farmer, profiting by the wider diffusion of knowledge, which is the characteristic of the present age, derives more assistance from the philosopher, the naturalist, and the chymist, than his ancestors could obtain; and is furnished with the useful principles of every art in the least degree conducive to the improvement and suc-

cess of his occupations. As this knowledge has been applied to practice, successive improvements have been made, and extended from one province to another : until the country has assumed a new aspect, and the general appearance of our island, which two centuries ago abounded in barren wastes, interspersed with gloomy forests, now exhibits, in successive scenes, long ranges of fields waving with every kind of vegetable production, and rich and verdant pastures filled with thriving flocks and herds.

SECTION XXIII.

Commerce.

COMMERCE is the source of wealth to the merchant ; but its advantages are far from being confined to himself. It supplies the wants of one country by importing the articles of another, and gives a value to superfluities which they could not otherwise possess. It increases the revenue of the state, and thus contributes to its general opulence and grandeur ; and it preserves the independence of the British empire, by the strong support and large supplies afforded to our maritime strength. Hence we acquire a decided superiority over every other nation, and give the inhabitants of remote as well as neighbouring countries the most convincing proof of our riches, prosperity, and power. No commercial country is long exposed to the evils of its own barrenness or necessities ; and the riches of one place are soon made the common stock of another. Commerce is the bond of general society, which unites the most distant nations by a reciprocal intercourse of good offices. By extending the sphere of activity through various parts of the earth, by satisfying the real and multiplying the imaginary wants of mankind, and by quickening their thirst for enjoyments,

it becomes the most lively and most general principle, which actuates the world. Under its attractive and beneficent influence the whole world becomes one city, and all nations one family.

The influence, likewise, which it produces upon the manners of mankind, renders it a more interesting subject of investigation. A regular intercourse subsisting between different nations contributes to cure the mind of many absurd and hurtful prejudices. Trade carried on between persons of different sects and religions has a tendency to lessen the opposition of opinion, which was formerly the cause of hatred and hostility. It promotes benevolence of disposition, inasmuch as it extends the connexions and intercourse of society, and increases the love of peace and order, without which its operations cannot be carried on. The merchant engaged in honourable traffic is the friend of mankind, and is occupied in a constant exercise of good offices, for the benefit of his necessitous fellow-creatures.

Commerce will be found to have had no small influence in calming the minds of the nations of the earth into a state of repose and complacency. The sudden revolutions, heroic manners, and extraordinary events of ancient times, resulted from that ferocity of temper, unsocial spirit, and inequality of ranks, which commerce tends to annihilate. The states of Europe are brought nearly upon a level by this intercourse; a spirit of general emulation is excited, as they remark, that those who possess the most extensive trade command the source of opulence and power. Through the bounty of nature most nations have some superfluity to exchange for the productions of others; and the expectation of gaining advantages, which they cannot otherwise secure, turns their ingenuity, labours, and enterprizes into many different channels. Hence the arts of necessity and elegance are diligently cultivated, invention is roused to find new ma-

terials for foreign consumption, a competition arises between rival manufacturers and artists, and commerce employs and unites the families of the earth, from the frozen regions of Russia to the burning sands of Africa ;—from the isles of Britain to the populous and vast dominions of China.

From this intercourse results an effect, which is peculiarly advantageous to the less polished and civilized nations. By the frequent communications, which are necessary for the purpose of bartering commodities with the cultivated European, they are made acquainted with useful arts and improvements, and are taught the value of science, and the blessings of christianity. Thus by degrees the great disparity between man and man is destroyed, useful knowledge finds its level, and the inhabitants of the different quarters of the world arrive at that equality of power, which awes ambitious nations into due respect and reverence for the general rights of mankind.

From commerce we likewise derive a more enlarged knowledge of the terraqueous globe, and its inhabitants. We become correctly acquainted with animals, vegetables, and minerals of every soil and climate, and the natural history of all countries, no longer debased by exaggeration and fable, acquires the value of precision and truth. We enlarge our acquaintance with mankind, remark how modes of life and habits of thinking are varied, according to their different situations, and how the passions and dispositions are modified. Among people of the same country, likewise, commercial intercourse gradually introduces a spirit of order and good government, and is highly favourable to the liberty and security of individuals. Its beneficial effects have been no less visible in conciliating the affections of the natives of the same country to each other. During the prevalence of the feudal system, our ancestors lived in a state of suspicion, servile dependence, and war; and knew scarcely any distinctions,

except those, which subsisted between the different professions of the church and the army, or the more servile relations of lords and vassals. But at present the various ranks of society are connected by closer ties, and entertain greater cordiality and esteem for each other, as their intercourse is more frequent, and the superior refinements of society have quickened the sense of mutual want, and mutual dependence.

In Britain, indeed, commerce has acquired a degree of rank and dignity elsewhere unknown. Many of those engaged in it have done, and continue to do it, honour by the excellence of their education, and the liberality of their minds. Of those who do credit to the relations of domestic life—of those who are distinguished in the senate, of public spirit and useful knowledge—of those who at the call of distress come forward with the most prompt and liberal assistance, who is more conspicuous than the *English merchant*?

SECTION XXIV.

Foreign Travel.

TRAVELLING, as far as it introduces a man into genteel and well-informed society in various parts of the world, and leads to an extensive knowledge of persons and places, expands the mind, removes local prejudices, produces a comparison between our own and foreign countries, satisfies that curiosity and that fondness for change, which are so natural to mankind, supplies new sources of pleasing and useful information, and conduces to the increase of philanthropy and generosity of sentiment. He who is confined to his own country reads only one page of the book of human nature, and perpetually studies the same lesson; nor does he understand that completely, from his

ignorance of its relative merit, and connexion with all other parts.

He who forms his notions of mankind from his constant residence in one and the same place, resembles the child who imagines the heavens are confined to his own limited prospect. The Russians, before the reign of Peter the Great, thought themselves possessed of every national blessing, and held all other people in contempt ; so contracted were they in their notions as to believe that their northern mountains encompassed the globe.

Travelling not only divests the mind of prejudices, but gives the highest polish to the manners. This polish, however, does not result from that excessive attention of the traveller to his deportment and external appearance, which takes off the mind from more important pursuits, and gives a studied air to his general behaviour ; but, arising originally from true benevolence, and a desire to please, is perfected by intercourse with well-bred and polite company, displays itself upon every occasion in an easy and unaffected carriage, an unembarrassed address, and proper attention to all around him.

It has no connexion with effeminacy or formal ceremony, or with that cringing mien and affected complaisance, which would be inconsistent with the ingenuousness, and would lessen the dignity of a British gentleman.

The *qualifications* of a young traveller ought to be such, as may not only exempt him from the imputation of frivolous curiosity, but enable him to derive the greatest advantages from his excursions. His mind ought to be improved by a classical education : after having studied at an university the most important points, which form the subjects of this work, he will be well qualified for his intended tour. He ought to possess a critical knowledge of his own language, to understand the laws, constitution, and history of his country, the forms of proceeding in our courts of justice, and the state of our com-

merce, agriculture, and arts.—Let him not hasten to *foreign* countries, before he has satisfied his curiosity by exploring the most interesting parts of his *own*.—Excursions to the most interesting parts of his own country will sharpen the appetite of the young traveller for foreign curiosities, and place him upon an equality with those inquisitive foreigners, who resort to England. And such foreigners cannot give a stronger proof of their discernment and well-directed curiosity. Considering the progress made in arts and sciences, the improvements introduced by commerce and agriculture, the number of our flourishing and opulent cities, especially the inexhaustible wonders of our metropolis, the variety and ingenuity of our manufactories, the splendour of our court; the prospects of the country, diversified with all the beauties of nature; the collections of pictures, statues, and natural curiosities; our formidable navy, which is the terror and the admiration of the world; the character of the men, ingenious, intelligent, and hospitable; the beauty, delicacy, and modesty of the women—considering all these circumstances, we cannot attribute the satisfaction which they express, during their residence among us, to mere flattery; but may fairly conclude, that it arises in a great degree from the genuine pleasure, which they derive from the survey of one of the most interesting countries in the world.

All the writers upon this subject, particularly Milton and Locke, concur in reprobating the custom of sending a raw and inexperienced boy abroad. Lord Chesterfield, indeed, if his recommendation should carry much weight, appears to countenance it: but we must recollect, that the plan of education, which he proposes for his son, had not only a general view to form a polished man of the world, but to qualify him for a diplomatic department. Before a proper age, a youth is exposed to every inconvenience and danger, which can possibly arise from

quitting his own country. Previous to that period, the curiosity of a young man is commonly indiscriminate, his judgment is incorrect and hasty; and of course he is inadequate to the just comparison between what he has left at home, and what he observes abroad. It is vainly expected by parents, that the authority of a travelling tutor will be sufficient to prevent the indiscretion of their son, and confine his attention to proper objects of improvement; but admitting every tutor to be a Mentor, every pupil may not be a Telemachus. The gaiety, follies, and voluptuousness of the Continent, solicit in such captivating forms the inclinations of the young, that they soon become deaf to the calls of admonition.—Travelling at too early an age may be greatly injurious in its consequences. If the elements of literature and science are not acquired, when the mind is in the more ductile state, and the memory is most tenacious and retentive, a youth will never gain correct and accurate knowledge. He ought to go abroad a year or two before he is expected to appear on the stage of public life at home. By that time his dispositions and general character may be ascertained, and his habits of thinking will in a great degree be founded.

In Paris, Vienna, Brussels, and all other great cities of Europe, artful men and women lay innumerable snares to catch the raw and inexperienced: many of those young men, who resort too early to the Continent, can fully attest their success; since from such improper and dangerous acquaintance, they frequently trace the loss of health and fortune, and the sacrifice of those wholesome prepossessions in favour of their own religion, country, and government, which were implanted in their early years. Hence, too, when their minds are so susceptible of every impression, they take the stamp of foreign manners, and become deeply tinctured with frivolousness and affectation. Previously to the French Revolution, there were

not a few of our travelling countrymen, who, mistaking foppishness for politeness, and conceit for intellectual strength, established a kind of commercial treaty with our Gallic neighbours, and exchanged simplicity for artifice, candour for affectation, steadiness for frivolity, and religious principle for the profane levity of the French philosophists. They brought back little of the pure and noble simplicity of the English character; but rather showed how much the true ends of visiting foreign countries might be perverted, by exhibiting on their return the manners of *petits-maitres*, the ostentation of sciolists, and the profligacy of infidels.

SECTION XXV.

The Profession of the Law.

THIS profession is highly useful to the public, and may prove no less honourable than advantageous to the student who conscientiously follows it. If he aspires to eminence at the bar, he ought to be blessed with a firm constitution, to enable him to discharge the duties and support the fatigues of his profession with ease and pleasure. His memory should be quick and retentive, his judgment clear and acute, his understanding sound and comprehensive, his religious principles firm, his moral character pure, his disposition benevolent, and his ardour for distinction not liable to be damped by difficulties, but in every stage of his career strong and unabating. When he considers the dignity and importance of the study, in which he is engaging, in all its relations to general good, he will be deeply impressed with the profound sentiments expressed by the venerable Hooker, particularly in the following eloquent passage: "Of law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world, all things in

heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men, and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."

By contemplating the characters, and perusing the works of the most eminent orators, he will perceive to what an elevation the honour of the profession has been advanced; and, not to return to the trite instances of ancient times, the examples furnished by a Lord Mansfield, a Sir William Jones, and a Lord Eldon, may be sufficient to stimulate his diligence, rouse his emulation, and show him what a degree of dignity, emolument, and fame may be reached by the united powers of talents and application, in a pursuit, which, above all others, is propitious to their exertions.—Of the great utility of his *early* studies he will be fully convinced, when he considers their connexion with the business of his profession. His acquaintance with general history will furnish him with a copious stock of examples, from which he may draw useful arguments, and reason by fair analogy. The detail of events, and the descriptions of the state of manners, in the different periods of our history, will serve as the best comments upon our laws, and will materially conduce to his understanding them fully, and explaining them with correctness.

When he comes forward to plead at the bar, he will display accurate information, aided by the powers of unaffected eloquence. He will be sensible of the charms of a graceful delivery, and of manly and appropriate action. Ever careful not to deviate from the subject in question, he will not injure his cause by tiresome prolixity, by too great an attention to minute circumstances, or an ostentatious display of knowledge.—In the intercourse of private life, he will endeavour to guard against

those foibles, to which his profession may expose him. His manners will not be over-bearing, his conversation will not take too deep a tincture from his mode of life and habits of study; and he will remember, that the circle of domestic society is not the theatre for the exhibition of those *argumentative* talents, which are only displayed with propriety in the discharge of his professional business.—By the pursuit of such a line of conduct as is uniformly marked by uncorrupted integrity, true benevolence, and assiduous attention, the barrister will go forward with honour to himself, advantage to the public, and credit to his profession.

SECTION XXVI.

The Medical Profession.

THE profession of a physician has in all ages and countries been held in great estimation, by reason of its intimate connexion with the welfare of mankind. The cure of diseases, the restoration of health, and the continuance of life, are the objects to which the attention of the physician is directed; and he cannot fulfil his important duties, without possessing requisite knowledge, and exercising a due degree of judgment and sagacity. Destitute of the aids, which books, lectures, and observations afford, he can never acquire the principles of physic, understand the structure of the human frame, develop the causes and the seats of disorders, and become acquainted with proper remedies to remove them.—The good physician will recommend himself to general patronage, regard, and esteem, by his skill, his benevolent disposition, and decorous deportment. In his treatment of the various diseases, which come under his care, he will diligently attend to the different constitutions, and different habits of life of his patients; he will follow nature through

all her changes; he will watch every symptom, by which he can discover her tendencies and dispositions, and will skilfully adapt his medicines to those symptoms as they appear. He will recruit the exhausted powers of the constitution, strengthen the springs of life, and give them fresh energy and vigour. Should he fail in his attempts, his want of success will be the fault of the art, and not of the practitioner.

In his common intercourse with the world, he will be distinguished by his general knowledge, and his pleasing and easy manner of communicating it. His attainments in literature and science will furnish him with the means of agreeable relaxation from his severer studies, and the fatigues of his profession.—To his patients he will be punctual and benevolent, and yet never be induced so far to sacrifice the principles of his duty to their humour, caprice, or timidity, as to relax in his recommendation of whatever he is convinced will conduce to their relief. To his competitors he will be liberal and candid; he will not indulge the asperity of opposition, nor the meanness of envy; and he will trust for emolument and reputation, not to petty artifice or indirect practices, but to the solid recommendation of a good character. He will indulge his benevolent feelings as a man, and conform to his principles of duty as a Christian, by relieving the maladies of the poor:—but he will never attempt to gain the patronage of the rich by unworthy services, or degrading concessions. In his general conduct, he will prove, in the most extended acceptance of the word, the friend of mankind. He will show a becoming degree of condescension and affability to all, and will render the exercise of his profession equally the means of general good and of his own particular advantage and reputation. He will be convinced, that these points cannot be secured by a narrow and selfish disposition, by a peculiar formality of dress and manners, or affected airs of importance and

mystery. The true dignity of the profession can only be maintained by the superior knowledge and abilities of those who follow it, by their liberal manners and conduct, and by that openness and candour, which disdain all duplicity and artifice, all superciliousness and servility, and which require only to be known, to make their possessors the general objects of esteem, respect, and honour. For those qualities which do credit to the medical character, it is superfluous to have recourse to more particular description; as they can be fully exemplified in the lives of Radcliffe, Friend, Mead, Arbuthnot, Forthergill, and many others, who held a distinguished place among the sons of Esculapius, and adorn the biography of their country.

SECTION XXVII.

The Clerical Profession.

OF all the professions there is no one which includes such important duties as that of a clergyman. It is the immediate object of his labours to diminish the evils and increase the comforts of life, by inculcating the knowledge and recommending the practice of religion, and by preparing the minds of men for the happiness of a future life. As it is his duty to state and interpret the revealed will of God, to reclaim the vicious from their sinful conduct, comfort the afflicted in their distress, and confirm the good in the pursuit of virtue, it is not difficult to infer what ought to be his attainments and qualifications, and what his character and conduct.

A pious, learned, and diligent divine is one of the strongest supports and brightest ornaments of his country. In his general intercourse with mankind, while he maintains his dignity, he is free from formality or moroseness; enjoys society, but avoids its dissipation and its follies;

and knows the value of time too well to sacrifice any very considerable share of it to mere amusement. To those, who differ from him in religious opinions, he shows firmness of principle without asperity of conduct, as he is ever mild, gentle, and tolerant. He warms the hearts of his flock by his fervent and unaffected piety, and he enlightens their understandings, confirms their faith, and invigorates their practice by his judicious and impressive discourses. In his private admonitions he is diligent in giving advice, and delicate in his manner of doing it; always considering whether the means he employs of reconciling animosities and reproofing vice are best calculated to answer the proposed ends. He maintains a proper intercourse with all classes of his parishioners, but he is neither arrogant to the poor, nor servile to the rich. To the indigent and deserving he is a constant friend, and protects them from the oppression of their superiors; he relieves their wants as far as it is in his power, reconciles them to their laborious and humble stations, by the most earnest exhortations to patience and contentment. He is the composer of strife, and the soother of outrageous passions, and no less the temporal than the spiritual minister of peace. His family is the model for all others in their attention to private and public duties; he is the general object of esteem to all, except the malignant and the envious; and he has the happiness to observe, that, as he advances in life, the respectability of his character gives additional efficacy to his instructions, and both increases the honour and promotes the diffusion of his holy religion.

The imagined presence of a wise and good man has been recommended as a convenient guard to private conduct. How would this thought or action appear to Socrates, or Plato, or Aristides? The parochial minister may with equal advantage suppose the ocular inspection of his spiritual Overseer, and anticipate with greater

feeling his censure or his approbation. If the fear of solitude, or vanity, or idleness, should draw him from the scene of his duty to the provincial town, to the camp, or the capital, he may seem to hear the voice of his elder brother—With whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? The reproach may possibly vibrate in his ear, till it rise to the expostulation of a higher friend and monitor—Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me? Happy is the clergyman, who, under the impulse of all these motives, discharges with unabated diligence the sacred, useful, honourable office of a parish-priest; and blessed is the congregation, who receiveth and heareth him with a grateful and attentive mind.

SECTION XXVIII.

The British Constitution.

THE love of our native land is a passion which Providence has implanted in every breast, for wise and beneficent ends; but that love can never operate with due effect, till reason and knowledge confirm the original bias. To be ignorant, therefore, of the strong claims which our country has to endear it, is to weaken the attachment of nature, and to reduce to a prejudice that preference which we gratuitously allow it. The best informed will always be the best subjects; and in those bosoms the flame of patriotism will burn with the steadiest light, which have early made themselves acquainted with the objects that kindled the fire.

A great part of our civil and political institutions are derived from the Saxons who established the Heptarchy in South Britain. These men, though invaders, introduced a spirit of freedom, to which they had been habituated themselves, and taught the aborigines the value of laws, of order, and of social enjoyment.

They divided England into wapentakes, hundreds, and tithings, with a principal officer in each. The sheriff was the chief judge of all civil and criminal matters within the county; and, after the introduction of Christianity, the bishop had co-extensive authority. In process of time, itinerant, and afterwards local, judges were appointed: but, in all civil affairs, the decision was left to twelve unprejudiced men; hence the origin of English liberty—the trial by jury.

Royalty was not, strictly speaking, hereditary among the Saxons; nor were even estates and honours altogether so, till the Norman conquest. William the Conqueror, in order to reward his followers, partitioned the lands of the vanquished among them, under the titles of knights' fees and baronies. The Saxon constitution, as being inimical to slavery, was obnoxious to the Norman invaders: endeavours were therefore made to set it aside, but in vain. The nobles found it necessary to unite with the people in resistance to the encroachments of the crown; and the Magna Charta, extorted from King John, and confirmed by his son, Henry III. fixed the basis of the English constitution, on which a superstructure has been reared, that renders it the wonder and envy of the world.

The three estates of the kingdom, as they are called, consist of the king, lords, and commons.

The King enjoys the supreme executive power, and owns no superior but God. The right of succession depends on this grand fundamental maxim, that "the crown, by common law and constitutional custom, is hereditary; and this in a manner peculiar to itself; but that the right of inheritance may, from time to time, be changed or limited by act of parliament; under which limitation, the crown still continues hereditary." And here it may be proper to remark, that, notwithstanding the convulsions which this kingdom has undergone, and the irregularities which time and chance have occasion-

ally introduced, the present illustrious family on the throne unite every possible claim, by hereditary right, to the crown of these realms ; being the indisputable lineal heirs, both of Egbert the Saxon, of William the Conqueror, and of a long line of Scottish kings, which closed with the elevation of James I. to the throne of Great Britain.

The monarchy of the now united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is limited : yet this limitation adds to the real power of the king, by rendering it equally the interest and the duty of his people to support his government. In the eye of the law, his person is so sacred, that it is high treason even to imagine or intend his death ; neither can he in himself be deemed guilty of any crime ; the law taking no cognizance of his actions, which are cognizable only in the persons of his counsellors and ministers, who are answerable for the conduct which they are presumed to advise or direct. In fact, as long as the king observes his coronation-oath, and the fundamental laws of the empire, his power is without control. He is the fountain of honour, and possesses every privilege and distinction that can diffuse a lustre on the sovereign of a free people. But, for his own happiness as well as that of his subjects, he cannot, by his own authority, either make new laws or raise new taxes ; and, by statute, he is obliged to summon a new parliament once in every seven years at least.

The legislative power is vested in parliament, as the executive is in the king. It consists of two branches or houses, the LORDS and the COMMONS.

The LORDS are subdivided into spiritual and temporal : the former consist of two archbishops and twenty-four bishops ; the latter, of all the peers of the realm who are entitled to a seat in the upper house of parliament, either by descent, creation, or election. The peers are the pillars which are reared from among the people, more immediately to support the throne ; or (to adopt the ex-

pression of an elegant writer) "they are the Corinthian capitals of polished society." They unite the two other estates, and, according as they may find it necessary to direct their influence, give an equipoise or preponderance to either.

The Commons consist of a certain number of representatives, returned to parliament by counties, cities, and boroughs, &c. possessing the right of election. The number of English representatives is five hundred and thirteen; of Scotch, forty-five; and, since the union with Ireland, one hundred more are delegated by that island; the whole amounting to six hundred and fifty-eight. They are composed of gentlemen of fortune and influence, of merchants, lawyers, and of every rank and profession, except the clerical. But, though the members in the lower house of parliament are elected by particular districts and places, when once they take their seats, they serve for the whole realm. In all cases, they are expected to be the medium of communication on local subjects, and to pay a respectful attention to the interests of their constituents: but it seems unconstitutional to say that they are bound to vote, except according to the dictates of their own conscience, and to the best of their judgment, for the general welfare of the empire.

In the house of Commons, all grants, subsidies, and taxes must originate, though the assent of the other two branches of the legislature must be obtained before they can acquire force and validity. The reason for this exclusive privilege in the Commons, of which they are extremely jealous, is because, the supplies being raised on the body of the people, it is just and proper that the representatives of the people at large should hold the national purse.

Such is the British parliament, the source and guardian of our liberties and property, the strong cement which binds the foundation and superstructure of our govern-

ment, and the wisely concerted balance that maintains an equipoise between the people and the crown.

But, judiciously as the principal parts of the political machine are constructed, and excellent as are our laws, the happiness of the people would still be incomplete, were not justice purely administered, and courts established for the redress of grievances, and the punishment of offences. It is on the incorruptible integrity of our judges, that individual security hinges: and, though it does not enter into my very limited plan to expatiate on the advantages of our judicial institutions, I shall cursorily notice the modes and places of their administration.

The Court of Chancery is a court of equity, and is next in dignity to the high court of Parliament. The object of its institution is to relieve the subject against frauds, breaches of trust, and other oppressions, and to mitigate the rigour of strict law. The Lord High Chancellor sits as sole judge, and, in *his* absence, the Master of the Rolls.

The King's Bench is so called, either from the kings of England having occasionally sat there in person, or from its being the court where all matters, determinable by common law, between the king and his subjects, are regularly tried, except such affairs as properly belong to the Exchequer. This court has likewise a kind of superintending power over all inferior courts and magistrates. Here preside four judges, the first of whom is styled Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and, by way of eminence, Lord Chief Justice of England, to express the great extent of his jurisdiction over the kingdom.

The Court of Common Pleas takes cognizance of all pleas between subject and subject. The first judge of this court is styled Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; and he is assisted by three other judges or justices.

None but serjeants at law are allowed to plead in this court.

The Court of Exchequer was instituted for managing the revenues of the crown, and has the power of deciding both according to law and equity. Disputes concerning titles are frequently heard and determined in this court, over which a Lord Chief Baron, and three other barons, preside.

These courts are all held at Westminster ; but, for the due administration of justice, and the trial of offences committed in the country, the judges hold assizes in most county towns of the kingdom, twice a year, and, in all places, once.

For putting the laws effectually in execution, a High Sheriff is annually appointed for every county, whose office is both ministerial and judicial. Subordinate to the High Sheriff, are Justices of the Peace, several of whom are commissioned for each county, and are entrusted with very extensive powers. A certain number of Coroners are also elected by every county, to enquire, through a jury of neighbours, how and by whose means any person came by a violent or unknown kind of death. In every parish are annually chosen Constables and Tithing-men, whose office is to keep the peace in all cases of quarrels and riots, and to execute any warrants from magistrates, acting in their district.

Thus, by a beautiful gradation of power and authority, from the king to the constable, order is preserved, laws are enforced, liberty and property are protected ; and none, except the vicious and the dissolute, have cause to fear the various checks which wisdom and policy have imposed on the actions of men.

The government of Cities and Boroughs varies according to their different charters, immunities, and constitutions. In general, their magistrates possess a local and

exclusive jurisdiction, to a certain extent ; and the mayor usually presides as judge.

Such are the rude outlines of that constitution which we have the glory and the felicity to call our birthright. As it has been handed down to us by the wisdom and vigour of our ancestors, so it ought to be our care to deliver it to posterity in all the purity we received it.

CHAPTER III.

MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE PIECES.

SECTION I.

Filial Piety.

FILIAL piety is the prime affection of the soul, and one of the most sacred and important of all social relations. It is the voice of nature, sanctioned by the authority of reason and revelation, and derived from the best and purest feelings of the heart. Consider that its violation was always regarded, by the wisest and most enlightened people, as the most flagrant breach of morality, and therefore was punished with the severest rigour. Reason fully justifies the principle, upon which the laws of the Jews, the Romans, and the Chinese, against refractory and undutiful children were founded ; for filial disobedience is a sure mark of that insensibility, as well as of that ingratitude and injustice, which have a direct tendency to a violation of order, and the commission of crimes. Filial love, on the contrary, is the certain indication of such an amiable temper, as will display itself with uniform benevolence in all relations, in which here-

after as a man you will stand to society. It is the root of the most endearing charities; its branches are vigorous, and will bear the most precious and the most delicious fruit. There is the best reason to presume, that an affectionate son will become an affectionate brother, friend, husband, and father. When arrived at the age of mature reason, you will be sensible, that the restraints formerly laid upon you by your parents were the effects of true regard, intended to shield you from evil, not to debar you from good—to guard you from danger, not to contract the circle of your pleasures, for the sake of asserting authority, or displaying power. Let, therefore, no foolish vanity, no levity or caprice of temper, no arrogance, arising from superior fortune, or consciousness of superior or more fashionable accomplishments, so far possess your mind, and blind your understanding, as to induce you to treat your parents with inattention or disrespect. Always remember, that your duty to them is inferior only to that which binds you to the great Author of your being; and that neither the implicit submission of childhood, nor the return of affectionate offices in more advanced age, can ever cancel your obligations for a father's protection, or repay the solitudes of a mother's tenderness.

SECTION II.

The Choice of a Profession.

IN the practice of filial obedience, attend more particularly to one instance of it, which seems to be highly reasonable and strictly expedient. I allude to the choice of a profession. Your parents have an undoubted right to decide for you; and their experience and knowledge of the world may be fairly presumed to lead them to such a determination, as is most proper and advantageous upon the whole. Be not influenced in a concern so highly

conducive to the happiness of your life, by a predilection, founded upon your own caprice, or the taste of your companions, when the decision ought to be made with reference to your peculiar temper, circumstances, and abilities, of which you, from your tender age and inexperience, must necessarily be an incompetent judge. When you mix with the world, you will behold the unhappy effects of persons having been brought up to employments, for which neither nature nor education have fitted them; you will remark instances of professional men, who are neither diligent, studious, nor serious, and who have no professional zeal, and are therefore constantly liable to the ridicule of their friends, and the censures of the public, by acting out of character. Should you be admitted to their confidence, you will hear them lament, that they were the victims of their own choice, or of some consideration, which had no reference to their abilities, or their dispositions. You may observe, that, as the pursuits of life are various, a sphere of action may be found suitable to each particular turn of mind. To the bold and the enterprising, the army and navy present opportunities of exertion; to the serious and contemplative the church; to the acute and aspiring the law; and to the diligent and persevering the various occupations of the merchant. Let not your pride, or your vanity, be suffered to take the alarm, and create prejudices against any situation, which is advantageous and respectable. Judge not by specious appearances, but attend to all the benefits it may secure to you in the course of your life, and the rewards which it may bestow upon your diligence and assiduity. When you have once been directed to make a judicious choice, let no caprice induce you to repent of your option, no unsteadiness relax your diligence; persevere with constancy in the path, to which experienced guides have conducted you; and be assured, that steady and unremitting exertions will be rewarded by adequate success,

SECTION III.

The Improvement of Time.

REFLECT that time pursues his flight on rapid wings—and that the hours of youth, like the waters of an impetuous stream, roll on never to return. You must be sensible, that the portion of life appropriated to your education is not, if duly considered, a season for pleasure and pastime alone—that the days will come, when you will have no leisure from the engagements of the world to increase your stock of knowledge by study, and to improve by regular application those talents which Providence has committed to your care, for the use of which you are accountable to conscience, to society, and to heaven; from the abuse and neglect of which will spring sad regret and unavailing sorrow; but from the cultivation of which will arise the delights of a self-applauding mind, and the respect and honour of the virtuous and the wise.

Whether your destination has led you to the abodes of learning and science, which adorn the banks of the Isis, or the Cam, in whatever academical rank you may be placed, fail not to improve every opportunity, and to seek every means of acquiring knowledge, afforded by tutors, and professors; cultivate the acquaintance of the learned, the accomplished, the serious, and well-disposed; disregard the solicitations of the idle, and resist the allurements of the dissipated, the intemperate, and the irregular, who may urge you to drain the bowl of intoxication, and transgress the bounds of discipline. Look to the result of their misconduct, and you will remark, that far from affording any true pleasure to an ingenuous mind, it terminates in disgrace, punishment, and ruin. Frequently meditate upon the actions, and familiarize yourself to the works of the great and the good, who have inhabited the same mansions of learning, trodden the same

paths, and experienced the pleasures of solitude, or social converse, in the same delightful gardens and groves. Let the classic scenes once honoured by a Milton and a Dryden, a Pearson and a Tillotson, a Newton or a Clarke, a Locke or a Clarendon, an Addison or a Johnson, a Blackstone or a Jones, give additional strength to your resolutions, animate your endeavours with new ardour, and inspire you with greater alacrity in the pursuit of every study, and the cultivation of every moral and intellectual excellence.

SECTION IV.

On Diligence.

CONSIDER that no habit is so conducive to the accomplishment of the great ends of education, as a habit of diligence. Idleness is the parent of every vice; but well-directed activity is the source of every laudable pursuit, and honourable attainment. It is peculiarly adapted to the frame and constitution of youth, promotes good humour, and is conducive to health. Indolence and inactivity are no less subversive of every purpose of mental improvement, than of the general happiness of life. An idle boy will gradually lose the energy of his mind, will grow indifferent to the common objects of pursuit, except such as stimulate his passions with force; and when he advances into life, he will with difficulty be prevailed upon to make any important exertion, even for the promotion of his own interest, and much less for that of his friends. The character of a sluggard—of him, who loses the pleasant, the healthy, and the precious hours of the morning in sleep, and the remaining part of the day in indolence, is justly reputed contemptible. While his powers of mind remain torpid, the diligent applies his activity to the most useful ends. His steps may not be

uniformly rapid, or his actions always conspicuous; he may not attract the gaze of mankind, or move in the circle of fashionable levity and dissipation; but you may observe, that by habitual dexterity of conduct, and the practice of business, he is qualified to meet the difficulties, and fulfil the duties of any situation, in which he may be placed; and you will frequently see him by his unremitting perseverance acquire objects of fortune, distinction, and honour, which men of unimproved talents very rarely, if ever obtain.

If you take an extensive survey of the world, you may remark, that nothing great or laudable, nothing splendid or permanent, can be effected without the exertion of diligence. Are not the treasures of fortune, the fruits of industry, the acquirements of learning, and the movements of glory, to be referred to its animating influence? Behold the student engaged in poring over the volumes of knowledge by his midnight lamp, and stealing his hours of study even from the season of repose; behold the peasant roused by the dawn of the morning to pursue his daily toils along the furrowed field; repair to the manufactory of the artificer, and amid the various divisions of labour, observe with what alacrity all the sons and daughters of industry are plying their incessant tasks; or visit the crowded haven, where the favourable gales call the attention of the vigilant mariners, and you will remark, that the whole scene is life, motion, and exertion. In these various situations, in every nation of the globe, from the ardent and enterprizing sons of Britain, to the almost countless myriads which people the wide plains of China, you may observe, that the principle of diligence, like the great law of creation, which causes the orbs of the solar system to perform their invariable revolutions, pervades each busy scene, and throughout the universe actuates the race of men for some useful end.

SECTION V.

The Pleasure and Advantage of Religion.

"My name is Religion. I am the offspring of Truth and Love, and the parent of Benevolence, Hope and Joy. That monster from whose power I have freed you is called Superstition, she is the child of Discontent, and her followers are Fear and Sorrow. Thus different as we are, she has often the insolence to assume my name and character, and seduces unhappy mortals to think us the same, till she, at length, drives them to the borders of Despair, that dreadful abyss into which you were just going to sink.

