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Lessons in Elocution:
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A SELECTION OF PIECES
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F O R T H E
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R E A D I N G A N D S P E A K I N G,
A S W E L L A S F O R T H E
P E R U S A L O F P E R S O N S O F T A S T E.

With an APPENDIX, containing
The Principles of ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

B Y
WILLIAM SCOTT,
TEACHER of ENGLISH, WRITING, and ACCOUNTS.

THE THIRD EDITION,
GREATLY ALTERED, IMPROVED, AND ENLARGED.

*Resistless Eloquence
Wielded at will the fierce Democracy,
Shook th' Arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece
To Macedon, and Artaxerxes' Throne.* MILTON.

EDINBURGH:
Printed for C. ELLIOT, Edinburgh;
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ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY

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T O

The Right Honourable

G E O R G E

E A R L O F E R R O L,

L O R D H I G H C O N S T A B L E

O F

S C O T L A N D,

The following COMPILATION

I S

M O S T R E S P E C T F U L L Y

I N S C R I B E D,

B Y

H I S L O R D S H I P'S

M O S T D E V O T E D,

A N D

M O S T O B E D I E N T H U M B L E S E R V A N T,

W I L L I A M S C O T T.

1840

THE NEW YORK

TO THE O. R. G. L.

AND L. C. R. L.

FOR THE CONSTITUTION

OF
S. O. L. I. D.

The following is a list of

most respected

persons.

THIS LONDON

PRINTED

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

THE Compiler of the following Work, wishing to render it as generally useful as may be, has attempted, in this third Edition, to make further improvements upon it, both with regard to the choice and disposition of the pieces. He has divided the whole into Two Parts, under the titles of *Lessons in Reading*, and *Lessons in Speaking*; containing, respectively, such passages as seemed peculiarly calculated for exercises in those branches of elocution. The sources from which he has drawn the materials may be seen in the Table of Contents. The reader will find here a great variety of beautiful extracts from the most celebrated writers; not only adapted for the speedy acquisition of a just and graceful delivery, but such as must have a powerful tendency to form the style and improve the minds of the pupils. The two first sections are altogether new, and intended particularly for young beginners: the new pieces, also, introduced into the succeeding sections, are numerous, and highly valuable. To add further to the usefulness of the book, *The Principles of English Grammar* are given as an Appendix. But it is not the Compiler's intention to expatiate on the merits of the performance. He will leave his Readers to determine for themselves; and only wishes for that share of public favour which this production, when impartially examined and compared with others of the kind, will be found to deserve.

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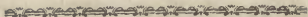
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PART I.

LESSONS IN READING.

ELEMENTARY LESSONS*.

I. Examples of **ANTITHESIS**, or the opposition of words or sentiments.

1. **T**HE manner of speaking is as important as the matter. *Chesterfield.*

2. Temperance, by fortifying the mind and body, leads to happiness: intemperance, by enervating the mind and body, ends generally in misery.

Art of Thinking.

3. A wise man is provided for occurrences of any kind. The good he manages; the bad he vanquishes: in prosperity, he betrays no presumption; in adversity, he feels no despondency. *Seneca.*

4. True honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue as it is enjoined by the laws of God, honour as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns, to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him, the former as something that is offensive to the Divine Being; the one as what is unbecoming, the other as what is forbidden. *Guardian.*

B

5. Where

* Although these lessons, exemplifying some principal figures of speech, are introduced here; yet, being too difficult for most pupils to begin with, the reading of them may be referred till after the first or second sections, or till the teacher shall judge proper.

5. Where opportunities of exercise are wanting, temperance may in a great measure supply its place. If exercise throws off all superfluities, temperance prevents them; if exercise clears the vessels, temperance neither satiates nor overstrains them; if exercise raises proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dissipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it. *Spectator.*

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

7. Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call;
Each works its end, to move or govern all. *Pope.*

8. Remember, man, "the universal cause
"Acts not by partial, but by general laws;"
And makes what happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all. *Pope.*

9. All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood;
All partial evil, universal good. *Pope.*

10. Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven,
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world. *Pope.*

11. Good name in man and woman

Is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Who steals my purse, steals trash ; 'tis something, nothing ;

'Twas mine, 'tis his ; and has been slave to thousands :

But he that filches from me my good name,

Robs me of that which not enriches him,

And makes me poor indeed.

Shakespeare.

12. In point of sermons, 'tis confess

Our English clergy make the best ;

But this appears, we must confess,

Not from the pulpit, but the press.

They manage with disjointed skill,

The matter well, the manner ill ;

And, what seems paradox at first,

They make the best, and preach the worst.

Byron.

II. Examples of ENUMERATION, or the mentioning of particulars.

1. **T**HERE is as much eloquence in the tone of voice, in the look, and in the gesture of an orator, as in the choice of his words. *Rocheffoucault.*

2. Could we look into the mind of a female gamester, we should see it full of trumps and mattadores. Her slumbers are haunted with kings, queens, and knaves. The day lies heavy upon her till the play-season returns, when, for half a dozen hours together, all her faculties are employed in shuffling, cutting, dealing, and sorting out a pack of cards ; and no ideas to be discovered in a soul which calls itself rational, excepting little square figures of painted and spotted paper. *Guardian.*

3. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner, as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle, and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers. *Spectator.*

4. The subject of a discourse being opened, explained, and confirmed ; that is to say, the speaker having

gained the attention and judgment of his audience, he must proceed to complete his conquest over the passions; such as, imagination, admiration, surprise, hope, joy, love, fear, grief, anger. Now he must begin to exert himself: here it is that a fine genius may display itself, in the use of amplification, enumeration, interrogation, metaphor, and every ornament that can render a discourse entertaining, winning, striking, and enforcing. *Baillie.*

5. I am persuaded, that neither death, nor life; nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers; nor things present, nor things to come; nor height, nor depth; nor any other creature; shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. *St Paul.*

6. Nothing so uncertain as general reputation. A man injures me from humour, passion, or interest; hates me, because he has injured me; and speaks ill of me, because he hates me. *Art of Thinking.*

7. Sincerity is to speak as we think, to do as we pretend and profess, to perform and make good what we promise, and really to be what we would seem and appear to be. *Abp. Tillotson.*

8. Tho' we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at honours; then to retire. *Spectator.*

9. No blessing of life is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life. *Spectator.*

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

11. Complaisance renders a superior amiable, an equal agreeable, and an inferior acceptable. It smooths distinction,

flinction, sweetens conversation, and makes every one in the company pleased with himself. It produces good-nature and mutual benevolence, encourages the timorous, soothes the turbulent, humanises the fierce, and distinguishes a society of civilized persons from a confusion of savages. In a word, complaisance is a virtue that blends all orders of men together in a friendly intercourse of words and actions, and is suited to that equality in human nature which every one ought to consider so far as is consistent with the order and œconomy of the world. *Guardian.*

12. ———— Ev'n nature lives by toil :

Beast, bird, air, fire, the heav'ns, and rolling worlds,
All live by action : nothing lies at rest
But death and ruin. Man is born to care ;
Fashion'd, improv'd, by labour. Hence utility
Thro' all conditions ; hence the joys of health ;
Hence strength of arm, and clear judicious thoughts ;
Hence corn, and wine, and oil, and all in life
Delectable. ————

Dyer.

13. Ever charming, ever new,

When will the landscape tire the view ?
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low ;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky ;
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r ;
The town and village, dome and farm ;
Each gives each a double charm.

Dyer.

14. Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,

Pleas'd with a rattle, tickl'd with a straw :
Some livelier play-things gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite :
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage ;
And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age. *Pope.*

15. 'Tis education forms the common mind :

Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire ;
'The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar ;
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave ;
Will swags a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave.

Is he a churchman?—then he's fond of pow'r :
 A Quaker?—fly : a Presbyterian?—sour :
 A smart Free-thinker?—all things in an hour. *Pope.*

III. Examples of SUSPENSION ; or sentences in which the reader is kept in expectation of something considerable in the conclusion.

1. **A**S in the succession of the seasons, each, by the invariable laws of nature, affects the productions of what is next in course ; so, in human life, every period of our age, according as it is well or ill spent, influences the happiness of that which is to follow. *Blair.*
2. When a man has got such a great and exalted soul, as that he can look upon life and death, riches and poverty, with indifference ; and closely adheres to Honesty, in whatever shape she presents herself ; then it is that Virtue appears with such a brightness, as that all the world must admire her beauties. *Cicero.*
3. If a minister should ever gain a corrupt familiarity with our boroughs, and by sending down his treasury-mandates should procure a spurious representative of the people, the offspring of his corruption, who will be at all times ready to reconcile and justify the most contradictory measures of his administration ; if the maintenance of his power should become the sole object of their attention, and they should be guilty of the most violent breach of parliamentary trust, by giving the king a discretionary liberty of taxing the people without limitation or control (the last fatal compliment they can pay to the crown)—if this should ever be the unhappy condition of this nation—the people, indeed, may complain ; but the doors of that place where their complaints should be heard, will for ever be shut against them. *Sir John St Aubin.*
4. To hear a judicious and elegant discourse from the pulpit, which would in print make a noble figure, murdered by him who had learning and taste to compose it, but, having been neglected as to one important part of his education, knows not how to deliver it otherwise than with a tone between singing and saying ; or with a nod of his head, to enforce, as with a hammer, every emphatical word, or with the same un-

- animated monotony in which he was used to repeat *Quæ genus* at Westminster-school; what can be imagined more lamentable? yet what more common! *Burgh.*
5. When reason, like the skilful charioteer,
Can break the fiery passions to the bit,
And, spite of their licentious sallies, keep
The radiant tract of glory, passions then
Are aids and ornaments. *Young.*
6. No ceremony that to the great belongs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one-half so good a grace
As mercy does. *Shakespeare.*
7. ————— As when a scout,
Thro' dark and desert ways with peril gone
All night, at last, by break of cheerful dawn,
Obtains the brow of some high-climbing hill,
Which to his eye discovers unawares
The goodly prospect of some foreign land
First seen, or some renown'd metropolis
With glitt'ring spires and pinnacles adorn'd,
Which now the rising sun gilds with his beams;
Such wonder seiz'd the spirit malign,
At sight of all this world beheld so fair. *Milton.*

IV. Examples of PARENTHESIS; or sentences in which observations are inserted which interrupt the sense, but seem necessary for the better understanding of the subject.

1. **I**F envious people were to ask themselves, whether they would exchange their entire situations with the persons envied (I mean their minds, passions, notions, as well as their persons, fortunes, dignities, &c.) I presume the self-love common to human nature would generally make them prefer their own condition. *Shenstone.*
2. The opera (in which action is joined with music in order to entertain the eye at the same time with the ear) I must beg leave (with all due submission to the taste of the great) to consider as a forced conjunction of two things which nature does not allow to go together. *Burgh.*
3. When

3. When Socrates's fetters were knocked off (as was usual to be done on the day that the condemned person was to be executed) being seated in the midst of his disciples, and laying one of his legs over the other in a very unconcerned posture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the iron; and (whether it was to shew the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death, or (after his usual manner) to take every occasion of philosophising upon some useful subject) he observed the pleasure of that sensation which now arose in those very parts of his leg that just before had been so much pained by the fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of pleasure and pain in general, and how constantly they succeeded one another. *Spectator.*

4. The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear. *Pope.*

5. One day (the tale's by Martial penn'd)
A father thus address'd his friend.
To train my boy, and call forth sense,
You know I've stuck at no expence:
I've try'd him in the several arts,
(The lad no doubt hath latent parts):
Yet, trying all, he nothing knows,
But, crab-like, rather backward goes.
Teach me what yet remains undone;
'Tis your advice shall fix my son.—
Sir, says the friend, I've weigh'd the matter;
Excuse me, for I scorn to flatter:
Make him (nor think his genius check'd)
An herald or an architect.
Perhaps (as commonly 'tis known)
He heard th' advice, and took his own. *Gay.*

V. Examples of INTERROGATION, or asking a question.

1. **H**E that boasteth of his ancestors, confesseth he hath no virtue of his own. No other person hath lived for our honour, nor ought that to be reputed ours which was long before we had a being; for what advantage can it be to a blind man that his parents had good

- good eyes? does he see one whit the better? *Charron.*
2. Can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of her Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries? *Spectator.*
3. Suppose a youth to have no prospect either of sitting in parliament, of pleading at the bar, of appearing upon the stage or in the pulpit; does it follow, that he need bestow no pains in learning to speak properly his native language? Will he never have occasion to read, in a company of his friends, a copy of verses, a passage of a book or newspaper? Must he never read a discourse of Tillotson, or a chapter of the Whole Duty of Man, for the instruction of his children and servants?—Cicero justly observes, that address in speaking is highly ornamental, as well as useful, even in private life. The limbs are parts of the body much less noble than the tongue; yet no gentleman grudges a considerable expence of time and money to have his son taught to use them properly: which is very commendable. And is there no attention to be paid to the use of the tongue, the glory of man? *Burgh.*
4. One day, when the Moon was under an eclipse, she complained thus to the Sun of the discontinuance of his favours. My dearest friend, said she, why do you not shine upon me as you used to do? Do I not shine upon thee? said the Sun; I am very sure that I intend it. O no! replies the Moon: but I now perceive the reason. I see that dirty planet the Earth is got between us. *Dodgley's Fables.*
5. A certain passenger at sea had the curiosity to ask the pilot of the vessel, what death his father died. What death! said the Pilot: why, he perished at sea, as my grandfather did before him. And are you not afraid of trusting yourself to an element that has proved thus fatal to your family? Afraid! by no means: Is not your father dead? Yes; but he died in his bed. And why, then, returned the Pilot, are you not afraid of trusting yourself to your bed? *Dodgley's Fables.*
6. What

6. What is the blooming tincture of the skin,
 To peace of mind and harmony within ?
 What the bright sparkling of the finest eye,
 To the soft soothing of a calm reply ?
 Can comeliness of form, or shape, or air,
 With comeliness of words or deeds compare ?
 No ;—those at first th' unwary heart may gain ;
 But these, these only, can the heart retain. *Gay.*

VI. Examples of CLIMAX, or a gradual increase of signification.

1. **P**OVERTY wants some, luxury many, avarice all things. *Cowley.*
2. Consult your whole nature. Consider yourselves, not only as sensitive, but as rational beings ; not only as rational, but social ; not only as social, but immortal. *Blair.*
3. It is pleasant to be virtuous and good, because that is to excel many others ; it is pleasant to grow better, because that is to excel ourselves ; it is pleasant to mortify and subdue our lusts, because that is victory ; it is pleasant to command our appetites and passions, and to keep them in due order, within the bounds of reason and religion, because this is empire. *Tillotson.*
4. The enemy said, I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil ; my lust shall be satisfied upon them, I will draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them. Thou didst blow with thy wind—the sea covered them, they sank as lead in the mighty waters. *Song of Moses.*
5. A disconsolate mother, with a child in her hand, has frequently drawn compassion from the audience, and has therefore gained a place in several tragedies. A modern writer, that observed how this had taken in other plays, being resolved to double the distress, and melt his audience twice as much as those before him had done, brought a princess upon the stage, with a little boy in one hand, and a girl in the other. This too had a very good effect. A third poet, being resolved to outwrite all his predecessors, a few years ago introduced three children with great success : and, as I am informed, a young gentleman, who is fully determined to break the most obdurate hearts, has a tragedy

tragedy by him, where the first person that appears upon the stage, is an afflicted widow in her mourning weeds, with half a dozen fatherless children attending her, like those that usually hang about the figure of Charity.

Spectator.

6. Proceed, Athenians, to support your deliberations with vigour. You have heads, capable of advising what is best; you have judgment and experience, to discern what is right; and you have power and opportunity to execute what you determine. What time so proper for action? What occasion so happy? and when can you hope for such another, if this be neglected? Has not Philip, contrary to all treaties, insulted you in Thrace? Does he not, at this instant, straiten and invade your confederates, whom you have solemnly sworn to protect? Is he not an implacable enemy? a faithless ally? the usurper of provinces, to which he has no title or pretence? a stranger, a barbarian, a tyrant? and, indeed, what is he not?

Demosthenes.

7. ————— Give me the cup,
And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,
The trumpets to the cannoneers within,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to the earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet. ———

Hamlet.

8. 'Tis listening fear and dumb amazement all;
When to the startled eye the sudden glance
Appears far south, eruptive thro' the cloud;
And following slower, in explosion vast,
The Thunder raises his tremendous voice.
At first, heard solemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempest growls; but, as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise abounds; till over-head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping ether in a blaze:
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.

Thomf.

9. No,

9. No, not an oath. If that the face of men,
 The sufferance of our souls, the times abuse ;
 If these be motives weak—break off betimes,
 And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed ;
 So let high-fighted tyranny range on
 Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
 As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
 To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
 The melting spirits of women—then, countrymen,
 What need we any spur, but our own cause
 To prick us to redress ? what other bond
 Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word
 And will not palter ? and what other oath,
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it ? *Shakespeare*
10. That's truly great. What think you 'twas set up
 The Greek and Roman name in such a lustre,
 But doing right in stern despight to Nature,
 Shutting their ears to all her little cries,
 When great, august, and god-like justice call'd ?
 At Aulis, one pour'd out a daughter's life,
 And gain'd more glory than by all his wars ;
 Another slew a sister in just rage ;
 A third, the theme of all succeeding times,
 Gave to the cruel axe a darling son.
 Nay more, for justice some devote themselves,
 As he at Carthage, an immortal name !
 Yet there is one step left above them all,
 Above their history, above their fable,
 A wife, bride, mistress, unenjoy'd—Do that,
 And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory.
Revenge.

SECTION

SECTION I.

I. *The Lion and the Mouse.*

A LION by accident laid his paw upon a poor innocent Mouse. The frightened little creature, imagining she was just going to be devoured, begged hard for her life, urged that clemency was the fairest attribute of power, and earnestly intreated his majesty not to stain his illustrious paws with the blood of so insignificant an animal; upon which the Lion very generously set her at liberty. It happened a few days afterwards that the Lion, ranging for his prey, fell into the toils of the hunter. The Mouse heard his roarings, knew the voice of her benefactor, and immediately repairing to his assistance, gnawed in pieces the meshes of the net; and by delivering her preserver, convinced him that there is no creature so much below another, but may have it in his power to return a good office.

II. *The Bull and the Gnat.*

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

III. *The Fox and the Goat.*

A Fox and a Goat travelling together in a very sultry day, found themselves exceedingly thirsty; when looking round the country in order to discover a place
C where

where they might probably meet with water, they at length descried a clear spring at the bottom of a well. They both eagerly descended; and having sufficiently allayed their thirst, began to consider how they should get out. Many expedients for that purpose were mutually proposed and rejected. At last the crafty Fox cried out with great joy, I have a thought just struck into my mind, which I am confident will extricate us out of our difficulty: Do you, said he to the Goat, only rear yourself up upon your hinder-legs, and rest your fore-feet against the side of the well. In this posture I will climb up to your head, from whence I shall be able, with a spring, to reach the top: and when I am once there, you are sensible it will be very easy for me to pull you out by the horns. The simple Goat liked the proposal well; and immediately placed himself as directed: by means of which, the Fox, without much difficulty, gained the top. And now, said the Goat, give me the assistance you promised. Thou old fool, replied the Fox, hadst thou but half as much brains as beard, thou wouldst never have believed that I would hazard my own life to save thine. However, I will leave with thee a piece of advice, which may be of service to thee hereafter, if thou shouldst have the good fortune to make thy escape: "Never venture into a well again, before thou hast well considered how to get out of it."

IV. *The Fox and the Stork.*

THE Fox, though in general more inclined to roguery than wit, had once a strong inclination to play the wag with his neighbour the Stork. He accordingly invited her to dinner in great form; but when it came upon the table, the Stork found it consisted entirely of different soups, served up in broad shallow dishes, so that she could only dip in the end of her bill, but could not possibly satisfy her hunger. The Fox lapped it up very readily; and every now and then, addressing himself to his guest, desired to know how she liked her entertainment; hoped that every thing was seasoned to her mind; and protested he was very sorry to see her eat so sparingly.

ly. The Stork, perceiving she was played upon, took no notice of it, but pretended to like every dish extremely; and, at parting, pressed the Fox so earnestly to return her visit, that he could not in civility refuse. The day arrived, and he repaired to his appointment; but, to his great mortification, when dinner appeared, he found it composed of minced meat, served up in long narrow-necked glasses; so that he was only tantalized with the sight of what it was impossible for him to taste. The Stork thrust in her long bill, and helped herself very plentifully; then turning to Reynard, who was eagerly licking the outside of a jar where some sauce had been spilled—I am very glad, said she, smiling, that you seem to have so good an appetite; I hope you will make as hearty a dinner at my table as I did the other day at yours. Reynard hung down his head, and looked very much displeased.—Nay, nay, said the Stork, don't pretend to be out of humour about the matter; they that cannot take a jest should never make one.

V. *The Mimic and the Countryman.*

MEN often judge wrong from some foolish prejudice; and whilst they persist in the defence of their mistakes, are sometimes brought to shame by incontestable evidence.

A certain wealthy patrician, intending to treat the Roman people with some theatrical entertainments, published a reward to any one who could furnish out a new or uncommon diversion. Excited by emulation, the artists assembled from all parts; among whom, a Mimic, well known for his arch wit, gave out that he had a kind of entertainment that had never yet been produced upon any stage.

This report being spread about, brought the whole city together. The theatre could hardly contain the number of spectators. And when the artist appeared alone upon the stage, without any apparatus, without any prompter or assistant, curiosity and suspense kept the spectators in a profound silence.

On a sudden the performer thrust down his head into his bosom, and mimicked the squeaking of a young pig so naturally, that the audience insisted upon it he had one under his cloak, and ordered him to be searched. Which being done, and nothing appearing, they loaded the man with encomiums, and honoured him with the most extravagant applause.

A country fellow, observing what passed, "Faith," says he, "I can do this better than he:" and immediately gave out, that he would perform the same much better the next day. Accordingly, greater crowds assembled: prepossessed, however, in favour of the first artist, they sit prepared to laugh at the Clown, rather than to judge fairly of his performance.

They both came out upon the stage. The Mimic grunts away first, is received with vast applause and the loudest acclamations. Then the Countryman, pretending that he concealed a little pig under his cloaths, (which in fact he did), pinched the ear of the animal till he made him squeak. The people exclaimed aloud, that the first performer had imitated the pig much more naturally; and would have hissed the Countryman off the stage: but he produced the real pig from his bosom; and, convincing them by a visible proof of their ridiculous error, "See, gentlemen," says he, "what pretty sort of judges you are!"

VI. *The Cock and the Fox.*

AN experienced old Cock was settling himself to roost upon a high bough, when a Fox appeared under the tree. I am come, said the artful hypocrite, to acquaint you, in the name of all my brethren, that a general peace is concluded between your whole family and ours. Descend immediately, I beseech you, that we may mutually embrace upon so joyful and unexpected an event. My good friend, replied the Cock, nothing could be more agreeable to me than this news; and to hear it from you increases my satisfaction. But I perceive two hounds at a distance coming this way, who are probably dispatched as couriers with the treaty: as they run very swiftly, and will certainly be here in a few minutes, I
will

will wait their arrival, that we may all four embrace together. Reynard very well knew, if that was the case, it was no time for him to remain there any longer. Pretending, therefore, to be in great haste, Adieu, said he, for the present; we will reserve our rejoicings to another opportunity: upon which he darted into the woods with all imaginable expedition. Old Chanticleer no sooner saw him depart, than he crowed abundantly in the triumph of his artifice: for by a harmless stratagem to disappoint the malevolent intentions of those who are endeavouring to deceive us to our ruin, is not only innocent but laudable.

VII. *Vice and Fortune.*

FORTUNE and Vice, according to Plutarch, had once a violent contest which of them had it most in their power to make mankind unhappy. Fortune boasted that she could take from men every external good, and bring upon them every external evil. Be it so, replied Vice; but this is by no means sufficient to make them miserable without my assistance: whereas, without yours, I am able to render them completely so; nay, in spite, too, of all your endeavours to make them happy.

VIII. *The Court of Death.*

DEATH, the king of terrors, was determined to choose a prime minister; and his pale courtiers, the ghastly train of diseases, were all summoned to attend; when each preferred his claim to the honour of this illustrious office. Fever urged the numbers he destroyed; cold Palsy set forth his pretensions by shaking all his limbs; and Dropsy, by his swelled unweildy carcass. Gout hobbled up, and alleged his great power in racking every joint; and Asthma's inability to speak was a strong, though silent, argument in favour of his claim. Stone and Colic pleaded their violence; Plague, his rapid progress in destruction; and Consumption, tho' slow, insisted that he was sure. In the midst of this contention, the court was disturbed with the noise of music, dancing, feasting, and revelry; when immedi-

ately entered a lady, with a bold lascivious air, and a flushed and jovial countenance: she was attended on one hand by a troop of cooks and Bacchanals; and on the other, by a train of wanton youths and damsels, who danced half-naked to the softest musical instruments: her name was INTemperance. She waved her hand, and thus addressed the Crowd of Diseases; Give way, ye sickly band of pretenders, nor dare to vie with my superior merits in the service of this great Monarch. Am not I your parent? the author of your beings? Do ye not derive the power of shortening human life almost wholly from me? Who then so fit as myself for this important office? The grisly Monarch grinned a smile of approbation, placed her at his right-hand, and she immediately became his prime favourite and principal minister.

IX. *The partial Judge.*

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

X. *The sick Lion, the Fox, and the Wolf.*

A LION having surfeited himself with feasting too luxuriously on the carcase of a wild boar, was seized with a violent and dangerous disorder. The beasts of the forest flocked in great numbers to pay their respects to him upon the occasion, and scarce one was absent except

cept the Fox. The Wolf, an ill-natured and malicious beast, seized this opportunity to accuse the Fox of pride, ingratitude, and disaffection to his majesty. In the midst of this invective the Fox entered; who having heard part of the Wolf's accusation, and observing the Lion's countenance to be kindled into wrath, thus adroitly excused himself, and retorted upon his accuser: I see many here who, with mere lip-service, have pretended to show you their loyalty; but for my part, from the moment I heard of your majesty's illness, neglecting useless compliments, I employed myself day and night to inquire among the most learned physicians an infallible remedy for your disease, and have at length happily been informed of one. It is a plaster made of part of a Wolf's skin, taken warm from his back, and laid to your majesty's stomach. This remedy was no sooner proposed, than it was determined that the experiment should be tried: and whilst the operation was performing, the Fox, with a sarcastic smile, whispered this useful maxim in the Wolf's ear—If you would be safe from harm yourself, learn for the future not to meditate mischief against others.

XI. *The Dove and the Ant.*

WE should be always ready to do good offices, even to the meanest of our fellow-creatures; as there is no one to whose assistance we may not, upon some occasion or other, be greatly indebted.

A Dove was sipping from the banks of a rivulet, when an Ant, who was at the same time trailing a grain of corn along the edge of the brook, inadvertently fell in. The Dove, observing the helpless insect struggling in vain to reach the shore, was touched with compassion; and, plucking a blade of grass, dropped it into the stream; by means of which, the poor Ant, like a shipwrecked sailor upon a plank, got safe to land. She had scarcely arrived there, when she perceived a Fowler just going to discharge his piece at her deliverer: upon which she instantly crept up his foot and stung him on the ankle. The sportsman starting, occasioned a rustling among the boughs

boughs, which alarmed the Dove; who immediately sprung up, and by that means escaped the danger with which she was threatened.

XII. *The Force of Education.*

AN anecdote concerning Lycurgus, made a figure in ancient Greece. He brought into an assembly of Spartans two dogs, one tame and gentle, the other wild and fierce. "Know," said he, "that these dogs are not only of the same mother, but of the same litter. The difference of their temper proceeds entirely from their education, and from the different manner of their being trained."

XIII. *On Dress.*

ATUTOR, to wean his pupil from a fondness for fine cloaths, told him the following story.—There was once upon a time a very good and a very clever boy named *Hercules*. Besides his prayers and his book, he was taught to run and leap, to ride, wrestle, and cudgel. And though he was able to beat any boy in the parish, he never harmed any of them. He did not matter cold, nor hunger, nor how or where he lay. He went always dressed in a loose coat of the coarsest kind, which he could put on or off at pleasure. For he knew that his dress was no part of himself, and could neither make him better nor worse. When this brave boy came to man's estate, he went about the world doing good; helping the weak, feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, and chastising those who did wrong to others. All good people loved him, and all naughty people feared him. But, oh sad and dismal! a lady made him a present of a new coat laced and ruffled in a most gorgeous manner; so that poor Hercules looked as fine as you do now. He turned to this side and to that side; and began to think more and better of himself, because he had got this fool's coat upon him. He grew so fond of it, that he could not bear to have it put off. Neither would he venture out in the rain any more; nor box nor wrestle with any one, for fear of spoiling his fine coat.

So

So that he lost the love and the praises of every body ; and all people scorned him, and pointed at him for a fool and a coxcomb.

AN ABRIDGMENT of the HISTORY of the BIBLE.

XIV. *From the Creation of the World to the Flood.*

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

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

In the book of Genesis, Moses tells who were the children and descendants of Adam. We see by the history of those times, that the life of men was then much longer than it is now, and that they lived many hundreds of years : but it may also be observed, that sin began to reign in the world presently after the creation. Cain the son of Adam slew his brother Abel, and had a wicked posterity. Nevertheless, God was known to and worshipped by the patriarchs, and especially in the family

mily of Seth, who was one of the sons of Adam. Among these patriarchs, the scripture makes mention of Enoch, whom God took out of the world, so that he died not; God having been pleased thereby to crown his piety, and to teach men that there are rewards after this life for those that live well. But in process of time, the posterity of Seth was corrupted likewise, and mingled with the wicked. The earth was filled with crimes; and the corruption grew so great and general, that God sent the flood, which drowned the whole world, Noah excepted, who, being a man that feared God, was, with his family, preserved from this inundation; God having commanded him to build an ark, in which he was shut up when the flood came. The memory of this deluge is preserved not only in the Holy Scriptures, but also among divers nations of the world, as we may find in many ancient histories. The flood happened one thousand six hundred and fifty-six years after the creation of the world.

XV. From the Flood to the call of Abraham.

NOAH being come out of the ark after the deluge, God made a covenant with him, and gave a new sanction to the law of nature, in order to turn men from wickedness and vice. Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth; and all the world was afterwards peopled by their posterity. The descendants of Shem settled chiefly in Asia; those of Ham spread for the most part in Africa; and those of Japheth, in Europe. This is the original of all the people in the world, as may be seen more at large in the tenth chapter of Genesis.

Some time after the flood, men undertook to build the tower of Babel: but God confounded their language; so that, not understanding one another any longer, they were dispersed into divers countries. Idolatry began about this time to prevail; and then God was pleased to choose a people, among whom the true religion might be preserved. For this purpose he called Abraham, who lived in the city of Ur in Chaldea. He appointed him to leave the country wherein he was born; he engaged him

him to serve him, and fear him; he commanded him to go into the land of Canaan, and he promised to give that country to his descendants, to multiply his posterity, and that the Messiah should be born of his race. The call of Abraham happened four hundred and twenty-seven years after the flood.

XVI. *From the Call of Abraham to the going of the Children of Israel out of Egypt.*

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

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

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

After

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

XVII. From the going out of Egypt to the Building of Solomon's Temple.

THE children of Israel being come out of Egypt, walked upon dry land thro' the Red Sea; and Pharaoh, who pursued them, attempting to go thro' after them, was there drowned with all his army. Fifty days after the deliverance from Egypt, God published the ten commandments of the political laws to Moses, as also the ceremonial laws which the Israelites were to observe. God did not suffer the children of Israel to enter into the land of Canaan immediately after their coming out of Egypt; but they staid in the wilderness forty years, under the conduct of Moses.

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

XVIII. From the Building of Solomon's Temple to the Captivity of Babylon.

AFTER Solomon's death, Rehoboam his son being set on the throne, ten tribes of Israel revolted; so that

that he ruled over two tribes only, which were those of Judah and Benjamin. Thus there were two kingdoms formed; the one called the kingdom of *Israel*, which comprehended the ten revolted tribes; the other called the kingdom of *Judah*, which consisted of the two tribes that remained faithful to Rehoboam.

The kingdom of Israel subsisted about two hundred and fifty years. Jeroboam was the first king of it. This prince, fearing that his subjects would return to the obedience of Rehoboam king of Judah, when they should go to Jerusalem to the solemn festivals, to worship God in the temple, and to offer their sacrifices there, set up a false worship in his kingdom. He made two golden calves, which they worshipped under the name of the God of Israel. He appointed solemn feasts and priests: so that, in the reign of Jeroboam and his successors, idolatry was established in the kingdom of Israel. All the kings of Israel were idolaters, and kept up the false worship which Jeroboam had established. God sent several prophets to the ten tribes, to turn them from their sins, and to preserve the knowledge of himself among them. The most eminent of these prophets was Elijah: he prophesied in the time of Ahab, who was one of the wickedest of the kings of Israel. At last the kingdom of the ten tribes was destroyed, and Samaria, their capital city, was taken, in the time of Hoshea the last king of Israel, by Shalmaneser king of Assyria, who carried away the ten tribes into his own kingdom; from whence they were dispersed into divers countries, and have never since been settled in their own land.

The kingdom of Judah lasted an hundred and thirty years longer than that of Israel. The capital city of this kingdom was Jerusalem, where the true God was served in the temple of Solomon. But idolatry crept in also into the kingdom of Judah. God raised up prophets from time to time, who opposed the sins and errors of that people, who threatened them with the judgments of God, and foretold the coming of the Messiah. Isaiah was one of the most eminent of these prophets. There were also some good kings, who endeavoured to abolish idolatry; as Jehoshaphat, Hezekiah, Josiah, and some others. But the people continuing in their sins,

God (after he had long threatened them, and afflicted them at sundry times by the neighbouring kings) destroyed also the kingdom of Judah. Nebuchadnezza king of Babylon besieged Jerusalem in the reign of Zedekiah, the last king of Judah : He took it, and burnt it with the temple, and carried away the people to Babylon, about four hundred and twenty years after Solomon had laid the foundation of the temple of Jerusalem, and five hundred and fourscore years before the birth of our Lord.

XIX. From the Captivity of Babylon to the Birth of Jesus Christ.

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

From the rebuilding of Jerusalem, in the reign of Darius, to the destruction of that city, which happened after the coming of Jesus Christ, there were seventy weeks of years, that is to say, four hundred and ninety years, according to the prediction of the prophet Daniel. The Jews being returned into their own country, were for some time subject to the kings of Persia, and afterwards to the kings of Syria. They were exposed to divers persecutions ; whereof the last and most cruel was that of king Antiochus, who plundered and profaned the temple of Jerusalem, and made use of torments in order to force the Jews to renounce their religion, as may be seen in the history of the Maccabees. This was he that

forced

forced Mattathias and many Jews to enter into a covenant together for the preservation of their religion and liberty. They gained many victories by the courage and conduct of Judas Maccabeus and Jonathan, both sons of Mattathias. Having recovered their liberty, and again set up the exercise of their religion, they were a long time under the government of the priests, who succeeded Judas and Jonathan, and took the title of kings. These are they who are called *Asmonians*. At last the Jews fell under the dominion of the Romans, who made Herod king over Judea: and it was this Herod that reigned when Jesus Christ came into the world.

XX. Of the Birth of Jesus Christ; of his Life and Death, Resurrection, and Ascension into Heaven.

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

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

sent the Holy Ghost to his apostles upon the day of Pentecost.

XXI. *Of the Preaching of the Apostles, and the Establishment of the Christian Religion.*

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

As for the Jews, they were destroyed and driven out of their country, forty years after the death of our Lord. The city of Jerusalem was taken by the Romans, and, with the temple there, laid in ruins, as Jesus Christ had expressly foretold; the judgments of God fell upon the Jews, who were dispersed throughout the world; and
since

since that time they have never been able to recover that destruction, but it continues upon them to this day.

XXII. *An Abridgment of the Christian Religion.*

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

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

Upon condition that men would acquit themselves of these two duties, and would give evidence of their faith and repentance, the apostles promised them two things. *First*, That all their past sins, committed in the time of their ignorance, should be pardoned. *Secondly*, That God would receive them into his covenant, and grant them

salvation and life eternal. These are the two things that the apostles gave men assurance of by baptism; but as for those that refused to become Christians, or that, being Christians, did not live as Jesus Christ had ordained, the apostles declared, that they were excluded from salvation, and were subject to condemnation and death eternal.

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

XXIII. *A Morning Prayer for a young Student at School, or for the common Use of a School.*

FATHER of all! we return thee most humble and hearty thanks for thy protection of us in the night-season, and for the refreshment of our souls and bodies in the sweet repose of sleep. Accept also our unfeigned gratitude for all thy mercies during the helpless age of infancy.

Continue, we beseech thee, to guard us under the shadow of thy wing. Our age is tender, and our nature frail; and without the influence of thy grace, we shall surely fall.

Let that influence descend into our hearts, and teach us to love thee and truth above all things. O guard our hearts from the temptations to deceit; and grant, that we may abhor a lie as a sin and as a disgrace.

Inspire us also with an abhorrence of the loathsomeness of vice, and the pollutions of sensual pleasure. Grant at the same time, that we may early feel the delight of conscious purity, and wash our hands in innocency, from the united motives of inclination and of duty.

Give us, O thou Parent of all knowledge, a love of learning, and a taste for the pure and sublime pleasures of

of the understanding. Improve our memory, quicken our apprehension, and grant that we may lay up such a store of learning as may fit us for the station to which it shall please thee to call us, and enable us to make great advances in virtue and religion, and shine as lights in the world by the influence of a good example.

Give us grace to be diligent in our studies; and that whatever we read, we may strongly mark, and inwardly digest it.

Bless our parents, guardians, and instructors; and grant that we may make them the best return in our power, for giving us opportunities of improvement, and for all their care and attention to our welfare. They ask no return, but that we should make use of those opportunities, and co-operate with their endeavours—O grant that we may never disappoint their anxious expectations!

Affist us mercifully, O Lord, that we may immediately engage in the studies and duties of the day, and go thro' them cheerfully, diligently, and successfully.

Accept our endeavours, and pardon our defects, thro' the merits of our blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ our Lord.
Amen.

XXIV. *An Evening Prayer.*

O ALMIGHTY God! again we approach thy mercy-seat, to offer unto thee our thanks and praises for the blessings and protection afforded us this day; and humbly to implore thy pardon for our manifold transgressions.

Grant that the words of various instruction which we have heard or read this day, may be so inwardly grafted in our hearts and memories, as to bring forth the fruits of learning and virtue.

Grant that as we recline on our pillows, we may call to mind the transactions of the day, condemn those things of which our conscience accuses us, and make and keep resolutions of amendment.

Grant that thy holy angels may watch over us this night, and guard us from temptation, excluding all improper thoughts, and filling our breasts with the purest sentiments of piety. Like as the hart panteth for the water—

water-brook, so let our souls thirst for thee, O Lord, and for whatever is excellent and beautiful in learning and behaviour.

Correct, by the sweet influence of Christian charity, the irregularities of our temper; and restrain every tendency to ingratitude, and to ill-usage of our parents, teachers, pastors, and masters. Teach us to know the value of a good education, and to be thankful to those who labour in the improvement of our minds and morals. Give us grace to be reverend to our superiors, gentle to our equals or inferiors, and benevolent to all mankind. Elevate and enlarge our sentiments; and let all our conduct be regulated by right reason, by Christian charity, and attended with that peculiar generosity of mind which becomes a liberal scholar and a sincere Christian.

O Lord, bestow upon us whatever may be good for us, even tho' we should omit to pray for it; and avert whatever is hurtful, tho' in the blindness of our hearts we should wish for it.

Into thy hands, then, we resign ourselves, as we retire to rest, hoping by thy mercy to rise again with renewed spirits to go thro' the business of the morrow, and to prepare ourselves for this life, and for a blessed immortality; which we ardently hope to attain, thro' the merits and intercession of thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

SECTION II.

I. *Select Sentences.*

INDIGENCE and obscurity are the parents of industry and economy: these, of riches and honour: these, of pride and luxury: these, of sensuality and idleness; and these of indigence and obscurity. Such are the revolutions of life.

Man's chief good is an upright mind; which no earthly power can bestow, nor take from him.

We ought to distrust our passions, even when they appear the most reasonable.

It is idle, as well as absurd, to impose our opinions upon

upon others. The same ground of conviction operates differently on the same man in different circumstances, and on different men in the same circumstances.

Choose what is most fit; custom will make it the most agreeable.

A cheerful-countenance betokens a good heart.

Hypocrisy is a homage that vice pays to virtue.

Anxiety and constraint are the constant attendants of pride.

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

Nothing blunts the edge of ridicule so effectually as good-humour.

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

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

II.

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

The young are slaves to novelty, the old to custom.

No preacher is so successful as time. It gives a turn of thought to the aged, which it was impossible to inspire while they were young.

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

Self-partiality hides from us those very faults in ourselves which we see and blame in others.

The injuries we do and those we suffer are seldom weighed in the same balance.

Men generally put a greater value upon the favours they bestow, than upon those they receive.

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

Adversity borrows its sharpest sting from our impatience.

Men commonly owe their virtue or their vice to education as much as to nature.

There is no such sop as my young master of his lady-mother's making. She blows him up with self-conceit,
and

and there he stops. She makes a man of him at twelve, and a boy all his life after.

An infallible way to make your child miserable, is to satisfy all his demands. Passion swells by gratification; and the impossibility of satisfying every one of his demands, will oblige you to stop short at last, after he has become headstrong.

III.

WE esteem most things according to their intrinsic merit: it is strange *man* should be an exception. We prize a horse for his strength and courage, not for his furniture. We prize a man for his sumptuous palace, his great train, his vast revenue; yet these are his furniture, not his mind.

The true conveniences of life are common to the king with his meanest subject. The king's sleep is not sweeter, nor his appetite better.

The pomp which distinguishes the great man from the mob, defends him not from the fever nor from grief. Give a prince all the names of majesty that are found in a folio dictionary, the first attack of the gout will make him forget his palace and his guards. If he be in choler, will his princedom secure him from turning pale and gnashing his teeth like a fool? The smallest prick of a nail, the slightest passion of the soul, is capable to render insipid the monarchy of the world.

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

Those who are the most faulty, are the most prone to find faults in others.

The first and most important female quality is sweetness of temper. Heaven did not give to the female sex insinuation and persuasion, in order to be surly: it did not make them weak, in order to be imperious: it did not give them a sweet voice, in order to be employed in scolding: it did not provide them with delicate features, in order to be disfigured with anger.

Let fame be regarded, but conscience much more. It is an empty joy to appear better than you are; but a great blessing to be what you ought to be.

Let

Let your conduct be the result of deliberation, never of impatience.

In the conduct of life, let it be one great aim, to shew that every thing you do proceeds from yourself, not from your passions. Chrysippus rewards in joy, chastises in wrath, doth every thing in passion. No person stands in awe of Chrysippus, no person is grateful to him. Why? Because it is not Chrysippus who acts, but his passions. We shun him in wrath as we shun a wild beast; and this is all the authority he hath over us.

Indulge not desire at the expence of the slightest article of virtue: pass once its limits, and you fall headlong into vice.

Examine well the counsel that favours your desires.

The gratification of desire is sometimes the worst thing that can befall us.

IV.

TO be angry is to punish myself for the fault of another.

A word dropt by chance from your friend offends your delicacy. Avoid a hasty reply; and beware of opening your discontent to the first person you meet. When you are cool, it will vanish, and leave no impression.

The most profitable revenge, the most rational, and the most pleasant, is to make it the interest of the injurious person not to hurt you a second time.

It was a saying of Socrates, that we should eat and drink in order to live; instead of living, as many do, in order to eat and drink.

Be moderate in your pleasures, that your relish for them may continue.

Time is requisite to bring great projects to maturity. Precipitation ruins the best contrived plans: Patience ripens the most difficult.

When we sum up the miseries of life, the grief bestowed on trifles makes a great part of the account; trifles which, neglected, are nothing. How shameful such a weakness!

The pensionary De Wit being asked how he could transact

transact such variety of business without confusion, answered, That he never did but one thing at a time.

Guard your weak side from being known. If it be attacked, the best way is to join in the attack.

Francis I. consulting with his generals how to lead his army over the Alps into Italy, Amant his fool sprung from a corner, and advised him to consult rather how to bring it back.

The best practical rule of morality is, Never to do but what you are willing all the world should know.

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.

When you descant on the faults of others, consider whether you be not guilty of the same. To gain knowledge of ourselves, the best way is to convert the imperfections of others into a mirror for discovering our own.

Apply yourself more to acquire knowledge than to show it. Men commonly take great pains to put off the little stock they have ; but they take little pains to acquire more.

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

To measure all reason by our own is a plain act of injustice : it is an encroachment on the common rights of mankind.

If you would teach secrecy to others, begin with yourself. How can you expect another will keep your secret, when you yourself cannot?

A man's fortune is more frequently made by his tongue than by his virtues ; and more frequently crushed by it than by his vices.

V.

EVEN self-interest is a motive for benevolence. There are none so low but may have it in their power to return a good office.

To

To deal with a man, you must know his temper, by which you can lead him; or his ends, by which you can persuade him; or his friends, by whom you can govern him.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth; the next, good sense; the third, good humour; the last, wit.

The great error in conversation is, to be fonder of speaking than of hearing. Few show more complaisance than to pretend to hearken, intent all the while upon what they themselves have to say; not considering, that to seek one's own pleasure so passionately is not the way to please others.

To be an Englishman in London, a Frenchman in Paris, a Spaniard in Madrid, is no easy matter; and yet it is necessary.

A man entirely without ceremony has need of great merit.

He who cannot bear a jest ought never to make one.

In the deepest distress, virtue is more illustrious than vice in its highest prosperity.

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

He whose ruling passion is love of praise, is a slave to every one who has a tongue for detraction.

Always to indulge our appetites is to extinguish them. Abstain, that you may enjoy.

To have your enemy in your power, and yet to do him good, is the greatest heroism.

Modesty, were it to be recommended for nothing else, leaves a man at ease, by pretending to little: whereas vain-glory requires perpetual labour to appear what one is not. If we have sense, modesty best sets it off; if not, best hides the want.

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.

The refined luxuries of the table, besides enervating the body, poison that very pleasure they are intended to promote: for, by soliciting the appetite, they exclude the greatest pleasure of taste, that which arises from the gratification of hunger.

Life is short and uncertain: we have not a moment to lose. Is it prudent to throw away any of our time in tormenting ourselves or others, when we have so little for honest pleasures? Forgetting our weakness, we stir up mighty enmities, and fly to wound as if we were invulnerable. Wherefore all this bustle and noise? Fate hangs over us, and charges to our account even those days we spend in pain. The hour you destine for another's death is perhaps destined for your own. The best use of a short life is, to make it agreeable to ourselves and to others. Have you cause of quarrel with your servant, your master, your king, your neighbour? forbear a moment; death is at hand, which makes all equal. What has man to do with wars, tumults, ambushes? You would destroy your enemy; you lose your trouble, death will do your business while you are at rest. And, after all, when you have got your revenge, how short will be your joy or his pain? While we are among men, let us cultivate humanity; let us not be the cause of fear nor of pain to one another. Let us despise injury, malice, and detraction; and bear with an equal mind such transitory evils. While we speak, while we think, death comes up, and closes the scene.

VI. *The bad Reader.*

JULIUS had acquired great credit at Cambridge by his compositions. They were elegant, animated, and judicious; and several prizes, at different times, had been adjudged to him. An oration, which he delivered the week before he left the university, had been honoured with particular applause; and, on his return home, he was impatient to gratify his vanity, and to extend his reputation, by having it read to a number of his father's literary friends.

A party was therefore collected; and, after dinner, the manuscript was produced. Julius declined the office of reader, because he had contracted a hoarseness on his journey; and a conceited young man, with great forwardness, offered his services. Whilst he was settling himself on his seat, licking his lips, adjusting his mouth, yawning, hemming, and making other ridiculous preparations

rations for the performance which he had undertaken, a profound silence reigned through the company, the united effect of attention and expectation. The reader at length began; but his tone of voice was so shrill and dissonant, his utterance so vehement, his pronunciation so affected, his emphasis so injudicious, and his accents were so improperly placed, that good manners alone restrained the laughter of the audience. Julius was all this while upon the rack, and his arm was more than once extended to snatch his composition from the coxcomb who delivered it. But he proceeded, with full confidence in his own elocution; uniformly overstepping, as Shakespeare expresses it, the modesty of nature.

When the oration was concluded, the gentlemen returned their thanks to the author; but the compliments which they paid him were more expressive of politeness and civility, than of a conviction of his merit. Indeed, the beauties of his composition had been converted, by bad reading, into blemishes; and the sense of it rendered obscure, and even unintelligible. Julius and his father could not conceal their vexation and disappointment; and the guests, perceiving that they laid them under a painful restraint, withdrew, as soon as decency permitted, to their respective habitations.

VII. *The Periwig.*

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

VIII. *Instances of Command of Temper.*

IN the history of ancient Greece, there is a glorious instance of the good effects of restraint. Euribiades, admiral of the Grecian fleet collected against the Persians, angry to be opposed in the council of war by The-

mistocles a young officer, brandished his staff in a threatening manner. "Strike," said Themistocles, "but hear me first." Subdued by this signal instance of self-command, Euribiades listened, followed the advice of the young officer, and obtained a complete victory. The cool behaviour of Themistocles saved Greece, which probably would have been ruined by the old general.—Pericles the Athenian general was attacked one day in the public forum, before the people, by a brutish fellow, with much opprobrious language; and, in his return home, he was followed by the same person, venting his wrath in the same style. It being now dark, he ordered his servant to light the man home, for fear he should lose his way.—Arcadius an Argive, who had been in a course of reviling Philip king of Macedon, was apprehended and brought before him; but was courteously treated, and sent away with presents. The king being informed that the Argive had changed his note, and was full of his praises, "Look you now," says he, "am not I a better physician than any of you? I have cured a foul-mouth'd fellow by presents, which would not have been done had I followed your advice of punishing him."

IX. *Respect due to Old Age.*

IT happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honour of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly: but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was, to sit close, and expose him, as he stood out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedæmonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians being suddenly

denly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, "The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedæmonians practise it."

X. Story of the Cobler and his Son.

A YOUNG man, son of a cobbler in a small village near Madrid, having pushed his fortune in the Indies, returned to his native country with a considerable stock, and set up as a banker in Madrid. In his absence, his parents frequently talked of him, praying fervently that Heaven would take him under its protection; and the vicar being their friend, gave them frequently the public prayers of the congregation for him. The banker was not less dutiful on his part; for, so soon as he was settled, he mounted on horseback, and went alone to the village. It was ten at night before he got there; and the honest cobbler was a-bed with his wife in a sound sleep when he knocked at the door. Open the door, says the banker; 'tis your son Francillo. Make others believe that if you can, cried the old man, starting from his sleep; go about your business, you thieving rogues, here is nothing for you: Francillo, if not dead, is now in the Indies. He is no longer there, replied the banker; he is returned home, and it is he who now speaks to you: open your door, and receive him. Jacobo, said the woman, let us rise then; for I really believe 'tis Francillo, I think I know his voice. The father, starting from bed, lighted a candle; and the mother, putting on her gown in a hurry, opened the door. Looking earnestly on Francillo, she flung her arms about his neck, and hugged him with the utmost affection. Jacobo embraced his son in his turn; and all three, transported with joy after so long absence, had no end in expressing their tenderness. After these pleasing transports, the banker put his horse into the stable, where he found an old milch-cow, nurse to the whole family. He then gave the old folks an account of his voyage, and of all the riches he had brought from Peru. They listened greedily, and every the least particular of his relation made on them a sensible impression of grief or joy. Having finished his

story, he offered them a part of his estate, and intreated his father not to work any more. No, my son, said Jacobo, I love my trade, and will not leave it off. Why, replied the banker, is it not now high time to take your ease? I do not propose your living with me at Madrid: I know well that a city-life would not please you: enjoy your own way of living; but give over your hard labour, and pass the remainder of your days in ease and plenty. The mother seconded her son; and Jacobo yielded. To please you, Francillo, said he, I will not work any more for the public, but will only mend my own shoes and those of my good friend the vicar. The agreement being concluded, the banker eat a couple of eggs, and went to bed, enjoying that pleasing satisfaction which none but dutiful children can feel or understand. The next morning the banker, leaving his parents a purse of three hundred ducats, returned to Madrid: but was much surprised to see Jacobo at his house a few days thereafter. My father, said he, what brings you here? Francillo, answered the honest cobbler, I have brought your purse; take it again; for I desire to live by my trade, and have been ready to die with uneasiness ever since I left off working.

XI. *Honesty rewarded.*

PERRIN lost both parents before he could articulate their names, and was obliged to a charity-house for his education. At the age of fifteen he was hired by a farmer to be a shepherd, in the neighbourhood of Lucetta, who kept her father's sheep. They often met, and were fond of being together. Five years thus passed, when their sensations became more serious. Perrin proposed to Lucetta to demand her from her father: she blushed, and confessed her willingness. As she had an errand to town next day, the opportunity of her absence was chosen for making the proposal. You want to marry my daughter, said the old man. Have you a house to cover her, or money to maintain her? Lucetta's fortune is not enough for both. It won't do, Perrin, it won't do. But, replied Perrin, I have hands to work: I have laid up
twenty

twenty crowns of my wages, which will defray the expence of the wedding : I'll work harder, and lay up more. Well, said the old man, you are young, and may wait a little : get rich, and my daughter is at your service. Perrin waited for Lucetta returning in the evening. Has my father given you a refusal, cried Lucetta ? Ah Lucetta, replied Perrin, how unhappy am I for being poor ! But I have not lost all hopes : my circumstances may change for the better. As they never tired of conversing together, the night drew on, and it became dark. Perrin, making a false step, fell on the ground. He found a bag, which was heavy. Drawing toward a light in the neighbourhood, he found that it was filled with gold. I thank Heaven, cries Perrin in a transport, for being favourable to our wishes. This will satisfy your father, and make us happy. In their way to her father's house, a thought struck Perrin. " This money is not ours : it belongs to some stranger ; and perhaps this moment he is lamenting the loss of it. Let us go to the vicar for advice ; he has always been kind to me." Perrin put the bag into the vicar's hand, saying, that at first he looked on it as a providential present to remove the only obstacle to their marriage ; but that he now doubted whether he could lawfully retain it. The vicar eyed the lovers with attention. He admired their honesty, which appeared even to surpass their affection. Perrin, says he, cherish these sentiments : Heaven will bless you. We will endeavour to find out the owner : he will reward thy honesty : I will add what I can spare : you shall have Lucetta. The bag was advertised in the newspapers, and cried in the neighbouring parishes. Some time having elapsed, and the money not demanded, the vicar carried it to Perrin. " These twelve thousand livres bear at present no profit : you may reap the interest at least. Lay them out in such a manner as to ensure the sum itself to the owner, if he shall appear." A farm was purchased, and the consent of Lucetta's father to the marriage was obtained. Perrin was employed in husbandry, and Lucetta in family-affairs. They lived in perfect cordiality ; and two children endeared them still more to each other. Perrin, one evening returning homeward from his work, saw a chaise over-

turned,

turned, with two gentlemen in it. He ran to their assistance, and offered them every accommodation his small house could afford. This spot, cried one of the gentlemen, is very fatal to me. Ten years ago, I lost here twelve thousand livres. Perrin listened with attention. What search made you for them? said he. It was not in my power, replied the stranger, to make any search. I was hurrying to Port l'Orient to embark for the Indies, for the vessel was ready to sail. Next morning, Perrin showed to his guests his house, his garden, his cattle, and mentioned the produce of his fields. "All these are your property," addressing the gentleman who had lost the bag; "the money fell into my hands; I purchased this farm with it; the farm is your's. The vicar has an instrument which secures your property, though I had died without seeing you." The stranger read the instrument with emotion: He looked on Perrin, Lucetta, and the children. Where am I? cried he, and what do I hear? What virtue in people so low! Have you any other land but this farm? No, replied Perrin; but you will have occasion for a tenant, and I hope you will allow me to remain here. Your honesty deserves a better recompence, answered the stranger. My success in trade has been great, and I have forgot my loss. You are well entitled to this little fortune: keep it as your own. What man in the world would have acted like Perrin? Perrin and Lucetta shed tears of affection and joy. "My dear children," said he, "kiss the hand of your benefactor. Lucetta, this farm now belongs to us, and we can enjoy it without anxiety or remorse." Thus was honesty rewarded. Let those who desire the reward practise the virtue.

XII. *Dishonesty punished.*

AN usurer, having lost an hundred pounds in a bag, promised a reward of ten pounds to the person who should restore it. A man having brought it to him, demanded the reward. The usurer, loth to give the reward now that he had got the bag, alleged, after the bag was opened, that there were an hundred and ten pounds in it when he lost it. The usurer being called before

before the judge, unwarily acknowledged, that the seal was broken open in his presence, and that there were no more at that time but a hundred pounds in the bag. "You say," says the judge, "that the bag you lost had a hundred and ten pounds in it." "Yes, my lord." "Then," replied the judge, "this cannot be your bag, as it contained but a hundred pounds: Therefore the plaintiff must keep it till the true owner appears; and you must look for your bag where you can find it."

XIII. *Piety to God recommended to the Young.*

WHAT I shall first recommend, is piety to God. With this I begin, both as the foundation of good morals, and as a disposition particularly graceful and becoming in youth. To be void of it, argues a cold heart, destitute of some of the best affections which belong to that age. Youth is the season of warm and generous emotions. The heart should then spontaneously rise into the admiration of what is great; glow with the love of what is fair and excellent; and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness. Where can any object be found so proper to kindle those affections as the Father of the universe, and the Author of all felicity? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majesty which his works every where display? Untouched by gratitude, can you view that profusion of good which, in this pleasing season of life, his beneficent hand pours around you? Happy in the love and affection of those with whom you are connected, look up to the Supreme Being, as the inspirer of all the friendship which has ever been shown you by others; himself your best and your first friend: formerly, the supporter of your infancy, and the guide of your childhood; now, the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years. View religious homage as a natural expression of gratitude to him for all his goodness. Consider it as the service of the God of your fathers; of him to whom your parents devoted you; of him whom, in former ages, your ancestors honoured; and by whom they are now rewarded and blessed in heaven. Connected with so many tender sensibilities of soul,

let religion be with you, not the cold and barren offspring of speculation, but the warm and vigorous dictate of the heart.

