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A
COLLECTION
OF
PROSE AND VERSE,
FROM THE
BEST ENGLISH AUTHORS,
FOR
THE USE OF SCHOOLS.

BY ARTHUR MASSON, A. M.

LATE TEACHER OF LANGUAGES IN EDINBURGH AND ABERDEEN.

A NEW AND MUCH ENLARGED EDITION.

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COLLECTION

OF

ENGLISH PROSE AND VERSE.

FABLES.

I. The Beasts assembled to choose a King.

THE lion being dead, all the beasts of the forest flocked to comfort the lioness his widow, whose cries and roarings were heard all around the country. After the usual condoling compliments, they proceeded to the election of a king, the crown being placed in the midst of them. The orphan lion was too young and too weak to obtain the royalty, which so many powerful creatures contended for : " Let me grow up," said he, " and then I'll shew you that I know how to reign, and will make myself to be feared ; meanwhile, I'll study the history of my father's glorious actions, that I may one day rival him in glory." Then were produced the several claims for the crown. " For my part," cried the leopard, " I expect to be crowned, for I resemble the lion more than any other beast does." " I was dealt unjustly by," cried the bear, " when the lion was preferred to me : I am as strong, as brave, as cruel, and as bloody as he could be ; and I have one particular advantage over him, I can climb up trees." " I appeal to your judgments, gentlemen," says the elephant, " if any one here can dispute the glory of being as great, as strong, or as grave as I am." " I am the most noble and most beautiful of creatures," interrupted the horse. " I the most crafty," cried the fox. " And I the swiftest," said the stag. " Where," said the monkey, " will you find a king so agreeable as I am ? Each day I would divert my subjects ; nay, further, I resemble Man, the real lord of all nature." The parrot, who was got in amongst them, interrupted the monkey here : " If you heast of resembling man, what must I do ? Your hideous face is, indeed, an ugly distant likeness of his, and you can make

“ a few ridiculous grimaces ; but I can talk like man, and
 “ imitate his voice, by which he demonstrates his reason.”
 “ Hold your prating,” replied the monkey, “ you speak in-
 “ deed, but not like man : for you still run on with the
 “ same thing, without knowing what you say.” The whole
 assembly here burst out a laughing at these ridiculous
 imitators of man, and the crown was given to the ele-
 phant, because he had the strength and wisdom, free from
 the cruelty, of the beasts of prey ; and was not tainted with
 the abominable foolish vanity of so many others, who en-
 deavour to appear what they really are not.

II. THE BEES.

A YOUNG prince, in that season of the year when all
 nature shews itself in the greatest degree of perfection,
 took a walk one day through a very delicious garden ; he
 heard a great noise, and looking about, perceived a hive of
 Bees. He approached that object, which was entirely new
 to him, and observed with amazement the order, care, and
 business, of that little commonwealth. The cells began to
 be formed into a regular figure, and one party of the Bees
 was storing them with nectar, while another was employed
 in supplying them with thyme, which they gathered from
 among all the riches of the spring. Laziness and inactivity
 were banished the society : every thing was in motion,
 without confusion or disorder. The more considerable
 gave out their orders, and were obeyed by their inferiors,
 without any manner of murmur, jealousy, or unwillingness.
 The prince was extremely surpris'd, as having never seen
 any thing equal to their polity before, when a bee, who
 was considered as queen of the hive, addressed him thus :
 “ The view you have before you, young prince, must be
 “ entertaining, but may be made instructive. We suffer
 “ nothing like disorder, nor licentiousness, among us : they
 “ are most esteemed who, by their capacity and diligence,
 “ can do most for the public weal. Our first places are
 “ always bestowed where there is most merit ; and, last of
 “ all, we are taking pains day and night for the benefit of
 “ man. Go, and imitate us. Introduce that order and
 “ discipline among men, which you so much admire in
 “ other creatures.”

III. VIRTUE, VICE, &c.

JUPITER, in the beginning, joined Virtue, Wisdom, and Confidence together, and Vice, Folly, and Diffidence; and in that society set them upon the earth. But though he had matched them with great judgment, and said, that Confidence was the natural companion of Virtue, and that Vice deserved to be attended with Diffidence, they had not gone far, before dissension arose among them. Wisdom, who was the guide of the one company, was always accustomed, before she ventured upon any road, however beaten, to examine it carefully; to inquire whither it led, what dangers, difficulties, and hindrances might possibly, or probably, occur in it. In these deliberations, she usually consumed time; which delay was very displeasing to Confidence, who was always inclined to hurry on, without much forethought or deliberation, in the first road he met. Wisdom and Virtue were inseparable; but Confidence one day following his impetuous nature, advanced a considerable way before his friends and companions, and not feeling any want of their company, he never inquired after them, nor ever met with them more. In like manner, the other society, though joined by Jupiter, disagreed and separated. As folly saw very little way before her, she had nothing to determine concerning the goodness of roads, nor could give the preference to one above another; and this want of resolution was increased by Diffidence, who, with her doubts and scruples, always retarded the journey. This was a great annoyance to Vice, who loved not to hear of difficulties and delays; and was never satisfied without his full career in whatever his inclinations led him to. Folly, he knew, though she hearkened to Diffidence, would be easily managed when alone; and therefore, as a vicious horse throws his rider, he openly beat away this controller of all his pleasures, and proceeded in his journey with Folly, from whom he is inseparable. Confidence and Diffidence being, after this manner, both thrown loose from their respective companies, wandered for some time, till, at last, Chance had led them at the same time to one village. Confidence went directly up to the great house, which belonged to **WEALTH**, the lord of the village, and without staying for a porter, intruded himself immediately

into the innermost apartments, where he found Vice and Folly well received before him. He joined the train, recommended himself very quickly to his landlord; and entered into such a familiarity with Vice, that he was inlisted in the same company with Folly. They were frequent guests of Wealth, and from that moment inseparable. Diffidence, in the mean time, not daring to approach the great house, accepted of an invitation from POVERTY, one of the tenants; and entering the cottage, found Wisdom and Virtue, who being repulsed by the landlord, had retired thither. Virtue took compassion of her, and Wisdom found from her temper, that she would easily improve; so they admitted her into their society. Accordingly, by their means, she altered in a little time somewhat of her manner, and becoming much more amiable and engaging, was now called by the name of MODESTY. As ill company has a greater effect than good, Confidence, though more refractory to counsel and example, degenerated so far by the society of Vice and Folly, as to pass by the name of IMPUDENCE. Mankind, who saw these societies as Jupiter first joined them, and knew nothing of these mutual desertions, are apt to run into mistakes, and wherever they see Impudence, make account of Virtue and Wisdom; and wherever they observe Modesty, call her attendants Vice and Folly.

IV. THE MISER.

A MISER being dead and fairly interred, came to the banks of the river Styx, desiring to be ferried over, along with the other ghosts. Charon demands his fare, and is surprised to see the Miser, rather than pay it, throw himself into the river, and swim over to the other side, notwithstanding all the clamour and opposition that could be made to him. All hell was in an uproar; and each of the judges was meditating some punishment suitable to a crime of such dangerous consequence to the infernal revenues. "Shall he be chained to the rock along with Prometheus: or tremble below the precipice, in company with the Danaides? or assist Sysiphus in rolling his stone?" "No," says Minos; "none of these; we must invent some severer

"punishment.—Let him be sent back to the earth, to see
 "the use his heirs are making of his riches."

VI. AVARICE AND THE EARTH.

QUR old mother Earth once lodged an indictment against Avarice before the court of Jupiter, for her wicked and malicious counsel and advice, in tempting, inducing, persuading, and traiterously seducing the children of the plaintiff, to commit the detestable crime of parricide upon her, mangling her body, and ransacking her very bowels for hidden treasure. The indictment was very long and verbose; but we must omit a great part of the repetitions and synonymous terms, not to tire our reader too much with our tale. Avarice, being called to answer to this charge, had not much to say in her own defence. The injury was clearly proved upon her. The fact, indeed, was notorious, and the injury had been frequently repeated. When, therefore, the plaintiff demanded justice, Jupiter readily gave sentence in her favour; and his decree was to this purpose: "That since Dame Avarice, the defendant, had thus grievously injured Dame Earth, the plaintiff, she was hereby ordered to take that treasure, of which she had feloniously robbed the Earth, by ransacking her bosom, and, in the same manner as before, opening her bosom, restore it back to her without diminution or retention." "From this sentence it shall follow," says Jupiter to the bystanders, "That, in all future ages, the retainers of Avarice shall bury and conceal their riches, and thereby restore to the Earth what they took from her."

STORIES.

I. OF ERSKINE AND FREEPORT.

THERE were two boys at Westminster school, whose names were Erskine and Freeport. Erskine was of a soft and timorous, but Freeport of a bold and hardy disposition. It happened one day, that Erskine, by some accident, tore a piece of a curtain which divided one part of the school from the other. As the chief master was extremely severe, the poor boy, well knowing when the master came

in that he would most certainly be lashed, was seized with a sudden panic, and fell a-crying and trembling. He was observed by his comrades, and particularly by Freeport, who immediately came up to him, desired him not to be concerned, and generously promised to take the blame upon himself. As he promised, so he performed, and was whipped for the fault accordingly. When these two boys were grown up to men, in the reign of King Charles I. of England, the civil war betwixt the King and Parliament broke out, in which they were on opposite sides. Freeport was a Captain of the King's army, Erskine a Judge appointed by the Parliament. In an action betwixt the King's and Parliament's army, the King's army was defeated, and Captain Freeport taken prisoner. The Parliament sent Judge Erskine to take trial of the prisoners, among whom was his once generous school-fellow Freeport. They had been so long separated, they could not know one another's faces, so that Judge Erskine was on the point of condemning all the prisoners without distinction : but when their names were read over, before pronouncing sentence, he heard his friend Freeport named, and looking attentively in his face, asked him if ever he had been at Westminster school ? He answered, He had : Erskine said no more ; but immediately stopped proceeding, rode up to London, and in a few days returned, with a signed pardon in his pocket for Captain Freeport.