"Look round and survey the various beauties of the globe, which heaven has destined for the seat of the human race, and consider whether a world thus exquisitely framed could be meant for the abode of misery and pain. For what end has the lavish hand of Providence diffused such innumerable objects of delight, but that all might rejoice in the privilege of existence, and be filled with gratitude to the beneficent Author of it? Thus to enjoy the blessings he has sent, is virtue and obedience; and to reject them merely as means of pleasure, is pitiable ignorance, or absurd perverseness. Infinite goodness is the source of created existence; the proper tendency of every rational being, from the highest order of raptured seraphs, to the meanest ranks of men, is to rise incessantly from lower degrees of happiness to higher. They have each faculties assigned them for various orders of delights."

"What," cried I, "is this the language of Religion? Does she lead her votaries through flowery paths, and bid them pass an unlaborious life? Where are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifications of penitents, the self-denying exercises of saints and heroes?"

"The true enjoyments of a reasonable being," answered

she mildly, "do not consist in unbounded indulgence, or luxurious ease, in the tumult of passions, the languor of indolence, or the flutter of light amusements. Yielding to immoral pleasure corrupts the mind, living to animal and trifling ones debases it; both in their degree disqualify it for its genuine good, and consign it over to wretchedness. Whoever would be really happy, must make the diligent and regular exercise of his superior powers his chief attention, adoring the perfections of his Maker, expressing good-will to his fellow-creatures, cultivating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties he must allow such gratifications as will, by refreshing him, invigorate his nobler pursuits. In the regions inhabited by angelic natures, unmingled felicity for ever blooms, joy flows there with a perpetual and abundant stream, nor needs there any mound to check its course. Beings conscious of a frame of mind originally diseased, as all the human race has cause to be, must use the regimen of a stricter self-government. Whoever has been guilty of voluntary excesses must patiently submit both to the painful workings of nature, and needful severities of medicine, in order to his cure. Still he is entitled to a moderate share of whatever alleviating accommodations this fair mansion of his merciful parent affords, consistent with his recovery. And in proportion as this recovery advances, the liveliest joy will spring from his secret sense of an amended and improving heart.—So far from the horrors of despair is the condition even of the guilty.—Shudder, poor mortal, at the thought of the gulph into which thou wast but now going to plunge.

"While the most faulty have every encouragement to amend, the more innocent soul will be supported with still sweeter consolations under all its experience of human infirmities; supported by the gladdening assurances that every sincere endeavour to out-grow them, shall be assisted, accepted, and rewarded. To such a one the

lowliest self-abasement is but a deep-laid foundation for the most elevated hopes; since they who faithfully examine and acknowledge what they are, shall be enabled under my conduct to become what they desire. The christian and the hero are inseparable; and to the aspirations of unassuming trust, and filial confidence, are set no bounds. To him who is animated with a view of obtaining approbation from the Sovereign of the universe, no difficulty is insurmountable. Secure in this pursuit of every needful aid, his conflict with the severest pains and trials, is little more than the vigorous exercises of a mind in health. His patient dependence on that Providence which looks through all eternity, his silent resignation, his ready accommodation of his thoughts and behaviour to its inscrutable ways, is at once the most excellent sort of self-denial, and a source of the most exalted transports. Society is the true sphere of human virtue. In social, active life, difficulties will perpetually be met with; restraints of many kinds will be necessary; and studying to behave right in respect of these is a discipline of the human heart, useful to others, and improving to itself. Suffering is no duty but where it is necessary to avoid guilt, or to do good; nor pleasure a crime, but where it strengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or lessens the generous activity of virtue. The happiness allotted to man in his present state, is indeed faint and low, compared with his immortal prospects, and noble capacities; but yet whatever portion of it the distributing hand of heaven offers to each individual, is a needful support and refreshment for the present moment, so far as it may not hinder the attaining his final destination.

Return then with me from continual misery to moderate enjoyment, and grateful alacrity. Return from the contracted views of solitude to the proper duties of a relative and dependent being. Religion is not confined to cells and closets, nor restrained to sullen retirement.

These are the gloomy doctrines of Superstition, by which she endeavours to break those chains of benevolence and social affection, that link the welfare of every particular with that of the whole. Remember that the greatest honour you can pay to the Author of your being, is by such a cheerful behaviour, as discovers a mind satisfied with his dispensations."

SECTION VI.

On the Duties of the Young.

YOUTH is the proper season of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connexions which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire, betimes the temper and the manners which will render such connexions comfortable. Let a sense of justice be the foundation of all your social qualities. In your most early intercourse with the world, and even in your youthful amusements, let no unfairness be found. Engrave on your mind that sacred rule, of doing all things to others, according as you wish that they should do unto you. For this end, impress yourselves with a deep sense of the original and natural equality of men. Whatever advantages of birth or fortune you possess, never display them in an ostentatious superiority. Leave the subordinations of rank, to regulate the intercourse of more advanced years. At present, it becomes you to act among your companions, as man with man. Remember how unknown to you are the vicissitudes of the world; and how often they, on whom ignorant and contemptuous young men once looked down with scorn, have risen to be their superiors in future years.

Compassion is an emotion of which you ought never to be ashamed. Graceful in youth is the tear of sym-

pathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe. Let not ease and indulgence contract your affections, and wrap you up in selfish enjoyment. But go sometimes to the house of mourning, as well as to the house of feasting. Accustom yourselves to think of the distresses of human life; of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and the weeping orphan. Never sport with pain and distress, in any of your amusements; nor treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

In young minds, there is commonly a strong propensity to particular intimacies and friendships. Youth, indeed, is the season when friendships are sometimes formed, which not only continue through succeeding life, but which glow to the last, with a tenderness unknown to the connexions begun in cooler years. The propensity, therefore, is not to be discouraged; though, at the same time, it must be regulated with much circumspection and care. Too many of the pretended friendships of youth, are mere combinations in pleasure. They are often founded on capricious likings; suddenly contracted, and as suddenly dissolved. Sometimes they are the effect of interested complaisance and flattery on one side, and of credulous fondness on the other. Beware of such rash and dangerous connexions, which may afterwards load you with dishonour. Remember, that by the character of those whom you choose for your friends, your own is likely to be formed, and will certainly be judged of by the world. Be slow, therefore, and cautious in contracting intimacy; but when a virtuous friendship is once established, consider it as a sacred engagement. Expose not yourselves to the reproach of lightness and inconstancy, which always bespeak either a trifling, or a base mind. Reveal none of the secrets of your friend. Be faithful to his interests. Forsake him not in danger. Abhor the thought of acquiring any advantage by his prejudice or hurt.

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

SECTION VII.

On Gentleness.

GENTLENESS stands opposed, not to the most determined regard to virtue and truth, but to harshness and severity, to pride and arrogance, to violence and oppression. It is, properly, that part of the great virtue of charity, which makes us unwilling to give pain to any of our brethren. Compassion prompts us to relieve their wants. Forbearance prevents us from retaliating their injuries. Meekness restrains our angry passions; candour our severe judgments. Gentleness corrects whatever is offensive in our manners; and by a constant train of humane attentions, studies to alleviate the burden of common misery. Its office, therefore, is extensive. It is not, like some other virtues, called forth only on peculiar emergencies; but it is continually in action, when we are engaged in intercourse with men. It ought to form our address, to regulate our speech, and to diffuse itself over our whole behaviour.

True gentleness is founded on a sense of what we owe to Him who made us, and to the common nature of which we all share. It arises from reflection on our own failings and wants; and from just views of the condition,

and the duty of man. It is native feeling, heightened and improved by principle. It is the heart which easily relents; which feels for every thing that is human; and is backward and slow to inflict the least wound. It is affable in its address, and mild in its demeanour; ever ready to oblige, and willing to be obliged by others; breathing habitual kindness towards friends, courtesy to strangers, long-suffering to enemies. It exercises authority with moderation; administers reproof with tenderness; confers favours with ease and modesty. It is unassuming in opinion, and temperate in zeal. It contends not eagerly about trifles; slow to contradict, and still slower to blame; but prompt to allay dissension, and to restore peace. It neither intermeddles unnecessarily with the affairs, nor pries inquisitively into the secrets of others. It delights above all things to alleviate distress, and if it cannot dry up the falling tear, to soothe at least the grieving heart. Where it has not the power of being useful, it is never burdensome. It seeks to please, rather than to shine and dazzle; and conceals with care that superiority, either of talents or of rank, which is oppressive to those who are beneath it. In a word, it is that spirit, and that tenor of manners, which the gospel of Christ enjoins, when it commands us to bear one another's burdens; to rejoice with those who rejoice, and to weep with those who weep; to please every one his neighbour for his good; to be kind and tender-hearted; to be pitiful and courteous; to support the weak, and to be patient towards all men.

SECTION VIII.

On Candour.

TRUE candour is altogether different from that guarded, inoffensive language, and that studied openness of

behaviour, which we so frequently meet with among men of the world. Smiling, very often, is the aspect, and smooth are the words of those who inwardly are the most ready to think evil of others. That candour which is a christian virtue, consists not in fairness of speech, but in fairness of heart. It may want the blandishment of external courtesy, but supplies its place with humane and generous liberality of sentiment. Its manners are unaffected, and its professions cordial. Exempt, on one hand, from the dark jealousy of a suspicious mind; it is no less removed, on the other, from that easy credulity which is imposed on by every specious pretence. It is perfectly consistent with extensive knowledge of the world, and with due attention to our own safety. In that various intercourse which we are obliged to carry on with persons of every different character, suspicion, to a certain degree, is a necessary guard. It is only when it exceeds the bounds of prudent caution, that it degenerates into vice. There is a proper mean between undistinguishing credulity and universal jealousy, which a sound understanding discerns, and which the man of candour studies to preserve.

He makes allowance for the mixture of evil with good, which is to be found in every human character. He expects none to be faultless; and he is unwilling to believe that there is any without some commendable quality. In the midst of many defects, he can discover a virtue. Under the influence of personal resentment, he can be just to the merit of an enemy. He never lends an ear to those defamatory reports and dark suggestions, which, among the tribes of the censorious, circulate with so much rapidity, and meet with such ready acceptance. He is not hasty to judge, and he requires full evidence before he will condemn. As long as an action can be ascribed to different motives, he holds it as no mark of sagacity to impute it always to the worst. Where there is just

ground for doubt, he keeps his judgment undecided; and during the period of suspense, leans to the most charitable construction which an action can bear. When he must condemn, he condemns with regret; and without those aggravations which the severity of others adds to the crime: He listens calmly to the apology of the offender, and readily admits every extenuating circumstance which equity can suggest. How much soever he may blame the principles of any sect or party, he never confounds, under one general censure, all who belong to that party or sect. He charges them not with such consequences of their tenets, as they refuse and disavow. From one wrong opinion, he does not infer the subversion of all sound principles; nor from one bad action conclude, that all regard to conscience is overthrown. When he beholds the mote in his brother's eye, he remembers the beam in his own. He commiserates human frailty; and judges of others, according to the principles by which he would think it reasonable that they should judge of him. In a word, he views men and actions in the clear sunshine of charity and good nature; and not in that dark and sullen shade, which jealousy and party-spirit throw over all characters.

SECTION IX.

On Sensibility.

SENSIBILITY powerfully influences the proper discharge of all the relative and social duties of life. Without some discharge of those duties, there could be no comfort or security in human society. Men would become hordes of savages, perpetually harrassing one another. In one way or other, therefore, the great duties of social life must be performed. There must be among mankind some reciprocal co-operation and aid. In this, all con-

sent. But let us observe, that these duties may be performed from different principles, and in different ways. Sometimes they are performed merely from decency and regard to character, sometimes from fear and even from selfishness, which obliges men to show kindness, in order that they may receive returns of it. In such cases, the exterior of fair behaviour may be preserved. But all will admit, that when from constraint only, the offices of seeming kindness are performed, little dependence can be placed on them, and little value allowed them.

By others, these offices are discharged solely from a principle of duty. They are men of cold affections, and perhaps of an interested character. But overawed by a sense of religion, and convinced that they are bound to be beneficent, they fulfil the course of relative duties with regular tenor. Such men act from conscience and principle. So far they do well, and are worthy of praise. They assist their friends; they give to the poor; they do justice to all. But what a different complexion is given to the same actions, how much higher flavour do they acquire when they flow from the sensibility of a feeling heart? If one be not moved by affection, even supposing him influenced by principle, he will go no farther than strict principle appears to require. He will advance slowly and reluctantly. As it is justice, not generosity, which impels him, he will often feel as a task what he is required by conscience to perform. Whereas to him, who is prompted by virtuous sensibility, every office of beneficence and humanity is a pleasure. He gives, assists, and relieves, not merely because he is bound to do so, but because it would be painful for him to refrain. Hence, the smallest benefit he confers rises in its value, on account of its carrying the affection of the giver impressed upon the gift. It speaks his heart, and the discovery of the heart is very frequently of greater consequence than all that liberality can bestow. How often will the affec-

tionate smile of approbation gladden the humble and raise the dejected? How often will the look of tender sympathy, or the tear that involuntarily falls, impart consolation to the unhappy? By means of this correspondence of hearts, all the great duties which we owe to one another are both performed to more advantage, and endeared in the performance. From true sensibility flow a thousand good offices apparently small in themselves, but of high importance to the felicity of others; offices which altogether escape the observation of the cold and unfeeling, who, by the hardness of their manner, render themselves unamiable, even when they mean to do good. How happy then would it be for mankind, if this affectionate disposition prevailed more generally in the world! How much would the sum of public virtue and public felicity be increased, if men were always inclined to rejoice with them that rejoice, and to weep with them that weep!

Sensibility heightens in general the human powers, and is connected with acuteness in all our feeling. If it makes us more alive to some painful sensations, in return it renders the pleasing ones more vivid and animated. The selfish man languishes in his narrow circle of pleasures. They are confined to what affects his own interest. He is obliged to repeat the same gratifications till they become insipid. But the man of virtuous sensibility moves in a wider sphere of felicity. His powers are much more frequently called forth into occupations of pleasing activity. Numberless occasions open to him, of indulging his favourite taste, by conveying satisfaction to others. Often it is in his power, in one way or other, to soothe the afflicted heart, to carry some consolation into the house of woe. In the scenes of ordinary life, in the domestic and social intercourses with men, the cordiality of his affections cheers and gladdens him. Every appearance, every description of innocent happiness, is enjoyed by him. Every native expression of kindness

and affection among others is felt by him, even though he be not the object of it. Among a circle of friends, enjoying one another, he is as happy as the happiest. In a word, he lives in a different sort of world from what the selfish man inhabits. He possesses a new sense, which enables him to behold objects which the selfish cannot see. At the same time, his enjoyments are not of that kind which remain merely on the surface of the mind. They penetrate the heart. They enlarge and elevate, they refine and ennoble it. To all the pleasing emotions of affection, they add the dignified consciousness of virtue.

SECTION X.

On Fortitude.

THE high importance of fortitude will easily appear, if we consider it as respecting either the happiness of human life, or the proper discharge of its duties.

Without some degree of fortitude there can be no happiness; because, amidst the thousand uncertainties of life, there can be no enjoyment of tranquillity. The man of feeble and timorous spirit lives under perpetual alarms. He foresees every distant danger, and trembles. He explores the regions of possibility, to discover the dangers that may arise. Often he creates imaginary ones; always magnifies those that are real. Hence, like a person haunted by spectres, he loses the free enjoyment even of a safe and prosperous state. On the first shock of adversity he desponds. Instead of exerting himself to lay hold on the resources that remain, he gives up all for lost; and resigns himself to abject and broken spirits.—On the other hand, firmness of mind is the parent of tranquillity. It enables one to enjoy the present without disturbance; and to look calmly on dangers that approach, or evils

that threaten in future. It suggests good hopes. It supplies resources. It allows a man to retain the full possession of himself, in every situation of fortune. Look into the heart of this man, and you will find composure, cheerfulness, and magnanimity. Look into the heart of the other, and you will see nothing but confusion, anxiety, and trepidation. The one is the castle built on a rock, which defies the attacks of surrounding waters. The other is a hut placed on the shore, which every wind shakes, and every wave overflows.

If fortitude be thus essential to the enjoyment of life, it is equally so to the proper discharge of all its most important duties. He who is of a cowardly mind is, and must be, a slave to the world. He fashions his whole conduct according to its hopes and fears. He smiles, and fawns, and betrays, from abject considerations of personal safety. He is incapable of either conceiving, or executing any great design. He can neither stand the clamour of the multitude nor the frowns of the mighty. The wind of popular favour, or the threats of power, are sufficient to shake his most determined purpose. The world always knows where to find him. He may pretend to have principles; but on every trying occasion, it will be seen, that his pretended principles bend to convenience and safety.—The man of virtuous fortitude, again, follows the dictates of his heart, unembarrassed by those restraints which lie upon the timorous. Having once determined what is fit for him to do, no threatenings can shake, nor dangers appal him. He rests upon himself, supported by a consciousness of inward dignity. I do not say that this disposition alone will secure him against every vice. He may be lifted up with pride. He may be seduced by pleasure. He may be hurried away by passion. But at least on one quarter he will be safe; by no abject fears misled into evil.

SECTION XI.

On Moderation.

Be moderate in your expectations. When your state is flourishing, and the course of events proceeds according to your wish, suffer not your minds to be vainly lifted up. Flatter not yourselves with high prospects of the increasing favours of the world, and the continuing applause of men. Say not within your hearts, *My mountain stands strong, and shall never be moved. I shall never see adversity. To-morrow shall be as this day, and more abundantly.*—You are betraying yourselves; you are laying a sure foundation of disappointment and misery, when you allow your fancy to soar to such lofty pinnacles of confident hope. By building your house in this airy region, you are preparing for yourselves a great and cruel fall. *Your trust is the spider's web. You may lean on your house; but it shall not stand. You may hold it fast; but it shall not endure.* For, to man on earth it was never granted, to gratify all his hopes; or to persevere in one tract of uninterrupted prosperity. Unpleasing vicissitudes never fail to succeed those that were grateful. The fashion of the world, how gay or smiling soever, passeth, and often passeth suddenly away.

By want of moderation in our hopes, we not only increase dejection when disappointment comes, but we accelerate disappointment; we bring forward with greater speed, disagreeable changes in our state. For the natural consequence of presumptuous expectation, is rashness in conduct. He who indulges confident security, of course neglects due precautions against the dangers that threaten him; and his fall will be foreseen and predicted. He not only exposes himself unguarded to dangers, but he multiplies them against himself. By presumption and vanity, he either provokes enmity or incurs contempt.

The arrogant mind, and the proud hope, are equally contrary to religion, and to prudence. The world cannot bear such a spirit; and Providence seldom fails to check it. The Almighty beholds with displeasure those who, intoxicated with prosperity, forget their dependence on that Supreme Power which raised them up. His awful government of the world has been in nothing more conspicuous than in *bringing low the lofty looks of man, and scattering the proud in the imaginations of their minds.*—*Is not this the great Babylon which I have built by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?* Thus exclaimed the presumptuous monarch in the pride of his heart. But lo! when the word was yet in his mouth, the visitation from heaven came, and the voice was heard: *O Nebuchadnezzar! to thee it is spoken; thy kingdom is departed from thee.—He that exalteth himself shall be humbled; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.* A temperate spirit, and moderate expectations, are the best safeguards of the mind in this uncertain and changing state. They enable us to pass through life with most comfort. When we rise in the world, they contribute to our elevation; and if we must fall, they render our fall the lighter,

SECTION XII.

On Friendship.

A faithful friend, it is justly and beautifully said, by one of the apocryphal writers, is the medicine of life. A variety of occasions happen, when to pour forth the heart to one whom we love and trust, is the chief comfort, perhaps the only relief, we can enjoy. Miserable is he, who, shut up within the narrow inclosure of selfish interest, has no person to whom he can at all times, with full confidence expand his soul.

Since cordial friendship is so great a blessing to human life, let us proceed to consider what duties it requires, and by what methods it may be cultivated to most advantage. The fundamental qualities of true friendship are, constancy and fidelity. Without these material ingredients, it is of no value. An inconstant man is incapable of friendship. He may perhaps have affections which occasionally glow in his heart; which excite fondness for amiable qualities; or connect him with seeming attachment to one whom he esteems, or to whom he has been obliged. But after these feelings have lasted for a little, either fancied interest alienates him, or some new object attracts him; and he is no longer the same person to those whom he once loved. A man of this inconstant mind cannot be said to have any mind at all. For where there is no fixedness of moral principle, occasional feelings are of no value, mind is of no effect; and with such persons it is never desirable to have any connexion. Where constancy is wanting, there can be no fidelity, which is the other basis of friendship. For all friendship supposes entire confidence and trust; supposes the seal of secrecy to be inviolable; supposes promises and engagements to be sacred; and no advantage of our own to be pursued at the expense of our friend's honour. An inconstant man is despicable. A faithless man is base.

Many failings you experience in yourselves. Be not surprised when you discover the like in others, of whom you had formed the highest opinion. The best and most estimable persons are they, in whom the fewest material defects are found; and whose great and solid qualities counterbalance the common infirmities of men. It is to these qualities you are to look in forming friendships; to good sense and prudence, which constitute the basis of every respectable character; to virtue, to good temper, to steadiness of affection; and according to the union of

those dispositions, esteem yourselves happy in the friend whom you choose.

Nothing more certainly dissolves friendship, than the jealousy which arises from darkness and concealment. If your situation obliges you to take a different side from your friend, do it openly. Avow your conduct; avow your motives: as far as honour allows, disclose yourselves frankly; seek no cover from unnecessary and mysterious secrecy. Mutual confidence is the soul of friendship. As soon as that is destroyed, or even impaired, it is only a show of friendship that remains. What was once cordial intimacy, degenerates first into formal civility; constraint on both sides next succeeds; and disgust or hatred soon follows.—The maxim which has been laid down by certain crooked politicians, to behave to a friend with the same guarded caution as we would do to an enemy, because it is possible that he may one day become such, discovers a mind which never was made for the enjoyments of friendship. It is a maxim which, not unreasonably I admit, may find place in those political and party friendships, of which I before spoke, where personal advancement is always in view. But it is altogether inconsistent with the spirit of those friendships, which are formed, and understood to be nourished, by the heart.

SECTION XIII.

Ingratitude.

AMIDST the various vices to which human nature is prone, and which mark the degradation it has suffered, none more strikingly evince its debasement than the practice of ingratitude. For other vices, and other failings, reason may be able to assign a cause; but for that she must search in vain.—That kindness should ever be re-

turned with cruelty, or affection be treated with neglect, is humanity's shame, and man's disgrace.

It is certain that ingratitude can only find existence in a depraved mind, a corrupt heart, and the breast that is a stranger to every virtuous sentiment! There is something so contrary to honour, so repugnant to humanity, and so devoid of principle, even in the bare forgetfulness of favours, that those who are capable of practising such a mode of conduct, are thought of with contempt, and treated with scorn.

Seneca observes, that it is one man's happiness to give, and another's misfortune to receive; but the gratification which a liberal mind would enjoy from the power of conferring benefits, the ungrateful man totally destroys, and deprives benevolence of its just reward. In short, ingratitude is so contemptible in itself, and so generally despised by the world, that nought but authenticated facts could prove, that so detestable a vice was really in existence; but, amongst the various instances which history has recorded to prove it so, none can be attended with more aggravated circumstances than the following stories.

MR. THOMAS INKLE, a young London merchant, was the third son of a wealthy citizen, who had carefully instilled into his mind a love of gain, and a desire of acquiring wealth; and this propensity, which he had from precept, and felt from nature, was the grand inducement for him to try his fortune in the West Indies. Inkle's person was absolutely the reverse of his mind; the former was manly and noble; but the latter, mean and contracted. During the voyage, the *Achilles* (which was the name of the vessel in which he had embarked) put into a creek to avoid the fury of a storm; and young Inkle, with several of the party, went on shore, to take a view of a scene so entirely new. They had not travelled far up

the country before they were observed by a party of the Indians, and fear and apprehension lent wings to their flight. Inkle outran his companions, and, breathless with terror, sought security in the thicket of a forest. He had not long remained in that forlorn situation, when his astonishment was called forth by the appearance of a youthful female, whose benignant countenance seemed instantly to compassionate his forlorn situation. Gentleness and sweetness were displayed in every feature; and when Inkle, by signs, acquainted her with his forlorn situation, she evidently proved that sympathy was confined to no particular climate, and that humanity depends not upon the colour of the skin.

The generous Indian was a woman of high birth; and knowing that the tenderness she felt for the unfortunate stranger would be displeasing to her parents, she felt the necessity of disguising it. She carried Inkle to a remote cave, supplied his wants, and daily administered to his comforts. Her affection in time became so strong, that she scarcely could exist but in his presence. Fearful that he should grow weary of his confinement, she used to watch the opportunities of her parents' absence, and then conduct him into the beauteous groves with which that country abounds; then persuade him to lie down and slumber, and anxiously watch by him for fear he should be disturbed! His little dwelling was adorned with all the art that native elegance could suggest, and unsuspecting innocence employ, to make it appear pleasing in a lover's eye. At length Yarico had the happiness of finding Inkle understood her language, and had the felicity of hearing him express the strength of his gratitude, and the power of his love. Inkle was constantly representing the joys that would await them if they could once return to England, and painted the excess of his passion in such glowing colours, that the unsuspecting Yarico could not doubt its sincerity, and at length promised not only to

become the partner of his flight, but daily watch the arrival of some vessel to promote it. The wished-for object soon appeared: the unsuspecting Yarico left the abode of her doating parents, and, forgetful of her duty, thought only of her affection. The ship in which they had embarked was bound for Barbadoes, and all Inkle's ideas of acquiring wealth returned with double force. Love, which had been a transitory passion, and which had acquired its foundation in interest, now yielded to a superior claim. His freedom once obtained, the means were totally forgotten, and the unfortunate Yarico considered as a tax upon his bounty. As soon as the vessel arrived at Barbadoes, the merchants crowded round it for the purpose of purchasing their slaves. The despicable Inkle was animated at the sight, and resolving to relieve himself of what he considered as a burden, offered the beauteous Yarico to the best bidder. It was in vain that she threw herself on her knees before him, or pleaded her tenderness and affection; the heart that could be dead to gratitude was lost to love; and the unfortunate Yarico was doomed to a life of slavery.

A Macedonian soldier had in many instances distinguished himself by extraordinary acts of valour, and had received many marks of favour and approbation from Philip king of Macedon. On some occasion he embarked on board a vessel, which was wrecked by a violent storm, and he himself cast on shore, helpless, naked, and scarcely with the appearance of life. One of the same country whose lands lay contiguous to the sea, came opportunely to be witness of his distress, and, with the utmost humanity and concern, flew to the relief of the unhappy stranger. He bore him to his house, laid him in his own bed, revived, cherished, and for forty days supplied him freely with all the necessaries and conveniences which his languishing condition could require.

The soldier, thus happily rescued from death, was incessant in the warmest expressions of gratitude to his benefactor ; assured him of his interest with the king, and of his power and resolution of obtaining for him, from the royal bounty, the noble returns which such extraordinary benevolence had merited. He was now completely recovered, and his kind host supplied him with money to pursue his journey. Some time after, he presented himself before the king ; he recounted his misfortunes and magnified his services ; and this inhuman wretch, who had looked with an eye of envy on the possessions of the man who had preserved his life, was now so abandoned to all sense of gratitude, as to request that the king would bestow upon him the house and lands where he had been so kindly and tenderly entertained. Unhappily, Philip, without examination, inconsiderately and precipitately granted his infamous request ; and this soldier now returned to his preserver, and repaid his goodness by driving him from his settlement, and taking immediate possession of all the fruits of his honest industry. The poor man, stung with this instance of unparalleled ingratitude and insensibility, boldly determined, instead of submitting to his wrong, to seek relief, and, in a letter addressed to Philip, represented his own and the soldier's conduct in a lively and affecting manner. The king was fired with indignation, and ordered justice should be instantly done ; that the possessions should be immediately restored to the man whose charitable offices had been thus horribly repaid ; and having seized his soldier, caused these words to be branded on his forehead, " The ungrateful guest ; " a character infamous in every age, and among all nations, but particularly among the Greeks, who, from the earliest times, were most jealously observant of the laws of hospitality.

SECTION XIV.

The Meek Man.

WITH respect to his general behaviour, the meek man looks upon all his neighbours with a candid eye. The two great maxims on which he proceeds, are, not to give offence, and not to take offence. He enters not with the keenness of passion into the contentions of violent men : he keeps aloof from the contagion of party-madness, and feels not the little passions which agitate little minds. He wishes, and he studies to allay the angry passions of the contending ; to moderate the fierceness of the implacable ; to reconcile his neighbours to one another ; and, as far as lies in his power, to make all mankind one great family of friends. He will not indeed descend one step from the dignity of his character ; nor will he sacrifice the dictates of his own conscience to any consideration whatever. But those points of obstinacy, which the world are apt to call points of honour, he will freely and cheerfully give up for the good of society. He loves to live in peace with all mankind, but this desire too has its limits. He will keep no terms with those who keep no terms with virtue. A villain, of whatever station, of whatever religious profession, he detests as an abomination.

The meek are not indeed always to be great and opulent. Happiness, God be praised, is not annexed, and is not confined to the superior stations of life. There is a great difference between possessing the good things of life, and enjoying them. Whatever be his rank in life, the meek man bids the fairest chance for enjoying its advantages. A proud and passionate man puts his happiness in the power of every fool he meets with. A failure in duty or affection from a friend, want of respect from a dependant, and a thousand little circumstances, which

a candid man would overlook, disturbs his repose. He is perpetually on the fret, and his life is one scene of anxiety after another. On the other hand, the meek man is not disturbed by the transactions of this scene of vanity. He is disposed to be pleased at all events. Instead of repining at the success of those around him, he rejoices in their prosperity, and is thus happy in the happiness of all his neighbours. Such are the blessed effects of meekness on the character. This beam from heaven kindles joy within the mind ; it spreads a serenity over the countenance, and diffuses a kind of sunshine over the whole life. It puts us out of the power of accidents. It keeps the world at a due distance. It is armour to the mind, and keeps off the arrows of wrath. It preserves a sanctuary within, calm and holy, which nothing can disturb. Safe and happy in this asylum, you smile at the madness of the multitude. You hear the tempest raging around, and spending its strength in vain. As this virtue contributes to our happiness here, so it is also the best preparation for the happiness which is above. It is the very temper of the heavens. It is the disposition of the saints in light, and angels in glory ; of that blessed society of friends who rejoice in the presence of God, and who, in mutual love, and joint hosannahs of praise, enjoy the ages of eternity.

There is hardly a duty enjoined in the whole book of God, on which more stress seems often to be laid, than this virtue of meekness. "The Lord loveth the meek.—The meek will he beautify with his salvation.—He arises to save the meek of the earth"—Christ was sent to preach "glad tidings to the meek." Upon this our Lord rests his own character. "Learn of me for I am meek." In the epistles of Paul, there is a remarkable expression ; "I beseech you by the meekness and the gentleness of Christ." The Holy Ghost, too, is called "the spirit of meekness." Implore, then, O Christian ! the assistance of the Divine

Spirit that he may endow you with this virtue, and that you may show in your life the meekness of wisdom.

SECTION XV.

Virtue Recommended.

VIRTUE is of intrinsic value and good desert, and of indispensable obligation; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable; not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the divine mind; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting truth; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. Virtue is the foundation of honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being; to which they ought to be absolutely subservient; and without which, the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities and the greater curses they become. The use of it is not confined to any stage of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in; but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our beings. —Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state; but this will be our ornament and dignity in every future state to which we may be removed. Beauty and wit will die, learning will vanish away, and all the arts of life be soon forgot: but virtue will remain for ever. This unites us to the whole rational creation, and fits us for conversing with any order of superior natures, and for a place in any part of God's work. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends. But what is of unspeakably greater consequence is, that it makes God our friend, assimilates and unites our minds to his, and engages his almighty power in our defence.—

Superior beings of all ranks are bound by it no less than ourselves. It has the same authority in all worlds that it has in this. The further any being is advanced in excellence and perfection, the greater is his attachment to it, and the more s he under its influence.—To say no more : 'Tis the law of the whole universe ; it stands first in the estimation of the Deity ; its original is his nature ; and it is the very object that makes him lovely.

Such is the importance of Virtue.—Of what consequence therefore, is it, that we practise it?—There is no argument or motive which is at all fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world.—If you are wise, then, study virtue, and condemn every thing that can come in competition with it. Remember that nothing else deserves one anxious thought or wish. Remember that this alone is honour, glory, wealth and happiness. Secure this, and you secure every thing : Lose this, and all is lost.

SECTION XVI.

Praise to and from whom due.

HE is a very unhappy man who sets his heart upon being admired by the multitude, or affects a general and undistinguishing applause among men. What pious men call the testimony of a good conscience, should be the measure of our ambition in this kind ; that is to say, a man of spirit should condemn the praise of the ignorant, and like being applauded for nothing but what he knows in his heart he deserves. Besides which, the character of the person who commends you is to be considered, before you set a value upon his esteem. The praise of an ignorant man is only good will, and you

should receive his kindness as he is a good neighbour in society, and not as a good judge of your actions in point of fame and reputation. The satirist said very well of popular praise and acclamations, *give the tinklers and cobblers their presents again, and learn to live of yourself*. It is an argument of a loose and ungoverned mind to be affected with the promiscuous approbation of the generality of mankind; and a man of virtue should be too delicate for so coarse an appetite of fame. Men of honour should endeavour only to please the worthy, and the man of merit should desire to be tried only by his peers. I thought it a noble sentiment which I heard yesterday uttered in conversation; "I know," said a gentleman, "a way to be greater than any man: if he has worth in him, I can rejoice in his superiority to me, and that satisfaction is a greater act of the soul in me, than any in him which can possibly appear to me." This thought could not proceed but from a candid and generous spirit; and the approbation of such minds is what may be esteemed true praise; for with the common rate of men there is nothing commendable but what they themselves may hope to be partakers of, and arrive at: but the motive truly glorious, is, when the mind is set rather to do things laudable, than to purchase reputation. Where there is that sincerity, as the foundation of a good name, the kind opinion of virtuous men will be an unsought, but a necessary consequence. The Lacedemonians, though a plain people, and no pretenders to politeness, had a certain delicacy in their sense of glory, and sacrificed to the muses when they entered upon any great enterprize. They would have the commemoration of their actions be transmitted by the purest and most untainted memorialists. The din which attends victories and public triumphs is by far less eligible, than the recital of the actions of great men by honest and wise historians. It is a frivolous pleasure to be the admiration of gaping crowds; but to

have the approbation of a good man in the cool reflections of his closet, is a gratification worthy a heroic spirit. The applause of the crowd makes the head giddy, but the attestation of a reasonable man makes the heart glad.