XIV. *Modesty and Docility.*

TO piety, join modesty and docility, reverence of your parents, and submission to those who are your superiors in knowledge, in station, and in years. Dependence and obedience belong to youth. Modesty is one of its chief ornaments; and has ever been esteemed a presage of rising merit. When entering on the career of life, it is your part not to assume the reins as yet into your hands; but to commit yourselves to the guidance of the more experienced, and to become wise by the wisdom of those who have gone before you. Of all the follies incident to youth, there are none which either deform its present appearance, or blast the prospect of its future prosperity, more than self-conceit, presumption, and obstinacy. By checking its natural progress in improvement, they fix it in long immaturity; and frequently produce mischiefs which can never be repaired. Yet these are vices too commonly found among the young. Big with enterprise, and elated by hope, they resolve to trust for success to none but themselves. Full of their own abilities, they deride the admonitions which are given them by their friends, as the timorous suggestions of age. Too wise to learn, too impatient to deliberate, too forward to be restrained, they plunge, with precipitant indiscretion, into the midst of all the dangers with which life abounds.

XV. *Sincerity.*

IT is necessary to recommend to you sincerity and truth. These are the basis of every virtue. That darkness of character, where we can see no heart; those foldings of art, through which no native affection is allowed to penetrate, present an object unamiable in every season of life, but particularly odious in youth. If, at an age when the heart is warm, when the emotions are strong, and when nature is expected to show herself free and open,

open, you can already smile and deceive, what are we to look for when you shall be longer hackneyed in the ways of men; when interest shall have completed the obduration of your heart, and experience shall have improved you in all the arts of guile? Dissimulation in youth is the forerunner of perfidy in old age. Its first appearance is the fatal omen of growing depravity and future shame. It degrades parts and learning; obscures the lustre of every accomplishment; and sinks you into contempt with God and man. As you value, therefore, the approbation of heaven or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of truth. In all your proceedings be direct and consistent. Ingenuity and candour possess the most powerful charm; they bespeak universal favour, and carry an apology for almost every failing. The path of truth is a plain and safe path; that of falsehood is a perplexing maze. After the first departure from sincerity, it is not in your power to stop. One artifice unavoidably leads on to another; till, as the intricacy of the labyrinth increases, you are left entangled in your own snare. Deceit discovers a little mind, which stops at temporary expedients, without rising to comprehensive views of conduct. It betrays, at the same time, a dastardly spirit. It is the resource of one who wants courage to avow his designs, or to rest upon himself. Whereas openness of character displays that generous boldness which ought to distinguish youth. To set out in the world with no other principle than a crafty attention to interest, betokens one who is destined for creeping thro' the inferior walks of life: but to give an early preference to honour above gain, when they stand in competition; to despise every advantage which cannot be attained without dishonest arts; to brook no meanness, and to stoop to no dissimulation; are the indications of a great mind, the presages of future eminence and distinction in life. At the same time, this virtuous sincerity is perfectly consistent with the most prudent vigilance and caution. It is opposed to cunning, not to true wisdom. It is not the simplicity of a weak and improvident, but the candour of an enlarged and noble mind; of one who scorns deceit, because he accounts it both

base

base and unprofitable ; and who seeks no disguise, because he needs none to hide him.

XVI. *Benevolence and Humanity.*

YOUTH is the proper season of cultivating the benevolent and humane affections. As a great part of your happiness is to depend on the connections which you form with others, it is of high importance that you acquire betimes the temper and the manners which will render such connections 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 in 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 with 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 sympathy, 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. 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.

XVII. *Industry and Application.*

DILIGENCE, industry, and proper improvement of time, are material duties of the young. To no purpose

purpose are they endowed with the best abilities, if they want activity for exerting them. Unavailing, in this case, will be every direction that can be given them, either for their temporal or spiritual welfare. In youth, the habits of industry are most easily acquired: in youth, the incentives to it are strongest, from ambition and from duty, from emulation and hope, from all the prospects which the beginning of life affords. If, dead to these calls, you already languish in slothful inaction, what will be able to quicken the more sluggish current of advancing years? Industry is not only the instrument of improvement, but the foundation of pleasure. Nothing is so opposite to the true enjoyment of life as the relaxed and feeble state of an indolent mind. He who is a stranger to industry may possess, but he cannot enjoy. For it is labour only which gives the relish to pleasure. It is the appointed vehicle of every good to man. It is the indispensable condition of our possessing a sound mind in a sound body. Sloth is so inconsistent with both, that it is hard to determine whether it be a greater foe to virtue, or to health and happiness. Inactive as it is in itself, its effects are fatally powerful. Though it appear a slowly-flowing stream, yet it undermines all that is stable and flourishing. It not only saps the foundation of every virtue, but pours upon you a deluge of crimes and evils. It is like water, which first putrefies by stagnation, and then sends up noxious vapours, and fills the atmosphere with death. Fly, therefore, from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and of ruin. And under idleness I include, not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations in which too many saunter away their youth; perpetually engaged in frivolous society, or public amusements; in the labours of dress, or the ostentation of their persons.—Is this the foundation which you lay for future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments do you hope to recommend yourselves to the thinking part of the world, and to answer the expectation of your friends and your country?—Amusements youth requires; it were vain, it were cruel, to prohibit them. But, though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the business, of the young. For they then become the gulph of time and the poison

of the mind. They foment bad passions. They weaken the manly powers. They sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy.

XVIII. *Proper Employment of Time.*

R EDEEMING your time from such dangerous waste, seek to fill it with employments which you may review with satisfaction. The acquisition of knowledge is one of the most honourable occupations of youth. The desire of it discovers a liberal mind, and is connected with many accomplishments and many virtues. But tho' your train of life should not lead you to study, the course of education always furnishes proper employments to a well-disposed mind. Whatever you pursue, be emulous to excel. Generous ambition, and sensibility to praise, are, especially at your age, among the marks of virtue. Think not that any affluence of fortune, or any elevation of rank, exempts you from the duties of application and industry. Industry is the law of our being; it is the demand of nature, of reason, and of God. Remember always, that the years which now pass over your heads leave permanent memorials behind them. From your thoughtless minds they may escape; but they remain in the remembrance of God. They form an important part of the register of your life. They will hereafter bear testimony, either for or against you, at that day when, for all your actions, but particularly for the employments of youth, you must give an account to God. Whether your future course is destined to be long or short, after this manner it should commence; and if it continue to be thus conducted, its conclusion, at what time soever it arrives, will not be inglorious or unhappy.

XIX. *The proud young Lady.*

A YOUNG lady of rank and fortune went out to walk in her father's woods. "Pray, madam," said the gray-headed steward, "may I humbly intreat that you will not go far from home: you may meet with strangers who are ignorant of your quality." "Give your advice," answered she, "when desired. I admit of no instructions

instructions from servants." She walked on with satisfaction, enjoying a clear sky and a cool breeze. Fatigue seized her, regardless of high birth; and she sat down on a smooth spot at the side of a high road, expecting some equipage to pass, the owner of which would be proud to convey her home. After long waiting, the first thing she saw was an empty chaise, conducted by one who had formerly served her father as a postilion. "You are far from home, Madam; will you give me leave to set you down at my old master's?"—"Prithee, fellow, be not officious." Night was fast approaching, when she was accosted by a countryman on horseback: "Mistress, will you get on behind me? Dobbin is sure-footed; you shall be set down where you will, if not far off or much out of my way." "Mistress!" exclaimed she: "How dare you presume?"—No offence, said the young man; and rode away, humming the song, *I love Sue*.

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

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

XX. *Story of Androcles and the Lion.*

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

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

gratulations were very surprising to the beholders; who, upon hearing an account of the whole matter from Androcles, ordered him to be pardoned, and the lion to be given up into his possession. Androcles returned at Rome, the civilities which he had received in the deserts of Africa.—Our historian says, that he himself saw the man leading the lion about the streets of Rome, the people every where gathering about them, and repeating to one another, “This is the lion who was the man’s host; this is the man who was the lion’s physician.”

XXI. *Generous Behaviour of Edward the Black Prince.*

THE prince of Wales, named the *Black Prince*, who distinguished himself by his courage and bravery in the battle of Poitiers, was not less admired, after the victory, for his modest and generous behaviour to his prisoner king John. The evening after the battle, the prince refused to sit down with the king at supper, but attended him to entertain him with discourse. As the king’s thoughts were wholly employed about his present misfortune, the prince said to him, in a modest and unaffected manner, “That his majesty had one great reason to be comforted; which was, that the battle was not lost by his fault; that the English, to their cost, had experienced him to be the bravest of princes; and that God alone had disposed of the victory. And,” continued he, “if Fortune have been your adversary, you may at least rest secure that an inviolable regard shall be preserved for your person; and that you shall experience in me a very respectful relation, if I may glory in that title.” The king, upon this, recovering himself, turned to the prince, and said, with an air of satisfaction, “That since it was his destiny to be vanquished and taken in an action wherein he had done nothing unbecoming his character, he found great comfort in falling into the hands of the most valiant and generous prince alive.” It is said, that when king Edward, father to the prince, received the news of this battle, he declared; that his satisfaction at so glorious a victory was

not comparable to what he had from the generous behaviour of his son.

XXII. *The true Patriot.*

ANDREW Doria of Genoa, the greatest sea-captain in the age he lived in, set his country free from the yoke of France. Beloved by his fellow-citizens, and supported by the emperor Charles V. it was in his power to assume sovereignty without the least struggle. But he preferred the virtuous satisfaction of giving liberty to his countrymen. He declared in public assembly, that the happiness of seeing them once more restored to liberty, was to him a full reward for all his services: that he claimed no pre-eminence above his equals, but remitted to them absolutely to settle a proper form of government. Doria's magnanimity put an end to factions that had long vexed the state; and a form of government was established with great unanimity, the same that, with very little alteration, subsists at present. Doria lived to a great age, beloved and honoured by his countrymen; and without ever making a single step out of his rank as a private citizen, he retained to his dying hour great influence in the republic. Power, founded on love and gratitude, was to him more pleasant than what is founded on sovereignty. His memory is revered by the Genoese; and, in their histories and public monuments, there is bestowed on him the most honourable of all titles, viz. FATHER of his COUNTRY, and RESTORER of his LIBERTY.

XXIII. *The Picture.*

SIR William Lely, a famous painter in the reign of Charles I. agreed before-hand for the price of a picture he was to draw for a rich London alderman, who was not indebted to nature either for shape or face. The picture being finished, the alderman endeavoured to beat down the price, alleging, that if he did not purchase it, it would lie on the painter's hand. "That's your mistake," says Sir William; "for I can sell it at double the price I demand." "How can that be," says the

alderman, "for 'tis like nobody but myself?" "True," replied Sir William; "but I will draw a tail to it, and then it will be an excellent monkey." Mr Alderman, to prevent being exposed, paid down the money demanded, and carried off the picture.

XXIV. *On Contentment.*

CONTENTMENT produces, in some measure, all those effects which the alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the *philosopher's stone*; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the soul of man, in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts.

Among the many methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants; and secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which Aristippus made to one who consoled him upon the loss of a farm: "Why," said he, "I have three farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you than you for me." On the contrary, foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess; and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than on those who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleasures and conveniencies of life lie in a narrow compass; but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the
start

start of them in wealth and honour. For this reason, as there are none can be properly called rich, who have not more than they want; there are few rich men in any of the politer nations but among the middle sort of people, who keep their wishes within their fortunes, and have more wealth than they know how to enjoy. Persons of a higher rank live in a kind of splendid poverty; and are perpetually wanting, because, instead of acquiescing in the solid pleasures of life, they endeavour to outvie one another in shadows and appearances. Men of sense have at all times beheld with a great deal of mirth this silly game that is playing over their heads; and, by contracting their desires, enjoy all that secret satisfaction which others are always in quest of. The truth is, this ridiculous chase after imaginary pleasures cannot be sufficiently exposed, as it is the great source of those evils which generally undo a nation. Let a man's estate be what it will, he is a poor man if he does not live within it, and naturally sets himself to sale to any one that can give him his price. When Pittacus, after the death of his brother, who had left him a good estate, was offered a great sum of money by the king of Lydia, he thanked him for his kindness, but told him he had already more by half than he knew what to do with. In short, content is equivalent to wealth, and luxury to poverty; or, to give the thought a more agreeable turn, "Content is natural wealth," says Socrates; to which I shall add, Luxury is artificial poverty. I shall therefore recommend to the consideration of those who are always aiming after superfluous and imaginary enjoyments, and will not be at the trouble of contracting their desires, an excellent saying of Bion the philosopher, namely, "That no man has so much care, as he who endeavours after the most happiness."

In the second place, every one ought to reflect how much more unhappy he might be than he really is. The former consideration took in all those who are sufficiently provided with the means to make themselves easy: this regards such as actually lie under some pressure or misfortune. These may receive great alleviation from such a comparison as the unhappy person may make between himself and others, or between the misfortune which he suffers,

suffers, and greater misfortunes which might have befallen him.

I like the story of the honest Dutchman, who, upon breaking his leg by a fall from the main-mast, told the standers by, it was a great mercy that it was not his neck. To which, since I am got into quotations, give me leave to add the saying of an old philosopher, who, after having invited some of his friends to dine with him, was ruffled by his wife that came into the room in a passion, and threw down the table that stood before them: "Every one," says he, "has his calamity, and he is a happy man that has no greater than this." We find an instance to the same purpose in the life of Doctor Hammond, written by Bishop Fell. As this good man was troubled with a complication of distempers, when he had the gout upon him, he used to thank God that it was not the stone; and when he had the stone, that he had not both these distempers on him at the same time.

I cannot conclude this essay without observing, that there was never any system besides that of Christianity which could effectually produce in the mind of man the virtue I have been hitherto speaking of. In order to make us contented with our present condition, many of the present philosophers tell us, that our discontent only hurts ourselves, without being able to make any alteration in our circumstances; others, that whatever evil befalls us is derived to us by a fatal necessity, to which the gods themselves are subject; while others very gravely tell the man who is miserable, that it is necessary he should be so to keep up the harmony of the universe, and that the scheme of Providence would be troubled and perverted were he otherwise. These and the like considerations rather silence than satisfy a man. They may shew him that his discontent is unreasonable, but are by no means sufficient to relieve it. They rather give despair than consolation. In a word, a man might reply to one of these comforters, as Augustus did to his friend who advised him not to grieve for the death of a person whom he loved, because his grief could not fetch him again: "It is for that very reason," said the emperor, "that I grieve."

On the contrary, religion bears a more tender regard
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to human nature. It prescribes to every miserable man the means of bettering his condition: nay, it shews him, that the bearing of his afflictions as he ought to do will naturally end in the removal of them. It makes him easy here, because it can make him happy hereafter.

XXVI. *Advice to young Men entering into the World.*

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

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

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

A conjurer and a taylor once happened to converse together. "Alas!" cries the taylor, "what an unhappy poor creature am I! if people ever take it into their heads to live without clothes, I am undone; I have no other trade to have recourse to." "Indeed, friend, I pity you sincerely," replies the conjurer; "but thank heaven, things are not so bad with me: for if one trick should

should fail, I have a hundred tricks more for them yet. However, if at any time you are reduced to beggary, apply to me, and I will relieve you." A famine overspread the land; the taylor made a shift to live, because his customers could not be without clothes; but the poor conjurer, with all his hundred tricks, could find none that had money to throw away: it was in vain that he promised to eat fire or to vomit pins; no single creature would relieve him, till he was at last obliged to beg from the very taylor whose calling he had formerly despised.

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

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

Another obstruction to the fortune of youth is, that while they are willing to take offence from none, they

are also equally desirous of giving nobody offence. From hence they endeavour to please all, comply with every request, and attempt to suit themselves to every company; have no will of their own, but, like wax, catch every contiguous impressiion. By thus attempting to give universal satisfaction, they at last find themselves miserably disappointed. To bring the generality of admirers on our side, it is sufficient to attempt pleasing a very few.

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

XXVII. *The pursuit of Knowledge recommended to Youth.*

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

Knowledge is that which, next to virtue, truly and essentially raises one man above another. It finishes one half of the human soul. It makes being pleasant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and administers to it a perpetual series of gratifications. In popular and mixed governments, it is the natural source of wealth and honour. If we look into most of the reigns from the Conquest, we shall find that the favourites of each reign have been those who have raised themselves. The greatest men are generally the growth of that particular age in which they flourish. A superior capacity for business, and a more extensive knowledge, are the steps by which a new man often mounts to favour, and outshines the rest of his contemporaries. But when men are actually born to titles, it is almost impossible that they should fail of receiving an additional greatness, if they take care to accomplish themselves for it.

XXVIII. *The Picture of a good Man.*

HE makes the interest of mankind in a manner his own, and has a tender and affectionate concern for their welfare. He cannot think himself happy, whatever his possessions and enjoyments are, when he sees others miserable. His wealth and affluence delight him chiefly as the poor and indigent are the better for them; and greatest charm of prosperity is the opportunity it affords of relieving his fellow-creatures, and of being more

extensively useful. He thinks he has discharged but the least part of his duty, when he has done strict justice to all; and therefore the communicating advice and comfort, assistance and support, according to the various exigences of those with whom he converses, is his constant endeavour and most pleasing entertainment. In the strong and elegant language of Job, "He is eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame; he delivereth the poor that cry, and the fatherless, and him that hath none to help him; the blessing of him that is ready to perish cometh upon him, and he causeth the widow's heart to sing for joy." And, that his charity may be the more extensive, he retrenches useless pomp and extravagance; and, by a regular and prudent management, constantly provides for the relief of the necessitous; esteeming this a much more sublime and noble gratification, than the idle amusements and gallantries of a vain and luxurious age.

He not only takes all occasions that present themselves of doing good, but seeks for opportunities to be useful; it is part of the stated employment and business of his life. He contrives and studies which way he may be most serviceable to his fellow-creatures, and what that particular talent is with which he is intrusted for the good of mankind. If it be power, he protects and encourages virtue by his authority and influence, is the patron of liberty, and vindicates the cause of oppressed innocence. If riches, he is rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate. If knowledge, he counts it his highest pleasure to instruct the ignorant, and administer proper direction and comfort in perplexing and difficult circumstances; and to defend the cause of religion, and represent it in a just and amiable light. And to nothing of this does he want to be solicited; but his generous heart is always ready, and strongly disposed for beneficent designs and actions. You cannot lay a greater obligation upon him, than by proposing ways in which he may be useful, or enlarge his sphere of usefulness; for this is the point in which all his views, all his satisfaction, centre.

Add to this, that he is inclined to abate of his right, when insisting too strictly upon it may have the appearance

ance of harshness and severity ; and has such a strong sense of benevolence, such an exalted spirit of humanity and compassion, as no considerations of private interest, no difference of nation or religious profession, can restrain, and which the greatest injuries cannot bear down and extinguish. He aims that his goodness may be as diffusive as possible, and as much like that of the Universal Parent, the eternal Fountain of Good, who supports, enlivens, and recreates the whole creation : and therefore as he is generous in all his designs, he is very fearful of disobliging any, either by word or action ; and endeavours, in his whole conduct, to be agreeable as well as useful to all : being candid in his censures, practising to his inferiors the most endearing condescension, and carefully avoiding moroseness, and every thing that has the appearance of insolence or contempt. Finally, to conclude the sketch of this most beautiful and honourable character, the good man is unwearied in his endeavours to promote the happiness of others ; the ardour of his benevolence is not cooled, tho' he meets with ungrateful returns ; the trouble and expence of the service do not discourage him ; nay, he is ready to give up all private considerations for the sake of the public welfare, and even to sacrifice life itself, when the good of the world requires it.

S E C T I O N III.

I. *The two Bees.*

ON a fine morning in May, two bees set forward in quest of honey ; the one wise and temperate, the other careless and extravagant. They soon arrived at a garden enriched with aromatic herbs, the most fragrant flowers, and the most delicious fruits. They regaled themselves for a time on the various dainties that were spread before them : the one loading his thigh at intervals with provisions for the hive against the distant winter ; the other, revelling in sweets, without regard to any thing but his present gratification. At length they

found a wide-mouthed phial, that hung beneath the bough of a peach-tree, filled with honey ready tempered, and exposed to their taste in the most alluring manner. The thoughtless epicure, spite of all his friend's remonstrances, plunged headlong into the vessel, resolving to indulge himself in all the pleasures of sensuality. The philosopher, on the other hand, sipped a little with caution; but, being suspicious of danger, flew off to fruits and flowers; where, by the moderation of his meals, he improved his relish for the true enjoyment of them. In the evening, however, he called upon his friend, to inquire whether he would return to the hive; but found him surfeited in sweets, which he was as unable to leave as to enjoy. Clogged in his wings, enfeebled in his feet, and his whole frame totally enervated, he was but just able to bid his friend adieu, and to lament with his latest breath, that, though a taste of pleasure might quicken the relish of life, an unrestrained indulgence is inevitable destruction.

II. *The Honour and Advantage of a constant Adherence to Truth.*

PETRARCH, a celebrated Italian poet, who flourished about four hundred years ago, recommended himself to the confidence and affection of Cardinal Colonna, in whose family he resided, by his candour and strict regard to truth. A violent quarrel occurred in the household of this nobleman; which was carried so far, that recourse was had to arms. The Cardinal wished to know the foundation of this affair; and, that he might be able to decide with justice, he assembled all his people, and obliged them to bind themselves, by a most solemn oath on the Gospels, to declare the whole truth. Every one, without exception, submitted to this determination; even the bishop of Luna, brother to the Cardinal, was not excused. Petrarch, in his turn, presenting himself to take the oath, the cardinal closed the book, and said, *As to you, Petrarch, your word is sufficient.*

A story similar to this, is related of Zenocrates, an Athenian philosopher, who lived three hundred years before

fore Christ, and was educated at the school of Plato. The people of Athens entertained so high an opinion of his probity, that one day when he approached the altar, to confirm by an oath the truth of what he had asserted, the judges unanimously declared his word to be sufficient evidence.

III. *The Character of the Merchant honourable.*

YOU live in a mercantile country, my son, and I wish you to think respectfully of the character of a merchant. Hear the sentiments of the first genius of the age on this subject. "In France," says Voltaire, "the title of Marquis is given to any one who will accept of it; and whoever arrives at Paris, from the most remote province, with money in his purse, and a name terminating in *ac* or *ille*, may strut about, and cry, "Such a man as I! a man of my rank and figure!" and may look down upon a trader with sovereign contempt; whilst the trader, on the other side, by thus often hearing his profession treated so disdainfully, is fool enough to blush at it. However, I need not say which is most useful to a nation; a lord powdered in the tip of the mode, who knows exactly at what o'clock the king rises and goes to bed, and who gives himself airs of grandeur and state, at the same time that he is acting the slave in the anti-chamber of a prime minister; or a merchant, who enriches his country, dispatches orders from his counting-house to Surat and Grand Cairo, and contributes to the felicity of the world."

IV. *Character of a young Lady.*

SOPHIA is not a beauty, but in her presence beauties are discontented with themselves. At first, she scarcely appears pretty; but the more she is beheld, the more agreeable she appears. She gains when others lose, and what she gains she never loses. She is equalled by none in a sweet expression of countenance; and without dazzling beholders, she interests them. She loves dress, and is a good judge of it; despises finery, but dresses with peculiar grace, mixing simplicity with elegance. Ignorant

she is of what colours are in fashion ; but knows well what suits her complexion. She covers her beauties ; but so slightly, or rather artfully, as to give play to the imagination. She prepares herself for managing a family of her own, by managing that of her father. Cookery is familiar to her, with the price and quality of provisions ; and she is a ready accountant. Her chief view, however, is to serve her mother and lighten her cares. She holds cleanness and neatness to be indispensable in a woman ; and that a flattern is disgusting, especially if beautiful.

The attention given to externals, does not make her overlook her more material duties. Sophia's understanding is solid, without being profound. Her sensibility is too great for a perfect equality of temper ; but her sweetness renders that inequality harmless. A harsh word does not make her angry ; but her heart swells, and she retires to disburden it by weeping. Recalled by her father and mother, she comes at the instant, wiping her eyes and appearing cheerful. She suffers with patience any wrong done her ; but is impatient to repair any wrong she has done, and does it so cordially as to make it appear meritorious. If she happen to disoblige a companion, her joy and her caresses, when restored to favour, shew the burden that lay upon her good heart.

The love of virtue is Sophia's ruling passion. She loves it, because no other thing is so lovely : she loves it, because it is the glory of the female sex : she loves it as the only road to happiness, misery being the sure attendant of a woman without virtue ; she loves it, as dear to her respectable father and tender mother. These sentiments inspire her with a degree of enthusiasm, that elevates her soul and subdues every irregular appetite.

Of the absent she never talks but with circumspection, her female acquaintance especially. She has remarked, that what renders women prone to detraction, is talking of their own sex ; and that they are more equitable with respect to the men. Sophia therefore never talks of women, but to express the good she knows of them : of others she says nothing.

Without much knowledge of the world, she is attentive, obliging, and graceful in all she does. A good disposition

position does more for her than much art does for others. She possesses a degree of politeness, which, void of ceremony, proceeds from a desire to please, and which consequently never fails to please.

V. *Remarks on Conversation.*

IF you wish to please in conversation, never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own, but always with a design either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of these, is always easy in his discourse. He is never out of humour at being interrupted; because he considers, that those who hear him are the best judges, whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them.

We should talk extremely little of ourselves. Indeed, what can we say? It would be as imprudent to discover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domestic affairs are no less improper to be introduced in conversation. What does it concern the company, how many horses you keep in your stables, or whether your servant is more knave or fool?

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

Before you tell a story, it may not be amiss to give the company some idea of the principal persons concerned in it; the beauty of most things consisting, not so much in their being said or done, as in their being said or done by such a particular person, or on such a particular occasion.

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

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular science for which he is remarkably famous. There is not, methinks, an handsomer thing said of Mr Cowley, in his whole life, than that none but his intimate friends ever discovered he was a great poet, by his discourse.

course. Besides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to lose. I might add, that he who is sometimes silent on a subject, where every one is satisfied he could speak well, will often be thought no less knowing in other matters, where, perhaps, he is wholly ignorant.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so: it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense, from the flattery of sycophants and the admiration of fools.

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

Tho' good-humour, sense, and discretion, can seldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy, sometimes, to prepare yourself in a particular manner for conversation, by looking a little farther than your neighbour, into whatever is become a reigning subject. If our armies are besieging a place of importance abroad, or our House of Commons debating a bill of consequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleasure, if you have nicely informed yourself of the strength, situation, and history of the former, or of the reasons for and against the latter. It will have the same effect, if, when any person begins to make a noise in the world, you can learn some of the smallest incidents in his life or conversation; which, tho' they are too fine for the vulgar, give more satisfaction to men of sense (as they are the best openings to a real character) than the recital of his most glaring actions. I know of but one ill consequence to be feared from this method, namely, that, coming full-charged into company, you should resolve to unload, whether an handsome opportunity offers itself or not.

Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in what they call *speaking their minds*. A man of this humour will say a rude thing, for the mere pleasure of saying it; when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

I shall only add, that, besides what I have here said,
there

there is something which can never be learned but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching, as well as their vices ; and your own observations, added to these, will soon discover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and displeased with the discourse of another.

VI. *Impertinence in Discourse.*

THIS kind of impertinence is a habit of talking much without thinking.

A man who has this distemper in his tongue shall entertain you, though he never saw you before, with a long story in praise of his own wife ; give you the particulars of his last night's dream, or the description of a feast he has been at, without letting a single dish escape him. When he is thus entered into conversation, he grows very wise ; descants upon the corruption of the times and the degeneracy of the age we live in ; from which, as his transitions are somewhat sudden, he falls upon the price of corn, and the number of strangers that are in town. He undertakes to prove, that it is better putting to sea in summer than in winter, and that rain is necessary to produce a good crop of corn ; telling you, in the same breath, that he intends to plough up such a part of his estate next year, that the times are hard, and that a man has much ado to get through the world. His whole discourse is nothing but hurry and incoherence. He acquaints you, that Demippus had the largest torch at the feast of Ceres ; asks you, if you remember how many pillars are in the music-theatre ; tells you, that he took physic yesterday ; and desires to know what day of the month it is. If you have patience to hear him, he will inform you what festivals are kept in August, what in October, and what in December.

When you see such a fellow as this coming towards you, run for your life. A man had much better be visited by a fever ; so painful is it to be fastened upon by one of this make, who takes it for granted that you have nothing else to do but to give him a hearing.

VII. *Character of Addison as a Writer.*

AS a describer of life and manners, Mr Addison must be allowed to stand perhaps the first in the first rank. His humour is peculiar to himself; and is so happily diffused, as to give the grace of novelty to domestic scenes and daily occurrences. He never *o'ersteps the modesty of nature*, nor raises merriment or wonder by the violation of truth. His figures neither divert by distortion, nor amaze by aggravation. He copies life with so much fidelity, that he can hardly be said to invent; yet his exhibitions have an air so much original, that it is difficult to suppose them not merely the product of imagination.

As a teacher of wisdom, he may be confidently followed. His religion has nothing in it enthusiastic or superstitious; he appears neither weakly credulous nor wantonly sceptical; his morality is neither dangerously lax, nor implacably rigid. All the enchantments of fancy, and all the cogency of argument, are employed to recommend to the reader his real interest, the care of pleasing the Author of his being. Truth is shewn sometimes as the phantom of a vision, sometimes appears half-veiled in an allegory, sometimes attracts regard in the robes of fancy, and sometimes steps forth in the confidence of reason. She wears a thousand dresses, and in all is pleasing.

His prose is the model of the middle style; on grave subjects not formal, on light occasions not groveling; pure without scrupulosity, and exact without apparent elaboration; always equable, and always easy, without glowing words or pointed sentences. His page is always luminous, but never blazes in unexpected splendour. It seems to have been his principal endeavour to avoid all harshness and severity of diction; he is therefore sometimes verbose in his transitions and connections, and sometimes descends too much to the language of conversation; yet if his language had been less idiomatical, it might have lost somewhat of its genuine Anglicism. What he attempted he performed: he is never feeble, and he did not wish to be energetic; he is never rapid, and he never stagnates. His sentences have nei-
ther

ther studied amplitude nor affected brevity ; his periods, though not diligently rounded, are voluble and easy.—Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.

VII. *Pleasure and Pain.*

THERE were two families, which, from the beginning of the world, were as opposite to each other as light and darkness. The one of them lived in heaven, and the other in hell. The youngest descendant of the first family was Pleasure ; who was the daughter of Happiness, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offspring of the Gods. These, as I said before, had their habitation in heaven. The youngest of the opposite family was Pain ; who was the son of Misery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offspring of the Furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in hell.

The middle station of nature between these two opposite extremes was the earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind ; neither so virtuous as the one, nor so vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of these two opposite families. Jupiter, considering that this species, commonly called *man*, was too virtuous to be miserable, and too vicious to be happy, that he might make a distinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngest of the above-mentioned families (Pleasure, who was the daughter of Happiness ; and Pain, who was the son of Misery) to meet one another upon this part of nature ; having promised to settle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the division of it, so as to share mankind between them.

Pleasure and Pain were no sooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, That Pleasure should take possession of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious, part of that species which was given up to them. But, upon examining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him ; for that, contrary to what they had seen in their old places of residence, there was

no person so vicious who had not some good in him, nor any person so virtuous who had not in him some evil. The truth of it is, they generally found, upon search, that in the most vicious man Pleasure might lay claim to an hundredth part, and that in the most virtuous man Pain might come in for at least for two-thirds. This they saw would occasion endless disputes between them, unless they could come to some accommodation. To this end, there was a marriage proposed between them, and at length concluded. Hence it is that we find Pleasure and Pain are such constant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder. If Pain comes into a heart, he is quickly followed by Pleasure; and if Pleasure enters, you may be sure Pain is not far off.

But notwithstanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not seem to answer the intention of Jupiter in sending them among mankind. To remedy, therefore, this inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the consent of each family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the species indifferently, upon the death of every person, if he were found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal regions by a passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice, and the Furies; or, on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he should be dispatched into heaven by a passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue, and the Gods.

VIII. *Of Complaisance.*

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

The complaisance of which I here speak, consists, then, only in not contradicting the taste and sentiments of any person. when we can forbear with innocence; in complying with the inclinations of others, and even anticipating them, as far as we are able. This is not per-
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haps the most excellent of all the virtues; but it is at least extremely useful, and very agreeable in society.

We may give pleasure to mankind by a courteous behaviour, by a gaiety of temper, or by ingenious sallies of wit and humour; but not any of these ways of pleasing is of such general use as complaisance. You can be courteous only to equals or inferiors; there are a thousand occasions on which your gaiety would be ill-placed; points and repartees do not always present themselves so readily to the mind as you could wish, nor are they always relished: but if you are of a good-natured and yielding temper, if you take a pleasure in contributing to the pleasure of others, I can answer for the friendship of those about you; for this is a perfection that will be valued at all times, in all places, and on all occasions.

X. *Study of Astronomy recommended.*

IN fair weather, when my heart is cheered, and I feel that exaltation of spirits which results from light and warmth joined with a beautiful prospect of nature, I regard myself as one placed by the hand of God in the midst of an ample theatre, in which the sun, moon, and stars, the fruits also and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their positions or their aspects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the understanding, as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightning, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glaring comets, are decorations of this mighty theatre; and the sable hemisphere, studded with spangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and rich colours in the horizon, I look on as so many successive scenes.

When I consider things in this light, methinks it is a sort of impiety to have no attention to the course of nature and the revolutions of the heavenly bodies. To be regardless of those phenomena that are placed within our view, and display the wisdom and power of their Creator, is an affront to Providence, of the same kind (I hope it is not impious to make such a simile) as it would be to a good poet to fit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it.

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

XI. *The Folly of inconsistent Expectations.*

THIS world may be considered as a great mart of commerce, where fortune exposes to our view various commodities, riches, ease, tranquillity, fame, integrity, knowledge. Every thing is marked at a settled price. Our time, our labour, our ingenuity, is so much ready money which we are to lay out to the best advantage. Examine, compare, choose, reject: but stand to your own judgment; and do not, like children, when you have purchased one thing, repine that you do not possess another which you did not purchase. Such is the force of well-regulated industry, that a steady and vigorous exertion of our faculties, directed to one end, will generally ensure success. Would you, for instance, be rich? Do you think that single point worth the sacrificing every thing else to? You may then be rich. Thousands have become so from the lowest beginnings, by toil, and patient diligence, and attention to the minutest articles of expence and profit. But you must give up the pleasures of leisure, of a vacant mind, of a free unsuspecting temper. If you preserve your integrity, it must be a coarse-spun and vulgar honesty. Those high and lofty notions of morals which you brought with you from the schools must be considerably lowered, and mixed with the baser alloy of a jealous and worldly-minded prudence. You must learn to do hard, if not unjust, things; and, for the nice embarrassments of a delicate and inge-

nuous spirit, it is necessary for you to get rid of them as fast as possible. You must shut your heart against the muses, and be content to feed your understanding with plain household truths. In short, you must not attempt to enlarge your ideas, or polish your taste, or refine your sentiments; but must keep on in one beaten track, without turning aside either to the right hand or to the left.—“But I cannot submit to drudgery like this—I feel a spirit above it.” ’Tis well: be above it then; only do not repine that you are not rich.

Is knowledge the pearl of price? That, too, may be purchased—by steady application, and long solitary hours of study and reflection. Bestow these, and you shall be wise. “But,” says the man of letters, “what a hardship is it, that many an illiterate fellow, who cannot construe the motto of the arms of his coach, shall raise a fortune and make a figure, while I have little more than the common conveniences of life!” Was it in order to raise a fortune that you consumed the sprightly hours of youth in study and retirement? Was it to be rich that you grew pale over the midnight-lamp, and distilled the sweetness from the Greek and Roman spring? You have then mistaken your path, and ill employed your industry. “What reward have I then for all my labours?” What reward! A large comprehensive soul, well purged from vulgar fears, and perturbations, and prejudices; able to comprehend and interpret the works of man—of God. A rich, flourishing, cultivated mind, pregnant with inexhaustible stores of entertainment and reflection. A perpetual spring of fresh ideas, and the conscious dignity of superior intelligence. Good Heaven! and what reward can you ask besides?

“But is it not some reproach upon the œconomy of Providence that such a one, who is a mean dirty fellow, should have amassed wealth enough to buy half a nation?” Not in the least. He made himself a mean dirty fellow for that very end. He has paid his health, his conscience, his liberty, for it; and will you envy his bargain? Will you hang your head and blush in his presence because he outshines you in equipage and show? Lift up your brow with a noble confidence, and say to yourself, “I have not these things, it is true; but it is

because I have have not fought, because I have not desired them; it is because I possess something better: I have chosen my lot; I am content and satisfied."

You are a modest man—you love quiet and independence, and have a delicacy and reserve in your temper which renders it impossible for you to elbow your way in the world, and be the herald of your own merits. Be content, then, with a modest retirement, with the esteem of your intimate friends, with the praises of a blameless heart, and a delicate ingenuous spirit; but resign the splendid distinctions of the world to those who can better scramble for them.

The man whose tender sensibility of conscience and strict regard to the rules of morality make him scrupulous and fearful of offending, is often heard to complain of the disadvantages he lies under in every path of honour and profit. "Could I but get over some nice points, and conform to the practice and opinion of those about me, I might stand as fair a chance as others for dignities and preferment." And why can you not? What hinders you from discarding this troublesome scrupulosity of yours, which stands so grievously in your way? If it be a small thing to enjoy a healthful mind, sound at the very core, that does not shrink from the keenest inspection; inward freedom from remorse and perturbation; un sullied whiteness and simplicity of manners; a genuine integrity

Pure in the last recesses of the mind;

if you think these advantages an inadequate recompence for what you resign, dismiss your scruples this instant, and be a slave-merchant, a director—or what you please.

XII. *Extremes in Behaviour ridiculous.*

I AM acquainted with two sisters, whose manners and dispositions are extremely opposite.

The elder of them is a very jolly free-hearted girl; and so great an enemy to all kinds of form, that you seldom see her with so much as a pin in her gown: while the younger, who thinks in her heart that her sister is no better than a flattern, runs into the contrary extreme, and is in every thing she does an absolute fiddad. She

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takes up almost as much time to put on her gown as her sister does to dirty one. The elder is too thoughtless to remember what she is to do; and the younger is so tedious in doing it, that the time is always elapsed in which it was necessary for it to be done. If you lend any thing to the elder, you are sure to have it lost; or if you would borrow any thing of the younger, it is odds but she refuses it, from an opinion that you will be less careful of it than herself. Whatever work is done by one sister, is too slight to hang together for an hour's wear; and whatever is undertaken by the other, is generally too nice and curious to be finished.

As they are constantly bedfellows, the first sleep of the elder is sure to be broken by the younger, whose usual time of undressing and folding up her cloaths is at least an hour and a half, allowing a third part of that time for hindrances, occasioned by her elder sister's things, which lie scattered every where in her way.

If they had lovers, I know exactly how it would be: the elder would lose hers, by saying *Yes* too soon; and the younger, by saying *No* too often. If they were wives, the one would be too hasty to do any thing right; and the other too tedious to do any thing pleasing: or, were they mothers, the daughters of the elder would be playing at taw with the boys; and the sons of the younger dressing dolls with the misses.

XIII. *Description of the Vale of Keswick in Cumberland.*

THIS delightful vale is thus elegantly described by the late ingenious Dr Brown, in a letter to a friend.

In my way to the north from Hagley, I passed through Dovedale; and, to say the truth, was disappointed in it. When I came to Buxton, I visited another or two of their romantic scenes; but these are inferior to Dovedale. They are all but poor miniatures of Keswick; which exceeds them more in grandeur than you can imagine; and more, if possible, in beauty than in grandeur.

Instead of the narrow slip of valley which is seen at Dovedale, you have at Keswick a vast amphitheatre, in

circumference above twenty miles. Instead of a meagre rivulet, a noble living lake, ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with a variety of wooded islands. The rocks indeed of Dovedale are finely wild, pointed, and irregular; but the hills are both little and unanimated; and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, morafs, and brushwood. But at Kefwick, you will, on one fide of the lake, fee a rich and beautiful landscape of cultivated fields, rifing to the eye in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak, happily difperfed, and climbing the adjacent hills, fhade above fhade, in the moft various and picturesque forms. On the oppofite fhore, you will find rocks and cliffs of ftupendous height, hanging broken over the lake in horrible grandeur, fome of them a thoufand feet high, the woods climbing up their fteep and fhaggy fides, where mortal foot never yet approached: on thefe dreadful heights the eagles build their nefts; a variety of water-falls are feen pouring from their fummits, and tumbling in vaft fheets from rock to rock in rude and terrible magnificence: while on all fides of this immense amphitheatre the lofty mountains rife round, piercing the clouds in fhapes as fpiry and fantaftic as the very rocks of Dovedale. To this I muft add the frequent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming noble bays and promontories: in other parts they finely retire from it, and often open in abrupt chafms or clefts, through which at hand you fee rich and uncultivated vales; and beyond thefe, at various diftance, mountain rifing over mountain; among which, new profpects prefent themfelves in mift, till the eye is loft in an agreeable perplexity;

Where active fancy travels beyond fenfe,
And pictures things unfeen.—

Were I to analyfe the two places in their conftituent principles, I fhould tell you, that the full perfection of Kefwick confifts of three circumftances; beauty, horror, and immenfity, united; the fecond of which alone is found in Dovedale. Of beauty it hath little, nature having left it almoft a defert; neither its fmall extent, nor the diminutive and lifelefs form of the hills, admit magnificence; but to give you a complete idea of thefe three perfections, as they are joined in Kefwick,

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would require the united powers of Claude, Salvator, and Pouffin. The first should throw his delicate sunshine over the cultivated vales, the scattered cots, the groves, the lake, and wooded islands. The second should dash out the horror of the rugged cliffs, the steep, the hanging woods, and foaming water-falls; while the grand pencil of Pouffin should crown the whole with the majesty of the impending mountains.

So much for what I would call the permanent beauties of this astonishing scene. Were I not afraid of being tiresome, I could now dwell as long on its varying or accidental beauties. I would sail round the lake, anchor in every bay, and land you in every promontory and island. I would point out the perpetual change of prospect; the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains, by turns vanishing or rising into view: now gaining on the sight, hanging over our heads in their full dimensions, beautifully dreadful; and now, by a change of situation, assuming new romantic shapes; retiring and lessening on the eye, and insensibly losing themselves in an azure mist. I would remark the contrast of light and shade, produced by the morning and evening sun; the one gilding the western, the other the eastern, side of this immense amphitheatre; while the vast shadow projected by the mountains buries the opposite part in a deep and purple gloom, which the eye can hardly penetrate. The natural variety of colouring which the several objects produce is no less wonderful and pleasing: the ruling tincts in the valley being those of azure, green, and gold; yet ever various, arising from an intermixture of the lake, the woods, the grass, and corn-fields: these are finely contrasted by the grey rocks and cliffs; and the whole heightened by the yellow streams of light, the purple hues and misty azure of the mountains. Sometimes a serene air and clear sky disclose the tops of the highest hills; at other times, you see the clouds involving their summits, resting on their sides, or descending to their base, and rolling among the valleys, as in a vast furnace. When the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and caverns like peals of thunder; then, too, the clouds are seen in vast bodies sweeping along the hills in gloomy greatness, while the lake joins the tumult, and
tollies

toffes like a sea. But, in calm weather, the whole scene becomes new : the lake is a perfect mirror, and the landscape in all its beauty : islands, fields, woods, rocks, and mountains, are seen inverted, and floating on its surface. I will now carry you to the top of a cliff, where, if you dare approach the ridge, a new scene of astonishment presents itself ; where the valley, lake, and islands, seem lying at your feet ; where this expanse of water appears diminished to a little pool, amidst the vast and immeasurable objects that surround it ; for here the summits of more distant hills appear beyond those you have already seen ; and, rising behind each other in successive ranges and azure groups of craggy and broken steeps, form an immense and awful picture, which can only be expressed by the image of a tempestuous sea of mountains. Let me now conduct you down again to the valley, and conclude with one circumstance more ; which is, that a walk by still moon-light (at which time the distant water-falls are heard in all their variety of sound) among these enchanting dales, opens such scenes of delicate beauty, repose, and solemnity, as exceed all description.

XIV. *Real Greatness.*

“**N**OTHING,” says Longinus, “ can be great, the contempt of which is great.” The possession of wealth and riches cannot give a man a title to greatness ; because it is looked upon as a greatness of mind to contempt these gifts of fortune, and to be above the desire of them. I have been therefore inclined to think, that there are greater men who lie concealed among the species, than those who come out and draw upon themselves the eyes and admiration of mankind. Virgil would never have been heard of, had not his domestic misfortunes drawn him out of his obscurity and brought him to Rome.

If we suppose that there are superior beings who look into the ways of men, (as it is highly probable there are, both from reason und revelation), how different must be their notions of us from those which we are apt to form of one another ! — We are dazzled with the pleasure of titles,
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the ostentation of learning, the noise of victories. They, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesses his soul in patience and thankfulness, under the pressures of what little minds call poverty and distress. They do not look for great men at the head of armies, or among the pomps of the court; but often find them out in shades and solitudes, in the private walks and by-ways of life. The evening-walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight than the march of a general at the head of an hundred thousand men. A contemplation of God's works, a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment, a generous concern for the good of mankind, tears shed in silence for the misery of others, a private desire of resentment broken and subdued, an unfeigned exercise of humility or any other virtue, are such actions as are glorious in their sight, and denominate men great and reputable. The most famous among us are often looked upon with pity and contempt, or with indignation; while those who are most obscure are regarded with love, with approbation, and esteem.

XV. *Pity, an Allegory.*

IN the happy period of the golden age, when all the celestial inhabitants descended to the earth, and conversed familiarly with mortals, among the most cherished of the heavenly powers, were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, LOVE and JOY. Wherever they appeared, the flowers sprung up beneath their feet, the sun shone with a brighter radiance, and all nature seemed embellished by their presence.

They were inseparable companions; and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed, that a lasting union should be solemnized between them so soon as they were arrived at maturer years. But, in the mean time, the sons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin over-ran the earth with giant strides; and Astræa, with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abodes. Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But
Jupiter

Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse SORROW the daughter of Até. He complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable, her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypress and wormwood.

From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her PITY. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and, while she was yet an infant, a dove, pursued by a hawk, flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance; but so soft and gentle a mien, that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie, for hours together, on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her lute. She taught men to weep, for she took a strange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were assembled at their evening sports, she would steal in amongst them, and captivate their hearts by her tales, full of a charming sadness. She wore on her head a garland, composed of her father's myrtles, twisted with her mother's cypress.

One day, as she sat musing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever since, the Muse's spring has retained a strong taste of the infusion. Pity was commanded by Jupiter to follow the steps of her mother through the world, dropping balm into the wounds she made, and binding up the hearts she had broken. She follows with her hair loose, her bosom bare and throbbing, her garments torn by the briars, and her feet bleeding with the roughness of the path. The nymph is mortal, for her mother is so; and when she has fulfilled her destined course upon the earth, they shall both expire together, and Love be again united to Joy, his immortal and long-betrothed bride.

XVI. *Truth and Integrity.*

TRUTH and integrity have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure the reality is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have the qualities he pretends to? for, to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now, the best way for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, it is often as troublesome to support the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is most likely he will be discovered to want it; and then all his labour to seem to have it is lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long; for, where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will betray herself at one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed; and then his goodness will appear to every one's satisfaction: for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it; and will not only commend us to every man's conscience, but, which is much more, to God, who searcheth our hearts. So that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Particularly, as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of dissimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it hath less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard, in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line; and will hold out, and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker and less effectual and serviceable to those that practise them: whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming

confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest confidence in him; which is an unspeakable advantage in business and the affairs of life.

A dissembler must always be upon his guard, and watch himself carefully that he do not contradict his own pretensions; for he acts an unnatural part, and therefore must put a continual force and restraint upon himself: whereas he that acts sincerely, hath the easiest task in the world; because he follows nature, and so is put to no trouble and care about his words and actions; he needs not invent any pretences beforehand, nor make excuses afterwards for any thing he hath said or done.

But insincerity is very troublesome to manage. A hypocrite hath so many things to attend to, as make his life a very perplexed and intricate thing. A liar hath need of a good memory, lest he contradict at one time what he said at another. But 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 one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy dispatch of business. It creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in a few words. It is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (as far as re-
spect

spects the affairs of this world) if he spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of reputation whilst he is in it, let him make use of sincerity in all his words and actions, for nothing but this will hold out to the end. All other arts will fail; but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

XVII. *Beauty and Deformity.*

A YOUTH, who lived in the country, and who had not acquired, either by reading or conversation, any knowledge of the animals which inhabit foreign regions, came to Manchester, to see an exhibition of wild beasts. The size and figure of the elephant struck him with awe; and he viewed the rhinoceros with astonishment. But his attention was soon withdrawn from these animals, and directed to another of the most elegant and beautiful form; and he stood contemplating with silent admiration the glossy smoothness of his hair, the blackness and regularity of the streaks with which he was marked, the symmetry of his limbs, and, above all, the placid sweetness of his countenance. What is the name of this lovely animal, said he to the keeper, which you have placed near one of the ugliest beasts in your collection, as if you meant to contrast beauty with deformity? Beware, young man, replied the intelligent keeper, of being so easily captivated with external appearance. The animal which you admire is called a tiger; and, notwithstanding the meekness of his looks, he is fierce and savage beyond description: I can neither terrify him by correction, nor tame him by indulgence. But the other beast, which you despise, is in the highest degree docile, affectionate, and useful. For the benefit of man, he traverses the sandy deserts of Arabia, where drink and pasture are seldom to be found; and will continue six or seven days without sustenance, yet still patient of labour. His hair is manufactured into cloathing; his flesh is deemed wholesome nourishment; and the milk of the female is much valued by the Arabs. The camel, therefore, for such is the name given to this animal, is more
worthy

worthy of your admiration than the tiger; notwithstanding the inelegance of his make, and the two bunches upon his back. For mere external beauty is of little estimation; and deformity, when associated with amiable dispositions and useful qualities, does not preclude our respect and approbation.

XVIII. *Advantages of Commerce.*

THERE is no place in town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my vanity as an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of my countrymen and foreigners consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess, I look upon high change to be a grand council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors, in the trading world, are what ambassadors are in the politic world. They negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men, that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into a league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, a Swede, or Frenchman, at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who, upon being asked what countrymen he was, replied, That he was a citizen of the world.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainment. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude; insomuch, that, at many public solemnities,

I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears. For this reason, I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock; or, in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interests. Almost every degree produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes; the infusion of a China plant sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippine islands give a flavour to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate, of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no farther advances towards a plum than a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater perfection than a crab; that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and our cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate and fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil.

Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate; our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines; our rooms are filled with pyramids of china, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan; our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth; we repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend, Sir Andrew, calls the vineyards of France, our gardens; the spice-islands, our hot-beds; the Persians, our silk-weavers; and the Chinese, our potters. Nature, indeed, furnishes us with the bare necessities of life; but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that, while we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics.

For these reasons, there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been upon Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who, in his time, would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating, like princes, for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the British territories,

ritories, has given us a kind of additional empire; it has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves.

XIX. *A Comparison of Cæsar with Cato.*

AS to their extraction, years, and eloquence, they were pretty nigh equal. Both of them had the same greatness of mind, both the same degree of glory, but in different ways. Cæsar was celebrated for his great bounty and generosity; Cato, for his unsullied integrity: the former became renowned by his humanity and compassion; an austere severity heightened the dignity of the latter. Cæsar acquired glory by a liberal, compassionate, and forgiving temper; as did Cato, by never bestowing any thing. In the one, the miserable found a sanctuary; in the other, the guilty met with a certain destruction. Cæsar was admired for an easy yielding temper; Cato, for his immoveable firmness. Cæsar, in a word, had formed himself for a laborious active life, was intent upon promoting the interest of his friends to the neglect of his own, and refused to grant nothing that was worth accepting: what he desired for himself was to have sovereign command, to be at the head of armies, and engaged in new wars, in order to display his military talents. As for Cato, his only study was moderation, regular conduct, and, above all, rigorous severity. He did not vie with the rich in riches, nor in faction with the factious; but, taking a nobler aim, he contended in bravery with the brave, in modesty with the modest, in integrity with the upright, and was more desirous to be virtuous than appear so: so that the less he courted fame, the more it followed him.

XX. *On public Speaking.*

MOST foreign writers who have given any character of the English nation, whatever vices they ascribe to it, allow, in general, that the people are naturally modest. It proceeds, perhaps, from this our national

virtue, that our orators are observed to make use of less gesture or action than those of other countries. Our preachers stand stock-still in the pulpit, and will not so much as move a finger to set off the best sermons in the world. We meet with the same speaking statues at our bars, and in all public places of debate. Our words flow from us in a smooth continued stream, without those strainings of the voice, motions of the body, and majesty of the hand, which are so much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death in cold blood, and keep our temper in a discourse which turns upon every thing that is dear to us. Though our zeal breaks out in the finest tropes and figures, it is not able to stir a limb about us.

It is certain that proper gestures and exertions of the voice cannot be too much studied by a public orator. They are a kind of comment to what he utters; and enforce every thing he says, with weak hearers, better than the strongest argument he can make use of. They keep the audience awake, and fix their attention to what is delivered to them; at the same time that they shew the speaker is in earnest, and affected himself with what he so passionately recommends to others.

We are told, that the great Latin orator very much impaired his health by the vehemence of action with which he used to deliver himself. The Greek orator was likewise so very famous for this particular in rhetoric, that one of his antagonists, whom he had banished from Athens, reading over the oration which had procured his banishment, and seeing his friends admire it, could not forbear asking them, If they were so much affected by the bare reading of it, how much more they would have been alarmed, had they heard him actually throwing out such a storm of eloquence?

How cold and dead a figure, in comparison of these two great men, does an orator often make at the British bar, holding up his head with the most insipid serenity, and stroking the sides of a long wig that reaches down to his middle? Nothing can be more ridiculous than the gestures of most of our English speakers. You see some of them running their hands into their pockets as far as ever they can thrust them, and others looking with great

attention on a piece of paper that has nothing written in it: you may see many a smart rhetorician turning his hat in his hands, moulding it into several different cocks, examining sometimes the lining of it and sometimes the button, during the whole course of his harangue. A deaf man would think he was cheapening a beaver, when perhaps he is talking of the fate of the British nation. I remember, when I was a young man, and used to frequent Westminster-Hall, there was a counsellor who never pleaded without a piece of packthread in his hand, which he used to twist about a thumb or finger all the while he was speaking: the wags of those days used to call it the thread of his discourse, for he was not able to utter a word without it. One of his clients, who was more merry than wise, stole it from him one day in the midst of his pleading; but he had better have let it alone, for he lost his cause by the jest.

I shall conclude this paper with recommending the study of delivery to all who have occasion to speak in public. Nature has assigned to every emotion of the soul its peculiar cast of countenance, tone of voice, and manner of gesture; and, without these, the best composition will, in a great measure, lose its effect.

SECTION IV.

I. *Story of Eudoxus and Leontine.*

EUDOXUS and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives.

Eudoxus, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court, where, by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities, he made way from one post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. Leontine, on the contrary, sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted
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with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of its princes, with the customs and fashions of their courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the Gazette, whom he had not either talked to or seen. In short, he had so well mixed and digested his knowledge of men and books, that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels, he kept up a punctual correspondence with Eudoxus; who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court, by the intelligence which he received from Leontine.

When they were both turned of forty (an age in which, according to Mr Cowley, *there is no dallying with life*) they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both married much about the same time. Leontine, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a-year, which lay within the neighbourhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them fathers about the same time, Eudoxus having a son born to him, and Leontine a daughter; but, to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife (in whom all his happiness was wrapt up) died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable, had he not been comforted by the daily visits and conversation of his friend.

As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, Leontine, considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behaviour of a son who knows himself to be the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children; namely, that the boy should be bred up with Leontine as his son, and that the girl should live with Eudoxus as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering at the same time
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that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla for that was the name of the girl and educated her as her own daughter.

The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, tho' he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of Eudoxus, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by Florio.

The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect, that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of every thing which Leontine recommended to him. His natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he removed from the university to the inns of court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficient in the studies of the place, who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not Florio's case: he found that three hundred a-year was but a poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon; so that he studied without intermission, till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my reader, that whilst Florio lived at the house of his foster-father, he was always an acceptable guest in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which, in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honour and
virtue,

virtue, became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than have attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greatest beauty, joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for Florio; but conducted herself with so much prudence, that she never gave him the least intimation of it.

Florio was now engaged in all those arts and improvements that are proper to raise a man's private fortune and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from Leontine to repair to him in the country the next day: for it seems Eudoxus was so filled with the report of his son's reputation, that he could no longer with-hold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him, and wept.

Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighbourhood, than Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him to his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: "I have no other way of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla too shall still be my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary, that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself."——Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet,

feet, and, amidst a flood of tears, kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing, in dumb show, those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude, that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and received, in the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of Florio and Leonilla, the just recompense, as well as the natural effects, of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education.

II. *Description of the Amphitheatre of Titus.*

POSTERITY admires, and will long admire, the awful remains of the amphitheatre of Titus, which so well deserved the epithet of Colossal. It was a building of an elliptic figure, five hundred and sixty-four feet in length, and four hundred and sixty-seven in breadth; founded on fourscore arches; and rising, with four successive orders of architecture, to the height of one hundred and forty feet. The outside of the edifice was encrusted with marble, and decorated with statues. The slopes of the vast concave, which formed the inside, were filled and surrounded with sixty or eighty rows of seats of marble, covered with cushions, and capable of receiving with ease above fourscore thousand spectators. Sixty-four vomitories (for by that name the doors were very aptly distinguished) poured forth the immense multitude; and the entrances, passages, and stair-cases, were contrived with such exquisite skill, that each person, whether of the senatorial, the equestrian, or the plebeian order, arrived at his destined place, without trouble or confusion.

Nothing was omitted which in any respect could be subservient to the convenience and pleasure of the spectators. They were protected from the sun and rain by an ample canopy, occasionally drawn over their heads. The air was continually refreshed by the playing of fountains, and profusely impregnated by the grateful scent of aromatics. In the centre of the edifice, the arena or stage was strewed with the finest sand, and successively assumed the most different forms. At one moment, it seemed to rise out of the earth like the garden of the Hesperides;

at another, it exhibited the rugged rocks and caverns of Thrace. The subterraneous pipes conveyed an inexhaustible supply of water; and what had just before appeared a level plain, might be suddenly converted into a wide lake, covered with armed vessels, and replenished with the monsters of the deep.