II. OF UNNION AND VALENTINE.

IN the reign of Queen Anne, Britain was engaged in a War with France. The English army laid siege to Namur, a fortified city in Flanders, and took the town, but the castle stood out against them. Among others of the British forces engaged in storming the castle, there was a regiment belonging to Colonel Frederick Hamilton ; and in that regiment was one Unnion a corporal, and another Valentine, a private soldier. These two, when at school, had been intimate comrades, but, upon some very trifling account, had fallen out in their younger days, and their hatred of each other had grown stronger as they grew older. Unnion took all opportunities of shewing his spite and malice against Valentine. He again durst not open-

ly revenge himself, but bore his ill treatment without any resistance; though he frequently said he would willingly die to be revenged of that Villain Unnion. In the midst of this rage, they were commanded upon an attack of the castle of Namur. In the attack, Unnion had an arm shot off by a cannon ball, at which he fell down just by Valentine's side. The enemy from the castle pressing hard upon the English, they were obliged to retire. Unnion, expecting to be trampled to death, called out, O Valentine! Valentine! can you leave me in this condition? Valentine ran back, and, in the midst of a thick fire of the enemy, took the corporal in his arms, and came off with him; but he had not run far when he received a shot in the thigh, which brought him to the ground. Unnion, notwithstanding the loss of his arm, immediately took Valentine on his back, and ran with him till he fainted: by these means, being happily out of the reach of their enemies, they were both taken up by their fellow soldiers, carried into the town, and soon recovered of their wounds. This accident of their being deliverers to each other, made them enter into, and preserve an inviolable friendship, which nothing could disturb to the end of their days.

III. OF A FRENCH PRIVATEER.

IN a late war, betwixt the English and French, a French Privateer happening to meet with a small English Merchant ship, a smart engagement ensued. The Englishman defended himself with surprising bravery, and beat off the French, after they had boarded him three or four different times. But the French Privateer having great numbers of men, still renewed the attack, and came on with greater fury, not doubting to gain the victory, and carry off the English ship as a prize. The English, on the other hand, manfully stood it out, till at last, finding their ship about to sink with the damage she had received in the action, they made a signal to their enemy that they yielded. But the French Captain, instead of considering aright the incredible bravery of the English, and relieving them when about to perish, was bent on nothing but revenge, for the loss he had sustained in the fight; and, therefore, told the English, by a trumpet, that he would not take them on board, but

would stand still with pleasure, and see them all sink together. Notwithstanding this, the English master and his crew leaped into the sea, swam to their enemies' ship, and were all taken up by the sailors, in spite of their commander. But though they took them up without his orders, they treated them, when in the ship, as their barbarous Captain desired. The common sailors were tied two and two, thrown into the ship's hold, and allowed no meat for three whole days; and as for the English Captain, the French commander made his men hold him, while he beat him with a stick, till he fainted with the loss of blood, and then cast him into irons. After keeping them several days, overwhelmed with hunger, stench, and misery, he brought them into Calais, a sea-port town in France. The governor of the town being acquainted with the whole story, was so enraged at the cruelty, that he publicly disgraced the French Captain, got him cashiered, and gave the English all the relief which a man of honour could bestow upon an enemy so inhumanly treated. He caused all imaginable care to be taken of the English Captain till he recovered of his wounds, and then sent him and his crew to their own country in safety.

IV. OF KING LEAR.

LEAR, one of the kings of England, had three daughters, Goneril, Regan, and Cordelia. When he grew old and infirm, he came to a resolution to marry his daughters; and divide his kingdom among them. But having a mind first of all to know which of them loved him best, he resolved to make an experiment, by asking each of them separately. Goneril, the eldest, apprehending too well her father's weakness, made answer, that she loved him above her own soul. Therefore, says the old man, overjoyed, to thee and to the husband thou shalt choose, I give the third part of my realm. Regan, the second daughter, being asked the same question, and hoping to obtain as large a share of her father's bounty as her eldest sister had done, made answer, that she loved him above all creatures; and so received an equal reward with her sister. The king then proceeded to ask Cordelia, his youngest daughter, whom he had hitherto loved most tenderly of the three:

but though she perceived how much the two eldest had gained by their flattery, yet would she not thereby be induced to make other than a solid and virtuous answer. Father, says she, I love you as a child ought to love her parent, they who pretend more than this do but flatter you. The old man, sorry to hear this, wished her to recall these words, and a second time demanded what love she bore unto him ; but she repeated the same answer she had made before. Then hear thou, says Lear, all in a passion, what thy ingratitude hath gained thee : because thou hast not revered thy aged father equal to thy sisters, thou shalt have no part of my kingdom or my riches. And soon after he bestows in marriage his two eldest daughters, Goneril to the Duke of Albania, and Regan to the Duke of Cornwall, putting them in the present possession of half of his kingdom, and promising the rest at his death. But the wisdom, prudence, and other accomplishments of Cordelia, soon spread abroad her name through the world, and at last reached the ear of Aganippus, king of France, who disregarding the loss of her dowry, took her to wife.

After this, king Lear, more and more drooping with years, became an easy prey to his daughters and their husbands, who now, by daily encroachments, had seized the whole kingdom into their hands, the king being obliged to reside with his eldest daughter, attended only by three-score knights. But they, as they seemed too numerous and disorderly for continual guests, were reduced to thirty. Not brooking this affront, the king betakes him to his second daughter ; but he had not been long there, till a difference arising among the crowded family, five only are suffered to attend him. Back again he goes to his eldest daughter, hoping she could not but have some more pity on his grey hairs ; but she now refuses to admit him at all, unless he will be contented with only one attendant. At last he calls to remembrance his youngest daughter Cordelia, and acknowledging how true her words had been, though he entertained but little hope of relief from one whom he had so much injured, yet resolved to make an experiment, if his misery might something soften her, he takes his journey into France. Now might be seen the difference between the silent, or modestly expressed affection, of some children to their parents, and the talkative obsequiousness

of others, while the hope of inheritance acts in them, and on their tongue's end enlarges their duty. Cordelia, hearing of her father's distress, pours forth true filial tears, and not enduring, either that she herself, her husband, or any at court, should see him in such forlorn condition as his messenger described, orders one of her most trusty servants, first to convey him privately towards a sea-town, there to array him, bathe him, cherish him, and furnish him with such attendants as became his dignity; that then, as from his first landing, he might send word of his arrival to her husband Aganippus. Which done, Cordelia, with the king her husband, and all the nobility of his realm, went out to meet king Lear; and after all manner of honourable and joyfal entertainment at the court of Aganippus, Cordelia, with a powerful army, returned to England to replace the king her father upon the throne. Her piety was rewarded with such success in this undertaking, that she soon vanquished her impious sisters and their husbands, and Lear again obtained the crown, which he continued to enjoy some years in peace. When he died, Cordelia caused him, with all regal solemnities, to be buried in the town of Leicester.

V. OF SCIPIO.

SCIPIO, at four and twenty years of age, had obtained a great victory, and a multitude of prisoners of each sex, and all conditions, fell into his possession; among others, an agreeable virgin, in her early bloom and beauty. He had too sensible a heart, to see the most lovely of objects without being moved with passion; besides which, there was no obligation of honour or virtue in the common account, to restrain his desires towards one who was his by the fortune of war. But a noble indignation, and a sudden sorrow, which appeared in her countenance, when the conqueror cast his eyes upon her, raised his curiosity to know her story. He was informed she was a lady of the highest condition in that country, and contracted to Al-lucius, a man of merit and quality. The generous Roman soon placed himself in the condition of that unhappy man who was to lose so charming a bride; and though a youth, a bachelor, a lover, and a conqueror, immediately resol-

ved to restore her to her destined husband. With this purpose, he commands her parents and relations, with her intended husband, to attend him at an appointed time. When they were met, and were waiting for the General, you may imagine to yourself the different concerns of an unhappy father, a despairing lover, and a tender mother, in the several persons who were so related to the captive. Scipio appears to them, and leads his prisoner into their presence ; as he approached, they all threw themselves on their knees, except the lover of the lady ; but Scipio observing in him a manly sullenness, was the more inclined to favour him, and spoke to him in these words : “ Sir, It “ is not the manner of the Romans to use all the power “ they justly may ; we fight not to ravage countries, or “ break thro’ the ties of humanity ; I am acquainted with “ your worth and your interest in this lady ; fortune has “ made me your master, but I desire to be your friend : “ this is your wife, take her, and may the gods bless you “ with her ; far be it from Scipio to purchase a little momentary pleasure at the rate of making an honest man unhappy.” The heart of Allucius was too full to allow him to make an answer, but he threw himself at Scipio’s feet, and wept aloud. The captive lady fell into the same posture, and they both remained so till the father of the young woman burst into the following words : “ O divine “ Scipio ! the gods have given you more than human virtue. O glorious leader ! O wondrous youth ! Does not “ that happy virgin, while she prays to the gods for your “ prosperity, and thinks you sent down from among them, “ give you most exquisite pleasure, above all the joys you “ could have reaped from the possession of her injured “ person ?” Scipio, without any emotion, answered him, “ Father, be a friend to Rome,” and then retired. An immense sum was brought as her ransom, but he sent it to her husband, and smiling, said, “ This is a trifle, after “ what I have given him already.”



VI. OF THE TWELVE CÆSARS.

CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR was one of the most extraordinary men that ever appeared in the world. Having by his many victories, and particularly by the defeat of

Pompey at the battle of Pharsalia, raised himself to a pitch of greatness above all his fellow citizens; he was honoured with five triumphs, and had conferred upon him the title of Father of his country, and Perpetual Dictator. These extravagant honours, and his endeavours after both the title and power of a king, so exasperated some of his senators, that they entered into a conspiracy against him; the chief of the conspirators were Cassius and Brutus. By these, and some others, he was murdered in the senate house, receiving no less than twenty-three wounds. His death was so far from being the cause of peace, that it occasioned more civil wars; and so little were his enemies secured by his murder, that none of them outlived him above three years, but all perished miserably.

After his death, his nephew Octavius, afterwards called Augustus Cæsar, possessed himself of the government, but not without great struggles, and was forced to wade through great cruelties, before he could make himself absolute; but he behaved so well afterwards, that it was said, it would have been happy for the people of Rome, if he had never been born, or had never died. In the forty-second, or (as others say) — the forty-first year of his reign, JESUS CHRIST was born.

Tiberius, his son-in-law, succeeded him. He was a master in the art of dissimulation; but at length his cruelty and voluptuousness rendered him so odious, that the news of his death was received with great joy by the people.

Caligula, as he far exceeded his predecessor in all manner of debauchery, so, in relation to martial affairs, he was much his inferior. However, he is famous for a mock expedition that he made against the Germans; when arriving at that part of the Low Countries which is opposite to Britain, and receiving into his protection a fugitive prince of that island, he sent glorious letters to the senate, giving an account of the happy conquest of the whole kingdom: and soon after, making the soldiers fill their helmets with pebbles and cockle shells, which he called the spoils of the ocean, returned to the city to demand a triumph, and when that honour was denied him by the senate, he fell into the most extravagant cruelties. He was so far from entertaining any desire to benefit the public, that he often com-

plained of his ill fortune, because no signal calamity happened in his time, and made it his constant wish, that either the utter destruction of an army, or some plague, famine, earthquake, or other extraordinary desolation, might continue the memory of his reign to succeeding ages. He had another more comprehensive wish, that all the Romans had but one neck, that he might strike it off at one blow. His common phrase was, *Let them hate me, so they fear me.* This behaviour compelled them to cut him off for the security of their own persons, in the year of our Lord forty-one.