What makes the love of popular or general praise still more ridiculous, is, that it is usually given for circumstances which are foreign to the persons admired. Thus they are the ordinary attendants on power and riches, which may be taken out of one man's hand, and put into another's. The application only, and not the possession, makes those outward things honourable. The vulgar and men of sense agree in admiring men for having what they themselves would rather be possessed of; the wise man applauds him whom he thinks most virtuous, the rest of the world him who is most wealthy.

When a man is in this way of thinking, I do not know what can occur to one more monstrous, than to see persons of ingenuity address their services and performances to men no way addicted to liberal arts: in these cases, the praise on one hand, and the patronage on the other, are equally the objects of ridicule. Dedications to ignorant men are as absurd as any of the speeches of Bullfinch in the *Droll*; such an address one is apt to translate into other words; and when the different parties are thoroughly considered, the panegyric generally implies no more than if the author should say to the patron; "My very good lord, you and I can never understand one another, therefore I humbly desire we may be intimate friends for the future."

The rich may as well ask to borrow of the poor, as the man of virtue or merit hope for addition to his character from any but such as himself. He that commends another, engages so much of his own reputation as he gives to that person commended; and he that has nothing laudable in himself is not of ability to be such a surety. The wise Phocion was so sensible how dangerous it was

to be touched with what the multitude approved, that, upon a general acclamation made when he was making an oration, he turned to an intelligent friend who stood near him, and asked in a surprized manner, What slip have I made?

SECTION XVII.

Politeness and Honour.

POLITENESS, taught as an art, is ridiculous ; as the expression of liberal sentiment and courteous manners, it is truly valuable. There is a politeness of the heart, which is confined to no rank, and dependent upon no education ; the desire of obliging, which a man possessed of this quality will universally show, seldom fails of pleasing, though his style may differ from that of modern refinement. I knew a man in London, of the gentlest manners, and of the most winning deportment, whose eye was ever brightened with the smiles of good humour, and whose voice was mellowed with the tones of complacency ;—and this man was a blacksmith!

The falsehood of politeness is often pleaded for, as unavoidable in the commerce of mankind ; yet I would have it as little indulged as possible. There is a frankness without rusticity, an openness of manner, prompted by good-humour, but guided by delicacy, which some are happy enough to possess, that engages every worthy man, and gives not offence even to those, whose good opinion, though of little estimation, it is the business of prudence not wantonly to lose.

The circles of the gay would smile to hear me talk of qualities which my retired manner of life has allowed me so little opportunity of observing ; but true good-breeding is not confined within those bounds to which their pedantry (if I may use the expression) would restrict it ; true good-breeding is the sister of philanthropy, with feelings

perhaps not so serious or tender, but equally inspired by a fineness of soul, and open to the impressions of social affection.

As politeness is the rule of the world's manners, so has it erected honour the standard of its morality; but its dictates too frequently depart from wisdom with respect to ourselves, from justice and humanity with respect to others. Genuine honour is undoubtedly the offspring of both; but there has arisen a counterfeit, who, as he is more boastful and showy, has more attracted the notice of gaiety and grandeur. Generosity and courage are the virtues he boasts of possessing; but his generosity is a fool, and his courage a murderer.

The punctilios, indeed, on which he depends, for his own peace, and the peace of society, are so ridiculous in the eye of reason, that it is not a little surprising, how so many millions of reasonable beings should have sanctified them with their mutual consent and acquiescence; that they should have agreed to surround the seats of friendship, and the table of festivity, with so many thorns of inquietude, and snares of destruction.

You will probably hear very frequent applause bestowed on men of nice and jealous honour, who suffer not the smallest affront to pass unquestioned or unrevenged; but do not imagine that the character which is most sacredly guarded, is always the most unsullied in reality, nor allow yourself to envy a reputation for that sort of valour which supports it. Think how uneasily that man must pass his time, who sits like a spider in the midst of his feeling web, ready to catch the minutest occasion for quarrel and resentment. There is often more real pusillanimity in the mind that starts into opposition where none is necessary, than in him who overlooks the wanderings of some unguarded act or expression, as not of consequence enough to challenge indignation or revenge. I am aware, that the young and high-spirited will say,

that men can only judge of actions, and that they will hold as cowardice, the blindness I would recommend to affront or provocation; but there is a steady coolness and possession of one's self, which this principle will commonly bestow, equally remote from the weakness of fear, and the discomposure of anger, which gives to its possessor a station that seldom fails of commanding respect, even from the ferocious votaries of sanguinary honour.

But some principle is required to draw a line of action, above the mere precepts of moral equity,

Beyond the fixt and settled rules;

and for this purpose is instituted the motive of honour:—there is another at hand, which the substitution of this phantom too often destroys,—it is conscience—whose voice, were it not stifled, (sometimes by this very false and spurious honour), would lead directly to that liberal construction of the rules of morality which is here contended for. Never suffer this monitor to speak unheeded, nor drown its whispers, amidst the din of pleasure, or the bustle of life. Consider it as the representative of that Power who spake the soul into being, and in whose disposal existence is! To listen therefore to his unwritten law, which he promulgates by its voice, has every sanction which his authority can give. It were enough to say that we are mortal:—but the argument is irresistible, when we remember our immortality.

SECTION XVIII.

Parental Instructions.

“You are now leaving us, my son,” said Annesly, “to make your entrance into the world: for, though from the pale of a college, the bustle of ambition, the plodding of business, and the tinsel of gaiety, are supposed to be excluded; yet as it is the place where the

persons that are to perform in those several characters often put on the dresses of each, there will not be wanting, even there, those qualities that distinguish in all. I will not shock your imagination with the picture which some men, retired from its influence, have drawn of the world; nor warn you against enormities, into which, I should equally affront your understanding and your feelings, did I suppose you capable of falling. Neither would I arm you with that suspicious caution, which young men are sometimes advised to put on: they who always suspect will often be mistaken, and never be happy. Yet there is a wide distinction between the confidence which becomes a man, and the simplicity which disgraces a fool: he who never trusts is a niggard of his soul, who starves himself, and by whom no other is enriched; but he who gives every one his confidence, and every one his praise, squanders the fund that should serve for the encouragement of integrity, and the reward of excellence.

In the circles of the world your notice may be frequently attracted by objects glaring, not useful; and your attachment won to characters, whose surfaces are showy, without intrinsic value; in such circumstances be careful not always to impute knowledge to the appearance of acuteness, or give credit to opinions according to the confidence with which they are urged. In the more important articles of belief or conviction, let not the flow of ridicule be mistaken for the force of argument. Nothing is so easy as to excite a laugh, at that time of life when seriousness is held to be an incapacity of enjoying it; and no wit so futile, or so dangerous, as that which is drawn from the perverted attitudes of what is in itself momentous. There are in most societies a set of self-important young men, who borrow consequence from singularity, and take precedency in wisdom from the unfeeling use of the ludicrous: this is at best a shallow quality; in objects of eternal moment, it is poisonous to society. I will

not now, nor could you then, stand forth armed at all points to repel the attacks which they may make on the great principles of your belief; but let one suggestion suffice, exclusive of all internal evidence, or extrinsic proof of revelation. He who would undermine those foundations upon which the fabric of our future hope is reared, seeks to beat down that column, which supports the feebleness of humanity:—let him but think a moment, and his heart will arrest the cruelty of his purpose;—would he pluck its little treasure from the bosom of poverty? would he wrest its crutch from the hand of age, and remove from the eye of affliction the only solace of its woe? The way we tread is rugged at best; we tread it, however, lighter by the prospect of that better country to which we trust it will lead; tell us not that it will end in the gulph of eternal dissolution, or break off in some wild, which fancy may fill up as she pleases, but reason is unable to delineate; quench not that beam, which, amidst the night of this evil world, has cheered the despondency of ill-requited worth, and illumined the darkness of suffering virtue.

The two great movements of the soul, which the moulder of our frames has placed in them for the incitement of virtue and the prevention of vice, are the desire of honour, and the fear of shame: but the perversion of these qualities, which the refinement of society is peculiarly unhappy in making, has drawn their influence from the standard of morality, to the banners of its opposite; into the first step on which a young man ventures, in those paths which the cautions of wisdom have warned him to avoid, he is commonly pushed by the fear of that ridicule which he has seen levelled at simplicity, and the desire of that applause which the spirit of the profligate has enabled him to acquire.

Pleasure is in truth subservient to virtue. When the first is pursued without those restraints which the last

would impose, every infringement we make on them lessens the enjoyment we mean to attain; and nature is thus wise in our construction, that when we would be blessed beyond the pale of reason, we are blessed imperfectly. It is not by the roar of riot, or the shout of the bacchanal, that we are to measure the degree of pleasure which he feels; the grossness of the sense he gratifies is equally unsusceptible of the enjoyment, as if it is deaf to the voice of reason; and, obdured by the repetition of debauch, is incapable of that delight which the finer sensations produce, which thrills in the bosom of delicacy and virtue.

Libertines have said, my Harriet, that the smiles of your sex attend them; and that the pride of conquest, where conquest is difficult, overcomes the fear of disgrace and defeat. I hope there is less truth in this remark than is generally imagined; let it be my Harriet's belief that it cannot be true, for the honour of her sex: let it be her care that, for her own honour, it may be false as to her. Look on those men, my child, even in their gayest and most alluring garb, as creatures dangerous to the peace, and destructive of the welfare, of society; look on them as you would on a beautiful serpent, whose mischief we may not forget while we behold the beauties of its skin. I marvel indeed how the pride of the fair can allow them to show a partiality to him, who regards them as beings merely subservient to his pleasure, in whose opinion they have lost all that dignity which excites reverence, and that excellence which creates esteem.

Be accustomed, my love, to think respectfully of yourself; it is the error of the gay world to place your sex in a station somewhat unworthy of a reasonable creature; and the individuals of ours, who address themselves to you, think it a necessary ingredient in their discourse, that it should want every solid property with which sense and understanding would invest it. The character of a female pedant is undoubtedly disgusting; but it is much

less common than that of a trifling or an ignorant woman: the intercourse of the sexes is, in this respect, advantageous, that each has a desire to please, mingled with a certain deference for the other; let not this purpose be lost on one side, by its being supposed, that, to please yours, we must speak something, in which fashion has sanctified folly, and ease lent her garb to insignificance. In general it should never be forgotten, that, though life has its venial trifles, yet they cease to be innocent when they encroach upon its important concerns; the mind that is often employed about little things, will be rendered unfit for any serious exertion; and, though temporary relaxations may recruit its strength, habitual vacancy will destroy it.

SECTION XIX.

The Good Man's Example and Advice.

OUR happiness, and even our prosperity in the world, depend more on the culture of our youth, than on all the external advantages, which can belong to our conditions. The habits which a young man acquires, under his father's eye, are the foundations of his character. He who has trained his son "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," to godliness, and truth, and justice, and fidelity; who has taught him to restrain his temper, and to govern his tongue; to subject his interest to his duty, his passions to his conscience, his inclinations to his understanding; leaves him in the possession of the most permanent advantages of human life. Whatever his condition may be, he has the means of prosperity in his hands; and the most certain sources of satisfaction, in the enjoyment of whatever he acquires. Even talents are subordinate to virtues; and good affections are of more import-

ance in human life, than the most splendid ornaments of an unprincipled mind.

It is not in every man's power to add to the habits, on which the religious and moral character depend, the principles of liberal knowledge, and the views of a liberal mind. But he who has done this, sends his children into the world, with those precious endowments, without which, the wealth of the rich only serves to render them more conspicuously contemptible or unhappy.

Men, of the same worth, are not equally qualified for the duties of parental tuition, and their children have not the same advantages. But there is a minuteness, and an affection, in the paternal care of a good man, which supplies the want of many talents; an earnestness, and a purity of design, which is consecrated in the minds of his children, and leaves indelible impressions. They venerate his intentions, even where his judgment has failed him. They look back on his solicitude, and on his faithful admonitions, with an affection and reverence, which the succession of years does not destroy. In their struggles betwixt principle and temptations, they hear his voice from the tomb; and if they persist in the path of duty, or are successful in the pursuits of life, it is their pride, and consolation, that they reap the fruits of his paternal labours, and of his last instructions.

The example of a good man is an inheritance to his children.

The character of a father lies at the foundation of his influence, and the effect of his paternal solitudes depends on it. His habits are his most successful admonitions; and the examples of religion and probity, which his children receive, from the general tenor of his temper and conduct, are his most permanent instructions. He, who has gone before his children in the path of duty, and has shown them, in his own conduct, the effects of godliness and integrity, in practice, leaves on their minds impres-

sions of his character, which remain with them through life, and which interest, and determine them, in the most trying situations. If he has convinced them, that he derives his consolations from the sincerity of his faith; that he allows no competition to be in his mind, betwixt the praise of men, and the approbation of God; betwixt "the wages of iniquity," and, "the testimony of a good conscience;" betwixt the considerations of selfishness, or the pride of life, and the opportunities of being useful to other men, or the "labour of love," and of good works; betwixt the utmost gratifications of pleasure or ambition, and the substantial satisfactions which arise from purity of mind; if he has given these impressions of his character to his children, his example does more to determine their habits, than his best instructions.—They remember him with tenderness and awe, when sinners entice them: they think of him with an honourable pride, when their conduct is worthy of his character, and of his hopes. When his head is laid in the dust, they cherish his memory, to stimulate and guide them in the path of duty: and, after they have been long accustomed to think, and to act, for themselves, they trace back to the effects of his example, both their prosperity and their virtues.

Even those, who have lost their fathers before they could reap the benefit of their example, hear of their virtues with a generous ardour, as precious memorials transmitted to them, which ought to influence their conduct, and from which they derive a personal distinction. The living example, given by a good man to a dutiful son, furnishes him with practical lessons, to enforce the instructions of his youth, to teach him the application of principle to conduct, and to form, both his views of life, and his habits of acting. They are sealed on his heart by his filial affection, and he cherishes the remembrance of them, as the foundations of his character. Even a degenerate son feels the awe of his father's virtues. They

operate early as a restraint, and have more influence than is always seen. Sometimes, too, by the grace of God, they operate at a later period, to convince him, when he has been perverted, how far, and how fatally, he has erred.

CHAPTER IV.

ARGUMENTATIVE AND PATHETIC PIECES.

SECTION I.

Damon and Pythias.

WHEN Damon was sentenced by Dionysius of Syracuse to die on a certain day, he begged permission, in the interim, to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the king intended peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible conditions of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the conditions, and did not wait for an application upon the part of Damon; he instantly offered himself as security for his friend, which being accepted, Damon was immediately set at liberty. The king and all the courtiers were astonished at this action; and therefore when the day of execution drew near, his majesty had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his confinement. After some conversation on the subject of friendship, in which the king delivered it as his opinion that self-interest was the sole mover of human actions; as for virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of one's country, and

the like, he looked upon them as terms invented by the wise to keep in awe and impose upon the weak. "My lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, "I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand 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 redeemed a life a thousand times of more consequence, of more value, than my own; more estimable to his lovely 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 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. The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked amidst the guards with a serious, but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there; he was exalted on a moving throne, that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the prisoner. Pythias came, he vaulted lightly on the scaffold, and beholding for some time the apparatus of his death, he turned with a placid countenance, and addressed the spectators: "My prayers are heard," he cried, "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 shall go to my death even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble, that his truth is unimpeachable; that he will speedily prove it; that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods; but I hasten to prevent its speed: executioner, do your office." As he pronounced the last words, a buz began to rise 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 friend, the gods be praised, you are safe. I now have nothing but death to suffer, and am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own." Pale, cold, and half speechless in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents—"Fatal haste!—Cruel impatience!—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, he wept, and leaving his throne, he ascended the scaffold. "Live, live, ye incomparable pair!" he cried, "ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue! and that virtue equally evinces the existence of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned: and, O! form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship.

SECTION II.

The Patriarch Joseph.

No human character exhibited in the records of Scripture, is more remarkable and instructive than that of the patriarch Joseph. He is one whom we behold tried in all the vicissitudes of fortune: from the condition of a slave, rising to be ruler of the land of Egypt; and in every station acquiring, by his virtue and wisdom, favour with God and man. When overseer of Potiphar's house, his fidelity was proved by strong temptations, which he honourably resisted. When thrown into prison by the artifices of a false woman, his integrity and prudence soon rendered him conspicuous, even in that dark mansion. When called into the presence of Pharaoh, the wise and extensive plan which he formed, for saving the kingdom from the miseries of impending famine, justly raised him to a high station, wherein his abilities were eminently displayed in the public service. But in his whole history, there is no circumstance so striking and interesting, as his behaviour to his brethren who had sold him into slavery. The moment in which he made himself known to them, was the most critical one of his life, and the most decisive of his character. It is such as rarely occurs in the course of human events; and is calculated to draw the highest attention of all who are endowed with any degree of sensibility of heart.

From the whole tenor of the narration, it appears, that though Joseph, upon the arrival of his brethren in Egypt, made himself strange to them, yet from the beginning he intended to discover himself, and studied so to conduct the discovery, as might render the surprise of joy complete. For this end, by affected severity, he took measures for bringing down into Egypt all his father's children. They were now arrived there; and Benjamin among the

rest, who was his younger brother by the same mother, and was particularly beloved by Joseph. Him he threatened to detain ; and seemed willing to allow the rest to depart. This incident renewed their distress. They all knew their father's extreme anxiety about the safety of Benjamin, and with what difficulty he had yielded to his undertaking this journey. Should he be prevented from returning, they dreaded that grief would overpower the old man's spirits, and prove fatal to his life. Judah, therefore, who had particularly urged the necessity of Benjamin's accompanying his brothers, and had solemnly pledged himself to their father for his safe return, craved, upon this occasion, an audience of the governor ; and gave him a full account of the circumstances of Jacob's family.

Nothing can be more interesting and pathetic than this discourse of Judah. Little knowing to whom he spoke, he paints in all the colours of simple and natural eloquence, the distressed situation of the aged patriarch, hastening to the close of life ; long afflicted for the loss of a favourite son, whom he supposed to have been torn in pieces by a beast of prey ; labouring now under anxious concern about his youngest son, the child of his old age, who alone was left alive of his mother, and whom nothing but the calamities of severe famine could have moved a tender father to send from home, and expose to the dangers of a foreign land. " If we bring him not back with us, we shall bring down the gray hairs of thy servant, our father, with sorrow to the grave. I pray thee therefore let thy servant abide, instead of the young man, a bondman to our lord. For how shall I go up to my father, and Benjamin not with me ? lest I see the evil that shall come on my father."

Upon this relation Joseph could no longer restrain himself. The tender ideas of his father, and his father's house, of his ancient home, his country, and his kindred,

of the distress of his family, and his own exaltation, all rushed too strongly upon his mind to bear any farther concealment. "He cried, Cadse every man to go out from me; and he wept aloud." The tears which he shed were not the tears of grief. They were the burst of affection. They were the effusions of a heart overflowing with all the tender sensibilities of nature. Formerly he had been moved in the same manner, when he first saw his brethren before him. "His bowels yearned upon them; he sought for a place where to weep. He went into his chamber; and then washed his face, and returned to them." At that period, his generous plans were not completed. But now, when there was no farther occasion for constraining himself, he gave free vent to the strong emotions of his heart. The first minister to the king of Egypt was not ashamed to show, that he felt as a man, and a brother. "He wept aloud; and the Egyptians, and the house of Pharaoh heard him."

The first words which his swelling heart allowed him to pronounce, are the most suitable to such an affecting situation, that were ever uttered:—"I am Joseph; doth my father yet live?"—What could he, what ought he in that impassioned moment, to have said more? This is the voice of nature herself, speaking her own language; and it penetrates the heart: no pomp of expression; no parade of kindness; but strong affection hastening to utter what it strongly felt. "His brethren could not answer him; for they were troubled at his presence." Their silence is as expressive of those emotions of repentance and shame, which, on this amazing discovery, filled their breast and stopped their utterance, as the few words which Joseph speaks, are expressive of the generous agitations which struggled for vent within him. No painter could seize a more striking moment for displaying the characteristical features of the human heart, than what is here presented. Never was there a situation of more ten-

der and virtuous joy, on the one hand ; nor, on the other, of more overwhelming confusion and conscious guilt. In the simple narration of the sacred historian, it is set before us with greater energy and higher effect, than if it had been wrought up with all the colouring of the most admired modern eloquence.

SECTION III.

The Misfortunes of Man mostly chargeable on himself.

WE find man placed in a world, where he has by no means the disposal of the events that happen. Calamities sometimes befall the worthiest and the best, which it is not in their power to prevent, and where nothing is left them, but to acknowledge, and to submit to, the high hand of Heaven. For such visitations of trial, many good and wise reasons can be assigned, which the present subject leads me not to discuss. But though those unavoidable calamities make a part, yet they make not the chief part, of the vexations and sorrows that distress human life. A multitude of evils beset us, for the source of which we must look to another quarter.—No sooner has any thing in the health, or in the circumstances of men, gone cross to their wish, than they begin to talk of the unequal distribution of the good things of this life ; they envy the condition of others ; they repine at their own lot, and fret against the Ruler of the world.

Full of these sentiments, one man pines under a broken constitution. But let us ask him, whether he can, fairly and honestly, assign no cause for this but the unknown decree of heaven ? Has he duly valued the blessing of health, and always observed the rules of virtue and sobriety ? Has he been moderate in his life, and temperate in all his pleasures ? If now he is only paying the price of his former, perhaps his forgotten indulgencies, has he

any title to complain, as if he were suffering unjustly? Were we to survey the chambers of sickness and distress, we should often find them peopled with the victims of intemperance and sensuality, and with the children of vicious indolence and sloth. Among the thousands who languish there, we should find the proportion of innocent sufferers to be small. We should see faded youth, premature old age, and the prospect of an untimely grave, to be the portion of multitudes, who, in one way or other, have brought those evils on themselves; while yet these martyrs of vice and folly, have the assurance to arraign the hard fate of man, and to "fret against the Lord."

But you, perhaps, complain of hardships of another kind; of the injustice of the world; of the poverty which you suffer, and the discouragements under which you labour; of the crosses and disappointments of which your life has been doomed to be full.—Before you give too much scope to your discontent, let me desire you to reflect impartially upon your past train of life. Have not sloth, or pride, or ill temper, or sinful passions, misled you often from the path of sound and wise conduct? Have you not been wanting to yourselves, in improving those opportunities which Providence offered you, for bettering and advancing your state? If you have chosen to indulge your humour, or your taste, in the gratification of indolence or pleasure, can you complain because others, in preference to you, have obtained those advantages which naturally belong to useful labours, and honourable pursuits? Have not the consequences of some false steps, into which your passions, or your pleasures, have betrayed you, pursued you through much of your life; tainted, perhaps, your characters, involved you in embarrassments, or sunk you into neglect?—It is an old saying, that every man is the artificer of his own fortune in the world. It is certain, that the world seldom turns wholly against a man, unless through his own fault. "Religion is," in

general, "profitable unto all things." Virtue, diligence, and industry, joined with good temper and prudence, have ever been found the surest road to prosperity; and where men fail of attaining it, their want of success is far oftener owing to their having deviated from that road, than to their having encountered insuperable bars in it. Some, by being too artful, forfeit the reputation of probity. Some, by being too open, are accounted to fail in prudence. Others, by being fickle and changeable, are distrusted by all. The case commonly is, that men seek to ascribe their disappointments to any cause, rather than to their own misconduct; and when they can devise no other cause, they lay them to the charge of Providence. Their folly leads them into vices; their vices into misfortunes; and in their misfortunes they "murmur against Providence." They are doubly unjust towards their Creator. In their prosperity, they are apt to ascribe their success to their own diligence, rather than to his blessing: and in their adversity, they impute their distresses to his providence, not to their own misbehaviour. Whereas, the truth is the very reverse of this. "Every good and every perfect gift cometh from above;" and of evil and misery, man is the author to himself.

When, from the condition of individuals, we look abroad to the public state of the world, we meet with more proofs of the truth of this assertion. We see great societies of men torn in pieces by intestine dissensions, tumults, and civil commotions. We see mighty armies going forth, in formidable array, against each other, to cover the earth with blood, and to fill the air with the cries of widows and orphans. Sad evils these are, to which this miserable world is exposed.—But are these evils, I beseech you, to be imputed to God? Was it he who sent forth slaughtering armies into the field, or who filled the peaceful city with massacres and blood? Are these miseries any other than the bitter fruit of men's

violent and disorderly passions? Are they not clearly to be traced to the ambition and vices of princes, to the quarrels of the great, and to the turbulence of the people?—Let us lay them entirely out of the account, in thinking of Providence; and let us think only of the “foolishness of man.” Did man control his passions, and form his conduct according to the dictates of wisdom, humanity, and virtue, the earth would no longer be desolated by cruelty; and human societies would live in order, harmony, and peace. In those scenes of mischief and violence which fill the world, let man behold, with shame, the picture of his vices, his ignorance, and folly. Let him be humbled by the mortifying view of his own perverseness; but let not his heart “fret against the Lord.”

SECTION IV.

Advantages drawn from Scenes of Sorrow.

THOUGH neither the situation of the world, nor the formation of our minds, allow the thoughts of futurity or death a constant or prevailing effect upon our lives, they may, surely, sometimes, not unreasonably, press upon our imagination; even exclusive of their moral or religious use, there is a sympathetic enjoyment which often makes it not only better, but more delightful, to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting.—Perhaps I felt so, when, but a few days since, I attended the funeral of a young lady, who was torn, in the bloom of youth and beauty, from the arms of a father who doated on her, of a family by whom she was adored; I think I would not have changed my feelings at the time for all the mirth which gaiety could inspire, or all the pleasure which luxury could bestow.

Maria was in her twentieth year. To the beauty of her form, and excellency of her natural disposition, a pa-

rent equally indulgent and attentive had done the fullest justice. To accomplish her person, and to cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been used; and they had been attended with that success they commonly meet with, when not prevented by mistaken fondness, or untimely vanity. Few young ladies have attracted more admiration—none ever felt it less. With all the charms of beauty, and the polish of education, the plainest were not less affected, nor the most ignorant less assuming. She died when every tongue was eloquent on her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

It is by such private and domestic distresses, that the softer emotions of the heart are most strongly excited. The fall of more important personages is commonly distant from our observation; but, even where it happens under our more immediate notice, there is a mixture of other feelings by which our compassion is weakened. The eminently great or extremely useful, leave behind them a train of interrupted views, and disappointed expectations, by which the distress is complicated beyond the simplicity of pity. But the death of one, who, like Maria, was to shed the influence of her virtues over the age of a father, and the childhood of her sisters, presents to us a little view of family affections, which every eye can perceive, and every heart can feel. On scenes of public sorrow, and national regret, we gaze, as upon those gallery pictures which strike us with wonder and admiration; domestic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our bosom, and keep for secret looks and solitary enjoyment.

The last time I saw Maria, was in the midst of a crowded assembly of the fashionable and the gay, when she fixed all eyes by the gracefulness of her motion, and the native dignity of her mien: yet so tempered was that superiority which they conferred with gentleness and modesty, that not a murmur was heard, either from the ri-

valship of beauty, or the envy of homeliness. From that scene the transition was so violent to the hearse and the pall, the grave and the sod, that once or twice my imagination turned rebel to my senses; I beheld the objects around me as the paintings of a dream, and thought of Maria as living still.

I was soon, however, recalled to the sad reality. The figure of her father bending over the grave of his darling child; the silent suffering composure in which his countenance was fixed; the tears of his attendants whose grief was capable of tears; these gave me back the truth, and reminded me that I should see her no more. There was a flow of sorrow with which I suffered myself to be borne along, with a kind of melancholy indulgence; but, when her father dropped the cord with which he had helped to lay his Maria in the earth, its sound on the coffin chilled my heart, and horror for a moment took place of pity.—It was but for a moment—He looked eagerly into the grave; made one involuntary motion to stop the assistants who were throwing the earth into it; then suddenly recollecting himself, clasped his hands together, threw up his eyes to heaven; and then first I saw a few tears drop from them. I gave language to all this. It spoke a lesson of faith, of piety, and resignation. I went away sorrowful, but my sorrow was neither ungentle nor unmanly; cast on this world a glance rather of pity than of enmity; on the next a look of humbleness and hope.

Such, I am persuaded, will commonly be the effect of scenes like that I have described; on minds neither frigid nor unthinking; for of feelings like these, the gloom of a sceptic is as little susceptible as the levity of the giddy. There needs a certain pliancy of the mind, which society alone can give, though its vices often destroy, to render us capable of that gentle melancholy which makes sorrow pleasant, and affliction useful.

If the influence of such a call to thought can only

smother in its birth one allurements to evil, or confirm one wavering purpose to virtue, I shall not have unjustly commended that occasional indulgence of pensiveness and sorrow, which will thus be rendered not only one of the refinements, but one of the improvements of life.

SECTION V.

Virtue our highest Interest.

I find myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense, unknown expansion. Where am I? What sort of a place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated, in every instance, to my convenience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind, or a different? Is every thing subservient to me, as though I had ordered all myself?—No—nothing like it—the farthest from it possible.—The world appears not then originally made for the private convenience of me alone?—It does not.—But is it not possible so to accommodate it, by my own particular industry?—If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth; if this be beyond me, it is not possible—What consequence then follows? Or can there be any other than this—If I seek an interest of my own, detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existence.

How then must I determine? Have I no interest at all?—If I have not, I am a fool for staying here. 'Tis a smoaky house, and the sooner out of it the better.—But why no interest?—Can I be contented with none, but one separate and detached?—Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity, as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enough to convince me, that the thing is, some-

where at least, possible. How then am I assured, that it is not equally true of man?—Admit it; and what follows?—If so, then Honour and Justice are my interest—then the whole train of moral virtues are my interest; without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

But farther still—I stop not here—I pursue this social interest as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own stock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth—Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourse of arts and letters, by that common nature, of which we all participate?—Again—I must have food and cloathing—Without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish—Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself? to the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour? to that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever uniformly pass on?—Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment; so absolutely do I depend on this common, general welfare.

What then have I to do, but to enlarge Virtue into Piety? Not only honour and justice, and what I owe to man, is my interest; but gratitude also, acquiescence. resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater Governor, our common parent.

But if all these moral and divine habits be my interest, I need not surely seek for a better. I have an interest compatible with the spot on which I live—I have an interest, which may exist, without altering the plan of Providence, without mending or marring the general order of events.—I can bear whatever happens with manlike magnanimity; can be contented and fully happy in the good which I possess; and can pass through this tur-

bid, this fickle, fleeting period, without bewailings, or envyings, or murmurings, or complaints.

SECTION VI.

The Resignation of the Emperor Charles V.

CHARLES resolved to resign his kingdoms to his son, with a solemnity suitable to the importance of the transaction, and to perform this last act of sovereignty with such formal pomp, as might leave a lasting impression on the minds not only of his subjects but of his successor. With this view he called Philip out of England, where the peevish temper of his queen, which increased with her despair of having issue, rendered him extremely unhappy; and jealousy of the English left him no hopes of obtaining the direction of their affairs. Having assembled the states of the Low-Countries at Brussels, on the twenty-fifth of October, Charles seated himself for the last time in the chair of state, on one side of which was placed his son, and on the other his sister the Queen of Hungary, regent of the Netherlands, with a splendid retinue of the princes of the empire and grandees of Spain standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention of calling this extraordinary meeting of the States. He then read the instrument of resignation, by which Charles surrendered to his son Philip all his territories, jurisdiction, and authority in the Low-Countries, absolving his subjects then from their oath of allegiance to him, which he required them to transfer to Philip his lawful heir, and to serve him with the same loyalty and zeal which they had manifested, during so long a course of years, in support of his government.

Charles then rose from his seat, and leaning on the shoulder of the prince of Orange, because he was unable

to stand without support, he addressed himself to the audience, and from a paper which he held in his hand, in order to assist his memory, he recounted, with dignity, but without ostentation, all the great things which he had undertaken and performed since the commencement of his administration. He observed, that, from the seventeenth year of his age, he had dedicated all his thoughts and attention to public objects, reserving no portion of his time for the indulgence of his ease, and very little for enjoyment of private pleasure; that either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, the Low-Countries ten times, Italy seven times, Spain six times, France four times, England twice, Africa as often, and had made eleven voyages by sea; that while his health permitted him to discharge his duty, and the vigour of his constitution was equal, in any degree, to the arduous office of governing such extensive dominions, he had never shunned labour, nor repined under fatigue, that now, when his health was broken, and his vigour exhausted, by the rage of an incurable distemper, his growing infirmities admonished him to retire; nor was he so fond of reigning, as to retain the sceptre in an impotent hand, which was no longer able to protect his subjects, or to secure to them the happiness which he wished they should enjoy; that instead of a sovereign worn out with diseases, and scarcely half alive, he gave them one in the prime of life, accustomed already to govern, and who added to the vigour of youth all the attention and sagacity of maturer years; that if, during the course of a long administration, he had committed any material error in government, or if under the pressure of so many great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give to them, he had either neglected or injured any of his subjects, he now implored their forgiveness; that, for his part, he should ever retain a grateful sense of their fidelity and attachment, and would

carty the remembrance along with him to the place of his retreat, as his sweetest consolation, as well as the best reward for all his services, and in his last prayers to Almighty God would pour forth his most earnest petitions for their welfare.