In the decorations of these scenes, the Roman emperors displayed their wealth and liberality; and we read, that, on various occasions, the whole furniture of the amphitheatre consisted either of silver, or of gold, or of amber. The poet who describes the games of Carinus, in the character of a shepherd attracted to the capital by the fame of their magnificence, affirms, that the nets designed as a defence against the wild beasts were of gold-wire; that the porticoes were gilded; and that the belt or circle which divided the several ranks of spectators from each other, was studded with a precious mosaic of beautiful stones.

III. *Filial Duty.*

MR Hastings was a reputable tradesman in a considerable country town. He married young, and had a numerous family, over whom, as his temper was hasty and ungoverned, he exercised the paternal authority with harshness and caprice. His wife, a pattern of female mildness and gentleness, made it her sole study, by every softening and conciliatory art, to keep her husband in good-humour with herself and her children; but too often failed in both.

Charles, their eldest son, had one of those dispositions which, tho' easily managed by prudent and gentle methods, always revolt against the exertions of passionate and rigorous authority. It was therefore impossible that he should avoid frequent and angry disputes with his father, whose sternness and severity he returned with sullen unyielding obstinacy. These unhappy contests acquired such additional force with increasing years, that when the youth had reached the age of fifteen, his father, in consequence of a violent quarrel in which he could not bring him to submission, turned him out of doors, with an injunction never to see his face again.

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The lad's spirit was too high to render a repetition of the command necessary. Unprovided as he was, he set out immediately on foot for London; where arriving after much hardship and fatigue, he found out an East-India captain with whom his father had some acquaintance, and, after much sollicitation, obtained leave to accompany him in a voyage which commenced in a few days.

Exasperated as Mr Hastings was, he could not help feeling considerable regret on finding that his son had so well obeyed the command which his passion had dictated; and the mother, for whom the youth had always testified the greatest affection and respect, was long inconsolable. From all their inquiries, they were only able to learn that their son was gone to sea; but to what part, or in what situation, they could never discover.

To this cause of distress was soon added that of a decline in their circumstances, owing to repeated losses in trade. After the ineffectual struggle of a few years, they were obliged to retire to a small house in a neighbouring village; where, consumed by grief, with health and spirits broken, they brought up their family in indigence and obscurity.

One advantage, however, accrued to Mr Hastings from his misfortunes. His temper was gradually softened: his passions subsided: he attempted to alleviate by kindness the sufferings of his partners in affliction; and behaved with the greatest tenderness and regard to his wife, of whose amiable qualities he became every day more sensible.

Charles, in the mean time, was passing thro' a variety of fortune. His first setting out was very unfavourable. The captain, to whom he had greatly recommended himself by his assiduities, died on the passage; and he was set on shore at Madras, without money, without a patron, or a friend.

He was almost ready to perish for want, when an opulent merchant of the factory took compassion on him, and carried him to his house. After experiencing his diligence and fidelity for some time in a very low station, the gentleman advanced him to his counting-house, and initiated him in the commercial business of the settlement.

During a short probation in this office, the youth exhibited such tokens of capacity, that he was thought a proper person to be sent to a distance up the country to a trading post of some consequence. He here managed some difficult and important concerns with so much address, and acted on some critical emergencies with such propriety and resolution, that he acquired the confidence of the whole factory. He was soon promoted to a lucrative and honourable station, and began to make a fortune with the rapidity peculiar to that country.

The impression of injury with which he had left his father's house, and the subsequent hardships he underwent, for a long time stifled every emotion of filial affection. He never thought of home but as the scene of severe and unmerited chastisement, and resolved never to return to it without a full acknowledgment of the injustice of his expulsion. By degrees, however, as better prospects opened upon him, his heart began to relent. He melted at the recollection of the uniform kindness of his mother, and the playful endearments of his brothers and sisters. He even formed excuses for his father's severity; and condemned his own obstinacy, as, at least, equally blameable. He grew so uneasy under these impressions, that not all the flattering prospects before him could induce him to delay any longer an interview which he so ardently desired. He collected all his property, and took his passage for England, where he arrived safe after an absence of nine years.

On his landing, he met with a townsman, who informed him of the melancholy change in his father's situation. With a heart agitated by every tender emotion, he instantly set off for the place of their abode.

It was towards the approach of evening, when the unhappy couple in melancholy despondence sat by the gloomy fire. A letter which Mr Hastings had that day received from the landlord of his little habitation, to whom he was somewhat in arrear, threw more than usual dejection over the family. Holding the letter in his hand, "What shall we do?" said he—"he threatens to turn us out of doors—Unfeeling man! but how can I expect more mercy from a stranger than I shewed to my own son?" The reflection was too much for Mrs Hastings to bear

bear—she wrung her hands—sobbed—and wept bitterly. Not a thought of their present situation dwelt on her mind—she only felt for her long-lost son.

The eldest daughter, whose elegance of form was ill concealed by the meanness of her dress, went up to her mother, and while the sympathetic tears trickled down her cheeks, locked a hand in hers, and with the other supported her head. The father sighed from the bottom of his heart; and two youths, his eldest remaining sons, hung over the mournful scene with looks of settled melancholy.

Some of the younger children, as yet unconscious of sorrow, were seated round the door. They ran in with the news that a chaise had stopt before the house, and a fine gentleman was getting out of it. He entered a moment after; when, on viewing the group before him, he had just strength to stagger to a chair, and fainted.

The family crowded round him; and the mother, looking eagerly in his face, cried, “My son——my son!” and sunk down beside him. The father stood a while, with his hands clasped in stupid astonishment——then dropped on his knee, and exclaimed “Heaven, I thank thee!” He then flew to his son, took him in his arms, and by his tender embraces recalled him to life. His recollection no sooner returned, than he threw himself at his father’s feet, and asked forgiveness. “Forgive thee, Charles!” said the father——“it is I, my child, who ought to intreat forgiveness for the cruel injury I did thee.” He then raised him, and again clasped him in his arms, bedewing his face with many tears.

The mother, in the mean time, lay senseless in the arms of her daughter—The rest of the family, confused and affrighted, knew not what to think of the scene; and the little ones began to cry aloud for their mother, who indeed was to all appearance dead. It was long before the assiduities of her son and husband produced any signs of returning life; and when her eyes opened on the object they had so long desired to see, the impression proved again too strong, and violent fits succeeded to fainting. She was carried to bed, where, by degrees, she recovered serenity enough to behold and

embrace her son. All the rest of the family by turns succeeded to the embraces of their brother; and the eldest sister, who easily recollected the beloved companion of her youth, exhibited marks of the liveliest sensibility.

After the first tender greetings and inquiries were over, Charles briefly related to his parents the various events that had befallen him—softening, however, the distressful parts, lest he should renew sensations already too painful. He concluded with acquainting them, that all he had acquired was theirs—that he gave the whole to their disposal, and should only consider himself as a sharer with the rest of the children.

The generosity and filial piety of this proposal excited their warmest admiration, and occasioned no small compunction in the father for his treatment of such a son. He would not accept the offer in its full extent; but borrowing a considerable share of his son's property, associated him with himself in a mercantile concern, which enabled him to provide handsomely for the rest of the family, and to pass the rest of his days in ease and content.

IV. *Reflections in Westminster Abbey.*

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster abbey; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscriptions which I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in these two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon those registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons, who had left no other memorial

rial of themselves, but that they were born, and that they died.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw, in every shovelful of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh-mouldering earth, that, some time or other, had a place in the composition of the human body. Upon this, I began to consider with myself, what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together, under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed this great magazine of mortality as it were in a lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that, if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelvemonth. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war had filled the church with many of those uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and which therefore do honour to the living as well as to the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius, before they

are put into execution. Sir Cloudesly Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence. Instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the figure of a beau, dressed in a long periwig, and reposing himself upon velvet cushions under a canopy of state. The inscription is answerable to the monument; for, instead of celebrating the many remarkable actions he had performed in the service of his country, it acquaints us only with the manner of his death, in which it was impossible for him to reap any honour. The Dutch, whom we are apt to despise for want of genius, shew an infinitely greater taste in their buildings and works of this nature, than we meet with in those of our own country. The monuments of their admirals, which have been erected at the public expence, represent them like themselves, and are adorned with rostral crowns and naval ornaments, with beautiful festoons of sea-weed, shells, and coral.

I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds and gloomy imaginations: but, for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy; and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By these means, I can improve myself with objects which others consider with terror.—When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them; when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that great
day

day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

V. The character of Mary Queen of Scots.

TO all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, Mary added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly, and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments, because her heart was warm and unsuspicious. Impatient of contradiction, because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation; which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible to flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents that we admire, she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen.

The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion, betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befel her; we must likewise add, that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnly was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality; yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful address and important services, can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed upon it, with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character, which it cannot approve; and may perhaps prompt some to impute her actions to her situa-

tion more than to her dispositions; and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration; and while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

With regard to the queen's person, a circumstance not to be omitted in writing the history of a female reign, all contemporary authors agree in ascribing to Mary the utmost beauty of countenance, and elegance of shape, of which the human form is capable. Her hair was black, though, according to the fashion of that age, she frequently wore borrowed locks, and of different colours. Her eyes were a dark grey, her complexion was exquisitely fine, and her hands and arms remarkably delicate both as to shape and colour. Her stature was of an height that rose to the majestic. She danced, she walked, and rode, with equal grace. Her taste for music was just; and she both sung and played upon the lute with uncommon skill. Towards the end of her life, she began to grow fat; and her long confinement, and the coldness of the houses in which she was imprisoned, brought on a rheumatism, which deprived her of the use of her limbs. No man, says Brantome, ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow.

V. *Another Character of the same.*

HER abilities were an honour to her birth, which was most illustrious. Her virtues were great; her misfortunes greater. While she was capable of profound views and a bold policy, she was firm and strenuous. Her understanding was clear, her judgment penetrating, her spirit lofty, her application vigorous. But she was called to the exercise of royalty in an unhappy and most critical period. The troubles of the Reformation had confirmed the turbulence of her nobles; and she had
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been accustomed to the orderly government, and the refined and seducing manners of France. The zeal of her people for the new opinions was most passionate; and she was attached to the ancient religion with a keenness that excited their fears. Her prime ministers, though able and popular, were destitute of integrity and patriotism; and a conspiracy to disturb her peace, and to accomplish her ruin, was formed early by an imperious rival, who, to exorbitant power and immense wealth, added the singular felicity of being directed by statesmen devoted to her purposes, and possessed of the greatest talents. With the happiest intentions, with public spirit and the love of justice, with moderation, liberality, and splendour, she attained not the praise of true glory. Circumvented by the treachery of smiling and corrupted counsellors, and exposed to the unceasing hatred and suspicions of turbulent ecclesiastics, she perpetually experienced the miseries of disappointment, and the malignity of detraction. With great capacity for business, she was unsuccessful in affairs. Infinitely amiable in her private deportment, she enjoyed not tranquillity and happiness. She was candid and open, engaging and generous. Her manners were gentle, her temper cheerful, her conversation easy and flowing, her wit polite, her information various, her taste elegant. But her husbands, like her courtiers, were eager to interrupt her prosperity and enjoyments; and while her administration was deformed with disasters and faction, her domestic life was embittered with disquietudes and sorrow. With every claim to felicity, she was exposed to all the crosses of fortune; and her form, which gave a splendour to her rank, her abilities, her virtues, and her accomplishments, served to ennoble her afflictions. The incomparable beauty and expression of her countenance, the exquisite propriety of her stature, and the exact symmetry of her shape, attracted and fixed the admiration of every beholder. In her air, her walk, her gesture, she mingled majesty and grace. Her eyes, which were of a dark grey, spoke the situations and sensibility of her mind; the sound of her voice was melodious and affecting; and her hair, which was black, improved the brightness of her complexion. To give
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the greatest lustre to her person, she took a full advantage of the adventitious aids and garniture of dress. She discovered an inexhaustible fancy in the richness and variety of her garments. She delighted in jewels and precious stones; and she was anxiously curious in the fineness and fashion of her linen. But while her mind and her person were so perfect and so alluring, she was not exempted from frailties. Though capable of dissimulation, and acquainted with the arts of management and address, she did not sufficiently accommodate herself to the manners of her people. Her respect for her religion was too fond and doating to consist with the policy and the dignity of a great sovereign. In her counsellors she uniformly reposed too unbounded a confidence; and from the softness of her nature, she could be seduced to give them her trust even after their demeanor was equivocal and suspicious. Her clemency was not guided by prudence, and was generally repaid with ingratitude and insult. To the Protestant clergy, whose insolence was inordinate and seditious, she conducted herself sometimes with a passion that was unbecoming, and sometimes with a remissness that detracted from her consequence. A determined contempt, or a vigorous severity, would have suited better with her royal condition. She received her impressions with too much vivacity; and, from the delicacy of her organization, she was disposed to that spirit of caprice which is in some measure characteristic of her sex; but which, though often pleasant and even delightful in the still and endearing intercourse of private life, betrays in public concerns the suspicion of inconstancy and indiscretion. Her faults, however, were the result of amiable weaknesses; and they excite regret rather than indignation. The most unpardonable error of her life was the romantic imprudence with which she ventured into England, and intrusted herself to the power of Elizabeth. By courage and perseverance, she might have defeated the turbulence and ambition of her nobles; and experience and time would have opened up to her all the arts of government. But by this fatal step she involved herself in difficulties which she was never able to surmount. Elizabeth, to whom her abilities and beauty were a source of the most unrelenting jealousy
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and anger, embraced with a ferocious ardour the opportunity of humbling her completely as a queen and as a woman. She was exposed to all the practices of a cunning and a wicked vengeance. The vilest calumnies, the most insulting mortifications, the most studied barbarities, were employed against her. She was made to exchange a kingdom for a prison; and while she felt in her own person the cruellest injuries, she was afflicted with the dangers that threatened her country and her son. An inclement and suspicious adversary, who dreaded to encounter her when at liberty, tarnished the glory of an illustrious reign by trampling upon her sceptre while she was a captive. The rivalry of beauty, still more perhaps than of talents, fostered the resentments of Elizabeth; and while she made Mary to suffer under her power, she found the most exquisite delight in overturning the dominion of her charms. It pleased her in the greatest degree, that the beauty of the Scottish princess should waste itself in solitude; that she should be kept at a distance from admiration and homage; and that she should never experience, in any fortunate alliance, the melting tenderness and the delicate sensibilities of conjugal love. During the long period which passed from the flight of Mary into England till her death, her miseries were intense, piercing, and uninterrupted. The bitter cup of her fortune, which often overflowed, never ceased to be full. But, though agonizing with constant afflictions, and though crowned with thorns, she still remembered that she was a Queen, and maintained the elevation and the dignity which became her. To overwhelm her with distress and anguish, Elizabeth scrupled not to insult and to violate the most established principles of law and justice, the honour of hospitality, the reverence of her sex, the holiness of religion, the solemnity of engagements, the ties of relation, the feelings of humanity, the sanctity of innocence, and the majesty of kings. But no insolence of tyranny, no refinement of anger, and no pang of woe, could conquer or destroy her greatness and her fortitude. Her mind, which grew in its powers under struggles and calamity, seemed even to take a strain of vigour from the atrocious passions of her rival; and during her lamentable captivity, and in
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her dying scene, she displayed a magnanimity and a heroism that perhaps may have been equalled, but which has never been surpassed, in any age or in any nation.

VI. *Character of Queen Elizabeth.*

THERE are few personages in history who have been more exposed to the calumny of enemies and the adulation of friends, than Queen Elizabeth; and yet there scarce is any whose reputation has been more certainly determined, by the unanimous consent of posterity. The unusual length of her administration, and the strong features of her character, were able to overcome all prejudices; and, obliging her detractors to abate much of their invectives, and her admirers some, what of their panegyrics, have at last, in spite of political factions, and, what is more, of religious animosities, produced an uniform judgment with regard to her conduct. Her vigour, her constancy, her magnanimity, her penetration, vigilance, and address, are allowed to merit the highest praises, and appear not to have been surpassed by any person who ever filled a throne: a conduct less rigorous, less imperious, more sincere, more indulgent to her people, would have been requisite to form a perfect character. By the force of her mind, she controlled all her more active and stronger qualities, and prevented them from running into excess. Her heroism was exempted from all temerity, her frugality from avarice, her friendship from partiality, her enterprise from turbulency and a vain ambition: she guarded not herself, with equal care or equal success, from lesser infirmities; the rivalry of beauty, the desire of admiration, the jealousy of love, and the fallies of anger.

Her singular talents for government were founded equally on her temper and on her capacity. Endowed with a great command over herself, she soon obtained an uncontrolled ascendant over the people; and while she merited all their esteem by her real virtues, she also engaged their affection by her pretended ones. Few sovereigns of England succeeded to the throne in more difficult circumstances, and none ever conducted the government with such uniform success and felicity. Tho' unacquainted

unacquainted with the practice of toleration, the true secret for managing religious factions, she preserved her people, by her superior prudence, from those confusions in which theological controversy had involved all the neighbouring nations: and though her enemies were the most powerful princes of Europe, the most active, the most enterprising, the least scrupulous, she was able, by her vigour, to make deep impressions on their state; her own greatness, meanwhile, remaining untouched and unimpaired.

The wise ministers and brave warriors who flourished during her reign share the praise of her success; but, instead of lessening the applause due to her, they make great addition to it. They owed, all of them, their advancement to her choice; they were supported by her constancy; and, with all their ability, they were never able to acquire an undue ascendant over her. In her family, in her court, in her kingdom, she remained equally mistress. The force of the tender passions was great over her, but the force of her mind was still superior; and the combat which her victory visibly cost her, serves only to display the firmness of her resolution, and the loftiness of her ambitious sentiments.

The fame of this princess, though it has surmounted the prejudices both of faction and of bigotry, yet lies still exposed to another prejudice, which is more durable, because more natural; and which, according to the different views in which we survey her, is capable either of exalting beyond measure, or diminishing, the lustre of her character. This prejudice is founded on the consideration of her sex. When we contemplate her as a woman, we are apt to be struck with the highest admiration of her qualities and extensive capacity; but we are also apt to require some more softness of disposition, some greater lenity of temper, some of those amiable weaknesses by which her sex is distinguished. But the true method of estimating her merit is to lay aside all these considerations, and to consider her merely as a rational being, placed in authority, and intrusted with the government of mankind. We may find it difficult to reconcile our fancy to her as a wife or a mistress; but her qualities as a sovereign, though with some consider-

able exceptions, are the object of undisputed applause and approbation.

VII. *On Elocution.*

YOUR very bad enunciation, my son, gives me real concern; and I congratulate both you and myself that I was informed of it (as I hope) in time to prevent it; and shall ever think myself, as hereafter you will, I am sure, think yourself, infinitely obliged to your friend for informing me of it. If this ungraceful and disagreeable manner of speaking had, either by your negligence or mine, become habitual to you, as in a couple of years more it would have been, what a figure would you have made in company, or in a public assembly! who would have liked you in the one, or have attended to you in the other?

Read what Cicero and Quintilian say of enunciation, and see what a stress they lay upon the gracefulness of it: nay, Cicero goes further, and even maintains, that a good figure is necessary for an orator; and, particularly, that he must not be *vastus*; that is, overgrown and clumsy. He shews by it that he knew mankind well, and knew the powers of an agreeable figure and a graceful manner. Men are much oftener led by their hearts than by their understandings. The way to the heart is through the senses; please their eyes and their ears, and the work is half done. I have frequently known a man's fortune decided for ever by his first address. If it is pleasing, people are hurried involuntarily into a persuasion that he has a merit which possibly he has not; as, on the other hand, if it is ungraceful, they are immediately prejudiced against him, and unwilling to allow him the merit which it may be he has. Nor is this sentiment so unjust and unreasonable as at first it may seem; for, if a man has parts, he must know of how much consequence it is to him to have a graceful manner of speaking, and a genteel and pleasing address: he will cultivate and improve them to the utmost. What is the constant and just observation as to all actors upon the stage? Is it not, that those who have the best sense always speak the best, though they may happen not to have the best voices?

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They will speak plainly, distinctly, and with the proper emphasis, be their voices ever so bad. Had Roscius spoken *quick, thick, and ungracefully*, I will answer for it that Cicero would not have thought him worth the oration which he made in his favour. Words were given us to communicate our ideas by; and there must be something inconceivably absurd in uttering them in such a manner as that either people cannot understand them, or will not desire to understand them. I tell you truly and sincerely, that I shall judge of your parts by your speaking gracefully or ungracefully. If you have parts, you will never be at rest till you have brought yourself to a habit of speaking most gracefully; for I aver that it is in your power. You will desire your tutor that you may read aloud to him every day; and that he will interrupt and correct you every time that you read too fast, do not observe the proper stops, or lay a wrong emphasis. You will take care to open your teeth when you speak; to articulate every word distinctly; and to beg of any friend you speak to, to remind, and stop you, if ever you fall into the rapid and unintelligible mutter. You will even read aloud to yourself, and tune your utterance to your own ear; and read at first much slower than you need to do, in order to correct that shameful habit of speaking faster than you ought. In short, you will make it your business, your study, and your pleasure, to speak well, if you think right. Therefore, what I have said is more than sufficient, if you have sense; and ten times more would not be sufficient, if you have not: so here I rest it.

VIII. *Charles V.'s Resignation of his Dominions.*

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 an indelible impression 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 the 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 one thousand five hundred and fifty-five, 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 grandees of Spain, and princes of the empire standing behind him. The president of the council of Flanders, by his command, explained, in a few words, his intention in 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 there 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 the enjoyment of private pleasure: that, either in a pacific or hostile manner, he had visited Germany nine times, Spain six times, France four times, Italy seven times, the Low Countries ten 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

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 render them happy: 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 and great affairs, and amidst the attention which he had been obliged to give 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 carry the remembrance of it 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 ardent wishes 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 have still 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 of 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 shall 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 this 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 had distinguished the Netherlands, his native country, with particular marks of his regard and attachment.

A few weeks thereafter, 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.

The place he had chosen for his retreat was the monastery of St Justus, in the province of Estremadura. It was seated in a vale of no great extent, watered by a small brook, and surrounded by rising grounds covered with lofty trees. From the nature of the soil, as well as the temperature of the climate, it was esteemed the most healthful and delicious situation in Spain. Some months before his resignation, he had sent an architect thither to add a new apartment to the monastery for his accommodation; but he gave strict orders that the stile of the building should be such as suited his present situation, rather than his former dignity. It consisted only of six rooms: four of them in the form of friars cells, with naked walls; the other two, each twenty feet square, were hung with brown cloth, and furnished in the most simple manner. They were all on a level with the ground; with a door on one side into a garden, of which Charles himself had given the plan, and which he had filled with various plants, intending to cultivate them with his own hands. On the other side they communicated with the chapel

chapel of the monastery, in which he was to perform his devotions.—Into this humble retreat, hardly sufficient for the comfortable accommodation of a private gentleman, did Charles enter with twelve domestics only. He buried there, in solitude and silence, his grandeur, his ambition, together with all those vast projects, which, during half a century, had alarmed and agitated Europe, filling every kingdom in it by turns with the terror of his arms, and the dread of being subjected to his power.

X. *Importance of Virtue.*

VIRTUE is of intrinsic value and good desert, and of indispensable obligation ; not the creature of will, but necessary and immutable ; not local or temporary, but of equal extent and antiquity with the Divine mind ; not a mode of sensation, but everlasting truth ; not dependent on power, but the guide of all power. Virtue is the foundation of honour and esteem, and the source of all beauty, order, and happiness, in nature. It is what confers value on all the other endowments and qualities of a reasonable being, to which they ought to be absolutely subservient, and without which, the more eminent they are, the more hideous deformities and the greater curses they become.

The use of it is not confined to any one stage of our existence, or to any particular situation we can be in, but reaches through all the periods and circumstances of our being. Many of the endowments and talents we now possess, and of which we are too apt to be proud, will cease entirely with the present state ; but this will be our ornament and dignity, in every future state to which 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 works. It procures us the approbation and love of all wise and good beings, and renders them our allies and friends. But what is of unspeakably greater consequence is, that it makes God our friend, assimilates and

unites our minds to him, and engages his Almighty power in our defence. 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 is he under its influence.—To say no more, it is the law of the whole universe, it stands first in the estimation of the Deity, its original is his nature, and it is the very object that makes him lovely.

Such is the importance of virtue.—Of what consequence, therefore, is it that we practise it! There is no argument or motive in any respect fitted to influence a reasonable mind, which does not call us to this. One virtuous disposition of soul is preferable to the greatest natural accomplishments and abilities, and of more value than all the treasures of the world.—If you are wise, then, study virtue, and 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.

XI. *Uncle Toby's Humanity.*

MY uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries—not from want of courage—I have told you in a former chapter, that he was a man of courage; and I will add here, that, where just occasions presented or called it forth, I know no man under whose arm I would have sooner taken shelter. Nor did this arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts, for he felt as feelingly as a man could do. But he was of a peaceful, placid nature; no jarring element in him: all was mixed up so kindly within him, my uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly.

Go—says he, one day at dinner, to an overgrown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner-time, and which, after infinite attempts, he had caught at last as it flew by him—I'll not hurt thee—says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair,

chair, and going across the room with the fly in his hand—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head: Go—says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke to let it escape—go, poor devil; get thee gone; why should I hurt thee?—This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me.

This lesson of universal good-will, taught by my uncle Toby, may serve instead of a whole volume upon the subject.

XII. *Address to Art.*

O ART! thou distinguishing attribute and honour of human kind! who art not only able to imitate nature in her graces, but even to adorn her with graces of thine own! Possessed of thee, the meanest genius grows deserving, and has a just demand for a portion of our esteem: devoid of thee, the brightest of our kind lie lost and useless, and are but poorly distinguished from the most despicable and base. When we inhabited forests in common with brutes, nor otherwise known from them than by the figure of our species, thou taught us to assert the sovereignty of our nature, and to assume that empire for which Providence intended us. Thousands of utilities owe their birth to thee; thousands of elegancies, pleasures, and joys, without which life itself would be but an insipid possession.

Wide and extensive is the reach of thy dominion. No element is there, either so violent or so subtle, so yielding or so sluggish, as, by the powers of its nature, to be superior to thy direction. Thou darest not the fierce impetuosity of fire, but compellest its violence to be both obedient and useful. By it thou softenest the stubborn tribe of minerals, so as to be formed and moulded into shapes innumerable. Hence weapons, armour, coin: and, previous to these and other thy works and energies, hence all those various tools and instruments, which empower thee to proceed to farther ends more excellent. Nor is the subtle air less obedient to thy power, whether thou willest it to be a minister to our pleasure or utility. At thy command, it giveth birth to sounds, which charm the soul with all the powers of harmony. Under thy instruction,

struction, it moves the ship over seas ; while that yielding element, where otherwise we sink, even water itself, is by thee taught to bear us ; the vast ocean, to promote that intercourse of nations which ignorance would imagine it was destined to intercept. To say how thy influence is seen on earth, would be to teach the meanest what he knows already. Suffice it but to mention, fields of arable and pasture ; lawns, and groves, and gardens, and plantations ; cottages, villages, castles, towns ; palaces, temples, and spacious cities.

Nor does thy empire end in subjects thus inanimate. Its power also extends through the various race of animals, who either patiently submit to become thy slaves, or are sure to find thee an irresistible foe. The faithful dog, the patient ox, the generous horse, and the mighty elephant, are content all to receive their instructions from thee, and readily to lend their natural instincts or strength to perform those offices which thy occasions call for. If there be found any species which are serviceable when dead, thou suggestest the means to investigate and take them : if any be so savage as to refuse being tamed, or of natures fierce enough to venture an attack, thou teachest us to scorn their brutal rage, to meet, repel, pursue, and conquer.

Such, O Art ! is thy amazing influence, when thou art employed only on these inferior subjects, on natures inanimate, or at best irrational. But, whenever thou choolest a subject more noble, and settest to the cultivating of mind itself, then it is thou becomest truly amiable and divine, the ever-flowing source of those sublimer beauties of which no subject but mind alone is capable. Then it is thou art enabled to exhibit to mankind the admired tribe of poets and orators, the sacred train of patriots and heroes, the god-like list of philosophers and legislators, the forms of virtuous and equal politics, where private welfare is made the same with public, where crowds themselves prove disinterested, and virtue is made a national and popular characteristic.

Hail ! sacred source of all these wonders ! Thyself instruct me to praise thee worthily ; through whom, whatever we do, is done with elegance and beauty ; without whom, what we do is ever graceless and deformed.—

Venerable power! by what name shall I address thee? Shall I call thee Ornament of mind, or art thou more truly Mind itself! 'Tis Mind thou art, most perfect Mind: not rude, untaught; but fair and polished: in such thou dwellest; of such thou art the form; nor is it a thing more possible to separate thee from such, than it would be to separate thee from thy own existence.

XIII. *Flattery.*

FLATTERY is a manner of conversation very shameful in itself, but beneficial to the flatterer.

If a flatterer is upon a public walk with you, "Do but mind," says he, "how every one's eye is upon you. Sure there is not a man in Athens that is taken so much notice of. You had justice done you yesterday in the portico. There were above thirty of us together, and the question being started who was the most considerable person in the commonwealth? the whole company was of the same side. In short, Sir, every one made familiar with your name." He follows this whisper with a thousand other flatteries of the same nature.

Whenever the person to whom he would make his court begins to speak, the sycophant begs the company to be silent, most impudently praises him to his face, is in raptures all the while he talks, and, as soon as he has done, cries out, That is perfectly right! When his patron aims at being witty upon any man, he is ready to burst at the smartness of his raillery, and stops his mouth with his handkerchief that he may not laugh out. If he calls his children about him, the flatterer has a pocket full of apples for them, which he distributes among them with a great deal of fondness, wonders to see so many fine boys, and, turning about to the father, tells him they are all as like him as they can stare.

When he is invited to a feast, he is the first man that calls for a glass of wine, and is wonderfully pleased with the deliciousness of the flavour; gets as near as possible to the man of the house, and tells him with much concern that he eats nothing himself. He singles out some particular dish, and recommends it to the rest of the company for a rarity. He desires the master of the feast to

fit in a warmer part of the room, begs him to take more care of his health, and advises him to put on a supernumerary garment in this cold weather. He is in a close whisper with him during the whole entertainment, and has neither eyes nor ears for any one else in the company.

If a man shews him his house, he extols the architect, admires the gardens, and expatiates upon the furniture. If the owner is grossly flattered in a picture, he outflatters the painter; and, though he discovers a great likeness in it, can by no means allow that it does justice to the original.—In short, his whole business is to ingratiate himself with those who hear him, and to wheedle them out of their senses.

XIV. *Socrates and Glauco.*

THE young people of Athens, dazzled with the glory of Themistocles, Cimon, and Pericles, and full of a wild ambition, after having received for some time the lessons of the Sophists, who promised to make them great politicians, conceived themselves capable of every thing, and aspired at the highest employments. One of these, named *Glauco*, had taken it so strongly into his head to enter upon the administration of public affairs, that none of his friends were able to divert him from a design so little consistent with his age and capacity. Socrates meeting him one day, very genteelly engaged him in a conversation upon the subject.

“You are desirous, then, of a share in the government of the republic?” said Socrates. “True,” replied Glauco. “You cannot have a more honourable design,” answered Socrates; “for, if you succeed, you will have it in your power to serve your friends effectually, to aggrandise your family, and to extend the confines of your country. You will make yourself known, not only at Athens, but throughout all Greece; and perhaps your renown, like that of Themistocles, may spread abroad among the barbarous nations.”—So smooth and insinuating a prelude, was extremely pleasing to the young man. He staid willingly; and the conversation continued. “Since you desire to be esteemed and honoured,

no doubt your view is to be useful to the public?" "Certainly." "Tell me then, I beseech you in the name of the gods, what is the first service you propose to render the state?" As Glauco seemed at a loss, and meditated upon what he should answer, "I presume," continued Socrates, "it is to enrich it, that is to say, to augment its revenues?" "My very thought." "You are well versed, then, undoubtedly, in the revenues of the state, and know perfectly to what they amount; you have not failed to make them your particular study, in order, that, if a fund should happen to fail by any unforeseen accident, you might be able to supply the deficiency by another." "I protest," replied Glauco, "that never entered into my thoughts." "At least, you will tell me to what the expences of the republic amount; for you must know the importance of retrenching such as are superfluous." "I own," says Glauco, "I am as little informed in this point as the other." "You must, therefore, refer your design of enriching the state to another time; for it is impossible you should do it whilst you are unacquainted with its revenues and expences." "But," said Glauco, "there is still another way which you have not mentioned; a state may be enriched upon the ruin of its enemies." "You are in the right," replied Socrates; "but that depends upon its being the strongest, otherwise it incurs the danger of losing what it has. For which reason, he who talks of engaging in a war ought to know the forces on both sides; that, if he finds his own party strongest, he may boldly advise the war; and, if weakest, dissuade the people from undertaking it. Now, do you know the strength of our republic, and that of our enemies, by sea and land? Have you a state of them in writing? Be so kind as to let me see it." "I have it not at present," said Glauco. "I see, then," said Socrates, "that we shall not presently enter into a war, if you are charged with the government; for you have abundance of inquiries to make, and much pains to go through, before you will resolve upon it."

He ran over several other articles no less important, with which Glauco was equally unacquainted; till he brought him to confess how ridiculous those people are

who have the rashness to intrude into government, without any other preparation for the service of the public, than that of an high esteem for themselves, and an immoderate ambition of rising to the first places and dignities. "Have a care, dear Glauco," said Socrates, "lest a too warm desire of honours should deceive you into pursuits that may cover you with shame, by setting your incapacity and slender abilities, in full light. Glauco improved from the wise admonitions of Socrates, and took time to inform himself in private before he ventured to appear in public.—This is a lesson for all ages, and may be very useful to persons in all stations and conditions in life.

XV. *The absent Man.*

MENALCAS comes down in the morning: opens his door to go out; but shuts it again, because he perceives he has his night-cap on; and, examining himself further, finds that he is but half-shaved, that he has stuck his sword on his right side, that his stockings are about his heels, and that his shirt is over his breeches.

When he is dressed, he goes to court; comes into the drawing-room; and, walking upright under a branch of candlesticks, his wig is caught up by one of them, and hangs dangling in the air. All the courtiers fall a-laughing; but Menalcas laughs louder than any of them, and looks about for the person that is the jest of the company. Coming down to the court-gate, he finds a coach; which, taking for his own, he whips into it; and the coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries his master. As soon as he stops, Menalcas throws himself out of the coach, crosses the court, ascends the stair-case, and runs through all the chambers with the greatest familiarity, reposes himself on a couch, and fancies himself at home. The master of the house at last comes in. Menalcas rises to receive him, and desires him to sit down. He talks, muses, and then talks again. The gentleman of the house is tired and amazed. Menalcas is no less so; but is every moment in hopes that his impertinent guest will at last end his tedious visit. Night comes on, when Menalcas is hardly convinced.

When he is playing at backgammon, he calls for a
full

full glass of wine and water. It is his turn to throw. He has the box in one hand, and his glass in the other; and being extremely dry and unwilling to lose time, he swallows down both the dice, and at the same time throws his wine into the tables. He writes a letter, and flings the sand into the ink-bottle. He writes a second, and mistakes the superscription. A nobleman receives one of them; and, upon opening it, reads as follows: "I would have you, honest Jack, immediately upon the receipt of this, take in hay enough to serve the winter." His farmer receives the other, and is amazed to see in it, "My Lord, I received your Grace's commands."

If he is at an entertainment, you may see the pieces of bread continually multiplying round his plate: it is true the company want it, as well as their knives and forks, which Menalcas does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a morning he puts his whole family in a hurry, and at last goes out without being able to stay for his coach or breakfast; and, for that day, you may see him in every part of the town, except the very place where he had appointed to be upon business, of importance.

You would often take him for every thing that he is not—For a fellow quite stupid, for he hears nothing; for a fool, for he talks to himself, and has a hundred grimaces and motions with his head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud man, for he looks upon you, and takes no notice of your saluting him. The truth of it is, his eyes are open, but he makes no use of them, and neither sees you, nor any man, nor any thing else. He came once from his country-house, and his own footmen undertook to rob him, and succeeded. They held a flambeau to his throat, and bid him deliver his purse. He did so; and coming home, told his friends he had been robbed. They desire to know the particulars—"Ask my servants," said Menalcas; "for they were with me."

SECTION V.

I. *Damon and Pythias.*

WHEN Damon was sentenced by Dionysius the tyrant of Syracuse to die on such a day, he prayed permission to retire in the interim to his own country to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon. He instantly offered himself to durance in place of his friend; and Damon was accordingly set at liberty.

The king and all his courtiers were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it on any allowed principles.—Self-interest, in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs: and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms invented by the wise to impose upon the weak. They, therefore, imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly, to the defect of head merely, and no way to any virtue or good quality of heart.

When the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon.—Having reproached him for the romantic stupidity of his conduct, and rallied him some time on his madncfs, in presuming that Damon, by his return, would prove as great a fool as himself—"My lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, "I would it were possible that I might suffer a 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 estimation, 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 (still more sentimental) in which they were uttered. He felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth; but it served rather to perplex, than to undeceive him. He hesitated: he would have spoken; but he looked down, and retired in silence.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked amidst the guard, with a serious but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the demeanour of the prisoner. Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the scaffold, and, beholding for some time the apparatus of death, he turned, and, with a pleasing countenance, thus addressed the assembly.—“My prayers are heard. The gods are propitious. You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come; he could not conquer impossibilities. He will be here to-morrow; and the blood which is shed to-day, shall have ransomed the life of my friend.—O! could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion, of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death even as I would to my bridal! Be it sufficient, in the meantime, that my friend will be found noble—that his truth is unimpeachable—that he will speedily approve it—that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods. But I hasten to prevent his speed—Executioner, do your office.” As he pronounced the last words, a buzz 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—the gods be praised, you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer; and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own."—Pale, and almost speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents, "Fatal haste!—Cruel 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; his eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuse his assent to truth, so incontestibly proved by facts. He descended from his throne. He ascended the scaffold.—"Live, live, ye incompatible pair!" he exclaimed. "Ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue; and that virtue equally evinces the certainty of the existence of a God, a God to reward it.—Live happy! live renowned! And, O! form me by your precepts, as you have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship."

II. *Awkwardness in Company.*

WHEN an awkward fellow first comes into a room, he attempts to bow; and his sword, if he wears one, gets between his legs, and nearly throws him down. Confused and ashamed, he stumbles to the upper end of the room, and seats himself in the very place where he should not. He there begins playing with his hat, which he presently drops; and, recovering his hat, he lets fall his cane; and, in picking up his cane, down goes hat again. Thus, it is a considerable time before he is adjusted.

When his tea or coffee is handed to him, he spreads his handkerchief upon his knees, scalds his mouth, drops either the cup or saucer, and spills the tea or coffee in his lap. At dinner, he seats himself upon the edge of the chair, at so great a distance from the table, that he frequently

quently drops his meat between his plate and his mouth; he holds his knife, fork, and spoon, differently from other people; eats with his knife, to the manifest danger of his mouth, and picks his teeth with his fork.

If he is to carve, he cannot hit the joint; but, in labouring to cut through the bone, splashes the sauce over every body's cloaths. He generally daubs himself all over; his elbows are in the next person's plate; and he is up to the knuckles in soup and grease. If he drinks, it is with his mouth full, interrupting the whole company with—"To your good health, Sir," and "my service to you;" perhaps coughs in his glass, and besprinkles the whole table.

He addresses the company by improper titles, as, *Sir* for *my lord*; mistakes one name for another; and tells you of Mr What-d'ye-call-him, or You-know-who, Mrs Thingum, What's-her-name, or How-d'ye-call-her. He begins a story; but, not being able to finish it, breaks off in the middle, with—"I've forgot the rest."

III. *Consequences of satirical Wit.*

TRUST me, this unwary pleasantry of thine, will, sooner or later, bring thee into scrapes and difficulties, which no after-wit can extricate thee out of. In these sallies too often I see it happens that the person laughed at considers himself in the light of a person injured, with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him: and, when thou reckonest upon his friends, his family, his kindred and allies; and mustereest up with them the many recruits who will list under him from a sense of common danger; it is no extravagant arithmetic to say, that for every ten jokes thou hast got an hundred enemies: but, till thou hast gone on, and raised a swarm of wasps about thine ears, and art half stung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is so.

I cannot suspect it in the man whom I esteem, that there is the least spur from spleen or malvolence of intent in these sallies. I believe and know them to be truly honest and sportive. But, consider, that fools cannot distinguish this, and that knaves will not: and thou knowest not what it is either to provoke the one or to make merry

merry with the other. Whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, as to make thee heartily sick of it, and of thy life too.

Revenge, from some baneful corner, shall level a tale of dishonour at thee, which no innocence of heart, or integrity of conduct, shall set right. The fortunes of thy house shall totter—thy character, which led the way to them, shall bleed on every side of it—thy faith questioned—thy works belied—thy wit forgotten—thy learning trampled on. To wind up the last scene of thy tragedy, Cruelty and Cowardice, twin-ruffians, hired and set on by Malice in the dark, shall strike together at all thy infirmities and mistakes. The best of us, my friend, lie open there. And, trust me, when, to gratify a private appetite, it is once resolved upon that an innocent and an helpless creature shall be sacrificed, it is an easy matter to pick up sticks enough, from any thicket where it has strayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.

IV. *On the Being of a God.*

THE regularity of the motions and revolutions of the sun, the moon, and numberless stars; with the distinction, variety, beauty, and order of celestial objects; the slightest observation of which seems sufficient to convince every beholder that they cannot be the effect of chance; these afford a proof of a Deity, which seems irrefragable. If he, who surveys an academy, a palace, or a court of justice, and observes regularity, order, and œconomy, prevailing in them, is immediately convinced that this regularity must be the effect of authority and discipline, supported by persons properly qualified; how much more reason has he, who finds himself surrounded by so many and such stupendous bodies, performing their various motions and revolutions without the least deviation from perfect regularity, through the innumerable ages of past duration; how much more reason has he to conclude, that such amazing revolutions are governed by superior wisdom and power?

Is it not therefore astonishing, that any man should ever have dreamed of the possibility: ~~that~~ a beautiful and mag-

magnificent system might arise from the fortuitous concurrence of certain bodies, carried towards one another by I know not what imaginary impulse? I see not why he, who is capable of ascribing the production of a world to a cause so inadequate, may not expect, from the fortuitous scattering about of a set of letters of ivory or metal, a regular history to appear. But I believe he who hopes to produce, in this way, one single line, will find himself for ever disappointed. If the casual concurrence of atoms has produced a whole universe, how comes it that we never find a city, a temple, or so much as a portico, produced in the same manner? One would imagine they who prate so absurdly about the origination of the world had no eyes, or had never opened them, to view the glories of this immense theatre.

The reasonings of Aristotle on this point are excellent. —“ Let us suppose,” says he, “ certain persons to have been born, and to have lived to mature age, under ground, in habitations accommodated with all the conveniences, and even magnificence, of life, except the sight of this upper world. Let us suppose those persons to have heard, by fame, of superior beings, and wonderful effects produced by them. Let the earth be imagined suddenly to open, and expose to the view of those subterraneans this fair world which we inhabit. Let them be imagined to behold the face of the earth, diversified with hills and vales, with rivers and woods; the wide-extended ocean, the lofty sky, and the clouds carried along by the winds. Let them behold the sun, and observe his transcendent brightness and wonderful influence as he pours down the flood of day over the whole earth, from east to west. And, when night covered the world with darkness, let them behold the heavens adorned with innumerable stars. Let them behold the various appearances of the moon; now horned, then full, then decreasing. Let them have leisure to mark the rising and setting of the heavenly bodies, and to understand that their established courses have been going on from age to age. —When they had surveyed and considered all these things, what could they conclude, but that the accounts they had heard in their subterranean habitation of the existence

ence of superior beings must be true, and that these prodigious works must be the effect of their power?"

Thus Aristotle. To which I will add, that it is only our being accustomed to the continual view of these glorious objects that prevents our admiring them, and endeavouring to come to right conclusions concerning the Author of them; as if novelty were a better reason for exciting our inquiries than beauty and magnificence.

V. *Account of the Death of Julius Cæsar.*

A MEETING of the senate being already summoned for the ides, or fifteenth, of March, the proposal to bestow on Cæsar the title of King, as a qualification enjoined by the Sybils to make war on the Parthians, was expected to be the principal business of the assembly. This circumstance determined the conspirators in the choice of a place for the execution of their design. They had formerly deliberated whether to pitch upon the Campus Martius, and to strike their blow in the presence of the Roman people assembled, or in the entry to the theatre, or in a street through which Cæsar often passed in the way to his own house. But this meeting of the senate seemed now to present the most convenient place, and the most favourable opportunity. The presence of the senate, it was supposed, would render the action of the conspirators sufficiently awful and solemn; the common cause would be instantly acknowledged by all the members of that body; and the execution done would be justified under their authority. If any were disposed to resist, they were not likely to be armed; and the affair might be ended by the death of Cæsar alone, or without any effusion of blood beyond that which was originally intended.

It was at first proposed that Antony, being likely to carry on the same military usurpations which Cæsar had begun, should be taken off at the same time; but this was over-ruled. It was supposed that Antony, and every other senator and citizen, would readily embrace the state of independence and personal consideration which was to be offered to them; or if they should not embrace it, they would not be of sufficient numbers or credit

credit to distress the republic, or to upset that balance of parties in which the freedom of the whole consisted. It was supposed, that the moment Cæsar fell, there would not be any one left to covet or to support an usurpation which had been so unfortunate in his person. "If we do any thing more than is necessary to set the Romans at liberty," said Marcus Brutus, "we shall be thought to act from private resentment, and to intend restoring the party of Pompey, not the republic."

The intended assembly of the senate was to be held in one of the recesses of Pompey's theatre. It was determined by the conspirators, that they should repair to this meeting as usual, either separately or in the retinue of the consuls and prætors; and that, being armed with concealed weapons, they should proceed to the execution of their purpose as soon as Cæsar had taken his seat. To guard against any disturbance or tumult that might arise to frustrate their intentions, Decimus Brutus, who was master of a troop of gladiators, undertook to have this troop, under pretence of exhibiting some combats on that day to the people, posted in the theatre, and ready at his command for any service.

During the interval of suspense which preceded the meeting of the senate, although in public Brutus seemed to perform all the duties of his station with an unaltered countenance, at home he was less guarded, and frequently appeared to have something uncommon on his mind. His wife Portia suspected that some arduous design respecting the state was in agitation; and when she questioned him, was confirmed in this apprehension by his eluding her inquiries. Thinking herself, by her extraction and by her alliance, entitled to confidence, she bore this appearance of distrust with regret; and, under the idea that the secret withheld from her must be such as, upon any suspicion, might occasion the torture to be employed to force a confession, and supposing that she herself was distrusted more on account of the weakness than of the indiscretion of her sex, she determined to make a trial of her own strength before she desired that the secret should be communicated to her. For this purpose she gave herself a wound in the thigh; and while it festered, and produced acute pain and fever, she endeavoured

deavoured to preserve her usual countenance, without any sign of suffering or distress. Being satisfied with this trial of her own strength, she told her husband the particulars; and, with some degree of triumph, added, "Now you may trust me; I am the wife of Brutus and the daughter of Cato; keep me no longer in doubt or suspense upon any subject in which I too must be so deeply concerned." The circumstance of her wound, the pretensions which she otherwise had to confidence, drew the secret from her husband, and undoubtedly from thenceforward, by the passions which were likely to agitate the mind of a tender and affectionate woman, exposed the design to additional hazard of a discovery and of a failure.

But the morning of the ides of March, the day on which this conspiracy was to be executed, arrived, and there was yet no suspicion. The conspirators had been already together at the house of one of the prætors. Cassius was to present his son that morning to the people, with the ceremony usual in assuming the habit of manhood; and he was upon this account to be attended by his friends into the place of assembly. He was afterwards, together with Brutus, in their capacity of magistrates, employed, as usual, in giving judgment on the causes that were brought before them. As they sat in the prætor's chair, they received intimation that Cæsar, having been indisposed over-night, was not to be abroad; and that he had commissioned Antony, in his name, to adjourn the senate to another day. Upon this report, they suspected a discovery; and while they were deliberating what should be done, Popilius Lenas, a senator whom they had not intrusted with their design, whispered them as he passed, "I pray that God may prosper what you have in view. Above all things, dispatch." Their suspicions of a discovery being thus still further confirmed, the intention soon after appeared to be public. An acquaintance told Casca, "You have concealed this business from me, but Brutus told me of it." They were struck with surprise; but Brutus presently recollected that he had mentioned to this person no more than Casca's intention of standing for ædile, and that the words which he spoke referred only to that business:
they

they accordingly determined to wait the issue of these alarms.

In the mean time, Cæsar, at the persuasion of Decimus Brutus, though once determined to remain at home, had changed his mind, and was already in the streets, being carried to the senate in his litter. Soon after he had left his own house, a slave came thither in haste, desired protection, and said he had a secret of the greatest moment to impart. He had probably overheard the conspirators, or had observed that they were armed; but not being aware how pressing the time was, he suffered himself to be detained till Cæsar's return. Others probably had observed circumstances which led to a discovery of the plot, and Cæsar had a billet to this effect given to him as he passed in the streets: he was intreated by the person who gave it instantly to read it; and he endeavoured to do so, but was prevented by the multitudes who crowded around him with numberless applications; and he still carried this paper in his hand when he entered the senate.

Brutus and most of the conspirators had taken their places a little while before the arrival of Cæsar, and continued to be alarmed by many circumstances which tended to shake their resolution. Porcia, in the same moments, being in great agitation, exposed herself to public notice. She listened with anxiety to every noise in the streets; she dispatched, without any pretence of business, continual messages towards the place where the senate was assembled; she asked every person who came from that quarter, if they observed what her husband was doing. Her spirit at last sunk under the effect of such violent emotions; she fainted away, and was carried for dead into her apartment. A message came to Brutus in the senate with this account. He was much affected, but kept his place. Popilius Lænas, who a little before seemed, from the expression he had dropped, to have got notice of their design, appeared to be in earnest conversation with Cæsar as he lighted from his carriage. This left the conspirators no longer in doubt that they were discovered; and they made signs to each other, that it would be better to die by their own hands than to fall into the power of their enemy. But they saw of a sud-

den the countenance of Lænas change into a smile, and perceived that his conversation with Cæsar could not relate to such a business as theirs.

Cæsar's chair of state had been placed near to the pedestal of Pompey's statue. Numbers of the conspirators had seated themselves around it. Trebonius, under pretence of business, had taken Antony aside at the entrance of the theatre. Cimber, who with others of the conspirators met Cæsar in the portico, presented him with a petition in favour of his brother, who had been excepted from the late indemnity; and, in urging the prayer of this petition, attended the Dictator to his place. Having there received a denial from Cæsar, uttered with some expressions of impatience at being so much importuned, he took hold of his robe, as if to press the intreaty. "Nay," said Cæsar, "this is violence." While he spoke these words, Cimber flung back the gown from his shoulders; and, this being the signal agreed upon, called out to strike. Casca aimed the first blow. Cæsar started from his place, and, in the first moment of surprise, pushed Cimber with one arm, and laid hold of Casca with the other. But he soon perceived that resistance was vain; and while the swords of the conspirators clashed with each other, in their way to his body, he wrapped himself up in his gown, and fell without any farther struggle. It was observed, in the superstition of the times, that, in falling, the blood which sprung from his wounds sprinkled the pedestal of Pompey's statue. And thus having employed the greatest abilities to subdue his fellow-citizens, with whom it would have been a much greater honour to have been able to live on terms of equality, he fell, in the height of his security, a sacrifice to their just indignation: a striking example of what the arrogant have to fear in trifling with the feelings of a free people; and at the same time a lesson of jealousy and of cruelty to tyrants, or an admonition not to spare, in the exercise of their power, those whom they may have insulted by usurping it.

When the body lay breathless on the ground, Cassius called out, That there lay the worst of men. Brutus called upon the senate to judge of the transaction which had passed before them; and was proceeding to state the motives

motives of those who were concerned in it, when the members, who had for a moment stood still in silent amazement, rose on a sudden, and began to separate in great consternation. All those who had come to the senate in the train of Cæsar, his lictors, the ordinary officers of state, citizens and foreigners, with many servants and dependants of every sort, had been instantly seized with a panic; and, as if the swords of the conspirators were drawn against themselves, had already rushed into the streets, and carried terror and confusion wherever they went. The senators themselves now followed. No man had presence of mind to give any account of what had happened; but repeated the cry that was usual on great alarms for all persons to withdraw, and to shut up their habitations and shops. This cry was communicated from one to another in the streets. The people, imagining that a general massacre was somewhere begun, shut up and barred all their doors as in the dead of night, and every one prepared to defend his own habitation.

Antony, upon the first alarm, had changed his dress, and retired to a place of safety. He believed that the conspirators must have intended to take his life together with that of Cæsar; and he fled in the apprehension of being instantly pursued. Lepidus repaired to the suburbs, where the legion he commanded was quartered; and, uncertain whether Cæsar's death was the act of the whole senate or of a private party, waited for an explanation, or an order from the surviving consul, to determine in what manner he should act. In these circumstances a general pause, and an interval of suspense and silence, took place over the whole city.

VI. *Observations on Story-telling.*

TOM Lizard told us a story, the other day, of some persons whom our family knew very well, with so much humour and life, that it caused a great deal of mirth at the tea-table. His brother Will, the Templar, was highly delighted with it; and, the next day, being with some of his inns-of-court acquaintance, resolved (whether out of benevolence or the pride of his heart, I will not determine) to entertain them with what he call-

ed a pleasant humour enough. I was in great pain for him when I heard him begin; and was not at all surprised to find the company very little moved by it. Will blushed, looked round the room, and, with a forced laugh, Why, gentlemen, said he, I do not know what makes you look so grave; it was an admirable story when I heard it.

When I came home, I fell into a profound contemplation upon story-telling; and as I have nothing so much at heart as the good of my country, I resolved to communicate my observations on this subject.

I have often thought, that a story-teller is born as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain, that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination and a mirthful temper will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life, yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a knack. It doth not so much subsist upon wit, as upon humour: and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well, that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end. But this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks and whimsical agitations.

I will go yet farther, and affirm, that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body and formation of the features of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit, with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though,
upon

upon examination, I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found, after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch, and the tossing up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature are apt to shew their parts with too much ostentation: I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories, but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those that are altogether new, should never be ushered in without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned, because by that means you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us, administer more mirth than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters.—A little circumstance in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of, sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus, I remember, Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly, that his story would not have been worth a farthing if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time and end smartly. So that there is a kind of drama in forming of a story; and the manner of conducting and pointing it is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company, by humorous characters and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating; and how poor is it for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, *That's all!*

As the choosing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a story, and that wherein humour principally consists; so the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of conversation. Old men are great transgressors this way. Poor Ned Poppy was a very honest man; but so excessively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner; when such a thing happened; in what ditch his bay stone-horse had his sprain at that time; and how his man John—no, 'twas William—started a hare in the common field; that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and intermarriages, and cousins twice or thrice removed; and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of July or the beginning of August. He had a marvellous tendency likewise to digressions; inasmuch, that if a considerable person was mentioned in his story, he would straightway lanch out into an episode of him; and again, if in that person's story he had occasion to remember a third man, he broke off, and gave us his history; and so on. He always put me in mind of what Sir William Temple informs us of the tale-tellers in the north of Ireland, who are hired to tell stories of giants and enchanters to lull people asleep. These historians are obliged, by their bargain, to go on without stopping; so that after the patient hath, by this benefit, enjoyed a long nap, he is sure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned produced the like effect in me the last time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his story, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow-chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him, Old friend, you have your infirmity, and I have mine.

But, of all evils in story-telling, the humour of telling tales, one after another, in great numbers, is the least supportable. Sir Harry Pandolf and his son give my Lady Lizard great offence in this particular. Sir Harry hath what they call a string of stories, which he tells over every opportunity. When our family visit them, we are constantly, after supper, entertained with the Glastonbury Thorne. When we have wondered at that a little, Ay, but, father, says the son, let us have the

the Spirit in the Wood. After that has been laughed at, Ay, but, father, cries the booby again, tell us how you served the robber. Alack-a-day, saith Sir Harry with a smile, and rubbing his forehead, I have almost forgot that; but it is a pleasant conceit, to be sure. Accordingly, he tells that, and twenty more, in the same independent order, and without the least variation, at this day, as he hath done, to my knowledge, ever since the Revolution.

As the telling of stories is a great help and life to conversation, I always encourage them, if they are pertinent and innocent; in opposition to those gloomy mortals who disdain every thing but matter of fact. Those grave fellows are my aversion, who sift every thing with the utmost nicety, and find the malignity of a lie in a piece of humour pushed a little beyond exact truth. I likewise have a poor opinion of those who have got a trick of keeping a steady countenance, that cock their hats, and look glum, when a pleasant thing is said, and ask, Well! and what then? Men of wit and parts should treat one another with benevolence; and I will lay it down as a maxim, That if you seem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgment.

VII. *The Monk.*

A POOR monk of the order of St Francis came into the room to beg something for his convent. The moment I cast my eyes upon him, I was pre-determined not to give him a single sou; and accordingly I put my purse into my pocket—buttoned it up—set myself a little more upon my centre, and advanced up gravely to him: there was something, I fear, forbidding in my look: I have his figure this moment before my eyes, and think there was that in it which deserved better.

The monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—Truth might lie between
—He

—He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

It was one of those heads which Guido has often painted—mild, pale—penetrating; free from all common-place ideas of fat contented ignorance looking downwards upon the earth—it looked forwards; but looked as if it looked at something beyond this world. How one of his order came by it; Heaven above, who let it fall upon a monk's shoulders, best knows: but it would have suited a Bramin; and had I met it upon the plains of Indostan, I had revered it.

The rest of his outline may be given in a few strokes; one might put it into the hands of any one to design, for it was neither elegant nor otherwise, but as character and expression made it so: it was a thin, spare form, something above the common size, if it lost not the distinction by a bend forwards in the figure—but it was the attitude of intreaty; and, as it now stands present to my imagination, it gained more than it lost by it.

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it—

—A better reason was, I had pre-determined not to give him a single sou.