Caligula being taken off, the senate assembled in the capitol to debate about extinguishing the name and family of the Cæsars, and restoring the commonwealth to the old constitution; when one of the soldiers who were ransacking the palace, lighting casually upon Claudius, uncle to the late emperor, who had hid himself in a corner behind the hangings, pulled him out to the rest of his gang, and recommended him as the fittest person in the world to be emperor. All were strangely pleased at the motion, and taking him along with them by force, lodged him among the guards. The senate, upon the first information, sent immediately to stop their proceedings; but not agreeing among themselves, and hearing the multitude crying out for one governor, they were at last constrained to confirm the election of the soldiers, especially since they had pitched upon such an easy prince as would be wholly at their command and disposal. The conquest of Britain was the most remarkable act of his time, owing partly to an expedition that he made in person, but chiefly to the valour of his lieutenants.

His successor, Nero, behaved exceedingly well for about the space of five years; but afterwards fell into such cruel and ridiculous actions, as have rendered his name odious to this day. He wantonly took away the lives of the best and worthiest persons, not sparing his tutor Seneca, nor even his own mother. He set fire to the city of Rome, and took delight to see it burn; and, in short, was a monster of all sorts of wickedness. His subjects having groaned under his tyranny fourteen years, and not able to endure it longer, put an end both to that and his life at once.

Sergius Galba, in Spain, was chosen emperor by the

soldiers, and confirmed by the senate. His great age and his severity were the causes of his ruin ; the first of which rendered him contemptible, and the other odious. And the remedy he used to appease the dissatisfactions did but ripen them for revenge. For immediately upon his adopting Piso, Otho, who had expected that honour, and was now enraged at his disappointment, upon application to the soldiers, easily procured the murder of the old prince and his adopted son, and by that means was himself advanced to the imperial dignity.

But he reigned not long, for Vitellius, making head against him, three battles were fought between them, in which Otho had the better ; but in the fourth, he was defeated, and then, out of impatience, he slew himself in the thirty-eighth year of his age.

Aulus Vitellius returning victor to Rome, was saluted emperor by the senate. His luxury and cruelty soon rendered him so odious, that the people rose upon him, and after treating him with the vilest indignities, threw his dead body into the Tiber.

This storm of civil war being overblown, there succeeded a happy serenity under Vespasian, a wise and moderate prince, who seems to have made it his whole care to reform the abuses made by the licentiousness of the late times. He has indeed been blamed for using so many ways to raise money, insomuch that he had a tax upon urine ; for which being reproved by his son Titus, he held some of the money to his nose, and asked him if it smelt amiss ? He may however be excused, if we consider either his own magnificence and liberality, or that the treasures had been exhausted by the looseness of his predecessors.

But, perhaps, he did not more oblige the world by his own reign, than by leaving so admirable a successor as his son Titus, who, from his goodness, was called *The Delight of Mankind*. One night, at supper, calling to mind that he had not granted any favour that day to any man, he cries out, ‘ Alas ! my friends, we have lost a day.’ He gave sufficient proof of his courage in the famous siege of Jerusalem, and might have met with as good success in other parts, had he not been prevented by an untimely death, to the universal grief of mankind.

But then, Domitian so far degenerated from the two excellent examples of his father and brother, as to seem more desirous of copying Nero or Caligula; and, accordingly, he met with their fate, being murdered by some of his nearest relations. The senate, in detestation of his memory, ordered his name to be razed out of all public acts.



VII. THE TROJAN WAR.

THE first enterprise that was undertaken by the general consent of all Greece, was the war against Troy, which has been famous to this day, for the number of princes and valiant commanders there assembled, the great battles fought with various success, the long continuance of the siege, the destruction of that great city, and the many colonies planted in several countries, as well by the remainder of the Trojans, as by the victorious Greeks after their unfortunate return. An account of these things has been delivered to posterity by several excellent writers, and particularly by Homer, whose verses have given immortality to the action, which might else, with other eminent events, have been buried in everlasting oblivion. All writers agree, that the rape of Helen by Paris, the son of Priam, was the cause of taking arms. The Greeks, unwilling to come to a trial of arms, if things might be compounded by treaty, sent Menelaus and Ulysses ambassadors to Troy, who demanded Helen, and the goods which had been taken with her out of Menelaus' house. What answer the Trojans made is uncertain; but so it was, that the ambassadors thought themselves badly treated, and returned without any success. The incensed Greeks made all haste to Troy, under the command of Agamemnon, who was accompanied with his brother Menelaus, Achilles, (the most valiant of all the Greeks,) his friend Patroclus, and his tutor Phenix, Ajax, Ulysses, Nestor, and several others. These all arriving at Troy with a great army, found such sharp entertainment, as might easily have convinced them the war would not be soon finished.

They spent nine years, either before the town, or ravaging the country, without any great success against Troy; for there arose such contention between Agamemnon and Achilles, as that Achilles refused to fight, or to send forth

his men ; but the Greeks presented themselves before the city, without him or his troops. The Trojans, in the mean time, were greatly assisted by forces sent them from all the neighbouring countries. Between them and the Greeks were many battles fought ; the most remarkable of which were, one at the tomb of King Ilus upon the plain, and another at the very trenches of the Grecian camp, wherein Hector, the bravest of all the Trojans, broke through the fortifications of the Greeks, and began to set fire to their ships ; at which time Ajax, the son of Telamon, and Teucer his brother, being the only men of note who remained unwounded, made head against Hector, when the state of the Greeks was almost desperate.

Another battle was fought by Patroclus, who having obtained leave of Achilles to draw forth his troops, relieved the weary Greeks with a fresh supply. In that action, Patroclus was killed ; but his body was recovered by his friends, and brought to the camp, having been first stripped by Hector of the armour of Achilles, which he had put on. The loss of Patroclus and of the armour kindled revenge in Achilles' breast ; and Agamemnon and he being reconciled, he was impatient, till new armour was made for him. In the next battle, Achilles not only put the Trojans to flight, but chased Hector thrice round the walls of Troy, and then slew him. His cruelty and covetousness were most shameful ; for he tied the dead body to his chariot, dragged it about the field, and at last sold it to Priam, Hector's father, for a great ransom. But it was not long before he got his reward ; for he was shortly after slain with an arrow by Paris, and his body ransomed in the same manner, and at an equal price. In short, after the death of many great men on each side, the city was taken by night ; but, whether by the treason of Æneas and Antenor, or by any stratagem of the Greeks, is uncertain.



VIII. ALFRED.

OF all the kings of England before the conquest, the most deservedly famous was Alfred, fourth son of Ethelwolf. He was born at Wantage in Berkshire. His mother was Osburga, the daughter of Oslac, the King's cup-bearer, a Goth by nation, of noble descent. He was come-

lier than all his brethren, had a graceful behaviour, a ready wit, and a good memory ; but, through the fondness of his parents, was not taught to read till the twelfth year of his age. However, his desire of learning soon appeared, by taking pleasure in reciting Saxon poems, which, with great attention, he heard by others repeated. He was, besides, excellent at diversions, such as hunting and hawking ; but most exemplary in devotion, having collected into a book certain prayers and psalms, which he always carried in his bosom, to use upon every occasion. He thirsted greatly after knowledge, and often complained that in his youth he had no teachers, and in his middle age little vacancy, from wars and cares of his kingdom ; yet he found leisure sometimes, not only to learn much himself, but to communicate what he could to his people. From the time of his undertaking the regal charge, no man was more patient in hearing causes ; more inquisitive in examining ; more exact in doing justice and providing good laws, which are yet extant ; more severe in punishing unjust judges and obstinate offenders, especially thieves and robbers ; to the terror of whom there were hung, in cross ways, upon a high post, chains of gold, as it were daring any one to take them thence ; so that justice seemed in his days not to flourish only, but to triumph. No man was more frugal than he of two valuable things, his time and his revenue ; and no man wiser in the disposal of both. His time, both day and night, he distributed by the burning of certain tapers into three equal portions : one was for devotion, another for public or private affairs, and the third for bodily refreshment.—How each hour passed, he was put in mind by one who had that for his office. He divided his whole annual revenue into two equal parts ; the one he employed in secular uses, and subdivided these into three ; the first to pay his soldiers, household servants, and guards ; the second to pay his architects and workmen, whom he had got together from several nations, for erecting some elegant and useful buildings ; and the third he had always in readiness to relieve and, honour strangers, who came from all parts to see and live under him. The other half of his yearly wealth he dedicated to religious uses ; and these were chiefly of four sorts ; the first to relieve the poor, the second to build and maintain monaster-

ies, the third to set on foot and support a public school, at which the sons of noblemen might study the liberal arts, and improve in secret knowledge; and the fourth was for the relief of foreign churches, as far as India: for he sent thither Sigelm, bishop of Sherburn, who returned safe, and brought with him many rich gems and spices, the product of the country.

His bodily constitution, from his youth, was weak and sickly, but not such as disabled him from sustaining, with uncommon greatness, those many glorious labours both in peace and war, which fill up his life. He died in the year of our Lord Nine hundred, in the fifty-first year of his age, and thirtieth of his reign, and was buried regally at Winchester.

IX. OF CANUTE.

THERE is a remarkable passage in the life of Canute, king of England, containing instructions both to prince and people. His courtiers (ever too prone to magnify and flatter those whom they think to please by so doing) would frequently extol his power and wealth, and pretend sometimes almost to adore his person. Canute was a man of too good understanding, not to see the folly of such flattery, and of the persons from whom it came: but for their effectual conviction, and to shew the small power of kings, he caused his royal seat to be placed on the sea-shore, while the tide was coming in; then in the midst of his flattering nobles and great lords, whom he caused to assemble together for that purpose, arrayed in robes of gold, with his crown on his head, with all the state and royalty he could command, he thus addressed the sea: "Thou sea, belongest to me, and the land whereon I sit is mine, nor hath any one unpunished resisted my commands: I charge thee, therefore, come no farther upon my land, neither presume to wet the feet of thy sovereign lord." But the sea came rolling on, and, without reverence, wet and dashed the king. Then rising from his seat, and looking around him, he desired all present to behold and consider the weakness of human power; and that none truly deserved the name of a king, but He whose eternal laws both heaven, earth, and seas obey. From

that time he never wore a crown, esteeming earthly royalty nothing else than poor contemptible vanity.