Then turning towards Philip, who fell on his knees, and kissed his father's hand. "If," says he, "I had left you by my death this rich inheritance, to which I have made such large additions, some regard would have been justly due to my memory on that account; but now, when I voluntarily resign to you what I might still have retained, I may well expect the warmest expressions of thanks on your part. With these, however, I dispense, and shall consider your concern for the welfare of your subjects, and your love to them, as the best and most acceptable testimony of your gratitude to me. It is in your power, by a wise and virtuous administration, to justify the extraordinary proof which I this day give of my paternal affection, and to demonstrate that you are worthy of the confidence which I repose in you. Preserve an inviolable regard for religion; maintain the Catholic faith in its purity; let the laws of your country be sacred in your eyes; encroach not on the rights and privileges of your people; and if the time should ever come when you shall wish to enjoy the tranquillity of private life, may you have a son endowed with such qualities, that you can resign your sceptre to him with as much satisfaction as I give up mine to you."

As soon as Charles had finished his long address to his subjects and to their new sovereign, he sunk into the chair, exhausted and ready to faint with the fatigue of such an extraordinary effort. During his discourse, the whole audience melted into tears, some from admiration of his magnanimity, others softened by the expressions of tenderness towards his son, and of love to his people; and all were affected with the deepest sorrow at losing a

sovereign, who, during his administration, had distinguished the Netherlands, his country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

Philip then arose from his knees, and after returning thanks to his father, with a low and submissive voice, for the royal gift which his unexampled bounty had bestowed upon him, he addressed the assembly of the States, and regretting his inability to speak the Flemish language with such facility as to express what he felt on this interesting occasion, as well as what he owed to his good subjects in the Netherlands, he begged that they would permit Granvelle, Bishop of Arras, to deliver what he had given him in charge to speak in his name. Granvelle, in a long discourse, expatiated on the zeal with which Philip was animated for the good of his subjects, on his resolution to devote all his time and talents to the promoting of their happiness, and on his intention to imitate his father's example in distinguishing the Netherlands with peculiar marks of his regard. Maës, a lawyer of great eloquence, replied, in the name of the States, with large professions of their fidelity and affection to their new sovereign.

A few weeks after this transaction, Charles in an assembly no less splendid, and with a ceremonial equally pompous, resigned to his son the crowns of Spain, with all the territories depending on them, both in the old and in the new world. Of all these vast possessions, he reserved nothing for himself but an annual pension of an hundred thousand crowns, to defray the charges of his family, and to afford him a small sum for acts of beneficence and charity.

SECTION VII.

The Hope of Immortality.

THAT mankind in all ages and nations, whether bar-

barous or civilized, have generally entertained the belief of a future state, how imperfect and erroneous soever their notions respecting its nature and circumstances may have been, is a fact which cannot be controverted: and the most probable and rational way of accounting for such a general expectation seems to be, what history both sacred and profane confirms, that the doctrine of immortality had been originally, though obscurely, revealed and transmitted by tradition from the first progenitors of our race, and that, being congenial to the constitution of the human mind, it had easily taken deep root, and continued to be propagated with the species.

There are, moreover, several considerations which, upon principles of reason, tend to corroborate in no small degree this natural and universal sentiment. When we consider the short term and precarious tenure of the present life, with the imperfection and insecurity of all earthly things, and their utter insufficiency to constitute the happiness, or to satisfy the unbounded capacities and virtuous desires of reasonable beings, we are irresistibly led to view this world as a nursery for another and more perfect state of existence. The rest of the creatures appear completely satisfied with the provision that is made for them, and soon attain to the full perfection of which their respective natures are susceptible. Man alone finds here no adequate felicity, no satisfactory enjoyment, but is ever restless, and in pursuit of something higher than what the present mortal state can afford. Man alone does not here attain to the perfection of his nature. So that were this life to be succeeded by no other, God might indeed be said to have "made all men in vain." A considerable portion of their present existence is spent before the first dawnings of reason, and a still greater part of it before they reach any ripeness of understanding; and scarce have they begun to cultivate their minds and improve their faculties, when they are either swept

away by the hand of destiny, or impeded and arrested in their career by the decays of a mortal frame. And is it agreeable to our natural notions of the infinite wisdom of the great Creator, to suppose, that he would have endued beings with such noble powers, and with the capacity of such progressive improvements, if he designed them merely for this narrow and imperfect scene of action? if he ordained them only to make an entrance into the paths of knowledge and virtue, or at the utmost, a very short and precarious progress, and then to fall down into the dust to rise no more.—Is it reconcilable with his infinite goodness, that he should have formed such beings for no higher end than to walk here for a few years in an empty show, and disquiet themselves in vain, to struggle for a short time with the inconveniences and miseries of this uncertain and troublesome world, pining, perhaps, under sickness, or shrinking beneath the obscure shade of poverty, or crushed by the iron hand of oppression, and then, without deriving any benefit from their moral and intellectual acquirements, to drop into final oblivion, and lose their existence for ever? Is it credible, that, whereas God has provided objects suited to the desires and capacities of the inferior creatures, he has nevertheless left man, his proper offspring, and the chief of his works here below, without even the semblance of real happiness; nay, has formed him with larger expectations and prospects than other animals, only to disquiet and torment him; has planted in his bosom desires never to be gratified, and excited in his mind hopes never to be realized? Surely we reason right, and well we may conclude that it is not so: “Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire, this longing after immortality?”—These considerations argue strongly for a future state, where mankind, resuming their existence, with the free and unimpeded exercise of their moral powers, shall go on to perfection, and be occupied in such employments, and enjoy such

pleasures, as are suited to the dignity of their rational nature. By such considerations the traditional belief, and natural hope of immortality, were cherished in the breasts of the wise heathens; though to them the subject was involved in doubts, which the light of nature could not entirely dispel, and attended with difficulties, which unassisted reason could not satisfactorily solve.

But the mysterious veil which was formerly spread over this eternal purpose of Providence, which darkened the speculations of the wise, and obscured the future prospects of the faithful, is now happily taken off. Light has beamed from on high upon the gloom of the grave. The Sun of Righteousness with his cheering rays has dissipated the mist which brooded over the regions of the tomb. That blessed hope, under the provision of which the Father of mercies was pleased to subject the creation to vanity, and which, though in some measure intimated from the beginning, was yet a mystery hid from ages and from generations, "is now made manifest by the appearing of our Saviour Jesus Christ, who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light through the gospel."

SECTION VIII.

The future Reunion of Virtuous Friends.

THE doctrine of the future reunion of virtuous friends, as connected with the doctrine of the resurrection of the dead, and expected by those who profess the faith of the Gospel, sets before us a notion of heaven reasonable and pleasant, adapted at once to our capacity and most delightful feelings. We cannot in imagination, admit the idea of happiness, without social intercourse. The improvement, usefulness, and enjoyment of the man, are incompatible with a state of absolute solitude and retire-

ment. But, as happiness is unattainable without society, the degree and refinement of happiness must also depend upon the complexion and qualities of the company with which we associate. When at any time undisturbed by care and anxiety, we have enjoyed free intercourse with men of superior capacity and virtue; when the conversation has turned upon any subject, solid and interesting, and at the same time easy and pleasant, what have we felt? A serenity and manly pleasure were diffused through the soul: We were exalted above ourselves: We felt an enlargement of capacity, and were inspired with greatness of sentiment, which we never before conceived: The mind seemed to have taken in its full measure of improvement and felicity. What then must it be to dwell for ever amidst a society endowed with perfect faculties, bent upon the noblest entertainments, altogether freed from the anxieties, the rivalships, the infirmities of body and mind which at present dash our attainments in friendship and virtue; and restrain that pure flame of affection, which glows unabated in glorified spirits, and constitutes the noblest joys of heaven?

The notion of friendship continued in a future state, suggests reflections peculiarly interesting to an affectionate heart. How much will worthy souls rejoice in the elevation and establishment of their friendship? They loved here with great sincerity; but still affection was interrupted by jarring opinions and unaccountable caprice, misconstruction of one another's actions, and unguarded sallies of passion. Perhaps it languished through absence, the coldness of advancing years, multiplying cares, and interfering interests. Now it is confirmed beyond all danger of change or decay. Their hearts harmoniously mingle in the warmest raptures of gratitude, whilst they recollect the doubts, the temptations, the gloomy apprehensions, which they were wont to impart to one another in infant days of friendship and virtue. Perplexing fears

and doubts are no more. Their fond, though sometimes staggering hopes, are now terminated in an unchangeable enjoyment.

These considerations ought to encourage us to meditate upon heaven. While we think upon heaven as a country peopled with strange inhabitants, whose manners and sentiments are different from every thing we have hitherto known, or delighted in, no wonder if we wish to thrust it from the mind, and take up our everlasting abode in this world. But heaven, the country of our dearest connexions, is a subject of the most desirable contemplation. How delightful to mount upon the wings of faith; to penetrate into the habitation of just men made perfect; and to anticipate the transports of grateful piety, which shall flow from the hearts of worthy friends, reunited in a state of perfect virtue and felicity?

These reflections are especially seasonable and consolatory to those who mourn for the loss of pious friends. Death shall not dissolve that sweet union, which now subsists between virtuous minds; but, on the contrary, shall render it more firm and joyful, in consequence of the long separation that has intervened, and the improved faculties and dispositions with which they shall meet at the resurrection of the just. We have all of us, in the course of a kind providence, had the experience of scenes truly delightful, even in this chequered and frail state. We have felt what cannot be described, in receiving a friend back from the gates of the grave, or from a distant coast, after a long absence and various scenes of danger. But no experience of personal pleasure, no description to which the most glowing imagination ever aspired, can convey to us an adequate idea of the raptures of joy, with which virtuous friends shall meet after the long night of separation by death. Behold parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters! Behold a world of virtuous friends congratulating upon being restored to

life, restored to one another, and united in the regions of light, perfection, and everlasting joy.

SECTION IX.

The Contemplation of Futurity.

WE are called, perhaps, to follow to the grave the parents whom we venerated and loved. The companions of our youth, or the partners of our affections, drop down in the dust before us; even the buds of infancy are nipped, and those new affections, which seemed to carry us forward into a long futurity, are suddenly crushed in the moment of their formation. We then willingly sit down with the prophet "in the midst of the valley which is full of bones." We hear the wind sigh through the grass which covers them; we raise our languid eyes, and fix them on the monuments of mortality; we "pass by them round about;" the world, with all its splendour, and toil, and gaiety, vanishes from our sight: and we are drawn, by an irresistible impulse, to contemplate, with undivided attention, the gloomy scene, in which all we have admired or valued here, must inevitably terminate; on the "very many bones in the open valley," deprived of every principle of life, and become "very dry." In these moments of melancholy thought, when all the occupations of men seem insignificant, and for no end; when the labours or enjoyments which fill up the space of our "few and evil days" seem only to deceive us with false hopes, or to give us a taste of happiness which must speedily pass away; when the beauty of creation itself is lost to us, and the sun which shines above our heads seems only to "light us to the tomb;" what, I beseech you, is the only enquiry which we are anxious to make, the only information which we are willing to receive? The voice which spoke to the prophet Ezekiel is then

heard to speak in every human heart, and to utter the words of incalculable import, "Son of man, can these bones live?" The reply to this solemn enquiry will not, in that hour, be the careless trifling of the sophist. The lofty mind of man will not then stoop to play tricks with its own ingenuity; but the eye of nature will be raised to heaven, burning through its tears; and the voice of the heart will cry aloud to the Father of existence, and will seek from him the knowledge of the destiny of man. "O Lord God thou knowest." The gloom of the grave is no darkness to thee; thou breathest into man the breath of life, and thou takest it away; thou alone canst tell whether his being may be renewed! It is thus we may interpret the reply of the prophet; and it is in this manner that light begins to break in upon the obscurity of the "valley which is full of bones." With what gratitude are the first rays of that celestial light then hailed; and how eagerly does the soul apply for still further illumination to that living Source whence alone it can flow! How many doubts and misgivings are dispelled, when the God of nature is once fairly recognized; and, when the appeal is made to him, how willingly does he insinuate the prophecy of immortality!

Whenever the words of faith were uttered, "O Lord God thou knowest;" whenever the material veil was for a moment raised, and a glimpse was caught of the eternal throne of God,—then the rays of prophetic hope dawned upon "the shadow of death;" and nature herself, independently of immediate inspiration, could foretell the rise of the immortal form of man from the sleep of the grave. The evidences arising from the attributes of God; from the dignity of the human mind; from the analogies of nature; these crowded in with an increasing force: and even in those dark ages, which "the day-spring from on high had not visited," could assume the high tone and firmness of prophetic assurance. It is thus

delightful to find, that in no age of the world did God leave himself without a witness ; and that the loftiest truths of religion rose, as if of their own accord, in the minds of the contemplative, from amidst the very horrors which seemed to bury and overwhelm them.

There are times, we see, when nothing short of this truth, the resurrection of the dead, can give the slightest interest to the human mind ; when the sun loses its light, and all nature is dead and gloomy without it ; and when the only consolation the heart can know is contained in the answer to the solemn question, " Son of man, can these bones live ? " The answer to that question is found by those only who listen to it in the spirit of the Lord ; who, in the lowest depth of their affliction, or in their gloomiest meditations on the fate of man, can yet lift the eye of hope and of piety to the Father of nature ; and, while their own thoughts are dark, can yet say to him, " O Lord God, thou knowest. " From minds thus prepared, all the doubts of nature, or of vain philosophy will speedily pass away ; the light of reason will illuminate their path ; and the strongest beam of revelation will, even now, seem to disclose the celestial life and immortality which are lurking unperceived for a time under the " many dry bones " in the valley of death.

PART II.

PIECES IN POETRY.

CHAPTER I.

NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

SECTION I.

On Spring.

STERN Winter now by Spring refresh'd,
Forbears the long continued strife;
And nature on her naked breast,
Delights to catch the gales of life.
Now o'er the rural kingdom roves
Soft pleasure with her laughing train,
Love warbles in the vocal groves,
And vegetation plants the plain.
Unhappy ! whom to beds of pain,
Arthritic tyranny consigns ;
Whom smiling nature courts in vain,
Tho' rapture sings, and beauty shines.

Yet tho' my limbs disease invades,
 Her wings imagination tries,
 And bears me to the peaceful shades
 Where ——'s humble turrets rise.
 Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,
 Nor from the pleasing groves depart,
 Where first great nature charm'd my sight,
 Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.
 Here let me thro' the vales pursue
 A guide, a father, and a friend,
 Once more great nature's works renew,
 Once more on wisdom's voice attend.
 From false caresses, causeless strife,
 Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd ;
 Here let me learn the use of life,
 When best enjoy'd—when most improv'd.
 Teach me, thou venerable bower,
 Cool meditation's quiet seat,
 The gen'rous scorn of venal power,
 The silent grandeur of retreat.
 When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,
 Or raging factions rush to war,
 Here let me learn to shun the crimes
 I can't prevent, and will not share.
 But lest I fall by subtler foes,
 Bright wisdom ! teach me Curio's art,
 The swelling passions to compose,
 And quell the rebels of the heart.

SECTION II.

On Summer.

O Phœbus! down the western sky,
 Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,

Thy light to distant worlds supply,
And wake them to the cares of day.
Come, gentle Eve, the friend of care,
Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night !
Refresh me with a cooling air,
And cheer me with a lambent light.
Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground
Her living carpet nature spreads ;
Where the green bower, with roses crown'd,
In showers its fragrant foliage sheds.
Improve the peaceful hour with wine,
Let music die along the grove ;
Around the bowl let myrtles twine,
And every strain be tun'd to love.
Come, Stella, queen of all my heart !
Come, born to fill its vast desires !
Thy looks perpetual joys impart,
Thy voice perpetual love inspires.
While all my wish and thine complete,
By turns we languish and we burn,
Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,
Our murmurs, murm'ring brooks return.
Let me, when nature calls to rest,
And blushing skies the morn foretell,
Sink on the down of Stella's breast,
And bid the waking world farewell.

SECTION III.

On Autumn.

ALAS ! with swift and silent pace,
Impatient time rolls on the year ;
The seasons change, and nature's face
Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.

'Twas spring, 'twas summer, all was gay,
Now autumn bends a cloudy brow ;
The flowers of spring are swept away,
And summer's fruits desert the bough.

The verdant leaves that played on high,
And wanton'd on the western breeze,
Now trod in dust, neglected lie,
As Boreas strips the bending trees.

The fields that waved with golden grain,
As russet heaths are wild and bare ;
Not moist with dew, but drench'd in rain,
Nor health, nor pleasure wanders there.

No more, while thro' the midnight shade,
Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,
Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,
As Progne pours the melting lay.

From this capricious clime she soars,
O ! would some god but wings supply,
To where each morn the spring restores,
Companion of her flight I'd fly.

Vain wish ! me fate compels to bear
The downward season's iron reign,
Compels to breathe polluted air,
And shiver on a blasted plain.

What bliss to life can autumn yield,
If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail ;
And Ceres flies the naked field,
And flowers, and fruits, and Phoebus fail ?

Oh ! what remains, what lingers yet,
To cheer me in the darkening hour !
The grape remains ! the friend of wit,
In love, and mirth, of mighty power.

Haste, press the clusters, fill the bowl ;
Apollo ! shoot thy parting ray :

This gives the shunshine of the soul,
This god of health, and verse, and day.
Still, still the jocund strain shall flow,
The pulse with vigorous rapture beat :
My Stella with new charms shall glow,
And every bliss in wine shall meet.

SECTION IV.

On Winter.

No more the morn, with rapid rays,
Unfolds the flower of varied hue ;
Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,
Nor gentle eve distils the dew.
The lingering hours prolong the night,
Usurping darkness shares the day ;
Her mists restrain the force of light,
And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.
By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,
With sighs we view the hoary hill,
The leafless wood, the naked field,
The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.
No music warbles thro' the grove,
No vivid colours paint the plain ;
No more with devious steps I rove
Thro' verdant paths now sought in vain.
Aloud the driving tempest roars,
Congeal'd impetuous showers descend ;
Haste, close the windows, bar the doors,
Fate leaves me Stella and a friend.
In nature's aid let art supply.
With light and heat my little sphere ;

Rouse, rouse the fire and pile it high,
Light up a constellation here.

Let music sound the voice of joy,
Or mirth repeat the jocund tale ;

Let love his wanton wiles employ,
And o'er the season wine prevail.

Yet time life's dreary winter brings,
When mirth's gay tale shall please no more ;
Nor music charm, tho' Stella sings ;
Nor love, nor wine, the spring restore.

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

SECTION V.

Morning described.

But who the melodies of morn can tell ?
The wild-brook babbling down the mountain's side ;
The lowing herd ; the sheepfold's simple bell ;
The pipe of early shepherd dim descried
In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide
The clamorous horn along the cliffs above ;
The hollow murmur of the ocean-tide ;
The hum of bees, and linnet's lay of love,
And the full choir that wakes the universal grove.

The cottage-curs at early pilgrim bark ;
Crown'd with her pail the tripping milkmaid sings ;
The whistling ploughman stalks a-field ; and, hark !
Down the rough slope the pond'rous waggon rings ;
Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs ;
Slow toils the village creak the drowsy hour ;

The partridge bursts away on whirring wings ;
Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
And shrill lark carols clear from her aërial tower.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme !
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new !
O for the voice and fire of seraphim,
To sing thy glories with devotion due !
Blest be the day I 'scap'd the wrangling crew,
From Pyrrho's maze, and Epicurus' sty ;
And held high converse with the godlike few,
Who to the enraptur'd heart, and ear, and eye,
Teach beauty, virtue, truth, and love, and melody.

Hence ! ye, who snare and stupify the mind,
Sophists, of beauty, virtue, joy, the bane !
Greedy and fell, though impotent and blind,
Who spread your filthy nets in Truth's fair fane,
And ever ply your venom'd fangs amain !
Hence to dark Error's den, whose rankling slime
First gave you form ! hence ! lest the Muse should deign
(Though loth on theme so mean to waste a rhyme),
With vengeance to pursue your sacrilegious crime.

But hail, ye mighty masters of the lay,
Nature's true sons, the friends of man and truth !
Whose song, sublimely sweet, serenely gay,
Amus'd my childhood, and inform'd my youth.
O let your spirit still my bosom soothe,
Inspire my dreams, and my wild wanderings guide !
Your voice each rugged path of life can smooth,
For well I know, wherever ye reside,
There harmony, and peace, and innocence, abide.

SECTION VI.

An Address to the Evening.

COME, Evening, once again, season of peace ;
Return, sweet Evening, and continue long !
Methinks I see thee in the streaky west,
With matron step slow-moving, while the night
Treads on thy sweeping train ; one hand employed
In letting fall the curtain of repose
On bird and beast, the other charged for man
With sweet oblivion of the cares of day :
Not sumptuously adorned, nor needing aid,
Like homely-feathered night, of clustering gems ;
A star or two, just twinkling on thy brow,
Suffices thee ; save that the moon is thine
No less than her's, not worn indeed on high
With ostentatious pageantry, but set
With modest grandeur in thy purple zone,
Resplendent less, but of an ampler round.
Come then, and thou shalt find thy votary calm,
Or make me so. Composure is thy gift :
And, whether I devote thy gentle hours
To books, to music, or the poet's toil ;
To weaving nets for bird-alluring fruit ;
Or twining silken threads round ivory reels,
When they command whom man was born to please ;
I slight thee not, but make thee welcome still.

SECTION VII.

Winter described.

ON Winter, ruler of the inverted year,
Thy scattered hair with sleet-like ashes filled,
Thy breath congealed upon thy lips, thy cheeks

Fringed with a beard made white with other snows
Than those of age, thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car, indebted to no wheels,
But urged by storms along its slippery way,
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art ! Thou hold'st the sun
A prisoner in the yet undawning east,
Shortening his journey between morn and noon,
And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy west ; but kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering, at short notice, in one group
The family dispersed by day-light and its cares.
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts, that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening, know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates ;
No powdered pert proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm assaults these doors
Till the street rings ; no stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
The silent circle fan themselves, and quake ;
But here the needle plies its busy task,
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom ; buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair ;
A wreath, that cannot fade, or flowers, that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest ;

The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet-sounds
The touch from many a trembling chord shakes out;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still;
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry; the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume closed, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal;
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moon-light, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoyed, spare feast! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull;
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth:
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God,
That made them, an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scap'd, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliverance found
Unlooked for, life preserved and peace restored,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
Oh evenings worthy of the gods! exclaimed
The Sabine bard. Oh evenings, I reply,
More to be prized and coveted than your's
As more illumin'd, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

SECTION VIII.

The Description of a good Preacher.

THE pulpit, therefore, (and I name it filled
With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
With what intent I touch that holy thing)—
The pulpit (when the satirist has at last,
Strutting and vapouring in an empty school,
Spent all his force and made no proselyte)—
I say the pulpit (in the sober use
Of its legitimate, peculiar powers)
Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,
The most important and effectual guard,
Support and ornament, of virtue's cause.
There stands the messenger of truth: there stands
The legate of the skies!—His theme divine,
His office sacred, his credentials clear.
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.
He establishes the strong, restores the weak,
Reclaims the wanderer, binds the broken heart,
And armed himself in panoply complete
Of heavenly temper, furnishes with arms,
Bright as his own, and trains by every rule
Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
The sacramental host of God's elect!

I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,
Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life
Coincident, exhibit lucid proof
That he is honest in the sacred cause.
To such I render more than mere respect,
Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
But loose in morals, and in manners vain,

In conversation frivolous, in dress
Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse ;
Frequent in park with lady at his side,
Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes ;
But rare at home, and never at his books,
Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card ;
Constant at routs, familiar with a round
Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor ;
Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
And well prepared, by ignorance and sloth,
By infidelity and love of world,
To make God's work a sinecure ; a slave
To his own pleasures and his patron's pride :
From such Apostles, oh ye mitred heads,
Preserve the church ! and lay not careless hands
On skulls, that cannot teach and will not learn.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
Paul should himself direct me. I would trace
His master-strokes, and draw from his design,
I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;
In doctrine uncorrupt ; in language plain,
And plain in manner ; decent, solemn, chaste,
And natural in gesture ; much impressed
Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds
May feel it too ; affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of grace to guilty men.
Behold the picture !—Is it like ?—Like whom ?
The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
And then skip down again ; pronounce a text ;
Cry—hem ; and reading what they never wrote,
Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
And with a well-bred whisper close the scene.

In man or woman, but far most in man,
And most of all in man that ministers
And serves the altar, in my soul I loath
All affectation. 'Tis my perfect scorn;
Object of my implacable disgust.
What!—will a man play tricks, will he indulge
A silly fond conceit of his fair form,
And just proportion, fashionable mien,
And pretty face, in presence of his God?
Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
As with the diamond on his lily hand,
And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
When I am hungry for the bread of life?
He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
His noble office, and instead of truth,
Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock!
Therefore avaunt all attitude, and stare,
And start theatric, practised 'at the glass!
I seek divine simplicity in him,
Who handles things divine; and all besides,
Though learned with labour, and though much admir'd
By envious eyes and judgments ill-informed,
To me is odious as the nasal twang
Heard at conventicle, where worthy men,
Misled by custom, strain celestial themes
Through the prest nostril, spectacle-bestrid.
Some decent in demeanour while they preach,
That task performed, relapse into themselves;
And having spoken wisely, at the close
Grow wanton, and give proof to every eye
Whoe'er was edified, themselves were not!

He, that negotiates between God and man
As God's ambassador, the grand concerns
Of judgment and of mercy, should beware
Of lightness in his speech. 'Tis pitiful

To court a grin, when you should woo a soul ;
To break a jest, when pity would inspire
Pathetic exhortation ; and to address
The skittish fancy with facetious tales,
When sent with God's commission to the heart !
So did not Paul. Direct me to a quip,
Or merry turn in all he ever wrote,
And I consent you take it for your text,
Your only one, till sides and benches fail.
No ; he was serious in a serious cause,
And understood too well the weighty terms
That he had taken in charge. He would not stoop
To conquer those by jocular exploits,
Whom truth and soberness assailed in vain.

SECTION IX.

Domestic Happiness.

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise, that hast survived the fall !
Though few now taste thee unimpaired and pure,
Or tasting long enjoy thee ! too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup ;
Thou art the nurse of virtue, in thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destined to the skies again.
Thou art not known where pleasure is adored,
That reeling goddess with the zoneless waist
And wandering eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of novelty, her fickle frail support ;
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-tried love
Joys, that her stormy raptures never yield :

Forsaking thee what shipwreck have we made
Of honour, dignity, and fair renown.

O friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural leisure pass'd!
Few know thy value, and few taste thy sweets;
Though many boast thy favours, and affect
To understand and choose thee for their own.
But foolish man foregoes his proper bliss,
E'en as his first progenitor, and quits,
Though placed in paradise, (for earth has still
Some traces of her youthful beauty left)
Substantial happiness for transient joy.

SECTION X.

The British Isles.

HAPPY Britannia! where the queen of arts,
Inspiring vigour, liberty, abroad
Walks unconfin'd, ev'n to thy farthest cots,
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves; and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless; while roving round their sides
Bellow the black'ning herds in lusty droves.
Beneath thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On ev'ry hand
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth,
And property assures it to the swain,
Pleas'd and unwearied in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of Art,
And trade and joy in every busy street.

Mingling are heard : ev'n Drudgery himself,
 As at the car he sweets, or dusty hews
 The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
 Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
 His last adieu, and loos'ning ev'ry sheet
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy gen'rous youth,
 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
 Scatt'ring the nations where they go, and first
 Or on the listed plain or stormy seas.
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plains
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside :
 In genius and substantial learning high :
 For ev'ry virtue, ev'ry worth, renown'd ;
 Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;
 Yet, like the must'ring thunder, when provok'd,
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of those that under grim Oppression groan.

Thy sons of glory many ! Alfred thine,
 In whom the splendour of heroic war,
 And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
 Combine ; whose hallowed name the virtues saint,
 And his own muses love ; the best of kings !
 With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys shine,
 Names dear to fame ; the first who deep impress'd
 On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
 That awes her genius still. In statesmen thou,
 And patriots fertile.

Let Newton, pure intelligence ! whom God
 To mortals lent, to trace his boundless works
 From laws sublimely simple, speak thy fame
 In all Philosophy. For lofty sense,
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen
 Thro' the deep windings of the human heart,

Is not wild Shakspeare thine and nature's boast?
Is not each great, each amiable muse,
Of classic ages, in thy Milton met?
A genius universal as his theme,
Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as heav'n sublime.
Nor shall my verse that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenser, Fancy's pleasing son,
Who like a copious river pour'd his song
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground;
Nor thee, his ancient master, laughing sage,
Chaucer, whose native manners-painting verse,
Well moraliz'd, shines thro' the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

Island of bliss! amid the subject seas
That thunder round thy rocky coasts set up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of distant nations, whose remotest shores
Can soon be shaken by thy naval arm,
Not to be shook thyself, but all assaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud sea-wave.

O Thou by whose almighty nod the scale
Of empire rises or alternate falls,
Send forth the saving Virtues round the land
In bright patrol; white Peace, and social Love;
The tender-looking charity, intent
On gentle deeds, and shedding tears thro' smiles;
Undaunted truth, and dignity of mind;
Courage compos'd and keen: sound temperance,
Healthful in heart and look; clear chastity,
With blushes redd'ning as she moves along,
Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
Rough Industry: activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
While in the radiant front superior shines
That first paternal virtue public zeal,

Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
And ever musing on the common weal
Still labours, glorious, with some great design.

SECTION XI.

Rural Life described.

OH knew he but his happiness, of men
The happiest he ; who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleasures of the rural life.
What though the dome be wanting, whose proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the sneaking crowd
Of flatterers false, and in their turn abus'd ?
Vile intercourse ! What though the glittering robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools, oppress him not ?
What though, from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death ? What though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice ; nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state ?
What though he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive ;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain ;
Their hollow moments undelighted all ?
Sure peace is his ; a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment and fallacious hope :
Rich in content, in nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits ; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven descends in showers ; or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams ;

Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap :
'These are not wanting ; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale ;
Nor bleating mountains, nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay ;
Nor ought besides of prospect, grove or song,
Dim grottos, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too dwells simple truth ; plain innocence ;
Unsullied beauty ; sound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd ;
Health, ever blooming ; unambitious toil ;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

Let others brave the flood in quest of gain,
And beat for joyless months the gloomy wave.
Let such as deem it glory to destroy,
Rush into blood, the sack of cities seek ;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's shriek, the infant's trembling cry.
Let some, far distant from their native soil,
Urg'd or by want, or hardened avarice,
Find other lands beneath another sun.
Let this through cities work his eager way,
By legal outrage and establish'd guile,
The social sense extinct ; and that ferment
Mad into tumult the seditious herd,
Or melt them down to slavery. Let these
Insnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting discord, and perplexing right,
An iron race ! and those of fairer front
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Delusive pomp, and dark cabals, delight :
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuse the lying smile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of state.

While he, from all the stormy passions free
That restless men involve, hears, and but hears,
At distance safe, the human tempest roar,
Wrapt close in conscious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the crush of states,
Move not the man, who, from the world escap'd,
In still retreats, and flowery solitudes,
'To nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year ;
Admiring, sees her in her every shape ;
Feels all her sweet emotions at his heart ;
Takes what she liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the bursting gems,
Marks the first bud, and sucks the healthful gale
Into his freshened soul ; her genial hours
He full enjoys ; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening blossom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living shade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the muse, of these,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers sung ;
Or what she dictates writes ; and oft, an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow lustre gilds the world,
And tempts the sickled swain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy his heart distends
With gentle throes ; and through the tepid gleams
Deep musing, then he best exerts his song.
Even Winter wild, to him is full of bliss.
The mighty tempest, and the hoary waste,
Abrupt, and deep, stretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to solemn thought. At night the skies,
Disclos'd, and kindled, by refining frost,
Pour every lustre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the stealing hours secure,
And mark them down for wisdom. With swift wing,

O'er land and sea imagination roams ;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers ;
Or in his breast heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels ;
The modest eye, whose beams on his alone
Ecstatic shine ; the little strong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to please him, calling forth
The fond parental soul. Nor purpose gay,
Amusement, dance, or song, he sternly scorns ;
For happiness and true philosophy
Are of the social still, and smiling kind.
This is the life which those who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew ; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himself, with man !

Oh, Nature ! all-sufficient ! over all !
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works !
Snatch me to heaven ; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scattered o'er the blue immense,
Show me ; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to scan ; through the disclosing deep
Light my blind way ; the mineral strata there ;
Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world ;
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals ; and higher still, the mind,
The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing passions endless shift ;
These ever open to my ravish'd eye ;
A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust !
But if to that unequal ; if the blood,
In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition ; under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,

And whisper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my song;
And let me never, never stray from Thee!

SECTION XII.

Picture of a Village Life.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
And still where many a garden flow'r grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learnt to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched, than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;

But, in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledg'd offspring to the skies ;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul ;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last falt'ring accents whisper'd praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway ;
And fools, who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran ;
Ev'n children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares distress'd ;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given ;
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school ;
A man severe he was, and stern to view ;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face ;

Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd :
Yet he was kind ; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too ;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge ;
In arguing too the parson own'd his skill,
For ev'n though vanquish'd, he could argue still ;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around ;
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame : the very spot
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.

Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd,
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place ;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door ;
The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day ;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose ;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs, and flow'rs, and fennel, gay ;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Yes ! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train :
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art :
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first born sway ;
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfin'd :
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
And, even while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks, if this be joy.

SECTION XIII.

The Cottage Children.

God bless you, ye sweet little sons of the hut,
Why startle and run from your play ?
Do the sound and the sight of a stranger affright,
Then surely but few pass this way ?
Yet sweet is your cottage that stands all alone,
And smooth is the sward of your vale,
And clear is each crook of the wimpling brook
That murmurs each moment farewell.

And high are the hills that inclose you around,
Where your flocks ever peacefully feed :
And blue is the sky that attracts your young eye
As it rests on the green mountain's head.
Here meek meditation might love to reside,
To silence and solitude given,
And calm as they glide, might the moments divide
Between her mild house and the heaven.

Dear children, but small is this valley of yours :
Is this all the world that you know ?
Yet behind this high mound lies a world without bounds :
But alas ! tis a world full of woe.
From the top of the hill, looking onward afar,
The landscape may charm by its smile,
But approach it more near, it will rugged appear,
And lost is each scene with the toil.