—'Tis very true, said I, replying to a cast upwards with his eyes, with which he had concluded his address—'tis very true—and heaven be their resource who have no other but the charity of the world, the stock of which, I fear, is no way sufficient for the many *great claims* which are hourly made upon it.

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eye downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge

ledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters: and the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm: the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his afflictions, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate. The monk made me a bow—But of all others, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely, have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon our own shore—The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt, there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent—But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father! betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and these who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get thro' it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God*.

The poor Franciscan made no reply: a hectic of a moment passed across his cheek, but could not tarry—Nature seemed to have done with her resentments in him; he shewed none—but letting his staff fall within his arm, he pressed both his hands with resignation upon his breast, and retired.

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door—Pshaw! said I with an air of carelessness, three several times—But it would not do: every ungracious syllable I had uttered, crowded back into my imagination; I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I considered his grey hairs—his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me what injury he had done me? and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have beha-

ved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels, and shall learn better manners as I get along.

VIII. *Resignation to Providence recommended.*

THE darts of adverse fortune are always levelled at our heads. Some reach us; some graze against us, and fly to wound our neighbours. Let us therefore impose an equal temper on our minds, and pay without murmuring the tribute which we owe to humanity. The winter brings cold, and we must freeze. The summer returns with heat, and we must melt. The inclemency of the air disorders our health, and we must be sick. Here we are exposed to wild beasts, and there to men more savage than the beasts: and if we escape the inconveniencies and dangers of the air and the earth, there are perils by water and perils by fire. This established course of things it is not in our power to change: but it is in our power to assume such a greatness of mind as becomes wise and virtuous men; as may enable us to encounter the accidents of life with fortitude, and to conform ourselves to the order of Nature, who governs her great kingdom, the world, by continual mutations. Let us submit to this order; let us be persuaded that whatever does happen ought to happen, and never be so foolish as to expostulate with Nature. The best resolution we can take is to suffer with patience what we cannot alter; and to pursue, without repining, the road which Providence, who directs every thing, has marked out to us: for it is not enough to follow; and he is but a bad soldier who fights, and marches on with reluctance. We must receive the orders with spirit and cheerfulness, and not endeavour to sink out of the post which is assigned us in this beautiful disposition of things, whereof even our sufferings make a necessary part. Let us address ourselves to God, who governs all, as Cleanthes did in those admirable verses, which are going to lose part of their grace and energy in my translation of them.

Parent of Nature! Master of the World!
Where'er thy Providence directs, behold

My

My steps with cheerful resignation turn.

Fate leads the willing, drags the backward on.

Why should I grieve, when grieving I must bear?

Or take with guilt, what guiltless I might share?

Thus let us speak, and thus let us act. Resignation to the will of God is true magnanimity. But the sure mark of a pusillanimous and base spirit, is to struggle against, to censure, the order of Providence, and, instead of mending our own conduct, to set up for correcting that of our Maker.

IX. *Advantages of History.*

THE advantages found in history seem to be of three kinds; as it amuses the fancy, as it improves the understanding, and as it strengthens virtue.

In reality, what more agreeable entertainment to the mind than to be transported into the remotest ages of the world, and to observe human society, in its infancy, making the first faint essays towards the arts and sciences? To see the policy of government and the civility of conversation refining by degrees, and every thing that is ornamental to human life advancing towards its perfection? To mark the rise, progress, declension, and final extinction of the most flourishing empires; the virtues which contributed to their greatness, and the vices which drew on their ruin? In short, to see all human race, from the beginning of time, pass as it were in review before us, appearing in their true colours, without any of those disguises which, during their lifetime, so much perplexed the judgments of the beholders? What spectacle can be imagined so magnificent, so various, so interesting? What amusement, either of the senses or imagination, can be compared with it? Shall those trifling pastimes, which engross so much of our time, be preferred as more satisfactory, and more fit to engage our attention? How perverse must that taste be which is capable of so wrong a choice of pleasures!

But history is a most improving part of knowledge, as well as an agreeable amusement; and indeed a great part of what we commonly call *erudition*, and value so highly, is nothing but an acquaintance with historical facts.

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An extensive knowledge of this kind belongs to men of letters; but I must think it an unpardonable ignorance in persons, of whatever sex or condition, not to be acquainted with the history of their own country along with the histories of ancient Greece and Rome.

I must add, that history is not only a valuable part of knowledge, but opens the door to many other parts of knowledge, and affords materials to most of the sciences. And indeed, if we consider the shortness of human life, and our limited knowledge, even of what passes in our own time, we must be sensible that we should be for ever children in understanding, were it not for this invention, which extends our experience to all past ages, and to the most distant nations; making them contribute as much to our improvement in wisdom, as if they had actually lain under our observation. A man acquainted with history may, in some respect, be said to have lived from the beginning of the world, and to have been making continual additions to his stock of knowledge in every century.

There is also an advantage in that knowledge which is acquired by history, above what is learned by the practice of the world, that it brings us acquainted with human affairs, without diminishing in the least from the most delicate sentiments of virtue. And, to tell the truth, I know not any study or occupation so unexceptionable as history in this particular. Poets can paint virtue in the most charming colours; but, as they address themselves entirely to the passions, they often become advocates for vice. Even philosophers are apt to bewilder themselves in the subtilty of their speculations; and we have seen some go so far as to deny the reality of all moral distinctions. But I think it a remark worthy the attention of the speculative reader, that the historians have been, almost without exception, the true friends of virtue, and have always represented it in its proper colours, however they may have erred in their judgments of particular persons. Machiavel himself discovers a true sentiment of virtue in his History of Florence. When he talks as a politician, in his general reasonings, he considers poisoning, assassination, and perjury, as lawful arts of power; but when he speaks as an historian, in his particular

ticular narrations, he shews so keen an indignation against vice, and so warm an approbation of virtue, in many passages, that I could not forbear applying to him that remark of Horace, That if you chase away Nature, though with ever so great indignity, she will always return upon you. Nor is this combination of historians in favour of virtue at all difficult to be accounted for. When a man of business enters into life and action, he is more apt to consider the characters of men as they have relation to his interest than as they stand in themselves, and has his judgment warped on every occasion by the violence of his passion. When a philosopher contemplates characters and manners in his closet, the general abstract view of the objects leaves the mind so cold and unmoved, that the sentiments of nature have no room to play, and he scarce feels the difference betwixt vice and virtue. History keeps in a just medium betwixt these extremes, and places the objects in their true point of view. The writers of history, as well as the readers, are sufficiently interested in the characters and events, to have a lively sentiment of blame or praise; and, at the same time, have no particular interest or concern to pervert their judgment.

X. *Character of Alfred.*

THE merit of this prince, both in private and public life, may with advantage be set in opposition to that of any monarch or citizen which the annals of any nation, or any age, can present to us. He seems, indeed, to be the complete model of that perfect character which, under the denomination of a sage or wise man, the philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of ever seeing it reduced to practice: so happily were all his virtues tempered together, so justly were they blended, and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper bounds! He knew how to conciliate the boldest enterprise with the coolest moderation; the most obstinate perseverance with the easiest flexibility; the most severe justice with the greatest lenity; the most vigorous command with the greatest affability of deportment; the highest capacity and inclination for science with the most

shining talents for action. His civil and military virtues are almost equally the objects of our admiration; excepting only that the former, being more rare among princes, as well as more useful, seem chiefly to challenge our applause. Nature also, as if desirous that so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him all bodily accomplishments; vigour of limbs, dignity of shape and air, and a pleasant, engaging, and open countenance. Fortune alone, by throwing him into that barbarous age, deprived him of historians worthy to transmit his fame to posterity; and we wish to see him delineated in more lively colours, and with more particular strokes, that we may at least perceive some of those small specks and blemishes, from which, as a man, it is impossible he could be entirely exempted.

XI. *Liberty and Slavery.*

DISGUISE thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou, Liberty! thrice sweet and gracious goddess! whom all, in public or in private, worship; whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so till nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chymic power turn thy sceptre into iron. With thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled.—Gracious Heaven! grant me but health, thou great bestower of it! and give me but this fair goddess as my companion; and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy divine Providence, upon those heads which are aching for them.

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close by my table; and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery: but, finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not
bring

bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups it did but distract me—I took a single captive; and, having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door, to take his picture.

I beheld his body half-wasted away with long expectation and confinement; and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish. In thirty years, the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground, upon a little straw in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little calender of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of these little sticks in his hand; and, with a rusty nail, he was etching another day of misery, to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door—then cast it down—shook his head—and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh.—I saw the iron enter into his soul.—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

XII. *The Cant of Criticism.*

—AND how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night!—Oh, against all rule, my lord; most ungrammatically! Betwixt the substantive and adjective (which should agree together, in number, case, and gender) he made a breach thus—stopping as if the point wanted settling. And betwixt the nominative case (which your Lordship knows should govern the verb) he suspended his voice in the epilogue, a dozen times, three seconds and three fifths, by a stop-watch, my lord, each

time.—Admirable grammarian!—But, in suspending his voice, was the sense suspended likewise? Did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm? Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?—I looked only at the stop-watch, my lord.—Excellent observer!

And what of this new book the whole world makes such a rout about!—Oh! 'tis out of all plumb, my lord, —quite an irregular thing! not one of the angles at the four corners was a right angle.—I had my rule and compasses, my lord, in my pocket.—Excellent critic!

And, for the epic poem your lordship bid me look at —upon taking the length, breadth, height, and depth of it, and trying them at home upon an exact scale of Bossu's—'tis out, my lord, in every one of its dimensions.—Admirable connoisseur!

And did you step in to take a look at the grand picture, in your way back?—It is a melancholy daub! my lord: not one principle of the pyramid in any one group!—And what a price!—for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian—the expression of Rubens—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Dominichino—the corregiefficiency of Corregio—the learning of Poussin—the airs of Guido—the taste of the Carrachi's—or the grand contour of Angelò!

Grant me patience!—Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting!——I would go fifty miles on foot, to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands, be pleased, he knows not why, and cares not wherefore.

XIII. *Family Pride and Punililio ridiculed.*

AN empty man, of a great family, is a creature that is scarcely conversable. You read his ancestry in his smile, his air, his eye-brow. He has, indeed, nothing but his nobility to give employment to his thoughts. Rank and precedence are the important points which he is always discussing within himself. A gentleman of this turn began a speech in one of king Charles's
par-

parliaments—"Sir, I had the honour to be born at a time"—upon which a rough honest gentleman took him up short, "I would fain know what that gentleman means: is there any one in this house that has not had the honour to be born as well as he?"

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

XIV. *Virtue Man's truest Interest.*

I FIND myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense unknown expansion.—Where am I? What sort of 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 tho' 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: it is a smoky 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 enow to convince me that the thing is somewhere 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.

XV. *Falstaff's Encomiums on Sack.*

A Good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in it.—It ascends me into the brain: dries me, there, all the foolish, dull, and crudy vapours which environ it; makes it apprehensive, quick, inventive; full of nimble, fiery,

fiery, and delectable shapes, which, delivered over to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth, becomes excellent wit.—The second property of your excellent sherris, is the warming of the blood; which, before, cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice. But the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme. It illuminateth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm: and, then the vital commoners, and inland petty spirits, muster me all to their captain, the heart; who, great, and puffed up with this retinue, doth any deed of courage—and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work; and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil, till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, ster^{le}, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and tilled, with drinking good, and good store of fertile sherris.—If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them, should be—To forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.

XVI. *Story of Le Fever.*

WHILE my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small side-board, the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour, with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack:—It is for a poor gentleman, I think of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, nor had a desire to taste any thing till just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast—"I think," says he, taking his hand from his forehead, "it would comfort me."—If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing, added the landlord, I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope he will still mend, continued he: we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried

eried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself: and take a couple of bottles, with my service; and tell him, he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, that he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim; yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest too. There must be something more than common in him, that, in so short a time, should win so much upon the affections of his host—and of his whole family, added the corporal; for they are all concerned for him. Step after him, said my uncle Toby; do, Trim, and ask if he knows his name.

I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal; but I can ask his son again. Has he a son with him, then? said my uncle Toby. A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father: he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day: he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took them away, without saying one word; and, in a few minutes after, brought him his pipe and tobacco.

Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby.—Trim! said my uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen of whiffs. Trim came in front of his master, and made a bow. My uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.—Corporal! said my uncle Toby. The corporal made his bow. My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman. I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair, added my uncle Toby, or that I had known more of it: how shall we manage it? Leave it, an't please your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;

poral: I will take my hat and stick, and go to the house, and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour. 'Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby; and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant. I shall get it all out of him, said the corporal; shutting the door.

It was not till my uncle Toby has knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account.

I despaired, at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant.—Is he in the army, then? said my uncle Toby.—He is, said the corporal.—And in what regiment? said my uncle Toby.—I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing straight forward, as I learned it. Then, Trim, I will fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee: so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin the story again. The corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it, "Your honour is good:" and, having done that, he sat down as he was ordered, and began the story to my uncle Toby over again, in pretty nearly the same words.

I despaired, at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his son: for, when I asked where his servant was from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an't please your honour, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, we can hire horses from hence. But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me, for I heard the death-watch all night long: and, when he dies, the youth his son will certainly die with him, for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal,
when

when the youth came into the kitchen to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of—but I will do it for my father myself, said the youth. Pray, let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it. I believe, Sir, said he very modestly, I can please him best myself. I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears. Poor youth! said my uncle Toby, he has been bred up from an infant in the army; and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend: I wish I had him here.

When I gave him the toast, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant; and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father; and that, if there was anything in your house or cellar—(and thou mightest have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby)—he was heartily welcome to it.—He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour), but no answer, for his heart was full; so he went up stairs with the toast. I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.

When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived; and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that, in about ten minutes, he should be glad if I would step up stairs. I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers; for there was a book upon the chair by his bed-side, and, as I shut the door, I saw his son take up a cushion.

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, his elbow resting upon the pillow, and a clean white handkerchief beside it.

He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bed-side. If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for
his.

his courtesy to me. You will be so good as tell him, that the person his good-nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fever, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not, said he, musing; possibly he may my story, added he—Pray, tell the Captain I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot as she lay in my arms in my tent. I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well. Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief; then, well may I! In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice: Here, Billy, said he. The boy flew across the room to the bed-side; and, falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kissed it too; then kissed his father; and sat down upon the bed, and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh—I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned: shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe? Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife; and particularly well, that he as well as she, upon some account or other (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment: but finish the story. 'Tis finished already, said the corporal, for I could stay no longer: so wished his honour a good night. Young Le Fever rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and, as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. But alas! said the corporal, the lieutenant's last day's march is over. Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed; and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fever, as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist, as well as himself, out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in
need

need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself. Your honour knows, said the corporal, I had no orders. True, quoth my uncle Toby; thou didst very right, Trim, as a *soldier*; but certainly very wrong as a *man*.

In the second place, for which indeed thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby, when thou offeredst him whatever was *in* my house, thou shouldst have offered him my *house* too. A sick brother-officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and, what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs. In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling, he might march. He will never march, an't please your honour, in this world, said the corporal. He will march, said my uncle Toby; rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off. An't please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march, but to his grave. He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch; he shall march to his regiment. He cannot stand it, said the corporal. He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby. He'll drop at last, said the corporal; and what will become of his boy? He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby firmly. A-well-o'day, do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die. He shall not die, by H——n.——The accusing spirit, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word—and blotted it out for ever.

My uncle Toby went to his bureau; put his purse into his pocket; and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed, and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright, the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fever's and his afflicted son's. The hand of death pressed heavy upon his eye-lids, and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,

circle, when my uncle Toby, who had got up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and, without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bed-side; and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain, in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did? how he had rested in the night? what was his complaint? where was his pain? and what he could do to help him? and, without giving him time to answer any one of these inquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—You shall go home directly, Le Fever, said my uncle Toby, to my house; and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter; and we'll have an apothecary; and the corporal shall be your nurse; and I'll be your servant, Le Fever.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby, not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it, which let you at once into his soul, and shewed you the goodness of his nature: to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him; so that, before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.

The blood and spirits of Le Fever, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel the heart, rallied back; the film forsook his eyes for a moment; he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face; then cast a look upon his boy; and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.—Nature instantly ebbed again—the film returned to its place—the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped—Shall I go on?—No.

XVIII. *Character of Shakespeare.*

IF ever any author deserved the name of an *original*, it was Shakespeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of nature; it pro-

ceeded through Egyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakespeare was inspiration indeed: he is not so much an imitator as an instrument of nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks *from her*, as that she speaks *through him*.

His characters are so much from nature herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other poets have a constant resemblance, which shews that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image: each picture, like a mock rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every single character in Shakespeare is as much an individual as those in life itself; it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as, from their relation or affinity in any respect, appear most to be twins, will upon comparison be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character we must add the wonderful preservation of it; which is such throughout his plays, that had all his speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker. The power over our passions was never possessed in a more eminent degree, or displayed in so many different instances. Yet all along, there is seen no labour, no pains, to raise them: no preparation to guide our guests to the effect, or which can be perceived to lead toward it: but the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places: we are surprised the moment we weep; and yet, upon reflection, find the passion so just, that we should be surprised if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

How astonishing is it, again, that the passions directly opposite to these, laughter and spleen, are no less at his command! that he is not more a master of the *great* than of the *ridiculous* in human nature; of our noblest tenderneesses, than of our vainest foibles; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations!

Nor does he only excel in the passions: in the coolness of reflection and reasoning he is full as admirable. His sentiments are not only in general the most pertinent and
judicious

judicious upon every subject; but by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends. This is perfectly amazing, from a man of no education or experience in those great and public scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts: so that he seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked thro' human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion, that the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born*, as well as the poet.

It must be owned, that with all these great excellencies he has almost as great defects; and that as he has certainly written better, so he has perhaps written worse, than any other. But I think I can in some measure account for these defects, from several causes and accidents; without which it is hard to imagine that so large and enlightened a mind could ever have been susceptible of them. That all these contingencies should unite to his disadvantage, seems to me almost as singularly unlucky, as that so many various (nay, contrary) talents should meet in one man, was happy and extraordinary.

XVIII. *The perfect Speaker.*

IMAGINE to yourselves a Demosthenes addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended.—How awful such a meeting! how vast the subject!—Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion? Adequate!—yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded by the admiration of his talents.—With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man, and at once captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions!—To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature.—Not a faculty that he possesses, is here unemployed; not a faculty that

he possesses, but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy: without, every muscle, every nerve, is exerted; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously, and as it were with an electrical spirit, vibrate those energies from soul to soul.—Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude; by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass—the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become as it were but one man, and have but one voice.—The universal cry is—LET US MARCH AGAINST PHILIP—LET US FIGHT FOR OUR LIBERTIES—LET US CONQUER—OR DIE!

S E C T I O N VI.

I. *The Shepherd and the Philosopher.*

REMOTE from cities, liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain.
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage:
In summer's heat, and winter's cold,
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold:
His hours in cheerful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew:
His wisdom, and his honest fame,
Thro' all the country rais'd his name.

A deep philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The shepherd's homely cottage sought;
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.—
Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight-oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd?
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?

Hath

Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Hast thro' many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?

The shepherd modestly reply'd—
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd :
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts,
To read mankind, their laws, and arts :
For man is practis'd in disguise ;
He cheats the most discerning eyes :
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know ?
'The little knowledge I have gain'd
Was all from simple nature drain'd :
Hence my life's maxims took their rise ;
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry.
Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want ?
My dog (the truest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind :
I mark his true, his faithful way ;
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air
With pious wing protects her care,
And every fowl that flies at large,
Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From nature, too, I take my rule
To shun contempt and ridicule.
I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear :
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise ?
My tongue within my lips I rein ;
For who talks much must talk in vain :
We from the wordy torrent fly :
Who listens to the chatt'ring pye ?

Nor would I, with felonious slight,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right :

Rapacious animals we hate ;
 Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
 Do not we just abhorrence find
 Against the toad and serpent kind ?
 But envy, calumny, and spite,
 Bear stronger venom in their bite.—
 Thus every object of creation
 Can furnish hints for contemplation ;
 And, from the most minute and mean,
 A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is just, the sage replies :
 Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
 Pride often guides the author's pen ;
 Books as affected are as men :
 But he who studies nature's laws,
 From certain truth his maxims draws ;
 And those, without our schools, suffice
 To make men moral, good, and wise.

II. *Ode to Leven Water.*

ON Leven's banks while free to rove,
 And tune the rural pipe to love,
 I envied not the happiest swain
 That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.

Pure stream ! in whose transparent wave
 My youthful limbs I wont to lave ;
 No torrents stain thy limpid source ;
 No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
 That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
 With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread ;
 While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood,
 In myriads, cleave thy crystal flood :
 The springing trout, in speckled pride ;
 The salmon, monarch of the tide ;
 The ruthless pike, intent on war ;
 The silver eel, and motled par.
 Devolving from thy parent lake,
 A charming maze thy waters make,
 By bowers of birch and groves of pine,
 And hedges flower'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May numerous herds and flocks be seen;
And lasses, chanting o'er the pail;
And shepherds, piping in the dale;
And ancient faith, that knows no guile;
And industry, embrown'd with toil;
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

III. *The Universal Prayer.*

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By faint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great first cause! least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mean tho' I am (not wholly so
Since quicken'd by thy breath),
Oh! lead me, wherefoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.

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

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

IV. *The 23d Psalm translated.*

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend :

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant ;
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;

Where

Where peaceful rivers soft and slow
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill;
For thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreary shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around

V. Ode from the 19th Psalm.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display;
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly, to the listning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What tho', in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark, terrestrial ball?
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?

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

VI. *Rural Charms.*

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain!
 Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain;
 Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
 And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd:
 Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease!
 Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please!
 How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
 How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm!
 The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill;
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made.

How often have I blest'd the coming day,
 When toil, remitting, lent its turn to play,
 And all the village-train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree!
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old survey'd;
 And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
 And flights of art, and feats of strength, went round;
 And still, as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd:
 The dancing pair, that simply sought renown
 By holding out to tire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutt'd face,
 While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
 The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love;
 The matron's glance, that would those looks reprove.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at ev'ning's close,
 Up yonder hill, the village-murmur rose.
 There, as I pass'd with careless steps, and slow,
 The mingling notes came soften'd from below

The swain, responsive as the milkmaid sung;
 The sober herd, that low'd to meet their young;
 The noisy geese, that gabbled o'er the pool;
 The playful children, just let loose from school;
 The watch-dog's voice, that bay'd the whisp'ring wind;
 And the loud laugh, that spoke the vacant mind:
 These all, in soft confusion, sought the shade,
 And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.

VII. *The Country Clergyman.*

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,
 And still where many a garden-flower grows wild;
 There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village-preacher's modest mansion rose.

A man he was, to all the country dear,
 And passing rich—with forty pounds a-year.
 Remote from towns, he ran his godly race;
 Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place,
 Unpractis'd he to fawn or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour:
 Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
 More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train:
 He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
 The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast:
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd:
 The broken soldier, kindly bid to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done;
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'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

And as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

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

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

VIII. *Contemplation.*

AS yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into solid gloom.
Now, while the drowsy world lies lost in sleep,
Let me associate with the serious Night,
And Contemplation her sedate compeer;
Let me shake off th' intrusive cares of day,
And lay the meddling senses all aside.

Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, disappointment, and remorse.
Sad, sickening thought! And yet, deluded man,
A scene of crude disjointed visions past,

And

And broken slumbers, rises still resolv'd,
With new-flush'd hopes, to run the giddy round.

Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

IX. *The Painter who pleased Nobody and Every body.*

LEST men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The trav'ler leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds;
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes ev'n his real courage doubted.
But flatt'ry never seems absurd;
The flatter'd always take your word :
Impossibilities seem just;
They take the strongest praise on trust:
Hyperboles, though e'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a painter drew,
That every eye the picture knew;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, that life itself was there.
No flatt'ry with his colours laid,
To bloom restor'd the faded maid;
He gave each muscle all its strength;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length,
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.—
He lost his friends, his practice fail'd,
Truth should not always be reveal'd;
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.

Two busto's, fraught with ev'ry grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view : resolv'd to please,
Whoever sat, he drew from these;

From these corrected ev'ry feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb:
My Lord appear'd, and seated right
In proper attitude and light;
The painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece;
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air—
“Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire:
The features fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant, are very hard to hit;
But yet, with patience, you shall view
As much as paint or art can do:
Observe the work.”—My Lord reply'd,
“Till now I thought my mouth was wide;
Besides, my nose is somewhat long;
Dear Sir, for me, 'tis far too young.”
“Oh, pardon me,” the artist cry'd,
“In this we painters must decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes must strike;
I warrant it extremely like.”

My Lord examin'd it anew—
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.

A lady came. With borrow'd grace
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the painter's art;
So like the picture in his heart!
To ev'ry age some charm he lent;
Ev'n beauties were almost content.

Through all the town his art they prais'd,
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likeness shewn,
Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likeness in his thought.

X. *Domestic Happiness.*

O 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,
A tuning 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.

Mean-time a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shews 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 th' 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.

XI. *Content.*—A Pastoral.

O’ER muirlands and mountains, rude, barren, and bare,
 As wilder’d and weary’d I roam,
 A gentle young shepherdess sees my despair,
 And leads me, o’er lawns, to her home.

Yellow sheafs, from rich Ceres, her cottage had crown’d;
 Green rushes were strew’d on her floor;
 Her casement, sweet woodbines crept wantonly round,
 And deck’d the sod-seats at her door.

We sat ourselves down to a cooling repast—
 Fresh fruits!—and she cull’d me the best:
 While thrown from my guard by some glances she cast,
 Love slyly stole into my breast.

I told my soft wishes: she sweetly reply’d—
 (Ye virgins! her voice was divine)
 “I’ve rich ones rejected, and great ones deny’d;
 “But take me, fond shepherd—I’m thine.”

Her air was so modest, her aspect so meek;
 So simple, yet sweet, were her charms;
 I kiss’d the ripe roses that glow’d on her cheek;
 And look’d the lov’d maid in my arms.

Now, jocund, together we tend a few sheep;
 And if, by yon prattle, the stream,
 Reclin’d on her bosom, I sink into sleep,
 Her image still softens my dream.

Together we range o’er the slow-rising hills,
 Delighted with pastoral views;
 Or rest on a rock whence the streamlet distils,
 And point out new themes for the muse.

To pomp or proud titles she ne’er did aspire;
 The damsel’s of humble descent:
 The cottager, Peace, is well known for her fire,
 And shepherds have nam’d her—Content.

XII. *Nature’s Care extends to all her Children.*

HAS God, thou fool! work’d solely for thy good,
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food?
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him, as kindly, spread the flow’ry lawn.

Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?

Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?

Loves of his own, and raptures, swell the note.

The bounding steed you pompously bestride,

Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.

Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?

The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.

Thine the full harvest of the golden year?

Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.

The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,

Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care:

The fur, that warms a monarch, warm'd, a bear.

While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"

"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose:

And just as short of reason he must fall,

Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

XIII. *On the Birth-day of the Earl of Erroll.*

A Muse, unskill'd in venal praise,

Unstain'd with flattery's art;

Who loves simplicity of lays,

Breath'd ardent from the heart;

While gratitude and joy inspire,

Resumes the long unpractis'd lyre,

To hail, O HAY! thy natal morn.

No gaudy wreath of flowers she weaves,

But twines with oak the laurel-leaves,

Thy cradle to adorn.

For not on beds of gaudy flowers

Thine ancestors reclin'd,

Where sloth dissolves, and spleen devours

All energy of mind:

To hurl the dart, to ride the car,

To stem the deluges of war,

And snatch from fate a sinking land,

Trample th' invader's lofty crest,

And from his grasp the dagger wrest

And desolating brand—

'Twas this, that rais'd the illustrious line
To match the first in fame :
A thousand years have seen it shine
With unabated flame ;
Have seen thy mighty fires appear
Foremost in glory's high career,
The pride and pattern of the brave :
Yet pure from lust of blood their fire,
And from ambition's wild desire ;
They triumph'd, but to save.

The muse, with joy, attends their way
The vales of peace along ;
There, to its lord, the village gay
Renews the grateful song.
Your castle's glittering towers contain
No pit of woe nor clanking chain,
Nor to the suppliant's wail resound :
The open doors the needy bless,
Th' unfriended hail their calm recess,
And gladness smiles around.

There, to the sympathetic heart,
Life's best delights belong ;
To mitigate the mourner's smart,
To guard the weak from wrong.
Ye sons of luxury ! be wise :
Know, happiness for ever flies
The cold and solitary breast :
Then, let the social instinct glow ;
And learn to feel another's woe,
And in his joy be bless'd.

O! yet, ere pleasure plant her snare
For unsuspecting youth,
Ere flattery her song prepare
To check the voice of truth,
O! may his country's guardian power
Attend the slumb'ring infant's bower,
And bright inspiring dream's impart,
To rouse the hereditary fire,
To kindle each sublime desire,
Exalt and warm the heart.

Swift, to reward a parent's fears,
A parent's hopes to crown,
Roll on in peace, ye blooming years
That rear him to renown:
When, in his finish'd form and face,
Admiring multitudes shall trace
Each patrimonial charm combin'd;
The courteous, yet majestic, mien;
The liberal smile; the look serene;
The great and gentle mind.

Yet, tho' thou draw a nation's eyes,
And win a nation's love,
Let not thy towering mind despise
The village and the grove.
No slander there shall wound thy fame;
No ruffian take his deadly aim;
No rival weave the secret snare:
For innocence, with angel smile;
Simplicity, that knows not guile;
And love, and peace, are there.

When winds the mountain-oak assail,
And lay its glories waste,
Content may slumber in the vale,
Unconscious of the blast.
Thro' scenes of tumult while we roam,
The heart, alas! is ne'er at home;
It hopes in time to roam no more:
The mariner, not vainly brave,
Combats the storm, and rides the wave,
To rest at last on shore.

Ye proud! ye selfish! ye severe!
How vain your mask of state?
The good alone have joy sincere;
The good alone are great:
Great, when, amid the vale of peace,
They bid the plaint of sorrow cease,
And hear the voice of artless praise,
As when, along the trophy'd plain,
Sublime they lead the victor train,
While shouting nations gaze.

XIV. *Advice to a young Nobleman.*

BEGIN, my Lord, in early youth,
To suffer, nay, encourage truth;
And blame me not for disrespect,
If I the flatterer's style reject.

The tree's distinguish'd by the fruit:
Be virtue, then, your first pursuit.
Set your great ancestors in view:
Like them, deserve the title too.
Like them, ignoble actions scorn:
Let virtue prove you greatly born.

Tho' with less plate their side-board shone,
Their conscience always was their own.
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd;
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd:
Their hands, by no corruption stain'd,
The ministerial bribe disdain'd:
They serv'd the crown with loyal zeal;
Yet, jealous of the public weal,
They stood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cause:
By neither place nor pension bought,
They spoke and voted as they thought.
Thus did your sires adorn their seat;
And such alone are truly great.

If you the paths of learning slight,
You're but a dunce in stronger light:
In foremost rank the coward plac'd,
Is more conspicuously disgrac'd.
If you, to serve a paltry end,
To knavish jobs can condescend,
We pay you the contempt that's due:
In that you have precedence too.
Whence had you this illustrious name?
From virtue and unblemish'd fame.
By birth the name alone descends:
Your honour on yourself depends.
Think not your coronet can hide
Assuming ignorance and pride.

Learning

Learning by study must be won;
 'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.
 Superior worth your rank requires:
 For that, mankind reveres your fires.
 If you degenerate from your race,
 Their merits heighten your disgrace.

XV. *On Retirement.*

SWEET AUBURN! parent of the blissful hour!
 Thy shades, forlorn, confess the tyrant's pow'r.
 Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
 Amidst thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds;
 And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
 Where, once, the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew;
 Here, as with doubtful pensive steps I range,
 Trace every scene, and wonder at the change;
 Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
 Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
 In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
 I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
 Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
 My anxious day to husband near the close,
 And keep life's flame from wasting, by repose:
 I still had hopes (for pride attends us still)
 Amidst the swains, to shew my book-learn'd skill;
 Around my fire, an ev'ning group to draw,
 And tell of all I felt, and all I saw:
 And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
 Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
 I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
 Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement! friend to life's decline!
 Retreats from care that never must be mine!
 How blest is he, who crowns, in shades like these,
 A youth of labour, with an age of ease;
 Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.
 For him, no wretches, born to work and weep,
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;

No surly porter stands, in guilty state,
 To spurn imploring famine from his gate;
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
 Sinks to the grave, with unperceiv'd decay,
 While resignation gently slopes the way;
 And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
 His heaven commences ere the world be past!

XVI. *On Happiness.*

OH Happiness! our being's end and aim;
 Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name;
 That something, which still prompts th' eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die;
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies;
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise;
 Plant of celestial seed! if dropp'd below,
 Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow:
 Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shrine;
 Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
 Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield;
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field?
 Where grows!—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere;
 'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'ry where.

Order is heaven's first law: and, this confess,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest;
 More rich, more wise: but who infers from hence
 That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
 Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their happiness.
 But mutual wants this happiness increase:
 All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
 Condition, circumstance, is not the thing:
 Bliss is the same, in subject or in king;
 In who obtain defence, or who defend;
 In him who is, or him who finds, a friend.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,

Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—Health, Peace, and Competence.

SECTION VII.

I. *Baucis and Philemon.*

IN ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about ; but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.

It happen'd, on a winter-night,
As authors of the legend write,
Two brother-hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
To a small village down in Kent ;
Where, in the strollers canting strain,
They begg'd from door to door in vain,
'Try'd every tone might pity win,
But not a soul would let them in.

Our wand'ring saints, in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having thro' all the village pass'd,
To a small cottage came at last,
Where dwelt a good old honest yeoman,
Called in the neighbourhood Philemon ;
Who kindly did these saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night ;
And then the hospitable fire
Bid goody Baucis mend the fire ;
While he from out the chimney took
A fitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely, from the fattest side,
Cut out large slices to be fry'd ;
Then stepp'd aside to fetch them drink,
Fill'd a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round ;
Yet (what is wonderful !) they found

'Twas

'Twas still replenish'd to the top
As if they had not touch'd a drop.

The good old couple were amaz'd,
And often on each other gaz'd;
For both were frighten'd to the heart,
And just began to cry—What art!
Then softly turn'd aside, to view
Whether the lights were turning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling, and their errand.

“ Good folks, you need not be afraid;
“ We are but saints,” the hermits said.
“ No hurt shall come to you or yours:
“ But for that pack of churlish boors,
“ Not fit to live on Christian ground,
“ They and their houses shall be drown'd;
“ While you shall see your cottage rise,
“ And grow a church before your eyes.”

They scarce had spokc, when, fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter;
The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.
The chimney widened and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.
The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fasten'd to a joist;
With upside down, doom'd there to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels;
And straight against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd:
And now, in love to household cares,
By a shrill voice, the hour declares,
Warning the house-maid not to burn
The roast-meat which it cannot turn.
The easy chair began to crawl,
Like a huge snail along the wall;
There, stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

A bedstead of the antique mode,
 Made up of timber many a load,
 Such as our ancestors did use,
 Was metamorphos'd into pews;
 Which still their ancient nature keep,
 By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage, by such seats as these,
 Grown to a church by just degrees,
 The hermits then desir'd their host
 To ask for what they fancied most.
 Philemon, having paus'd a while,
 Return'd them thanks in homely style:
 Then said—" My house is grown so fine,
 " Methinks I still would call it mine:
 " I'm old, and fain would live at ease—
 " Make me the parson, if ye please."

He spoke—and, presently, he feels
 His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
 He sees, yet hardly can believe,
 About each arm, a pudding sleeve;
 His waistcoat to a cassock grew;
 And both assum'd a sable hue:
 But, being old, continued just
 As thread-bare and as full of dust.
 His talk was now of tithes and dues;
 He smok'd his pipe, and read the news:
 Knew how to preach old sermons next;
 Vamp'd in the preface and the text:
 At christ'nings, well could act his part;
 And had the service all by heart:
 Found his head fill'd with many a system;
 But classic authors—he ne'er mis'd 'em.

Thus, having furbish'd up a parson,
 Dame Bancis, next, they play'd their farce on.
 Instead of homespun coifs, were seen,
 Good pinners, edg'd with colberteen;
 Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
 Became black fatten, flounc'd with lace.
 Plain Goody would no longer down;
 'Twas Madam, in her program gown.
 Philemon was in great surprise,
 And hardly could believe his eyes,

Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
And she admir'd as much at him.

'Thus, happy in their change of life,
Were, several years this man and wife;
When, on a day (which prov'd their last)
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went, by chance, amidst their talk,
To the church-yard, to take a walk;

When Baucis hastily cried out,

"My dear, I see your forehead sprout!"

"Sprout!" quoth the man, "what's this you tell us?"

"I hope you don't believe me jealous:

"But, yet, methinks, I feel it true;

"And, really, yours is budding too—

"Nay, now I cannot stir my foot;

"It feels as if 'twere taking root."

Description would but tire my muse;

In shor, they both were turn'd to—yews.

Old goodman Dobson, of the green,

Remembers he the trees has seen:

He'll talk of them from morn to night,

And goes with folks to shew the sight.

On Sundays, after evening prayer,

He gathers all the parish there;

Points out the place of either yew;

"Here Baucis, there Philemon grew:

"Till once a parson of our town,

"To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;

"At which, 'tis hard to be believ'd

"How much the other tree was griev'd;

"Grew scrubby, died a-top, was stunted;

"So the next parson—flubb'd and burnt it."

II. *Morning, Evening, and Night.*

WHEN now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the solar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And soon, observant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews;
At first, faint-gleaming in the dappled east,
Till far o'er æther spreads the widening glow,

And

And, from before the lustre of her face,
 White break the clouds away. With quicken'd step
 Brown Night retires. Young Day pours in apace,
 And opens all the lawny prospect wide.
 The dripping rock, the mountain's misty top,
 Swell on the sight, and brighten with the dawn.
 Blue, thro' the dusk, the smoking currents shine;
 And, from the bladed field, the fearful hare
 Limp, awkward; while, along the forest-glade,
 The wild deer trip, and, often turning, gaze
 At early passenger. Music awakes,
 The native voice of undissembled joy;
 And, thick, around the woodland, hymns arise.
 Rous'd by the cock the soon-clad shepherd leaves
 His mossy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
 And, from the crowded fold, in order, drives
 His flock, to taste the verdure of the morn.—
 But yonder comes the powerful King of day,
 Rejoicing in the east. The lessening cloud,
 The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
 Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach
 Betoken glad. Lo! now, apparent all,
 Aslant the dew-bright earth and colour'd air,
 He looks in boundless majesty abroad.
 And sheds the shining day, that burnish'd plays
 On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering streams,
 High-gleaming from afar.

NOW came still Evening on, and Twilight gray
 Had in her sober livery all things clad.
 Silence accompanied: for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
 Were sunk; all, but the wakeful nightingale.
 She, all night long, her amorous descant sung.
 Silence was pleas'd.—Now glow'd the firmament
 With living sapphires. Hesperus that led
 The starry host, rode brightest; till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty at length,
 Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

NIGHT, sable goddess! from her ebony throne

In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
 Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
 Nor eye nor list'ning ear an object finds:
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
 Of life stood still, and nature made a pause,
 An awful pause, prophetic of her end.

III. *Ode to Childhood.*

C HILDHOOD! happiest stage of life,
 Free from care and free from strife;
 Free from Memory's ruthless reign,
 Fraught with scenes of former pain;
 Free from Fancy's cruel skill,
 Fabricating future ill;
 Time, when all that meets the view,
 All can charm, for all is new;
 How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
 Never, never, to return!

Then to toss the circling ball,
 Caught rebounding from the wall;
 Then the mimic ship to guide
 Down the kennel's dirty tide;
 Then the hoop's revolving pace
 Thro' the dusty street to chase;
 O what joy!—it once was mine,
 Childhood, matchless boon of thine!—
 How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
 Never, never, to return!

IV. *A Landscape.*

O N the eastern hill's steep side
 Spreads the rural hamlet wide;
 'Cross the vale, where willows rise,
 Further still another lies;
 And, beneath a steeper hill,
 Lies another further still:
 Near them many a field and grove—
 Scenes where Health and Labour rove!

Northward swelling slopes are seen,
 Clad with corn-fields neat and green;
 There, thro' grassy plains below,
 Broad and smooth the waters flow;
 While the town, their banks along,
 Bids its clustering houses throng,
 In the sunshine glittering fair;
 Haunts of Business, haunts of Care!

Westward o'er the yellow meads
 Wind the rills thro' waving reeds;
 From dark elms a shadow falls
 On the abbey's whiten'd walls:
 Wide the park's green lawns expand;
 Thick its tufted lindens stand;
 Fair retreat, that well might please
 Wealth, and Elegance, and Ease.

Hark! amidst the distant shades
 Murmuring drop the deep cascades;
 Hark! amidst the rustling trees
 Softly sighs the gentle breeze:
 And the Eolian harp, reclin'd
 Obvious to the stream of wind,
 Pours its wildly-warbled strain,
 Rising now, now sunk again.

How the view detains the sight!
 How the sounds the ear delight!—
 Sweet the scene! but think not there
 Happiness sincere to share:
 Reason still regrets the day
 Passing rapidly away;
 Lessening Life's too little store;
 Passing, to return no more!

V. On Versification.

TRUE ease, in writing, comes from art, not chance;
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
 Soft is the strain, when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows:

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line, too, labours, and the words move slow:
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the main.

Hear how 'Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove,
 Now, burns with glory; and, then, melts with love:
 Now, his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow;
 Now, sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow.
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found;
 And the world's victor—stood subdu'd by Sound!

VI. *The Camelion.*

OF T has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 Returning from his finish'd tour,
 Grown ten times pertier than before:
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travell'd fool your mouth will stop—
 “Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
 “I've seen—and sure I ought to know.”—
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talk'd of this, and then of that,
 Discours'd a while, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the Camelion's form and nature.
 “A stranger animal,” cries one,
 “Sure never liv'd beneath the sun:
 “A lizard's body lean and long,
 “A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,
 “Its tooth with triple claw disjoin'd;
 “And what a length of tail behind!
 “How slow its pace! and then its hue—
 “Whoever saw so fine a blue!”

" Hold there," the other quick replies.
 " 'Tis green: I saw it with these eyes,
 " As late with open mouth it lay,
 " And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
 " Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
 " And saw it eat the air for food."
 " I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
 " And must again affirm it blue.
 " At leisure I the beast survey'd,
 " Extended in the cooling shade."
 " 'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye—
 " Green!" cries the other in a fury—
 " Why, Sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
 " 'Twere no great loss," the friend replies;
 " For if they always serve you thus,
 " You'll find 'em but of little use."

So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they almost came to blows;
 When luckily came by a third:
 To him the question they referr'd;
 And begg'd he'd tell them, if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue.

" Sirs," cries the umpire, " cease your pother
 " The creature's—neither one nor t'other.
 " I caught the animal last night,
 " And view'd it o'er by candle-light:
 " I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
 " You stare—but, Sirs, I've got it yet,
 " And can produce it."—" Pray, Sir, do:
 " I'll lay my life the thing is blue."—
 " And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
 " The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."—
 " Well then, at once to ease the doubt,"
 Replies the man, " I'll turn him out;
 " And when before your eyes I've set him.
 " If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
 He said: then full before their sight
 Produc'd the beast; and lo!—'twas white.

VII. *The Fair Sex dissuaded from Hunting.*

BUT, if the rougher sex by this fierce sport
 Is hurried wild, let not such horrid joy
 E'er stain the bosom of the British fair.
 Far be the spirit of the chase from them!
 Uncomely courage, unbeseeming skill,
 To spring the sence, to rein the prancing steed;
 The cap, the whip, the masculine attire,
 In which they roughen to the sense, and all
 The winning softness of their sex is lost.
 In them, 'tis graceful to dissolve at woe;
 With every motion, every word, to wave,
 Quick o'er the kindling cheek, the ready blush;
 And, from the smallest violence, to shrink
 Unequal. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress;
 And, fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;
 To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm,
 To swim along and swell the mazy dance;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
 To guide the pencil; turn the tuneful page;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year
 And heighten nature's dainties; in their race
 To rear their graces into second life;
 To give society its highest taste;
 Well-order'd home man's best delight to make;
 And, by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art,
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life.
 This be the female dignity and praise.

VIII. *Description of a Country Ale-house.*

NEAR yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye;

Low

Low lies that house, where nut-brown draughts inspir'd;
 Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil, retir'd;
 While village-statesmen talk'd with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly sloops, to trace
 The parlour-splendours of that festive place:
 The white-wash'd wall; the nicely-fanded 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 flowers, and fennel, gay;
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Rang'd o'er the chimney, glisten'd in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
 Obscure it sinks; nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart.
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
 No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling blis go round;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be press'd,
 Snall kiss the cup, to pass it to the rest

IX. *Character of a Country Schoolmaster.*

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

At all his jokes—for many a joke had he :
 Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
 Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
 Yet he was kind ; or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault.
 The village all declar'd how much he knew :
 'Twas certain he could write—and cipher too ;
 Lands he could measur'd ; terms and tides presage ;
 And even the story ran, that he could—gauge.
 In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill ;
 For, ev'n tho' 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.

X. *Difference of Tastes.*

—DIFFERENT minds
 Incline to diff'rent objects. One pursues
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild :
 Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
 And gentlest beauty—Hence, when lightning fires
 The arch of heav'n and thunders rock the ground ;
 When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air ;
 And Ocean, groaning from the lowest bed,
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky ;
 Amid the mighty uproar, while below
 The nations tremble. 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 plantane shades ; and to the list'ning deer,
 The tale of slighted vows, and love's disdain,
 Resound, soft-warbling, all the live-long day.
 Consenting Zephyr sighs ; the weeping rill
 Joins in his plaint melodious ; mute the groves ;
 And hill and dale, with all their echoes, mourn.—
 Such, and so various, are the tastes of men.

XI. *Story of Palemon and Lavinia.*

THE lovely young Lavinia once had friends ;
 And fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
 For, in her helpless years, depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save innocence and Heav'n,
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale ;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
 Together, thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn,
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride :
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed ;
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.

Her form was fresher than the morning-rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure,
 As is the lily or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers ;
 Or, when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of ev'ning, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close embow'ring woods.

As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;
 So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all
 The sweet Lavinia ; till at length, compell'd
 By strong Necessity's supreme command,
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went

To glean Palemon's fields.—The pride of swains
 Palemon was; the generous, and the rich;
 Who led the rural life in all its joy
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times,
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,
 But free to follow nature was the mode.
 He then, his fancy with autumnal scenes
 Amusing, chanc'd beside his reaper-train
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye,
 Unconscious of her pow'r, and turning quick
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze:
 He saw her charming; but he saw not half
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.
 That very moment love and chaste desire
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown;
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
 (Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn)
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
 And thus, in secret, to his soul he sigh'd.

“What pity, that so delicate a form,
 “By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
 “And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
 “Should be devoted to the rude embrace
 “Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
 “Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
 “Recalls that patron of my happy life,
 “From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
 “Now to the dust gone down, his houses, lands,
 “And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
 “'Tis said, that, in some lone, obscure retreat,
 “Urg'd by remembrance sad and decent pride,
 “Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 “His aged widow and his daughter live,
 “Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
 “Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!”

When, strict inquiring, from herself he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto—who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And thro' his nerves in shivering transport ran!
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;

And

And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
 Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom ;
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just.
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

“ And art thou, then, Acasto's dear remains ?
 “ She whom my restless gratitude has sought
 “ So long in vain ?—O yes ! the very same,
 “ The soften'd image of my noble friend ;
 “ Alive, his every feature, every look,
 “ More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring !
 “ Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 “ That nourish'd up my fortune ! say, ah ! where,
 “ In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
 “ The kindest aspect of delighted heaven ?
 “ Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair,
 “ Tho' poverty's cold wind and crushing rain
 “ Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years.
 “ Oh let me now into a richer soil
 “ Transplant thee safe, where vernal fun and showers
 “ Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ;
 “ And of my garden be the pride and joy.
 “ Ill it befits thee, oh ! it ill befits
 “ Acasto's daughter, his, whose open stores,
 “ Tho' vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 “ The father of a country, thus to pick
 “ The very refuse of those harvest-fields
 “ Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
 “ Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 “ But ill applied to such a rugged task :
 “ The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ;
 “ If, to the various blessings which thy house
 “ Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
 “ That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee ! ”

Here ceas'd the youth ; yet still his speaking eye
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor wait'd he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.

The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While, pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate :
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening-hours ;
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair,
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

XX. *Celadon and Amelia.*

—YOUNG Celadon

And his Amelia were a matchless pair,
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace ;
 The same, distinguish'd by their sex alone :
 Hers, the mild lustre of the blooming morn ;
 And his, the radiance of the risen day.

They lov'd. But such their guileless passion was,
 As, in the dawn of time, inform'd the heart
 Of innocence and undissembling truth.

'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mutual wish :
 Th' enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
 To love, each was to each a dearer self ;
 Supremely happy, in the awaken'd power
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,
 Still, in harmonious intercourse, they liv'd
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
 Or sigh'd and look'd—unutterable things.

So pass'd their life ; a clear united stream,
 By care unruffled, till, in evil hour,
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,
 Heedless how far and where its mazes stray'd ;
 While, with each other blest, creative love
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.

Prefaging instant fate, her bosom heav'd
 Unwonted sighs ; and, stealing oft a look
 Tow'rd the big gloom, on Celadon her eye
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.
 In vain assuring love and confidence

In heaven repress'd her fear ; it grew, and shook
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceiv'd
 Th' unequal conflict ; and, as angels look
 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,
 With love illumin'd high. " Fear not," he said,
 " Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence
 " And inward storm ! He who yon skies involves
 " In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee
 " With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft,
 " That wastes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
 " Of noon, flies harmless ; and that very voice
 " Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
 " With tongues of seraphs, whispers peace to thine.
 " 'Tis safety to be near thee, sure, and thus
 " To clasp perfection !—From his void embrace
 (Mysterious Heaven !) that moment, to the ground,
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid.
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood
 Pierc'd by severe amazement, hating life,
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of woe.

XXI. *Ode to Fancy.*

O PARENT of each lovely Muse,
 Thy spirit o'er my soul diffuse ;
 O'er all my artless songs preside ;
 My footsteps to thy temple guide,
 To offer at thy turf-built shrine,
 In golden cups no costly wine,
 No murder'd fatling of the flock,
 But flowers and honey from the rock.

Me, Goddess, by the right-hand lead,
 Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,
 Where Joy and white-rob'd Peace resort,
 And Venus keeps her festive court ;
 Where Mirth and Youth each ev'ning meet,
 And lightly trip with nimble feet,
 Nodding their lily-crowned heads ;
 Where Laughter rose-lip'd Hebe leads ;
 Where Echo walks steep hills among,
 List'ning to the shepherd's song.

Yet not these flow'ry fields of joy
Can long my pensive mind employ :
Haste, Fancy, from these scenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddeſs of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and ſigh !
Let us with ſilent footſteps go
To charnels and the houſe of woe ;
To Gothic churches, vaults, and tombs,
Where each ſad night ſome virgin comes,
With throbbing breaſt and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to ſeek ;
Or to ſome abbey's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where, to avoid cold Winter's ſhow'rs,
The naked beggar ſhiv'ring lies,
Whiſt whiſtling tempeſts round her riſe,
And trembles leſt the tott'ring wall
Should on her ſleeping infants fall.

Now let us louder ſtrike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire—
I feel, I feel, with ſudden heat,
My big tumultuous boſom beat ;
The trumpet's clangors pierce mine ear,
A thouſand widows ſhrieks I hear :
Give me another horſe, I cry ;
Lo ! the baſe Galic ſquadrons fly.
Whence is this rage ?—What ſpirit, ſay,
To battle hurries me away ?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Transports me to the thickeſt war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of ſlain,
Where tumult and deſtruction reign ;
Where, mad with pain, the wounded ſteed
Tramples the dying and the dead :
Where giant Terror ſtalks around ;
With ſullen joy ſurveys the ground ;
And, pointing to th' enſanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon-ſhield !

O guide me from this horrid ſcene
To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura ſeeks, to ſhun
The fervours of the mid-day ſun !

The pangs of absence, O remove!
 For thou canst place me near my love;
 Canst fold in visionary bliss,
 And let me think I steal a kiss.

When young-cy'd Spring profusely throws
 From her green lap the pink and rose;
 When the soft turtle of the dale
 To Summer tells her tender tale;
 When Autumn cooling caverns seeks,
 And stains with wine his jolly cheeks;
 When Winter, like poor pilgrim old,
 Shakes his silver beard with cold;
 At ev'ry season let my ear
 Thy solemn whispers, Fancy, hear.

O hear our pray'r! O hither come
 From thy lamented Shakespeare's tomb,
 On which thou lov'st to sit at eve,
 Musing o'er thy darling grave!
 O queen of numbers, once again
 Animate some chosen swain,
 Who, fill'd with unexhausted fire,
 May boldly strike the sounding lyte;
 May rise above the rhyming throng,
 And, with some new unequall'd song,
 O'er all our list'ning passions reign,
 O'erwhelm our souls with joy and pain,
 With terror shake, with pity move,
 Rouze with revenge, or melt with love.

S E C T I O N VIII.

I. *Concise Passages.*

Honour ought to be conferred on Merit only.

— **W**HO shall go about
 To cozen Fortune, and be honourable
 Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
 To wear an undeserved dignity.
 O that estates, degrees, and offices,
 Were not deriv'd corruptly; that clear honour
 Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!

How many then should cover, that stand bare !
How many be commanded, that command !

Mercy.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed ;
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shews the force of temp'ral pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above the scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. —

The Power of Imagination.

THE poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n ;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

A Stream of Water described.

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage :
But, when his fair course is not hinder'd,
He makes sweet music with th' enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;
And so, by many winding nooks, he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.

Description of a Man swimming ashore.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs : he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swol'n that met him ; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms, in lusty strokes,
To th' shore.

The

The Vanity of humanG rander.

THE cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve :
 And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
 Leave not a wreck behind.

Concealed Love.

—SHE never told her love ;
 But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
 Feed on her damask cheek : she pin'd in thought ;
 And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
 She sat, like Patience on a monument,
 Smiling at grief.

A beautiful Person petitioning in vain.

A SEA of melting pearls, which some call tears ;
 Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd :
 With them, upon her knees, her humble self,
 Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
 As if but now they waxed pale for woe.
 But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
 Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
 Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire.

Description of Cleopatra's sailing down the Cydnus.

THE barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
 Burnt on the water ; the poop was beaten gold ;
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that
 The winds were love-sick with them : th' oars were silver,
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
 The water which they beat to follow faster,
 As amorous of their strokes.—For her own person,
 It beggar'd all description. She did lie
 In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue,
 O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see
 The fancy out-work nature. On each side her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
 With diverse-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid, did.

Inborn Royalty.

—O THOU Goddess,
 Thou divine Nature ! how thyself thou blazon'st

In these two princely boys! they are as gentle
 As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
 Not wagging his sweet head; and yet as rough
 (Their royal blood enchas'd) as the rud'st wind
 That by the top doth take the mountain-pine,
 And make him sloop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful
 That an invisible instinct should frame them
 To loyalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
 Civility not seen from other; valour,
 That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop,
 As if it had been sow'd.

Hamlet on his Father's Picture.

See what a grace was seated on this brow:
Hyperion's curls; the front of *Jove* himself;
 An eye like *Mars*, to threaten and command;
 A station like the herald *Mercury*
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
 A combination, and a form indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man.

A Father's Advice to his Son, going to travel.

—GIVE hasty thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
 Bear't, that th' oppos'd may beware of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
 But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
 For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
 Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all: To thine own self be true;

And

And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

Love and Music.

If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again: it had a dying fall.
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.

Description of a Fleet setting sail.

— SUPPOSE that you have seen
The well-appointed king at Hampton-pier
Embark his royalty; and his brave fleet
With silken streamers the young Phœbus fanning,
Play with your fancies; and in them behold,
Upon the hempen tackle, ship-boys climbing;
Hear the shrill whistle, which doth order give
To sounds confus'd; behold the threaden sails,
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind,
Draw the huge bottoms thro' the furrow'd sea,
Breasting the lofty surge!

Opportunity to be seized in all Affairs.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat:
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

The Vanity of Trust in Man.

O MOMENTARY grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Description

Description of an Apothecary and his Shop.

I do remember an apothecary,
 And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
 Culling of simples. Meagre were his looks:
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 An alligator stuff'd, and other skins
 Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes;
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
 Were thinly scattered, to make up a show.

The Character of Troilus.

THE youngest son of Priam, a true knight;
 Not yet mature, yet matchless; firm of word;
 Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue:
 Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd, soon calm'd.
 His heart and hand both open, and both free:
 For what he has he gives; what thinks, he shews;
 Yet gives he not till judgment guides his bounty;
 Nor dignifies an impare thought with breath.
 Manly as Hector, but more dangerous;
 For Hector in his blaze of wrath subscribes
 To tender objects: but he in heat of action
 Is more vindicative than jealous love.

A merry Man.

—A MERRIER man,
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,
 I never spent an hour's talk withal.
 His eye begets occasion for his wit:
 For every object that the one doth catch
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
 Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
 That aged ears play truant at his tales,
 And younger hearings are quite ravish'd;
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Affected Gravity.

I TELL thee what, Antonio,
 There are a sort of men whose visages

Do cream and mantle like a standing pond ;
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be drest in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
 As who shou'd say, " I am Sir Oracle ;
 And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark."
 O my Antonio, I do know of those
 That therefore only are reputed wise
 For saying nothing.

Female Friendship.

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
 The sister-vows, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed Time
 For parting us : O ! and is all forgot ?
 All school-days friendship, childhood-innocence ?
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods
 Created with our needles both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion ;
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key ;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet an union in partition.

Youthful Innocence.

We were, fair Queen,
 Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
 But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
 And to be boy eternal.
 We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'th' fun,
 And bleat the one at th' other : what we chang'd,
 Was innocence for innocence ; we knew not
 The doctrine of ill-doing ; no, nor dream'd
 That any did : had we pursu'd that life,
 And our weak spirits ne'er had been higher rear'd
 With stronger blood, we should have answer'd Heav'n's
 Boldly, Not guilty.

A good Conscience.

WHAT stronger breastplate than a heart untainted ?
 Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;
 And he but naked (tho' lock'd up in steel)
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Against Delay.