X. A MERCHANT AND HIS TWO SONS.

A CERTAIN merchant had two sons, the eldest of whom was of so bad a disposition, as to behave with great hatred and spitefulness towards the younger, who was of a temper more mild and gentle. It happened, that the old gentleman having by his trade acquired a large estate, left it by his will to his eldest son, together with all his ships and stock in merchandize, desiring him to continue in business, and support his brother. The father was no sooner dead, than the elder began plainly to shew his ill will to his brother, thrust him out of his house, and, without giving him any thing for his support, turned him loose into the wide world. The young man was much dejected with this usage, but considering that in his father's lifetime he had acquired some knowledge in business, he applied himself to a neighbouring merchant, offering to serve him in the way of trade. The merchant received him into his house, and finding, from long experience, that he was prudent, virtuous, and diligent in his business, gave him his daughter and only child in marriage, and when he died, bequeathed to him his whole fortune. The young man, after the death of his father-in-law, retired with his wife into a distant country, where he purchased a fine estate, with a splendid dwelling; and there he lived with great credit and reputation.

The elder brother had, after the death of their father, carried on the trade, and for some time met with great success in it; but at length a violent storm arising, tore to pieces many of his ships, which were coming home richly laden; and about the same time, some persons failing, who had much of his money in their hands, he was reduced to great want; and, to complete his misfortunes, the little which he had left at home was consumed by a sudden fire, which burnt his house, and every thing in it; so that he was brought quite into a state of beggary. In this forlorn condition, he had no other resource to keep himself from starving, than to wander up and down the country, imploring the assistance of all well-disposed per-

sons. It happened one day, that having travelled many miles, and obtained but little relief, he espied a gentleman walking in the fields, not far from a fine seat ; to this gentleman he addressed himself, and having laid before him his misfortunes, and his present necessitous condition, he earnestly intreated him to grant him some assistance. The gentleman, who happened to be none other than his brother, did not at first know him ; but after some discourse with him, he perceived who he was. However, concealing his knowledge of him, he brought him home, and ordered his servants to take care of him, and furnish him for that night with lodgings and victuals. In the mean time, he resolved to discover himself to his brother next morning, and offer him a constant habitation in his house, after he had got the consent of his wife to the proposal. Accordingly, next morning, he ordered the poor man to be sent for. When he was come into his presence, he asked if he knew him. The poor man answered, he did not. I am, says he, bursting into tears, your only brother ; and immediately fell on his neck, and embraced him with great tenderness. The elder, quite astonished at this accident, fell to the ground, and began to make many excuses, and to beg pardon for his former cruel behaviour. To whom the other answered, Brother, let us forget these things ; I heartily forgive you all that is past ; you need not range up and down the world ; you shall be welcome to live with me. He readily accepted the proposal ; and they lived together with great comfort and happiness till death.



XI. Of the Persecutions in the Reign of QUEEN MARY.

WHEN MARY, daughter to King Henry the VIII. came to the crown of England, she endeavoured, by all means, to root out the Protestant religion and restore Popery. For this purpose, by the advice of some of her bishops, she used great severities against the Protestants, causing them to be imprisoned, and thereafter burnt. It would be too tedious to give an account of all that suffered for religion in her reign ; but the most considerable of them were as follows :

Rogers and Hooper, two eminent Preachers, the latter bishop of Gloucester, were convened before the bishops,

and refusing to become Papists, were declared obstinate heretics, and ordered to be degraded and delivered into the sheriff's hands. On the fourth day of February, Mr Rogers was led to the stake in Smithfield, where he was not suffered to make any speech to the people. He repeated the fifty-first psalm, and then fitted himself for the stake. A pardon was brought him if he would recant, but he chose rather to submit to that severe, but short punishment; so the fire was put to him, which soon consumed him.

Hooper was carried to Gloucester to be burnt, at which he much rejoiced; in hopes, by his death, to confirm their faith over whom he had been formerly placed. Some persuaded him to accept the Queen's mercy, since life was sweet, and death bitter; but he answered, That the death which was to come was more bitter, and the life which was to follow much more sweet. On the ninth of February he was led to execution, where, being denied leave to speak, but only allowed to pray, in the strain of his prayer he declared his belief. Then the Queen's pardon being shewn him, he desired them to take it away. He prayed earnestly to GOD for strength to endure his torments patiently, then undressed himself and embraced the reeds. He was fastened to the stake with iron chains, and the fire put to him; but the wood being green, burnt but slowly, and the wind blew away the flames from the reeds. He prayed often, *O Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me, and receive my soul!* and called to the people for the love of GOD to bring more fire, for the fire was burning his lower parts, but did not reach his vitals. The fire was increased, but the wind still blew it away from reaching up to him, so that he was long in torments.

The last words he was heard utter, were, *Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!* One of his hands dropped off before he died, with the other he continued striking upon his breast, and was in all near three quarters of an hour burning.

Next to these, Mr Saunders was condemned, and suffered at Coventry. When he was led to the stake, a pardon was offered to him; but he said he never would retract the principles he had learned and taught from the Holy Bible. When he came to the stake, he embraced it, and said, *Welcome the cross of Christ, Welcome everlasting life,* and then was burnt.

Next to him followed Dr Taylor. When he was brought to the stake, he told the people he had taught them nothing but God's holy Word, and was now come to seal the truth of his doctrine with his blood. As the faggots were laying about him, one threw a faggot at his head; but all he said was, Friend, I have harm enough, what needs that? This happened on the ninth of February, in the year of our Lord One thousand five hundred and fifty-five.

Bradford was only condemned at the same time, but his execution was respited; and after the condemnation of these men, six others were apprehended for heresy. By this, Gardiner, who was a mighty prompter to these persecutions, saw that what he expected did not follow. He thought a few severe instances would have turned the whole nation; but finding himself disappointed, he would aét no more in their condemnation, but left it wholly to Bishop Bonner, who undertook it cheerfully, being naturally savage and brutal, and retaining deep resentments for what had befallen him in Edward's time.

The whole nation was amazed at these violent and cruel proceedings, and was terrified at the burning of men only for their consciences, without any other thing so much as pretended against them; so that now the spirit of the two religions shewed itself. In King Edward's reign, the Papists were only put out of their benefices, or at most imprisoned, and of these there were very few instances; but now, barbarous and inhuman persecutions must be raised only for their opinions.

After some intermission, Thomas Tomkins was burnt in Smithfield, for denying the corporeal presence in the sacrament. The next that suffered was one William Blunter of Brentwood, an apprentice, nineteen years old. Bonner offered him forty pounds sterling if he would change; but that not prevailing, he was condemned and burnt. After the execution of many others, Bradford, who had been condemned before, was at length brought to the stake with one John Lease, an apprentice. Bradford took a faggot in his hand, and kissing it, expressed great joy in his sufferings; but the sheriff not allowing him to speak to the people, he embraced his fellow-sufferer, praying him to be of good comfort, for they should sup with CHRIST

that night. His last words were, *Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.*

It would be tedious to give a particular account of the many who suffered upon this occasion; passing therefore the rest, we shall mention these three martyrs, Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer.

Ridley was bishop of London, and Latimer bishop of Worcester. They suffered together at Oxford. When they came to the stake, they embraced one another with great affection; Ridley saying to Latimer, *Be of good heart, Brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or enable us to endure it.* Latimer said to Ridley, *Be of good comfort, we shall this day light such a candle in England, as I trust, by God's grace, shall never be put out.* Thus died these two excellent men: the one for his piety, learning, and solid judgment; reckoned among the ablest reformers; and the other for the plain simplicity of his life, esteemed a truly primitive Christian and bishop.

Cranmer, who had been archbishop of Canterbury, was brought alone to the stake. He had been teased and seduced to sign a recantation; but he soon repented of that fact, and in detestation of it, he held his right hand in the flames till it was quite burnt away, before the rest of his body.



XII. OF THE GUN-POWDER TREASON.

PERHAPS there is hardly in the English history a more memorable event than that of the gun-powder treason, the defeat of which is every year commemorated on the fifth day of November. It was a dangerous plot against the blood-royal, and all the nobility and gentry assembled in parliament, who were to have been all blown up and destroyed, by thirty-six barrels of gun-powder, which the conspirators had placed in a cellar under the parliament house. The principal conspirator was Robert Catesby, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune, who first contrived the stratagem, and communicated it to Thomas Piercy, Robert Winter, Thomas Winter, John Grant, Ambrose Rockwood, John Wright, Francis Thresham, Sir Everard Digby, and other gentlemen of good estates, who, like com-

bustible matter, took fire at the first motion, and thought to gain themselves eternal reputation among the Papists by effecting it. The foundation being laid, every man was sworn to secrecy, and then set about acting his part. Piercy was to hire the cellar under the parliament house, to lay wood and coals in against winter. Guido Faux, a desperate villain, who was to fire the train, was appointed to bring in the wood and coals. The gun-powder was brought to Lambeth by night, and secretly laid under the wood, while others of the conspirators were diligent in providing money and materials for the execution of their cursed design.

They began to look upon the king, prince, and nobility, as already dead, and Piercy undertook to destroy the Duke of York; but because they must have one of the blood-royal to prevent confusion, they intended to preserve Elizabeth, and make her queen, that, under her minority, they might establish popery. They had designed the fifth of November for the fatal day, when the king and both houses were to meet; and on that day appointed a great hunting match at Dunsmore heath, in Warwickshire, to be near lord Harrington's house, where Elizabeth was. Thus, imagining all secure, they stood gaping for their prey; when one, more tender hearted than the rest, willing to save Lord Monteagle, wrote the following letter to him: "My Lord, out of the love I bear to some of your friends, I have a care of your preservation; therefore, I would wish you, as you tender your life, to forbear your attendance at this parliament; for God and man have concurred to punish the wickedness of this time. And think not slightly of this advertisement; for though there be no appearance of any stir, yet I say, this parliament shall receive a terrible blow, and yet they shall not see who hurt them. This counsel is not to be contemned: it may do you good, and can do you no harm; for the danger is past when you have burnt this letter. I hope God will give you grace to make use of it, to whose holy protection I commend you."