Then quit not your cottage, ye sons of the wold,
And still of your valley be fond ;
For what do you lose, but a myriad of woes
By knowing not what is beyond ?
Let the moss-cover'd seat, and the shade of the thorn,
Which were dear to your fathers, be thine,
And the hut that now rears your infantine years,
Let its roof shade your hoary decline.

And sleep with your fathers, how soothing the thought !
When the sun-tide of life is gone by,
Give your clay to the sod, and your souls to the God
Who dwells in yon bright azure sky.

SECTION XIV.

The description of a Parish Workhouse, and the Consequential Apothecary.

THEIR'S is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door ;
There, where the putrid vapours flagging, play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day ;—
There children dwell, who know no parent's care ;
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there ;

Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows, with unheeded tears,
And crippled Age, with more than childhood-fears;
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the sick, their final doom receive,
Here brought amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man:
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride;
But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride imbitters what it can't deny.

Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease,
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die?
How would you bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched pave the way for death?

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters from the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between;

Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd gives way,
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day :
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head ;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes ;
No friends with soft discourse, his pain beguile,
Or promise hope, till sickness wears a smile.

But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls ;
Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit ;
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go ;
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye ;
A potent quack, long vers'd in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills ;
Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer ;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes ;
And some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply he rushes on the door ;
His drooping patient, long inur'd to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain ;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man ; and silent sinks into the grave.

Now to the church behold the mourners come,
Sedately torpid, and devoutly dumb ;

The village children now their games suspend;
 To see the bier that bears their ancient friend;
 For he was one in all their idle sport,
 And like a monarch rul'd their little court;
 The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
 The bat, the wicket, were his labours all;
 Him now they follow to his grave, and stand
 Silent, and sad, and gazing, hand in hand;
 While bending low, their eager eyes explore
 The mingled relics of the parish poor:
 The bell tolls late, the moping owl flies round,
 Fear marks the flight, and magnifies the sound;
 The busy priest, detain'd by weightier care,
 Defers his duty till the day of prayer;
 And waiting long, the crowd retire distress'd,
 To think a poor man's bones should lie unblest.

SECTION XV.

Hymn to Adversity.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human breast;
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
 The bad affright, afflict the best!
 Bound in thy adamant chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of pain;
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unfelt before, unpity'd and alone.

When first thy sire, to send on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, design'd
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
 And bade thee form her infant mind.

Stern, rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bore :
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know ;
 And from her own, she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
 Self-pleasing folly's idle brood,
 Wild laughter, noise and thoughtless joy,
 And leave us leisure to be good :
 Light they disperse ; and with them go
 The summer friend, the flattering foe ;
 By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
 To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,—
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,—
 Still on thy solemn steps attend,—
 Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,—
 With Justice, to herself severe,—
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
 Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand !

Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
 Nor circled with the vengeful band,
 (As by the impious thou art seen)
 With thund'ring voice and threat'ning mien,
 With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
 Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, O goddess, wear,—
 Thy milder influence impart ;

Thy philosophic train be there,
 To soften, not to wound, my heart :

The gen'rous spark, extinct, revive,—
 Teach me to love and to forgive,
 Exact my own defects to scan,
 What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

SECTION XVI.

Ode to Truth.

SAY will no white-rob'd Son of Light,
 Swift-darting from his heav'nly height.
 Here deign to take his hallow'd stand;
 Here wave his amber locks; unfold
 His pinions cloth'd with downy gold;
 Here smiling stretch his tutelary wand?
 And you, ye host of Saints, for ye have known
 Each dreary path in life's perplexing maze,
 Though now ye circle yon eternal throne
 With harpings high of inexpressive praise,
 Will not your train descend in radiant state,
 To break with Mercy's beam the gath'ring clouds of
 Fate?

'Tis silence all. No Son of Light
 Darts swiftly from his heav'nly height:

No train of radiant Saints descend.

"Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,

"If guilt, if fraud has stain'd your mind,

"Or saints to hear, or angels to defend!"

So Truth proclaims.—I hear the sacred sound
 Burst from the centre of her burning throne:

Where aye she sits with star-wreath'd lustre crown'd:

A bright sun clasps her adamant zone.

So Truth proclaims: her awful voice I hear:

With many a solemn pause, it slowly meets my ear.

Attend, ye Sons of Men; attend, and say,
Does not enough of my refulgent ray
Break through the veil of your mortality?
Say, does not Reason in this form descry
Unnumber'd, nameless glories that surpass
The angel's floating pomp, the seraph's glowing grace?
Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
With me? shall she whose brightest eye
But emulates the diamond's blaze,
Whose cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,
Whose breath the hyacinth's perfume,
Whose melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays,
Shall she be deem'd my rival? shall a form
Of elemental dross, of mould'ring clay,
Vie with these charms imperial? The poor worm
Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day
Shall pass, and she is gone: while I appear
Flush'd with the bloom of youth thro' heav'n's eternal
year.

Know, mortals know, ere first ye sprung,
Ere first these orbs in æther hung,
I shone amid the heav'nly throng;
These eyes beheld Creation's day,
This voice began the choral lay,
And taught archangels their triumphant song.
Pleas'd I survey'd bright Nature's gradual birth,
Saw infant Light with kindling lustre spread.
Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flowering earth,
And Ocean heave on its extended bed;
Saw the tall pine aspiring pierce the sky,
The tawny lion stalk, the rapid eagle fly.

Last Man arose, erect in youthful grace,
Heaven's hallow'd image stamp'd upon his face,
And as he rose, the high behest was given,

“ That I alone of all the host of heaven
 “ Should reign Protectress of the godlike youth :”
 Thus the Almighty spake, he spake and call’d me Truth.

SECTION XVII.

*An Address to Scotland, and her Sabbath Evening
 described.*

O SCOTLAND! canst thou for a moment brook
 The mere imagination, that a fate
 Like this should e’er be thine! that o’er these hills
 And dear-bought vales, whence Wallace, Douglas, Bruce,
 Repelled proud Edward’s multitudinous hordes;
 A Gallic foe, that abject race, should rule!
 No, no! let never hostile standard touch
 Thy shore: rush, rush into the dashing brine,
 And crest each wave with steel; and should the stamp
 Of Slavery’s footstep violate the strand,
 Let not the tardy tide efface the mark;
 Sweep off the stigma with a sea of blood.

Thrice happy he who, far in Scottish glen
 Retired (yet ready at his country’s call,)
 Has left the restless emmet-hill of man!
 He never longs to read the saddening tale
 Of endless wars; and seldom does he hear
 The tale of woe; and ere it reaches him,
 Rumour so loud when new, has died away
 Into a whisper, on the memory borne
 Of casual traveller:—As on the deep
 Far from the sight of land, when all around
 Is waveless calm, the sudden tremulous swell,
 That gently heaves the ship, tells, as it rolls,
 Of earthquakes dread, and cities overthrown.

O Scotland! much I love thy tranquil dales,
 But most on Sabbath eve, when low the sun

Slants thro' the upland copse, 'tis my delight,
 Wandering, and stopping oft to hear the song
 Of kindred praise arise from humble roofs;
 Or when the simple service ends, to hear
 The lifted latch, and mark the grey-haired man,
 The father and the priest, walk forth alone
 Into his garden-plat or little field,
 To commune with his God in secret prayer,—
 To bless the Lord, that in his downward years
 His children are about him: Sweet, meantime
 The thrush, that sings upon the aged thorn,
 Brings to his view the days of youthful years,
 When that same aged thorn was but a bush.
 Nor is the contrast between youth and age
 To him a painful thought; he joys to think
 His journey near a close,—heaven is his home.
 More happy far that man, though bowed down,
 Though feeble be his gait, and dim his eye,
 Than they, the favourites of youth and health,
 Of riches and of fame, who have renounced
 The glorious promise of the life to come,—
 Clinging to death.

SECTION XVIII.

Scenes of Infancy.

LAND of my fathers! though no mangrove here,
 O'er thy blue streams, her flexile branches rear,
 Nor scaly palm her fingered scions shoot,
 Nor luscious guava wave her yellow fruit,
 Nor golden apples glimmer from the tree,
 Land of dark heaths and mountains! thou art free.

Untainted yet, thy stream, fair Teviot! runs,
 With unatoned blood of Gambia's sons:

No drooping slave, with spirit bowed to toil,
Grows, like the weed, self-rooted to the soil ;
Nor cringing vassal, on these pansied meads,
Is bought and bartered, as the flock he feeds.
Free as the lark, that carols o'er his head,
At dawn the healthy ploughman leaves his bed,
Binds to the yoke his sturdy steers with care,
And whistling loud, directs the mining share ;
Free as his lord, the peasant treads the plain,
And heaps his harvest on the groaning wain ;
Proud of his laws, tenacious of his right,
And vain of Scotia's old unconquered might.

Dear native vallies! may ye long retain
The chartered freedom of the mountain swain!
Long mid your sounding glades, in union sweet,
May rural innocence and beauty meet!
And still be duly heard, at twilight calm,
From every cot the peasant's chaunted psalm!
Then, Jedworth! though thy ancient choirs shall fade,
And time lay bare each lofty colonnade,
From the damp roof the massy sculptures die,
And in their vaults thy rifted arches lie,
Still in these vales shall angel-harps prolong,
By Jed's pure stream, a sweeter even song,
Than long processions, once, with mystic zeal,
Poured to the harp and solemn organ's peal.

O softly, Jed! thy sylvan current lead
Round every hazel copse and smiling mead,
Where lines of firs the glowing landscape screen,
And crown the heights with tufts of deeper green.
While, mid the cliffs, to crop the flowery thyme,
The shaggy goats with steady footsteps climb.
How wantonly the rustling breezes stir
The wavering trains of silken gossamer,
In filmy threads of floating gold which slide
O'er the green upland's wet and sloping side,

While, ever varying in the beating ray,
The fleeting network glistens bright and gay!
To thee, fair Jed! a holier wreath is due,
Who gav'st thy Thomson all thy scenes to view,
Bad'st forms of beauty on his vision roll,
And mould to harmony his ductile soul;
Till Fancy's pictures rose, as nature bright,
And his warm bosom glowed with heavenly light.

SECTION XIX.

The Minstrel's Address and Attachment to his Country.

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

 'This is my own, my native land!

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,

 From wandering on a foreign strand!

If such there breathe, go, mark him well;

For him no Minstrel raptures swell;

High though his titles, proud his name,

Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,

The wretch, concentred all in self,

Living shall forfeit fair renown,

And, doubly dying, shall go down

To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,

Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,

Meet nurse for a poetic child!

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,

Land of the mountain and the flood,

Land of my sires! what mortal hand

Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettricke break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot-stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

Sweet Teviot! on thy silver tide
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more;
No longer steel-clad warriors ride
Along thy wild and willowed shore;
Where'er thou wind'st by dale or hill,
All, all is peaceful, all is still,
As if thy waves, since Time was born,
Since first they rolled upon the Tweed,
Had only heard the shepherd's reed,
Nor started at the bugle-horn.

Unlike the tide of human time,
Which though it change in ceaseless flow,
Retains each grief, retains each crime,
Its earliest course was doomed to know,
And, darker as it downward bears,
Is stained with past and present tears.

SECTION XX.

The Battle of Floddenfield.

NEXT morn the Baron climbed the tower,
To view afar the Scottish power,
 Encamped on Flodden edge:
The white pavilions made a show,
Like remnants of the winter snow,
 Along the dusky ridge.
Long Marmion looked:—at length his eye
Unusual movement might descry,
 Amid the shifting lines:
The Scottish host drawn out appears,
For, flashing on the hedge of spears
 The eastern sun-beam shines.
Their front now deepening, now extending;
Their flank inclining, wheeling, bending,
Now drawing back, and now descending,
The skilful Marmion well could know,
They watched the motions of some foe,
Who traversed on the plain below.

Even so it was;—from Flodden ridge
The Scots beheld the English host
Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
And heedful watched them as they crossed
The Till by Twisel Bridge.
High sight it is, and haughty, while
They dive into the deep defile;
Beneath the caverned cliff they fall,
Beneath the castle's airy wall.
By rock, by oak, by hawthorn tree,
Troop after troop are disappearing;

Troop after troop their banners rearing,
Upon the eastern bank you see.
Still pouring down the rocky den,
Where flows the sullen Till,
And rising from the dim-wood glen,
Standards on standards, men on men,
In slow succession still,
And sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
To gain the opposing hill.
That morn, to many a trumpet-clang,
Twisel! thy rock's deep echo rang;
And many a chief of birth and rank,
Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank.
Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
Had then from many an axe its doom,
To give the marching columns room.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,
Since England gains the pass the while,
And struggles thro' the deep defile?
What checks the fiery soul of James?
Why sits that champion of the dames
Inactive on his steed,
And sees, between him and his land,
Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
His host Lord Surrey lead?
What vails the vain knight-errant's brand?
O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
O for one hour of Wallace wight,
Or well-skilled Bruce to rule the fight,
And cry, "Saint Andrew and our right!"
Another sight had seen that morn,

From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
And Flodden had been Bannockbourne!
The precious hour has passed in vain,
And England's host has gained the plain;
Wheeling their march, and circling still,
Around the base of Flodden-hill.

But, see! look up—on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.

And sudden as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
Was wreathed in sable smoke;
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,
As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
At times a stifled hum,

Told England, from his mountain-throne
King James did rushing come.—
Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,
Until at weapon-point they close.—
They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance's thrust;

And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
And fiends in upper air.
O life and death were in the shout,
Recoil and rally, charge and rout,
And triumph and despair.

Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
 Aside the shroud of battle cast ;
 And first the ridge of mingled spears
 Above the brightening cloud appears ;
 And in the smoke the pennons flew,
 As in the storm the white sea-mew.
 Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
 The broken billows of the war,
 And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
 Floating like foam upon the wave ;

But nought distinct they see ;
 Wide raged the battle on the plain ;
 Spears shook, and faulchions flashed amain ;
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain,
 Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
 Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high,
 They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly :
 And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
 And Edward Howard's lion bright,
 Still bear them bravely in the fight ;

Although against them come,
 Of gallant Gordons many a one,
 And many a stubborn Highlandman,
 And many a rugged border clan,

With Huntley, and with Home.

Far on the left unseen the while,
 Stanley broke Lenox and Argyle ;
 Though there the western Mountaineer
 Rushed with bare bosom on the spear,
 And flung the feeble targe aside,
 And with both hands the broad-sword plied :
 'Twas vain :—but fortune on the right,
 With fickle smile cheered Scotland's fight.
 Then fell that spotless banner white,

The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew,
 Around the battle yell.
The Border slogan rent the sky:
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry;
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced,—forced back,—now low, now high.
 The pennon sunk and rose;
As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
 It wavered mid the foes.
No longer Blount the view could bear:
"By heaven, and all its saints, I swear,
 I will not see it lost:
Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
May bid your beads and patter prayer,—
 I gallop to the host."
And to the fray he rode amain,
Followed by all the archer train.
The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
Made, for a space, an opening large,—
 The rescued banner rose,—
But darkly closed the war around,
Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
 It sunk among the foes.

SECTION XXV.

Lubin and his Dog Tray.

YOUNG Lubin was a shepherd's boy,
Who watch'd a rigid master's sheep,
And many a night was heard to sigh,
And many a day was seen to weep.

For not a lambkin e'er was lost,
Or wether stray'd to field remote,
But Lubin ever was to blame,
Nor careful he, nor penn'd his cote.

Yet not a trustier lad was known,
To climb the promontory's brow;
Nor yet a tenderer heart e'er beat,
Beside the brook in vale below.

From him stern Winter's drifted snow,
Its pelting sleet, or frost severe,
Or scorching summer's sultry ray,
Ne'er forc'd a murmur nor a tear.

For, ah ! the varying seasons had
To every hardship form'd his frame,
Though still his tender, feeling heart,
By Nature nurs'd, remain'd the same.

But whither shall the orphan fly,
To meet Protection's fostering power?
Oppression waits the future day,
When Misery marks the natal hour.

An orphan lad poor Lubin was,
No friend, no relative had he !
His happiest hour was dash'd with woe ;
His mildest treatment—tyranny,

It chanc'd that o'er the boundless heath,
One winter's day his flocks had spread,
By hunger urg'd to seek the blade,
That lurks beneath its snowy bed.

And hous'd, at eve, his fleecy charge,
He sorrowing miss'd a favourite lamb,

That shunn'd the long-persisting search,
Nor answer'd to its bleating dam.

With heavy heart, he bent his way,
And told so true, so sad a tale,
That almost pierc'd the marble breast
Of ruthless Rufus of the Vale.

Poor Lubin own'd his flocks had stray'd,
Own'd he had suffer'd them to go;
Yes; he had learn'd to pity them,
For often he had hunger'd too:

And had he to their pinching wants,
The unnipp'd neighb'ring bound deny'd,
They sure had dropp'd—as surely too
The pitying shepherd boy had died.

“Then die!” th' unfeeling master said,
And spurn'd him from his closing door,
Which, till he found his fav'rite lamb,
He vow'd should ne'er admit him more.

Dark was the night, and o'er the waste
The whistling winds did fiercely blow,
And 'gainst his poor unshelter'd head,
With arrowy keenness, came the snow.

Yet thus he left his master's house,
And shap'd his sad uncertain way;
By man unnotic'd and forsook,
And follow'd but by—trusty Tray.

Unlike to worldly friends were they,
Who separate in Fortune's blast,
They still were near when fair the sky,
But nearer still when overcast.

When Lubin's random step involv'd
His body 'neath the drifted snow,
Tray help'd him forth, and when Tray fell,
Poor Lubin dragg'd him from below.

Benumb'd, at length, his stiff'ning joints,
His tongue to Tray could scarcely speak;
His tears congeal'd to icicles,
His hair hung clatt'ring 'gainst his cheek.

As thus he felt his fault'ring limbs
Give onsen of approaching death,
Aurora, from her eastern hills,
Rush'd forth, and staid his fleeting breath :

And show'd to his imperfect sight
The harmless cause of all his woe,
His little lambkin cold and stiff,
Stretch'd on its bed of glist'ning snow.

" 'Tis just," he said, " that where thou liest
The careless shepherd boy should lie ;
Thou diest, poor fool ! for want of food ;
I fall, for suff'ring thee to die.

But oh ! my master !" broken, short,
Was every half word now he spoke ;
" Severe has been thy constant will,
And galling sure thy heavy yoke.

A warmer couch hast thou to press,
Secure from cramping frosts thy feet,
And could'st thou boast so free a breast,
Thou yet might'st die a death as sweet.

My trusty dog—that wistful look
Is all that makes my poor heart heave :

But hie thee home, proclaim me dead,
Forget to think, and cease to grieve."

So saying, shrunk the hapless youth
Beneath the chilling grasp of death;
And, clasping poor Tray's shaggy neck,
Sigh'd gently forth his parting breath!

His faithful, fond, sagacious dog,
Hung watchful o'er his master's clay;
And many a moan the creature made,
And many a thing he strove to say.

But not a sign of lurking life
Through all his frame he found to creep;
He knew not what it was to die,
But knew his master did not sleep.

Great grief assail'd his untaught heart,
And quickly laid his victim low!
His master's check, his pillow cold,
Their common bed, the colder snow!

CHAPTER II.

MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE PIECES.

SECTION I.

Isaac Ashford's Death and Character.

NEXT to —, but in nought allied,
A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died.

Noble he was, contemning all things mean,
His truth unquestion'd, and his soul serene ;
Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid ;
At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd :
Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace ;
Truth, simple truth, was written in his face ;
Yet while the serious thought his soul approv'd,
Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he lov'd ;
To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd,
And with the firmest, had the fondest mind.
Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on,
And gave allowance where he needed none ;
Good he refus'd with future ill to buy,
Nor knew a joy that caus'd Reflection's sigh ;
A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast
No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd ;
(Bane of the poor ! it wounds their weaker mind,
To miss one favour, which their neighbours find :)
Yet far was he from Stoic-pride remov'd ;
He felt humanely, and he warmly lov'd :
I mark'd his action when his infant died,
And his old neighbour for offence was tried ;
The still tears stealing down that furrow'd cheek,
Spoke pity plainer than the tongue can speak.
If pride were his 'twas not that vulgar pride,
Who, in their base contempt, the great deride ;
Nor pride in learning, though my clerk agreed,
If Fate should call him, Ashford might succeed ;
Nor pride in rustic skill, although he knew,
None his superior, and his equals few.
But if that spirit in his soul had place,
It was the jealous pride that shuns disgrace ;
A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd,
In sturdy boys, to virtuous labours train'd ;
Pride in the power that guards his country's coast ;
And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast ;

Pride in a life that slander's tongue defy'd,
In fact, a noble passion, misnam'd pride.

He had no party's rage, no sect'ry's whim;
Christian and countryman was all with him:
True to his church he came; no Sunday-shower,
Kept him at home in that important hour;
Nor his firm feet, could one persuading sect,
By the strong glare of their new light direct;
"On hope, in mine own sober light, I gaze,
But should be blind and lose it, in your blaze."

In times severe, when many a sturdy swain,
Felt it his pride, his comfort, to complain;
Isaac their wants would soothe, his own would hide,
And feel in that his comfort and his pride.

At length, he found, when seventy years were run,
His strength departed, and his labour done;
When, save his honest fame, he kept no more;
But lost his wife, and saw his children poor;
'Twas then a spark of—say not discontent—
Struck on his mind, and thus he gave it vent:

"Kind are your laws ('tis not to be denied)
That in yon house, for ruin'd age, provide,
And they are just;—when young we give you all,
And then for comforts in our weakness call.—
Why then this proud reluctance to be fed,
To join your poor, and eat the parish-bread?
But yet I linger, loath with him to feed,
Who gains his plenty by the sons of need;
He who, by contract, all your paupers took
And gauges stomachs with an anxious look:
On some old master I could well depend;
See him with joy, and thank him as a friend;
But ill on him who doles the day's supply,
And counts our chances, who at night may die:
Yet help me, Heaven! and let me not complain
Of what befalls me, but the fate sustain."

Such were his thoughts, and so resign'd he grew;
 Daily he plac'd the workhouse in his view!
 But came not there, for sudden was his fate,
 He dropp'd expiring, at his cottage-gate.

I feel his absence in the hours of prayer,
 And view his seat, and sigh for Isaac there;
 I see no more those white locks thinly spread,
 Round the bald polish of that honour'd head.
 No more that awful glance on playful wight
 Compell'd to kneel and tremble at the sight,
 To fold his fingers all in dread the while,
 Till *Mister* Ashford soften'd to a smile;
 No more that meek and suppliant look in prayer,
 Nor the pure faith (to give it force) are there:—
 But he is blest, and I lament no more
 A wise good man, contented to be poor.

SECTION II.

The Habit of Reading and Study of Books.

BUT what strange art, what magic can dispose
 The troubled mind to change its native woes?
 Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see
 Others more wretched, more undone than we?
 This, Books can do;—nor this alone; they give
 New views to life, and teach us how to live;
 They soothe the griev'd, the stubborn they chastise,
 Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise:
 Their aid they yield to all: they never shun
 The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone:
 Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
 They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;
 Nor tell to various people various things,
 But show to subjects what they show to kings.

Come, child of care ! to make thy soul serene,
Approach the treasures of this tranquil scene !
Survey the dome, and as the doors unfold,
The soul's best cure in all her cares, behold !
Where mental wealth the poor in thought may find,
And mental physic the diseas'd in mind ;
See here the balms that passion's wounds assuage,
See coolers here, that damp the fire of rage ;
Here alt'ratives, by slow degrees control
The cronic habits of the sickly soul ;
And round the heart, and o'er the aching head,
Mild opiates here, their sober influence shed.
Now bid thy soul, man's busy scenes exclude,
And view compos'd this silent multitude :
Silent they are, but, though depriv'd of sound,
Here all the living languages abound ;
Here all that live no more ; preserv'd they lie,
In tombs that open to the curious eye.

Blest be the gracious Power, who taught mankind,
To stamp a lasting image of the mind !
Beasts may convey, and tuneful birds may sing,
Their mutual feelings, in the opening spring ;
But man alone has skill and power to send,
The heart's warm dictates to the distant friend :
'Tis his alone to please, instruct, advise,
Ages remote and nations yet to rise.

In sweet repose, when nature's children sleep,
When joy forgets to smile and care to weep,
When passion slumbers in the lover's breast,
And fear and guilt partake the balm of rest,
Why then denies the studious man to share
Man's common good, who feels his common care ?

Because the hope is his that bids him fly
Night's soft repose, and sleep's mild power defy ;
That after ages may repeat his praise,
And Fame's fair meed be his, for length of days.

Delightful prospect! when we leave behind
A worthy offspring of the fruitful mind!
Which, born and nurst through many an anxious day,
Shall all our labour, all our care repay.

Yet all are not these births of noble kind,
Not all the children of a vigorous mind;
But where the wisest should alone preside,
The weak would rule us, and the blind would guide,
Nay, man's best efforts taste of man and show,
The poor and troubled source from which they flow;
Where most he triumphs, we his wants perceive,
And for his weakness in his wisdom grieve.
But though imperfect all; yet wisdom loves
This seat serene, and virtue's self approves:—
Here come the griev'd, a change of thought to find;
The curious here, to feed a craving mind;
Here the devout their peaceful temple choose;
And here, the Poet meets his favouring Muse.

With awe, around these silent walks I tread;
These are the lasting mansions of the dead:—
“The dead!” methinks a thousand tongues reply;
“These are the tombs of such as cannot die!
Crown'd with eternal fame, they sit sublime,
And laugh at all the little strife of time.”
Hail, then, immortals! ye who shine above,
Each in his sphere, the literary Jove;
And ye, the common people of these skies,
An humble crowd of nameless deities:
Whether 'tis yours to lead the willing mind
Through history's mazes, and the turnings find;
Or whether, led by science, ye retire,
Lost and bewilder'd in the vast desire;
Whether the muse invites you to her bowers,
And crowns your placid brows with living flowers;
Or godlike wisdom teaches you to show,
The noblest road to happiness below;

Or men and manners prompt the easy page
To mark the flying follies of the age;
Whatever good ye boast, that good impart;
Inform the head and rectify the heart.

SECTION III.

The Imperfection of Human Philosophy.

God never meant that man should scale the heavens
By strides of human wisdom. In his works,
Though wondrous, he commands us in his word
To seek him rather, where his mercy shines.
The mind, indeed, enlightened from above,
Views him in all; ascribes to the grand cause
The grand effect; acknowledges with joy
His manner, and with rapture tastes his style.
But never yet did philosophic tube,
That brings the planets home into the eye
Of observation, and discovers, else
Not visible, his family of worlds,
Discover him that rules them; such a veil
Hangs over mortal eyes, blind from the birth,
And dark in things divine. Full often too
Our wayward intellect, the more we learn
Of nature, overlooks her Author more;
From instrumental causes proud to draw
Conclusions retrograde, and mad mistake.
But if his word once teach us, shoot a ray
Through all the heart's dark chambers and reveal
Truths undiscern'd but by that holy light,
Then all is plain. Philosophy baptized
In the pure fountain of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed; and viewing all she sees
As meant to indicate a God to man,

Gives HIM his praise, and forfeits not her own.
 Learning has borne such fruit in other days
 On all her branches: piety has found
 Friends in the friends of science, and true prayer
 Has flowed from lips wet with Castalian dews.
 Such was thy wisdom, Newton, childlike sage!
 Sagacious reader of the works of God,
 And in his word sagacious. Such too thine,
 Milton, whose genius had angelic wings,
 And fed on manna! And such thine in whom
 Our British Themis gloried with just cause,
 Immortal Hale! for deep discernment praised,
 And sound integrity, not more than famed
 For sanctity of manners undefiled.

All flesh is grass, and all its glory fades
 Like the fair flower dishevelled in the wind;
 Riches have wings, and grandeur is a dream:
 The man we celebrate must find a tomb,
 And we that worship him ignoble graves.
 Nothing is proof against the general curse
 Of vanity, that seizes all below.
 The only amaranthine flower on earth
 Is virtue; the only lasting treasure, truth.
 But what is truth? 'twas Pilate's question put
 To truth itself; that deign'd him no reply.
 And wherefore? will not God impart his light
 To them that ask it?—Freely—'tis his joy,
 His glory, and his nature to impart.
 But to the proud, uncandid, insincere,
 Or negligent inquirer not a spark.
 What's that, which brings contempt upon a book
 And him who writes it, though the style be neat,
 The method clear, and argument exact?
 That makes a minister in holy things
 The joy of many, and the dread of more,

His name a theme for praise and for reproach?—
That, while it gives us worth in God's account,
Depreciates and undoes us in our own?
What pearl is it that rich men cannot buy,
That learning is too proud to gather up;
But which the poor, and the despised of all,
Seek and obtain, and often find unsought?
Tell me—and I will tell thee what is truth.

SECTION IV.

The Liberty and Happiness of the Virtuous.

HE is the happy man, whose life ev'n now
Shows somewhat of that happier life to come;
Who, doomed to an obscure but tranquil state,
Is pleased with it, and, were he free to choose
Would make his fate his choice; whom peace, the fruit
Of virtue, and whom virtue, fruit of faith,
Prepare for happiness; bespeak him one
Content indeed to sojourn while he must
Below the skies, but having there his home.
The world o'erlooks him in her busy search
Of objects, more illustrious in her view;
And, occupied as earnestly as she
Though more sublimely, he o'erlooks the world.
She scorns his pleasures, for she knows them not;
He seek not hers, for he has proved them vain.
He cannot skim the ground like summer birds
Pursuing gilded flies; and such he deems
Her honours, her emoluments, her joys.
Therefore in contemplation is his bliss,
Whose power is such, that whom she lifts from earth
She makes familiar with a heaven unseen,
And shows him glories yet to be revealed.

Not slothful he, though seeming unemployed,
And censured oft as useless. Stillest streams
Oft water fairest meadows, and the bird
That flutters least is longest on the wing.
Ask him, indeed, what trophies he has raised,
Or what achievements of immortal fame
He purposes, and he shall answer—None.
His warfare is within. There unfatigued
His fervent spirit labours. There he fights
And there obtains fresh triumphs o'er himself,
And never withering wreaths, compared with which
The laurels that a Cæsar reaps are weeds.
Perhaps the self-approving haughty world,
That as she sweeps him with her whistling silks
Scarce deigns to notice him, or if she see,
Deems him a cypher in the works of God,
Receives advantage from his noiseless hours,
Of which she little dreams. Perhaps she owes
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes,
When, Isaac like, the solitary saint
Walks forth to meditate at even-tide,
And think on her, who thinks not for herself.
Forgive him then, thou bustler in concerns
Of little worth, an idler in the best,
If, author of no mischief and some good,
He seek his proper happiness by means,
That may advance, but cannot hinder thine.
Nor, though he tread the secret path of life,
Engage no notice, and enjoy much ease,
Account him an incumbrance on the state,
Receiving benefits, and rendering none.
His sphere though humble, if that humble sphere
Shine with his fair example, and though small
His influence, if that influence all be spent
In soothing sorrow, and in quenching strife,

In aiding helpless indigence, in works,
From which at least a grateful few derive
Some taste of comfort in a world of woe,
Then let the supercilious great confess
He serves his country, recompenses well
The state, beneath the shadow of whose vine
He sits secure, and in the scale of life
Holds no ignoble, though a slighted, place.
The man, whose virtues are more felt than seen,
Must drop indeed the hope of public praise ;
But he may boast what few that win it can,
That if his country stand not by his skill,
At least his follies have not wrought her fall.
Polite refinement offers him in vain
Her golden tube, through which a sensual world
Draws gross impunity, and likes it well,
The neat conveyance hiding all the offence.
Not that he peevishly rejects a mode
Because that world adopts it. If it bear
The stamp and clear impression of good sense,
And be not costly more than of true worth,
He puts it on, and for decorum sake
Can wear it e'en as gracefully as she.
She judges of refinement by the eye,
He by the test of conscience, and a heart
Not soon deceived ; aware that what is base
No polish can make sterling ; and that vice,
Though well perfumed, and elegantly dressed,
Like an unburied carcase tricked with flowers,
Is but a garnish'd nuisance, fitter far
For cleanly riddance than for fair attire.
So life glides smoothly and by stealth away,
More golden than that age of fabled gold
Renowned in ancient song ; not vexed with care
Or stained with guilt, beneficent, approved
Of God and man, and peaceful in its end.

So glide my life away ! and so at last,
 My share of duties decently fulfilled,
 May some disease, not tardy to perform
 Its destined office, yet with gentle stroke,
 Dismiss me weary to a safe retreat,
 Beneath the turf, that I have often trod.
 It shall not grieve me then, that once, when called
 To dress a sofa with the flowers of verse,
 I played a while, obedient to the fair,
 With that light task ; but soon, to please her more,
 Whom flowers alone I knew would little please,
 Let fall the unfinish'd wreath, and rov'd for fruit ;
 Roved far, and gathered much : some harsh, 'tis true,
 Pick'd from the thorns and briers of reproof,
 But wholesome, well-digestéd ; grateful some
 To palates, that can taste immortal truths,
 Insipid else, and sure to be despised.
 But all is in his hand, whose praise I seek.
 In vain the poet sings, and the world hears,
 If he regard not, though divine the theme.
 'Tis not in artful measures, in the chime
 And idle tinkling of a minstrel's lyre,
 To charm his ear, whose eye is on the heart ;
 Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
 Whose approbation—prosper even mine.

SECTION V.

Infidelity reproved.

HAPPY the man who sees a God employed
 In all the good and ill that chequer life !
 Resolving all events, with their effects
 And manifold results, into the will
 And arbitration wise of the Supreme.

Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the least
The greatest oft originate); could chance
Find place in his dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart his plan;
'Then God might be surprised, and unforeseen
Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
This truth Philosophy, though eagle-eyed
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks;
And having found his instrument, forgets,
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
Denies the power that wields it. God proclaims
His hot displeasure against foolish men,
'That live an atheist life; involves the heaven
In tempests: quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury: bids a plague
Kindle a fiery boil upon the skin,
And putrify the breath of blooming health.
He calls for famine, and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his shrivelled lips,
And taints the golden ear. He springs his mines,
And desolates a nation at a blast
Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
Of homogeneal and discordant springs
And principles; of causes, how they work
By necessary laws their sure effects;
Of action and re-action. He has found
The source of the disease, that nature feels,
And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
'Thou fool! will thy discovery of the cause
Suspend the effect, or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means since first he made the world?
And did he not of old employ his means -
To drown it? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means

Formed for his use, and ready at his will?
Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve, ask of him,
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught;
And learn, though late, the genuine cause of all.