LET's take the instant by the forward top;
 For life is short, and on our quick'st decrees
 Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of Time
 Steals, ere we can effect them.

II. *Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;

Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest ;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.
Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,
Their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
Forbade to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

• There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
• That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
• His little length at noontide would he stretch,
• And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

• Hard

' Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 ' Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;
 ' Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
 ' Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
 ' One morn I miss'd him on the 'custom'd hill,
 ' Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree ;
 ' Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
 ' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he :
 ' The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
 ' Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne —
 ' Approach, and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
 ' Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

The EPITAPH.

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

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

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

III. *Part of a Panegyric on Great Britain.*

HEAV'NS ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The stretching landscape into smoke decays !—
 Happy Britannia ! where the Queen of Arts,
 Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad
 Walks unconfin'd, even to thy farthest cots,
 And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

————— In statesmen thou,
 And patriots, fertile. Thine a steady More,

Who, with a generous, tho' mistaken zeal,
 Withstood a brutal tyrant's useful rage ;
 Like Cato firm, like Aristides just,
 Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor ;
 A dauntless soul erect, who smil'd on death.

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 Shakespeare thine and nature's boast ?
 Is not each great, each amiable muse
 Of classic ages in thy Milton met ?
 A genius universal as his theme,
 Astonishing as Chaos, as the bloom
 Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven sublime.

May my song soften, as thy daughters, I,
 Britannia, hail ! for beauty is their own,
 The feeling heart, simplicity of life,
 And elegance, and taste ; the faultless form,
 Shap'd by the hand of harmony ; the cheek,
 Where the live crimson, thro' the native white
 Soft shooting, o'er the face diffuses bloom
 And ev'ry nameless grace ; the parted lip,
 Like the red rose-bud moist with morning-dew,
 Breathing delight ; and, under flowing jet,
 Or sunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
 The neck slight-shaded, and the swelling breast ;
 The look resistless, piercing to the soul,
 And by the soul inform'd, when dress'd in love,
 She sits, high smiling, in the conscious eye.

IV. *On the Being of a God.*

RETIRE.—The world shut out.—Thy thoughts call
 home.—

Imagination's airy wing repress.—

Lock up thy senses. Let no passion stir.—

Wake all to reason. Let her reign alone.—

Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
 Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire.

What

What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know
 But that I am; and, since I am, conclude
 Something eternal. Had there e'er been nought,
 Nought still had been. Eternal there must be.—
 But what eternal? Why not human race,
 And Adam's ancestors without an end?
 That's hard to be conceiv'd, since ev'ry link
 Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail:
 Can ev'ry part depend, and not the whole?
 Yet, grant it true, new difficulties rise:
 I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.—
 Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—Eternal too?—
 Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs
 Would want some other father. Much design
 Is seen in all their motions, all their makes.
 Design implies intelligence and art:
 That can't be from themselves—or man: that art
 Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
 And nothing greater yet allow'd than man.—
 Who motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
 Shot thro' vast masses of enormous weight?
 Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
 Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
 Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,
 Asserting its indisputable right
 To dance, would form an universe of dust.
 Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms,
 And boundless flights, from shapeless, and repos'd?
 Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
 Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
 In mathematics? Has it fram'd such laws,
 Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—
 If art to form, and counsel to conduct,
 And that with greater far than human skill,
 Resides not in each block—a GODHEAD reigns.—
 And if a GOD there is—that GOD how great!

V. *Adam and Eve's Morning-hymn.*

THESE are thy glorious works! Parent of good!
 Almighty! thine this universal frame,
 Thus wond'rous fair: Thyself how wond'rous, then,
 Unspeakable! who sit'st above these heavens,

To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.—
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels! for ye behold him, and, with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle his throne rejoicing. Ye in 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 gray
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author rise;
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,
 Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
 His praise, ye winds! that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines!
 With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.
 Fountains! and ye that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.
 Join voices, all ye living souls. Ye birds,
 That, singing, up to heaven-gate ascend,

Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise.
 Ye that in waters glide ! and ye that walk
 The earth, and stately tread or lowly creep !
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
 To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.—
 Hail, universal Lord ! Be bounteous still,
 To give us only good ; and if the night
 Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd—
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

VI. *An Evening-Scene at Sea.*

NOW, shooting o'er the flood his fervid blaze,
 The red-brow'd Sun withdraws his beamy rays.
 Safe in the bay the crew forget their cares,
 And peaceful rest their wearied strength repairs.
 Calm Twilight now his drowsy mantle spreads,
 And shade on shade, the gloom still deep'ning, sheds.
 The Moon, full orb'd, forsakes her watery cave,
 And lifts her lovely head above the wave :
 The snowy splendours of her modest ray
 Stream o'er the gentle waves, and, quiv'ring, play.
 Around her, glittering on the heavens' arch'd brow,
 Unnumber'd stars, inclos'd in azure, glow,
 Thick as the dew-drops of the purple dawn,
 Or may-flowers crowding o'er the daisy-lawn.
 The canvas whitens in the silvery beam ;
 And with a paler red the pendants gleam :
 The masts tall shadows tremble o'er the deep :
 The peaceful winds an hollow silence keep :
 The watchman's carols, echo'd from the prows,
 Alone, at times, awakes the still repose.

VII. *Parting of Hector and Andromache.*

HECTOR now pass'd, with sad presaging heart,
 To seek his spouse, his soul's far dearer part.
 At home he sought her ; but he sought in vain :
 She, with one maid of all her menial train,
 Had thence retir'd ; and with her second joy,
 The young Astyanax, the hope of Troy,
 Pensive she stood on Ilion's tow'ry height,
 Beheld the war, and sicken'd at the sight :

There

There her sad eyes in vain her lord explore,
Or weep the wounds—her bleeding country bore.

Hector this heard, return'd without delay ;
Swift, thro' the town, he took his former way,
Thro' streets of palaces and walks of state,
And met the mourner at the Scæan gate.
With haste to meet him sprung the joyful fair,
His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir.
The nurse stood near ; in whose embraces press'd,
His only hope hung, smiling, at her breast ;
Whom each soft charm and early grace adorn,
Fair as the new-born star that gilds the morn.
Silent, the warrior smil'd ; and, pleas'd, resign'd
To tender passions all his mighty mind.
His beauteous princess cast a mournful look,
Hung on his hand, and then, dejected, spoke.
Her bosom labour'd with a boding sigh,
And the big tear—stood trembling in her eye.

“ Too daring prince ! ah ! whither dost thou run ?
Ah ! too forgetful of thy wife and son !
And think'lt thou not how wretched we shall be ?
A widow I, an helpless orphan he !
For, sure, such courage length of life denies ;
And thou must fall, thy virtue's sacrifice.
Greece in her single heroes strove in vain ;
Now hosts oppose thee—and thou must be slain.
Oh grant me, gods ! ere Hector meets his doom,
All I can ask of heav'n—an early tomb !
So shall my days in one sad tenor run,
And end with sorrows, as they first begun.
Thy wife, thy infant, in thy danger share—
Oh ! prove a husband's and a parent's care.
That quarter most the skilful Greeks annoy,
Where yon wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy :
Thrice our bold foes the fierce attack have giv'n,
Or led by hopes, or dictated from heav'n.
Let others in the field their arms employ ;
But stay my Hector here, and guard his Troy.”

The chief reply'd—“ That post shall be my care ;
Nor that alone, but all the works of war.
How would the sons of Troy, in arms renown'd,
And Troy's proud dames, whose garments sweep the
ground, Attaint

Attaint the lustre of my former name,
 Should Hector basely quit the field of fame!
 My early youth was bred to warlike pains:
 My soul impels me to the martial plains.
 Still foremost let me stand, to guard the throne,
 To save my father's honours, and my own.—
 Yet come it will! the day decreed by fates!
 (How my heart trembles while my tongue relates!)
 The day when thou, imperial Troy!—must bend,
 Must see thy warriors fall, thy glories end.
 And yet no dire presage so wounds my mind,
 My mother's death, the ruin of my kind,
 Not Priam's hoary hairs defil'd with gore,
 Not all my brothers gasping on the shore,
 As thine, Andromache!—thy griefs I dread!
 I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led,
 In Argive looms our battles to design,
 And woes, of which so large a part was thine.
 There, while you groan beneath the load of life,
 They cry—"Behold the mighty Hector's wife!"
 Some haughty Greek, who lives thy tears to see,
 Embitters all thy woes, by naming me.
 The thoughts of glory past, and present shame,
 A thousand griefs, shall waken at the name!—
 May I lie cold before that dreadful day,
 Press'd with a load of monumental clay!
 Thy Hector, wrapt in everlasting sleep,
 Shall neither hear thee sigh, nor see thee weep."

Thus having spoke, th' illustrious chief of Troy
 Stretch'd his fond arms to clasp the lovely boy.
 The babe clung, crying, to his nurse's breast,
 Scar'd with the dazzling helm and nodding crest.
 With secret pleasure each fond parent smil'd,
 And Hector hasted to relieve his child;
 The glitt'ring terrors from his brows unbound,
 And plac'd the beaming helmet on the ground.
 Then kiss'd the child; and, lifting high in air,
 Thus to the gods preferr'd a parent's pray'r.

"O Thou, whose glory fills th' etherial throne!
 And all ye deathless pow'rs!—protect my son!
 Grant him, like me, to purchase just renown,
 To guard the Trojans, to defend the crown,

Against

Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the Hector of the future age.
So when, triumphant from successful toils
Of heroes slain, he bears the reeking spoils,
Whole hosts may hail him with deserv'd acclaim,
And say—This chief transcends his father's fame;
While, pleas'd amidst the general shouts of joy,
His mother's conscious heart o'erflows with joy."

He spoke: and, fondly gazing on her charms,
Restor'd the pleasing burden to her arms.
Soft on her fragrant breast the babe she laid,
Hush'd to repose, and with a smile survey'd:
The troubled pleasure, soon chastis'd with fear,
She mingled with the smile—a tender tear.
The soften'd chief with kind compassion view'd,
And dry'd the falling drops; and thus pursu'd.

"Andromache! my soul's far better part!
Why with untimely sorrows heaves thy heart?
No hostile hand can antedate my doom,
'Till fate condemn me to the silent tomb:
Fix'd is the term of all the race of earth;
And such the hard condition of our birth.
No force can then resist, no flight can save;
All sin—like, the fearful and the brave.
No more—but hasten to thy tasks at home;
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom.
Me glory summons to the martial scene;
The field of combat is the sphere for men:
Where heroes war, the foremost place I claim,
The first in danger, as the first in fame."

Thus having said, th' undaunted chief resumes
His tow'ry helmet, black with shading plumes.
His princess parts with a prophetic sigh,
Unwilling parts, and oft reverts her eye,
That stream'd at ev'ry look; then, moving slow,
Sought her own palace, and indulg'd her woe.
There, while her tears deplor'd the god-like man,
Thro' all her train the soft infection ran;
The pious maids their mingled sorrows shed,
And mourn'd the living Hector as the dead.

VIII. *Description of Mab Queen of the Fairies.*

SHE is the fancy's midwife : and she comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman ;
 Drawn with a team of little atomies,
 Athwart mens noses as they lie asleep :
 Her waggon-spokes, made of long spinners' legs ;
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
 The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film :
 Her waggoner, a small gray-coated gnat ;
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies coachmakers.

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

IX. *Mr Pope's Complaint to Dr Arbuthnot of the Impertinence of Scribblers.*

SHUT, shut the door, good John !—fatigu'd, I said :
 Tie up the knocker ; say, I'm sick, I'm dead.
 The dog-star rages ! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
 All bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out :
 Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
 They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
 They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they glide:
 By land, by water, they renew the charge;
 They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
 No place is sacred; not the church is free;
 Even Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me:
 Then, from the mint walks forth the man-of-rhime—
 “Happy to catch me—just at dinner-time.”

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
 The world had wanted—many an idle song)
 What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
 Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
 A dire dilemma!—either way I'm sped;
 If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
 Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.
 To laugh were want of goodness and of grace;
 And to be grave exceeds all pow'r of face.
 I sit with sad civility; I read
 With serious anguish and an aching head:
 Then drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel—“Keep your piece nine years.”—
 “Nine years!” cries he, who, high in Drury-Lane,
 Lull'd by soft zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
 Rhimes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
 Oblig'd by hunger,—and request of friends);
 “The piece, you think, is incorrect. Why, take it:
 “I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it.”

Three things another's modest wishes bound—
 My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.
 Pitholeon sends to me—“You know his Grace:
 “I want a patron—ask him for a place.”
 “Pitholeon libell'd me”—“But here's a letter
 “Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.”

Bless me! a packet!—“Tis a stranger sues;
 “A virgin-tragedy, an orphan-muse.”
 If I dislike it—“Furies, death, and rage!”
 If I approve—“Commend it to the stage.”
 There, thank my stars! my whole commission ends:
 The play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends.
 Fir'd that the house reject him—“'Sdeath! I'll print it,
 “And shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with Lintot.”

“Lintot

"Lintot (dull rogue!) will think your price too much."—

"Not if you, Sir, revise it and retouch."

All my demurs but double his attacks:

At last he whispers—"Do, and we go snacks."

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door—

"Sir, let me see you and your works no more."

You think this cruel?—take it for a rule,

No creature smarts so little as a fool.

Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break,

Thou, unconcern'd, canst hear the mighty crack:

Pit, box, and gallery, in convulsions hurl'd,

Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.

Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb thro'—

He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew.

Destroy his fib or sophistry:—in vain—

The creature's at his dirty work again.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,

And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:

One from all Grubstreet will my fame defend,

And, more abusive, calls himself my friend:

This prints my letters, that expects a bribe;

And others roar aloud—"Subscribe, subscribe."

There are who to my person pay their court:

I cough like Horace; and, tho' lean, am short:

Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high;

Such Ovid's nose; and—"Sir, you have an eye."—

Go on, obliging creatures; make me see

All that disgrac'd my betters met in me.

Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,

Just so immortal Maro held his head;

And when I die, be sure you let me know

Great Homer died—three thousand years ago.

X. *Satan's meeting with Sin and Death.*

MEAN while the adversary of God and man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of highest design,
Puts on swift wings, and towards the gates of hell
Explores his solitary flight. Sometimes
He scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left;
Now shaves, with level wing, the deep; then soars
Up to the fiery concave. At last, appear

Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof.
Thrice threefold were the gates: three folds were brass,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock,
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconsum'd.—Before the gates, there sat,
On either side, a formidable shape.
The one seem'd woman to the waist, and fair:
But ended soul, in many a scaly fold
Voluminous and vast; a serpent, arm'd
With mortal sting. The other shape
(If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
Or substance might be call'd, that shadow seem'd;
For each seem'd either)—black it stood as night,
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart: what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.—
Satan was now at hand; and from his seat
The monster, moving onward, came as fast,
With horrid strides: hell trembled as he strode.
Th' undaunted fiend, what this might be, admir'd;
And, with disdainful look, thus first began.

“ Whence, and what art thou, execrable shape!
That dar'st, tho' grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Thro' them I mean to pass,
That be assur'd, without leave ask'd of thee.
Retire—or taste thy folly; and learn, by proof,
Hell-born! not to contend with spirits of heaven.”

To whom the goblin, full of wrath, reply'd—
“ Art thou that traitor angel, art thou he
Who first broke peace in heav'n, and faith, till then
Unbroken, and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of heav'n's sons,
Conjur'd against the Highest, for which both thou
And they, oncast from God, are here condemn'd
To waste eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'st thou thyself with spirits of heaven
Hell-doom'd, and breath'st defiance here and scorn
Where I reign king? and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord?—Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive; and, to thy speed, add wings,

Left, with a whip of scorpions, I pursue
Thy ling'ring, or, with one stroke of this dart,
Strange horror seize thee and pangs unfelt before."

So spake the grisly terroure; and, in shape,
So speaking, and so threat'ning, grew tenfold
More dreadful and deform. On th' other side,
Incens'd with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrify'd, and like a comet burn'd.
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that hell
Grew darker at their frown.—And now great deeds
Had been achiev'd whereof all hell had rung,
Had not the snaky forceress, that sat
Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Ris'n, and, with hideous outcry, rush'd between.

"O father! what intends thy hand (she cry'd)
Against thy only son! What fury, O son!
Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart
Against thy father's head? and know'st for whom—
For him who sits above, and laughs the while
At thee, ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;
His wrath, which, one day, will destroy ye both."

She spake; and thus, to her, Satan return'd:
"So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange
Thou interposest, that my sudden hand,
Prevented, spares to tell thee, yet, by deeds
What it intends, till first I know of thee
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd, and why,
In this infernal vale first met, thou call'st
Me father and that phantasm call'st my son.
I know thee not; nor ever saw, till now,
Sight more detestable than him and thee."

To whom thus the portress of hell-gate reply'd:
"Hast thou forgot me then? and do I seem
Now in thine eyes so foul? once deem'd so fair
In heav'n, when, at the assembly, and, in sight
Of all the seraphim with thee combin'd,
Likest to thee in shape and count'nance bright,
Then shining heav'nly fair, a goddess arm'd,
Out of thy head I sprung?—Amazement seiz'd
All the host of heav'n. Back they recoil'd, afraid
At first, and call'd me Sin; and for a sign

Portentous held me. Mean while, war arose,
 And fields were fought in heav'n ; wherein remain'd
 (For what could else ?) to our Almighty foe
 Clear victory ; to our part, loss and rout
 Thro' all the empyrean. Down they fell,
 Driv'n headlong from the pitch of heaven, down
 Into this deep ; and, in the general fall,
 I also : at which time, this powerful key
 Into my hand was given, with charge to keep
 These gates for ever shut, which none can pass
 Without my opening. In opposition, sits
 Grim Death, my son and foe, begot by thee ;
 Who me, his parent, would full soon devour
 For want of other prey, but that he knows
 His end with mine involv'd, and knows that I
 Should prove a bitter morsel and his bane.
 But thou, O father ! I forewarn thee, shun
 His deadly arrow ; neither vainly hope
 To be invulnerable in those bright arms,
 'Tho' temper'd heav'nly ; for that mortal dart,
 Save he who reigns above, none can resist."

She finish'd, and the subtle fiend his lore
 Soon learn'd, now milder ; and thus answer'd smooth.

" Dear daughter, since thou claim'st me for thy sire,
 And my fair son here shew'st me ; know, I come,
 Not as an enemy, but to set free,
 From out this dark and dismal house of pain,
 Both him and thee, and all the heav'nly host
 Of spirits, that, in our just pretences arm'd,
 Fell with us from on high. From them I go
 This uncouth errand sole ; and, one for all,
 Myself expose, with lonely steps to tread
 Th' unfounded deep, and, thro' the void immense,
 To search, with wand'ring quest, a place foretold
 Should be, and, by concurring signs, ere now
 Created, vast and round ; a place of bliss,
 In the purlicus of heav'n ; and therein plac'd
 A race of upstart creatures, to supply,
 Perhaps, our vacant room, tho' more remov'd,
 Lest heav'n, surcharg'd with potent multitude,
 Might hap to move new broils. Be this, or ought
 Than this more secret, now design'd, I haste

To know : and, this once known, shall soon return,
 And bring ye to the place ; where thou and Death
 Shall dwell at ease, and, up and down, unseen,
 Wing silently the buxom air, embalm'd
 With odours : there ye shall be fed and fill'd
 Immeasurably ; all things shall be your prey."

He ceas'd : for both seem'd highly pleas'd ; and Death
 Grinn'd horrible a ghastly smile, to hear
 His famine should be fill'd. No less rejoic'd
 His mother bad, and thus bespake her fire.

" The key of this infernal pit, by due,
 And by command of heav'n's all-powerful King,
 I keep ; by him forbidden to unlock
 These adamantine gates. Against all force
 Death ready stands to interpose his dart,
 Fearless to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
 But what owe I to his commands above,
 Who hates me, and hath thither thrust me down
 Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
 'To sit in hateful office here confin'd,
 Inhabitant of heav'n and heav'nly born,
 Here in perpetual agony and pain,
 With terrors and with clamours compass'd round
 Of mine one brood, that on my bowels feed?
 Thou art my father ; thou my author ; thou
 My being gav'st me. Whom should I obey
 But thee ? whom follow ? Thou wilt bring me soon
 To that new world of light and bliss, among
 The gods who live at ease, where I shall reign
 At thy right hand voluptuous, as befits
 Thy daughter and thy darling, without end."

'Thus saying—from her side the fatal key,
 Sad instrument of all our woe, she took ;
 And straight the huge portcullis high up-drew,
 Which, but herself, not all the Stygian powers
 Could once have mov'd. Then every bolt and bar
 Of massy iron, or solid rock, with ease
 Unfastens—On a sudden, open fly,
 With impetuous recoil, and jarring sound,
 Th' infernal doors ; and, on their hinges, grate
 Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
 Of Erebus.

XI. *Alexander's Feast; or, The Power of Music.*

'T WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son.

Aloft, in awful state,
The god-like hero sat
On his imperial throne.

His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound:

So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sat like a blooming eastern bride,
In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave, deserves the fair.

Timotheus plac'd one high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.—

The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above;
(Such is the power of mighty love!)
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,

When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the
world.—

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.

With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung;
Of Bacchus, ever fair and ever young.

The jolly god in triumph comes !
 Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums :
 Flush'd with a purple grace,
 He shews his honest face :

Now give the hautboys breath—he comes ! he comes !

Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain :
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;
 Drinking is the foldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure ;
 Sweet the pleasure ;
 Sweet is pleasure, after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again ;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the
 flain.—

The master saw the madness rise ;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And, while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
 Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.—

He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft pity to infuse :
 He sung Darius, great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
 Fall'n from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood ;
 Deserted at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.—
 With downcast look, the joyless victor sat,
 Revolving, in his alter'd soul,
 The various turns of fate below ;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
 That love was in the next degree :
 'Twas but a kindred found to move ;
 For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour but an empty bubble ;

Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying.
 If the world be worth thy winning;
 Think, O think it worth enjoying !

Lovely Thais sits beside thee ;

Take the good the gods provide thee.—

The many rend the skies with loud applause :
 So love was crown'd ; but music won the cause.—

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,

Gaz'd on the fair

Who caus'd his care,

And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,

Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :

At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,

The vanquish'd victor—sunk upon her breast.

Now, strike the golden lyre again ;

A louder yet, and yet a louder strain :

Break his bands of sleep asunder,

And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark ! hark !—the horrid sound

Has rais'd up his head,

As awak'd from the dead ;

And, amaz'd, he stares around.

Revenge, revenge ! Timotheus cries—

See the furies arise !

See the snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand !

These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,

And unbury'd remain.

Inglorious on the plain.

Give the vengeance due

To the valiant crew.

Behold ! how they toss their torches on high,

How they point to the Persian abodes,

And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods !—

The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy :

Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey ;

And, like another Helen—fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow ;

While organs yet were mute :
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,

And sounding lyre,

Could swell the soul to rage—or kindle soft desire.

At last, divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame.

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,

Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,

And added length to solemn sounds,

With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,

Or both divide the crown ;

He rais'd a mortal to the skies,

She drew an angel down.

* *Advice to young Women on the subject of Religion.*

THOUGH the duties of religion, strictly speaking, are equally binding on both sexes, yet certain differences in their natural character and education render some vices in your sex particularly odious. The natural hardness of our hearts, and strength of our passions, inflamed by the uncontrouled licence we are too often indulged with in our youth, are apt to render our manners more dissolute, and make us less susceptible of the finer feelings of the heart. Your superior delicacy, your modesty, and the usual severity of your education, preserve you

* The propriety of inserting a few didactic pieces particularly directed to the fair sex, did not occur to the Compiler till the proofs were printed off. They are therefore given in this place ; but the pupil may read them along with section 3d, 4th, or 5th.

you in a great measure from any temptation to those vices to which we are most subjected. The natural softness and sensibility of your dispositions, particularly fit you for the practice of those duties where the heart is chiefly concerned. And this, along with the natural warmth of your imagination, renders you peculiarly susceptible of the feelings of devotion.

There are many circumstances in your situation that peculiarly require the supports of religion to enable you to act in them with spirit and propriety. Your whole life is often a life of suffering. You cannot plunge into business, or dissipate yourselves in pleasure and riot, as men too often do, when under the pressure of misfortunes. You must bear your sorrows in silence, unknown and unpitied. You must often put on a face of serenity and cheerfulness, when your hearts are torn with anguish, or sinking in despair. Then your only resource is in the consolations of religion. It is chiefly owing to these that you bear domestic misfortunes better than we do.

But you are sometimes in very different circumstances, that equally require the restraints of religion. The natural vivacity, and perhaps the natural vanity, of your sex, is very apt to lead you into a dissipated state of life, that deceives you under the appearance of innocent pleasure; but which in reality wastes your spirits, impairs your health, weakens all the superior faculties of your minds, and often sullies your reputations. Religion, by checking this dissipation and rage for pleasure, enables you to draw more happiness, even from those very sources of amusement, which, when too frequently applied to, are often productive of satiety and disgust.

Religion is rather a matter of sentiment than reasoning. The important and interesting articles of faith are sufficiently plain. Fix your attention on these, and do not meddle with controversy. If you get into that, you plunge into a chaos, from which you will never be able to extricate yourselves. It spoils the temper, and, I suspect, has no good effect on the heart.

Avoid all books and all conversation that tend to shake your faith on those great points of religion which should serve to regulate your conduct, and on which your hopes of future and eternal happiness depend.

Ne-

Never indulge yourselves in ridicule on religious subjects; nor give countenance to it in others by seeming diverted with what they say. This, to people of good-breeding, will be a sufficient check.

I wish you to go no farther than the Scriptures for your religious opinions. Embrace those you find clearly revealed. Never perplex yourselves about such as you do not understand, but treat them with silent and becoming reverence.—I would advise you to read only such religious books as are addressed to the heart, such as inspire pious and devout affections, such as are proper to direct you in your conduct, and not such as tend to entangle you in the endless maze of opinions and systems.

Be punctual in the stated performance of your private devotions, morning and evening. If you have any sensibility or imagination, this will establish such an intercourse between you and the Supreme Being as will be of infinite consequence to you in life. It will communicate an habitual cheerfulness to your tempers, give a firmness and steadiness to your virtue, and enable you to go thro' all the vicissitudes of human life with propriety and dignity.

I wish you to be regular in your attendance on public worship, and in receiving the communion. Allow nothing to interrupt your public or private devotions, except the performance of some active duty in life, to which they should always give place.—In your behaviour at public worship, observe an exemplary attention and gravity.

That extreme strictness which I recommend to you in these duties will be considered by many of your acquaintance as a superstitious attachment to forms; but in the advices I give you on this and other subjects, I have an eye to the spirit and manners of the age. There is a levity and dissipation in the present manners, a coldness and listlessness in whatever relates to religion, which cannot fail to infect you, unless you purposely cultivate in your minds a contrary bias, and make the devotional taste habitual.

Avoid all grimace and ostentation in your religious duties. They are the usual cloaks of hypocrisy; at least they shew a weak and vain mind.

Do not make religion a subject of common conversation in mixed companies. When it is introduced, rather seem to decline it. At the same time, never suffer any person to insult you by any foolish ribaldry on your religious opinions, but shew the same resentment you would naturally do on being offered any other personal insult. But the surest way to avoid this, is by a modest reserve on the subject, and by using no freedom with others about their religious sentiments.

Cultivate an enlarged charity for all mankind, however they may differ from you in their religious opinions. That difference may probably arise from causes in which you had no share, and from which you can derive no merit.

Shew your regard to religion by a distinguishing respect to all its ministers, of whatever persuasion, who do not by their lives dishonour their profession: but never allow them the direction of your consciences, lest they taint you with the narrow spirit of their party.

The best effect of your religion will be a diffusive humanity to all in distress.—Set apart a certain proportion of your income as sacred to charitable purposes. But in this, as well as in the practice of every other duty, carefully avoid ostentation. Vanity is always defeating her own purposes. Fame is one of the natural rewards of virtue. Do not pursue her, and she will follow you.

Do not confine your charity to giving money. You may have many opportunities of shewing a tender and compassionate spirit where your money is not wanted.—There is a false and unnatural refinement in sensibility, which makes some people shun the sight of every object in distress. Never indulge this, especially where your friends or acquaintance are concerned. Let the days of their misfortunes, when the world forgets or avoids them, be the season for you to exercise your humanity and friendship. The sight of human misery softens the heart, and makes it better: it checks the pride of health and prosperity; and the distress it occasions is amply compensated by the consciousness of doing your duty, and by the secret endearment which nature has annexed to all our sympathetic sorrows.

Women are generally deceived, when they think they

recommend themselves to our sex by their indifference about religion. Even those men who are themselves unbelievers, dislike infidelity in you. Every man who knows human nature connects a religious taste in your sex with softness and sensibility of heart; at least we always consider the want of it as a proof of that hard and masculine spirit, which of all your faults we dislike the most. Besides, men consider your religion as one of their principal securities for that female virtue in which they are most interested. If a gentleman pretends an attachment to any of you, and endeavours to shake your religious principles, be assured he is either a fool, or has designs on you which he dares not openly avow.

On Temper.

THE due regulation of your temper cannot be undertaken too early, as it is of the utmost importance to your future happiness. If you consider that the constant tenor of the gospel-precepts is to promote love, peace, and good will, amongst men, you will not doubt that the cultivation of an amiable disposition is a great part of your religious duty. A woman bred up in a religious manner, placed above the reach of want, and out of the way of sordid or scandalous vices, can have but few temptations to the flagrant breach of the divine laws. It particularly concerns her, therefore, to understand them in their full import; and to consider how far she trespasses against them, by such actions as appear trivial when compared with murder, adultery, and theft, but which become of very great importance by being frequently repeated and occurring in the daily transactions of life. The principal virtues or vices of a woman must be of a private or domestic kind; within the circle of her own family and dependents lies her sphere of action—the scene of almost all those tasks and trials which must determine her character, and her fate here and hereafter. Reflect for a moment, how much the happiness of her husband, children, and servants, must depend on her temper; and you will see, that the greatest good or evil, which she ever may have in her power to do, may arise from her correcting or indulging its infirmities.—We all, from social or self-love, earnestly desire the esteem and

affection of our fellow-creatures ; and indeed our condition makes them so necessary to us, that the wretch who has forfeited them must feel desolate and undone, deprived of all the best enjoyments and comforts the world can afford, and given up to his inward misery, unpitied and scorned. But this can never be the fate of a good-natured person. Whatever faults he may have, they will be generally treated with lenity ; he will find an advocate in every human heart ; and his virtues will be viewed in the fairest point of light : his good-humour, without the help of great talents or acquirements, will make his company preferable to that of the most brilliant genius, in whom this quality is wanting. In short, it is almost impossible that you can be sincerely beloved by any body without this engaging property, whatever other excellencies you may possess ; but, with it, you will scarcely fail of finding some friends and favourers, even tho' you should be destitute almost of every other advantage.—It is observed, that every temper is inclined in some degree, either to passion, peevishness, or obstinacy. Many are so unfortunate as to be inclined to all three. It is necessary, therefore, to watch the bent of our nature, and to apply the remedies proper for the infirmity to which we are most liable.—With regard to the first, it is so injurious to society, and so odious in itself, especially in the female character, that one would think shame alone would be sufficient to preserve a young woman from giving way to it : for it is as unbecoming her character to be betrayed into ill behaviour by passion as by intoxication ; and she ought to be ashamed of the one as much as of the other. Gentleness, meekness, and patience, are her peculiar distinctions ; and an enraged woman is one of the most disgusting sights in nature. Pride, which produces so many evils in the human mind, is the great source of passion. Whoever cultivates in himself a proper humility, a due sense of his own faults and insufficiencies, and a due respect for others, will find but small temptation to violent or unreasonable anger. Whenever therefore you feel yourself very angry, suspect yourself to be in the wrong, and resolve to stand the decision of your own conscience, before you cast upon another the punishment which is perhaps due to yourself. This self-

examination will at least give you time to cool ; and, if you are just, will dispose you to balance your own wrong with that of your antagonist, and to settle the account with him on equal terms.—Peevishness, tho' not so violent and fatal in its immediate effects, is still more unamiable than passion ; and, if possible, more destructive to happiness, in as much as it operates more continually. Tho' the spiteful man injures us less, he disgusts us more than the passionate one, because he betrays a low and little mind ; intent on trifles, and engrossed by a paltry self-love, which knows not how to bear the very apprehension of any inconvenience. It is self-love, then, which we must combat, when we find ourselves assaulted by this infirmity ; and, by voluntarily enduring inconveniences, we shall habituate ourselves to bear them with ease and good-humour when occasioned by others. Perhaps this is the best kind of religious mortification ; as the chief end of denying ourselves any innocent indulgences must be to acquire a habit of command over our passions and inclinations, particularly such as are likely to lead us into evil. The smallest disappointment in pleasure, or difficulty in the most trifling employment, will put wilful young people out of temper, and their very amusements frequently become sources of vexation and peevishness. How often have I seen a girl, preparing for a ball or for some other public appearance—unable to satisfy her own vanity—pet over every ornament she put on—quarrel with her maid, with her clothes, her hair—and, growing still more unlovely as she grows more cross, be ready to fight with her looking-glass for not making her as handsome as she wished to be. She did not consider, that the traces of this ill-humour on her countenance would be a greater disadvantage to her appearance than any defect in her dress—or even than the plainest features enlivened by joy and good-humour.—Sullenness, or obstinacy, is perhaps a worse fault of temper than either of the former ; and, if indulged, may end in the most fatal extremes of stubborn melancholy, malice, and revenge. The resentment which, instead of being expressed, is nursed in secret, and continually aggravated by the imagination, will in time become the ruling passion ; and then, how horrible must be his case whose

kind and pleasurable affections are all swallowed up by the tormenting as well as detestable sentiments of hatred and revenge! Brood not over a resentment which was perhaps at first ill grounded, and which is undoubtedly heightened by a heated imagination. But when you have first subdued your own temper so as to be able to speak calmly, reasonably, and kindly, then expostulate with the person you suppose to be in fault—hear what she has to say—and either reconcile yourself to her, or quiet your mind under the injury by the principle of Christian charity. The love of truth, and a real desire of improvement, ought to be the only motives of argumentation; and where these are sincere, no difficulty can be made of embracing the truth as soon as it is perceived. But in fact, people often dispute from vanity and pride, which makes it a grievous mortification to allow that we are the wiser for what we have heard from another. To receive advice, reproof, and instruction, properly, is the surest sign of a sincere and humble heart—and shews a greatness of mind, which commands our respect and reverence, while it appears so willingly to yield to us the superiority. You must consider, that those who tell you of your faults, if they do it from motives of kindness and not of malice, exert their friendship in a painful office, which must have cost them as great an effort as it can be to you to acknowledge the service; and if you refuse this encouragement, you cannot expect that any one who is not absolutely obliged to it by duty, will a second time undertake such an ill-requited trouble. What a loss would this be to yourself! How difficult would be our progress to that degree of perfection which is necessary to our happiness, was it not for the assistance we receive from each other! This is certainly one of the means of grace held out to us by our merciful Judge; and if we reject it, we are answerable for all the miscarriages we may fall into for want of it.—To make you the delight and darling of your family, something more is required than barely to be exempt from ill temper and troublesome humours. The sincere and genuine smiles of complacency and love must adorn your countenance; and every engaging qualification which you possess should be exerted to the best advantage for those whose love is of most im-

portance to you—for those who live under the same roof, and with whom you are connected for life, either by the ties of blood, or by the still more sacred obligations of a voluntary engagement. That ready compliance, that alertness to assist and oblige, which demonstrates true affection, must animate your behaviour, and endear your most common actions; and you will, I hope, constantly bear in mind, that you can never treat a fellow-creature unkindly, without offending the kind Creator and Father of all; and that you can no way render yourself so acceptable to him, as by studying to promote the happiness of others, in every instance, small as well as great. The favour of God, and the love of your companions, will surely be deemed rewards sufficient to animate your most fervent endeavours: Yet this is not all; the disposition of mind which I would recommend, is its own reward, and essential to happiness.

On Politeness.

YOU must have often observed, that nothing is so strong a recommendation, on a slight acquaintance, as politeness; nor does it lose its value by time or intimacy, when preserved, as it ought to be, in the nearest connections and strictest friendships. This delightful qualification—so universally admired and respected, but so rarely possessed in any eminent degree—cannot but be a considerable object of my wishes for you: nor should either of us be discouraged by the apprehension that neither I am capable of teaching nor you of learning it in perfection—since whatever degree you attain will amply reward our pains. To be perfectly polite, one must have a great presence of mind, with a delicate and quick sense of propriety; or, in other words, one should be able to form an instantaneous judgment of what is fittest to be said or done, on every occasion as it offers. I have known one or two persons who seemed to owe this advantage to nature only, and to have the peculiar happiness of being born, as it were, with another sense, by which they had an immediate perception of what was proper and improper, in cases absolutely new to them: but this is the lot of very few.—In general, propriety of behaviour must be the fruit of instruction, of observation, and of reason-

ing ; and is to be cultivated and improved like any other branch of knowledge or virtue. Particular modes and ceremonies of behaviour vary in different countries, and even in different parts of the same town. These can only be learned by observation on the manners of those who are best skilled in them, and by keeping what is called good company. But the principles of politeness are the same in all places. Wherever there are human beings, it must be impolite to hurt the temper, or to shock the passions, of those you converse with. It must every where be good-breeding to set your companions in the most advantageous light, by giving each the opportunity of displaying his most agreeable talents, and by carefully avoiding all occasions of exposing his defects;—to exert your own endeavours to please, and to amuse, but not to outshine, them;—to give each his due share of attention and notice—not engrossing the talk, where others are desirous to speak ; nor suffering the conversation to flag for want of introducing something to continue or renew a subject;—not to push your advantages in argument so far that your antagonist cannot retreat with honour.

In short, it is an universal duty in society to consider others more than yourself—in honour preferring one another. Christianity, in this rule gives the best lesson of politeness ; yet judgment must be useful in the application of it. Our humility must not be strained so far as to distress those we mean to honour ; we must not quit our proper rank, nor force others to treat us improperly ; we should be perfectly easy, and make others so if we can. A real desire of obliging, and a respectful attention, will in a great measure supply the want of knowledge ; and will make every one ready to overlook those deficiencies which are owing only to the want of opportunities to observe the manners of polite company. You ought not, therefore, to be too much depressed by the consciousness of such deficiencies ; but endeavour to get above the shame of wanting what you have not had the means of acquiring. Nothing heightens this false shame, and the awkwardness which it occasions, so much as vanity. The humble mind, contented to be known for what it is, and unembarrassed by the dread of betraying its ignorance, is present to itself ; and can command the use of understanding,

ing, which will generally preserve you from any great indecorum, and will secure you from that ridicule which is the punishment of affectation rather than of ignorance. People of sense will never despise you whilst you act naturally; but the moment you attempt to step out of your own character, you make yourself an object of just ridicule.—Many are of opinion, that a very young woman can hardly be too silent and reserved in company; and certainly nothing is so disgusting in youth as pertness and self-conceit. But modesty should be distinguished from an awkward bashfulness: and silence should only be enjoined when it would be forward and impertinent to talk. There are many proper opportunities for a girl to speak in company with advantage herself; and if she does it without conceit or affectation, she will be always more pleasing than those who sit like statues without sense or motion. When you are silent, your looks should shew your attention and presence to the company: a respectful and earnest attention is the most delicate kind of praise, and never fails to gratify and please.—In your father's house, it is certainly proper for you to pay civility to the guests, and to talk to them in your turn—with modesty and respect.—Young ladies of near your own age, who visit there, fall of course to your share to entertain. But whilst you exert yourself to make their visit agreeable to them, you must not forget what is due to the elder part of the company; nor, by whispering and laughing apart, give them cause to suspect, what is often true, that they themselves are the subject of your mirth. It is so shocking an outrage against society to talk of or laugh at any person in his own presence, that one would think that it could only be committed by the vulgar. I am sorry, however, to say, that I have often observed it among young ladies, who little deserved that title, whilst they indulged their overflowing spirits in defiance of decency and good-nature. Old age,—which, if not disgraced by vice and affectation, has the justest title to reverence,—will be mimicked and insulted; and even personal defects and infirmities will too often excite contempt and abuse instead of compassion. If you have ever been led into such an action, my dear girl, call it seriously to mind when you are confessing your faults to Almighty God; and be fully persuaded, that it

is not one of the least which you have to repent of. You will be immediately convinced of this by comparing it with the great rule of justice, That of doing as you would be done unto. No person living is insensible to the injury of contempt; nor is there any talent so invidious, or so certain to excite ill-will, as that of ridicule. The natural effects of years which all hope to attain, and the infirmities of the body which none can prevent, are surely of all others the most improper objects of mirth. There are objects enough that are innocent, and on which you may freely indulge the vivacity of your spirits; for I would not condemn you to a perpetual seriousness—on the contrary, I delight in a joyous temper, at all ages, and particularly at yours.—In a young lady's behaviour towards gentlemen, great delicacy is certainly required. Men of loose morals or impertinent behaviour must always be avoided: or if at any time you are obliged to be in their company, you must keep them at a distance by cold civility. But with those gentlemen whom your parents think it proper for you to converse with, and give no offence by their own manners, to them I wish you to behave with the same frankness and simplicity as if they were of your own sex. If you are naturally modest, you will never transgress its bounds, whilst you converse with a man, as one rational creature with another, without any view to the possibility of a lover or admirer, where nothing of that kind is professed; where it is, I hope you will ever be equally a stranger to coquetry and prudery, and that you will be able to distinguish the effects of real esteem and love from idle gallantry and unmeaning fine speeches. The slighter notice you take of these last, the better; and that with rather good-humoured contempt, than with affected gravity: but the first must be treated with seriousness, not giving the least encouragement which you do not mean; nor assuming airs of contempt, when it is not deserved. In every step which leads to a serious attachment, you should consult your parents from the first moment you apprehend any thing of that sort to be intended: let them be your first confidants; and let every part of your conduct, in such a case, be particularly directed by them.

P A R T II.

LESSONS IN SPEAKING.

ELEMENTARY LESSONS.

I. EXAMPLES OF ADMIRATION, CONTEMPT, LOVE, HATRED, HOPE, FEAR, JOY AND GRIEF.

1. **W**HAT a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving, how express and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehension, how like a god!
Hamlet.
2. Away!—no woman could descend so low.
A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are;
Fit only for yourselves. You herd together;
And, when the circling glass warms your vain hearts,
You talk of beauties that you never saw,
And fancy raptures that you never knew.
Fair Penitent.
3. Who can behold such beauty and be silent?
Oh! I could talk to thee for ever;
For ever fix and gaze on those dear eyes;
For every glance they send darts thro' my soul.
The Orphan.
4. How like a fawning publican he looks!
I hate him, for he is a Christian;
But more, for that in low simplicity
He lends out money *gratis*, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice:
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.

He hates our sacred nation ; and he rails,
 Ev'n there where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
 Which he calls usury. Cursed be my tribe
 If I forgive him. *Merch. of Venice.*

5. Iia Belmont is a lady richly left,
 Of wond'rous virtues. Sometimes, from her eyes,
 I did receive fair speechless messages.
 Her name is *Portia* ; nothing undervalu'd
 To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
 Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;
 For the four winds blow in renowned suitors.
 O my Antonio ! had I but means
 To hold a rival place with one of them,
 I have a mind presages me such thrift—
 That I should, questionless, be fortunate.

Merch. of Venice.

6. Come on, Sir—here's the place——stand still—
 How fearful 'tis to cast one's eyes so low !
 The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
 Shew scarce so gross as beetles. Half-way down,
 Hangs one that gathers samphire—dreadful trade !
 Methinks he seems no bigger than one's head.
 The fishermen that walk upon the beach
 Appear like mice ; and yon tall anchoring bark
 Seems lessen'd to a cock, her cock a buoy
 Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
 That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
 Cannot be heard so high.—I'll look no more,
 Lest my brain turn, and the disorder make me
 Tumble down headlong. *Lear.*

7. Let mirth go on ; let pleasure know no pause,
 But fill up every minute of this day.
 'Tis yours, my children, sacred to your loves.
 The glorious sun himself for you looks gay ;
 He shines for Altamont, and for Calista—
 Take care my gates be open. Bid all welcome :
 All who rejoice with me to-day are friends.
 Let each indulge his genius ; each be glad,
 Jocund, and free, and swell the feast with mirth.
 The sprightly bowl shall cheerfully go round.
 None shall be grave, nor too severely wise.

Loves

Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,
In wine shall be forgotten all. *Fair Penitent.*

8. 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!

Tragedy of Cato.

II. Examples of CHEERFULNESS, MELANCHOLY, COMMANDING, INTREATY, PRIDE, HUMILITY, PITY, and REVENGE.

1. **W**ISH'D morning's come! And now, upon the
 plains
And distant mountains where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And, with their pipes, proclaim the new-born day.
The cheerful birds, too, on the tops of trees
Assemble all in choirs, and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun. *Orphan.*

2. There is a stupid weight upon my senses,
A dismal sullen stillness, that succeeds
The storm of rage and grief, like silent death
After the tumult and the noise of life.
Love was the informing active fire within:
Now that is quench'd, the mass forgets to move,
And longs to mingle with its kindred earth.
Fair Penitent.

3. ——— Silence, ye winds
That make outrageous war upon the ocean;
And thou, old Ocean, lull thy boist'rous waves.
Ye warring elements, be hush'd as death,
While I impose my dread commands on hell.
And thou, profoundest hell, whose dreadful sway
Is given to me by fate and demogorgon—

Hear,

Hear, hear my powerful voice thro' all thy regions;
And from thy gloomy caverns—thunder the reply.

Rinaldo and Armida.

4. I beg for pity and forgiveness —

Remember I'm your daughter, by a mother
Virtuous and noble, faithful to your honour,
Obedient to your will, kind to your wishes,
Dear to your arms.—By all the joys she gave you,
When in her blooming years she was your treasure,
Look kindly on me!—In my face behold
The lineaments of hers you've kiss'd so often,
Pleading the cause of your poor cast-off child.

Venice Preserved.

5. Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use? Pride answers, " 'Tis for
" mine :

" For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
" Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r ;
" Annual, for me, the grape, the rose, renew
" The juice nectarious and the balmy dew ;
" For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
" For me, health gushes from a thousand springs ;
" Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
" My footstool earth, my canopy the skies."

Essay on Man.

6. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel,
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.—
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, royal, bold, and loving :
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him ;
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thro' the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Jul. Cæsar.

7. As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,

After

After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious ;
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard. No man cried, God save him !
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home ;
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head ;
Which, with such gentle sorrow, he shook off,
(His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience),
That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him. *Richard II.*

8. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies. And what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes; hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die; and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Merch. of Venice.

III. Examples of ANGER, HORROUR, RESOLUTION,
PERPLEXITY, REMORSE, JEALOUSY, RIDICULE, and
HUMOUR.

1. **H**EAR me, rash man; on thy allegiance, hear me:
 Since thou hast striven to make us break our
 vow,
 Which nor our nature nor our place can bear,
 Y

We banish thee for ever from our fight
 And kingdom. If, when three days are expir'd,
 Thy hated trunk be found in our dominions,
 That moment is thy death.—Away. *Lear.*

2. Hark!—The death-denouncing trumpet sounds
 The fatal charge, and shouts proclaim the onset.
 Destruction rushes dreadful to the field,
 And bathes itself in blood. Havock, let loose,
 Now, undistinguish'd, rages all around;
 While Ruin, seated on her dreary throne,
 Sees the plain strew'd with subjects truly hers,
 Breathless and cold. *Scanderbeg.*

3. A generous few, the vet'ran hardy gleanings
 Of many a hapless fight, with a fierce
 Heroic fire inspirited each other;
 Resolv'd on death; disdaining to survive
 Their dearest country.—“ If we fall,” I cry'd,
 “ Let us not tamely fall like passive cowards!
 “ No—let us live, or let us die, like men!——
 “ Come on, my friends. To Alfred we will cut
 “ Our glorious way; or, as we nobly perish,
 “ Will offer to the genius of our country
 “ Whole hecatombs of Danes.”—As if one soul
 Had mov'd them all, around their heads they flash'd
 Their flaming faulchions——“ Lead us to those
 Danes!——
 “ Our country! Vengeance!” was the gen'ral cry. *Alfred.*

4. Heav'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
 Come rushing on this woful land at once!
 I know not what to do. I would to heav'n
 (So my untruth had not provok'd him to it)
 'The king had cut off my head with my brother's.
 What, are there posts dispatch'd for Ireland?
 How shall we do for money for these wars?
 Come, sister, (cousin I would say), pray, pardon me.
 Go, fellow, get thee home, provide some carts,
 And bring away the armour that is there.
 Gentlemen, will you go and muster men?
 If I know how to order these affairs,
 Disorderly thus thrust into my hands,
 Never believe me. They are both my kinsmen:

The

The one my fovereign, whom both my oath
 And duty bids defend: the other, again,
 My kinsman is, one whom the king hath wrong'd;
 Whom conscience and my kindred bids to right.
 Well, somewhat we must do. Come, cousin, I'll
 Dispose of you. Go muster up your men,
 And meet me presently at Berkley-castle.
 I should to Plashie too;—
 But time will not permit. All is uneven,
 And every thing is left at six and seven:

Richard III.

5. Oh! my offence is rank: it smells to heav'n:
 It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't!—
 A brother's murder!—Pray I cannot:
 Tho' inclination be as sharp as 'twill,
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in 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 twofold 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 prayer
 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, my 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 laws. 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 may be well.—

Hamlet.

6. Ye amaranthis! ye roses, like the morn!
 Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange groves!
 Joy-giving, love-inspiring, holy bow'r!
 Know, in thy fragrant bosom thou receiv'st—
 A murd'rer! Oh, I shall stain thy lilies,
 And horror will usurp the seat of bliss.
 ——— Ha! she sleeps——

The day's uncommon heat has overcome her.

Then take, my longing eyes, your last full gaze——

Oh, what a sight is here! how dreadful fair!—

Who would not think that being innocent!

Where shall I strike?—Who strikes her, strikes him-
 self——

My own life-blood will issue at her wound.—

But see, she smiles!—I never shall smile more——

It strongly tempts me to a parting kiss——

Ha! smile again!—She dreams of him she loves.—

Curse on her charms!—I'll stab her thro' them all.

Revenge.

7. ——— Here's a flay,
 That shakes the rotten carcase of old Death
 Out of his rags! Here's a large mouth, indeed,
 That spits forth death and mountains, rocks and
 seas;
 Talks as familiarly of roarings lions,
 As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs!—
 What cannoneer begot this lusty blood?
 He speaks plain cannon-fire, and smoke and bounce.
 He gives the bastinado with his tongue.
 Our ears are cudgell'd. Not a word of his,
 But buffets better than a fist of France.—
 Zounds! I was never so bethumped with words,
 Since I first called my brother's father dad.

King John.

8. If I be not asham'd of my soldiers, I am a sowced
 gurnet.

gurnet. I have misus'd the king's preſs damnably. I have got in exchange of an hundred and fifty ſoldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I preſs me none but good houſholders, yeomens ſons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, ſuch as have been aſk'd twice on the banns; ſuch a commodity of warm ſlaves, as had as lieve hear the devil as a drum; ſuch as fear the report of a culverin, worſe than a ſtruck deer, or a hurt wild-duck. I preſs me none but ſuch toaſts in butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins heads; and they bought out their ſervices: and now my whole charge conſiſts of ſlaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his ſores; diſcarded unjuſt ſerving-men, younger ſons to younger brothers, revolted tapſters, and oſtlers tradé-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; and ſuch have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their ſervices, that you would think I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keeping, from eating draff and huſks. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had unloaded all the gibbets, and preſs'd the dead bodies. No eye hath ſeen ſuch ſcare-crows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: Nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for indeed I had the moſt of them out of priſon. There's but a ſhirt and a half in all my company; and the half-ſhirt is two napkins tacked together, and thrown over the ſhoulders like a herald's coat without ſleeves; and the ſhirt, to ſay the truth, ſtohn from my hoſt of St Alban's, or the red-nos'd inn-keeper of Daintry. But that's all one, they'll find linen enough on every hedge.

1 Henry IV.

SECTION I.

I. *Hamlet to the Players.*

SPEAK the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier had spoke my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hand: but use all gently: for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who (for the most part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you *o'erstep not the modesty of nature*; for any thing so overdone, is from the purpose of playing; whose end is—to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to shew virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, tho' it make the unskillful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of one of which must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, that, neither having the accent of Christian, nor the gate of Christian, Pagan, nor man, have so strutted and belowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

II. *Mr Pulteney's Speech on the Motion for reducing the Army.*

Sir,

WE have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year; I have always been, Sir, and always shall be, against a standing army of any kind. To me it is a terrible thing; whether under that of parliamentary or any other designation, a standing army is still a standing army, whatever name it be called by: they are a body of men distinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws; and blind obedience, and an entire submission, to the orders of their commanding officer is their only principle. The nations around us, Sir, are already enslaved, and have been enslaved by those very means; by means of their standing armies they have every one lost their liberties: it is indeed impossible that the liberties of the people can be preserved in any country where a numerous standing army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our measures from the examples of our neighbours? No, Sir; on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn to avoid those rocks upon which they have split.

It signifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by such gentlemen as cannot be supposed to join in any measures for enslaving their country. It may be so; I hope it is so; I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army; I believe they would not join in any such measures: but their lives are uncertain, nor can we be sure how long they may be continued in command; they may be all dismissed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Besides, Sir, we know the passions of men, we know how dangerous it is to trust the best of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Cæsar? Where was there ever an army that had served their country more faithfully? That army was commanded generally by the best citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country; yet that army

enslaved their country. The affections of the soldiers towards their country, the honour and integrity of the under officers, are not to be depended on. By the military law, the administration of justice is so quick, and the punishments so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme commander: he must not consult his own inclinations: if an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this house, he must do it; he dares not disobey; immediate death would be the sure consequence of the least grumbling. And if an officer were sent into the court of requests, accompanied by a body of musketeers with screwed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote, I know what would be the duty of this house; I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby: but, Sir, I doubt much if such a spirit could be found in the house, or in any House of Commons that will ever be in England.

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

It has been urged, Sir, that whoever is for the Protestant

testant succession, must be for continuing the army: for that very reason, Sir, I am against continuing the army. I know that neither the Protestant succession in his Majesty's most illustrious house, nor any succession, can ever be safe, as long as there is a standing army in the country. Armies, Sir, have no regard to hereditary successions. The first two Cæsars at Rome did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable subjection, because the generals and officers were all their own creatures. But how did it fare with their successors? Was not every one of them named by the army without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right? A cobbler, a gardener, or any man who happened to raise himself in the army, and could gain their affections, was made emperor of the world. Was not every succeeding emperor raised to the throne, or tumbled headlong into the dust, according to the mere whim or mad frenzy of the soldiers?

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

III. *Sir*

III. *Sir John St Aubin's Speech for repealing the Septennial Act.*

Mr Speaker,

THE subject-matter of this debate is of such importance, that I should be ashamed to return to my electors, without endeavouring, in the best manner I am able, to declare publicly the reasons which induce me to give my most ready assent to this question.

The people have an unquestionable right to frequent new Parliaments by ancient usage ; and this usage has been confirmed by several laws, which have been progressively made by our ancestors, as often as they found it necessary to insist on this essential privilege.

Parliaments were generally annual, but never continued longer than three years, till the remarkable reign of Henry VIII. He, Sir, was a prince of unruly appetites, and of an arbitrary will; he was impatient of every restraint; the laws of God and man fell equally a sacrifice, as they stood in the way of his avarice, or disappointed his ambition: he therefore introduced long parliaments, because he very well knew that they would become the proper instruments of both; and what a slavish obedience they paid to all his measures is sufficiently known.

If we come to the reign of King Charles the First, we must acknowledge him to be a prince of a contrary temper; he had certainly an innate love for religion and virtue. But here lay the misfortune: he was led, from his natural disposition, by sycophants and flatterers; they advised him to neglect the calling of frequent new parliaments; and therefore, by not taking the constant sense of his people in what he did, he was worked up into so high a notion of prerogative, that the commons, in order to restrain it, obtained that independent fatal power which at last most unhappily brought him to his most tragical end, and at the same time subverted the whole constitution: and I hope we shall learn this lesson from it, never to compliment the crown with any new or extravagant powers, nor to deny the people those rights which by ancient usage they are entitled to; but to pre-
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serve the just and equal balance, from which they will both derive mutual security, and which, if duly observed, will render our constitution the envy and admiration of all the world.

King Charles the Second naturally took a surfeit of parliaments in his father's time, and was therefore extremely desirous to lay them aside: but this was a scheme impracticable. However, in effect, he did so; for he obtained a parliament which, by its long duration, like an army of veterans, became so exactly disciplined to his own measures, that they knew no other command but from that person who gave them their pay.

This was a safe and most ingenious way of enslaving a nation. It was very well known, that arbitrary power, if it was open and avowed, would never prevail here: the people, therefore, were amused with the specious form of their ancient constitution. It existed indeed in their fancy: but, like a mere phantom, had no substance nor reality in it; for the power, the authority, the dignity of parliaments, were wholly lost. This was that remarkable parliament which so justly obtained the opprobrious name of the *Pension Parliament*; and was the model from which, I believe, some later parliaments have been exactly copied.

At the time of the Revolution, the people made a fresh claim of their ancient privileges; and as they had so lately experienced the misfortune of long and servile parliaments, it was then declared, that they should be held frequently. But it seems their full meaning was not understood by this declaration: and therefore, as in every new settlement the intention of all parties should be specifically manifested, the parliament never ceased struggling with the crown till the triennial law was obtained. The preamble of it is extremely full and strong; and in the body of the bill you will find the word *declared* before *enacted*; by which I apprehend, that though this law did not immediately take place at the time of the Revolution, it was certainly intended as declaratory of their first meaning, and therefore stands a part of that original contract under which the constitution was then settled. His majesty's title to the crown is primarily derived from that contract; and if, upon a review, there shall

shall appear to be any deviations from it, we ought to treat them as so many injuries done to that title. And I dare say that this house, which has gone through so long a series of services to his Majesty, will at last be willing to revert to those original stated measures of government, to renew and strengthen that title.

But, Sir, I think the manner in which the septennial law was first introduced is a very strong reason why it should be repealed. People, in their fears, have very often recourse to desperate expedients, which, if not cancelled in season, will themselves prove fatal to that constitution which they were meant to secure. Such is the nature of the septennial law. It was intended only as a preservative against a temporary inconvenience. The inconvenience is remedied, but the mischievous effects still continue: for it not only altered the constitution of parliaments, but it extended that same parliament beyond its natural duration; and therefore carries this most unjust implication with it, That you may at any time usurp the most indubitable, the most essential, privilege of the people, I mean that of choosing their own representatives: a precedent of such a dangerous consequence, of so fatal a tendency, that I think it would be a reproach to our statute-book, if that law was any longer to subsist which might record it to posterity.