The lord Monteagle, astonished at this letter, though he knew not the meaning of it, communicated it to the Earl of Salisbury, and others of the king's privy council. Salisbury could not unriddle it, but concluded the writer a

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



XIII. OF ALIBÆUS, THE PERSIAN.

CHA-ABBAS, King of Persia, was determined to remove himself a while from his court, and to go privately through the country, that he might behold the people in their natural simplicity and liberty. He took only one courtier with him, to whom he said, "I am ignorant of the real manners of men; every thing that approaches me is disguised: 'tis art, and not nature, that we see in courts: I am therefore resolved to know what a rural life is, to study that kind of men who are so much despised, but who yet seem to be the prop of human society. I am weary of seeing nothing but courtiers, who observe me only to over-reach me with their flatteries. I must

“go see the labourers and shepherds who do not know me.” With this resolution he set out, and passed with his confident through several country villages, where he saw the inhabitants dancing and playing, and enjoying their innocent diversions, and was extremely well pleased to observe such cheap and tranquil pleasures at such a distance from court. Being one day very hungry with a long walk, he put in for dinner at one of these humble cottages ; but he then thought their coarse food more agreeable to the palate than all the exquisite dishes which were served at his own table. As he was crossing a flowery meadow, watered with a small rivulet, he perceived a young shepherd beneath the shade of an elm, playing on a pipe near his feeding flock. Upon inquiry, he found his name was Alibæus, whose parents lived in a village hard by. He was beautiful, but not effeminate ; lively, but not wild ; unconscious of his own charms ; never dreaming that, in any respect, he differed from the shepherds around him ; though, without education, his reason had enlarged itself in a surprising manner. The king having entered into conversation with him, was charmed with his discourse ; for by him he was freely informed of some things concerning the state of the people, which a king cannot learn from the crowd of flatterers that surround him. Sometimes he would smile at the ingenuous simplicity of the youth, who spoke out his mind without sparing any one in his answers. “ I see plainly, (says the monarch, turning to the courtier,) that nature is no less pleasing in the lowest than in the highest state of life : never did a prince’s son appear more amiable than this young man who now follows the sheep : who would not be happy, had they a son so beautiful, so lovely, and so sensible as this youth ? I am resolved his mind shall be duly improved by a polite and liberal education.”

Accordingly the king took Alibæus along with him : he was taught to read, write, and sing, and instructed in all those arts and sciences that can adorn the mind of man. At first he was dazzled with the splendour of the court, and his sudden change of fortune had some little effect upon his mind and temper. Instead of his crook, his pipe, and shepherd weeds, he wore a purple garment embroidered with gold, and a turban enriched with precious

stones. It was not long till he accomplished himself in such a manner as to be capable of the most serious affairs, and to obtain his master's entire confidence ; who, finding that Alibæus had an exquisite taste for every thing curious and magnificent, gave him, at last, an office very considerable in Persia, namely, that of keeper of all the jewels and precious furniture belonging to the king.

During the life of the great Cha-Abbas, Alibæus grew daily more in favour ; yet as he advanced in age, he called to mind his former quiet and retired condition, and often regretted the loss of it. " O happy days !" would he sometimes cry, " innocent days ! days in which I tasted the " most pure joys, accompanied with no danger : days than " which none can be more pleasant ; he who deprived me " of you, by giving me all my riches, has taken from me " all I had : Happy, thrice happy, they who never know " the miseries of a court !" Miseries which indeed he himself was in a little time after made sensible of.

Cha-Abbas, his good old master, dying, was succeeded by his son Cha-Sephi, whom some envious courtiers took care to prejudice against Alibæus. They whispered in his ear, that he had made an ill use of the confidence the late king reposed in him ; that he had heaped up immense riches, and embezzled many valuable things intrusted to his keeping. Cha-Sephi was young enough to make him too credulous, and had vanity enough to imagine he could reform several of his father's actions.

For a pretence of turning him out of place, by the advice of his envious courtiers, he ordered Alibæus to bring him a scymitar, set with diamonds, which the old king was wont to wear in battle. Cha-Abbas had formerly ordered the diamonds to be taken out, and Alibæus proved it was done by the king's order before he was in possession of the office. When his enemies found that would not do, they persuaded Cha-Sephi to command Alibæus to give an exact inventory, within a fortnight's time, of all that he had under his care. At the fortnight's end, the king desired to see every thing himself. Alibæus opened every door and chest, and shewed him all that was under his care. Every thing was clean, and carefully ranged in its proper place, and nothing was wanting. The king, surprised to see so much exactness and order every where, was almost

reconciled to Alibæus ; when, at the end of a great gallery, filled with precious furniture, he saw an iron door, on which were three great locks. His courtiers suggested to him, that within that door was hid all the valuable treasure he had robbed his father of. The king, in a great passion, commanded the door to be opened immediately. Alibæus threw himself at his feet, conjuring him, by the immortal gods, not to take from him all he had valuable on earth : “ It is not just,” said he, “ that in a moment’s time I should lose all I possess, after having faithfully served the king, your father, so long : Take every thing else from me, only leave me what is here.” This only increased the king’s suspicion, and caused him to redouble his threats, till at last Alibæus obeyed. Having the keys at hand, he unlocked it himself ; but how surprised were all present, when they saw nothing but the crook, the pipe, and the shepherd’s clothes, which he had formerly used, and which he often visited, lest he should forget his former condition ! “ Behold, great king,” said he, “ the precious remains of my former happiness, which neither fortune nor your power can take from me. Behold the treasure which will enrich me, after all your endeavours to make me poor. These are solid riches, which will never fail me ! riches which will keep those innocent and happy, who can be contented with simple necessities, and never trouble themselves about superfluous things. O you dear implements of a plain, but blessed life ! you only I love, and with you I am resolved to live and die. Yes, great king, I freely return you every thing, and will preserve only what I possessed when the king, your father, by his liberality, brought me to court.” The king, a little recovered from his surprise, was persuaded of Alibæus’ innocence, and enraged against the courtiers who had endeavoured to deceive him, he banished them from his presence.—Alibæus became his chief minister, and was intrusted with the most secret and most important affairs ; but every day he visited his pipe, his crook, and his weeds, lest the inconstancy of fortune should rob him of his master’s favour. He died in a good old age, without allowing any of his enemies to be punished, or heaping up any riches ; having left his relations just enough to support them in the condition of shepherds, which, of all others, he thought the safest and happiest.

XIV. OF LYSANDER.

A GENTLEMAN of fortune in England, whose name was Lysander, had a large estate in the west country, to which he paid a visit every summer. As he was one day riding over his farms, he came to a very high hill, which presented him with a most beautiful valley below; There run through the valley a smooth clear rivulet, that gushed from a rock on the side of the mountain. Resolving, for his amusement, to follow the course of the river, he rode two or three miles down the valley, till he came to a small house and garden, the agreeableness of which tempted him to go in, not imagining it was inhabited by persons of any distinction. He crossed the outer court without seeing any body, and from thence he stepped into the hall, where, contrary to his expectation, he found a harpsichord, with a number of music books, containing some fine Italian airs, but mostly anthems and hymns. Upon the table lay several books of different kinds, particularly two folios of maps, and in the floor stood a pair of globes. He was now at a stand, whether he should retire, without disturbing the inhabitants, or satisfy his curiosity, and go forward. At length, he resolved to go up a stair, which he perceived at one end of the hall. When he came near the top of it, he heard a person reading, with great justness, in a clear voice, which seemed to be a woman's. He stopped to listen; and, turning to his right hand, observed a door half open, from whence he thought the voice came. He drew near without noise, and saw a grave woman, of about fifty years of age, reading aloud to two beautiful young ladies, who were both at work embroidering flowers on white silk. They were dressed in white satin waistcoats, brown lute-string petticoats, and fine laced head-caps. He had viewed them but a few moments, when one of them, looking up, seemed a little surprised at the sight of a stranger, but, with great civility, said to the eldest lady, "Madam, here is a gentleman, "who, I believe, would speak with you." At this he was obliged to step forward, humbly asking pardon for his excess of curiosity, which had brought him so far to intrude upon them, and commit a breach of good manners; adding withal, that he began to fancy himself in an enchanted habitation, and could not forbear expressing his desire

to know how people of so fine a taste, as they seemed to be, should live in so very retired a manner. After a graceful return to his compliments, the eldest lady answered, that if he had patience to hear it, she would faithfully recite to him her history. "My husband," said she, "was the heir of a noble family; his name was Theanor; By him I had these two daughters whom you see. He died when the eldest was but eight years old, and left great debts: in vain did I apply to his rich relations; they would not assist me. Thus, I found myself obliged to alter my way of life, or leave my husband's debts unpaid, which, though law could not force me to satisfy, I thought myself bound to do by all the laws of justice and honour. I therefore discharged all my servants, but two maids and an old clergyman, whom I kept to instruct my daughters. With this small family, I retired to this house, where I have lived upwards of fifteen years. I paid my husband's debts in the first seven years; but both myself and daughters found such peace and pleasure in this solitude, that we resolved not to quit it." Upon this the gentleman asked them how they amused themselves, and in what manner they spent the day? "Indeed," answered the lady, "we seldom go abroad; so that when I have given you an account of one day, I may say I have told you our whole course of life for the last fifteen years. As soon as we rise, we meet in the hall below stairs, where the clergyman says prayers, and we sing an hymn or an anthem. After this, we have our breakfast; and my daughters amuse themselves with their music or painting, while I am busied about the family affairs. About eleven o'clock we go into a room, where we prepare medicines for the poor, and have a press filled with clothes of all sorts for them, with drawers below, in which are bibles and other good books, that, while we take care of their bodies, their souls may not be entirely neglected. After dinner, my daughters play on the harpsichord, and sing, or sometimes converse, till we have a mind to come up hither, where one of us constantly reads, while the others work. In the evening, we take a walk before supper; after which, we call our family, and end the day as we began it, in praising God, and imploring his protection."

Truly madam, says Lysander, I am no longer surprised that you like your way of living, since it appears to me such as must entirely secure you from all kinds of discontent. None of the ladies made any answer to this; but the gentleman observed the eldest daughter's face covered with tears. He expressed his concern for this sudden alteration, and begged to know the occasion of it. "Alas!" says the mother, "this girl is more to be pitied than you imagine. About five years ago, a young gentleman made his addresses to her, and she modestly received them; but, unluckily it happened, that he was not only below her in his fortune, but come of a family notorious for their wickedness. Indeed, he was not so himself; for his mother had instilled into him all the principles of piety and morality. However, when I heard of it, I disliked it so much, that I fell into a deep melancholy, which ended in a dangerous sickness, so that I was given over by my physicians. I told my daughter Rosella the cause of my illness, and advised her against a marriage, the fears of which had, in all probability, cost me my life. Upon this she fell upon her knees by my bed-side, and bathing my hands with her tears, begged I would endeavour to recover, for she would rather die herself, than offend me. This gave me great joy. I began to recover; and, at my desire, Rosella wrote Alphonso, (for that was her lover's name,) giving an account of her promise, and the reasons that had forced her to it. He received the news with inexpressible grief, and left his father's house next day, to which he has never returned, nor has any body heard of him. I now repent of my conduct, and wish as earnestly as my daughter to see Alphonso again, that I may reward her duty to me, by giving her hand where she long ago placed her heart."