SECTION VI.

A Father's Advice to his Son.

DEEP in a grove by cypress shaded,
Where mid-day sun has seldom shone,
Or noise the solemn scene invaded,
Save some afflicted Muse's moan.

A swain t'wards full-ag'd manhood wending,
Sat sorrowing at the close of day,
At whose fond side a boy attending,
Lisp'd half his father's cares away.

The father's eyes no object wrested,
But on the smiling prattler hung,
Till, what his throbbing heart suggested,
These accents trembled from his tongue:

“ My youth's first hope, my manhood's treasure,
My prattling innocent attend,
Nor fear rebuke, or sour displeasure,
A father's loveliest name is friend.

“ Some truths, from long experience flowing,
Worth more than royal grants, receive;
For truths are wealth of Heav'n's bestowing,
Which kings have seldom power to give,

" Since from an ancient race descended,
You boast an unattainted blood,
By yours be their fair fame attended,
And claim by birth-right to be good.

" In love for every fellow-creature,
Superior rise above the crowd ;
What most ennobles human nature
Was ne'er the portion of the proud.

" Be thine the generous heart that borrows
From other's joys a friendly glow ;
And for each neighbour's hapless sorrows,
Throbs with a sympathetic woe.

" This is the temper most endearing ;
Though wide proud pomp her banners spreads,
An heav'nlier power good nature bearing,
Each heart in willing thralldom leads.

" Taste not from fame's uncertain fountain
The peace-destroying streams that flow ;
Nor from ambition's dang'rous mountain,
Look down upon the world below.

" The princely pine on hills exalted,
Whose lofty branches cleave the sky,
By winds, long braved, at last assaulted,
Is headlong hurl'd in dust to lie.

" Whilst the mild rose more safely growing
Low in its unaspiring vale,
Amidst retirement's shelter blowing,
Exchanges sweets with every gale.

" Wish not for beauty's darling features,
Moulded by Nature's fondling pow'r ;

For fairest forms 'mong human creatures
Shine but the pageants of an hour,

" I saw the pride of all the meadow,
At noon a gay narcissus blow,
Upon a river's bank, whose shadow
Bloom'd in the silver waves below :

" By noon-tide's heat its youth had wasted,
The waters as they pass'd complain'd ;
At eve its glories were all blasted,
And not one former tint remain'd.

" Nor let vain Wit's deceitful glory,
Lead you from Virtue's path astray ;
What genius lives renown'd in story,
To happiness who found the way ?

" In yonder mead behold that vapour,
Whose vivid beams illusive play !
Far off it seems a friendly taper,
To guide the traveller on his way.

" But should some hapless wretch pursuing,
Tread where the treach'rous meteors glow,
He'd find too late, his rashness rueing
That fatal quicksands lurk below.

" In life such bubbles nought admiring,
Gilt with false light, and fill'd with air,
Do you, from pageant courts retiring,
To peace in Virtue's cot repair ;

" There seek the never-wasted treasure,
Which mutual love and friendship give,

Domestic comfort, spotless pleasure,
And blest and blessing you will live.

“ If Heav’n with children crowns your dwelling,
As mine its bounty does with you,
In fondness fatherly excelling,
Th’ example you have felt, pursue.”

He paus’d, for tenderly caressing
The darling of his wounded heart,
Looks had means only of expressing,
Thoughts language never could impart.

Now night her mournful mantle spreading,
Had rob’d with black th’ horizon round,
And dank dews from her tresses shedding,
With genial moisture bath’d the ground.

When back to city follies flying,
Midst Custom’s slaves he liv’d resign’d ;
His face, array’d in smiles, denying
The true complexion of his mind :

For seriously around surveying
Each character, in youth and age,
Of fools betray’d, and knaves betraying,
That play’d upon this human stage.

Peaceful himself and undesigning,
He loath’d the scenes of guile and strife,
And felt each secret wish inclining,
To leave this fretful farce of life.

Yet to whate’er above was fated,
Obediently he bow’d his soul ;

For what all-bounteous Heav'n created,
He thought Heav'n only should control.

SECTION VII.

On Taste.

SAY, what is taste, but the internal pow'rs
Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
In species? This nor gems, nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the sacred bias of the soul.
He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of Heaven,
Reveals the charms of Nature. Ask the swain
Who journies homeward from a summer-day's
Long labour, why forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky? Full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutor'd airs,
Beyond the pow'r of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart.
How lovely! how commanding! But tho' Heav'n
In every breast has sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening suns, and genial show'rs,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring,

Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
 Repay the tiller's labour ; or attend
 His will, obsequious, whether to produce
 The olive or the laurel : diff'rent minds
 Incline to different objects : one pursues
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild,
 Another sighs for harmony and grace,
 And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires
 The arch of Heav'n, and thunders rock the ground ;
 When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
 And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky,
 Amid the mighty upstart, while below
 The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
 From some high cliff, superior, and enjoys
 The elemental war. But Waller longs,
 All on the margin of some flow'ry stream,
 To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
 Of Plantain shades, and to the list'ning deer,
 The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
 Resounds soft-warbling all the live long day :
 Consenting Zephyr sighs ; the weeping rill
 Joins in his plaint, melodious ; mute the groves ;
 And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
 Such and so various are the tastes of men.

SECTION VIII.

The Pleasures of a Cultivated Imagination.

O blest of Heav'n, whom not the languid songs
 Of luxury, the Syren ! not the bribes
 Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
 Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store

Of Nature, fair Imagination culls
To charm th' enliven'd soul ! What tho' not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the height
Of envied life ; tho' only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state ;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honour his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the sculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds : for him, the hand
Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings,
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor then partakes
Fresh pleasure only : for th' attentive mind
By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,
Becomes herself harmonious : wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspir'd delight : her temper'd pow'rs
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.

But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On Nature's form, where negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal Majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations ; if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye ; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs ?
Would sordid policies, the barb'rous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear ?
Lo ! she appeals to Nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons : all declare
For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd
The pow'rs of man : we feel within ourselves
His energy divine : he tells the heart
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being ; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom Nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse ; grow familiar, day by day,
With his conceptions ; act upon his plan ;
And form to his, the relish of their souls.

SECTION IX.

Lessons of Wisdom.

How to live happiest ; how t' avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgusts of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Though old, he still retain'd

His manly sense and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remember'd that he once was young;
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him even the dissolute admir'd; for he
A graceful looseness when he pleas'd put on,
And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
Much more had seen; he studied from the life,
And in th' original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pitied man: and much he pitied those
Whom falsely-smiling fate has curs'd with means
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
Our aim is Happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who thro' the flowery paths of saunt'ring Joy
Seek this coy goddess; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
Forbids that we through gay voluptuous wilds
Should ever roam: and were the Fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.
Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,
And cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all was vanity, and life a dream.
Let nature rest; be busy for yourself,
And for your friend; be busy even in vain
Rather than teize her satiated appetites.
Who never fasts, no banquet e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.
Let nature rest; and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.
'Tis not for mortals always to be blest.

But him the least the dull or painful hours
Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts,
And Virtue, through this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Sense are one: and trust me, he
Who has not virtue is not truly wise.
Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)
Is sense and spirit, with humanity:
'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance just.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones dare;
But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To noblest uses this determines wealth:
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days,
The peace and shelter of adversity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of envy and all-sapping time.
The gaudy gloss of fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye: the suffrage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of heaven: a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.
But for one end, one much neglected use,
Are riches worth your care (for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supplied)

This noble end is, to produce the soul :
 To show their virtues in the fairest light ;
 To make Humanity the minister
 Of bounteous Providence ; and teach the breast
 That generous luxury the gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly sage
 Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he taught
 Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard ;
 And (strange to tell !) he practis'd what he preach'd.

SECTION X.

Conjugal Affection.

BUT happy they ! the happiest of their kind !
 Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
 Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
 Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
 That binds their peace ; but harmony itself,
 Attuning all their passions into love ;
 Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
 Perfect esteem, enliven'd by desire
 Ineffable, and sympathy of soul ;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
 With boundless confidence ; for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure.
 What is the world to them,
 Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all,
 Who in each other clasp whatever fair
 High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish ;
 Something than beauty dearer, should they look
 Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face ;
 Truth, goodness, honour, harmony, and love,
 The richest bounty of indulgent Heav'n.

Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.
Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot,
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
Oh speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
Surprises often, while you look around,
And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
All various Nature pressing on the heart:
An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue, and approving Heaven.
These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
As ceaseless round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and consenting Spring
Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads;
Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

SECTION XI.

The Miseries of Human Life.

AH ! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround ;
They, who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste ;
Ah ! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain.
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, in dungeon glooms ;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery. Sore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many sink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty. How many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse.
Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honest passions, droop
In deep retir'd distress. How many stand
Around the death-bed of their dearest friends,
And point the parting anguish. Thought fond man
Of these, and all the thousand nameless ills,
That one incessant struggle render life,
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would stand apall'd,

And heedless rambling impulse learn to think ;
The conscious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wish benevolence dilate :
The social tear would rise, the social sigh ;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Respiring still, the social passions work.

SECTION XII.

Reflections on a Future State.

'Tis done ! dread Winter spreads his latest glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies,
How dumb the tuneful ! Horror wide extends
His desolate domain. Behold, fond man !
See here thy pictur'd life ! Pass some few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,
Thy sober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at last,
And shuts the scene. Ah ! whither now are fled
Those dreams of greatness ! those unsolid hopes
Of happiness ? those longings after fame ?
Those restless cares ? those busy bustling days ?
Those gay-spent festive nights ? those veering thoughts,
Lost between good and ill, that shar'd thy life ?
All now are vanish'd ! Virtue sole survives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happiness on high. And see !
'Tis come, the glorious morn ! the second birth
Of heaven and earth ! Awakening nature hears
The new-creating word, and starts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal scheme,
Involving all, and in a perfect whole

Uniting, as the prospect wider spreads,
 To Reason's eye refin'd clears up apace.
 Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Power,
 And Wisdom oft arraign'd : see now the cause,
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,
 And dy'd neglected : why the good man's share
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul :
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
 In starving solitude ; while luxury,
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought,
 To form unreal wants : why heaven-born truth,
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks
 Of superstition's scourge : why licens'd pain,
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress !
 Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,
 And what your bounded view, which only saw
 A little part, deem'd evil, is no more :
 The storms of Wint'ry Time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

SECTION XIII.

A Hymn on a Review of 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 softening air is balm ;
 Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;
 And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
 Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,

With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year:
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks:
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring:
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature! hurls the tempest forth;
And as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the 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 breathes, there must be joy.

When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their 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.

SECTION XIV.

Advice to a Young Gentleman leaving the University.

ERE yet, ingenuous youth, thy steps retire
From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful vale,
Where science call'd thee to her studious quire,
And met thee musing in her cloisters pale :

O ! let thy friend (and may he boast the name)
Breathe from his artless reed one parting lay !
A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
And this let voluntary friendship pay.

Yet know, the time arrives, the dangerous time,
When all those virtues, opening now so fair,
Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,
Must learn each passion's boisterous breath to bear,

There if ambition, pestilent and pale,
Or luxury, should taint their vernal glow ;
If cold self-interest, with her chilling gale,
Should blast th' unfolding blossoms ere they blow ;

If mimic hues, by art or fashion spread,
 Their genuine, simple colouring should supply;
 O! with them may these laureate honours fade,
 And with them (if it can) my friendship die.

—And do not blame, if tho' thyself inspire,
 Cautious I strike the panegyric string;
 The Muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,
 And vainly vent'rous, soars on waxen wing.

Too actively awake at friendship's voice,
 The poet's bosom pours the fervent strain,
 Till sad reflection blames the hasty choice,
 And oft invokes oblivion's aid in vain.

Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breast
 Condemn me, if I check the plausible string;
 Go to the wayward world; complete the rest;
 Be, what the purest Muse would wish to sing,

Be still thyself; that open path of truth,
 Which led thee here, let manhood firm pursue;
 Retain the sweet simplicity of youth,
 And all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.

Still scorn, with conscious pride, the mask of art;
 On vice's front let fearful caution lour,
 And teach the diffident, discreeter part
 Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for power.

So round thy brow when age's honours spread,
 When death's cold hand unstrings thy Mason's lyre,
 When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
 Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire:

He to the amplest bounds of Time's domain,
 On rapture's plume shall give thy name to fly;
 For trust, with rev'rence trust this Sabine strain:
 "The Muse forbids the virtuous man to die."

SECTION XV.

Golden Verses of Pythagoras.

FIRST, the Supreme doth highest rev'rence claim;
 Use with religious awe his sacred name:
 Assur'd he views thy ways, let nought control
 The oath thou once hast bound upon thy soul.

Next, to the heroes bear a grateful mind,
 Whose glorious cares and toils have blest mankind.
 Let just respect and decent rites be paid
 To the immortal manes of the dead.
 Honour thy parents and thy next of kind;
 And virtuous men wherever thou canst find
 In the same bond of love let them be join'd.

Useful and steady let thy life proceed,
 Mild ev'ry word, good-natur'd ev'ry deed;
 Oh, never with the man thou lov'st contend!
 But bear a thousand frailties from thy friend.
 Rashly inflam'd, vain spleen, and slight surmise,
 To real feuds, and endless discords rise.

O'er lust, o'er anger, keep the strictest reign,
 Subdue thy sloth, thy appetite restrain.
 With no vile action venture to comply,
 Not, though unseen by ev'ry mortal eye.
 Above all witnesses thy conscience fear,
 And more than all mankind thyself revere,

One way let all thy words and actions tend,
 Reason their constant guide, and truth their end.
 And ever mindful of thy mortal state,
 How quick, how various are the turns of fate;

How here, how there, the tides of fortune roll ;
How soon impending death concludes the whole,
Compose thy mind, and free from anxious strife,
Endure thy portion of the ills of life :
Though still the good man stands secure from harms,
Nor can misfortune wound, whom virtue arms.

Discourse in common converse, thou wilt find
Some to improve, and some to taint the mind ;
Grateful to that a due observance pay ;
Beware lest this entice thy thoughts astray ;
And bold untruths which thou art fore'd to hear,
Receive discreetly with a patient ear.

Wouldst thou be justly rank'd among the wise,
Think ere thou dost, ere thou resolv'st, advise.
Still let thy aims with sage experience square,
And plan thy conduct with sagacious care ;
So shalt thou all thy course with pleasure run,
Nor wish an action of thy life undone.

Among the various ends of thy desires,
'Tis no inferior place thy health requires.
Firmly for this from all excess refrain,
Thy cups be mod'rate, and thy diet plain :
Nor yet unelegant thy board supply,
But shun the nauseous pomp of luxury.
Let spleen by cheerful converse be withstood,
And honest labours purify the blood.

Each night, ere needful slumber seals thy eyes,
Home to thy soul let these reflections rise :
How has this day my duty seen express'd ?
What have I done, omitted, or transgress'd ?
Then grieve the moments thou hast idly spent :
The rest will yield thee comfort and content.

Be these good rules thy study and delight,
Practise by day, and ponder them by night ;
Thus all thy thoughts to virtue's height shall rise,
And truth shall stand unveil'd before thy eyes.

Of beings the whole system thou shalt see,
 Rang'd as they are in beauteous harmony,
 Whilst all depend from one superior cause,
 And Nature's works obedient to her laws.
 Hence, as thou labour'st with judicious care
 To run the course allotted to thy share,
 Wisdom refulgent with a heavenly ray
 Shall clear thy prospect, and direct thy way.

Then all around compassionately view
 The wretched ends which vain mankind pursue,
 Toss'd to and fro by each impetuous gust,
 The rage of passion, or the fire of lust,
 No certain stay, no safe retreat they know,
 But blindly wander through a maze of woe.
 Meanwhile congenial vileness works within,
 And custom quite subdues the soul to sin.
 Save us from this distress, Almighty Lord,
 Our minds illumine, and thy aid afford!

But, O! secure from all thy life is led,
 Whose feet the happy paths of virtue tread.
 Thou stand'st united to the race divine,
 And the perfection of the skies is thine.
 Imperial reason, free from all control,
 Maintains her just dominion in thy soul:
 Till purg'd at length from every sinful stain,
 When friendly Death shall break the cumbrous chain,
 Loos'd from the body thou shalt take thy flight,
 And range immortal in the fields of light.

SECTION XVI.

Happiness, the Practice of Virtue.

KNOW then this truth (enough for man to know)
 "Virtue alone is happiness below."

The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
Where only Merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes and what it gives ;
The joy unequall'd if its end it gain,
And, if it lose, attended with no pain :
Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears :
Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;
Never elated while one man's oppress'd ;
Never dejected while another's bless'd ;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow,
Which who but feels can taste ; but thinks, can know ;
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss ; the good, untaught, will find ;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God ;
Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below ;
Learns from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end in love of God, and love of man.

For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul ;
Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why Nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown

(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find):
 Wise is her present; she connects in this
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for thy boundless heart?
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
 Grasp the whole world of reason, life, and sense,
 In one close system of benevolence:
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
 Must rise from individual to the whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
 The centre mov'd, a circle straight succeeds,
 Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
 His country next; and next all human race;
 Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
 Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

SECTION XVII.

Recollections.

SCENES of my youth! ye once were dear,
 Though sadly I your charms survey;
 I once was wont to linger here,
 From early dawn to closing day.

Scenes of my youth ! pale Sorrow flings
A shade o'er all your beauties now,
And robs the moments of their wings,
That scatter pleasure as they flow.
While still to heighten ev'ry care,
Reflection tells me—*Such Things Were.*

'Twas here a faithful father strove
To keep my happiness in view,
I smil'd beneath a mother's love,
That soft compassion ever knew :
In them the virtues all combin'd,
On them I could with faith rely ;
To them my heart and soul were join'd
By mild Affection's primal tie ;
Who smile in heaven, exempt from care,
Whilst I remember—*Such Things Were.*

'Twas here, where calm and tranquil rest
O'erpays the peasant for his toil,
That first in blessing I was bless'd
With glowing Friendship's opening smile.
My friend, far distant doom'd to roam,
Now braves the fury of the seas ;
He fled his peaceful happy home,
His little fortune to increase ;
While bleeds afresh the wound of Care,
When I remember—*Such Things Were.*

'Twas here, e'en in this gloomy grove,
I fondly gaz'd on Laura's charms,
Who, blushing, own'd a mutual love,
And sigh'd responsive in my arms.
Though hard the soul-conflicting strife,
Yet Fate, the cruel tyrant, bore
Far from my sight the charm of life,

The lovely maid whom I adore :
 'Twould ease my soul of all my care,
 Could I forget that—*Such Things Were.*

Here first I saw the morn appear
 Of guiltless Pleasure's shining day :
 I met the dazzling brightness here,
 Here mark'd the soft-declining ray.
 Behold the skies, whose streaming light
 Gave splendour to the parting sun,
 Now lost in Sorrow's sable night,
 And all their mingled glories gone !
 Till death, in pity, end my care,
 I must remember—*Such Things Were.*

CHAPTER III.

ARGUMENTATIVE AND PATHETIC PIECES.

SECTION I.

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 Heaven 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 the 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 an humble 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 repress.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine ?
'Tis Heaven 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 Heaven will bless your store.

SECTION II.

The Blind Beggar.

WELCOME, thou man of sorrows, to my door !
 A willing balm thy wounded heart shall find ;
 And lo, thy guiding dog my cares implore !
 O haste, and shelter from the unfeeling wind.

Alas ! shall Mis'ry seek my cot with sighs,
 And humbly sue for piteous alms my ear ;
 Yet disappointed go with lifted eyes,
 And on my threshold leave th' upbraiding tear ?

'Thou bowest for the pity I bestow :
 Bend not to me, because I mourn distress ;
 I am thy debtor—much to thee I owe ;
 For learn—the greatest blessing is to bless

Thy hoary locks, and wan and pallid cheek,
 And quiv'ring lip, to fancy seem to say,
 " A more than common Beggar we bespeak ;
 " A form that once has known a happier day."

Thy sightless orbs, and venerable beard,
And press'd, by weight of years, thy palsy'd head,
Tho' silent, speak with tongues that must be heard,
Nay, must command, if virtue be not dead.

Thy shatter'd, yet thine awe-inspiring form,
Shall give the village lads the soften'd soul,
To aid the victims of life's frequent storm,
And smooth the surges that around them roll ;

Teach them that poverty may merit shroud ;
And Teach, that virtue may from mis'ry spring ;
Flame like the lightning from the frowning cloud,
That spreads on nature's smile its raven wing.

O let me own the heart which pants to bless ;
That nobly scorns to hide the useless store ;
But looks around for objects of distress,
And triumphs in a sorrow for the poor !

When Heav'n on man is pleas'd its wealth to show'r,
Ah, what an envied bliss doth Heaven bestow !
To raise pale merit in her hopeless hour,
And lead despondence from the tomb of woe !

Lo ! not the little birds shall chirp in vain,
And, hovering round me, vainly court my care ;
While I possess the life-preserving grain,
Welcome, ye chirping tribe, to peck your share.

How can I hear your songs at spring's return,
And hear while summer spreads her golden store ;
Yet, when the gloom of winter bids you mourn,
Heed not the plaintive voice that charm'd before ?

Since Fortune, to my cottage not unkind,
Strews with some flowers the road of life for me,

Ah ! can humanity desert my mind ?
 Shall I not soften the rude flint for thee ?

Then welcome, Beggar, from the rains and snow,
 And warring elements, to warmth and peace ;
 Nay, thy companion, too, shall comfort know,
 Who shiv'ring shakes away the icy fleece.

And lo, he lays him by the fire, elate ;
 Now on his master turns his gladden'd eyes ;
 Leaps up to greet him on their change of fate,
 Licks his lov'd hand, and then beneath him lies.

A hut is mine, amidst a shelt'ring grove :
 A Hermit there, exalt to Heav'n thy praise ;
 There shall the village children show their love,
 And hear from thee the tales of other days.

There shall our feather'd friend, the bird of morn,
 Charm thee with orisons to opening day ;
 And there the redbreast, on the leafless thorn,
 At eve shall sooth thee with a simple lay.

When Fate shall call thee from a world of woe
 Thy friends around shall watch thy closing eyes ;
 With tears, behold thy gentle spirit go,
 And wish to join its passage to the skies.

SECTION III.

Adam's Morning Hymn.

THESE are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,

Thus wondrous fair ; Thyself how wondrous then !
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heav'ns,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these Thy lowest works ; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
 Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels ! for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing ; ye in heaven,
 On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater ; sound his praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies ;
 And ye five other 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 paints your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author rise ;
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncoloured sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers.

Rising or falling still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines
 With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
 Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs warbling, tune his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living souls ; ye birds,
 That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
 The earth, or stately tread, or lowly creep,
 Witness, if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
 Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still
 To give us only good ; and if the night
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

SECTION IV.

To the Mentory of an Unfortunate Lady.

WHAT beck'ning ghost along the moonlight shade
 Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade ?
 'Tis she !—But why that bleeding bosom gor'd ?
 Why dimly gleams the visionary sword ?
 Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly, tell
 Is it in Heaven a crime to love too well ?
 To bear too tender or too firm a heart,
 To act a lover's or a Roman's part ?
 Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
 For those who greatly think, or bravely die ?

Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs ! her soul aspire
 Above the vulgar flight of low desire ?

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes ;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods.
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage :
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lambs in sepulchres ;
Like Eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And close confin'd to their own palace sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below ;
So flew the soul to its congenial place ;
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood !
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
The cheeks now fading at the blast of death ;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if Eternal Justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children, fall :
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates ;
There passengers shall stand and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
" Lo ! these were they whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
'The gaze of fools, and pageants of a day !
So perish all whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe."

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade !)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid ?

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier :
 'By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd and by strangers mourn'd !
 What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
 Grieve for an hour perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances and the public show ;
 What though no weeping Love thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ;
 What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ;
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall blow ;
 While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot ;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee ;
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
 E'en he whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays ;
 Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart ;
 Life's idle bus'ness at one grasp be o'er,
 The muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more !

SECTION V.

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 enquire :

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 every link

Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail ;

Can every 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 bade 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!

SECTION VI.

An Elegy.

STILL shall unthinking man substantial deem
 The forms that fleet through life's deceitful dream?
 On clouds, where fancy's beam amusive plays,
 Shall heedless hope the towering fabric raise?
 Till at death's touch the fairy visions fly,
 And real scenes rush dismal on the eye;
 And from Elysium's balmy slumber torn
 The startled soul awakes, to think, and mourn.

O ye whose hours in jocund train advance,
 Whose spirits to the song of gladness dance,
 Who flowery vales in endless view survey
 Glittering in beams of visionary day;
 O, yet while Fate delays the impending wee,
 Be roused to thought, anticipate the blow;
 Lest, like the lightning's glance, the sudden ill
 Flash to confound, and penetrate to kill;
 Lest, thus encompass'd with funereal gloom,

Like me, ye bend o'er some untimely tomb,
Pour your wild rovings in night's frightened ear,
And half pronounce Heav'n's sacred doom severe.

Wise, beauteous, good! O every grace combin'd,
That charms the eye, or captivates the mind!
Fair as the floweret opening on the morn,
Whose leaves bright drops of liquid pearl adorn!
Sweet, as the downy-pinion'd gale, that roves
To gather fragrance in Arabian groves!
Mild, as the strains, that, at the close of day,
Warbling remote, along the vales decay!—
Yet, why with these compar'd? What tints so fine,
What sweetness, mildness, can be match'd with thine?
Why roam abroad? Since still, to fancy's eyes,
I see, I see thy lovely form arise.
Still let me gaze, and every care beguile,
Gaze on that cheek, where all the graces smile;
That soul-expressing eye, benignly bright,
Where meekness beams ineffable delight;
That brow, where wisdom sits enthron'd serene,
Each feature forms, and dignifies the mien.
Still let me listen, while her words impart
The sweet effusions of the blameless heart,
Till all my soul, each tumult charm'd away,
Yields, gently let, to virtue's easy sway.

By thee inspir'd, O Virtue, age is young,
And music warbles from the falt'ring tongue;
Thy ray creative cheers the clouded brow,
And decks the faded cheek with rosy glow,
Brightens the joyless aspect, and supplies
Pure heavenly lustre to the languid eyes;
But when youth's living bloom reflects thy beams,
Resistless on the view the glory streams,
Love, wonder, joy, alternately alarm,
And beauty dazzles with angelic charm.

Ah whither fled!—ye dear illusions stay—

Lo pale and silent lies the lovely clay.—
 How are the roses on that cheek decay'd,
 Which late the purple light of youth display'd !
 Health on her form each sprightly grace bestow'd :
 With life and thought each speaking feature glow'd.—
 Fair was the flower, and soft the vernal sky :
 Elate with hope, we deem'd no tempest nigh ;
 When lo, a whirlwind's instantaneous gust
 Left all its beauties withering in the dust.

All cold the hand, that sooth'd wo's weary head—
 And quench'd the eye, the pitying tear that shed !
 And mute the voice, whose pleasing accents stole,
 Infusing balm, into the rankled soul !
 O Death, why arm with cruelty thy power,
 And spare the idle weed, yet lop the flower !
 Why fly thy shafts in lawless error driven !
 Is virtue then no more the care of heaven !—
 But peace, bold thought, be still my bursting heart !
 We, not Eliza, felt the fatal dart.

Scaped the dark dungeon does the slave complain,
 Nor bless the hand that broke the galling chain ?
 Say, pines not Virtue for the lingering morn,
 On this dark wild condemn'd to roam forlorn ?
 Where Reason's meteor-rays, with sickly glow,
 O'er the dim gloom a dreadful glimmering throw ?
 Disclosing dubious to th' affrighted eye
 O'erwhelming mountains tottering from on high,
 Black billowy seas in storms perpetual toss'd,
 And weary ways in wild'ring labyrinths lost.
 O happy stroke that bursts the bonds of clay,
 Darts through the rending gloom the blaze of day,
 And wings the soul with boundless flight to soar,
 Where dangers threat, and fears alarm no more.

Transporting thought ! here let me wipe away
 The tear of grief, and wake a bolder lay,
 But ah ! the swimming eye o'erflows anew,

Nor check the sacred drops to pity due ;
 Lo, where in speechless, hopeless anguish, bend
 O'er her lov'd dust, the parent, brother, friend !
 How vain the hope of man !—But cease thy strain,
 Nor sorrow's dread solemnity profane ;
 Mix'd with yon drooping mourners, on her bier
 In silence shed the sympathetic tear.

SECTION VII.

The Hermit.

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 thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began ;
 No more with himself or with nature at war,
 He thought as a sage, while he felt as a man.

“ Ah why all abandon'd to darkness and wo,
 Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall ?
 For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
 And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthal.
 But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad 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 what 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,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn,
Kind Nature the embryo blossom will save.
But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!

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

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

SECTION VIII.

My Son.

TWICE has the sun commenced his annual round,
Since first thy footsteps tottered o'er the ground,
Since first thy tongue was tuned to bless mine ear,
By faltering out the name to fathers dear.
O! nature's language, with her looks combined,
More precious far than periods thrice refin'd!
O! sportive looks of love, devoid of guile,
I prize you more than Beauty's magic smile;
Yes, in that face, unconscious of its charm,
I gaze with bliss, unmingled with alarm.
Ah, no! full oft a leading horror flies
Athwart my fancy, uttering fateful cries.
Almighty Power! his harmless life defend,
And if we part, 'gainst me the mandate send.
And yet a wish will rise,—would I might live,
'Till added years his memory firmness give!
For O! it would a joy in death impart,
To think I still survived within his heart;
To think, he'll cast, midway the vale of years,
A retrospective look, bedimmed with tears;
And tell, regretful, how I looked and spoke;
What waifs I loved, where grew my favourite oak;
How gently I would lead him by the hand;
How gently use the accent of command;
What lore I taught him, roaming wood and wild,
And how the man descended to the child;
How well I loved with him, on Sabbath morn,
To hear the anthem of the vocal thorn;
To teach religion, unallied to strife,
And trace to him, the way, the truth, the life.

But, far and farther still my view I bend,—
And now I see a child thy steps attend ;—
To yonder church-yard wall thou tak'st thy way,
While round thee, pleased, thou seest the infant play ;
Then lifting him, while tears suffuse thine eyes,
Pointing thou tell'st him, *there thy grandsire lies.*

SECTION IX.

The Messiah—a Sacred Eclogue.

YE nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song :
To heavenly themes, sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains ; and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aëonian maids,
Delight no more.—O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !
Rapt into future times, the Bard begun :
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a son !
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies ;
Th' æthereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic dove.
Ye heavens ! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale ;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe ! be born.
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring :

See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies !
Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;
Prepare the way ! a God, a God appears !
A God, a God ! the vocal hills reply,
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies !
Sink down, ye mountains ! and ye valleys, rise !
With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay ;
Be smooth, ye rocks ! ye rapid floods, give way !
The Saviour comes ! by ancient Bards foretold :
Hear him, ye deaf ! and all ye blind, behold !
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day :
'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear :
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
In adamantinè chains shall Death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects ;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes :
Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er ;
'The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more ;

But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plough-share end.
 Then palaces shall rise ; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun ;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren deserts with surprize
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise ;
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods ;
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and stately box adorn ;
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs with wolves shall grace the verdant mead,
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead.
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd, the green lustre of their scales survey,
 And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise !
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes ;
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
 See barb'rous nations at thy gate attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temples bend ;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs !
 For thee Idume's spicy forests bow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.

See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day ;
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
O'erflow thy courts : the Light himself shall shine
Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away :
But fixed his word, his saving power remains ;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns !

SECTION X.

The Slave.

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

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

“ Ah, wretch ! ” in wild anguish, he cry'd,
“ From country and liberty torn !
Ah, Maratan, would thou hadst died,
Ere o'er the salt waves thou wert borne !

Through the groves of Angola I stray'd,
Love and Hope made my bosom their home,

There I talk'd with my favourite maid,
Nor dream'd of the sorrow to come.

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

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

" Flow, ye tears, down my cheeks ever flow,
Still let sleep from my eye-lids depart :
And still may the arrows of woe
Drink deep of the stream of my heart.

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

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

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

" Now sinking amidst the dim ray,
Her form seems to fade on my view ;

O! stay thee, my Adila stay,
She beckons, and I must pursue.

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

SECTION XI.

The Miseries of Royalty.

*O hard condition, and twin-born with greatness,
Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whose sense
No more can feel but his own wringing.
What infinite heart-ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy ? and what have kings
That privates have not too, save ceremony ?
And what art thou, thou idle ceremony ?
What kind of god art thou ? that suffer'st more
Of mortal griefs than do thy worshippers ?
What are thy rents ? what are thy comings-in ?
O, ceremony, shew me but thy worth :
What is thy soul of adoration ?
Art thou aught else, but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men ?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing ?
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poison'd flattery ? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation.
Will it give place to flexure and low-bending ?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it ?—no, thou proud dream,

That play'st so subtly with a king's repose,
 I am a king that find thee : and I know
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
 The farced title running 'fore the king.
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world ;
 No, not all these thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread,
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
 But like a 'lacquey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus ; and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium ; next day after dawn
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse ;
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour to his grave :
 And (but for ceremony) such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights of sleep,
 Hath the fore-hand and 'vantage of a king :
 'The slave, a member of the country's peace
 Enjoys it ; but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace ;
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

SECTION XII.

*Helvellyn,**An Elegy on the Death of Charles Gough.*

I climbed the dark brow of the mighty Helvellyn,
 Lakes and mountains beneath me gleamed misty and wide ;

All was still, save by fits, when the eagle was yelling,
And sartin' around me, the echoes replied.
On the right Striden-edge round the Red-tarn was
bending,
And Catchedicam its left verge was defending,
One huge nameless rock in the front was descending,
When I mark'd the sad spot where the wanderer had
died.