This is a season of virtue and public spirit: let us take advantage of it to repeal those laws which infringe our liberties, and introduce such as may restore the vigour of our ancient constitution.

Human nature is so very corrupt, that all obligations lose their force, unless they are frequently renewed: long parliaments become therefore independent of the people; and when they do so, there always happens a most dangerous dependence elsewhere.

Long parliaments give the minister an opportunity of getting acquainted with members, and of practising his several arts to win them into his schemes. This must be the work of time. Corruption is of so base a nature, that at first sight it is extremely shocking; hardly any one has submitted to it all at once: his disposition must be previously understood, the particular bait must be found out with which he is to be allured; and after all,

it is not without many struggles that he surrenders his virtue. Indeed, there are some who will at once plunge themselves into any base action; but the generality of mankind are of a more cautious nature, and will proceed only by leisurely degrees: one or two perhaps have deserted their colours the first campaign; some have done it a second; but a great many, who have not that eager disposition to vice, will wait till a third.

For this reason, short parliaments have been less corrupt than long ones; they are observed, like streams of water, always to grow more impure the greater distance they run from the fountain-head.

I am aware it may be said, that frequent new parliaments will produce frequent new expences; but I think quite the contrary: I am really of opinion, that it will be a proper remedy against the evil of bribery at elections, especially as you have provided so wholesome a law to co-operate upon these occasions.

Bribery at elections, whence did it arise? not from country gentlemen, for they are sure of being chosen without it: it was, Sir, the invention of wicked and corrupt ministers, who have from time to time led weak princes into such destructive measures, that they did not dare to rely upon the natural representation of the people. Long parliaments, Sir, first introduced bribery, because they were worth purchasing at any rate. Country gentlemen, who have only their private fortunes to rely upon, and have no mercenary ends to serve, are unable to oppose it, especially if at any time the public treasure shall be unfaithfully squandered away to corrupt their boroughs. Country gentlemen, indeed, may make some weak efforts; but as they generally prove unsuccessful, and the time of a fresh struggle is at so great a distance, they at last grow faint in the dispute, give up their country for lost, and retire in despair; despair naturally produces indolence, and that is the proper disposition for slavery. Ministers of state understand this very well, and are therefore unwilling to awaken the nation out of its lethargy by frequent elections. They know that the spirit of liberty, like every other virtue of the mind, is to be kept alive only by constant action; that it is impossible to enslave this nation while it is perpetually

ally upon its guard.—Let country gentlemen, then, by having frequent opportunities of exerting themselves, be kept warm and active in their contention for the public good: this will raise that zeal and spirit which will at last get the better of those undue influences by which the officers of the crown, though unknown to the several boroughs, have been able to supplant country gentlemen of great characters and fortune who live in their neighbourhood.—I do not say this upon idle speculation only: I live in a country where it is too well known; and I appeal to many gentlemen in the house, to more out of it (and who are so for this very reason) for the truth of my assertion. Sir, it is a sore which has been long eating into the most vital part of our constitution, and I hope the time will come when you will probe it to the bottom. For if a minister should ever gain a corrupt familiarity with our boroughs, if he should keep a register of them in his closet, and by sending down his treasury-mandates should procure a spurious representation of the people, the offspring of his corruption, who will be at all times ready to reconcile and justify the most contradictory measures of his administration, and even to vote every crude indigested dream of their patron into a law; if the maintenance of his power should become the sole object of their attention, and they should be guilty of the most violent breach of parliamentary trust, by giving the king a discretionary liberty of taxing the people without limitation or controul (the last fatal compliment they can pay to the crown)—if this should ever be the unhappy condition of this nation,—the people indeed may complain; but the doors of that place where their complaints should be heard, will for ever be shut against them.

Our disease, I fear, is of a complicated nature, and I think that this motion is wisely intended to remove the first and principal disorder. Give the people their ancient right of frequent new elections; that will restore the decayed authority of parliaments, and will put our constitution into a natural condition of working out her own cure.

Sir, upon the whole, I am of opinion, that I cannot express a greater zeal for his Majesty, for the liberties of
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the people, or the honour and dignity of this house, than by seconding the motion which the honourable gentleman has made you.

IV. *Sir Robert Walpole's Reply.*

Mr Speaker,

THOUGH the question has been already so fully opposed, that there is no great occasion to say any thing farther against it, yet I hope the house will indulge me the liberty of giving some of those reasons which induce me to be against the motion. In general, I must take notice, that the nature of our constitution seems to be very much mistaken by the gentlemen who have spoken in favour of this motion. It is certain that ours is a mixed government, and the perfection of our constitution consists in this, that the monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical form of government, are mixed and interwoven in ours, so as to give us all the advantages of each, without subjecting us to the dangers and inconveniences of either. The democratical form of government, which is the only one I have now occasion to take notice of, is liable to these inconveniences:—That they are generally too tedious in their coming to any resolution, and seldom brisk and expeditious enough in carrying their resolutions into execution; that they are always wavering in their resolutions, and never steady in any of the measures they resolve to pursue; and that they are often involved in factions, seditions, and insurrections, which expose them to be made the tools, if not the prey, of their neighbours: therefore, in all regulations we make with respect to our constitution, we are to guard against running too much into that form of government which is properly called democratical: this was, in my opinion, the effect of the triennial law; and will again be the effect, if ever it should be restored.

That triennial elections would make our government too tedious in all their resolves, is evident; because, in such case, no prudent administration would ever resolve upon any measure of consequence, till they had felt not only the pulse of the parliament, but the pulse of the people; and the ministers of state would always labour

under this disadvantage, that, as secrets of state must not be immediately divulged, their enemies (and enemies they will always have) would have a handle for exposing their measures, and rendering them disagreeable to the people; and thereby carrying perhaps a new election against them, before they could have an opportunity of justifying their measures, by divulging those facts and circumstances from whence the justice and the wisdom of their measures would clearly appear.

Then, Sir, it is by experience well known, that what is called the populace of every country, are apt to be too much elated with success, and too much dejected with every misfortune: this makes them wavering in their opinions about affairs of state, and never long of the same mind; and as this house is chosen by the free and unbiassed voice of the people in general, if this voice were so often renewed, we might expect that this house would be as wavering and as unsteady as the people usually are: and it being impossible to carry on the public affairs of the nation without the concurrence of this house, the ministers would always be obliged to comply, and consequently would be obliged to change their measures, as often as the people changed their minds.

With septennial parliaments, Sir, we are not exposed to either of these misfortunes; because if the ministers, after having felt the pulse of the parliament, which they can always soon do, resolve upon any measures, they have generally time enough before the new elections come on, to give the people a proper information, in order to shew them the justice and the wisdom of the measures they have pursued; and if the people should at any time be too much elated or too much dejected, or should without a cause change their minds, those at the helm of affairs have time to set them right before a new election comes on.

As to faction and sedition, Sir, I will grant, that, in monarchical and aristocratical governments, it generally arises from violence and oppression; but, in democratical governments, it always arises from the people's having too great a share in the government. For in all countries, and in all governments, there always will be many factious and unquiet spirits, who can never be at rest ei-
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ther in power or out of power: when in power, they are never easy unless every man submits entirely to their direction; and when out of power, they are always working and intriguing against those that are in, without any regard to justice or to the interest of their country. In popular governments, such men have too much game; they have too many opportunities for working upon and corrupting the minds of the people, in order to give them a bad impression of, and to raise discontents against, those that have the management of the public affairs for the time; and these discontents often break out into seditions and insurrections. This, Sir, would, in my opinion, be our misfortune, if our parliaments were either annual or triennial: by such frequent elections, there would be so much power thrown into the hands of the people, as would destroy that equal mixture which is the beauty of our constitution: in short, our government would really become a democratical government, and might from thence very probably diverge into a tyrannical. Therefore, in order to preserve our constitution, in order to prevent our falling under tyranny and arbitrary power, we ought to preserve that law, which I really think has brought our constitution to a more equal mixture, and consequently to a greater perfection, than it was ever in before that law took place.

As to bribery and corruption, Sir, if it were possible to influence, by such base means, the majority of the electors of Great Britain to choose such men as would probably give up their liberties; if it were possible to influence by such means a majority of the members of this house to consent to the establishment of arbitrary power: I would readily allow, that the calculations made by the gentlemen of the other side were just, and their inference true; but I am persuaded that neither of these is possible. As the members of this house generally are, and must always be, gentlemen of fortune and figure in their country, is it possible to suppose that any of them could, by a pension or a post, be influenced to consent to the overthrow of our constitution; by which the enjoyment, not only of what he got, but of what he before had, would be rendered altogether precarious? I will allow, Sir, that, with respect to bribery, the price must be higher

or lower, generally in proportion to the virtue of the man who is to be bribed ; but it must likewise be granted, that the humour he happens to be in at the time, the spirit he happens to be endued with, adds a great deal to his virtue. When no encroachments are made upon the rights of the people, when the people do not think themselves in any danger, there may be many of the electors who, by a bribe of ten guineas, might be induced to vote for one candidate rather than another ; but if the court were making any encroachments upon the rights of the people, a proper spirit would without doubt arise in the nation ; and in such a case I am persuaded, that none, or very few, even of such electors, could be induced to vote for a court-candidate, no, not for ten times the sum.

There may, Sir, be some bribery and corruption in the nation ; I am afraid there will always be some : but it is no proof of it that strangers are sometimes chosen ; for a gentleman may have so much natural influence over a borough in his neighbourhood, as to be able to prevail with them to choose any person he pleases to recommend ; and if upon such recommendation they choose one or two of his friends, who are perhaps strangers to them, it is not from thence to be inferred that the two strangers were chosen their representatives by the means of bribery and corruption.

To insinuate, Sir, that money might be issued from the public treasury for bribing elections, is really something very extraordinary ; especially in those gentlemen who know how many checks are upon every shilling that can be issued from thence ; and how regularly the money granted in one year for the public service of the nation, must always be accounted for, the very next session, in this house, and likewise in the other, if they have a mind to call for any such account. And as to the gentlemen in offices, if they have any advantage over country gentlemen, in having something else to depend on besides their own private fortunes, they have likewise many disadvantages : they are obliged to live here at London with their families, by which they are put to a much greater expence than gentlemen of equal fortunes who live in the country : this lays them under a very great disadvantage
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with respect to the supporting their interest in the country. The country gentleman, by living among the electors, and purchasing the necessaries for his family from them, keeps up an acquaintance and correspondence with them, without putting himself to any extraordinary charge; whereas a gentleman who lives in London has no other way of keeping up an acquaintance or correspondence among his friends in the country, but by going down once or twice a-year at a very extraordinary charge, and often without any other business: so that we may conclude a gentleman in office cannot, even in seven years, save much for distributing in ready money at the time of an election; and I really believe, if the fact were narrowly inquired into, it would appear, that the gentlemen in office are as little guilty of bribing their electors with ready money, as any other set of gentlemen in the kingdom.

That there are ferments often raising among the people without any just cause, is what I am surpris'd to hear controverted, since very late experience may convince us of the contrary. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation towards the latter end of the late queen's reign? And it is well known what a fatal change in the affairs of this nation was introduced, or at least confirmed, by an election's coming on while the nation was in that ferment. Do not we know what a ferment was raised in the nation soon after his late Majesty's accession? And if an election had then been allowed to come on while the nation was in that ferment, it might perhaps have had as fatal effects as the former; but, thank God, this was wisely provided against by the very law which is now wanted to be repealed.

As such ferments may hereafter often happen, I must think that frequent elections will be always dangerous; for which reason, as far as I can see at present, I shall, I believe, at all times, think it a very dangerous experiment to repeal the septennial bill.

V. *Romulus to the People of Rome, after building the City.*

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

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

VI. *Hannibal to Scipio Africanus, at their Interview preceding the battle of Zama.*

SINCE fate has so ordained it, that I who began the war, and who have been so often on the point of ending it by a complete conquest, should now come of my own motion to ask a peace; I am glad that it is of you, Scipio, I have the fortune to ask it. Nor will this be among the least of your glories, that Hannibal, victorious over so many Roman generals, submitted at last to you.

I could wish that our fathers and we had confined our ambition within the limits which nature seems to have prescribed to it; the shores of Africa, and the shores of Italy. The Gods did not give us that mind. On both sides we have been so eager after foreign possessions, as to put our own to the hazard of war. Rome and Carthage have had, each in her turn, the enemy at her gates. But since errors past may be more easily blamed than corrected, let it now be the work of you and me to put an end, if possible, to the obstinate contention. For my own part, my years, and the experience I have had of the instability of fortune, incline me to leave nothing to her determination which reason can decide. But much I fear, Scipio, that your youth, your want of the like experience, your uninterrupted success, may render you averse from the thoughts of peace. He whom Fortune has never failed, rarely reflects upon her inconstancy. Yet, without recurring to former examples, my own may perhaps suffice to teach you moderation. I am that same Hannibal, who, after my victory at Cannæ, became master of the greatest part of your country, and deliberated with myself what fate I should decree to Italy and Rome. And now—see the change! Here, in Africa, I am come to treat with a Roman, for my own preservation and my country's. Such are the sports of Fortune. Is she then to be trusted because she smiles? An advantageous peace is preferable to the hope of victory. The one is in your own power, the other at the pleasure of the gods. Should you prove victorious, it would add little to your own glory or the
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glory of your country; if vanquished, you lose in one hour all the honour and reputation you have been so many years acquiring. But what is my aim in all this?—that you should content yourself with our cession of Spain, Sicily, Sardinia, and all the islands between Italy and Africa. A peace on these conditions will, in my opinion, not only secure the future tranquillity of Carthage, but be sufficiently glorious for you and for the Roman name. And do not tell me, that some of our citizens dealt fraudulently with you in the late treaty—it is I, Hannibal, that now ask a peace: I ask it, because I think it expedient for my country; and, thinking it expedient, I will inviolably maintain it.

VII. *Scipio's Answer.*

I KNEW very well, Hannibal, that it was the hope of your return which emboldened the Carthaginians to break the truce with us, and to lay aside all thoughts of a peace when it was just upon the point of being concluded; and your present proposal is a proof of it. You retrench from their concessions every thing but what we are and have been long possessed of. But as it is your care that your fellow-citizens should have the obligations to you of being eased from a great part of their burden, so it ought to be mine that they draw no advantage from their perfidiousness. Nobody is more sensible than I am of the weakness of man, and the power of fortune, and that whatever we enterprize is subject to a thousand chances. If, before the Romans passed into Africa, you had of your own accord quitted Italy, and made the offers you now make, I believe they would not have been rejected. But as you have been forced out of Italy, and we are masters here of the open country, the situation of things is much altered. And, what is chiefly to be considered, the Carthaginians, by the late treaty which we entered into at their request, were, over and above what you offer, to have restored to us our prisoners without ransom, delivered up their ships of war, paid us five thousand talents, and to have given hostages for the performance of all. The senate accepted these conditions, but Carthage failed on her part; Carthage

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deceived us. What then is to be done? Are the Carthaginians to be released from the most important articles of the treaty, as a reward of their breach of faith? No, certainly. If, to the conditions before agreed upon, you had added some new articles to our advantage, there would have been matter of reference to the Roman people; but when, instead of adding, you retrench, there is no room for deliberation. The Carthaginians, therefore, must submit to us at discretion, or must vanquish us in battle.

VIII. *Speech of Publius Scipio to the Roman Army before the Battle of the Ticin.*

WERE you, soldiers, the same army which I had with me in Gaul, I might well forbear saying any thing to you at this time: for what occasion could there be to use exhortation to a cavalry that had so signally vanquished the squadrons of the enemy upon the Rhone; or to legions, by whom that same enemy, flying before them to avoid a battle, did in effect confess themselves conquered? But as these troops, having been enrolled for Spain, are there with my brother Cneius, making war under my auspices (as was the will of the senate and people of Rome), I, that you might have a consul for your captain against Hannibal and the Carthaginians, have freely offered myself for this war. You, then, have a new general; and I a new army. On this account, a few words from me to you will be neither improper nor unseasonable.

That you may not be unapprised of what sort of enemies you are going to encounter, or of what is to be feared from them, they are the very same whom, in a former war, you vanquished both by land and sea; the same, from whom you took Sicily and Sardinia, and who have been these twenty years your tributaries. You will not, I presume, march against these men with only that courage with which you are wont to face other enemies; but with a certain anger and indignation, such as you would feel if you saw your slaves on a sudden rise up in arms against you. Conquered and enslaved, it is not boldness, but necessity, that urges them to battle; unless you

can believe that those who avoided fighting when their army was entire, have acquired better hope by the loss of two-thirds of their horse and foot in the passage of the Alps.

But you have heard perhaps, that, though they are few in number, they are men of stout hearts, and robust bodies; heroes of such strength and vigour as nothing is able to resist.—Mere effigies! nay, shadows of men! wretches, emaciated with hunger, and benumbed with cold! bruised and battered to pieces among the rocks and craggy cliffs! their weapons broken, and their horses weak and foundered! Such are the cavalry, and such the infantry, with which you are going to contend; not enemies, but the fragments of enemies. There is nothing which I more apprehend, than that it will be thought Hannibal was vanquished by the Alps before we had any conflict with him. But, perhaps, it was fitting it should be so; and that, with a people and a leader who had violated leagues and covenants, the Gods themselves, without man's help, should begin the war, and bring it to a near conclusion; and that we, who, next to the gods, have been injured and offended, should happily finish what they have begun.

I need not be in any fear that you should suspect me of saying these things merely to encourage you, while inwardly I have different sentiments. What hindered me from going into Spain? That was my province, where I should have had the less dreaded Asdrubal, not Hannibal, to deal with. But, hearing, as I passed along the coast of Gaul, of this enemy's march, I landed my troops, sent the horse forward, and pitched my camp upon the Rhone. A part of my cavalry encountered, and defeated that of the enemy. My infantry not being able to overtake theirs, which fled before us, I returned to my fleet; and, with all the expedition I could use in so long a voyage by sea and land, am come to meet them at the foot of the Alps. Was it, then, my inclination to avoid a contest with this tremendous Hannibal? and have I met with him only by accident and unawares? or am I come on purpose to challenge him to the combat? I would gladly try, whether the earth, within these twenty years, has brought forth a new kind of Carthaginians;

ginians; or whether they be the same sort of men who fought at the Ægates, and whom at Eryx you suffered to redeem themselves at eighteen denarii *per* head: whether this Hannibal, for labours and journeys, be, as he would be thought, the rival of Hercules; or whether he be, what his father left him, a tributary, a vassal, a slave of the Roman people. Did not the consciousness of his wicked deed at Saguntum torment him and make him desperate, he would have some regard, if not to his conquered country, yet surely to his own family, to his father's memory, to the treaty written with Amilcar's own hand. We might have starved him in Eryx; we might have passed into Africa with our victorious fleet; and, in a few days, have destroyed Carthage. At their humble supplication, we pardoned them; we released them, when they were closely shut up without a possibility of escaping; we made peace with them when they were conquered. When they were distressed by the African war, we considered them, we treated them, as a people under our protection. And what is the return they make us for all these favours? Under the conduct of a hare-brained young man, they come hither to overturn our state, and lay waste our country.—I could wish, indeed, that it were not so; and that the war we are now engaged in concerned only our own glory, and not our preservation. But the contest at present is not for the possession of Sicily and Sardinia, but of Italy itself: nor is there behind us another army, which, if we should not prove the conquerors, may make head against our victorious enemies. There are no more Alps for them to pass, which might give us leisure to raise new forces. No, soldiers; here you must make your stand, as if you were just now before the walls of Rome. Let every one reflect, that he is now to defend, not his own person only, but his wife, his children, his helpless infants. Yet, let not private considerations alone possess our minds: let us remember that the eyes of the senate and people of Rome are upon us; and that, as our force and courage shall now prove, such will be the fortune of that city and of the Roman empire.

IX. *Speech of Hannibal to the Carthaginian Army on the same occasion.*

I Know not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by fortune with the stricter bonds and necessities. Two seas inclose you on the right and left: not a ship to fly to, for escaping. Before you, is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone: behind you are the Alps; over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage. Here, then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die the very first hour you meet the enemy.

But the same fortune which has thus laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wish for greater from the immortal Gods. Should we, by our valour, recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet, what are those? The wealth of Rome; whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations; all these, with the masters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come to reap the full recompense of your toilsome marches, over so many mountains and rivers, and thro' so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which Fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labour; it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompense of your completed service. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened, that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle; and the most renowned kings and nations have by a small force been overthrown. And, if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there wherein they may stand in competition with you? For (to say nothing of your service in war, for twenty years together, with so much

much valour and success) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer; an army unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

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

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

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

X. Speech of Canuleius, a Roman Tribune, to the Consuls; in which he demands that the Plebeians may be admitted into the Consulship, and that the Law prohibiting Patricians and Plebeians from intermarrying may be repealed.

WHAT an insult upon us is this! If we are not so rich as the Patricians, are we not citizens of Rome as well as they? inhabitants of the same country? members of the same community? The nations bordering upon Rome, and even strangers more remote, are admitted, not only to marriages with us, but to what is of much greater importance, the freedom of the city. Are we, because we are commoners, to be worse treated than strangers?—And, when we demand that the people may be free to bestow their offices and dignities on whom they please, do we ask any thing unreasonable or new? Do we claim more than their original inherent right? What occasion, then, for all this uproar, as if the universe were falling to ruin? They were just going to lay violent hands upon me in the senate-house.

What! must this empire, then, be unavoidably overturned; must Rome of necessity sink at once, if a Plebeian

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beian, worthy of the office, should be raised to the consulship? The Patricians, I am persuaded, if they could, would deprive you of the common light. It certainly offends them that you breathe, that you speak, that you have the shapes of men. Nay, but to make a commoner a consul, would be, say they, a most enormous thing. Numa Pompilius, however, without being so much as a Roman citizen, was made king of Rome. The elder Tarquin, by birth not even an Italian, was nevertheless placed upon the throne. Servius Tullius, the son of a captive woman (nobody knows who his father was) obtained the kingdom as the reward of his wisdom and virtue. In those days, no man in whom virtue shone conspicuous was rejected or despised on account of his race and descent. And did the state prosper the less for that? Were not these strangers the very best of all our kings? And, supposing, now, that a Plebeian should have their talents and merit, must not he be suffered to govern us?

But, "we find, that, upon the abolition of the regal power, no commoner was chosen to the consulate." And what of that? Before Numa's time, there were no pontiffs in Rome. Before Servius Tullius's days, there was no census, no division of the people into classes and centuries. Who ever heard of consuls, before the expulsion of Tarquin the Proud? Dictators, we all know, are of modern invention; and so are the offices of tribunes, ædiles, quæstors. Within these ten years we have made decemvirs, and we have unmade them. Is nothing to be done but has been done before? That very law forbidding marriages of Patricians with Plebeians, is not that a new thing? Was there any such law before the decemvirs enacted it? and a most shameful one it is in a free state. Such marriages, it seems, will taint the pure blood of the nobility! Why, if they think so, let them take care to match their sisters and daughters with men of their own sort. No Plebeian will do violence to the daughter of a Patrician. Those are exploits for our prime nobles. There is no need to fear that we shall force any body into a contract of marriage. But, to make an express law to prohibit marriages of Patricians with Plebeians, what is this but to shew the utmost con-

tempt of us, and to declare one part of the community to be impure and unclean?

They talk to us of the confusion there will be in families if this statute should be repealed. I wonder they don't make a law against a commoner's living near a nobleman, or going the same road that he is going, or being present at the same feast, or appearing in the same market-place. They might as well pretend that these things make confusion in families, as that intermarriages will do it. Does not every one know, that the children will be ranked according to the quality of his father, let him be a Patrician or a Plebeian? In short, it is manifest enough that we have nothing in view but to be treated as men and citizens; nor can they who oppose our demand, have any motive to do it but the love of domineering. I would fain know of you, Consuls and Patricians, is the sovereign power in the people of Rome, or in you? I hope you will allow, that the people can, at their pleasure, either make a law or repeal one. And will you, then, as soon as any law is proposed to them, pretend to lift them immediately for the war, and hinder them from giving their suffrages, by leading them into the field?

Hear me, consuls. Whether the news of the war you talk of be true, or whether it be only a false rumour spread abroad for nothing but a colour to send the people out of the city, I declare, as tribune, that this people, who have already so often spilt their blood in our country's cause, are again ready to arm for its defence and its glory, if they may be restored to their natural rights, and you will no longer treat us like strangers in our own country: but, if you account us unworthy of your alliance by intermarriages, if you will not suffer the entrance to the chief offices in the state to be open to all persons of merit indifferently, but will confine your choice of magistrates to the senate alone—talk of wars as much as ever you please; paint, in your ordinary discourses, the league and power of our enemies, ten times more dreadful than you do now—I declare, that this people whom you so much despise, and to whom you are nevertheless indebted for all your victories—shall never more indist themselves; not a man of them shall

shall take arms ; not a man of them shall expose his life for imperious lords, with whom he can neither share the dignities of the state, nor in private life have any alliance by marriage.

XI. *Demosthenes to the Athenians.*

WHEN I compare, Athenians, the speeches of some amongst us with their actions, I am at a loss to reconcile what I see with what I hear. Their protestations are full of zeal against the public enemy ; but their measures are so inconsistent, that all their professions become suspected. By confounding you with a variety of projects, they perplex your resolutions, and lead you from executing what is in your power by engaging you in schemes not reducible to practice. It is true, there was a time when we were powerful enough, not only to defend our own borders, and protect our allies, but even to invade Philip in his own dominions. Yes, Athenians, there was such a juncture, I remember it well : but by neglect of proper opportunities, we are no longer in a situation to be invaders ; it will be well for us if we can provide for our own defence and our allies. This is the present point to be settled ; we can look no farther as circumstances now stand ; it is in vain to form projects of greater consequence. In the end we may hope to humble our enemy ; but in order to arrive at a happy end, we must fix a wise beginning. Never did any conjuncture require so much prudence as this ; however, I should not despair of seasonable remedies, had I the art to prevail with you to be unanimous in right measures. The opportunities which have so often escaped us, have not been lost thro' ignorance or want of judgment, but thro' negligence or treachery.

If I assume at this time more than ordinary liberty of speech, I conjure you to suffer patiently those truths, which have no other end but your own good : You have too many reasons to be sensible how much you have suffered by hearkening to sycophants. I shall therefore be plain in laying before you the grounds of past miscarriages, in order to correct you in your future conduct.

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You may remember, for it is not above three or four years, since we had the news of Philip's laying siege to the fortress of Juno in Thrace: it was, as I think, in October we received this intelligence. We voted an immediate supply of threescore talents, forty men of war were ordered to sea; and so zealous we were, that, preferring the necessities of state to our very laws, our citizens above the age of five and forty years were commanded to serve. What followed? a whole year was spent idly, without any thing done; and it was but in the third month of the following year, a little after the celebration of the feast of Ceres, that Charedemus set sail, furnished with no more than five talents, and ten galleys not half manned.

A rumour was spread that Philip was sick; that rumour was followed by another that Philip was dead; and then, as if all danger died with him, you dropped your preparations; whereas then, then was your time to push and be active; then was your time to secure yourselves and confound him at once. Had your resolutions, taken with so much heat, been as warmly seconded by action, you had then been as terrible to Philip, as Philip recovered is now to you. "To what purpose at this time these reflections? What is done cannot be undone." But, by your leave, Athenians, though past moments are not to be recalled, past errors may be repeated. Have we not now a fresh provocation to war? let the memory of oversights, by which you have suffered so much, instruct you to be more vigilant in the present danger. If the Olynthians are not instantly succoured, and with your utmost efforts, you become assistants to Philip, and serve him more effectually than he can help himself. The strength of that commonwealth was once sufficient alone to keep that aspiring monarch within bounds; neither durst Philip attack the Olynthians, nor the Olynthians Philip, so equal was the balance of power between them. We joined them, and it was no small mortification to Philip, to see at his very gates a republic, by being confederated with us, not only able to thwart all his ambitious designs, but even to carry the war into the very bowels of his own kingdom.

So exorbitant his power was grown, that there was

nothing left for us to wish but to see him embroiled with his neighbours. Fortune has seconded our wishes; what then have we to do but to second our fortune, by sending a quick and powerful assistance to these people thus happily engaged by Providence for our sakes? Should we neglect an opportunity so seasonable, and of such importance, we shall not only be covered with confusion and reproach, but exposed to a long chain of inevitable evils from the conqueror, especially considering the disposition of the Thebans, ready to catch at any occasion to hurt us, and the inability of our friends the Phocians, drained by a long war, to assist us.

What way then to put a stop to the torrent, or to prevent the conqueror from turning his whole force against Athens itself? The man who is for deferring this duty till then, had rather see war and desolation in his own country than hear of it in another; and scandalously beg assistance from his neighbours than generously give it; nor can any thing be more obvious, than that we are destined for his next prey, if we permit him to succeed in his present enterprise. But, you will say, have we not already unanimously voted to stand by the Olynthians? 'Tis true; but how will you do it? that's the question. Be not displeas'd, Athenians, if I should point you the way, by offering any advice disagreeable to your inclinations or the common opinion. I would have you begin, by appointing a certain number of legislators, or commissioners to inspect our laws; not to create a confusion of more; we have already but too many; but rather to repeal such as upon examination may be found prejudicial to the public. Let me speak plain.—I mean those laws which discourage and oppose the soldiery, by appropriating to the maintenance of our theatres that money which ought to be applied as a provision for them who daily venture their lives for the country. When you have reformed those abuses which give away the bread of the foldiers to citizens idle and unuseful, and which squander in pensions to mimics and buffoons what might be converted to the support of men of honour; when you have abrogated those sanguinary laws, that it may be no longer dangerous to speak plain; you will not then want friends, who, with freedom and sincerity, will offer
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such expedients as your safety and the exigencies of state shall require. But if you are too obstinate to revoke any act once past, though ever so contrary to sense and public good ; if it shall remain a capital crime to arraign any such act, or demand the revocation ; you may spare yourselves the trouble of inquiring after truth : for who will seek to make you honest or wise by the forfeiture of his own head ? No, Athenians, no ; you must expect no friends at that price : the most forward and zealous of your citizens will be circumspect or silent when their sincerity must be fatal to themselves without being serviceable to you, and as long as such examples can be turned only to terrify others from endeavouring your good with the same freedom.

Since, therefore, such laws there are, with such dangerous penalties annexed, that honest men dare not speak plain, let the promoters of the mischief be condemned to repair it, by being obliged to run the hazard of demanding the revocation : for what freedom of speech can you expect, if, while you honour with your protection, and encourage with your favour, such sycophants only as humour your fancy and flatter your inclinations, though ever so contrary to your interest or your honour, the true patriot, who has no other view but the public good, shall be suspected and impeached, and delivered up a sacrifice to the hatred and fury of the people. Let me tell you, men of Athens, till some legal redress may be had of this grievance, the very best of your citizens, let his interest be ever so powerful, will be questioned for the freedom of his advice, if he should be so mad as to give it. But who will be a friend when he is sure to be treated as an enemy ?—It is not necessary to warn you, that votes are of no force unless seconded by action : if your resolutions had the virtue to compass what you intend, without other aid, we should not see yours multiply every day as they do, upon every occasion, with so little effect ; nor would Philip be in a condition to brave and affront us in this manner. It has not happened through want of warm and seasonable votes that we have failed to chastise him long since : tho' action is the last in place, and must succeed to deliberation, it is the first in efficacy, as crowning the work ; for

nothing can be done without it. Proceed then, Athenians, to support your deliberations with action: You have heads capable of advising what is best; you have judgment and experience to discern what is right; and you have power and opportunity to execute what you determine. What time so proper for action? what occasion so happy? and when can you hope for such another if this be neglected? Has not Philip, contrary to all treaties, insulted you in Thrace? Does he not at this instant straiten and invade your confederates, whom you have solemnly sworn to protect? Is he not an implacable enemy? a faithless ally? the usurper of provinces to which he has no title or pretence? a stranger, a barbarian, a tyrant? and indeed, what is he not?

And yet, O ye immortal Gods, when we shall have abandoned all things to this Philip; when, by the indifference of some, by the treachery of others, we have, as it were, added force and wings to his ambition, we shall yet make ourselves a greater scorn to our enemies, by upbraiding and loading each other with the reproach. Each party, though equally guilty, by their divisions, of the common calamity, will be imputing the miscarriage to his neighbour; and, though ever so conscious, every one will be excusing himself by laying the blame on another: as, after the loss of a battle, not a man that fled, but accuses his companion, condemns his general; and, separately examined, no one takes shame to himself, each shifting the common disgrace from one to another; but yet it is certain, that every individual man who gave ground, was equally accessory to the general defeat. The man who accuses his companion, might have stood firm himself had he pleased; and that which was a rout, had then been a victory. Such is the pride and folly of parties overborne and swayed by personal prejudice, sacrificing the public to private resentment, and charging each other with miscarriages for which they are every one equally accountable. A manager for one side proposes: he is sure to be opposed by a manager for the other; not gently and amicably, but with heat, malice, and unbecoming reflection: let a third more moderate arise; his opinion is not to be received, but as he is known to be engaged in a party. What good can be
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hoped from such a confusion of counsels, directed only by prejudice or partiality, in defiance to sense and right reason?

If no advice that is given is to be received, but as it suits the humour of a party, or flatters the distemper of the times, it is not his fault who speaks honestly, but yours who resolve to be deaf to all arguments that displease you. In debates for the public, we are not to seek what will please, but what will profit. If our wishes exceed what we have means to accomplish, we must contract our wishes, and confine them to what is in our power. Let the gods have your prayers to grant what is out of your reach; nothing is impossible to them: but we, who have only human means to act by, must be governed by circumstances; doing as well as we can, and trusting the rest to Providence. Suppose now, for example, some persons should rise, pretending to find sufficient funds for a war, without touching your appointments for public diversions, and thus endeavour to reconcile your duty to your pleasure, with what joy would you hearken to the proposal! But where to find this able projector; I should be glad it were possible. But that man must be a fool or a madman, or not think you much better, who would persuade you to continue dissipating real and solid funds in ridiculous and superfluous expences, under a vain expectation of imaginary ways and means that may never be found. And yet you would relish the proposal, tho' ever so inconsistent and incongruous: what flatters, never fails of reception: every one is adding to his own deceit, and, overlooking the improbable and the impossible, soothes himself with any extravagance that humours his inclinations.

In cases where necessity is not to be reconciled to pleasure, we must sacrifice pleasure to necessity; and, conforming ourselves to the nature, condition, and circumstances of our affairs, act according to what we can, and not according to what we would. Thus, if it were lawful to propose to you, to employ for the service of your country those sums which daily come into the public coffers to be idly spent, a vigorous war might be supported without any other charge or fund. It is beneath the spirit and bravery of Athenians to bear thus patient-

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ly to be insulted for want of funds necessary to support an honourable war. How is it of a piece with that fire and gallantry with which we took arms to stop the Corinthians, and to punish the treachery of Megara? Shall we, who could resist Greeks, submit to be braved by a Macedonian, a barbarian? I mean no offence: I am not so rash as to run headlong upon your displeasure, and fail besides of doing you service. But sure it is the duty of every faithful and sincere lover of his country, to prefer the welfare of his fellow-citizens to the desire of pleasing them; it was with this honest freedom the commonwealth was directed by those ancient and memorable patriots, who, to this day, are so prodigally praised, though so sparingly imitated, Aristides, Nicias, Pericles, and the great man whose name I bear.

But since we have been pestered by a vile race of hypocrites and sycophants, who dare not open their mouths till they have learned their lessons, till they have servilely inquired what they shall say, what they shall propose, what they shall vote, and in what they may make themselves agreeable; in a word, since advices publicly given, must first be whispered by some great man or minister, and you bespeak as it were and prepare your own poison, how can it otherwise happen, but your debates must be corrupted, your counsels ineffectual, your reputation blasted, and disgrace accumulated upon disgrace, while those illustrious parasites flourish and prosper by their country's ruin? Observe, I beseech you, men of Athens, how different this conduct appears from the practices of your ancestors: I shall be short, and allege no instance but what is notorious: to induce you to be honest and wise, there will be no need of foreign examples, the domestic will be sufficient. Your ancestors, who were friends to truth and plain-dealing, detested flattery and servile compliance; your ancestors, I say, by unanimous consent, continued arbiters of all Greece for the space of forty-five years without interruption; a public fund of no less than ten thousand talents, was ready for any emergency; they exercised over the kings of Macedon that authority which is due to barbarians; obtained both by sea and land, in their own persons, frequent and signal victories; and by

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their noble exploits transmitted to posterity an immortal memory of their virtue, superior to the rest of mankind, and above the reach of malice and detraction. Such were your ancestors, in respect of their figure abroad, and in regard to all Greece in general. Let us now consider these great men in their private capacities, and their particular stations in Athens alone.

It is to them we owe that great number of public edifices, by which the city of Athens exceeds all the rest of the world in beauty and magnificence. It is to them we owe so many stately temples so richly embellished; but above all, adorned with the spoils of vanquished enemies, bearing an eternal record of their immortal virtue. But visit their own private habitations; visit the houses of Aristides, Miltiades, or any other of those patriots of antiquity, you will find nothing, not the least mark or ornament, to distinguish them from the meanest of their next neighbours. They meddled not in government to enrich themselves, but the public; they had no schemes or ambition but for the public, nor knew any interest but the public. It was by a close and steady application to the general good of their country, by an exemplary piety towards the immortal Gods, by a strict faith and religious honesty betwixt man and man, and a moderation always uniform and of a piece, they established that reputation which remains to this day, and will last to utmost posterity.

Such, O men of Athens, were your ancestors; so glorious in the eye of the world, so bountiful and munificent to their country, so sparing, so modest, so self-denying to themselves. What resemblance can we find in the present generation of these great men? How much unlike? What a provoking reflection! Though much may be said, I shall observe only this: That at a time when your ancient competitors have left you a clear stage; when the Lacedæmonians are disabled, the Thebans employed in troubles of their own; when no other state whatever is in a condition to rival or molest you; in short, when you are at full liberty, when you have the opportunity and the power to become once more the sole arbiters of Greece, you permit patiently whole provinces to be wrested from you: You lavish the public money

to scandalous and obscure uses: You suffer your allies to perish in time of peace, whom you preserved in time of war; and, to sum up all, you yourselves, by your mercenary court, and servile resignation to the will and pleasure of designing, insidious leaders, abet, encourage, and strengthen the most formidable of your enemies. Yes, Athenians, I repeat it, you yourselves are the contrivers of your own ruin. Lives there a man that has confidence to deny it? let him arise, and assign, if he can, any other cause of the success and prosperity of Philip. But you reply, "What Athens may have lost in reputation abroad, she has gained in splendor at home; was there ever a greater appearance of prosperity, a greater face of plenty? is not the city enlarged? are not the streets better paved, houses repaired and beautified?"——Away with such trifles! shall I be paid with counters? An old square new vamped up! a fountain! an aqueduct! are these acquisitions to brag of? Cast your eye upon the magistrate, under whose ministry you boast these precious improvements. Behold the despicable creature, raised all at once from dirt to opulence, from the lowest obscurity to the highest honours. Have not some of these upstarts built private houses and seats, vying with the most sumptuous of our public palaces? And how have their fortunes and their power increased, but as the commonwealth has been ruined and impoverished!

To what are we to impute these disorders? and to what cause assign the decay of a state so powerful and flourishing in past times? The reason is plain: the servant is now become the master. The magistrate was then subservient to the people: punishments and rewards were properties of the people; all honours, dignities, and preferments, were disposed by the voice and favour of the people: but the magistrate now has usurped the right of the people, and exercises an arbitrary authority over his ancient and natural lord. You, miserable people, the meanwhile without money, without friends; the supports of power, from being the ruler, are become the servant; from being the master, the dependent: happy that these governors into whose hands you have thus resigned your own power, are so good and so gracious as to continue your poor allowance to see plays.

Although this pitiful provision was originally an establishment of your own, you are as thankful, as well pleased, and acknowledging, as if these creatures of your own making were your real benefactors, and as if the obligation was derived from their bounty, and not from your own institution. It is by means of this implicit trust, this absolute resignation and deference, that these cunning impostors have by little and little worked themselves into arbitrary power, undermined your liberties, and prepared you insensibly for slavery. Neither is it natural, Athenians, that, from men of such vicious and selfish principles, any generous or noble design can be expected: there can be no better rule to judge of a man, than by his ordinary occupations, and common course in private life. I should not be surprised if I incurred your displeasure by my frankness; nor if, by seeking to open your eyes, I should be treated more like an enemy than those who blind and abuse you: I know very well you are seldom in humour to suffer bold truths, and am rather surprised at this unusual attention by which I am encouraged to proceed.

Believe me, Athenians, if, recovering from this lethargy, you would assume the ancient freedom and spirit of your fathers; if you would be your own soldiers and your own commanders, confiding no longer your affairs in foreign or mercenary hands; if you would charge yourselves with your own defence, employing abroad for the public what you waste in unprofitable pleasures at home; the world might once more behold you making a figure worthy of Athenians. Of what benefit, of what real advantage, to you is that wretched subsistence with which you are so poorly contented? what is it but a mere encouragement for idleness? too little to satisfy, and but just enough to prevent a more honest industry; like the slender diet allowed to the sick, which neither contributes to health nor strength, and but barely serves to keep together a miserable life. “You would have us then (you say) do service in our armies, in our own persons; and for so doing, you would have the pensions we receive in time of peace, accepted as pay in time of war. Is it thus we are to understand you?” Yes, Athenians, it is my plain meaning.

ing. I would make it a standing rule, that no person, great or little, should be the better for the public money, who should grudge to employ it for the public service. Are we in peace? the public is charged with your subsistence: Are we in war, or under a necessity, as at this time, to enter into a war? let your gratitude oblige you to accept as pay, in defence of your benefactors, what you receive in peace as mere bounty. Are there who, taking the benefit of the law, excuse themselves by pleading their age? Their age, however, hinders them not from eating the bread of the commonwealth. Let then the claim of him who would shun the service, be given, over and above, to him who is willing in what he can to serve his country.

Thus, without any innovation, without altering or abolishing any thing but pernicious novelties introduced for the encouragement of sloth and idleness; by converting only for the future the same funds for the use of the serviceable, which are spent at present upon the unprofitable, you may be well served in your armies, your troops regularly paid, justice duly administered, the public revenues reformed and increased, and every member of the commonwealth rendered useful to his country, according to his age and ability, without any further burden to the state. To conclude; what I insist upon is no more than this, That the wretch who, during the times of danger, is not ashamed to linger at home, and chooses to lead a lazy, sauntering, unprofitable life, canvassing the actions of others, questioning and inquiring after news, under what foreign general and with what troops of mercenaries such and such a battle was fought, should no longer be permitted to eat the bread of the diligent and laborious.

When I named foreigners, it was not to reflect upon these men, who perform for you that duty which you ought to perform for yourselves: but to provoke you, if possible, not to resign to strangers those opportunities of gaining your esteem, which might be made use of to entitle you to theirs; nor to renounce and abandon, as you do, that reputation which you inherited from your ancestors, and which was purchased for you with so much toil, hazard, and glory.

This, O men of Athens, is what my duty prompted me to represent to you upon this occasion. May the Gods inspire you to determine upon such measures as may be most expedient for the particular and general good of our country.

XII. *From Cicero's Orations against Verres.*

THE time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is (not by human contrivance, but superior direction) effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you and pernicious to the state, viz. that, in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons, but who, according to his own reckoning and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public. But if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point, viz. to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was not a criminal nor a prosecutor, but justice and adequate punishment.

To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quaestorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villanies? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce, but the ruin of those countries? in which houses, cities, and temples, were robbed by him. What was his conduct in his praetorship here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public

lic works, neglected that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. But his prætorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischiefs done by him in that country during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years under the wisest and best of prætors will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them. For it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman senate upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years; and his decisions have broke all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has by arbitrary taxes and unheard-of impositions extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters condemned and banished unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers; the soldiery and sailors belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death; whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish; the ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples stripped of the images. The infamy of his lewdness has been such as decency forbids to describe; nor will I, by mentioning particulars, put those unfortunate persons to fresh pain, who have not been able to save their wives and daughters from his impurity. And these his atrocious crimes have been committed in so public a manner, that there is no one who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions. —Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens

citizens to be strangled in the gaols; so that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome!" which has often, in the most distant regions and among the most barbarous people been a protection, was of no service to them, but on the contrary brought a speedier and more severe punishment upon them.

I ask, now, Verres, what you have to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend, that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alleged against you? Had any prince or any state committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought then to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, from whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen; I have served under Lucius Prælius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings, were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy: but of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given

given for his execution——for his execution upon the cross!—

O liberty!—O sound once delightful to every Roman ear!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred!—now trampled upon!—But what then? Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

XIII. *On the Duty of doing as we would be done unto.*

HUMAN laws are often so numerous as to escape our memories; so darkly sometimes, and inconsistently worded, as to puzzle our understandings; and their original obscurity is not seldom improved by the nice distinctions and subtle reasonings of those who profess to clear them: so that, under these several disadvantages, they lose much of their force and influence; and, in some cases, raise more disputes than, perhaps, they determine. But here is a law, attended with none of these inconveniences; the grossest minds can scarce misapprehend it; the weakest memories are capable of retaining it: no perplexing comment can easily cloud it; the authority of no man's gloss upon earth can (if we are but sincere) sway us to make a wrong construction of it. What is said of all the gospel-precepts by the evangelical prophet, is more eminently true of this: *It is an*
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high-way; and the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein. Isa. xxxv. 8.

It is not enough that a rule, which is to be of general use, is suited to all capacities; so that, where-ever it is represented to the mind, it is presently agreed to: it must also be apt to offer itself to our thoughts, and lie ready for present use, upon all exigencies and occasions. And such, remarkably such, is that which our Lord here recommends to us. We can scarce be so far surprised by any immediate necessity of acting, as not to have time for a short recourse to it, room for a sudden glance as it were upon it, in our minds; where it rests and sparkles always, like the Urim and Thummin on the breast of Aaron. There is no occasion for us to go in search of it to the oracles of law, dead or living; to the code or pandects; to the volumes of divines or moralists: We need look no further than ourselves for it: for (to use the apposite expressions of Moses) "This commandment, which I command thee this day, is not hidden from thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, that we may hear it, and do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it," Deut. xxx. 11, 12, 13, 14.

It is, moreover, a precept particularly fitted for practice; as it involves in the very notion of it a motive stirring us up to do what it enjoins. Other moral maxims propose naked truths to the understanding, which operate often but faintly and slowly on the will and passions, the two active principles of the mind of man: But it is the peculiar character of this, that it addresseth itself equally to all these powers; imparts both light and heat to us; and at the same time that it informs us certainly and clearly what we are to do, excites us also, in the most tender and moving manner, to the performance of it. We can see our neighbour's misfortune, without a sensible degree of concern; which yet we cannot forbear expressing, when we have once made his condition our own, and determined the measure of our obligation to-
wards.

wards him, by what we ourselves should, in such a case, expect from him : our duty grows immediately our interest and pleasure, by the means of this powerful principle ; the seat of which is, in truth, not more in the brain, than in the heart of man : it appeals to our very senses ; and exerts its secret force in so prevailing a way, that it is even felt, as well as understood by us.

The last recommendation of this rule I shall mention, is its vast and comprehensive influence : for it extends to all ranks and conditions of men, and to all kinds of action and intercourse between them ; to matters of charity, generosity, and civility, as well as justice ; to negative, no less than positive duties. The ruler and the ruled are alike subject to it ; public communities can no more exempt themselves from its obligation than private persons : “ All persons must fall down before it, all nations must do it service,” Psal. lxxii. 11. And, with respect to this extent of it, it is, that our blessed Lord pronounces it in the text to be *the law and the prophets*. His meaning is, that whatever rules of the second table are delivered in the law of Moses, or in the larger comments and explanations of that law made by the other writers of the Old Testament, (here and elsewhere styled the prophets), they are all virtually comprised in this one short significant saying, *Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.*

XIV. *On Charity and Benevolence.*

TRUE charity is to detest nothing but vice ; and to despise nothing but contracted illiberal notions, which would confine God's favour, and most certainly limit our affections, within a narrow circle. Form as amiable sentiments as you can, of nations, communities of men, and individuals. If they are true, you do them only justice ; if false, though your opinion does not alter their nature and make them lovely, you yourself are more lovely for entertaining such sentiments. When you feel the bright warmth of a temper thoroughly good in your own breast, you will see something good in every one about you. It is a mark of littleness of spirit to

confine yourself to some minute part of a man's character : a man of generous, open, extended views, will grasp the whole of it ; without which he cannot pass a right judgment on any part. He will not arraign a man's general conduct for two or three particular actions ; as knowing that man is a changeable creature, and will not cease to be so, till he is united to that Being who is " the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." He strives to outdo his friends in good offices, and overcome his enemies by them. He thinks he then receives the greatest injury when he returns and revenges one : for then he is " overcome of evil." Is the person young who has injured him ? He will reflect, that inexperience of the world, and a warmth of constitution, may betray his unpractised years into several inadvertences, which a more advanced age, his own good sense, and the advice of a judicious friend, will correct and rectify. Is he old ? The infirmities of age and want of health may have set an edge upon his spirits, and made him " speak unadvisedly with his lips." Is he weak and ignorant ? He considers that it is a duty incumbent upon the wise to bear with those that are not so. " Ye suffer fools gladly," says St Paul, " seeing ye yourselves are wise." In short, he judges of himself, as far as he can, with the strict rigour of justice ; but of others, with the softening of humanity.

From charitable and benevolent thoughts, the transition is unavoidable to charitable actions. For wherever there is an inexhaustible fund of goodness at the heart, it will, under all the disadvantages of circumstances, exert itself in acts of substantial kindness. He that is substantially good, will be doing good. The man that has a hearty determinate will to be charitable, will seldom put men off with the mere will for the deed. For a sincere desire to do good, implies some uneasiness till the thing be done : and uneasiness sets the mind at work, and puts it upon the stretch to find out a thousand ways and means of obliging, which will ever escape the unconcerned, the indifferent, and the unfeeling.

The most proper objects of your bounty are the necessitous. Give the same sum of money, which you bestow on a person in tolerable circumstances, to one in extreme

poverty; and observe what a wide disproportion of happiness is produced. In the latter case, it is like giving a cordial to a fainting person; in the former, it is like giving wine to him who has already quenched his thirst. "Mercy is seasonable in time of affliction, like clouds of rain in the time of drought."

And among the variety of necessitous objects, none have a better title to our compassion, than those who, after having tasted the sweets of plenty, are, by some undeserved calamity, obliged, without some charitable relief, to drag out the remainder of life in misery and woe; who little thought they should ask their daily bread of any but of God: who, after a life led in affluence, "cannot dig, *and* are ashamed to beg." And they are to be relieved in such an endearing manner, with such a beauty of holiness, that at the same time that their wants are supplied, their confusion of face may be prevented.

There is not an instance of this kind in history so affecting, as that beautiful one of Boaz to Ruth. He knew her family, and how she was reduced to the lowest ebb; when therefore she begged leave to glean in his fields, he ordered his reapers to let fall several handfuls with a seeming carelessness, but really with a set design, that she might gather them up without being ashamed. Thus did he form an artful scheme, that he might give, without the vanity and ostentation of giving; and she receive, without the shame and confusion of making acknowledgments. Take the history in the words of scripture, as it is recorded in the book of Ruth. "And when she was risen up to glean, Boaz commanded his young men, saying, Let her glean even among the sheaves, and rebuke her not: and let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose, and leave them that she may glean them, and reprove her not." This was not only doing a good action; it was doing it likewise with a good grace.

It is not enough we do no harm, that we be negatively good; we must do good, positive good, if we would "enter into life." When it would have been as good for the world, if such a man had never lived; it would perhaps have been better for him, "if he had never

ver been born." A scanty fortune may limit your beneficence, and confine it chiefly to the circle of your domestics, relations, and neighbours; but let your benevolence extend as far as thought can travel, to the utmost bounds of the world: just as it may be only in your power to beautify the spot of ground that lies near and close to you; but you could wish, that, as far as your eye can reach, the whole prospect before you was cheerful, that every thing disagreeable was removed, and every thing beautiful made more so.

XV. *Arguments against Pride.*

ONE of the most persuasive arguments which religion offers to this end, is that which arises from the state and condition of ourselves, both as to our natural and moral imperfections. It is impossible to reflect a moment upon this hint, but with a heart full of the humble exclamation, *O God! what is man!*—*even a thing of nought*——a poor, infirm, miserable, short-lived creature, that passes away like a shadow, and is hastening off the stage, where the theatrical titles and distinctions, and the whole mask of pride which he has worn for a day, will fall off, and leave him naked as a neglected slave. Send forth your imagination, I beseech you, to view the last scene of the greatest and proudest who ever awed and governed the world—see the empty vapour disappearing! One of the arrows of mortality this moment sticks fast within him: see—it forces out his life, and freezes his blood and spirits.

——Approach his bed of state—lift up the curtain—regard a moment with silence—

—Are these cold hands and pale lips all that is left of him who was canonized by his own pride, or made a god of by his flatterers?

O my soul! with what dreams hast thou been bewitched? how hast thou been deluded by the objects thou hast so eagerly grasped at?

If this reflection from the natural imperfection of man, which he cannot remedy, does nevertheless strike a damp upon human pride, much more must the considerations
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do so which arise from the wilful depravations of his nature.

Survey yourselves, my dear Christians, a few moments in this light——behold a disobedient, ungrateful, untractable, and disorderly set of creatures, going wrong seven times in a day——acting sometimes every hour of it against your own convictions——your own interests, and the intentions of your God, who wills and proposes nothing but your happiness and prosperity——what reason does this view furnish you for pride? how many does it suggest to mortify and make you ashamed?——Well might the son of Syrach say, in that sarcastical remark of his upon it, *That pride was not made for man.*——For some purposes, and for some particular beings, the passion might have been shaped—but not for him—fancy it where you will, 'tis nowhere so improper——'tis in no creature so unbecoming——

——But why so cold an assent to so uncontested a truth?——Perhaps thou hast reasons to be proud:—for heaven's sake, let us hear them—Thou hast the advantages of birth and title to boast of—or thou standest in the sunshine of court-favour—or thou hast a large fortune——or great talents—or much learning——or nature has bestowed her graces upon thy person——speak——on which of these foundations hast thou raised this fanciful structure?——Let us examine them.

Thou art well born:—then trust me, 'twill pollute no one drop of thy blood to be humble: humility calls no man down from his rank——divests not princes of their titles; it is in life what the *clear obscure* is in painting, it makes the hero step forth in the canvas, and detaches his figure from the group in which he would otherwise stand confounded for ever.

If thou art rich——then shew the greatness of thy fortune——or, what is better, the greatness of thy soul in the meekness of thy conversation; condescend to men of low estate,——support the distressed, and patronize the neglected.——Be great; but let it be in considering riches as they are; as *talents committed to an earthen vessel*—That thou art but the *receiver*—and that to be obliged and be vain too—is but the old solecism of pride

and beggary, which tho' they often meet—yet ever make but an absurd society.

If thou art powerful in interest, and standest deified by a servile tribe of dependents,——why shouldest thou be proud—because they are hungry?——Scourge me such sycophants; they have turned the heads of thousands as well as thine——

—But 'tis thy own dexterity and strength which have gained thee this eminence:—allow it; but art thou proud, that thou standest in a place where thou art the mark of one man's envy, another man's malice, or a third man's revenge,—where good men may be ready to suspect thee, and whence bad men will be ready to pull thee down? I would be proud of nothing that is uncertain: Haman was so, because he was admitted alone to queen Esther's banquet; and the distinction raised him, —but it was fifty cubits higher than he ever dreamed or thought of.

Let us pass on to the pretences of learning, &c. &c. If thou hast a little, thou wilt be proud of it in course: if thou hast much, and good sense along with it, there will be no reason to dispute against the passion: a beggarly parade of remnants is but a sorry object of pride at the best——but more so, when we can cry out upon it, as the poor man did of his hatchet, —“Alas! Master,——for it was borrowed,” 2 Kings vi. 7.

It is treason to say the same of beauty, —whatever we do of the arts and ornaments with which pride is wont to set it off: the weakest minds are most caught with both; being ever glad to win attention and credit from small and slender accidents, through disability of purchasing them by better means. In truth, beauty hath so many charms, one knows not how to speak against it; and when it happens that a graceful figure is the habitation of a virtuous soul, —when the beauty of the face speaks out the modesty and humility of the mind, and the justness of the proportion raises our thoughts up to the art and wisdom of the great Creator, —something may be allowed it, —and something to the embellishments which set it off: and yet, when the whole apology is read, —it will be found at last, that Beauty, like Truth, never is so glorious as when it goes the plainest.

Simplicity is the great friend to nature; and if I would be proud of any thing in this silly world, it should be of this honest alliance.

XVI. *Comparison between Christ and Mahomet.*

THE Gospel had no competitor till the great and successful impostor Mahomet arose. He indeed pretends a commission to all the world, and found means sufficiently to publish his pretences: he asserts his authority upon the strength of revelation, and endeavours to transfer the advantages of the Gospel evidence to himself, having that pattern before him to copy after: and should we say that the Alcoran was never promulged to us by persons duly commissioned, it may be answered perhaps, that the Alcoran is as well published to us as the Gospel is to them; which has some appearance of an answer, tho' the fact is indeed otherwise; for even the Alcoran owns Jesus for a prophet.

But, with respect to this instance, I persuade myself it can be no very distracting study to find reasons to determine our choice. Go to your Natural Religion: lay before her Mahomet and his disciples arrayed in armour and in blood, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands and tens of thousands, who fell by his victorious sword: shew her the cities which he set in flames, the countries which he ravaged and destroyed, and the miserable distress of the wretched inhabitants. When she has viewed him in this scene, carry her into his retirements: shew her the prophet's chamber, his concubines, and his wives; let her see his adultery, and hear him allege revelation and divine commission to justify his lust and his oppression. When she is tired with this prospect, then shew her the blessed Jesus humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men, patiently instructing both the ignorant and the perverse. Let her see him in his most retired privacies: let her follow him to the mount, and hear his devotions and supplications to God. Carry her to his table to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse. Let her see him injured, but not provoked: let her attend him to the tribunal, and consi-

der the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to his cross; and let her view him in the agony of death, and hear his last prayer for his persecutors: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

When Natural Religion has viewed both, ask, Which is the prophet of God? But her answer we have already had: when she saw part of this scene thro' the eyes of the centurion who attended at the cross, by him she spoke, and said, "Truly this was the son of God."