Here the old lady ended, with tears in her eyes, in which her daughters accompanied her. By this time, it was growing towards night. Lysander took his leave of the ladies, and returned to his country seat, full of his adventure, and resolving to visit them frequently. His business calling him abroad, he was out of the country for three or four years. Upon his return home, he was anxious to learn what was become of his country ladies, and therefore he rode to the house the day after he came to his country

seat. As soon as he alighted, a well-dressed footman took his horse from him: this he thought betokened some alteration in the family. When he entered the hall, he observed a beautiful young man in plain dress, and Rosella sitting by a table, with a smiling boy about fourteen months old in her lap. She immediately rose, came towards Lysander, and desired leave to present her husband Alphonso to him. Lysander was rejoiced at the sound; and, after sincere expressions of his joy, inquired what had produced so happy an alteration? The old lady answered him shortly thus: "About two years and a half ago, Alphonso's father fell dangerously ill, and expressed a great concern to see his son before his death. Upon this a nephew of Alphonso's mother, knowing he was retired to Lancashire, wrote him to return home, which he did about four days before the death of his father. After his father's funeral was over, I sent him a message, desiring to see him; and, at our first meeting, presented my daughter Rosella to him. About six weeks thereafter, they were married; and we have since passed our time altogether in this retirement, in the most perfect harmony." Lysander was charmed with the story, and immediately made his addresses to the younger daughter, whose beauty and merit had made impressions, which, till now, he had not declared. As he was of a good character, a noble family, and a large estate, she complied. Their marriage was soon after solemnized, and Lysander was blessed in a virtuous wife and an agreeable offspring.



XV. OF ELIZA AND EUBULUS.

A WIDOW lady in England was left, by her husband's death, in moderate circumstances, with the care of a son and daughter, both under age. To give her children good education was her chief business and delight. In every other respect she was thrifty, but in this very liberal, esteeming a good education the best and most lasting patrimony. She herself taught her children to read and write, and her daughter to use the needle. She early instilled into their tender minds the principles of virtue, by drawing before them strong and lively characters, and reciting remarkably engaging stories. When they were

grown up, she put her daughter Eliza to one of the gentlest boarding schools, and her son, named Eubulus, to one of the universities. Eubulus, with a fine genius and unwearied application, made great progress in his studies, and at the same time, by an uncommon sweetness of temper, gained the esteem of all who knew him. Among others, he contracted a particular intimacy with a young gentleman of a large fortune, who chose him for his companion in his travels. Having obtained the consent of his mother and sister, he took his leave of them, and soon after, with his friend, whose name was Agathias, went abroad. In their progress through Italy, their curiosity led them to Venice, in the time of the carnival. One evening, as Eubulus was going home, he saw two fellows in masks attacking a single gentleman, who made a stout resistance, but was pressed to the wall, and reduced to the last extremity. Eubulus drew his sword in defence of the gentleman, and obliged the villains to retire, after they were deeply wounded. He led the gentleman to his own lodgings, and sent for a surgeon to dress his wounds: but how surprised was he to find he had rescued his friend Agathias from such imminent danger, and how overjoyed was Agathias, that his friend and deliverer were one and the same person. The wounds were found not mortal, so that in a few weeks Agathias recovered.

While they continued at Venice, a letter came by way of Genoa, to Eubulus, to this effect: "My dear brother, what shall I tell you? How shall you be able to bear the news of the death of our much honoured and dearest mother: but the other night she called me to her bed-side, and taking me by the hand, she said, My dear child, I am just going to leave you, a few hours will bring me to the world of spirits. I cheerfully resign my dear charge, you and your brother, if he is yet alive, to the care of a good GOD, who will always befriend the virtuous. When you have an opportunity of writing to, or seeing your brother, tell him, I died with him on my heart, left him a mother's blessing, and had no higher wish on earth, than to hear he was still wise and good. Farewell, my dearest child! when you drop a tear to the memory of a loving mother, be excited to imitate whatever you think good and commendable in her con-

“ duct : Oh farewell ! at these words, with a smile, she
 “ resigned her soul into her MAKER’s hands. O my dear
 “ brother ! grief overwhelms me. I can add no more, but
 “ that I long exceedingly to see you ; that cordial alone can
 “ alleviate the heavy loss of your affectionate sister, Eliza.”
 This mournful news cut Eubulus to the heart : he grew
 impatient to return home, hoping his presence might help
 to lighten his sister’s grief. Agathias, perceiving his
 friend’s uneasiness, inclined to indulge him by hastening
 their return.

Meanwhile Eliza, after her mother’s death, had retired
 from the world to a small country seat, bordering upon a
 little wood. Her time was generally filled up with family
 affairs, management of her small estate, reading, visiting
 the sick, and the company of a few chosen friends ; but
 this calm retirement was soon interrupted, and her virtues
 were put to a severe trial. It was Eliza’s custom, morning
 and evening, to walk along the banks of a rivulet near her
 house, and often with a book in her hand. One evening,
 when she was at her usual walk, a gentleman named Lo-
 thario, getting near the place, cast himself upon the ground
 from his horse, as if he had been seized with a sudden ill-
 ness. Eliza, overhearing the groans of a person in distress,
 ran to the place where Lothario lay on the ground, and
 finding him to appearance in great agonies, hastened home
 for the assistance of her servants, who carried him to
 her house, and laid him in an outer apartment. When
 he pretended to have recovered himself, he thanked her
 most kindly for her hospitality, and told her, he hoped he
 would be well with a night’s rest. From a concern for his
 illness she sat by him for some time ; but she had not been
 long in his company till he began to utter unbecoming
 discourse, and talk in a strain too shocking for the lady’s
 strict modesty. Her noble passions were instantly raised,
 and, with eyes flashing indignation, she said to him, “ Pre-
 “ sumptuous man, do you thus return, thus abuse, such an
 “ act of kindness ? I thought my own house would have
 “ been a sufficient protection to me against all inde-
 “ cency, especially from you ; but since it is not, you must
 “ begone immediately.” With these words she left the
 room, with an emotion she could not conceal, and ordered
 her servants to go dismiss him that moment. This disap-

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

asleep, loosely dressed, her face and arms scratched, and the blood drawn in many places. But how much more was Eliza alarmed, when she opened her eyes upon a gentleman in hunting dress, gazing at her with his horse in his hand. She started up, and seeing it in vain to fly from him, she accosted him thus: "I doubt not, Sir, you
 "will be much surprised to find a woman in this place in
 "such a condition; but I beseech you, suspend your wonder till I have an opportunity of informing you of the
 "extraordinary occasion; mean time, as you appear to be
 "a gentleman, I trust you have the honour of one; I put
 "myself under your protection; conduct me, I beg of you,
 "to some place of safety."

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

next day, he took Eubulus to his mother's, to see the unfortunate stranger. As Eubulus had been some years abroad, both his own and his sister's looks were so altered, that they knew not one another. In the afternoon, Agathias' mother led them into the garden, where, after they were seated, she begged Eliza to entertain them with her history. Eliza ran over her misfortunes, and represented the villany of Lothario in such soft terms as delighted Agathias and his mother; but Eubulus felt an uncommon tenderness mixed with admiration: the tears starting in his eyes, "Madam, (said he,) give me leave to ask your name and family." Alas, Sir, replied she, you desire me to "renew my grief: my parents are both dead, I have only "one dear brother, who is now upon his travels with a "gentleman of fortune and merit. I wish for nothing to "make me completely happy, but to see him again. O "if my dear Eubulus be still alive, and it please kind Heaven to restore him to my sight, how happy! happy!"—She could proceed no further; sighs denied a passage to her words, and scarce got she time to utter them, when Eubulus starting from his seat, ran to her, and clasped her in his arms, and burst out, "Then, my dearest sister, be "as happy as your virtue, and your dear Eubulus can make "you." Words failed him to say more, a flood of tears succeeded, the effect of inexpressible delight. Eliza, quite overpowered, continued some time speechless; at last she got vent to her joy, and broke out,—"O, my dearest Eubulus, my brother, is it you? Am I indeed so happy as "to see you again? Has Heaven restored you to me to part "no more? Behold, (continues she, pointing to Agathias,) "my deliverer and guardian, to whom I owe my life, my honour, my all. You must acknowledge the immense "debt: I have a heart to feel, but want words to express "it." "O, Madam, (replied Agathias,) he has fully repaid "me already: to his bravery I owe my life, which Heaven has graciously prolonged, that I might be so happy "as to contribute to your safety: If you think there is "any thing yet owing me, it is yourself I would ask as the "full reward." Eliza, confounded at the generous proposal, made no reply, but modestly blushed consent. The match was shortly concluded with the entire approbation of all friends. Agathias was possessed in Eliza of one of

the most virtuous and accomplished of her sex, and Eliza's transient sufferings were rewarded in a happiness that continues undecaying, in conjunction with one of the best of husbands.



XVI. OF FLORIO AND CYNTHIA.

CYNTHIA, in the prime of beauty, with all the accomplishments that could adorn her sex, was addressed by Florio, who was an intimate acquaintance of her father and brother. Florio was a young gentleman of a considerable fortune, had good sense, and a certain agreeableness of behaviour, which concealed some defects in his temper. Cynthia had penetration enough to find out some natural infirmities in his disposition, but thought his better qualities would atone for them. One part of his temper may seem very peculiar for a young gentleman, a love for money; which he shewed by jobbing in the stocks, inquiring after mortgages, and lending out money to usury. Cynthia's fortune was small in comparison to his, but she was descended of a good family, and in every other respect his equal. Acquainted with Florio's temper, the prudent Cynthia, on his addressing her, laid these circumstances before him; and she herself made an objection, that she had not a fortune equal to his. With the greatest raptures would Florio, at such times, catch her by the hand, and with the utmost earnestness, say, *My dearest Cynthia, I am not suing for wealth, but happiness: my own fortune is large enough, with the pleasure of having you to participate it with me. I think of nothing, I desire nothing but your love.* This would he often and often exclaim, till it would have been ungenerous in Cynthia not to have believed him; and she fancied she could so behave after marriage, that he would never repent that he had married a woman with an unequal fortune. She resolved to suit herself to his humour, and thought she could please and make him happy, not out of vanity, but inclination to do so. She intended not to have had great obligations, even to the man she loved; and therefore purposed, by her frugal economy, to have saved equal to the fortune she should have brought. This prudence and affection on her side, with wealth and love on his, must have made them one of