Dark green was that spot, mid the brown mountain
heather,
Where the pilgrim of Nature lay stretch'd in decay,
Like the corpse of an outcast, abandoned to weather,
Till the mountain winds wasted the tenantless clay:
Nor yet quite deserted, though lonely extended,
For, faithful in death, his mute favourite attended,
The much-lov'd remains of her master defended,
And chased the hill-fox and the raven away.

How long didst thou think that his silence was slumber?
When the wind waved his garment, how oft didst thou
start?
How many long days and long nights didst thou number,
Ere he faded before thee, the friend of thy heart?
And oh! was it meet that—no requiem read o'er him?
No mother to weep, and no friend to deplore him;
And thou, little guardian, alone stretched before him,
Unhonoured the pilgrim from life should depart?

When a prince to the fate of the peasant has yielded,
The tapestry waves dark round the dim lighted hall;
With scutcheons of silver the coffin is shielded,
And pages stand mute by the canopied pall;
Through the courts at deep midnight, the torches are
gleaming,
In the proudly arched chapel the banners are beaming,

Far adown the long aisle sacred music is streaming,
Lamenting a chief of the people should fall.

But meeter for thee, gentle lover of nature,
To lay down thy head like the meek mountain lamb,
When, wildered, he drops from some cliff huge in stature,
And draws his last sob by the side of his dam ;
And more stately thy couch by this desert lake lying,
Thy obsequies sung by the gay plover flying,
With one faithful friend but to witness thy dying,
In the arms of Helvellyn and Cathedicam.

SECTION XIII.

Hope at Death.

UNFADING Hope ! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !
Heav'n to thy charge resigns the awful hour !
Oh ! then, thy kingdom comes ! Immortal Power !
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin !
And all the phoenix spirit burns within !

Oh ! deep enchanting prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !
Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
It is a dread and awful thing to die !
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun !
Where Time's far wand'ring tide has never run,
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.

'Tis Heav'n's commanding trumpet, long and loud,
 Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud;
 While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust;
 And like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod
 The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God,
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss
 And shrieks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illumine
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb;
 Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll
 Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul!
 Fly, like the moon-ey'd herald of dismay,
 Chas'd on his night-steed by the star of day!
 The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes.
 Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,
 The noon of Heav'n undazzled by the blaze,
 On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,
 Float the sweet tones of star-born melody,
 Wild as that hallow'd anthem sent to hail
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,
 When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still
 Watch'd on the holy tow'rs of Zion hill!

Soul of the just! companion of the dead!
 Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?
 Back to its heavenly source thy being goes,
 Swift as the comet wheels to whence he rose;
 Doom'd on his airy path a while to burn,
 And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.—
 Hark! from the world's exploding centre driv'n,
 With sounds that shook the firmament of Heav'n,
 Careers the fiery giant, fast and far,
 On bick'ring wheels, and adamantine car;

From planet whirl'd to planet more remote,
 He visits realms beyond the reach of thought ;
 But, wheeling homeward, when his course is run,
 Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun !
 So hath the traveller of earth unfurl'd
 Her trembling wings, emerging from the world ;
 And o'er the path by mortal never trod,
 Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God !

PART III.

SELECT PIECES FOR RECITATION.

CHAPTER I.

DECLAMATORY PIECES.

SECTION I.

Douglas to Lord Randolph.

MY name is Norval : on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flock ;—a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord ;
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon, which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet filled her horns, when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled

For safety and for succour. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took; then hasted to my friends,
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps:—
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,
And, Heaven-directed, came this day, to do
The happy deed, that gilds my humble name.

SECTION II.

The Bishop of Carlisle's Speech in defence of K. Rich. II.

WORST in this royal presence may I speak,
Yet but beseeching me to speak the truth.
Would Heav'n, that any in this noble presence
Were enough noble to be upright judge
Of noble Richard; then true nobleness would
Teach him forbearance from so foul a wrong.
What subject can give sentence on a king?
And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to hear,
Although apparent guilt be seen in them:

And shall the finger of God's majesty,
 His captain, steward, deputy elect,
 Anointed, crown'd, planted many years,
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
 And he himself not present? O, forbid it, Heaven,
 That in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
 Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed!
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,
 Stirr'd up by Heaven thus boldly for his king:
 My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king:
 And if you crown him, let me prophesy—
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,
 And future ages groan for this foul act;
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and Infidels,
 And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
 Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound;
 Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.
 Oh! if you rear this house against this house,
 It will the woofullest division prove
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth.
 Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,
 Lest children's children cry against you—woe!

SECTION III.

Gloicester's Speech to the Nobles.

BRAVE peers of England, pillars of the state,
 To you Duke Humphry must unload his grief,
 Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
 What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
 His valour, coin, and people, in the wars?

Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, and Salisbury, victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy?
Or have mine uncle Beaufort and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long, sat in the council-house,
Early and late, debating to and fro,
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And was his highness, in his infancy,
Crowned in Paris, in despite of foes?
And shall these labours and these honours die?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our council, die?
O, peers of England, shameful is this league,
Fatal this marriage, cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

SECTION IV.

Prologue to Cato.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius and to mend the heart,
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be—what they behold,
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream through every age:

Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
 And, (foes to virtue)—wonder'd how they wept.
 Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move;
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love:
 In pitying love, we but our weakness show,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
 Here tears shall flow from a more generous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
 What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was:
 No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys,
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state!
 While Cato gives his little senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
 Who sees him act, but envy's every deed?
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
 Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
 Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
 As her dead father's rev'rend image pass'd,
 The pomp was darken'd and the day o'ercast,
 The triumph ceas'd—tears gushed from ev'ry eye,
 The world's great victor pass'd unheeded by;
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
 And honour'd Cæsar's less, than Cato's sword.
 Britons attend: Be worth like this approv'd,
 And show you have the virtue to be mov'd.

SECTION V.

*Rosamond and Ethelinda.**(Rosamond holding a letter in her hand.)*

No, Ethelinda—Never from that hour,
 That fatal hour when first I saw my hero,
 Saw him returning from the field of war,
 In manly beauty, flush'd with glorious conquest,
 Till our last grievous interview, did Henry
 Show word or look ungentle—Nay, even now,
 Here in the full distraction of his soul,
 O'er his strong woes soft tenderness prevails,
 And all the fondness of unbounded love.

Ethel. But what does he resolve?

Rosam. There Ethelinda,

He gives me fresh disquiet, frenzy seems
 To guide his wayward pen; he talks of life
 As of a load he wishes to lay down,
 If I persist in my unnatural purpose,
 For such he terms it. Canst thou think, my Henry,
 I suffer not affliction great as thine?
 Yes, let the present tumults in my breast
 Be witness how I struggle with affliction,
 Stand up and war with nature's strongest power,
 In duty and Religion's righteous cause.

Ethel. And must your gentleness abide such trials,
 Such hard extremity of wretchedness?
 Is there no middle course to steer?

Rosam. Forbear!

Seek not to tempt me from that proper sense
 Of my deep faults, which only can sustain me
 In this sore trial; to remit my fervour,
 Were to be lost again.

Ethel. He'll never consent
To yield you up, resign you to your woe,
Unfriended, unsustain'd, to heave alone
The bitter sigh and pour the unpitied tear.

Rosam. He says he will return to me, and soon;
Then paints the anguish of his bleeding heart,
In unconnected phrase and broken periods;
Adjures me, by our loves, no more to urge
The hard request on which his life depends.
Oh, did I ever think I could refuse
What Henry ask'd—but this—It must not be—
Lend me thy arm, my friend, a sudden faintness
Comes o'er me, and instinctive boadings whisper
I shall not long survive my Henry's loss.

—————In the grave alone
Can I find true repose, that quiet haven,
Whereto the wretched voyager in life,
Whose little helpless bark long time hath strove
'Gainst the rude beatings of tumultuous guilt,
Oft casts an ardent look, an eager wish,
To gain a shelter there from future storms.

Oh thou, that art all mercy,
Look down, indulgent, on the child of frailty;
With pity view her errors, and instruct her
How to obtain returning peace and pardon.

SECTION VI.

Orestes delivering his Embassy to Pyrrhus.

Ores. BEFORE I speak the message of the Greeks,
Permit me, Sir, to glory in the title
Of their ambassador; since I behold
Troy's vanquisher, and great Achilles' Son,
Nor does the son rise short of such a father.

If Hector fell by him, Troy fell by you.
But what your father never would have done,
You do. You cherish the remains of Troy;
And, by an ill-timed pity, keep alive
The dying embers of a ten year's war.
Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector?
The Greeks remember his high-brandish'd sword,
That fill'd their states with widows and with orphans;
For which they call for vengeance on his son.
Who knows what he may one day prove? who knows
But he may brave us in our ports; and, fill'd
With Hector's fury, set our fleets on blaze?
You may yourself live to repent your mercy.
Comply, then, with the Grecians' just demands:
Sate their vengeance and preserve yourself.

Pyr. The Greeks are for my safety more concern'd
Than I desire. I thought your kings were met
On more important counsel. When I heard
The name of their ambassador, I hop'd
Some glorious enterprise was taking birth.
Is Agamemnon's son despatch'd for this?
And do the Grecian chiefs, renown'd in war,
A race of heroes, join in close debate,
To plot an infant's death?—What right has Greece
To ask his life? Must I, must I alone,
Of all her scepter'd warriors, be deny'd
To treat my captive as I please? Know, prince,
When Troy lay smoking on the ground, and each
Proud victor shar'd the harvest of the war,
Andromache, and this her son, were mine;
Were mine by lot! and who shall wrest them from me?
Ulysses bore away old Priam's queen;
Cassandra was your own great father's prize:
Did I concern myself in what they won?
Did I send embassies to claim their captives?

Orest. But, sir, we fear for you and for ourselves.

Troy may again revive, and a new Hector
Rise in Astyanax. Then think betimes——

Pyr. Let dastard souls be timorously wise :
But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form
Far-fancy'd ills, and dangers out of sight.

Orest. Sir, call to mind the unrival'd strength of Troy ;
Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass,
Her kings, her heroes, and embattled armies !

Pyr. I call them all to mind ; and see them all
Confus'd in dust ; all mix'd in one wide ruin,
All but a child, and he in bondage held.—
What vengeance can we fear from such a Troy ?
If they have sworn t' extinguish Hector's race,
Why was their vow for twelve long months deferr'd ?
Why was he not in Priam's bosom slain ?
He should have fall'n among the slaughter'd heaps
Whelm'd under Troy. His death had then been just,
When age and infancy, alike in vain
Pleaded their weakness ; when the heat of conquest,
And horrors of the fight, rous'd all our rage,
And blindly hurried us through scenes of death.
My fury then was without bounds ; but now,
My wrath appeas'd, must I be cruel still,
And, deaf to all the tender calls of pity,
Like a cool murderer, bathe my hands in blood—
An infant's blood ?—No, prince—Go, bid the Greeks
Mark out some other victim ; my revenge
Has had its fill. What has escap'd from Troy
Shall not be sav'd to perish in Epirus.

Orest. I need not tell you, sir, Astyanax
Was doom'd to death in Troy ; nor mention how
The crafty mother sav'd her darling son :
The Greeks do now but urge their former sentence :
Nor is't the boy, but Hector they pursue ;
The father draws their vengeance on the son ;
The father, who so oft in Grecian blood

Has drench'd his sword : the father, whom the Greeks
May seek even here.—Prevent them, sir, in time.

Pyr. No ! let them come ; since I was born to wage
Eternal wars. Let them now turn their arms
On him, who conquer'd for them : let them come,
And in Epirus seek another Troy.

'Twas thus they recompens'd my godlike sire ;
Thus was Achilles thank'd. But, prince, remember,
Their black ingratitude then cost them dear.

Orest. Shall Greece then find a rebel son in Pyrrhus ?

Pyr. Have I then conquer'd to depend on Greece ?

Orest. Hermione will sway your soul to peace,
And mediate 'twixt her father and yourself :
Her beauty will enforce my embassy.

Pyr. Hermione may have her charms, and I
May love her still, though not her father's slave.
I may in time give proofs that I am a lover ;
But never must forget that I'm a king.
Meanwhile, Sir, you may see fair Helen's daughter :
I know how near in blood you stand allied.
That done, you have my answer, prince. The Greeks,
No doubt, expect your quick return.

CHAPTER II.

ARGUMENTATIVE AND PATHETIC PIECES.

SECTION I.

The Speech of Edward the Black Prince.

COUNTRYMEN,
We're here assembled for the toughest fight,

That ever strain'd the force of English arms;
 See yon wide field, with glitt'ring numbers gay!
 Vain of their strength, they challenge us for slaves,
 And bid us yield their pris'ners at discretion.
 If there's an Englishman among ye all,
 Whose soul can basely truckle to such bondage,
 Let him depart: For me, I swear, by heav'n
 By my great fathers' soul, and by my fame,
 My country ne'er shall pay a ransom for me!
 Nor will I stoop to drag out life in bondage,
 And take my pittance from a Frenchman's hands:
 This I resolve, and hope, brave countrymen,
 Ye all resolve the same.

I see the gen'rous indignation rise,
 That soon will shake the boasted pow'r of France:
 Their monarch trembles 'midst his gaudy train,
 To think the troops he now prepares to meet,
 Are such as never faint'd yet with toil.
 They're such as yet no pow'r on earth could awe,
 No army baffle, and no town withstand:
 Heav'n's! with what pleasure, with what love I gaze,
 In ev'ry face to view his father's greatness!
 Those fathers, those undaunted fathers, who,
 In Gallic blood have often dy'd their swords.
 'Those fathers, who in Cyprus wrought such feats,
 Who taught the Syracusans to submit,
 'Tam'd the Calabrians, the fierce Saracens,
 And have subdued, in many a stubborn fight,
 The Palestinean warriors. Scotland's fields,
 That have so oft been drench'd with native gore,
 Bear noble record; and the fertile isle
 Of fair Hibernia, by their swords subjected,
 An ample tribute and obedience pays.
 On her high mountains, Wales receiv'd their laws,
 And the whole world has witness'd to their glory.

View all yon glitt'ring grandeur as your spoils,

The sure reward of this day's victory:
 Strain every faculty, and let your minds,
 Your hopes, your ardours, reach their utmost bounds;
 Follow your standards, with a fearless spirit;
 Follow the great examples of your sires;
 Follow, in me, your brother, prince and friend.
 Draw, fellow-soldiers, catch the inspiring flame;
 We fight for England, liberty, and fame.

SECTION II.

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 pangs of despis'd love, the laws 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 undiscovered 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 sickly'd 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.

SECTION III.

Brutus's Soliloquy on killing Cæsar.

It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him;
But for the general. 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: and 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 upward 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.

SECTION IV.

Cato's Soliloquy upon the Immortality of the Soul.

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality ?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us ;
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity ! thou pleasing,—dreadful thought !
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me ;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue ;
And that which he delights in, must be happy.
But when ? or where ?—This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Thus am I 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 matter, and the crush of worlds.

SECTION V.

Hamlet and Captain.

Ham. Good Sir, whose powers are these ?

Capt. They are of Norway, Sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you ?

Capt. Against some part of Poland, Sir.

Ham. Who commands them, Sir ?

Capt. The nephew of old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it against the main of Poland, Sir,
 Or for some frontier ?

Capt. Truly to speak it, and with no addition,
 We go to gain a little patch of ground,
 That has in it no profit but the name.

To pay five ducats—five, I would not farm it ;
 Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
 A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Capt. Yes, 'tis already garrison'd.

Ham. Two thousand souls, and twenty thousand ducats,
 Will not debate the question of this straw :
 This is the imposthume of much wealth and peace,
 That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
 Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, Sir.

Capt. God be wi'ye, Sir.

[*Exit Captain.*]

Ham. How all occasions do inform against me,
 And spur my dull revenge ! What is a man,
 If his chief good, and market of his time,
 Be but to sleep and feed ? a beast ; no more.
 Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and god-like reason
 To rust in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
 Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
 Of thinking too precisely on the event,—
 (A thought, which quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
 And ever, three parts coward)—I do not know,
 Why yet I live to say, " This thing's to do ;"
 Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means,
 To do't. Examples, gross as earth, exhort me :
 Witness this army, of such mass and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender prince ;
 Whose spirit with divine ambition puff'd
 Makes mouths at the invisible event ;
 Exposing what is mortal, and unsure,
 To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
 Even for an egg-shell. Rightly, to be great
 Is not to stir without great argument ;
 But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
 When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
 That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
 (Excitements of my reason and my blood),
 And let all sleep ? While, to my shame, I see
 Th' imminent death of twenty thousand men,
 That, for a phantasy, and trick of fame,
 Go to their graves like beds ! fight for a plot,
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
 Which is not tomb enough, and continent,
 To hide the slain.—O then, from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth !

SECTION VI.

Jaffier and Pierre.

Jaff. By heaven, you stir not.

I must be heard ; I must have leave to speak.

Thou hast disgrac'd me, Pierre, by a vile blow :

Had not a dagger done thee nobler justice ?

But use me as thou wilt, thou canst not wrong me :

For I am fallen beneath the basest injuries :

Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy ;

With pity and with charity behold me ;

Shut not thy heart against a friend's repentance ;

But, as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,

Listen with mildness to my supplications.

Pier. What whining monk art thou ? what holy cheat,

That would'st encroach upon my credulous ears,

And cant'st thus vilely ? Hence ! I know thee not.

Jaff. Not know me, Pierre ?

Pier. No, I know thee not ; what art thou ?

Jaff. Jaffier, thy friend, thy once lov'd, valu'd friend !

Though now deserv'dly scorn'd, and us'd most hardly.

Pier. Thou Jaffier ! thou my once lov'd, valu'd friend !

By heavens, thou ly'st. The man, so call'd my friend,

Was gen'rous, honest, faithful, just, and valiant,—

Noble in mind, and in his person lovely,—

Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart :

But thou, a wretched, base, false, worthless coward,—

Poor even in soul, and loathsome in thy aspect ;

All eyes must shun thee, and all hearts detest thee.

Rithee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,

Like something baneful, that my nature's chill'd at.

Jaff. I have not wrong'd thee, by these tears I have

not ;

But still am honest, true, and hope too, valiant :
 My mind still full of thee, therefore still noble.
 Let not thy eyes then shun me, nor thy heart
 Detest me utterly : Oh ! look upon me,
 Look back, and see my sad sincere submission !
 How my heart swells, as e'en 'twould burst my bosom,
 Fond of its goal, and lab'ring to be at thee.
 What shall I do, what say, to make thee hear me ?

Pier. Hast thou not wrong'd me? dar'st thou call thy-
 self

That once lov'd, valu'd friend of mine,
 And swear thou hast not wrong'd me? Whence these
 chains ?

Whence the vile death, which I may meet next moment ?
 Whence this dishonour, but from thee, thou false one ?

Jaff. All's true ; yet grant one thing, and I've done
 asking.

Pier. What's that ?

Jaff. To take thy life on such conditions
 The council have propos'd : Thou and thy friends,
 May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pier. Life ! ask my life ! confess ! record myself
 A villain for the privilege to breathe,
 And carry up and down this cursed city
 A discontented and repining spirit,
 Burdensome to itself, a few years longer,
 To lose it, may-be at last, in a lewd quarrel
 For some new friend, treacherous and false as thou art !
 No ! this vile world and I have long been jangling,
 And cannot part on better terms than now,
 When only men like thee are fit to live in't.

Jaff. By all that's just——

Pier. Swear by some other powers,
 For thou hast broke that sacred oath too lately.

Jaff. Then by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee,

Till to thyself at least thou'rt reconcil'd,
However thy resentment deal with me.

Pier. Not leave me!

Jaff. No; thou shalt not force me from thee:
Use me reproachfully, and like a slave,—
Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head,—I'll bear it all with patience:
I'll weary out thy most friendly cruelty,—
Lie at thy feet, and kiss 'em, though they spurn me;
Till, wounded by my suff'rings, thou relent,
And raise me to thy arms with dear forgiveness.

Pier. Art thou not——

Jaff. What?

Pier. A traitor?

Jaff. Yes.

Pier. A villain?

Jaff. Granted.

Pier. A coward, a most scandalous coward,
Spiritless, void of honour, one who has sold
Thy everlasting fame for shameless life?

Jaff. All, all, and more, much more; my faults are
numberless.

Pier. And would'st thou have me live on terms like
thine,

Base as thou'rt false——

Jaff. No; 'tis to me that's granted:
The safety of thy life was all I aim'd at,
In recompense for faith and trust so broken.

Pier. I scorn it more, because preserv'd by thee:
And as when first my foolish heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, sought thee in thy miseries,
Reliev'd thy wants, and rais'd thee from thy state
Of wretchedness, in which thy fate had plung'd thee,
To rank thee in my list of noble friends.—
All I receiv'd, in surety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,

Given with a worthless pledge, thou since hast stol'n :
 So I restore it back to thee again,—
 Swearing by all these pow'rs which thou hast violated,
 Never, from this curs'd hour, to hold communion,
 Friendship, or int'rest, with thee, though our years
 Were to exceed those limited the world.
 Take it—Farewell ; for now I owe thee nothing.

Jaff. Say thou wilt live then.

Pier. For my life, dispose of it
 Just as thou wilt, because 'tis what I'm tir'd with.

Jaff. Oh Pierre !

Pier. No more.

Jaff. My eyes won't lose the sight of thee,
 But languish after thine, and ache with gazing.

Pier. Leave me——Nay, then thus, thus I throw thee
 from me ;
 And curses, great as is thy falsehood, catch thee.

SECTION VII.

Lucia and Marcia.

Luc. MARCIA, you're too severe :
 How could you chide the young good natur'd prince,
 And drive him from you with so stern an air ;
 A prince that loves and doats on you to death ?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, Lucia, that I chide him from me,
 His air, his voice, his looks, and honest soul,
 Speak all so movingly in his behalf,
 I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a passion,
 And steel your heart to such a world of charms ?

Mar. How, Lucia, wouldst thou have me sink away
 In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,
 When every moment Cato's life's at stake ?

Cæsar comes arm'd with terror and revenge,
And aims his thunder at my father's head :
Should not the sad occasion swallow up
My other cares, and draw them all into it ?

Luc. Why have I not this constancy of mind,
Who have so many griefs to try its force ?
Sure, nature form'd me of her softest mould,
Enfeebled all my soul with tender passions,
And sunk me ev'n below mine own weak sex,
Pity, and love, by turns oppress my heart.

Mar. Lucia, disburden all thy cares on me,
And let me share thy most retir'd distress ;
Tell me who raises up this conflict in thee ?

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

Mar. They both behold thee with their sister's eyes,
And often have reveal'd their thoughts to me :
But tell me whose address thou fav'rest most ;
I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it Marcia wishes for ?

Mar. For neither—

And yet for both—the youths have equal share
In Marcia's wishes, and divide their sister :
But tell me which of them is Lucia's choice ?

Luc. Marcia, they both are high in my esteem ;
But in my love—why wilt thou make me name him ?
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what —

Mar. O, Lucia, I'm perplex'd ; O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy brother !

Luc. Suppose 'twere Portius, could you blame my
choice ?

—O Portius, thou hast stol'n away my soul !
With what a graceful tenderness he loves !
And breathes the softest, the sincerest vows !
Complacency, and truth, and manly sweetness,

Dwell ever on his tongue, and smooth his thoughts.
 Marcus is over warm ; his fond complaints
 Have so much earnestness and passion in them,
 I hear him with a secret kind of horror,
 And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Mar. Alas, poor youth ! how canst thou throw him
 from thee !

Lucia, thou know'st not half the love he bears thee !
 Whene'er he speaks of thee, his heart's in flames,
 He sends out all his soul in ev'ry word ;
 And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.
 Unhappy youth ! how will thy coldness raise
 Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom !
 I dread the consequence.

Luc. You seem to plead
 Against your brother Portius.

Mar. Heav'n forbid !
 Had Portius been the unsuccessful lover,
 The same compassion would have fall'n on him.

Luc. Was ever virgin-love distress'd like mine !
 Portius himself oft falls in tears before me,
 As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success ;
 Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,
 Nor show which way it turns. So much he fears
 The sad effects, that it would have on Marcus.

Mar. He knows too well how easily he's fir'd,
 And would not plunge his brother in despair,
 But waits for happier times and kinder moments.

Luc. Alas ! too late I find myself involv'd
 In endless griefs, and labyrinths of woe ;
 Born to afflict my Marcia's family,
 And sow dissension in the hearts of brothers,
 Tormenting thought ! it cuts into the soul.

Mar. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows,
 But to the gods submit th' event of things.
 Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,

May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours:

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heav'n in its fair bosom shows.

CHAPTER III.

PIECES OF VEHEMENT PASSION.

SECTION I.

Lear.

BLOW, winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks!
You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Singe my white head. And thou, all shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world!
Crack nature's mould, all germins spill at once
That make ungrateful man!

Rumble thy belly full, spit fire, spout rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
I tax not you, ye elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdoms, call'd you children;
You owe me no subscription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleasure.—Here I stand your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man;
But yet I call you servile ministers,

That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high-engender'd battles, 'gainst a head,
So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul.

Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhipp'd of justice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand,
Thou perjure, and thou similar of virtue,
That art incestuous! Caitiff, shake to pieces,
That, under cover of convivial seeming,
Has practis'd on man's life—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and ask
Those dreadful summoners grace!——I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning.

SECTION II.

Antony's Soliloquy over Cæsar's Body.

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.
Woe 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 these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry, *Havock*, and let slip the dogs of war.

SECTION III.

Henry V. to his Soldiers.

WHAT'S he that wishes for more men from England ?
My cousin Westmoreland ? No, my fair cousin,
If we are mark'd to diè, we are enow
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
Heav'n's will ! I pray thee wish not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous of gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost ;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires :
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive.
No, good, my lord, wish not a man from England :
Heav'n's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would share from me,
For the best hopes I have. Doh't wish one more :
Rather proclaim it (Westmoreland) throughout my host,
That he who hath no stomach to this fight,
May straight depart ; his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian :
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand on tip-toe when this day is nam'd,

And rouse him at the name of Crispian :
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, To-morrow is Saint Crispian :
Then will he strip his sleeve, and show his scars.
Old men forget ; yet shall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household-words,
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Glo'ster,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son :
And Crispin's Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remember'd !
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers :
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.
And gentlemen in England, now in bed,
Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here ;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speak,
That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day.

SECTION IV.

Marcellus's Speech to the Mob. in Julius Cæsar.

WHEREFORE rejoice ? That Cæsar comes in triumph !
What conquest brings he home ?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels ?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !
O you hard hearts ! you cruel men of Rome !

Knew you not Pompey ! Many a time and oft
 Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
 To towers and windows ; yea, to chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The live-long day with patient expectation,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome ;
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made an universal shout,
 That Tyber trembl'd underneath his banks
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in his concave shores ?
 And do you now put on your best attire ?
 And do you now cull out a holiday ?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
 Be gone——
 Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague,
 That needs must light on this ingratitude.

SECTION V.

Zanga, in the Tragedy of the Revenge.

O joy, thou welcome stranger ! twice three years
 I have not felt thy vital beam ; but now
 It warms my veins, and plays around my heart :
 A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground.
 And I could count—the spirits numberless
 Of my dear countrymen, which yesterday
 Left their poor bleeding bodies on the field,
 Are all assembled here, and o'er-inform me—
 O bridegroom ! great indeed thy present bliss ;
 Yet ev'n by me unenvy'd : for be sure
 It is thy last, thy last smile, that which now

Sits on thy cheek : enjoy it while thou may'st ;
Anguish, and groans, and death, bespeak to-morrow.
Thus far my deep-laid plots and dark designs
Go well——

——Ah ! what is well ? O pang to think !
O dire necessity ! Is this my province ?
Whither, my soul, ah ! whither art thou sunk
Beneath thy sphere ? Ere while, far, far above
Such little arts, dissemblings, falsehoods, frauds,
The trash of villany itself, which falls
To cowards and poor wretches wanting bread,
Does this become a soldier ? this become
Whom armies follow'd, and a people lov'd ?
My martial glory withers at the thought :
But great my end ; and since there are no other,
These means are just, they shine with borrow'd light,
Illustrious from the purpose they pursue.

And greater sure my merit, who, to gain
A point sublime, can such a task sustain ;
To wade through ways obscene, my honour bend,
And shock my nature to attain my end.
Late time shall wonder ; that my joys will raise ;
For wonder is involuntary praise.

SECTION VI.

Faulconbridge and King John.

Faul. All Kent hath yielded ; nothing there holds out
But Dover castle : London hath receiv'd,
Like a kind host, the Dauphin and his powers,
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer service to your enemy ;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.

K. John. Would not my lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?

Faul. They found him dead, and cast into the streets—
An empty casket, where the jewel, life,
By some curs'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.

K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live!

Faul. So on my soul he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?
Be great in act as you have been in thought:
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.
Away, and glitter like the god of war
When he intended to become the field;
Show boldness and aspiring confidence.
What! shall they seek the lion in his den,
And fight him there, and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be said! Forage, and run
To meet displeasure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him ere he come so nigh,

K. John. The Legatè of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to dismiss the powers
Led by the Dauphin.

Faul. Oh inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play orders, and make compromise,
Insinuation, parley, and base truce,
To arms invasive? Shall a beardless boy,
A cocker'd silken wanton, brave our fields,
And flesh his spirit in a warlike soil,

Mocking the air with colours idly spread,
And find no check? Let us, my Liege, to arms:
Perchance the Cardinal can't make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at least be said,
They saw we had a purpose of defence.

K. John. Have thou the ordering of this present time.

Faul. Away then, with good courage; yet I know
Our party may well meet a prouder foe.

SECTION VII.

Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. THAT you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this;
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter (praying on his side,
Because I knew the man) was slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
That ev'ry nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know, that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, be assur'd, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement!——

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us

That struck the foremost man of all this world,
 But for supporting robbers ; shall we now
 Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
 And sell the mighty meed of our large honours,
 For so much trash, as may be grasped thus ?
 I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
 Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
 I'll not endure it ; you forget yourself,
 To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,
 Older in practice, abler than yourself
 To make conditions.

Bru. Go to ; you are not Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself——
 Have mind upon your health——tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is't possible ?——

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
 Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?

Shall I be frightened when a madman stares ?

Cas. O gods ! ye gods ! must I endure all this ?

Bru. All this ? ay more. Fret till your proud heart
 break ;

And make your bondmen tremble ; Must I budge ?

Must I observe you ? must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour ? Never, Cassius !

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Though it do split you ; for, from this day forth,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,

When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this ?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier ;

Let it appear so ; make your vaunting true,

And it shall please me well. For mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me ev'ry way—you wrong me
Brutus;

I said an elder soldier; not a better.

Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd
me.

Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not!

Bru. No.

Cas. What! durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do what I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats:

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me, as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me;

For I can raise no money by vile means;

No, Cassius, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,

By any indirection. I did send

To you for gold to pay my legions,

Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?

When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,

To lock such rascal counters from his friends,

Be ready, gods! with all your thunderbolts,

Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not—he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my
heart.

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not. Still you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they did appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony! and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd by a bondman; all his faults observ'd
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast—within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
If that thou needst a Roman's, take it forth:
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him
better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a man,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Who much inforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,

When grief, and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too. [Embracing.]

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

SECTION VIII.

Sysigambis and Statira

Stat. O for a dagger, a draught of poison, flames!
Swell heart, break, break thou wretched stubborn thing.
Now, by the sacred fire, I'll not be held:
Pray give me leave to walk.

Sysi. Is there no reverence to my person due?
Trust me Statira, had thy father liv'd,
Darius wou'd have heard me.

Stat. ————— O 'he's false!
This glorious man, this wonder of the world,
Is to his love, and ev'ry god forsworn.
O I have heard him breathe such ardent vows,
Out-weep the morning with his dewy eyes,
And sigh and swear the list'ning stars away!

Sysi. Believe not rumour, 'tis impossible,
Thy Alexander is renown'd for truth;
Above deceit—

Stat. ————— Away, let me die.
'Twas but my fondness, 'twas my easy nature

Would have excus'd him—but away such weakness.
 Are not his falsehoods, and Statira's wrongs,
 A subject canvass'd in the mouth of millions?
 The babbling world can talk of nothing else.
 Why, Alexander, why wouldst thou deceive me!
 Have I not lov'd thee, cruel as thou art!
 Have I not kiss'd thy wounds with dying fondness,
 Bath'd them in tears and bound them with my hair!
 Whole nights I've sat and watch'd thee as a child,
 Lull'd thy fierce pains, and sung thee to repose.

Sysi. If man can thus renounce the solemn ties
 Of sacred love, fidelity and truth,
 Who would regard his vows?

Stat. Regard his vows, the monster, traitor! Oh
 I will forsake the haunts of men, converse
 No more with ought that's human; dwell with darkness;
 For since the sight of him is now unwelcome,
 What has the world to give Statira joy?
 Yet I must tell thee, perjur'd as he is,
 Not the soft breezes of the genial spring,
 The fragrant violet, or op'ning rose,
 Are half so sweet as Alexander's breath:
 Then he will talk—good heav'ns how he will talk!—
 He speaks the kindest words, and looks such things,
 Vows with such passion—
 That it is heav'n to be deluded by him.
 —Roxana then enjoys my perjur'd love;
 Dotes on my conqu'ror, my dear lord, my king.
 Oh 'tis too much! Alas I cannot bear it!
 I'll die, or rid me of the burning torture.
 Hear me, bright god of day, hear ev'ry god—

Sysi. Take heed, Statira; weigh it well, my child,
 Ere desperate love inforces you to swear.

Stat. O fear not that, already have I weigh'd it;
 And in the presence here of Heav'n and you,
 Renounce all converse with perfidious man.

Farewell, ye cozeners of our easy sex!
 And thou the falsest of the faithless kind,
 Farewell for ever! O farewell! farewell!
 If I but mention him the tears will flow.
 How couldst thou, cruel, wrong a heart like mine,
 Thus fond, thus doating, ev'n to madness, on thee.

Sysig. Clear up thy griefs, thy Alexander comes,
 Triumphant in the spoils of conquer'd India,
 This day the hero enters Babylon.