XVII. *Address to the Deity.*

ASSIST us, thou Power Divine, with the light of that reason by which thou lightenest the world, by which grace and beauty is diffused thro' every part, and the welfare of the whole is ever uniformly upheld; that reason of which our own is but a particle or spark, like some Promethean fire caught from heaven above. So teach us to know ourselves, that we may attain that knowledge which alone is worth attaining. Check our vain or idle researches into the laws, and natures, and motions of other beings, till we have learned and can practise those which peculiarly respect ourselves. Teach us to be fit actors in the general drama, where thou hast allotted every being, great and small, its proper part, the due performance of which is the only end of its existence. Enable us to curb desire within the bounds of what is natural; enable even to suspend it, till we can employ it to our own emolument. Be it our first work to have escaped from wrong opinions and bad habits, that the mind, thus rendered sincere and incorrupt, may with safety proceed to seek its genuine good and happiness. When we are thus previously exercised, thus duly prepared, let not our love there stop, where it first begins, but insensibly conduct it by thy invisible influence from lower objects to higher, till it arrive at that supreme, where only it can find what is adequate and full. Teach us to love thee and thy divine administration; to regard the universe itself as our true and genuine country, not that little casual spot where we first drew vital air. Teach us each to regard himself but as a part of
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this great whole, a part which for its welfare we are as patiently to resign, as we resign a single limb for the welfare of our whole body. Let our life be a continued scene of acquiescence and of gratitude ; of gratitude for what we enjoy, of acquiescence in what we suffer: as both can only be referable to that concatenated order of events which cannot but be best, as being by thee approved and chosen. In as much as futurity is hidden from our sight, we can have no other rule of choice by which to govern our conduct, than what seems consonant to the welfare of our own particular natures. If it appear not contrary to duty and moral office, (and how should we judge but from what appears?) thou canst not but forgive us, if we prefer health to sickness, the safety of life or limb to maiming or death. But did we know that these incidents, or any other, were appointed us, were fated, in that order of incontrollable events by which thou preservest and adornest the whole ; it then becomes our duty to meet them with magnanimity, to co-operate with cheerfulness in whatever thou ordainest, that so we may know no other will than thine alone, and that the harmony of our particular minds with thy universal, may be steady and uninterrupted through the period of our existence. Yet, since to attain this height, this transcendent height, is but barely possible, if possible, to the most perfect humanity ; regard what within us is congenial to thee, raise us above ourselves, and warm us into enthusiasm : but let our enthusiasm be such as befits the citizens of thy polity, liberal, gentle, rational, and humane ; not such as to debase us into poor and wretched slaves, as if thou wert our tyrant, not our kind and common father ; much less such as to transform us into savage beasts of prey, sullen, gloomy, dark and fierce, prone to persecute, to ravage and destroy ; as if the lust of massacre could be grateful to thy goodness. Permit us rather madly to avow villany in thy defiance, than impiously to assert it under colour of thy service ; turn our minds from every idea of this character ; from the servile, abject, and ghastly, to the generous, lovely, fair, and godlike. Here let us dwell.—Be here our study and delight : So shall we be enabled in the silent mirror of contemplation to behold those forms which are hid-

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den from human eyes, that animating wisdom which pervades and rules the whole, that law irresistible, immutable, supreme, which leads the willing and compels the averse to co-operate in their station to the general welfare; that magic divine, which, by an efficacy past comprehension, can transform every appearance, the most hideous, into beauty, and exhibit all things good and fair to thee, essence increate, who art of purer eyes than ever to behold iniquity.—Be these our morning, these our evening, meditations; with these may our minds be unchangeably tinged; that, loving thee with a love most disinterested and sincere, enamoured of thy polity and thy divine administration, welcoming every event with cheerfulness and magnanimity, as best upon the whole, because ordained of thee; proposing nothing of ourselves, but with a reserve that thou permittest; acquiescing in every obstruction as ultimately referable to thy Providence; in a word, that working this conduct, by due exercise, into a perfect habit, we may never murmur, never repine never miss what we would obtain, or fall into that which we would avoid; but being happy with that transcendent happiness of which no one can deprive us, and blessed with that divine liberty which no tyrant can annoy, we may dare address thee with pious confidence, as the philosophic bard of old:

Conduct me, thou, of beings cause divine,
Where'er I'm destin'd in thy great design.
Active, I follow on: for should my will
Resist, I'm impious; but must follow still.

XVIII. *On a future State of Retribution.*

THE first and most obvious presumption which reason affords in behalf of future rewards to the righteous, arises from the imperfect distribution of good and evil in our present state. Notwithstanding what I have advanced concerning the pleasures and advantages of virtue, it cannot be denied, that the happiness of good men is often left incomplete. The vicious possess advantages to which they have no right; while the conscientious suffer for the sake of virtue, and groan under distresses which they have not merited from the world. Indeed, were the distribution

tribution of good and evil in this life altogether promiscuous; could it be said, with truth, that the moral condition of men had no influence whatever upon their happiness or misery; I admit, that, from such a state of things, no presumption would arise of any future retribution being intended. They who delight to aggravate the miseries of life and the distresses of virtue, do no service to the argument in behalf of Providence. For if total disorder be found to prevail now, suspicions may too justly arise of its prevailing for ever. If he who rules the universe entirely neglects virtue here, the probability must be small of his rewarding it hereafter. But this is far from being the true state of the fact. What human life presents to the view of an impartial observer is by no means a scene of entire confusion; but a state of order, begun and carried on a certain length. Virtue is so far from being neglected by the Governor of the world, that, from many evident marks, it appears to be a chief object of his care. In the constitution of human nature, a foundation is laid for comfort to the righteous, and for internal punishment to the wicked. Throughout the course of Divine government, tendencies towards the happiness of the one and the misery of the other, constantly appear. They are so conspicuous as not to have escaped the notice of the rudest nations. Over the whole earth they have diffused the belief, that Providence is propitious to virtue, and averse to guilt. Yet these tendencies are sometimes disappointed of their effect; and that which Providence visibly favours is left, at present, without an adequate reward.

From such an imperfect distribution of happiness what are we to conclude, but that this system is the beginning, not the whole, of things; the opening only of a more extensive plan, whose consummation reaches into a future world? If God has already "set his throne for judgment;" if he has visibly begun to reward and to punish, in some degree, on earth, he cannot mean to leave the exercise of government incomplete. Having laid a foundation of a great and noble structure, he will in due time rear it up to perfection. The unfinished parts of the fabric evidently shew, that a future building is intended. All his other works are construct-

ed according to the most full and exact proportion. In the natural world, nothing is deficient, nothing redundant. It is in the moral world only that we discover irregularity and defect. It falls short of that order and perfection which appear in the rest of the creation. It exhibits not, in its present state, the same features of complete wisdom, justice, or goodness. But can we believe, that, under the government of the Supreme Being, those apparent disorders shall not be rectified at the last? Or that, from his conduct towards his rational creatures, the chief of his works, the sole objection against his perfection shall be allowed to rise, and shall continue unremoved for ever?

On the supposition of future rewards and punishments, a satisfying account can be given of all the disorders which at present take place on earth. Christianity explains their origin, and traces them to their issue. Man, fallen from his primæval felicity, is now undergoing probation and discipline for his final state. Divine justice remains for a season concealed; and allows men to act their parts with freedom on this theatre, that their characters may be formed and ascertained. Amidst discouragements and afflictions, the righteous give proof of their fidelity, and acquire the habits of virtue. But if you suppose the events of this life to have no reference to another, the whole state of man becomes not only inexplicable, but contradictory and inconsistent. The powers of the inferior animals are perfectly suited to their station. They know nothing higher than their present condition. In gratifying their appetites, they fulfil their destiny, and pass away. Man alone comes forth to act a part which carries no meaning, and tends to no end. Endowed with capacities which extend far beyond his present sphere, fitted by his rational nature for running the race of immortality, he is stopped short in the very entrance of his course. He squanders his activity on pursuits which he discerns to be vain. He languishes for knowledge which is placed beyond his reach. He thirsts after a happiness which he is doomed never to enjoy. He sees, and laments the disaster of his state; and yet, upon this supposition, can find nothing to remedy them.—Has the eternal God any pleasure

sure in sporting himself with such a scene of misery and folly as this life, if it had no connection with another, must exhibit to his eye? Did he call into existence this magnificent universe, adorn it with so much beauty and splendour, and surround it with those glorious luminaries which we behold in the heavens, only that some generations of mortal men might arise to behold these wonders, and then disappear for ever? How unsuitable, in this case, were the habitation to the wretched inhabitant! How inconsistent the commencement of his being, and the mighty preparation of his powers and faculties, with his despicable end! How contradictory, in fine, were every thing which concerns the state of man to the wisdom and perfection of his Maker!

Throughout all ages, and among all nations, the persuasion of a future life has prevailed. It sprung not from the refinements of science or the speculations of philosophy, but from a deeper and stronger root, the natural sentiments of the human heart. Hence it is common to the philosopher and the savage, and is found in the most barbarous as well as in the most civilized regions. Even the belief of the being of a God, is not more general on the earth than the belief of immortality. Dark, indeed, and confused, were the notions which men entertained concerning a future state: yet still, in that state, they looked for retribution both to the good and the bad; and in the perfection of such pleasures as they knew best and valued most highly, they placed the rewards of the virtuous. So universal a consent seems plainly to indicate an original determination given to the soul by its Creator. It shews this great truth to be native and congenial to man.

When we look into our own breasts, we find various anticipations and presages of future existence. Most of our great and high passions extend beyond the limits of this life. The ambitious and the self-denied, the great, the good, and the wicked, all take interest in what is to happen after they shall have left the earth. That passion for fame, which inspires so much of the activity of mankind, plainly is animated by the persuasion that consciousness is to survive the dissolution of the body. The virtuous are supported by the hope, the guilty tormented with

with the dread, of what is to take place after death. As death approaches, the hopes of the one and the fears of the other are found to redouble. The soul, when issuing hence, seems more clearly to discern its future abode. All the operations of conscience proceed upon the belief of immortality. The whole moral conduct of men refers to it. All legislators have supposed it; all religions are built upon it. It is so essential to the order of society, that were it erased, human laws would prove ineffectual restraints from evil, and a deluge of crimes and miseries would overflow the earth. To suppose this universal and powerful belief to be without foundation in truth, is to suppose that a principle of delusion was interwoven with the nature of man; is to suppose, that his Creator was reduced to the necessity of impressing his heart with a falsehood, in order to make him answer the purposes of his being.

But though these arguments be strong, yet all arguments are liable to objection. Perhaps this general belief of which I have spoken, has been owing to inclination and desire more than to evidence. Perhaps, in our reasonings on this subject from the Divine perfections, we flatter ourselves with being of more consequence than we truly are in the system of the universe. Hence the great importance of a discovery proceeding from God himself, which gives full authority to all that reason had suggested, and places this capital truth beyond the reach of suspicion or distrust.

The method which Christianity has taken to convey to us the evidence of a future state, highly deserves our attention. Had the Gospel been addressed, like a system of philosophy, solely to the understanding of men; had it aimed only at enlightening the studious and reflecting, it would have confined itself to abstract truth; it would have simply informed us, that the righteous are hereafter to be rewarded, and sinners to be punished. Such a declaration as that contained in the text would have been sufficient: "Be not weary in well-doing, for in due season you shall reap, if you faint not." But the gospel has not stopped at barely announcing life and immortality to mankind. It was calculated for popular edification. It was intended to be the religion not merely

of the few, whose understanding was to be informed; but of the many also, whose imagination was to be impressed, and whose passions were to be awakened, in order to give the truth its due influence over them. Upon this account, it not only reveals the certainty of a future state, but, in the person of the Great Founder of our religion, exhibits a series of facts relating to it; by means of which our senses, our imagination, and passions, all become interested in this great object.

The resurrection of Christ from the grave was designed to be a sensible evidence that death infers not a final extinction of the living principle. He rose, in order to shew, that, in our name, he had conquered death, and was "become the first-fruits of them that sleep." Nor did he only rise from the grave, but, by ascending to heaven in a visible form, before many witnesses, gave an ocular specimen of the transition from this world into the region of the blessed. The employments which now occupy him there are fully declared. "As our fore-runner, he hath entered within the veil. He appears in the presence of God for us. He maketh perpetual intercession for his people. I go," saith he, "to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God. In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again, and receive you to myself, that where I am there ye may be also." The circumstances of his coming again are distinctly foretold. The sounding of the last trumpet, the resurrection of the dead, the appearance of the Judge, and the solemnity with which he shall discriminate the good from the bad, are all described. The very words in which he shall pronounce the final sentence are recited in our hearing: "Come, ye blessed of my father! inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." Then shall the holy and the just be "caught up in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air." They shall enter with him into the "city of the living God." They shall possess the "new earth and new heavens, wherein dwelleth righteousness. God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes. They shall behold his face in righteousness, and be satisfied with his likeness for ever."

XIX. *Directions for forming a proper Style in Writing and Speaking.*

THE first direction which I give for this purpose is, to study clear ideas on the subject concerning which we are to write or speak. This is a direction which may at first appear to have small relation to style. Its relation, however, is extremely close. The foundation of all good style is good sense accompanied with a lively imagination. The style and thoughts of a writer are so intimately connected, that, as I have several times hinted, it is frequently hard to distinguish them. Wherever the impressions of things upon our minds are faint and indistinct, or perplexed and confused, our style in treating of such things will infallibly be so too. Whereas what we conceive clearly and feel strongly, we will naturally express with clearness and with strength. This, then, we may be assured, is a capital rule as to style, to think closely of the subject, till we have attained a full and distinct view of the matter which we are to clothe in words, till we become warm and interested in it; then, and not till then, shall we find expression begin to flow. Generally speaking, the best and most proper expressions are those which a clear view of the subject suggests, without much labour or inquiry after them. This is Quintilian's observation. "The most proper words for the most part adhere to the thoughts which are to be expressed by them, and may be discovered as by their own light. But we hunt after them as if they were hidden, and only to be found in a corner. Hence, instead of conceiving the words to lie near the subject, we go in quest of them to some other quarter, and endeavour to give force to the expressions we have found out."

In the second place, in order to form a good style, the frequent practice of composing is indispensably necessary. Many rules concerning style I have delivered; but no rules will answer the end without exercise and habit. At the same time, it is not every sort of composing that will improve style. This is so far from being the case, that, by frequent careless and hasty composition

position, we shall acquire certainly a very bad style; we shall have more trouble afterwards in unlearning faults and correcting negligences, than if we had not been accustomed to composition at all. In the beginning, therefore, we ought to write slowly, and with much care. Let the facility and speed of writing be the fruit of longer practice. "I enjoin," says Quin tilian, "that such as are beginning the practice of composition write slowly, and with anxious deliberation. Their great object at first should be, to write as well as possible; practice will enable them to write speedily. By degrees, matter will offer itself still more readily; words will be at hand; composition will flow; every thing, as in the arrangement of a well-ordered family, will present itself in its proper place. The sum of the whole is this: By hasty composition, we shall never acquire the art of composing well; by writing well, we shall come to write speedily."

We must observe, however, that there may be an extreme in too great and anxious a care about words. We must not retard the course of thought, nor cool the heat of imagination, by pausing too long on every word we employ. There is, on certain occasions, a glow of composition, which should be kept up, if we hope to express ourselves happily, though at the expence of allowing some inadvertencies to pass. A more severe examination of these must be left to the work of correction. For if the practice of composition be useful, the laborious work of correcting is no less so; is indeed absolutely necessary to our reaping any benefit from the habit of composition. What we have written should be laid by for some little time, till the ardour of composition be past, till the fondness for the expressions we have used be worn off, and the expressions themselves be forgotten; and then reviewing our work with a cool and critical eye, as if it were the performance of another, we shall discern many imperfections which at first escaped us. Then is the season for pruning redundancies; for weighing the arrangement of sentences; for attending to the juncture and connecting particles; and bringing style into a regular, correct, and supported form. This "*lin  labor*" must be submitted to by all who

would communicate their thoughts with proper advantage to others ; and some practice in it will soon sharpen their eye to the most necessary objects of attention, and render it a much more easy and practicable work than might at first be imagined.

In the third place, with respect to the assistance that is to be gained from the writings of others, it is obvious, that we ought to render ourselves well acquainted with the style of the best authors. This is requisite, both in order to form a just taste in style, and to supply us with a full stock of words on every subject. In reading authors with a view to style, attention should be given to the peculiarities of their different manners ; and in this and former lectures I have endeavoured to suggest several things that may be useful in this view. I know no exercise that will be found more useful for acquiring a proper style, than to translate some passage from an eminent English author into our own words. What I mean is, to take, for instance, some page of one of Mr Addison's Spectators, and read it carefully over two or three times, till we have got a firm hold of the thoughts contained in it ; then to lay aside the book ; to attempt to write out the passage from memory, in the best way we can ; and having done so, next to open the book, and compare what we have written with the style of the author. Such an exercise will, by comparison, shew us where the defects of our style lie ; will lead us to the proper attentions for rectifying them ; and, among the different ways in which the same thought may be expressed, will make us perceive that which is the most beautiful. But,

In the fourth place, I must caution at the same time against a servile imitation of any one author whatever. This is always dangerous. It hampers genius ; it is likely to produce a stiff manner ; and those who are given to close imitation, generally imitate an author's faults as well as his beauties. No man will ever become a good writer or speaker who has not some degree of confidence to follow his own genius. We ought to beware, in particular, of adopting any author's noted phrases, or transcribing passages from him. Such a habit will prove fatal to all genuine composition. Infinitely

nately better it is to have something that is our own, though of moderate beauty, than to affect to shine in borrowed ornaments, which will at last betray the utter poverty of our genius. On these heads of composing, correcting, reading, and imitating, I advise every student of oratory to consult what Quintilian has delivered in the Xth book of his Institutions, where he will find a variety of excellent observations and directions, that well deserve attention.

In the fifth place, it is an obvious, but material rule with respect to style, that we always study to adapt it to the subject, and also to the capacity of our hearers, if we are to speak in public. Nothing merits the name of eloquent or beautiful, which is not suited to the occasion, and to the persons to whom it is addressed. It is to the last degree awkward and absurd, to attempt a poetical florid style, on occasions when it should be our business only to argue and reason; or to speak with elaborate pomp of expression, before persons who comprehend nothing of it, and who can only stare at our unseasonable magnificence. These are defects not so much in point of style, as, what is much worse, in point of common sense. When we begin to write or speak, we ought previously to fix in our minds a clear conception of the end to be aimed at; to keep this steadily in our view, and to suit our style to it. If we do not sacrifice to this great object every ill-timed ornament that may occur to our fancy, we are unpardonable; and though children and fools may admire, men of sense will laugh at us and our style.

In the last place, I cannot conclude the subject without this admonition, that, in any case, and on any occasion, attention to style must not engross us so much, as to detract from a higher degree of attention to the thoughts: "To your expression be attentive, but about your matter be solicitous," says the great Roman critic. A direction the more necessary, that the present taste of the age in writing seems to lean more to style than to thought. It is much easier to dress up trivial and common sentiments with some beauty of expression, than to afford a fund of vigorous, ingenious, and useful thoughts. The latter requires true genius; the former, may be at-

tained by industry, with the help of very superficial parts. Hence we find so many writers frivolously rich in style, but wretchedly poor in sentiment. The public ear is now so much accustomed to a correct and ornamented style, that no writer can with safety neglect the study of it. But he is a contemptible one who does not look to something beyond it; who does not lay the chief stress upon his matter, and employ such ornaments of style to recommend it as are manly, not foppish: "A higher spirit," says the writer whom I have so often quoted, "ought to animate those who study eloquence. They ought to consult the health and soundness of the whole body, rather than bend their attention to such trifling objects as paring the nails and dressing the hair. Let ornament be manly and chaste, without effeminate gaiety, or artificial colouring; let it shine with the glow of health and strength."

XX. *Douglas's Speech to Lord and Lady Randolph, giving an account of himself and his supposed Father.*

MY name is Norval. On the Grampian hills
 My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
 And keep his only son, myself, at home.
 For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
 To follow to the field some warlike lord;
 And heav'n soon granted what my fire deny'd.
 This moon, which rose last night round as my shield,
 Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
 A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
 Rush'd, like a torrent, down upon the vale,
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
 For safety and for succour. I alone,
 With bended bow and quiver full of arrows,
 Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
 The road he took: then hasted to my friends;
 Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
 We fought, and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
 An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,

Who

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.

XXI. *Douglas's Soliloquy in the Wood, waiting for Lady Randolph.*

THIS is the place, the centre of the grove.
 Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.—
 How sweet and solemn is this midnight-scene!
 The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way
 Thro' skies, where I could count each little star:
 The fanning west wind scarcely stirs the leaves:
 The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,
 Imposes silence with a stillly sound.
 In such a place as this, at such an hour,
 If ancestry can be in ought believed,
 Descending spirits have convers'd with man,
 And told the secrets of the world unknown.——

Eventful day! how hast thou chang'd my state!
 Once, on the cold and winter-shaded side
 Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,
 Never to thrive, child of another soil:
 Transplanted, now, to the gay sunny vale,
 Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flowers.—
 Ye glorious stars! high heaven's resplendent host,
 To whom I oft have of my lot complain'd,
 Hear, and record my soul's unalter'd wish!
 Dead or alive, let me but be renown'd!
 May heav'n inspire some fierce gigantic Dane
 To give a bold defiance to our host!
 Before he speaks it out, I will accept;
 Like Douglas conquer, or like Douglas die.

XXII. *Speeches of Cato, Sempronius, and Lucius, in the Roman Senate, on consulting whether or not they should submit to Cæsar.*

CATO:

FATHERS!—We once again are met in council.—
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes.
Pharfalia gave him Rome; Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's:
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us ev'n Lybia's sultry deserts.
Fathers! pronounce your thoughts. Are they still fix'd
To hold it out and fight it to the last?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought,
By time and ill success, to a submission?—
Sempronius, speak.

SEMPRONIUS.

My voice is still for war.
Gods! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?
No—let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And, at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break thro' the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps some arm more lucky than the rest
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise: 'tis Rome demands your help:
Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
Or share their fate. The corpse of half her senate
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
Sit here, delib'rating in cold debates
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.

Rouse

Rouse up, for shame! Our brothers of Pharsalia
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud, To battle:
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow;
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us.

CATO.

Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason.
True fortitude is seen in great exploits
That justice warrants and that wisdom guides;
All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
In Rome's defence entrusted to our care?
Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
Might not th' impartial world, with reason, say,
We lavish'd at our deaths the blood of thousands
To grace our fall and make our ruin glorious?—
Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

LUCIUS.

My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans: Scythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome:
'Tis time to sheath the sword, and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers!
The gods declare against us, and repel
Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle
(Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair)
Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
Already have we shewn our love to Rome;
Now, let us shew submission to the gods.
We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
But free the commonwealth. When this end fails,
Arms have no further use. Our country's cause,
That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
And bids us not delight in Roman blood
Unprofitably shed. What men could do,
Is done already. Heaven and earth will witness
If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

CATO.

CATO.

Let us appear nor rash nor diffident.
 Immod'rate valour swells into a fault ;
 And fear, admitted into public councils,
 Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.—
 Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
 Are grown thus desp'rate. We have bulwarks round us:
 Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
 In Afric heats, and season'd to the sun :
 Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
 Ready to rise at its young prince's call.
 While there is hope, do not distrust the gods ;
 But wait, at least, till Cæsar's near approach
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
 To sue for chains and own a conqueror.
 Why should Rome fall a moment e'er her time ?
 No—let us draw our term of freedom out
 In its full length, and spin it to the last :
 So shall we gain still one day's liberty.
 And, let me perish, but, in Cato's judgment,
 A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty,
 Is worth a whole eternity of bondage.

XXIII. *Othello's Apology to the Venetian Senators for
 his Marriage with Desdemona.*

MOST potent, grave, and reverend signiors ;
 My very noble and approv'd good masters—
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true ; true, I have married her :
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent ; no more. Rude am I in speech,
 And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace ;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
 Their dearest action in the tented field ;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broils and battle ;
 And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause
 In speaking for myself. Yet, by your patience,
 I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver

Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
 (For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
 I won his daughter with.———

Her father lov'd me ; oft invited me ;
 Still question'd me the story of my life
 From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have past.

I ran it thro', ev'n from my boyish days
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances ;
 Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly breach ;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
 And with it all my travel's history.

———All these to hear

Would Desdemona seriously incline.

But still the house-affairs would draw her thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste dispatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate ;
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not distinctively. I did consent ;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some dittresful stroke
 That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs.
 She swore, In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;
 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'reous pitiful :
 She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd
 That Heav'n had made her such a man. She thank'd
 me,

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. On this hint I spake :
 She lov'd me for the dangers I had past ;
 And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.—
 This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.

XXIV. *Speech of Henry V. to his Soldiers at the Siege of Harfleur.*

ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once
 more,
 Or close the wall up with the English dead.
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility:
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry o'er the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 And fearfully as doth a galled rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
 Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full height.—Now on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof;
 Fathers, that, like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.—
 Dishonour not your mothers; now attest,
 That those whom you called fathers did beget you.
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war. And you, good Yeo-
 men,
 Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
 The metal of your pasture: let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
 I see you stand like grey-hounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot;
 Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
 Cry, God for Harry, England, and St George!

XXV. *Hot-*

XXV. *Holspur's Reply to Henry IV. on being charged with detaining his Prisoners.*

MY liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord; neat; trimly dress'd;
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new-reap'd,
 Shewed like a stubble-land at harvest-home.
 He was perfumed like a milliner;
 And, 'twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose.—
 And still he smil'd, and talk'd:
 And as the foldiers bare dead bodies by,
 He call'd them "untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 "To bring a slovenly unhandsome corse
 "Betwixt the wind and his nobility."—
 With many holiday and lady terms,
 He questioned me: amongst the rest, demanded
 My prisoners in your Majesty's behalf.
 I then, all-smarting with my wounds, being gall'd
 To be so pestered with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answered neglectingly—I know not what—
 He should or should not: for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman,
 Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (Heav'n save the mark);
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was parmacity for an inward bruise;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 This villanous saltpetre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroyed
 So cowardly: and, but for these vile guns—
 He would himself have been a foldier.—
 This bald, unjointed chat of his, my Lord,
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said;

E e

And

And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusation
Betwixt my love and your high Majesty.

XXVI. *Cato's Soliloquy on the Immortality of the Soul* *.

IT must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!——
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
'This longing after immortality!
Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?—
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us:
'Tis heav'n itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity!—thou pleasing—dreadful thought!
'Thro' what variety of untry'd being,
'Thro' 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
'Thro' all her works) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But, when? or where? This world—was made for
Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.—

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

'Thus I am doubly arm'd. My death and life,
My bane and antidote, are both before me.
This, in a moment, brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence—smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—
The stars shall fade away, the Sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years:
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth;
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

XXVII. *Ham-*

* Cato is sitting in a thoughtful posture. In his hand Plato's book on the immortality of the soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.

XXVII. *Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage.*

OH, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
 Or, that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter!—
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable,
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed: things rank and gross in nature
 Possess it merely.—That it should come to this!
 But two months dead! nay, not so much, not two!—
 So excellent a king, that was to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr. So loving to my mother,
 That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
 Visit her face too roughly.—Heav'n and earth!
 Must I remember?—why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on; yet, within a month—
 Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is woman!
 A little month!—or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears—why, she, ev'n she—
 (O heav'n! a beast that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer—) married with mine
 uncle;
 My father's brother; but no more like my father
 Than I to Hercules. Within a month!
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes—
 She married.—Oh most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
 It is not, nor it cannot, come to good—
 But break, my heart—for I must hold my tongue.

XXVIII. *Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death.*

TO be—or not to be——that is the question.—
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And, by opposing, end them?—To die—to sleep—
 No more—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep—
 To sleep—perchance to dream—ay, there's the rub—
 For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause.—There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For, who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pang of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin! Who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death
 (That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sickli'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 II.

I. *Meeting between Belcour and Stockwell.*

Stock. **M**R Belcour, I am rejoiced to see you; you are welcome to England.

Bel. I thank you heartily, good Mr Stockwell. You and I have long conversed at a distance: now we are met; and the pleasure this meeting gives me, amply compensates.

penfates for the perils I have run through in accomplishing it.

Stock. What perils, Mr Belcour: I could not have thought you would have met a bad paffage at this time o' year.

Bel. Nor did we. Courier-like, we came pofting to your shores upon the pinions of the fwifteft gales that ever blew. It is upon Englifh ground all my difficulties have arifen; it is the paffage from the river-fide I complain of.

Stock. Indeed! What obftructions can you have met between this and the river-fide?

Bel. Innumerable! Your towns, as full of defiles as the ifland of Corfica; and, I believe, they are as obftinately defended. So much hurry, buftle, and confufion, on your quays; fo many fugar-casks, porter-butts, and common-council men, in your ftreets; that, unlefs a man marched with artillery in his front, it is more than the labour of a Hercules can effect to make any tolerable way through your town.

Stock. I am forry you have been fo incommoded.

Bel. Why, faith, it was all my own fault. Accuftomed to a land of flaves, and out of patience with the whole tribe of custom-houfe extortioners, boatmen, tide-waiters, and water-bailiffs, that befet me on all fides worfe than a fwarm of mufquetoes, I proceeded a little too roughly to brush them away with my ratan. The flurdy rogues took this in dudgeon; and, beginning to rebel, the mob chofe different fides, and a furious fcuffle enfued; in the courfe of which, my perfon and apparel fuffered fo much, that I was obliged to ftep into the firft tavern to refit, before I could make my approaches in any decent trim.

Stock. Well, Mr Belcour, it is a rough fample you have had of my countrymens fpirit; but, I truft, you will not think the worfe of them for it.

Bel. Not at all, not at all; I like them the better. Were I only a vifitor, I might perhaps with them a little more tractable; but, as a fellow-fubject and a fharer in their freedom, I applauded their fpirit—though I feel the effects of it in every bone in my fkin.—Well, Mr Stockwell, for the firft time in my life, here am I in

England; at the fountain head of pleasure, in the land of beauty, of arts, and elegancies. My happy stars have given me a good estate, and the conspiring winds have blown me hither to spend it.

Stock. To use it, not to waste it, I should hope; to treat it, Mr Belcour, not as a vassal over whom you have a wanton despotic power, but as a subject which you are bound to govern with a temperate and restrained authority.

Bel. True, Sir, most truly said; mine's a commission, not a right: I am the offspring of distress, and every child of sorrow is my brother. While I have hands to hold, therefore, I will hold them open to mankind. But, Sir, my passions are my masters; they take me where they will; and oftentimes they leave to reason and virtue nothing but my wishes and my sighs.

Stock. Come, come, the man who can accuse, corrects himself.

Bel. Ah! that is an office I am weary of: I wish a friend would take it up; I would to Heaven you had leisure for the employ: but, did you drive a trade to the four corners of the world, you would not find the task so toilsome as to keep me free from faults.

Stock. Well, I am not discouraged. This candour tells me I should not have the fault of self-conceit to combat; that, at least, is not amongst the number.

Bel. No; if I knew that man on earth who thought more humbly of me than I do, I would take up his opinion, and forego my own.

Stock. And, were I to choose a pupil, it should be one of your complexion: so, if you would come along with me, we will agree upon your admission, and enter upon a course of lectures directly.

Bel. With all my heart.

II. *Scene between Colonel Rivers and Sir Harry; in which the Colonel, from principles of honour, refuses to give his daughter to Sir Harry.*

Sir Har. COLONEL, your most obedient: I am
come upon the old business; for unless

I am allowed to entertain hopes of Miss Rivers, I shall be the most miserable of all human beings.

Riv. Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you personally, I cannot listen to your propofals.

Sir Har. No, Sir?

Riv. No, Sir: I have promised my daughter to Mr Sidney. Do you know that, Sir?

Sir Har. I do; but what then? Engagements of this kind, you know—

Riv. So then, you do know I have promised her to Mr Sidney?

Sir Har. I do. But I also know that matters are not finally settled between Mr Sidney and you; and I moreover know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine: therefore—

Riv. Sir Harry, let me ask you one question before you make your consequence.

Sir Har. A thousand, if you please, Sir.

Riv. Why then, Sir, let me ask you, what you have ever observed in me or my conduct, that you desire me so familiarly to break my word: I thought, Sir, you considered me as a man of honour.

Sir Har. And so I do, Sir—a man of the nicest honour.

Riv. And yet, Sir, you ask me to violate the sanctity of my word; and tell me directly, that it is my interest to be a rascal.

Sir Har. I really don't understand you, Colonel. I thought when I was talking to you, I was talking to a man who knew the world; and as you have not yet signed—

Riv. Why, this is mending matters with a witness! And so you think because I am not legally bound, I am under no necessity of keeping my word! Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honour: they want no bond but the rectitude of their own sentiments; and laws are of no use but to bind the villains of society.

Sir Har. Well, but my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, shew some little regard for your daughter.

Riv. I shew the greatest regard for my daughter by giving

giving her to a man of honour; and I must not be insulted with any farther repetition of your proposals.

Sir Har. Insult you, Colonel! Is the offer of my alliance an insult? Is my readiness to make what settlements you think proper—

Riv. Sir Harry, I should consider the offer of a kingdom an insult, if it were to be purchased by the violation of my word. Besides, though my daughter shall never go a beggar to the arms of her husband, I would rather see her happy than rich; and if she has enough to provide handsomely for a young family, and something to spare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I shall think her as affluent as if she were mistress of Mexico.

Sir Har. Well, Colonel, I have done; but I believe—

Riv. Well, Sir Harry, and as our conference is done, we will, if you please, retire to the ladies. I shall be always glad of your acquaintance, tho' I cannot receive you as a son-in-law; for a union of interest I look upon as a union of dishonour, and consider a marriage for money at best but a legal prostitution.

III. *Sprightly Conversation between Lady Townly and Lady Grace, on the Behaviour of Wives.*

Lady T. **O**H, my dear lady Grace! how could you leave me so unmercifully alone all this while?

Lady G. I thought my lord had been with you.

Lady T. Why, yes—and therefore I wanted your relief; for he has been in such a fluster here——

Lady G. Bless me! for what?

Lady T. Only our usual breakfast; we have each of us had our dish of matrimonial comfort this morning—— We have been charming company.

Lady G. I am mighty glad of it: sure it must be a vast happiness when man and wife can give themselves the same turn of conversation!

Lady T. Oh, the prettiest thing in the world!

Lady G. Now I should be afraid, that where two people

people are every day together so, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

Lady T. Oh, my dear, you are the most mistaken in the world! married people have things to talk of, child, that never entered into the imagination of others.—Why, here's my lord and I, now, we have not been married above two short years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things constantly in bank, that, whenever we want company, we can take up any one of them for two hours together, and the subject never the flatter; nay, if we have occasion for it, it will be as fresh next day too, as it was the first hour it entertained us.

Lady G. Certainly that must be vastly pretty.

Lady T. Oh, there's no life like it! Why, t'other day, for example, when you dined abroad, my lord and I, after a pretty cheerful *tête à tête* meal, sat us down by the fire-side, in an easy, indolent, pick-tooth way, for about a quarter of an hour, as if we had not thought of any other's being in the room.—At last, stretching himself and yawning—My dear, says he—aw—you came home very late last night—'Twas but just turned of two, says I—I was in bed—aw—by eleven, says he—So you are every night, says I—Well, says he, I am amazed you can sit up so late—How can you be amazed, says I, at a thing that happens so often!—Upon which we entered into a conversation: and though this is a point has entertained us above fifty times already, we always find so many pretty new things to say upon it, that I believe in my soul it will last as long as we live.

Lady G. But pray, in such sort of family-dialogues (though extremely well for passing the time) doesn't there now and then enter some little witty sort of bitterness?

Lady T. Oh, yes! which does not do amiss at all. A smart repartee, with a zest of recrimination at the head of it, makes the prettiest sherbet. Ay, ay, if we did not mix a little of the acid with it, a matrimonial society would be so luscious, that nothing but an old liquorish prude would be able to bear it.

Lady

Lady G. Well, certainly you have the most elegant taste———

Lady T. Though, to tell you the truth, my dear, I rather think we squeezed a little too much lemon into it this bout; for it grew so sour at last, that, I think——I almost told him he was a fool——and he again——talked something oddly of——turning me out of doors.

Lady G. Oh! have a care of that.

Lady T. Nay, if he should, I may thank my own wife father for it.

Lady G. How so?

Lady T. Why, when my good lord first opened his honourable trenches before me, my unaccountable papa, in whose hands I then was, gave me up at discretion.

Lady G. How do you mean?

Lady T. He said, the wives of this age were come to that pass, that he would not desire even his own daughter should be trusted with pin-money; so that my whole train of separate inclinations are left entirely at the mercy of a husband's odd humours.

Lady G. Why, that, indeed, is enough to make a woman of spirit look about her.

Lady T. Nay, but to be serious, my dear, what would you really have a woman do in my case?

Lady G. Why, if I had a sober husband, as you have, I would make myself the happiest wife in the world, by being as sober as he.

Lady T. Oh, you wicked thing! how can you tease one at this rate, when you know he is so very sober, that (except giving me money) there is not one thing in the world he can do to please me. And I, at the same time, partly by nature, and partly perhaps by keeping the best company, do with my soul love almost every thing he hates. I doat upon assemblies; my heart bounds at a ball; and at an opera—I expire. Then, I love play to distraction; cards enchant me—and dice—put me out of my little wits—Dear, dear hazard!—Oh, what a flow of spirits it gives one!—Do you never play at hazard, child!

Lady G. Oh, never! I don't think it fits well upon women;

women; there's something so masculine, so much the air of a rake in it. You see how it makes the men swear and curse; and when a woman is thrown into the same passion—why—

Lady T. That's very true; one is a little put to it, sometimes, not to make use of the same words to express it.

Lady G. Well—and, upon ill luck, pray what words are you really forced to make use of?

Lady T. Why, upon a very hard case, indeed, when a sad wrong word is rising just to one's tongue's end, I give a great gulp—and swallow it.

Lady G. Well—and is it not enough to make you forswear play as long as you live?

Lady T. Oh, yes: I have forsworn it.

Lady G. Seriously?

Lady T. Solemnly, a thousand times; but then one is constantly forsworn.

Lady G. And how can you answer that?

Lady T. My dear, what we say, when we are losers, we look upon to be no more binding than a lover's oath or a great man's promise. But I beg pardon, child; I should not lead you so far into the world; you are a prude, and design to live soberly.

Lady G. Why, I confess, my nature and my education do in a good degree incline me that way.

Lady T. Well, how a woman of spirit (for you don't want that, child) can dream of living soberly, is to me inconceivable; for you will marry, I suppose?

Lady G. I can't tell but I may.

Lady T. And won't you live in town?

Lady G. Half the year, I should like it very well.

Lady T. My stars! and you would really live in London half the year to be sober in it?

Lady G. Why not?

Lady T. Why, can't you as well go and be sober in the country?

Lady G. So I would—t'other half year.

Lady T. And, pray, what comfortable scheme of life would you form now for your summer and winter sober entertainments?

Lady

Lady G. A scheme that I think might very well content us.

Lady T. Oh, of all things, let's hear it.

Lady G. Why, in summer, I could pass my leisure hours in riding, in reading, walking by a canal, or sitting at the end of it under a great tree; in dressing, dining, chatting with an agreeable friend; perhaps, hearing a little music, taking a dish of tea, or a game at cards—soberly; managing my family, looking into its accounts, playing with my children, if I had any; or in a thousand other innocent amusements—soberly: and, possibly, by these means, I might induce my husband to be as sober as myself.

Lady T. Well, my dear, thou art an astonishing creature! for sure such primitive antediluvian notions of life have not been in any head these thousand years—Under a great tree!—ha! ha! ha!—But I beg we may have the sober town-scheme too—for I am charmed with the country one.

Lady G. You shall, and I'll try to stick to my sobriety there too.

Lady T. Well, tho' I am sure it will give me the vapours, I must hear it.

Lady G. Why then, for fear of your fainting, Madam, I will first so far come into the fashion, that I would never be dressed out of it—but still it should be soberly; for I can't think it any disgrace to a woman of my private fortune not to wear her lace as fine as the wedding-suit of a first duchess: tho' there is one extravagance I would venture to come up to.

Lady T. Ay, now for it—

Lady G. I would every day be as clean as a bride.

Lady T. Why, the men say that's a great step to be made one—Well, now you are dressed, pray, let's see to what purpose?

Lady G. I would visit—that is, my real friends; but as little for form as possible.—I would go to court; sometimes to an assembly; nay, play at quadrille—soberly. I would see all the good plays; and, because 'tis the fashion, now and then go to an opera; but I would not expire there—for fear I should never go again: and, lastly, I can't say, but for curiosity, if I liked my company,

pany, I might be drawn in once to a masquerade; and this, I think, is as far as any woman can go—soberly.

Lady T. Well, if it had not been for that last piece of sobriety, I was just going to call for some surfeit-water.

Lady G. Why, don't you think, with the farther aid of breakfasting, dining, taking the air, supping, sleeping, (not to say a word of devotion), the four-and-twenty hours might roll over in a tolerable manner?

Lady T. Tolerable!—Deplorable. Why, child, all you propose is but to endure life: now, I want—to enjoy it.

IV. *Surly Behaviour of Sir John Brute to his Lady.*

Sir John solus.

WHAT cloying meat is love, when matrimony's the sauce to it!—Two years marriage has debauch'd my five senses. Every thing I see, every thing I hear, every thing I feel, every thing I smell, and every thing I taste, methinks, has wife in't. Sure there's a secret curse entail'd upon the very name of wife. My lady is a young lady, a fine lady, a witty lady, a virtuous lady—and yet I hate her. There is but one thing on earth I loath beyond her—and that's fighting. Would my courage came up to a fourth part of my ill-nature, I'd stand buff to her relations, and thrust her out of doors. But marriage has sunk me down to such an ebb of resolution, I dare not draw my sword, tho' even to get rid of my wife. But here she comes.

Enter Lady Brute.

Lady Brute. Do you dine at home to-day, Sir John?

Sir John. Why do you expect I should tell you what I don't know myself.

Lady Brute. I thought there was no harm in asking you.

Sir John. If thinking wrong were an excuse for impertinence, women might be justified in most things they say or do.

Lady Brute. I'm sorry I have said any thing to displease you.

T f

Sir

Sir John. Sorrow for things past is of as little importance to me, as my dining at home or abroad ought to be to you.

Lady Brute. My inquiry was only that I might have provided what you liked.

Sir John. Six to four you had been in the wrong there again: for what I liked yesterday, I don't like to-day; and what I like to day, 'tis odds I mayn't like to-morrow.

Lady Brute. But if I had asked you what you liked—

Sir John. Why, then there would be more asking about it than the thing is worth.

Lady Brute. I wish I did but know how I might please you.

Sir John. Ay; but that sort of knowledge is not a wife's talent.

Lady Brute. Whate'er my talent is, I'm sure my will has ever been to make you easy.

Sir John. If women were to have their wills, the world would be finely govern'd.

Lady Brute. What reason have I given you to use me as you do of late? It once was otherwise: you married me for love.

Sir John. And you me for money: so you have your reward, and I have mine.

Lady Brute. What is it that disturbs you?

Sir John. A parson.

Lady Brute. Why, what has he done to you?

Sir John. He has—married me.

V. *Bayes's Rules for Composition.*

Smith. **H**OW, Sir, helps for wit!

Bayes. Ay, Sir, that's my position; and I do here aver, that no man the sun e'er shone upon, has parts sufficient to furnish out a stage, except it were by the help of these my rules.

Smith. What are those rules, I pray?

Bayes. Why, Sir, my first rule is the rule of transversion, or *regula duplex*, changing verse into prose, and prose into verse alternatively, as you please.

Smith. Well, but how is this done by rule, Sir?

Bayes.

Bayes. Why, thus, Sir; nothing so easy, when understood. I take a book in my hand, either at home or elsewhere, (for that's all one); if there be any wit in't (as there is no book but has some) I transverse it; that is, if it be prose, put it into verse, (but that takes up some time); and if it be verse, put it into prose.

Smith. Methinks, Mr Bayes, that putting verse into prose should be called transprosing.

Bayes. By my troth, Sir, it is a very good notion, and hereafter it shall be so.

Smith. Well, Sir, and what d'ye do with it then?

Bayes. Make it my own: 'tis so changed, that no man can know it.—My next rule is the rule of concord, by way of table-book. Pray, observe.

Smith. I hear you, Sir: go on.

Bayes. As thus: I come into a coffee-house, or some other place where witty men resort; I make as if I minded nothing (do ye mark?) but as soon as any one speaks—pop, I slap it down, and make that too my own.

Smith. But, Mr Bayes, are you not sometimes in danger of their making you restore by force what you have gotten thus by art!

Bayes. No, Sir, the world's unmindful; they never take notice of these things.

Smith. But pray, Mr Bayes, among all your other rules, have you no one rule for invention?

Bayes. Yes, Sir, that's my third rule: that I have here in my pocket.

Smith. What rule can that be, I wonder!

Bayes. Why, Sir, when I have any thing to invent, I never trouble my head about it, as other men do, but presently turn over my book of Drama common-places, and there I have, at one view, all that Persius, Montaigne, Seneca's tragedies, Horace, Juvenal, Claudian, Pliny, Plutarch's Lives, and the rest, have ever thought upon this subject; and, so in a trice, by leaving out a few words, or putting in others of my own—the business is done.

Smith. Indeed, Mr Bayes, this is as sure and compendious a way of wit as ever I heard of.

Bayes. Sir, if you make the least scruple of the efficacy of these my rules, do but come to the play-house,

and you shall judge of them by the effects.—But now, pray, Sir, may I ask how do *you* do when you write?

Smith. Faith, Sir, for the most part, I am in pretty good health.

Bayer. Ay, but I mean, *what* do you do when you write?

Smith. I take pen, ink, and paper, and sit down.

Bayer. Now I write standing; that's one thing: and then another thing is——with what do you prepare yourself?

Smith. Prepare myself! What the devil does the fool mean?

Bayer. Why, I'll tell you now what I do. If I am to write familiar things, as sonnets to Armida, and the like, I make use of stew'd prunes only; but when I have a grand design in hand, I ever take physic, and let blood: for when you would have pure swiftness of thought, and fiery flights of fancy, you must have a care of the pensive part. In fine—you must purge the belly.

Smith. By my troth, Sir, this is a most admirable receipt for writing.

Bayer. Ay, 'tis my secret; and, in good earnest, I think, one of the best I have.

Smith. In good faith, Sir, and that may very well be.

Bayer. May be, Sir! I'm sure on't. *Experts crede*

Roberto. But I must give you this caution by the way—be sure you never take sauff when you write.

Smith. Why so, Sir!

Bayer. Why, it spoiled me once one of the sparkishest plays in all England. But a friend of mine, at Gresham-college, has promised to help me to some spirit of brains—and that shall do my business.

VI. Humorous Scene at an Inn, between Boniface and Aimwell.

Bon. **T**HIS way, this way, Sir.

Aim. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, Sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. O, Mr Boniface, your servant.

Bon.

Bon. O, Sir——What will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Litchfield much famed for ale: I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire: 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy: and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, Sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll shew you such ale!—Here, Tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is.—Sir, you shall taste my anno domini.—I have liv'd in Litchfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and, I believe, have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, Sir: I have fed purely upon ale: I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale.

[*Enter Tapster with a tankard.*]
Now, Sir, you shall see——Your worship's health: [*drinks.*]—Ha! delicious, delicious!—Fancy it Burgundy, only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. [*drinks.*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! it must be so, or how should we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years upon my credit, Sir: but kill'd my wife, poor woman, as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, Sir,—she would not let the ale take its natural course, Sir: she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after—but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the usquebaugh that kill'd her?

Bon. My lady Bountiful said so—She, good lady, did what could be done: she cured her of three tympanies; but the fourth carried her off. But she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that lady Bountiful you mentioned?

Bon. Odds my life, Sir, we'll drink her health: [*drinks*].—My lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a-year; and, I believe she lays out one half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours.

Aim. Has the lady any children?

Bon. Yes, Sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles; the finest woman in all our county, and the greatest fortune. She has a son too, by her first husband; 'squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day: if you please, Sir, we'll drink his health. [*Drinks.*]

Aim. What sort of man is he?

Bon. Why, Sir, the man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, faith: but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Aim. A sportsman, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

Aim. A fine sportsman, truly!—and marry'd, you say?

Bon. Ay; and to a curious woman, Sir.—But he's my landlord; and so a man, you know, would not—Sir, my humble service to you. [*drinks.*].—Tho' I value not a farthing what he can do to me: I pay him his rent at quarter-day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—but no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr Boniface: pray, what other company have you in town?

Bon. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

Aim. O that's right, you have a good many of those gentlemen: pray, how do you like their company?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had

had

had as many more of them. They're full of money, and pay double for every thing they have. They know, Sir, that we paid good round taxes for the taking of 'em; and so they are willing to reimburse us a little: one of 'em lodges in my house. [*Bell rings.*]—I beg your worship's pardon—I'll wait on you again in half a minute.

VII. *Scene between Iago and Cassio, in which Cassio regrets his folly in getting drunk.*

Iago. **W**HAT! are you hurt, Lieutenant?
Cas. Past all surgery.

Iago. Marry, Heav'n forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation! Iago, my reputation——

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound: there is more sense in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. What, man!—there are ways to recover the General again. Sue to him, and he's your's.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd.—Drunk! and squabble! swagger! swear! and discourse fustian with one's own shadow! Oh thou invincible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? what had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It has pleased the devil Drunkenness to give place

place to the devil Wrath; one imperfectness shews me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caf. I will ask him for my place again—he shall tell me I am a drunkard!—Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast!—Every inordinate cup is unblest, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more against it. And, good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you.

Caf. I have well approv'd it, Sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general. Confess yourself freely to her: importune her help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband intreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Caf. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Caf. I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me.

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, Lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Caf. Good night, honest Iago.

VIII. *Scene between Lovegold a miser, and Lappet the maid, in which she endeavours, but in vain, to wheedle money out of him.*

Love. **A**LL's well hitherto; my dear money is safe—Is it you, Lappet?

Lap.

Lap. I should rather ask if it be you, Sir: why, you look so young and vigorous——

Love. Do I, do I?

Lap. Why, you grow younger and younger every day, Sir: you never look'd half so young in your life, Sir, as you do now. Why, Sir, I know fifty young fellows of five and twenty that are older than you are.

Love. That may be, that may be, Lappet, considering the lives they lead; and yet I am a good ten years above fifty.

Lap. Well, and what's ten years above fifty? 'tis the very flower of a man's age. Why, Sir, you are now in the very prime of your life.

Love. Very true, that's very true, as to understanding; but I am afraid, could I take off twenty years, it would do me no harm with the ladies, Lappet.—How goes on our affair with Mariana? Have you mentioned any thing about what her mother can give her? For, now-a-days, nobody marries a woman unless she bring something with her besides a petticoat.

Lap. Sir, why Sir, this young lady will be worth to you as good a thousand pound a-year as ever was told.

Love. How? a thousand pound a-year!

Lap. Yes, Sir. There's, in the first place, the article of a table: she has a very little stomach; she does not eat above an ounce in a fortnight: and then, as to the quality of what she eats, you'll have no need of a French cook upon her account. As for sweet-meats, she mortally hates them: so there is the article of desserts wiped off all at once. You'll have no need of a confectioner, who would be eternally bringing in bills for preserves, conserves, biscuits, comfits, and jellies, of which half a dozen ladies would swallow you ten pounds worth at a meal; this, I think, we may very moderately reckon at two hundred pounds a-year at least. *Item,* For cloaths, she has been bred up at such a plainness in them, that should we allow but for three birthnight suits a-year saved, which are the least a town-lady would expect, there go a good two hundred pounds a-year more. For jewels (of which she hates the very sight) the yearly interest of what you must lay out in them would amount

to

to one hundred pounds. Lastly, she has an utter detestation for play, at which I have known several moderate ladies lose a good two thousand pounds a-year. Now, let us take only the fourth part of that, which amounts to five hundred, to which we if add two hundred pounds on the table account, two hundred pounds in cloaths, and one hundred pound in jewels — there is, Sir, your thousand pound a-year in hard money.

Love. Ay, ay, these are pretty things, it must be confessed, very pretty things; but there's nothing real in them.

Lap. How, Sir! is it not something real to bring you a vast store of sobriety, the inheritance of a love for simplicity of dress, and a vast acquired fund of hatred for play?

Love. This is downright raillery, Lappet, to make me up a fortune out of the expences she won't put me to.—But there is another thing that disturbs me. You know this girl is young, and young people generally love one another's company; it would ill agree with a person of my temper to keep an assembly for all the young rakes and flaunting girls in town.

Lap. Ah, Sir, how little do you know of her! this is another particularity that I had to tell you of; she has a most terrible aversion for all young people, and loves none but persons of your years. I would advise you above all things, to take care not to appear too young. She insists on sixty at least. She says that fifty-six years are not able to content her.

Love. This humour is a little strange, methinks.

Lap. She carries it farther, Sir, than can be imagined. She has in her chamber several pictures; but what do you think they are? none of your smoke-faced young fellows, your Adonis's, your Paris's, and your Apollo's: no, Sir; you see nothing there, but your handsome figures of Saturn, king Priam, Old Nestor, and good father Anchises upon his son's shoulders.

Love. Admirable! this is more than I could have hoped; to say the truth, had I been a woman, I should never have loved young fellows.

Lap. I believe you: pretty sort of stuff, indeed, to be in love with, your young fellows! pretty masters,
indeed,

indeed, with their fine complexions, and their fine feathers!

Love. And do you really think me pretty tolerable?

Lap. Tolerable! you are ravishing: if your picture was drawn by a good hand, Sir, it would be invaluable! Turn about a little, if you please—there, what can be more charming? Let me see you walk—there's a person for you, tall, straight, free, and dégagée; why, Sir, you have no fault about you.

Love. Not many, hem, hem, not many, I thank heaven; only a few rheumatic pains now and then, and a small catarrh that seizes me sometimes.

Lap. Ah, Sir, that's nothing; your catarrh fits very well upon you, and you cough with a very good grace.

Love. But tell me, what does Mariana say of my person?

Lap. She has a particular pleasure in talking of it; and I assure you, Sir, I have not been backward, on all such occasions, to blazon forth your merit, and to make her sensible how advantageous a match you will be to her.

Love. You did very well, and I am obliged to you.

Lap. But, Sir, I have a small favour to ask of you;—I have a law-suit depending, which I am on the very brink of losing for want of a little money, [*He looks gravely*] and you could easily procure my success, if you had the least friendship for me—You can't imagine, Sir, the pleasure she takes in talking of you: [*He looks pleased.*] Ah! how you will delight her, how your venerable mien will charm her! She will never be able to withstand you—But, indeed, Sir, this law-suit will be a terrible consequence to me: [*He looks grave again.*] I am ruined, if I lose it, which a very small matter might prevent—Ah! Sir, had you but seen the raptures with which she has heard me talk of you. [*He resumes his gaiety.*] How pleasure sparkled in her eyes at the recital of your good qualities! In short, to discover a secret to you, which I promis'd to conceal, I have worked up her imagination, till she is downright impatient of having the match concluded.

Love. Lappet, you have acted a very friendly part; and I own that I have all the obligations in the world to you.

Lap.

Lap. I beg you would give me this little assistance, Sir: [*He looks serious.*] It will set me on my feet, and I shall be eternally obliged to you.

Love. Farewell, I'll go and finish my dispatches.

Lap. I assure you, Sir, you could never assist me in a greater necessity.

Love. I must go give some orders about a particular affair.

Lap. I would not importune you, Sir, if I was not forced by the last extremity.

Love. I expect the taylor about turning my coat: don't you think this coat will look well enough turned, and with new buttons, for a wedding-suit?

Lap. For pity's sake, Sir, don't refuse me this small favour; I shall be undone, indeed, Sir. If it were but so small a matter as ten pounds, Sir—

Love. I think I hear the taylor's voice.

Lap. If it were but five pound, Sir; but three pound, Sir; nay, Sir, a single guinea would be of service for a day or two. [*As he offers to go out on either side, she intercepts him.*]

Love. I must go, I can't stay—hark there, somebody calls me.—I'm very much obliged to you, indeed, I am very much obliged to you. [*Exit.*]

Lap. Go to the devil like a covetous good-for-nothing villain as you are. Ramilie is in the right: however, I shall not quit the affair; for tho' I get nothing out of him, I am sure of my reward from the other side.

IX. *Scene between the Jews Shyllock and Tubal; in which the latter alternately torments and pleases the former, by giving him an account of the extravagance of his daughter Jessica, and the misfortunes of Antonio.*

Shy. **H**OW now, Tubal? What news from Genoa? hast thou heard of my daughter?

Tub. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

Shy. Why, there, there, there! a diamond gone that cost me two thousand ducats in Francfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now.

now. Two thousand ducats in that, and other precious jewels ! I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear ! I would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin. No news of them ; and I know not what spent in the search : loss upon loss ; the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief : and no satisfaction, no revenge, no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders, no sighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my shedding.

Tub. Yes, other men have ill luck too ; Anthonio, as I heard in Genoa —

Sby. What, what, what ? ill luck, ill luck ?

Tub. Hath an argosie cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Sby. Thank God ! thank God ! is it true, is it true ?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck.

Sby. I thank thee, good Tubal ; good news, good news !

Tub. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night, fourscore ducats.

Sby. Thou stick'st a dagger in me ; I shall never see my gold again : fourscore ducats at a sitting ! fourscore ducats !

Tub. There came divers of Anthonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot but break.

Sby. I'm glad of it ; I'll plague him, I'll torture him : I am glad of it.

Tub. One of them shew'd me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

Sby. Out upon her ! thou torturest me, Tubal ; it was my ruby, I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor. I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly undone.

Sby. Nay, that's true, that's very true : go see me an officer ; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit ; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue ; go, good Tubal ; at our synagogue, Tubal.

X. *Scene in which Moody gives Manly an account of the Journey to London.*

Manly. HONEST John!

Moody. Measter Manly! I'm glad I ha' fun ye.—Well, and how d'ye do, Measter?

Manly. I am glad to see you in London. I hope all the good family are well.