the happiest pairs living. Cynthia's father and brother had been consulted by Florio, and had, with great expressions of joy at such an alliance, given their consent to it. Every thing was looked on as fixed, and nothing remained but Florio's appointing the time for his nuptials; when (O the inconstancy of Man!) Florio never intended to celebrate them. Without shewing the least abatement of his passion, he left her one evening, and, as he parted, said, he would send a billet next morning that would surprise her. She answered with some gaiety, and withdrew. Next morning a letter came, and she, with a joy she always felt on receiving a letter from him, broke it open. But, O her astonishment when she read thus: "To Cynthia,—*Madam*, I said last night, I would send a billet that should surprise you: I believe this will, when it informs you, it is the last I shall ever write you: nor do I know that I shall ever see you again. Things had like to have gone too far. This is an abrupt way of telling you so, but I could in no other. I wish you well, Cynthia, and a better husband than Florio. *P. S.* You need not send any answer for an explanation, for I am going out of town, and am at least ten miles off when you read this." Amazed, confounded, and bewildered in thought, did the poor Cynthia, read over and over the letter: now thinking it some frolic of Florio's to make trial of her temper; now suspecting it to be true; then resentment took place, then sorrow; both which flung her into a passion of tears. In this agitation her brother entered the room, and caught her in his arms, just as she was falling from the chair into a swoon. On her recovery, she informed him of the cause, and shewed him the letter. He was surprised at it, and could not believe Florio was in earnest; he therefore went directly to his lodgings, to know the truth of it. It was too true. Florio and all his servants were gone that morning at five o'clock. He returned and acquainted his father of the whole affair, who immediately went to Cynthia's chamber, and found her in her maid's arms in another swoon. When she had recovered her senses, her father endeavoured to comfort her, and bade her rather be glad she had escaped being the wife of so base a man, who, in all probability, would have used her ill after marriage. All that could be said, she heard with

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

XVII. OF FANNY AND HER BROTHER.

A YOUNG man, whose father was a gentleman of Cheshire, left home to settle in London, contrary to his father’s pleasure. He had a very rich uncle, however, who approved of his going, and furnished him with a considerable sum of money, promising further to supply him with every thing suitable to the handsome equipage he had already provided him. The youth being of birth and spirit, soon made a large acquaintance in London, and his good breeding and conduct gained some powerful friends ; friends who proved of the utmost service to him in the

accident which soon after befel him. His uncle died suddenly, without making any will, and the money he had given him was soon spent ; so that finding himself unprovided with means to obtain any more, he was forced to have recourse to his friends ; who, touched with his misfortunes, looked out diligently for some employ to him, and at last thought of obtaining for him a commission in the army ; but it requiring some time to make interest, he was forced to take up in the interim with serving a nobleman in the quality of a steward. He was not indeed over expert in the service ; but being the chief of the servants, his post required only that he should overlook the rest. He made a pretty fortune under this nobleman, and thought of sharing it with a girl he had pitched upon for a wife. In fact, he married her, and had two children by her, a boy and a girl. These two children became the admiration of all around them ; they were so beautiful, graceful, and virtuous, and happy in a sprightly penetrating genius, that charmed every body. They were yet very young, when their mother died, and unhappily for them, their father married a second wife, who was the author of all their misfortunes.

As soon as the second wife had a child, the father's love changed objects. The children of the former wife had no more share in his tenderness, but were sacrificed to the mother-in-law's hatred, by being put out of doors. The boy was put to a scrivener, and little Fanny, his sister, was sent to a country boarding-school. Though they were extremely ill treated at home by their mother-in-law, it was not without pain that they left it, because they perceived this exile to be the effect of a hatred they had not deserved ; but what was most grievous to them, was the necessity of separating. The poor infants embraced each other with a flood of tears, and unable to utter a last farewell, they took leave only with sighs. Their mother-in-law thought herself quite happy in their absence from home ; but Heaven soon chastised her with the loss of the child she loved most. Fanny, however, in a short time, became the admiration of the boarding-school where she was, and of all the ladies who came thither ; and her brother, on his part, applied so well to his business, that he excelled his master ; so that having nothing more to learn, his fa-

ther took him home again to save expences. One may guess how the mother-in-law would be pleased to see him : there was no ill treatment the poor youth did not endure, and what was wonderful, bore it all with a patience which has few examples at so tender an age, for he was then but about twelve years old. Little Fanny having heard that her brother was come home, and knowing that the dutchess of — was then at the boarding-school on a visit to her niece, she contrived to be seen by her. Well, Fanny, says the dutchess, upon seeing her, will you go to London with me ? Ah, madam, said she, sighing, I wish I might say, Yes, without being blamed, I would say it with all my heart. By your manner of speaking, says the dutchess, you seem not to be contented here. I would be unjust to complain, says Fanny ; but — At these words the tears trickled down her tender cheeks, and she retired. The dutchess looked at the mistress : What can be the matter with this child ? said she : there is something very extraordinary in her behaviour. Madam, said the mistress, she gives us daily proofs of the goodness of her heart, and the brightness of her understanding, but I fear much the poor child is born to be wretched. I will endeavour to prevent that, says the dutchess, but I beg you would call her again, and leave her alone with me. The mistress withdrew, and sent Fanny, who appeared again before the dutchess, with an air of constancy and resolution above the tears she had lately shed. Fanny, says the dutchess, why did you leave me so abruptly ? Ah, madam ! the rebel tears which forced their way down my cheeks, obliged me, though unwilling, to retire, that I might not be wanting in the respect that is due to you. I hope, madam, my tender age will apologize for me, and obtain my pardon. Yes, Fanny, says the dutchess, I pardon you ; but on condition you tell me the cause of your tears. With all my heart, madam, says Fanny, and I hope you will compassionate my misfortunes. She told her what she and her brother had suffered since her father's second marriage, and how perfect a love was between them : and when she came to her brother's return home, I am too sure, said she, he will be badly used ; and must I, madam, who am all the comfort he has, remain here in peace, and not share with him in his sufferings ? Go, says the dutchess, you are too rich in merit ; but make

yourself easy, you shall go with me to London. Accordingly she took her along with her, and put her into the hands of her mother-in-law, and gave her very extraordinary commendations: but the dutchess was no sooner gone, than poor Fanny began to feel her step-mother's resentment; yet she made no complaint. It was nothing more than she expected; her grief was, that though she was always inquiring after, yet she could never see her brother. At length, the maid, touched with Fanny's distress, told her he was locked up in a cellar, and fed on bread and water, without having done any thing to deserve such severity. Does my father know it? says Fanny. No, says the maid, when he comes home your mother pretends she has sent your brother on some message, and he inquires no further. Fanny delayed not to get access to her brother; he intreated her not to expose herself to her step-mother's fury for his sake. I came home, said she, with no other view than to alleviate your evils, and I have therefore no danger to fear: GOD, the father of orphans, will stand by me. I will go to your father, and acquaint him with your sufferings; perhaps he may lend me a favourable ear. Ah! dear sister, he now thinks no more of us than if we were not his children. No matter, says the girl, at least I shall have done my duty. In reality, she did as she said: her father seemed to melt at her discourse, and talked to his wife upon it with seeming severity: but as he was seldom at home, this only served to augment the children's wretchedness; for immediately thereafter, Fanny was abused and turned out of doors at eight o'clock at night. She would now have had recourse to the dutchess of —, but she knew neither the house nor the street where she lived, and she was afraid and ashamed to enquire: at last she got into an old ruinous house, where she concealed herself that night. Next morning she went into the first church she saw open, and no sooner sat down, than, overpowered with the fatigue of the preceding night, she fell asleep. A young man coming accidentally into the church, found her dozing: he was greatly surprised, and drawing near, he waked her with saying, that the church was not a place to sleep in. I know it, Sir, answers Fanny, but I am overpowered, and GOD will forgive me. Has any misfortune happened to you, Miss? tell me: I have good credit in London,

and I feel a strong propension to serve you. I thank you, Sir, said she, I have a Father all good ; 'tis He who helps me to endure my sufferings, and I am willing to endure them as long as He pleases. But then, Miss, does this Father forbid the use of all means ? No, surely. I beg you then not to conceal your misfortunes from me, that I may speedily relieve you to the utmost of my power. She would by no means consent to it, and the young man, modestly forbearing to press her too much, withdrew. Afflicted Fanny spent the day in walking about London, without knowing where she was, or whither she was going, perpetually conning over her misfortunes, but commanding the utmost patience and resignation. The night came on, and she betook herself to the ruinous house, and next morning returned to the same church she had gone into before. The young gentleman came again into the church, and found Fanny asleep in the same place, but very different from what he beheld her the preceding day. The poor child had eaten nothing for two days ; she was pale, wan, and exhausted. He waked her again, and asked the cause of this change ? she owned to him she had been fasting for some time, and began to be sensible of a considerable loss of strength ; which she told him with so much courage and unshaken constancy, that the young gentleman was more captivated with her than ever, and had now the strongest desire of affording her relief. 'Tis unworthy a man of honour, Miss, said he, to suffer you longer to remain in this distress ; since you think it not proper to favour me with the knowledge of your misfortunes, permit me to call a coach, and conduct you to my sister's, where you shall be in safety, and want for nothing. I return you thanks, said the girl, for your obliging offer, and wish I could accept it with decency, but I cannot. Accept then at least, said he, of a trifle towards your support : saying this, he would fain have given her a couple of guineas, but she absolutely refused them.