Stat. Why let him come: all eyes will gaze with rap-
 ture;

All hearts will joy to see the victor pass,
 All but the wretched, the forlorn Statira.

I swear, and Heav'n be witness to my vow, (*Kneels.*)
 Never from this sad hour, never to see,
 Nor speak, no, nor, if possible, to think
 Of Alexander more: this is my vow,
 And when I break it——

May I again be perjur'd and deluded!
 May furies rend my heart! may lightnings blast me!

Sysig. Recall, my child, the dreadful imprecation.

Stat. No, I will publish it through all the court;
 Then to the bow'rs of great Semiramis,
 Retire for ever from the treacherous world.
 There from man's sight will I conceal my woes,
 And seek in solitude a calm repose:
 Nor pray'rs, nor tears shall my resolves control,
 Nor love itself, that tyrant of the soul.

SECTION IX.

Vanoc and Valens.

Van. Now, Tribune:——

Val. Health to Vanoc.

Van. Speak your business.

Val. I come not as a herald, but a friend :
And I rejoice that Didius chose out me,
To greet a prince, in my esteem the foremost.

Van. So much for words.—Now to your purpose,
Tribune.

Val. Sent by our new lieutenant, who in Rome
And since from me has heard of your renown,
I come to offer peace ; to reconcile
Past enmities ; to strike perpetual league
With Vanoc ; whom our emperor invites
To terms of friendship ; strictest bonds of union.

Van. We must not hold a friendship with the Roman.

Val. Why must you not ?

Van. Virtue forbids it.

Val. Once

You thought our friendship was your greatest glory.

Van. I thought you honest.—I have been deceiv'd.—
Would you deceive me twice ? No, Tribune ; no !
You sought for war,—maintain it as you may.

Val. Believe me, prince, your vehemence of spirit,
Prone ever to extremes, betrays your judgment.
Would you once coolly reason on our conduct——

Van. Oh, I have scann'd it thoroughly—Night and
day

I think it over, and I think it base ;
Most infamous ! let who will judge—but Romans.
Did not my wife, did not my menial servant,
Seducing each the other, both conspire
Against my crown, against my fame, my life ?
Did they not levy war, and wage rebellion ?
And when I would assert my right and power
As king and husband, when I would chastise
Two most abandon'd wretches—who but Romans
Oppos'd my justice, and maintain'd their crimes ?

Val. At first the Romans did not interpose

But griev'd to see their best allies at variance.
Indeed, when you turn'd justice into rigour,
And even that rigour was pursu'd with fury,
We undertook to mediate for the queen,
And hop'd to moderate——

Van. To moderate!—

What would you moderate?—my indignation;
The just resentment of a virtuous mind?
To mediate for the queen!—You undertook!
Wherein concern'd it you? But as you love
To exercise your insolence! Are you
To arbitrate my wrongs? Must I ask leave,
Must I be taught, to govern my own household?
Am I then void of reason and of justice?
When in my family offences rise,
Shall strangers, saucy intermeddlers, say,
Thus far, and thus you are allow'd to punish?
When I submit to such indignities;
When I am tam'd to that degree of slavery——
Make me a citizen, a senator of Rome,
To watch, to live upon the smile of Claudius;
To give my wife and children to his pleasures,
To sell my country with my voice for bread.

Val. Prince, you insult upon this day's success.
You may provoke too far—but I am cool—
I give your answer scope.

Van. Who shall confine it?—

The Romans?—Let them rule their slaves—I blush,
That, dazzled in my youth with ostentation,
The trappings of the men seduc'd my virtue.

Val. Blush, rather, that you are a slave to passion;
Subservient to the wildness of your will;
Which, like a whirlwind, tears up all your virtues,
And gives you not the leisure to consider.
Did not the Romans civilize you?——

Van. No. They brought new customs and new vices
over,

Taught us more arts than honest men require,
And gave us wants that nature never knew.

Val. We found you naked——

Van. And you found us free.—

Val. Would you be temperate once, and hear me out.

Van. Speak things that honest men may hear with
temper;

Speak the plain truth, and varnish not your crimes.

Say that you once were virtuous—long ago

A frugal hardy people, like the Britons,

Before you grew thus elegant in vice,

And gave your luxuries the name of virtues.

The civilizers!—the disturbers say;—

The robbers, the corrupters of mankind,—

Proud vagabonds!—who make the world your home,
And lord it where you have no right.

What virtue have you taught?

Val. Humanity.

Van. Oh, patience!

Val. Can you disown a truth confess'd by all?

A praise, a glory known in barbarous climes?

For as our legions march they carry knowledge,

The arts, the laws, the discipline of life.

Our conquests are indulgences, and we

Not masters, but protectors of mankind.

Van. Prevaricating, false, most courteous tyrants;—

Romans! Rare patterns of humanity!

Come you then here, thus far through waves to conquer,

To waste, to plunder out of mere compassion?

Is it humanity that prompts you on

To ravage the whole earth, to burn, destroy?

To raise the cry of widows and of orphans?

To lead in bonds the generous free-born princes,

Who spurn, who fight against your tyranny?

Happy for us, and happy for you spoilers,
Had your humanity ne'er reach'd our world—
It is a virtue—(so it seems you call it)
A Roman virtue that has cost you dear :—
And dearer shall it cost if Vanoc lives.—
Or if we die we shall leave those behind us
Who know the worth of British liberty.

Val. I mean not to reproach your ancestors,
Untaught, uncultivated as they were,
Inhospitable, fiery, and ferocious ;
Lions in spirit, cruel beyond men ;
Your altars reeking oft with human blood :
Nor will I urge you further on your merits.
I come instructed, Sir, to offer peace,—
The peace that Didius offers, Valens sues for ;
Propose your terms, and you will find me forward
To win the Roman General to compliance,
And to deserve once more the name of friend.

Van. Deliver up the queen, send back my daughter
This done we may be brought to treat of peace.

Val. Therein the dignity, the faith of Claudius,
Would highly suffer.

Van. Is then the dignity,
The faith of Claudius, founded on injustice ?
Is it his glory to protect a trait'ress,
A base, a profligate, adulterous woman ?
Fit emperor indeed to govern Romans !

Val. Yet after this you married Cartismand.

Van. I was ambitious,—that I learn'd from you.
That I did wed with treachery, and was a friend
To Romans, is the whole reproach of Vanoc.
But they and she combin'd have clear'd my honour,
And when I stain it by forgiving either,
Let my own subjects brand me for a coward.

Val. Talk not of honour, prince, an empty sound,
The vaunting of a Briton in his choler !—

To me at least you should have spar'd the boast:
 You can renounce your word, we know, at pleasure,
 Forget past services, worn marks of kindness;
 Then quarrel with your friends to free the debt,
 And sacrifice all faith to your resentments.

Van. This accusation I can hear unmov'd,
 It sullies not my soul, nor taints my fame.
 It is a slander—I expect no better.

Val. Do I calumniate? ungrateful Vanoc,
 Perfidious prince! Is it a calumny
 To say that Gowendolen, betroth'd to Yvor,
 Was by her father first assur'd to Valens?
 By solemn promises you made her mine,
 And I, by faithful services, deserv'd her.
 What have I done to merit this injustice?

Van. My daughter!—No!—
 Were it to save her life, she should not wed
 A Roman.—

Val. Then hear me, proud Cornavian!—
 Unthinking, prince, I take you at your word;
 Nor shall you forfeit it a second time.
 She shall not wed, she shall not be a wife,
 But she shall be a slave; and to a Roman!
 The wretched mother shall she be of slaves,
 And live to curse her offspring and her father!
 I will not ask your leave to use my captive
 As I please:—She is my right; my property.
 We thank you that there needs no farther courtship.
 I can command her, and she must comply.
 Fortune is just:—what you refuse, she gives,
 And Vanoc suffers for his breach of promise.

Van. Hence, menacer!—nor tempt me into rage.—
 This roof protects thy rashness; but begone.
 I cannot answer for my indignation.
 If thou should'st dare to violate my child,
 Or bat pollute her cheek with one rude kiss,

What heavy vengeance shall I not require!—
 Nor man nor woman, nor the new-born infant,
 Nor any thing that's Roman will I spare;
 But in the bitterness of wrath destroy.
 And for thy lewd ill-manner'd threats, remember,
 That I henceforward do abjure all peace:
 Nor shall you buy my friendship with your empire.
 Away!—Alan, conduct the tribune forth:—
 And let him pass unquestion'd. [Exit.

Val. The king is much incens'd,—alas! he knows not
 How far a lover's tongue belies his heart!—
 Mine are fond menaces; the throes of love.

O Gowendolen, amidst thy charms secure,
 Still dost thou reign, whatever I endure
 Thy beauty and thy innocence combin'd,
 At once inflame and overawe my mind.

CHAPTER IV.

PIECES OF SYMPATHY AND TENDERNESS.

SECTION I.

Henry the IV's Soliloquy on Sleep.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep! O gentle sleep!
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,

And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile,
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case to a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge?
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slipp'ry shrouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy, in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and the stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy lowly clown!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SECTION II.

Cato's Speech on the Death of his Son.

THANKS to the gods,—my boy has done his duty!
Welcome, my son! Here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
—How beautiful is death when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? What pity is it,
That we can die but once to serve our country!
Alas! my friends,
Why mourn you thus? Let not a private loss

Afflict your hearts : 'tis Rome requires our tears,
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free—Rome is no more !
O liberty ! O virtue ! O my country !

Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdu'd,
The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Cæsar's.
For him the self-devoted Decii dy'd,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd ;
Ev'n Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh, my friends,
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire, fall'n ! O curst ambition !
Fall'n into Cæsar's hands ! Our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

Farewell, my friends ! If there be any of you
Who dare to trust the victor's clemency,
Know there are ships prepar'd by my command,
Their sails already opening to the winds,
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you ?
The conqueror draws near ;—once more farewell !
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,
Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,
Though still by faction, vice, and fortune crost,
Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.

SECTION III.

Soliloquy of the King in Hamlet.

O my offence is rank, it smells to heav'n !
 It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't—
 A brother's murder !——Pray I cannot ;
 Though inclination be as sharp as 'twill,
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent ;
 And, like a man to double bus'ness bound,
 I stand and pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What, if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'n's
 To wash it white as snow ? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence ?
 And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,
 To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being down ? Then I'll look up.
 My fault is past.—But oh ! what form of pray'r
 Can serve my turn ? Forgive me my foul murder !
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence ?
 In the corrupted currents of this world
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice ;
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law. But 'tis not so above :
 There, is no shuffling ; there the action lies
 In its true nature, and we ourselves compell'd,
 Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then ? what rests ?
 Try what repentance can : what can it not ?

Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 Oh wretched state! oh bosom black as death!
 Oh limed soul, that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd! Help, angels! make assay!
 Bow, stubborn knees! and heart, with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
 All, all may yet be well.

SECTION IV.

Scroop and King Richard.

Scroop. MORE health and happiness betide my liege
 Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. Rich. My ear is open and my heart prepar'd;
 The worst is worldly loss thou canst unfold.
 Say, is my kingdom lost? Why 'twas my care;
 And what loss is it to be rid of care?
 Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
 Greater he shall not be; if he serves God,
 We'll serve him too, and be his fellow so.
 Revolt our subjects? That we cannot mind;
 They break their faith to God as well as us.
 Cry woe, destruction, ruin, loss, decay;
 The worst is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is so arm'd
 To bear the tidings of calamity.
 Like an unseasonable stormy day,
 Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
 As if the world was all dissolv'd in tears;
 So high above his limits swells the rage
 Of Bolingbroke, coy'ring your fearful land
 With hard bright steel, and hearts more hard than steel.
 White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
 Against thy majesty; boys, with women's voices,

Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints
 In stiff unwieldy arms against thy crown :
 The very beadsmen learn to bend their bows
 Of double-fatal yew against thy state :
 Yea, distaff-women manage rusty bills.
 Against thy seat both young and old rebel,
 And all goes worse than I have power to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.
 Where is the earl of Wiltshire ? Where is he ?
 And where, alas ! are all my bosom friends ?
 —No matter where ; of comfort no man speak :
 Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs ;
 Make dust our paper, and, with rainy eyes,
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth !
 Let's choose executors, and talk of wills ;
 And yet not so——For what can we bequeath,
 Save our deposed bodies to the ground ;
 Our lands, our lives, our all, are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our own but death,
 And that small model of the barren earth
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.
 For heav'n's sake let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings :—
 How some have been depos'd, some slain in war ;
 Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossess'd ;
 Some poison'd by their wives ; some sleeping kill'd ;
 All murder'd :—for within the hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king
 Keeps Death his court ; and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp ;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
 To monarchise, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit ;
 As if this flesh which walls about our life
 Were brass impregnable ; and, humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and, with a little pin,

Bores through his castle-walls, and farewell king !
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn rev'rence ; throw away respect,
 Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty ;
 For you have but mistook me all this while.
 I live on bread like you, feel want like you ;
 Taste grief, need friends, like you ; subjected thus,
 How can you say to me, I am a king ?

SECTION V.

Wolsey and Cromwell.

Wol. FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
 This is the state of man :—To-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root ;
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye !
 I feel my heart new-open'd. Oh, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes, and his ruin,
 More pangs and fears than war or women have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,

Never to hope again.

Why, how now Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder

A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep,

I'm fall'n indeed.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear

In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,

Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.

Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell,

And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,

And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention

Of me must more be heard, say then I taught thee!

Say, Wolsey, that once rode the waves of glory,

And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,

Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;

A sure and safe one, though my master miss'd it.

Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:

Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;

By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,

(Though th' image of his Maker) hope to win by't?

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's,

Thy God's, and Truth's; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King—

And pr'ythee lead me in—

There take an inventory of all I have;

To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,

And my integrity to Heav'n, is all

I dare now call my own. O Cromwell! Cromwell!

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal

I serv'd my King, he would not in my age
Have left me naked to my enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell

The hopes of court ! My hopes in Heaven do dwell.

SECTION VI.

Lady Randolph and Anna.

Lady R. OH Douglas ! Douglas ! tender was the time
When we two parted, ne'er to meet again :
How many years of anguish and despair
Has Heav'n annex'd to those swift passing hours
Of love and fondness ! Then my bosom's flame
Oft, as blown back by the rude breath of fear,
Return'd, and with redoubled ardour blaz'd.

Ann. May gracious Heaven pour the sweet balm of
peace
Into the wounds that fester in your breast !
For earthly consolation cannot cure them.

Lady R. One only cure can Heav'n itself bestow ;—
A grave—that bed in which the weary rest.
Wretch that I am ! alas ! why am I so ?
At every happy parent I repine :
How bless'd the mother of yon gallant Norval !
She for a living husband bore her pains,
And heard him bless her when a man was born :
She nurs'd her smiling infant on her breast ;
Tended the child, and rear'd the pleasing boy :
She, with affection's triumph, saw the youth
In grace and comeliness surpass his peers :
Whilst I to a dead husband bore a son,
And to the roaring waters gave my child.

Ann. Alas ! alas ! why will you thus resume

Your grief afresh? I thought that gallant youth
Would for a while have won you from your woe.
On him intent you gazed, with a look
Much more delighted, than your pensive eye
Hd deign'd on other subjects to bestow.

Lady R. Delighted, say'st thou? Oh! even there
mine eye

Found fuel for my life-consuming sorrow.
I thought, that had the son of Douglas liv'd,
He might have been like this young gallant stranger,
And pair'd with him in features and in shape.
In all endowments, as in years, I deem,
My boy with blooming Norval might have number'd.
While thus I mus'd, a spark from fancy fell
On my sad heart, and kindled up a fondness
For this young stranger, wand'ring from his home,
And, like an orphan, cast upon my care.
I will protect thee (said I to myself)
With all my power, and grace with all my favour.

Ann. Sure Heav'n will bless so gen'rous a resolve.
You must, my noble dame, exert your power:
You must awake: devices will be fram'd,
And arrows pointed at the breast of Norval.

Lady R. Glenalvon's false and crafty head will work
Against a rival in his kinsman's love,
If I deter him not. I only can:
Bold as he is, Glenalvon will beware
How he pulls down the fabric that I raise.
I'll be the artist of young Norval's fortune.
'Tis pleasing to admire: most apt was I
To this affection in my better days;
Though now I seem to you shrunk up, retir'd
Within the narrow compass of my woe.
Have you not sometimes seen an early flow'r
Open its bud, and spread its silken leaves,
To catch sweet airs, and odours to bestow;

Then, by the keen blast nipt, pull in 'its leaves,
And, though still living, die to scent and beauty?
Emblem of me : affliction, like a storm,
Hath kill'd the forward blossom of my heart.

CHAPTER V.

COMIC PIECES.

SECTION I.

Clown, Duke, and Jaques.

Jaq. HERE comes a very strange beast, which in all tongues is called fool.

Clo. Salutation and greeting to you all.

Jaq. Good, my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest : he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Clo. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation : I have trod a measure, I have flattered a lady, I have been politic with my friend, smooth with my enemy, I have undone three tailors, I have had four quarrels, and had like to have fought one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Clo. Why, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How, the seventh cause? Good, my lord, like this fellow.

Duke. I like him very well.

Clo. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the court.

try copulatives. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor-house, as your pearl in a foul oyster.

Duke. By my honour, he is very swift and sententious.

Clo. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

Jaq. But for the seventh cause, how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Clo. Upon a lie seven times remov'd :—as thus, sir : I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard ; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not well cut, he was in the mind it was : this is called the retort courteous. If I sent him word again it was not cut well, he would send me word he cut it to please himself : this is called the quip modest. If again it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment : this is called the reply churlish. If again it was not well cut, he would answer I spake not true : this is called the reproof valiant. If again it was not well cut, he would say I lie : this is called the counter-check quarrelsome ; and so the lie circumstantial, and the lie direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Clo. I durst go no farther than the lie circumstantial, and he durst not give me the lie direct ; and so we met, measured swords, and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order, now, the degrees of the lie?

Clo. O, sir, we quarrel in print, by the book ; as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees. The first, the retort courteous ; the second, the quip modest ; the third, the reply churlish ; the fourth, the reproof valiant ; the fifth, the countercheck quarrelsome ; the sixth, the lie with circumstance ; the seventh, the lie direct.—All these you may avoid but the lie direct ; and you may avoid it too with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel ; but when the

parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If ; as, if you said so, then I said so : O ho ! did you so ? So they shook hands, and swore brothers. Your if is the peace-maker ; much vertue in if.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord ? He's good at any thing, and yet a fool.

Duke. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.

SECTION II.

The Mock Doctor.

Sir Jasper, Gregory, and Charlotte, Sir Jasper's daughter,

Sir Ja. DOCTOR, here's my daughter ; I hope you will find out her distemper.

Gre. Is that my patient ? Upon my word she carries no distemper in her countenance—and I fancy a healthy young fellow would fit very well.

Sir Ja. You make her smile, doctor.

Gre. So much the better ; 'tis a very good sign that when we can bring a patient to smile ; it is a sign that the distemper begins to clarify, as we say.—Well, child what's the matter with you ? What's your distemper ?

Cha. Han, hi, hon, han.

Gre. What do you say !

Cha. Han, hi, han, hon.

Gre. What, what, what !

Cha. Han, hi, hon——

Gre. Han ! hon ! honin ! ha !—I don't understand a word she says, Han ! hi ! hon ! What the d--l of a language is this ?

Sir Ja. Why that's her distemper, Sir. She's become dumb, and no one can assign the cause—and this distemper, Sir, has kept back her marriage.

Gre. Kept back her marriage ! Why so ?

Sir Ja. Because her lover refuses to have her till she's cur'd.

Gre. Indeed ! was ever such a fool, that would not have his wife dumb !—Would to Heav'n my wife was dumb, I'd be far from desiring to cure her.—Does this distemper, this han hi, hon, oppress her much ?

Sir Ja. Yes, Sir,

Gre. So much the better. Has she any great pains ?

Sir Ja. Very great.

Gre. That's just as I would have it. Give me your hand, child. Hum—Ha—a very dumb pulse, indeed.

Sir Ja. You have guess'd her distemper.

Gre. Ay, Sir, we great physicians know a distemper immediately ; I know some of the college would call this the Boree, or the Coupee, or the Sinkee, or twenty other distempers ; but I give you my word, Sir, your daughter is nothing more than dumb—So I'd have you be very easy ; for there is nothing else the matter with her.—If she were not dumb, she would be as well as I am.

Sir Ja. But I should be glad to know, doctor, whence her dumbness proceeds ?

Gre. Nothing so easily accounted for.—Her dumbness proceeds from her having lost her speech.

Sir Ja. But whence, if you please, proceeds her having lost her speech.

Gre. All our best authors will tell you, it is the impediment of the action of the tongue.

Sir Ja. But if you please, dear Sir, your sentiments upon that impediment.

Gre. Aristotle has upon that subject said very fine things ; very fine things.

Sir Ja. I believe it, doctor.

Gre. Ah ! he was a great man, he was, indeed, a very great man.—A man, who upon that subject was a man that—But to return to our reasoning ; I hold that this

impediment of the action of the tongue, is caused by certain humours which our great physicians call—humours—humours.—Ah! you understand Latin.

Sir Ja. Not in the least.

Gre. What, not understand Latin?

Sir Ja. No, indeed, doctor.

Gre. Cabricius arci thuram cathalimus, singulariter nom. Hæc musæ hic, hæc, hoc, genetivo hujus, hunc, hanc, musæ. Bonus, bona, bonum. Estne oratio Latinus! Etiam. Quia substantivo and adjectivum concordat in generi numerum and casus, sic dicunt, aiunt, prædicant, clamitant, and semilibus.

Sir Ja. Ah! why did I neglect my studies!

Gre. Besides, Sir, certain spirits passing from the left side, which is the seat of the liver, to the right, which is the seat of the heart, we find the lungs, which we call in Latin, Whiskerus, having communication with the brain, which we name in Greek, Jacobotos, by means of a hollow vein, which we call in Hebrew, Perriwiggus, meet in the road with the said spirits which fill the ventricales of the Omotaplasumus: and because the said humours have—you comprehend me well, Sir? And because the said humours have a certain malignity—Listen seriously, I beg you.

Sir Ja. I do.

Gre. That is caus'd, I say, by the acrimony of the humours engender'd in the concavity of the diaphragm; thence it arises, that these vapours, *propriæ quæ maribus tribuuntur, mascula dicas, ut sunt divorum, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum.*—This, Sir, is the cause of your daughter's being dumb.

Sir Ja. It is impossible to reason better, no doubt. But, dear Sir, there is one thing—I always thought, till now, that the heart was on the left side, and the liver on the right.

Gre. Ay, Sir, so they were formerly; but we have

chang'd all that.—The College at present, Sir, proceeds upon an entire new method.

Sir Ja. I ask your pardon, Sir.

Gre. Oh, Sir! there is no harm—You're not oblig'd to know so much as we do.

Sir Ja. Very true. But, Doctor, what would you have done with my daughter?

Gre. What would I have done with her? Why my advice is, that you immediately put her into a bed warm'd with a brass warming pan; cause her to drink one quart of spring water, mix'd with one pint of brandy, six seville oranges, and three ounces of the best double refined sugar.

Sir Ja. Why this is punch, Doctor.

Gre. Punch, Sir! Ay, Sir.—And what's better than punch to make people talk?—Never tell me of your juleps, your gruels, your—your—This and that, and t'other, which are only arts to keep a patient in hand a longer time—I love to do business all at once.

Sir Ja. I ask your pardon, Doctor, you shall be obeyed.

SECTION III.

The Valet.

Enter Gayless and Sharp.

Sharp. How, Sir, shall you be married to-morrow? Eh! I'm afraid you joke with your poor humble servant.

Gayless. I tell thee, Sharp,—last night Melissa consented, and fixed to-morrow for the happy day.

Sharp. 'Tis well she did, Sir, or it might have been a dreadful one for us—All your money spent, your moveables sold, your honour almost ruined, and your humble servant almost starved!—we could not possibly have

stood two days longer. But if this young lady will marry you and relieve us, o' my conscience, I'll turn friend to the sex, rail no more at matrimony, and think of a wife myself.

Gay. And yet, Sharp, when I think how I have imposed upon her, I am almost resolved to tell her the real situation of my affairs, ask her pardon, and implore her pity.

Sharp. After marriage, with all my heart, Sir; but don't let your conscience and honour so far get the better of your poverty and good sense, as to rely on so great uncertainty as a fine lady's mercy and good-nature.

Gay. Prithee leave me to my thoughts.

Sharp. Leave you! No, not in such bad company, I'll assure you. What! leave you, when your doors are beset with bailiffs, and not one single guinea in your pocket to bribe the villains.

Gay. Don't be witty, and give your advice, sirrah.

Sharp. Do you be wise and take it, Sir. Marry the young lady, and by that means procure a better fortune than that you have squandered away,—make a good husband and turn economist; you may still be happy, and the lady too no loser by the bargain.

Gay. 'Twas with that prospect I first made love to her; and though my fortune has been ill spent, I have at least purchased discretion with it.

Sharp. Pray then convince me of that, Sir, and make no more objections to the marriage.

Gay. Well then I am resolved to favour the cheat; and as I shall quite change my former course of life, happy may be the consequences: at least of this I am sure——

Sharp. That you can't be worse than you are at present.

Gay. (*Knocking without.*) Who's there? creditors! Tell them my marriage is now certainly fixed, and de-

sire them to keep my circumstances yet a secret for their sakes as well as my own.—

Sharp. O never fear, Sir, they still have so much friendship for you as not to desire your ruin, to their own disadvantage.

Gay. If a message from Melissa—I'm not at home, lest the bad appearance we make here, should cause them to suspect us.

Sharp. But I'm afraid they will easily discover the consumptive situation of our affairs by my chop-fallen countenance. [Exit *Sharp*.

Gay. (*alone.*) To what a situation have I reduced myself! Despised by the world,—forsaken by my friends,—disowned by my father—hateful to myself—and for what? For the foolish vanity of making a figure in the world,—for the empty honour of outstripping my competitors in every reigning folly and vicious pursuit.—Unthinking fool! I sought happiness in riot and dissipation, and have found poverty, disgrace, and ruin. Now am I about to sacrifice every principle of honour, justice, and humanity, by imposing upon my sole remaining friend. Will necessity and love excuse me?—No,—Melissa may overlook my poverty, but she never can pardon my deceit. To declare the real situation of my affairs, and implore—ha! her maid! I must retire.

[Exit.

Enter Kitty and Sharp.

Kitty. I must know where he is, and shall know too, Mr. Impertinence.

Sharp. He's not within, I tell thee, Mrs. Kitty. I don't know myself—Do you think I can conjure?

Kitty. But I know you can lie most abominably. I come from my mistress Melissa. You know I suppose what's to be done to-morrow.—But I can't think of this marriage, and yet most of our wants will be relieved by it. Your master will get a good fortune,—that's what

he wants; my mistress will get a husband, that's what she has wanted for some time; you will have the pleasure of my conversation, and I an opportunity of breaking your head.

Sharp. Mrs. Kitty, I am positively against the match; for was I a man of my master's fortune—

Kitty. You'd marry if you could, and mend it. But, hark'ee, Sharp, what's become of your furniture? You seem a little bare at present.

Sharp. Why, every thing is removed, to make room for a ball my master designs to give here, the day after his marriage.

Kitty. The luckiest thing in the world, for my mistress designs to have a ball and entertainment here to-night, before the marriage. Eight or ten couple of friends are invited. But do not make a great entertainment. Eight or ten little nice things will be enough, in all conscience.

Sharp. (aside.) O curse your conscience.

Kitty. And I have invited my Lord Stanley's servants to come and see you, and have a dance in the kitchen. But, Sharp, what's the matter with you? You seem to look a little thin.

Sharp. Oh my unfortunate face! *(aside.)* I'm in pure good health, and I assure you I have a very good stomach—never better in my life.

Kitty. And, Sharp, what ill-looking fellows are these at your door? They want your master, too, I suppose?

Sharp. Hum—Yes, tenants that want to pay him some money.

Kitty. What, do you let his tenants stand in the street?

Sharp. They choose it. As they seldom come to town, they are willing to see as much of it as they can when they do.

Kitty. Well, I must run home—farewell—But do you

get us something substantial in the kitchen. Remove the chairs and tables away there too, for I can't bear to be confined in my French dances. Adieu. I shall die if I don't see you soon.

[*Exit Kitty.*]

Sharp. Pray heaven you may.

Enter Gayless. *They look for some time at one another.*

Gay. Oh, Sharp! we are certainly undone. Eight or ten couple of dancers; ten or a dozen little nice dishes; my Lord Stanley's servants; ham and turkey——

Sharp. Say no more. The very sound creates an appetite, and of late I have no occasion for whetters and provocatives.

Gay. Melissa certainly suspects my circumstances, or why did her servant make so strict an enquiry into my affairs?

Sharp. For two very substantial reasons. The first, to satisfy a curiosity natural to her as a woman.—The second, to have the pleasure of my conversation, very natural to her as a woman of taste and understanding.

Gay. Prithee be more serious. Is not our all at stake?

Sharp. Yes, Sir, and yet that all of ours is of so little consequence, that a man with a very small share of philosophy may part from it without much pain or uneasiness. However, Sir, I'll convince you in half an hour, that Melissa knows nothing of your circumstances; and I'll tell you what, too, Sir, she shan't be here to-night, and yet you shall marry her to-morrow morning.

Would you succeed, a faithful friend depute,

Whose head can plan, and front can execute.

I am the man, and I hope you neither dispute my friendship nor qualifications. Away. (*Exit Gayless.*) Now, dear madam Fortune, for once open your eyes, and behold a poor unfortunate man of parts addressing you; now is your time to convince your foes, you are not that

blind whimsical being they take you for ; but let them see by your assisting me, that men of sense, as well as fools, are sometimes entitled to your favour and protection. So much for prayer,—now for a good lie, and a brazen countenance.

[*Exit Sharp.*]

Scene II.

Melissa and Kitty, (Enter to them Sharp.)

Kitty. So, Sharp, you have found your master. Will things be ready for the ball and entertainment ?

Sharp. I have just now bespoke the music and supper, and wait your ladyship's further commands. (*To Melissa.*

Melissa. My compliments to your master, and let him know we will be with him by six. But, Sharp, what makes you come without your coat ? 'Tis too cool to go so airy, sure ?

Kitty. Mr. Sharp, Madam, is of a very hot constitution.

Sharp. If it had been ever so cool, I have had enough to warm me, since I came from home, I am sure, but no matter for that.

Melissa. What d'ye mean ?

Sharp. Pray don't ask me, madam ; I beseech you don't.

Kitty. Insist upon knowing it, madam.—My curiosity must be satisfied, or I shall burst. (*Aside.*)

Melissa. I do insist upon knowing it.

Sharp. Why then,—indeed, madam, I can't tell you.

Melissa. Don't trifle with me.

Sharp. Then since you will have it, I lost my coat in defence of your reputation, which is more than what I would have done for my own.

Melissa. Prithce explain.

Sharp. In short, madam, you were seen about a month ago to make a visit to my master alone.

Melissa. Alone! my servant was with me.

Sharp. What, Mrs. Kitty! so much the worse, for she was looked upon as my property, and I was brought in guilty as well as you and my master.

Kitty. What! your property, jackanapes?

Melissa. What's all this?

Sharp. In these times, madam, people cannot be too circumspect in their conduct. We should guard against giving cause for suspicion, when even innocence itself is not always screened from the lash of malice. I hope there was no harm in your visiting my master, but owing to his youth and your beauty, appearances are against you. You know, madam, there are certain *young maids* who are too old to get husbands, and certain old married ladies who have little enjoyment at home;—these have long assumed the prerogative to settle the boundaries of modesty, and—that, *a young lady should visit her lover*, is unfortunately not in their list of tolerations. So, madam, every gossip in town thinks herself at liberty to conjecture, and to say what she pleases concerning your visit. As truth is not in the catalogue of their virtues, invention supplies a deficiency of facts;—as they look upon benevolence and charity as vulgar prejudices, they murder characters with as much pleasure, as I would a couple of ducks for dinner. Moreover, the best narrator of the best story, gains the most ready admittance to the best families in town.—So you need not be surprised to see, in a very short time, a dearth of friends, and your name in the public prints.

Melissa. Come to the point.

Sharp. The point is this, madam.—Mrs. Pryabout, one of the honourable tribe of gossips, was pleased to throw

out some insinuations concerning the said visit, and while I was warmly defending you, out bolts her husband upon me with a fine taper crab in his hand, and laid his arguments so thick upon my shoulders, that in the scuffle my coat as well as your reputation was torn to pieces.

Melissa. Well, I shall be reveng'd,—but I am resolved not to go to your master's to-night.

Sharp (aside.) Heaven and my impudence be praised.

Melissa. But what excuse can I send? He'll be uneasy at my not coming:

Sharp. O terribly so! but—I'll tell him you are taken ill.

Melissa. I'll leave it to you, Sharp, and here's half a guinea to help your invention.

Sharp. Half a guinea! 'Tis so long since I had any thing to do with money, that I scarcely know the current coin of my own country.—Oh, Sharp, what talents hast thou! to secure thy master, deceive his mistress, outlie her chambermaid, and yet be paid for thy honesty. But my joy will discover me. *(aside)* Madam, you've eternally fix'd Timothy Sharp your most obedient and most humble servant. *[Exit.]*

Kitty. Well, madam, are you satisfied? Do you want more proofs?

Melissa. Of your modesty I do,—but I find you are resolved to give me none.—We discover our weaknesses to our servants, make them our confidants, put them upon an equality with us, and so they become our advisers.—'Tis too much. *[Exit.]*

Kitty. O woman, woman, foolish woman! She'll certainly have this Gayless.—A strong doze of love is worse than one of ratafia; when once it gets into our heads, it trips up our heels, and then goodnight to discretion. Here is she going to throw away fifteen thousand pounds;

upon what? Little better than nothing.—He's a man, and that's all,—and, Heaven knows! mere man's but small consolation.—

Be this advice pursued by each fond maid,
Ne'er slight the substance for an empty shade;
Rich weighty sparks alone should please and charm ye;
For, should spouse cool, his gold will always warm ye.

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