Moody. Thanks be praised, your honour, they are all in pretty good heart; thof' we have had a power of crosses upo' the road.

Manly. What has been the matter, John?

Moody. Why, we came up in such a hurry, you mun think that our tackle was not so tight as it should be.

Manly. Come, tell us all—Pray, how do they travel?

Moody. Why, i'the awld coach, Measter; and 'cause my Lady loves to do things handsome, to be sure, she would have a couple of cart-horses clapt to the four old geldings, that neighbours might see she went up to London in her coach and six; and so Giles Joulter the ploughman rides postilion.

Manly. And when do you expect them here, John?

Moody. Why, we were in hopes to ha' come yesterday, an' it had no' been that th' awld weazle-belly horse tired; and then we were so cruelly loaden, that the two fore-wheels came crash down at once, in Waggon-rut-lane; and there we lost four hours 'fore we could set things to rights again.

Manly. So they bring all their baggage with the coach, then?

Moody. Ay, ay, and good store on't there is—Why, my lady's gear alone were as much as filled four port-mantel trunks, besides the great deal-box that heavy Ralph and the monkey sit upon behind.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!—And, pray, how many are they within the coach?

Moody. Why, there's my lady and his worship, and the young squoire, and Miss Jenny and the fat lap-dog, and my lady's maid Mrs Handy, and Doll Tripe the cook, that's all—only Doll puked a little with riding backward;

backward; so they hoisted her into the coach-box, and then her stomach was easy.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!

Moody. Then you mun think, Measter, there was some stowage for the belly, as well as the back too; children are apt to be famished upo' the road; so we had such cargoes of plum-cake, and baskets of tongues, and biscuits, and cheese, and cold boiled beef—and then, in case of sickness, bottles of cherry-brandy, plague-water, sack, tent, and strong-beer so plenty as made th' awld coach crack again. Mercy upon them! and send them all well to tawn, I say.

Manly. Ay, and well out on't again, John.

Moody. Measter, you're a wise mon; and for that matter, so am I—Whoam's whoam, I say: I am sure we ha' got but little good e'er sin' we turn'd our backs on't. Nothing but mischief! some devil's trick or other plagued us aw th' day lung. Crack, goes one thing! bawnce, goes another! Woa! says Roger—Then, fowse! we were all set fast in a slough. Whaw, cries Miss! Scream, go the maids! and bawl just as thof' they were stuck. And so, mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night.

Manly. Ha, ha, ha!

Moody. But I mun hie me whoam; the coach will be coming every hour naw.

Manly. Well, honest John—

Moody. Dear Measter Manly! the goodness of goodness blefs and preserve you.

X. Priuli's cruel treatment of Jaffier in his distress, in consequence of Jaffier's marrying his daughter Belvidera without his consent.

Pri. NO more! I'll hear no more! Be gone, and leave me.

Jaff. Not hear me! By my sufferings, but you shall! My lord, my lord! I'm not that abject wretch You think me. Patience! where's the distance throws Me back so far, but I may boldly speak In right, tho' proud oppression will not hear me?

Pri. Have you not wrong'd me!

Jaff. Could my nature e'er
Have brook'd injustice or the doing wrong
I need not now thus low have bent myself
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.
Wrong'd you!

Pri. Yes, wrong'd me. In the nicest point,
The honour of my house, you've done me wrong.
When you first came home from travel,
With such hopes as made you look'd on
By all mens eyes a youth of expectation,
Pleas'd with your growing virtue, I received you;
Court'd, and sought to raise you to your merits;
My house, my table, 'nay, my fortune too,
My very self was yours; you might have us'd me
'To your best service; like an open friend
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine:
When, in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practis'd to undo me;
Seduc'd the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.

Jaff. 'Tis to me you owe her:
Childless you had been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since in your brigantine you sail'd to see
The Adriatic wedded by our Duke;
And I was with you. Your unskilful pilot
Dash'd us upon a rock; when to your boat
You made for safety; enter'd first yourself:
'Th' affrighted Belvidera, following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave wash'd off into the deep;
When instantly I plung'd into the sea,
And, buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
And, with the other, dash'd the saucy waves,
'That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my prize.
I brought her; gave her to your despairing arms:
Indeed you thank'd me; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul; for from that hour she lov'd me,
'Till, for her life, she paid me with herself.

Pri.

Pri. You stole her from me ; like a thief you stole
her,

At dead of night : that curst hour you chose
To rife me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false, like mine ;
A steril fortune, and a barren bed,
Attend you both ; continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous still :
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you ; till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion.

Jaff. Half of your curse you have bestow'd in vain.—
Heav'n has already crown'd our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty :
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandfire,—
And happier than his father.

Pri. No more.

Jaff. Yes, all ; and then adieu for ever.
There's not a wretch, that lives on common charity,
But's happier than I : for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty ; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never wak'd but to a joyful morning ;
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scap'd, yet's wither'd in the ripening.

Pri. Home, and be humble ; study to retrench ;
Discharge the lazy vermin of thy hall,
'Those pageants of thy folly ;
Reduce the glitt'ring trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, sit for thy little state :
Then, to some suburb cottage both retire ;
Drudge to feed loathsome life ; get brats and starve.
Home, home, I say.— [Exit.]

Jaff. Yes, if my heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart : home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Fill'd and damm'd up with gaping creditors.
I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
Yet still I am in love, and pleas'd with ruin.
Oh, Belvidera ! Oh ! she is my wife—
And we will bear our wayward fate together—
But ne'er know comfort more.

In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd : a figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-a-pee,
Appears before them, and with solemn march
Goes slow and stately by them : thrice he walk'd
Within their rapier's length ; whilst they (distill'd
Almost to jelly with their fear)
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did ;
And I with them the third night kept the watch ;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes.

Ham. But where was this ?

Hor. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it !

Hor. My lord, I did ;

But answer made it none : yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak ;
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And, at the sound, it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange !

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true :
And we did think it then our duty
To let you know it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sir, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night ?

Hor. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you ?

Hor. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

Hor. From head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face ?

Hor. O yes, my lord, he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham.

Ham. I would I had been there !

Hos. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like. Staid it long?

Her. While one with mod'rate haste might tell a hundred.

Han. His beard was grizzly?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A fable filter'd.

Ham. I'll watch to-night ; perchance 'twill walk again.

Her. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, tho' hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this fight,
Let it be treble in your silence still;
And whatsoever else may hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your love. So fare you well.
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

XI. *Lear and Kent in the Storm.*

Learn. **B**LOW, 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,
Vaunt-couriers of oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head ! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world !
Crack nature's mould ; all germins spill at once
That make ungrateful man !

Kent. Not all my best intreaties can persuade him
Into some needful shelter, or to 'bide
This poor slight cov'ring o'er his aged head,
Expos'd to this wild war of earth and heav'n. [*Thunder.*

Lear. 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:

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. [*Thunder.*] Oh, oh, 'tis foul !

Kent. Hard by, Sir, is a hovel that will lend
Some shelter from this tempest.

Lear. No ; I will be the pattern of all patience :
I will say nothing.

Kent. Alas, Sir, things that love night,
Love not such nights as these : the wrathful skies
Gallow the very wand'ers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man,
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard. Man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction nor the force.

Lear. 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,
Unwhipt of justice. Hide thee, thou bloody hand ;
Thou perjure, and thou simular of virtue,
That art incestuous. Caitiff, shake to pieces,
That under covert and convenient seeming
Hast practis'd on man's life !—Close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and ask
These dreadful summoners grace.—I am a man,
More sinn'd against than sinning.

Kent. Good Sir, to th' hovel.

Lear. My wits begin to turn.
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy ? Art cold ?
I'm cold myself. Where is the straw, my fellow ?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vile things precious. Come, your hovel :
My poor knave ; I've one string in my heart
That's sorry yet for thee.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord. Good my lord,
enter.

The tyranny of this open night's too rough

For

For nature to endure.

Lear. Let me alone.

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I had rather break my own. Good my lord,
enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious
storm

Invades us to the skin; so 'tis to thee:

But where the greater malady is fix'd,

The lesser is scarce felt. When the mind's free,

The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind

Doth from my senses take all feeling else,

Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!

Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,

For lifting food to't?—But I'll punish home;

No, I will weep no more—In such a night,

To shut me out?—Pour on; I will endure—

In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!

Your old, kind father, whose frank heart gave all—

O, that way madness lies! let me shun that!

No more of that.

Kent. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Pry'thee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;

This tempest will not give me leave to ponder

On things would hurt me more—but I'll go in.

In; thou go first. You houseless poverty—

Nay, get thee in; I'll pray, and then I'll sleep—

Poor, naked wretches, whoso'er you are,

That bid the pelting of this pitiless storm!

How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,

Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you

From seasons such as these?—O, I have ta'en

Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;

Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,

That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,

And shew the heav'ns more just.

XII. *The Death of JULIUS CÆSAR.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR,	1st PLEBEIAN,
ANTONY,	2d PLEBEIAN,
BRUTUS,	3d PLEBEIAN,
CASSIUS,	CARPENTER,
CASCA,	COBLER,
DECIUS BRUTUS,	ANTONY'S SERVANT.
METELLUS,	

A C T I.

SCENE, *A Street in Rome.**Enter Casca and certain Commoners.**Mob huzza.*

CASCA.

HENCE; home, you idle creatures; get you home:
 Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
 Being mechanical, you ought not walk
 Upon a labouring day, without the sign
 Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

Car. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

Casca. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
 What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
 You, Sir———what trade are you?

Cob. Truly, Sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am
 but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Casca. But what trade art thou? answer me di-
 rectly.

Cob. A trade, Sir, that I hope I may use with a safe
 conscience; which is indeed, a mender of bad soles.

Casca. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,
 what trade?

Cob. Nay, I beseech you, Sir, be not out with me;
 yet if thou be out, Sir, I can mend you.

Cas-

Cæsa. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Cæsa. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Cob. Truly, Sir, all that I live by, is the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters; but withal I am, indeed, Sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

Cæsa. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day? Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Cob. Truly, Sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, Sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Cæsa. Wherefore rejoice?—what conquests brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts! you cruel men of Rome!
Knew you not Pompey? many a time and oft,
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To tow'rs 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 Tiber trembled underneath his banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in his concave shore?

And do you now put on your best attire
And do you now cull out an holiday,
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Begone———

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the Gods to intermit the plague,
That needs must light on this ingratitude. [*Exit.*

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the course?

Bru.

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamefome; I do lack some part
Of that quick ſpirit that is in Antony:
Let me not hinder, Caſſius, your deſires;
I'll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do obſerve you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleneſs
And ſhow of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too ſtubborn and too ſtrange a hand,
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Caſſius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myſelf. Vexed I am,
Of late, with paſſions of ſome difference,
Conceptions only proper to myſelf;
Which gives ſome ſoil, perhaps, to my behaviour:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, Caſſius, be you one;
Nor conſtrue any farther my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himſelf at war,
Forgets the ſhows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much miſtook your paſſion:
By means whereof this breaſt of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you ſee your face?

Bru. No, Caſſius; for the eye ſees not itſelf,
But by reflection from ſome other thing.

Cas. 'Tis juſt.
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no ſuch mirror as will turn
Your hidden worthineſs into your eye,
That you might ſee your ſhadow. I have heard,
Where many of the beſt reſpect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæſar) ſpeaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wiſh'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Caſſius,
That you would have me ſeek into myſelf,
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:

H h

And

And since you know you cannot see yourself
 So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
 Will modestly discover to yourself,
 That of yourself which yet you know not of.
 And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
 Were I a common laughter, or did use
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love
 To every new protestor; if you know
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
 And after scandal them; or if you know
 That I profess myself in banqueting
 To all the rout; then hold me dangerous.

[Three shouts.]

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
 Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
 Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
 But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
 What is it that you would impart to me?
 If it be aught toward the general good,
 Set honour in one eye, and death i' th' other,
 And I will look on both indifferently:
 For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
 As well as I do know your outward favour.
 Well, honour is the subject of my story:
 I cannot tell what you and other men
 Think of this life; but for my single self,
 I had as lief not be, as live to be
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.
 I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
 We both have fed as well; and we can both
 Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
 For once upon a raw and gusty day,
 The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
 Cæsar says to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now,
 "Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 "And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bad him follow: so indeed he did.

The

The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews; throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
 Cæsar cry'd, " Help me, Cassius, or I sink."
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber,
 Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose its lustre; I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 " Alas!" it cry'd—" Give me some drink, Titinius"—
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone. [Shout.

Bru. Another general shout!
 I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some times are masters of their fates:
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus and Cæsar! what should be in that Cæsar?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
 Write them together; yours is as fair a name:
 Sound them; it doth become the mouth as well:
 Weigh them; it is as heavy: conjure with 'em;
 Brutus will start a spirit, as soon as Cæsar.
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he has grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say, 'till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
 Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
 Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim;
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
 I would not (so with love I might intreat you)
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear; and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
 Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Enter Cæsar and his train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve;
 And he will, after his own fashion, tell you
 What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

Bru. I will do so; but look you, Cassius——
 The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
 And all the rest look like a chidden train.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonius——

Ant. Cæsar?

Cas. Let me have men about me that are fat,
 Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
 Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look.
 He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
 He is a noble Roman, and well-given.

Cas. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
 Yet if my name were liable to fear,
 I do not know the man I should avoid

So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
 He is a great observer ; and he looks
 Quite thro' the deeds of men. He loves no plays,
 As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :
 Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,
 As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,
 That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
 Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
 Whilst they behold a greater than themselves ;
 And therefore are they very dangerous.
 I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
 Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar.
 Come on my right-hand, for this ear is deaf,
 And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his train.*]

Manent Brutus and Cassius: Casca to them.

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak ; would you speak with me ?

Bru. Ay, Casca, tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,
 That Cæsar looks so sad.

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not ?

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc'd.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him ; and being offer'd him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus ; and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice, what was the last cry for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice ?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't ; and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than the other ; and at every putting by mine honest neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Bru. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it : it was mere foolery ; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown ; and, as I told you, he put it by once ; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again ; then he put it by again ; but to my thinking, he was very

loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it a third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath, because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choaked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But soft, I pray you: what! did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam'd at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down: if the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came to himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he pluckt me ope his doublet, and offered them his throat to cut: an' I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at his word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues! and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, "If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity." Three or four wenches where I stood, cried, Alas, good soul!—and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an' I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again. But those that understood him, smil'd at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part,

part, it was Greek to me. I could tell your more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner be worth the eating.

Cas. Good, I will expect you.

Casca. Do so; farewell both. [Exit.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be! He was quick metal when he went to school.

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form;
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to digest his words
With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is: for this time I will leave you.
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cas. I will do so.

Bru. Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome,
Under such hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us. [Exit Brutus.

Cas. Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From what it is dispos'd: therefore 'tis meet,
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd.
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus.
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me.—I will this night,
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings; all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.

And,

And, after this, let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*]

A C T. II.

Thunder and Lightning.

Enter Cassius and Casca.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good, Cassius. What night is this?

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those that have known the earth so full of faults.
For my part I have walk'd about the streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night;
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-bolt;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Ev'n in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heav'ns?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca; and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman, you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze,
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heav'ns:
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man,
Most like this dreadful night;
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the capitol:
A man no mightier than thyself or me,
In personal action; yet prodigious grown,
And fearful as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean, is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is; for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while! our fathers minds are dead,

And

And we are govern'd with our mothers spirits:
Our yoke and suff'rance shew us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Cæsar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Casf. I know where I will wear this dagger, then.
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But life being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear,
I can shake off, at pleasure.

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Casf. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws. What trash is Rome!
What rubbish, and what offal! when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, oh grief!
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fearing tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far,
As who goes farthest.

Casf. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans

To undergo with me an enterprize,
Of honourable dang'rous consequence;
And I do know, by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, Brutus's Garden.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot by the progress of the stars
Give guess how near to day——Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord!

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*]

Bru. 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 power: 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 upmost 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.

Luc.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, Sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and I am sure
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[Gives him the letter.]

Bru. Get you to-bed again, it is not day:
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, Sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

Luc. I will, Sir.

[Exit.]

Bru. The exhalations, whizzing in the air,
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[Opens the letter, and reads.]

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome———speak, strike, redress.

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake.

Such instigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up:

Shall Rome———thus must I piece it out:

“ Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? what! Rome?

“ My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

“ The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.”

Speak, strike, redress! ——Am I intreated then,

To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st

Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[Knock within.]

Bru. 'Tis good, go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[Exit Lucius.]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept ———

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a fertile kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, Sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, Sir, their faces are buried in their robes,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark or favour.

Bru. Let them enter.

[Exit Lucius.]

They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy:
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For if thou put thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

Enter Cassius, Casca, and other conspirators.

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest;
Good morrow, Brutus, do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men, that come along with you? *[Aside.]*

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if that the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse, —
If these be motives weak, break off betimes;
And ev'ry man hence to his idle bed:
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word

And

And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honesty to honesty engag'd,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

Cas. I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver. And you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius:
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar,
And in the spirit of man there is no blood:
O that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! but alas!
Cæsar must bleed for it——And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds.
And this shall make
Our purpose necessary, not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I do fear him;
For in th' ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar——

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Casca. But it is doubtful yet

If Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,

May hold him from the capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : if he be so resolv'd,
I can o'erfway him ; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glaffes, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
He fays, he does ; being then moft flattered.
Leave me to work ;
For I can give his humour the true bent ;
And I will bring him to the capitol.

Caf. The morning comes upon's ; we'll leave you,
Brutus ;

And, friends, difperfe yourfelves ; but all remember
What you have faid, and fhew yourfelves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily :
Let not our looks put on our purpofes ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd fpirits, and formal conftancy.
And fo good-morrow to you every one. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to Cæſar's palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Julius Cæſar.

Caf. Nor heav'n nor earth have been at peace to-
night,
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her ſleep cry'd out,
“ Help, ho ! they murder Cæſar ! ”

Enter Decius.

Dec. Cæſar, all hail ! good morrow, worthy Cæſar ;
I come to fetch you to the ſenate-houſe.

Caf. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the ſenators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day :
Cannot, is falſe ; and that I dare not, falſer ;
I will not come to-day ; tell them ſo, Decius.

Dec. Moſt mighty Cæſar, let me know ſome cauſe,
Leſt I be laugh'd at when I tell them ſo.

Caf. The cauſe is in my will, I will not come :
That is enough to ſatisfy the ſenate.
But for your private ſatisfaction,
Be cauſe I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia, my wife, ſtays me at home ;

She

She dreamt last night she saw my statue,
Which, like a fountain, with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
These she applies for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate.
Your statue, spouting blood in many pipes,
Wherein so many smiling Romans bath'd,
Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognisance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now, the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
“ Break up the senate 'till another time,
“ When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.”
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
“ Lo ! Cæsar is afraid ! ”
Pardon me, Cæsar ; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding, bids me tell you this:
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. I am ashamed I did yield to them.
I will go.

A C T III.

SCENE, *the Capitol; Senators seated.*

Discovered, Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, &c.

Cæs. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus *Clæver* throws before thy seat

[*Kneeling.*

An humble heart.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber;
 These couchings and these lowly courtesies
 Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
 And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
 Into the lane of children. Be not fond
 To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality,
 With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
 Low crooked courtesies, and base spaniel fawning.
 Thy brother by decree is banished;
 If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
 Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
 To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear,
 For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flatt'ry, Cæsar;
 Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
 Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cæs. Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon;
 As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
 To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move me.
 But I am constant as the northern star,
 Of whose true fix'd and resting quality,
 There is no fellow in the firmament.
 The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
 So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
 Yet in the number I do know but one,
 That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshak'd of motion: and that one am I.
 Let me a little shew it, even in this;
 That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Met. O Cæsar——

Cæs.

Cæs. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar——

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Cæsa. Speak hands for me. [*They stab Cæsar.*]

Cæs. And thou, Brutus!——then fall, Cæsar. [*Dies.*]

Bru. Liberty! freedom! tyranny is dead——

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets——

Cæs. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? a friend of Antony's.

Ser. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down; [*kneeling.*]

And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;

Cæsar was mighty, royal, bold, and loving;

Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;

Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony

May safely come to him, and be resolved

How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death;

Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead,

So well as Brutus living; but will follow

The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,

Thro' the hazards of this untrod state,

With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;

I never thought him worse.

Tell him, so please him come unto this place,

He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,

Depart untouch'd.

Ser. I'll fetch him, presently. [*Exit Servant.*]

Bru. I know that we shall have him well to friend.

Cæs. I wish we may: but yet have I a mind

That fears him much.

Enter Antony.

Bru. But here he comes. Welcome, Mark Antony.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar, dost thou lie so low?

Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,

Shrunk to this little measure?——fare thee well.

I know not, gentlemen, what you intend:

Who else must be let blood, who else is rank?

If I myself, there is no hour so fit
 As Cæsar's death's-hour; nor no instrument
 Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
 With the most noble blood of all this world.
 I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
 Now whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
 I shall not find myself so apt to die:
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,
 As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
 The choice and master-spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony! beg not your death of us:
 Tho' now we must appear bloody and cruel,
 As by our hands, and this our present act,
 You see we do; yet see you but our hands:
 Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
 And pity for the general wrong of Rome
 Hath done this deed on Cæsar: for your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
 And our hearts of brother's temper, do receive you in
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's,
 In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas'd
 The multitude, beside themselves with fear;
 And then we will deliver you the cause
 Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
 Proceeded thus.

Ant. That's all I seek;
 And am moreover suitor, that I may
 Produce his body in the market-place,
 And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you——
 You know not what you do; do not consent [Aside.
 That Antony speak in his funeral:
 Know you how much the people may be mov'd
 By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon,
 I will myself into the pulpit first,
 And shew the reason of our Cæsar's death:

What

What Antony shall speak, I will protest
 He speaks by leave and by permission;
 And that we are contented Cæsar shall
 Have all due rights, and lawful ceremonies:
 It shall advantage, more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall, I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body:
 You shall not in your funeral-speech blame us,
 But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
 And say you do't by our permission;
 Else shall you not have any hand at all
 About his funeral. And you shall speak
 In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
 After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
 I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[Exeunt Conspirators.]

Ant. 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 limbs 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 infant quarter'd by the hands of war,
 All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds;
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
 With Atë 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.

SCENE changes to the Forum.

*Enter Brutus, and mounts the rostrum; Cassius with the
 Plebeians.*

1 Pleb. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru

Bru. Then give me audience, friends,
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

1 *Pleb.* Let's hear them.

2 *Pleb.* Come, begin.

3 *Pleb.* The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient to the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers!—hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.—If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer; Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bondman? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? if any, speak; for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply——

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended.—I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Mark Antony, with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony, who, tho' he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger

ger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live! live!

1 *Pleb.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Pleb.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Pleb.* Let him be Cæsar.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house

With shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen——

2 *Pleb.* Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony

By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, 'till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*

1 *Pleb.* Stay, ho; and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the public chair.

We'll hear him: noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus's sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Pleb.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Pleb.* He says, for Brutus's sake,

He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Pleb.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus, here.

1 *Pleb.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

2 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Pleb.* Peace, let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You, gentle Romans——

All. Peace, ho; let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen,—lend me your ears.

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interred with their bones:

So let it be with Cæsar!—Noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious.

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.—

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For

(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.——

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill ;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown ;
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause :
What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason—Bear with me.
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar ;
And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

1 *Pleb.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Pleb.* Has he, masters ? I fear there will a worse
come in his place.

4 *Pleb.* Mark'd ye his words ? he would not take the
crown ;

Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

1 *Pleb.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Pleb.* Poor soul ! his eyes are red as fire with weep-
ing.

3 *Pleb.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than An-
tony.

4 *Pleb.* Now mark him ; he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world ; now lies he there,

And

And none so poor to do him reverence.
 O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong;
 Who, you all know, are honourable men.
 I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar:
 I found it in his closet, 'tis his will.
 Let but the commons hear this testament,
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
 Unto their issue.

4 *Pleb.* We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it:
 It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
 And being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
 For if you should——O what would come of it?

4 *Pleb.* Read the will, we will hear it, Antony:
 You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
 I have overshot myself to tell you of it:
 I fear I wrong the honourable men,
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar——I do fear it.

4 *Pleb.* They were traitors——honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 *Pleb.* They were villains, murderers; the will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
 Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
 And let me shew you him that made the will.
 Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

2 *Pleb.*

2 *Pleb.* Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Pleb.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Pleb.* Room for Antony—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

All. Stand back——room——bear back——

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,

That day he overcame the Nervii——

Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through——

See what a rent the envious Casca made——

Thro' this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And as he pluck'd his curst steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!——

This, this, was the unkindest cut of all:

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitors arms,

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,

(Which all the while ran blood), great Cæsar fell.

O what a fall was there, my countrymen!

Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down:

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel

The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.

Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? look you here!

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight!

2 *Pleb.* We will be reveng'd: revenge: about——
seek——burn——fire——kill——slay! let
not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen——

1 *Pleb.* Peace there, hear noble Antony.

2 *Pleb.*

2 *Pleb.* We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny:

They that have done this deed are honourable.

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it; they are wise and honourable.

And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;

I am no orator, as Brutus is:

But, as you know me well, a plain, blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well,

That give me public leave to speak of him:

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of speech,

To stir mens blood; I only speak right on.

I tell you that which you yourselves do know;

Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny——

1 *Pleb.* We'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Pleb.* Away, then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen, yet hear me speak.

All. Peace, ho, hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?

Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true——the will——let's stay and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To ev'ry Roman citizen he gives,

To ev'ry sev'ral man, sev'nty-five drachmas.

2 *Pleb.* Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his death.

3 *Pleb.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On that side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs, for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 Pleb. Never, never: come, away, away;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors houses.
Take up the body. [*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*]

Ant. Now let it work; Mischief, thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt! — How now, fel-
low!

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Ser. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight, to visit him;
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.
Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

APPENDIX:

A P P E N D I X:

CONTAINING

P R I N C I P L E S

O F

E N G L I S H G R A M M A R.

Of the PARTS of SPEECH.

IN the English language there are *nine* different kinds of words or parts of speech, viz. *Noun, Pronoun, Ad-noun, Verb, Participle, Adverb, Preposition, Interjection, Conjunction.*

N O U N.

A *noun* or *substantive* is the name of any object; as, *Thomas, house.*

Nouns have *number* and *gender.*

There are *two numbers*, the *singular* and *plural*.—The *singular* denotes *one* object; as, *book.* The *plural* denotes *more than one*; as, *books.*

There are also *two genders*, the *masculine* and *feminine.*—The *masculine* denotes a *male*; as, *boy.* The *feminine* denote a *female*; as, *girl.*—Nouns signifying *either male or female*, are said to be of the *common gender*; as, *servant, child.* Those signifying *neither male nor female*, are said to be of the *neuter gender*; as, *church, tree.*

Nouns are likewise *proper* and *appellative.*—*Proper* nouns belong to *individuals* only; as, *John, Mary.* *Appellative* nouns belong to *all* of a kind; as, *angel, man.*

Nouns denoting possession, are called *possessive* nouns; as, *William's hat, the city's rights.*

Variation of the Noun.

1. *With respect to number.*—Book books, plum plums, brother brothers. Horse horses, prince princes,

cage cages, prize prizes, crutch crutches, bush bushes, witness witnesses, fox foxes. Calf calves, half halves, leaf leaves, sheaf sheaves, self selves, shelf shelves, loaf loaves, knife knives, life lives, wife wives, thief thieves, wolf wolves, staff staves. Chief chiefs, grief griefs, roof roofs, proof proofs, hoof hoofs, scarf scarfs, wharf wharfs, dwarf dwarfs, sife sifes. City cities, mercy mercies, story stories, academy academics. Boy boys, joy joys, day days, way ways. Man men, woman women, child children, brother brethren *or* brothers, foot feet, tooth teeth, ox oxen, mouse mice, die dice, goose geese, penny pence.

2. *With respect to Gender.*—Bachelor maid *or* virgin, boar sow, boy girl, bridegroom bride, brother sister, buck doe, bull cow, cock hen, drake duck, drone bee, earl countess, father mother, friar nun, gander goose, grandfather grandmother, hero heroine, horse mare, husband wife, king queen, lad lass, lord lady, man woman, nephew niece, ram ewe, son daughter, sultan sultana, stag hind, steer heifer, uncle aunt, widower widow. Abbot abbess, actor actress, baron baroness, chanter chantress, count countess, emperor empress, governor governess, heir heiress, hunter huntress, lion lioness, marquis marchioness, master mistress, mayor mayoress, patron patroness, priest priestess, prince princess, prior prioress, poet poetess, prophet prophetess, shepherd shepherdes, suitor suitress, tiger tigress, traitor traitress, viscount viscountess, votary votares. Administrator administratrix, executor executrix, testator testatrix. Male-child female-child, man-servant maid-servant, cock-sparrow hen-sparrow.

P R O N O U N.

A *Pronoun* is a word used instead of a noun; as, *I*, *me*.

Pronouns, like nouns, have *number* and *gender*.—They have also *person* and *state*.

There are *three persons*; the *first*, *second*, and *third*.—The *first* denotes the person or persons *speaking*; as *I*, *we*. The *second* denotes the person or persons *spoken to*; as, *thou*, *you*. The *third* denotes the person or persons *spoken of*; as, *he*, *they*.

There are *two states*, the *present* and *future*.

foregoing commonly goes *before* the *verb*; the *following* stands *after* it; as, *I love her.*

Pronouns denoting *possession*, are called *possessive* pronouns; as, *my, mine; thy, thine.*

Variation of the PRONOUN.

	<i>Foregoing state.</i>	<i>Following state.</i>
<i>Perf.</i>		
1.	<i>I,</i>	<i>Me,</i>
2.	<i>Thou or you,</i>	<i>Thee or you,</i>
3.	<i>He, she, it.</i>	<i>Him, her, it.</i>
1.	<i>We,</i>	<i>Us,</i>
2.	<i>Ye or you,</i>	<i>You,</i>
3.	<i>They,</i>	<i>Them.</i>
	<i>Who.</i>	<i>Whom.</i>

POSSESSIVE PRONOUNS.

<i>Perf.</i>	<i>Singular.</i>
1.	<i>My or mine;</i>
2.	<i>Thy or thine, your or yours;</i>
3.	<i>His, her or hers, its.</i>
<i>Perf.</i>	<i>Plural.</i>
1.	<i>Our or ours;</i>
2.	<i>Your or yours;</i>
3.	<i>Their or theirs;</i>
	<i>Whose.</i>

A D N O U N.

An *Adnoun*, or *Adjective*, is a word added to a noun, to denote some quality, property, or circumstance of it; as, a *wise* man, a *hard* stone.

Adnouns express *degrees of comparison.*

There are *three* degrees of comparison; the *positive*, *comparative*, and *superlative*.—The *positive* implies no direct comparison, but simply affirms; as, *John is wise.* The *comparative* denotes *greater or less* in comparison; *James is wiser, or less wise.* The *superlative* denotes *greatest or least* in comparison; as, *George is wisest, or least wise.*

Some adnouns shew the *extent* of the noun's signification; as, *a, an, and the.*—These are commonly called *articles.*

Variation of the ADNOUN.

1. *With respect to Comparison.*—*Wise, wiser or more wise, wisest or most wise* *; *hard, harder or more hard,*

K k 3

* When the signification decreases, the Comparative may be *less wise*, and the Superlative *least wise*; and so of the rest.

hard, hardest or most hard ; wicked, more wicked, mo-
wicked ; improper, more improper, most improper ; beau-
tiful, more beautiful, most beautiful ; indelicate, more
indelicate, most indelicate †.—Good, better, best ; bad,
worse, worst ; much, more, most ; little, less, least.

2. *With respect to number.* This these, that those.

V E R B.

A *Verb* is a word which denotes action or event ; as, I
love, I *stand*.

Verbs, like pronouns, have *number* and *person*. They
have also *voices*, *modes*, and *times*.

There are *two voices* ; the *active*, and *passive*. The *ac-
tive* denotes the *accomplishing* an action or event ; as, I
beat. The *passive* denotes the *suffering* an action or
event ; as, I *am beaten*.

There are *five modes* ; the *indicative*, *potential*, *con-
junctive*, *imperative*, and *infinitive*. The *indicative* ex-
presses or asks a question concerning the action or event
itself ; as, I *write*, *Do I write*? The *potential* expresses
or asks a question concerning the possibility, probability,
propriety, liberty, or necessity of the action or event ;
as, I *can write*, *Can I write*? I *may write*, *May I write*?
The *conjunctive* follows a conjunction, and expresses an
action or event, or the possibility, &c. of it, with un-
certainty or doubt ; as, *If he sleep*, he shall do well ; I
with (that) you may be safe. The *imperative* intreats or
commands ; as, *Let me write*, *Write thou*. The *infinitive*
expresses the action or event indefinitely or in an unli-
mited manner with respect to number and person ; as, *To
sleep* is pleasant.

There are *six times* or *tenses* : The *present-imperfect*,
past imperfect, and *future-imperfect* ; *present-perfect*, *past-
perfect*, and *future-perfect*. They are denominated *per-
fect* or *imperfect*, from the action or event being repre-
sented as *fully accomplished* or *not* : Thus, *I sup* is the
pre-

† When the signification increases, the Comparative and Super-
lative degrees of Adjectives of *one* syllable may generally be form-
ed either by prefixing *more* and *most* to the Positive, or giving it
the terminations *er* and *est* as above : but most Adjectives of
more, and almost all of *more* than two syllables, form these degrees
not by *more* and *most* before the Positive ; as, *more prudent*, *most
prudent*.

present-imperfect; *I supped*, the *past-imperfect*; *I shall or will sup*, the *future-imperfect*; *I have supped*, the *present-perfect*; *I had supped*, the *past perfect*; and *I shall or will have supped*, the *future-perfect*; of the verb *sup*.

A verb added to another verb, to point out the mode or time, is called a *helping verb*; as, *I shall write*. The verb to which it is added, is called the *principal verb*.

A verb is said to be *regular* which has its past times indicative mode terminated with *ed*; as, *love*. All other verbs are said to be *irregular*.

Variation of HELPING VERBS:

May.—*I may*, thou *mayest or you may*, he *may*: we *may*, ye *or you may*, they *may*.

Might.—*I might*, thou *mightst or you might*, he *might*: we *might*, ye *or you might*, they *might*.

Can.—*I can*, thou *canst or you can*, he *can*: we *can*, ye *or you can*, they *can*.

Could.—*I could*, thou *couldst or you could*, he *could*: we *could*, ye *or you could*, they *could*.

Shall.—*I shall*, thou *shalt or you shall*, he *shall*: we *shall*, ye *or you shall*, they *shall*.

Should.—*I should*, thou *shouldst or you should*, he *should*: we *should*, ye *or you should*, they *should*.

Will.—*I will*, thou *wilt or you will*, he *will*: we *will*, ye *or you will*, they *will*.

Would.—*I would*, thou *wouldst or you would*, he *would*: we *would*, ye *or you would*, they *would*.

Do.—*I do*, thou *dost or you do*, he *doth or does*: we *do*, ye *or you do*, they *do*.

Did.—*I did*, thou *didst or you did*, he *did*: we *did*, ye *or you did*, they *did*.

Have.—*I have*, thou *hast or you have*, he *hath or has*: we *have*, ye *or you have*, they *have*.

Had.—*I had*, thou *hadst or you had*, he *had*: we *had*, ye *or you had*, they *had*.

Ought.—*I ought*, thou *oughtst or you ought*, he *ought*: we *ought*, ye *or you ought*, they *ought*.

Must.—*I must*, thou *must or you must*, he *must*: we *must*, ye *or you must*, they *must*.

Dare.—*I dare*, thou *darest or you dare*, he *dareth or dares*: we *dare*, ye *or you dare*, they *dare*.

Durst.

Durst.—I durst, thou durst *or* you durst, he durst : we durst, ye *or* you durst, they durst.

To BE.

INDICATIVE MODE.

Present-imperfect time.—I am, thou art *or* you are, he is, we are, ye *or* you are, they are.

Past-imperfect.—I was, thou wast *or* you were, he was : we were, ye *or* you were, they were.

Future-imperfect.—I shall *or* will be, thou shalt *or* wilt be *or* you shall *or* will be, he shall *or* will be : we shall *or* will be, ye *or* you shall *or* will be, they shall *or* will be.

Present-perfect.—I have been, thou hast been *or* you have been, he hath *or* has been : we have been, ye *or* you have been, they have been.

Past-perfect.—I had been, thou hadst been *or* you had been, he had been : we had been, ye *or* you had been, they had been.

Future-perfect.—I shall *or* will have been, thou shalt *or* wilt have been, *or* you shall *or* will have been, he shall *or* will have been : we shall *or* will have been, ye *or* you shall *or* will have been, they shall *or* will have been.

POTENTIAL MODE*.

Present-imperfect time.—I may be, thou mayst be *or* you may be, he may be : we may be, ye *or* you may be, they may be.

Past-imperfect.—I might be, thou mightst be *or* you might be, he might be : we might be, ye *or* you might be, they might be.

Future-imperfect.—I may *or* might be, thou mayst *or* mightst

* In varying the verb through this mode, instead of the auxiliary *may* in the present-imperfect and present-perfect times, *can*, *must*, *or* *dare*, may be substituted; and instead of *might* in the past-imperfect and past-perfect, *could*, *would*, *should*, *would*, *or* *durst*, may be substituted. In all the times, *ought* followed by *to*, may be put for the helping verb. Thus, I ought to be, thou oughtst to be *or* you ought to be, &c. It may also be observed, that the future-imperfect is the same as the present-imperfect *or* past-imperfect, and the future-perfect the same as the present-perfect *or* past-perfect.

mightst be *or* you may *or* might be, he may *or* might be: we may *or* might be, ye *or* you may *or* might be, they may *or* might be.

Present-perfect.—I may have been, thou mayst have been *or* you may have been, he may have been: we may have been, ye *or* you may have been, they may have been.

Past-perfect.—I might have been, thou mightst have been *or* you might have been, he might have been: we might have been, ye *or* you might have been, they might have been.

Future-perfect.—I may *or* might have been, thou mayst *or* mightst have been *or* you may *or* might have been, he may *or* might have been: we may *or* might have been, ye *or* you may *or* might have been, they may *or* might have been.

CONJUNCTIVE MODE*.

Present-imperfect time.—If I be, if thou be *or* if you be, if he be: if we be, if ye *or* you be, if they be. Or, —If I may be, if thou mayst be *or* if you may be, if he may be: if we may be, if ye *or* you may be, if they may be.

Past-imperfect.—If I were, if thou were *or* if you were, if he were: if we were, if ye *or* you were, if they were. Or, —If I might be, if thou might be *or* if you might be, if he might be: if we might be, if ye *or* you might be, if they might be.

Future-imperfect.—If I shall *or* will be, if thou shall *or* will be *or* if you shall *or* will be, if he shall *or* will be: if we shall *or* will be, if ye *or* you shall *or* will be, if they shall *or* will be. Or, —If I may *or* might be, if thou may *or* might be *or* if you may *or* might be, if he may *or* might be: if we may *or* might be, if ye *or* you may *or* might be, if they may *or* might be.

Present-perfect.—If I have been, if thou have been *or* if you have been, if he have been: if we have been, if ye

* In each time of this mode, the verb (whether helping or principal) should not be varied from its form in the first person.—The conjunctions, *though*, *unless*, *that*, &c. may be substituted throughout this mode, instead of *if*; and the same auxiliaries may be put for *may* and *might*, as in the potential. (See note, page 398.)

ye *or* you have been, if they have been. Or,—If I may have been, if thou may have been *or* if you may have been, if he may have been: if we may have been, if ye *or* you may have been, if they may have been.

Past-perfect.—If I had been, if thou had been *or* if you had been, if he had been: if we had been, if ye *or* you had been, if they had been. Or,—If I might have been, if thou might have been *or* if you might have been, if he might have been: if we might have been, if ye *or* you might have been, if they might have been.

Future perfect.—If I shall *or* will have been, if thou shall *or* will have been *or* if you shall *or* will have been: if he shall *or* will have been, if we shall *or* will have been, if ye *or* you shall *or* will have been, if they shall *or* will have been. Or,—If I may *or* might have been, if thou may *or* might have been *or* if you may *or* might have been, if he may *or* might have been: if we may *or* might have been, if ye *or* you may *or* might have been, if they may *or* might have been.

IMPERATIVE MODE.

Future imperfect time.—Let me be, be thou *or* you, let him be: let us be, be ye *or* you, let them be.

INFINITIVE MODE.

Present, past, and future imperfect times.—To be.

Present, past, and future perfect.—To have been.

ACTIVE Voice of the regular principal Verb, To LOVE.

INDICATIVE MODE †.

Present-imperfect time.—I love, thou lovest *or* you love, he loveth *or* loves: we love, ye *or* you love, they love.

Past-

† The present and past imperfect times of this mode may be varied with the auxiliaries *do* and *did*, as follows:

Present-imperfect.—I *do* love, thou *dost* love *or* you *do* love, he *doth or does* love: we *do* love, ye *or* you *do* love, they *do* love.

Past-imperfect.—I *did* love: thou *didst* love *or* you *did* love, he *did* love: we *did* love, ye *or* you *did* love, they *did* love.

Past-imperfect.—I loved, thou lovedst *or* you loved, he loved: we loved, ye *or* you loved, they loved.

Future-imperfect.—I shall *or* will love, thou shalt *or* wilt love *or* you shall *or* will love, he shall *or* will love: we shall *or* will love, ye *or* you shall *or* will love, they shall *or* will love.

Present-perfect.—I have loved, thou hast loved *or* you have loved, he hath *or* has loved: we have loved, ye *or* you have loved, they have loved.

Past-perfect.—I had loved, thou hadst loved *or* you had loved, he had loved: we had loved, ye *or* you had loved, they had loved.

Future-perfect.—I shall *or* will have loved, thou shalt *or* wilt have loved *or* you shall *or* will have loved, he shall *or* will have loved: we shall *or* will have loved, ye *or* you shall *or* will have loved, they shall *or* will have loved.

POTENTIAL MODE†.

Present-imperfect time.—I may love, thou mayst love *or* you may love, he may love: we may love, ye *or* you may love, they may love.

Past-imperfect.—I might love, thou mightst love *or* you might love, he might love: we might love, ye *or* you might love, they might love.

Future-imperfect.—I may *or* might love, thou mayst *or* mightst love *or* you may *or* might love, he may *or* might love: we may *or* might love, ye *or* you may *or* might love, they may *or* might love.

Present-perfect.—I may have loved, thou mayst have loved *or* you may have loved, he may have loved: we may have loved, ye *or* you may have loved, they may have loved.

Past-perfect.—I might have loved, thou mightst have loved *or* you might have loved, he might have loved: we might have loved, ye *or* you might have loved, they might have loved.

Future-perfect.—I may *or* might have loved, thou mayst *or* mightst have loved *or* you may *or* might have loved, he may *or* might have loved: we may *or* might have loved, they may *or* might have loved.

† See Note, p. 323.

loved, ye *or* you may *or* might have loved, they may *or* might have loved.

CONJUNCTIVE MODE §.

Present-imperfect time.—If I love, if thou love *or* if you love, if he love : if we love, if ye *or* you love, if they love. Or,—If I may love, if thou may love *or* if you may love, if he may love : if we may love, if ye *or* you may love, if they may love.

Past-imperfect.—If I loved, if thou loved *or* if you loved, if he loved : if we loved, if ye *or* you loved, if they loved. Or,—If I might love, if thou might love *or* if you might love, if he might love : if we might love, if ye *or* you might love, if they might love.

Future-imperfect.—If I shall *or* will love, if thou shall *or* will love *or* if you shall *or* will love, if he shall *or* will love : if we shall *or* will love, if ye *or* you shall *or* will love, if they shall *or* will love. Or,—If I may *or* might love, if thou may *or* might love *or* if you may *or* might love, if he may *or* might love : if we may *or* might love, if ye *or* you may *or* might love, if they may *or* might love.

Present-perfect.—If I have loved, if thou have loved *or* if you have loved, if he have loved : if we have loved, if ye *or* you have loved, if they have loved. Or,—If I may have loved, if thou may have loved *or* if you may have loved, if he may have loved : if we may have loved, if ye *or* you may have loved, if they may have loved.

Past-perfect.—If I had loved, if thou had loved *or* if you had loved, if he had loved : if we had loved, if ye *or* you had loved, if they had loved. Or,—If I might have loved, if thou might have loved *or* if you might have loved, if he might have loved : if we might have loved, if ye *or* you might have loved, if they might have loved.

Future-perfect.—If I shall *or* will have loved, if thou shall *or* will have loved *or* if you shall *or* will have loved, if he shall *or* will have loved : if we shall *or* will have loved, if ye *or* you shall *or* will have loved, if they shall *or* will have loved. Or,—If I may *or* might have

have loved, if thou may *or* might have loved *or* if you may *or* might have loved, if he may *or* might have loved: if we may *or* might have loved, if ye *or* you may *or* might have loved, if they may *or* might have loved.

IMPERATIVE MODE.

Future-imperfect time.—Let me love, love thou *or* you, let him love: let us love, love ye *or* you, let them love.

INFINITIVE MODE.

Present, past, and future-imperfect times.—To love.

Present, past, and future-perfect.—To have loved.

The *PASSIVE Voice* of a verb, is always formed by adding to the variation of the verb *am*, the *passive* participle; thus, I am loved, thou art loved *or* you are loved, &c.—The *active* voice may also be formed in a similar manner, by adding the *active* participle: Thus, I am loving, thou art loving *or* you are loving, &c.

All *regular* verbs are varied as *love*. The variations of most of the *irregular* verbs may be deduced from the following catalogue.

IRREGULAR VERBS.

ARISE, arose, arisen †; beat, beat, beaten; begin, began, begun; bend, bent, bent; unbend, unbent, unbent; bereave, bereft *, bereft *; beseech, besought, besought; bid, bade, bidden; bind, bound, bound; bite, bit, bitten; bleed, bled, bled; blow, blew, blown; break, brake *or* broke; broke *or* broken; breed, bred, bred; bring, brought, brought; build, built, built; burst, burst, burst *or* bursten; buy, bought, bought; cast, cast, cast; catch, caught, caught; chide, chid, chidden; choose, chose, chosen; cleave, clave *or* clove *, cloven; cling, clang *or* clung, clung; clothe, clad *, clad *;
L 1
come,

† *Arise, arose, arisen*, are respectively the form of the verb *Arise*, in the first person singular of the present-imperfect, past-imperfect, and present-perfect times, indicative mode. Hence the verb *Arise* may be easily varied. A similar observation might be made with respect to the other verbs in this catalogue.

The asterisk denotes, that the verb to which it is affixed is *regular* as well as *irregular*.

come, came, come; cost, cost, cost; crow, crew, crowed;
 cut, cut, cut; dare, durst *, dared; dig, dug *, dug *;
 draw, drew, drawn; drink, drank, drunk, drive, drove;
 driven; do, did, done; eat, ate, eaten; fall, fell, fallen;
 feed, fed, fed; fight, fought, fought; find, found, found;
 flee, fled, fled; fling, flung, flung; fly, flew, flown;
 forsake, forsook, forsaken; freeze, froze, frozen; get,
 got, got *or* gotten; give, gave, given; go, went, gone;
 grind, ground, ground; grow, grew, grown; hang,
 hung *, hung *; have, had, had; hear, heard, heard;
 hew, hewed, hewn *; hide, hid, hidden; hit, hit, hit;
 hold, held, held; hurt, hurt, hurt; knit, knit, knit;
 know, knew, known; lay, laid, laid; lead, led, led;
 leave, left, left; lend, lent, lent; let, let, let; lie, lay,
 lain; lose, lost, lost; make, made, made; meet, met,
 met; mow, mowed, mown *; pay, paid, paid; put,
 put, put; read, read, read; rend, rent, rent; rid, rid,
 rid; ride, rode, ridden; ring, rang, rung; rise, rose,
 risen; run, ran, run; say, said, said; saw, sawed, sawn *;
 see, saw, seen; seek, sought, sought; see the, seethed,
 fodder; sell, sold, sold; send, sent, sent; set, set, set;
 shake, shook, shaken; load, loaded, loaden *or* laden *;
 shave, shaved, shaven *; shear, shorn *, shorn; shed, shed,
 shed; shine, shone *, shone *; shoe, shod, shod; shoot,
 shot, shot; shew, shewed, shewn *; shrink, shrank *or*
 shrunk, shrunk; shut, shut, shut; sing, sang *or* sung,
 sung; sink, sank *or* sunk, sunk; sit, sat, sitten; slay,
 slew, slain; slide, slid, slidden; sling, slang, slung; slit,
 slit, slit; smite, smote, smitten; snow, snowed, snowed *;
 sow, sowed, sown *; speak, spake *or* spoke, spoken;
 speed, sped, sped; spend, spent, spent; spin, span, spun;
 spit, spat, spitten; split, split, split; spread, spread,
 spread; spring, sprang, sprung; stand, stood, stood;
 steal, stole, stolen; stick, stuck, stuck; sting, stung,
 stung; stride, strode, stridden; strike, struck, struck *or*
 stricken; string, strung, strung; strive, strove *, striven;
 strew, strewed, strewn; swear, swore *or* sware, sworn;
 sweat, sweat, sweat *or* sweaten; swell, swelled, swollen;
 swim, swam, swum; swing, swung, swung; take, took,
 taken; teach, taught, taught; tear, tore *or* tare, torn;
 tell, told, told; think, thought, thought; thrive, throve,
 thriven; throw, threw, throw; thrust, thrust, thrust;
 tread,

tread, trode, trodden; wear, wore, worn; weave, wove*, woven*; wet, wet, wet; win, won, won; work, wrought*, wrought*; wring, wrung, wrung; write, wrote, writ or written.

PARTICIPLE.

A *Participle* is a word partaking at once of the nature of a verb and adnoun; as, *loving, loved*.

There are two participles, the *active* and *passive*. The *active* participle denotes the *accomplishing* an action or event; as, I am *beating*. The *passive* denotes the *suffering* an action or event; as, I am *beaten*. The former always ends with *ing*; the latter most generally with *ed*.

List of PARTICIPLES.

<i>Verbs.</i>	<i>Part. act.</i>	<i>Part. pas.</i>
Be,	Being,	Been,
Love,	Loving,	Loved,
Arise,	Arising,	Arisen,
Begin,	Beginning,	Begun,
Bend,	Bending,	Bent,
&c.	&c.	&c.

ADVERB.

An *Adverb* is a word generally added to a verb or participle, but sometimes also to an adnoun or another adverb, to point out a circumstance, or shew the manner of it; as, John sings *well*, You are *truly* wise, The Parliament is *now* sitting, He was *very much* mistaken.

List of ADVERBS.

Now, instantly, presently, immediately, to-day, already, before, hitherto, heretofore, since, ago, yesterday, hereafter, henceforth, henceforward, to-morrow, oft, often, oftentimes, soon, seldom, hourly, daily, weekly, monthly, yearly, always, when, then, ever, never, here, there, where, elsewhere, somewhere, nowhere, every-where, together, apart, asunder, hither, thither, whither, upward, downward, forward, backward, hence, thence, whence, once, twice, thrice, secondly,

thirdly, fourthly, much, little, enough, more, most, less, least, somewhat, yea, yes, verily, truly, certainly, assuredly, undoubtedly, nay, no, not, how, why, wherefore, whether, haply, perhaps, possibly, probably, peradventure, as, so, very, exceeding, almost, alike, otherwise, wisely, foolishly, quietly*, openly, hardly, scarcely, hapily..

P R E P O S I T I O N.

A *Preposition* is a word which always requires another part of speech after it, with which it expresses a circumstance of some word or words preceding it †; as, The covering of the tomb, Thomas went *to* town, John came *from* France, He is supported *by* his friends.

List of P R E P O S I T I O N S.

For, from, in, into, of, at, by, with, on, upon, to, unto, above, below, over, under, beneath, about, around, before, behind, after, against, among, amongst, beside, besides, between, betwixt, beyond, through, throughout, thorough, toward, towards, within, without.

I N T E R J E C T I O N.

An *Interjection* is a word which expresses some sudden or violent emotion or passion; as, *Oh! alas! fy!*

List of I N T E R J E C T I O N S.

O, oh, ah, alas, alack, lo, behold, fy, foh, phaw, pugh, avaunt, tush, ho, soho, huzza, heyday, ha, heigh-ho, hilt, hush, mum.

C O N J U N C T I O N.

A *Conjunction* is a word which connects sentences; as, I left the town on Monday, *and* returned on Saturday; The post is come, *but* has brought no news.

List

* Most adnouns may be turned into adverbs by adding the syllable *ly*; as, from *just* comes *justly*.

† This definition is given rather than the common one, being fully as just, and more easily understood.

List of CONJUNCTIONS.

And, also, likewise, either, or, neither, nor, but, yet, though, although, except, unless, nevertheless, notwithstanding, because, whereas, since.

Adverbs, prepositions, interjections, and conjunctions, are invariable; excepting these adverbs, Soon, sooner, soonest; oft or often, oftener, oftenest.

II. *Of CONSTRUCTION.*

1. A verb should agree with its agent * in *number and person*; as, The boys † *are* diligent.

Common Errors.

The ships is arrived. Is your relations in town? Is the horses watered? The stockings is mended. The streets is dirty. My father and mother is gone abroad. The bellows is broken. The rongs is lost. Where's the snuffers? We was in the country. You was in bed. They was at the play. Was you awake? Was your sisters at home? There was twenty. Who was all there? His friends has forsaken him. My brother and sister has seen it. Has the servants been there? Has the goods been sold? The children has supped. The men has fought. The boys has been at school. Good and bad comes to all! Time and tide waits for no man.

2. The *agent* of a verb, when a pronoun, should be in the *foregoing state*; the *object* ‡ in the *following*: as, He loves her.

Common Errors.

There was him and her and me. Him and her was married. Who opened the door? Me. What put up the window? Him. Who blew out the candle? Her. Who gained the prize? Us. Who tore the book? Them. No man is so brave as him, nor any

L I 3

woman

* The *agent* of a verb will easily be known, by asking a question with the verb, thus—The boys are diligent. Who are diligent? The boys.

† Every noun is of the second or third person; the second, when the object is spoken to; the third, when spoken of.

‡ The *object* of a verb will be easily known by asking a question with the verb and its agent, thus—He loves her. Whom does he love? Her. The agent of a verb commonly precedes it, the object follows it. Some verbs, properly speaking, have no object; as, I stand, he sleeps, she walks.

woman so handsome as her. You are wiser than them. He is more foolish than her. She sings better than him. Who do you love?

3. A *preposition* requires the *following* state of a pronoun after it; as, He gave it to *me*.

Common Errors.

Between you and I. Who did you give it to? Who did you get it from? Who do you deal with?

4. The verb *Am* admits of the *foregoing* state of a pronoun, both *before* and *after* it; as, *I* am *he* who wrote the letter: except in the infinitive mode; as, To be *him*, To be *her*.

Common Errors.

It was him who spoke so well. That is her who sung so charmingly. I am him who came to town. It was her who dressed so gay. This is them.

5. A *pronoun* should agree with its *antecedent* (that is, the noun or nouns for which it is used) in *number*, *gender*, and *person*; as, When my *father* died, *he* bequeathed to me *his* whole fortune.

6. If the *agent* of a verb, or *antecedent* of a pronoun, denote a collection or assemblage of individuals in one body, it may be considered either as of the *singular* or *plural* number; as, The company *is* or *are* come.

7. If the *agent* of a verb, or *antecedent* of a pronoun, consist of two or more nouns or pronouns, connected by the conjunction *and*, it must be considered as of the *plural* number, and highest person mentioned: as, *Wealth* and *fame*, though desirable, *are* not essential to happiness; My *brother* and *I* went to church, where *we* heard an excellent sermon.

8. The pronoun *it*, though strictly of the *neuter* gender, is frequently used with respect to *children* or *animals*: as, *It* is a good child; *It* is a noble animal.—The same pronoun is also applied to persons or animals, thus: *It* is I; *It* was thou; *It* is she.

9. The

9. The pronouns *who*, *whom*, and *whose*, should be used with respect to *persons* only : as, The *man who* is truly wise ; *She whom* I love ; The *man whose* breast is pure.

10. The pronoun *which*, as an *interrogative*, is used with respect to objects of every kind ; as, Which *person, animal, or thing*, is it ? In any other case, to apply it to *persons* is improper.

11. The possessive pronouns *my*, *thy*, *her*, *our*, *your*, and *their*, are used *before* the noun with which they denote possession ; *mine*, *thine* *, *hers*, *ours*, *yours*, and *theirs*, *after* it : as, These are *my books* ; or, These *books* are *mine*.

12. The pronoun *own* is added to *my*, *mine*, *thy*, *thine*, *his*, *her*, *our*, *your*, *their*, and the possessive *one's* only for the sake of emphasis ; as, This is *my own* book. In like manner, to render an expression more emphatical, some pronouns take the terminations *self*, *selves* : Thus, *myself*, *thyself*, *yourself*, *himself*, *herself*, *itself*, *one's self*, *ourselves*, *yourselves*, *themselves*.

13. An *adnoun* must agree in *number* with the *noun* to which it is added : as, *This man*, *these men* ; *That man*, *those men*.

14. Double *comparatives* and *superlatives* are improper ; such as, *more wiser*, *most wisest*.

15. The *adnouns* or *articles* *a* and *an* are used with nouns of the *singular* number only † ; *the*, with nouns of *either* number : as, *A man*, *an angel* ; *The man*, *the men*.

16. *A* is put before words beginning with a *consonant* ;
an

* *Mine* and *thine* are sometimes used instead of *my* and *thy*, when the succeeding word begins with a *vowel* or *h* mute ; as, *mine arm*, *thine heir*.

† It is customary indeed to say *a thousand men*, *a hundred horses*, &c. ; but, in such expressions, *a* is substituted for the numeral *adnoun* *one*.

*a*n before words beginning with a vowel, or *b* mute: as, *A* boy; *a*n arm, *a*n hour *.

17. *A* or *a*n is used to express a single object *indefinitely*; *the* to express one or more objects *definitely*: as, *A* man or *a*n angel, signifies *any* man or angel; *the* man or *the* men, signifies some *particular* man or men. Hence *a* or *a*n has been termed the *indefinite*, and *the* the *definite* article.

Universally. That construction is best which is most agreeable to the nature of the composition, expressive of the sense, and pleasing to the ear.

* In some cases, for sound's sake, it is better to write *a*n than *a* before words beginning with *b*, even when the *b* is sounded; as, *a*n hyperbole.

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