She passed the rest of that day in prying about her father's door, till she got an opportunity of speaking to a servant, of whom she asked if Mr——was returned to town ? Yes, said the maid, and has several times inquired after you. This was a banker, who lived in the same house with her step-mother, and who had all the regard for Fan-

ny she really deserved. She desired the maid to go secretly to him, and tell him she wanted to speak to him. He got her immediately conveyed into his house, without any one perceiving it, and Fanny told him her whole story. The banker had a brother-in-law in love with Fanny's step-mother, and he was not hated by her. This brother taking Fanny for a spy on their conduct, to be more at liberty, caused the child to be turned out of doors. No sooner did the step-mother get word of Fanny's being with the banker, than putting on the air of a vestal, she went to him, and told him, she could not comprehend his behaviour, in concealing a young girl in his house ; and as she could not wink at such a practice without dishonour, she insisted upon having her away with her that instant. The banker was obliged to give up the poor girl, but withal told her mother, that Fanny's good or bad treatment should be the rule of his conduct to his brother, who was entirely dependant on his bounty. The step-mother promised a milder behaviour, and was as good as her word, for fear of losing her gallant, or seeing him punished. Fanny was now at rest, but her tranquillity was not of long standing. The step-mother persuaded her husband to rid himself of his children, adding, that she had an advantageous prospect for the boy ; for the Commodore of the fleet at Spithead wanted a secretary. She found no difficulty in gaining her husband's consent, and the youth readily acquiesced. He went and took leave of his dear sister, and immediately set out without seeing father or mother, giving them thereby to understand, that he had no room to be pleased with the sufferings they had made him endure. During this interval, the young gentleman who had seen Fanny in the church had been strictly inquiring after the place of her abode : how soon he was informed, he went and asked her in marriage of her parents ; they, without much inquiry about the gentleman, gave their consent. The step-mother was charmed with the opportunity of being freed from the company of a child whose discreet conduct was a constant reproach to the depravity of her own manners. The young gentleman had free access to Fanny, and enjoyed the innocent pleasure of entertaining his future bride without any restraint. He was extremely overjoyed to find he was not deceived in the opinion he

first entertained of her. He declared to her that his resolution had long been never to marry ; but that her misfortunes and her virtue, heightened by distress, had so affected him, as to determine him to ask her in marriage, more for her sake, and to rescue her from the state of violence and danger she was in, than out of any of those motives which generally engage the giddy world to marry. I am, answered Fanny, most sensible of the many obligations I lie under to you, Sir ; not more on account of the good you mean to do me, than of the harm you never attempted when I was wholly in your power. How many would have used their utmost efforts to seduce me ! How happy shall I be, if I ever have the joy to find our hearts as perfectly according, as our sentiments do at present ; but, alas ! such a felicity was not designed for Fanny : the poor girl seemed rather to be made for shedding tears only. All was in readiness for the wedding, and the day fixed upon, when a letter obliged the young lover to set out for Hampton Court. He went away in the night, in order to return next day to London, which was the occasion of this catastrophe. His horse fell, and he broke his leg in two places. It was some time before he could get any help, and he died in a very short time. They knew not how to acquaint Fanny with the dismal news ; but she soon perceived some misfortune had happened. Conceal nothing from me, said she, I am prepared for every evil. Your lover is dead, says some body. Well, said she, with the tears trickling down her cheeks, what is there extraordinary in this ? Fanny still hopes to be happy, but it is when she too shall be dead. After this accident, her father, who, through cowardly compliance to his wife, wished to be rid of the girl, began to look out for some body to whom he might marry her, resolving to cause her to put up with any the most indifferent match. He shortly lighted on a mean tradesman, and to him, without more ado, he disposed of his daughter. It was not long before Fanny perceived she had got, in the room of her step-mother, a tyrant more inhuman, and less supportable, as not so easy to be parted with. However, her husband forsook her, and went to France, under no concern for the condition he left her in, for she was then with child. But to add to her wretchedness, several tradesmen and mer-

chants came about her, demanding payment of different commodities he had taken up from them. In vain did Fanny look for money to satisfy them, her husband had taken all with him. The merchants and tradesmen, seeing the poor young creature in distress, and melting in tears, found she was grossly abused by the wretch who had married her, and used their endeavours to comfort her, by proposing to her an advantageous composition; but Fanny nobly refused it, and sold all she was possessed of, to pay them their whole demands. Her father and step-mother, though acquainted with all that passed, were cruel enough to make her no offer of the least assistance; and in a word, acted towards her no one part of Christians, of parents, or even of human creatures. What succour could the unfortunate poor thing hope for? She was resolved to conceal her deplorable circumstances from the world; but her god-father, who was a man of quality, hearing of her case, invited her home to live with his wife. This offer she would not accept of, but contented herself with the relief he was pleased to send her. It would be tedious to run over all the misfortunes of the unhappy Fanny. She had several proposals made her by some who got acquainted with her character, but she would consent to none of them, choosing rather at last to follow her husband, in hopes of recalling him from his irregularities. She accordingly set out for France; but her husband quitted it as soon as ever he was informed of her arrival. This treatment was very severe. She was obliged to think of returning to London by the way of Havre-de-Grace: but how overjoyed was she, when the first person she saw as she entered that town, was her brother, who, in his way home from the West Indies, was there weather-bound. Since his being dismissed from the fleet, where he staid a very short time, he had made a successful voyage, and was now on his return with a handsome fortune, when he met with his sister. At first he affected not to know her; but at length declared himself openly to her, and acquainting her with the fortune he had made, vowed to share it with no one else. Brotherly affection spoke in his resolutions and actions: but when he heard the distressful tale of his poor sister's adventures, compassion, tenderness, generosity, and every noble sense, combined to

confirm him in the good designs he had conceived for her. In short, they arrived at London, and at present live happily together, beyond the reach of their cruel parents; and by their prudent, pious, and beneficent lives, are esteemed, admired, and beloved by all around them.

AN

ABRIDGEMENT

OF THE

HISTORY OF THE BIBLE.

CHAP. I.

Which takes in the time that passed from the Creation of the World to the Flood.

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

But Adam and Eve being fallen into rebellion, through the temptation of the devil, and having broken the commandment that God 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 on them. But God immediately promised, *That the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head*; that is, that man should be deli-

vered 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 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.

CHAP. II.

Of the time between the Flood and 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 Urr in Chaldea. He appointed him to leave the country wherein he was born ; he engaged 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.

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C H A P. III.

*Of the time between the Call of Abraham and the going of the Children of Israel out of Egypt.*

**A** BRAHAM 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 those 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 supernatural power. Isaac was the father of Jacob ; and Jacob had twelve sons, who were the heads of the twelve tribes or families of the children of Israel. The two most considerable of these tribes were, afterwards, the tribe of Levi, from which the priests and ministers of religion were taken ; and the tribe of Judah, which was the most powerful, and which was for a great while possessed of the royal authority, and was to subsist till the

coming of Jesus Christ, from which also Jesus Christ was to be born.

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

After the death of Jacob and Joseph, the children of 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.



#### CHAP. IV.

*Of the time between the going out of Egypt and the building of Solomon's Temple.*

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

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C H A P. V.

Of the time between the building of Solomon's Temple and the Captivity of Babylon.

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

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

tries, and have never since been settled again 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 also into the kingdom of Judah. God raised up prophets from time to time, who opposed the errors and sins of that people, who threatened them with the judgments of God, and foretold the coming of the Messias. Isaiah was one of the most eminent of these prophets. There were also some good kings, who endeavoured to abolish idolatry; as Jehosaphat, Hezekiah, Josiah, and some others. But the people continuing in their sins, God (after he had long threatened them, and afflicted them at sundry times by the neighbouring kings) destroyed also the kingdom of Judah: Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon besieged Jerusalem in the reign of Zedekiah, the last king of Judah: he took it and burnt it, with the temple, and carried away the people to Babylon, about four hundred and twenty years after Solomon had laid the foundation of the temple of Jerusalem, and five hundred and fourscore years before the birth of our Lord.

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C H A P. VI.

*Of the time from the captivity of Babylon to Jesus Christ.*

**T**HE Babylonish captivity lasted seventy years, as the prophet Jeremiah had foretold it should. When these seventy years were expired, the Jews returned into their own country by the leave of Cyrus king of Persia, under the conduct of Zorobabel, to rebuild the temple of Jerusalem. But in this they were interrupted by the neighbouring nations, and this work was delayed to 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 afterward to the kings of Syria. They were exposed to divers persecutions, whereof the last and most cruel was that of king Antiochus, who plundered and profaned the temple of Jerusalem, and made use of torments, in order to force the Jews to renounce their religion, as may be seen in the history of the Maccabees. This was he that forced Mattathias, and many Jews, to enter into a covenant together for the preservation of their religion and liberty. They gained many victories by the courage and conduct of Judas Maccabeus and Jonathan, both sons of Mattathias. Having recovered their liberty, and again set up the exercise of their religion, they were a long time under the government of the priests, who succeeded Judas and Jonathan, and took the title of Kings. These are they who are called Asmoneans. At last the Jews fell under the dominion of the Romans, who made Herod king over Judea; and it was this Herod that reigned when Jesus Christ came into the world.

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CHAP. VII.

*Of the Birth of Jesus Christ; of his life and death, resurrection, and ascension into Heaven.*

**T**HE 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 therein an example of all kinds of virtues; and particularly, of an admirable charity and humility; of an extraordinary zeal, and of a perfect indifference for the world.

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

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CHAP. VIII.

*Of the preaching of the Apostles, and the establishment of the Christian Religion.*

THE apostles having received the Holy Ghost in the city of Jerusalem, began to preach the gospel there, and to confirm their doctrine by miracles. At first they preached only in Judea, and to none but Jews. But God having made known to them, that the Christian religion ought to be taught to all men, they went to preach the gospel throughout the world. The apostles met with Jews in almost all the places where they came, this nation having been dispersed for a long time in divers countries. It was to the Jews of the dispersion that the apostles did at first address themselves, as the book of *Acts* shews 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 that time they have never been able to recover that destruction, but it continues upon them to this day.

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C H A P. IX.

An Abridgement 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 Messiah promised by the prophets ; and that Jews and Gentiles should both 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 Chris-

tians, 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 which this religion threatens wicked people with, and partake of that glory and everlasting happiness which it promises to the faithful.



A JEWISH STORY CONCERNING ABRAHAM.

WHEN Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was an hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet; provided supper, caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven? The old man told him, that he worshipped the Fire only, and acknowledged no other god: at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of

the night, and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, I thrust him away, because he did not worship thee. God answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me, and couldst not thou endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble? Upon this Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment, and wise instruction.

HYMNS AND PSALMS.

HYMN I.

BEGIN the high celestial strain,
 My ravish'd soul, and sing
 A solemn hymn of grateful praise
 To Heav'n's Almighty King.
 Ye curling fountains, as ye roll
 Your silver waves along,
 Whisper to all your verdant shores
 The subject of my song.
 Retain it long, ye echoing rocks,
 The sacred sound retain,
 And from your holy winding caves
 Return it oft again.
 Bear it, ye winds, on all your wings,
 To distant climes away,
 And round the wide extended world
 My lofty theme convey.
 Take the glad burden of his name,
 Ye clouds, as you arise,
 Whether to deck the golden morn,
 Or shade the ev'ning skies.
 Let harmless thunders roll along
 The smooth ethereal plain,
 And answer from the chrystal vault
 To every flying strain.

Long let it warble round the spheres,
 And echo through the sky,
 Till angels, with immortal skill,
 Improve the harmony.

While I, with sacred rapture fir'd,
 The blest Creator sing,
 And warble consecrated lays
 To Heav'n's Almighty King.

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 H Y M N II.

**T**HOU didst, O mighty GOD ! exist,  
 Ere time began its race,  
 Before the ample elements  
 Fill'd up the voids of space :  
 Before the pond'rous earthly globe  
 In fluid air was stay'd,  
 Before the ocean's mighty springs  
 Their liquid stores display'd :  
 Ere through the gloom of ancient night  
 The streaks of light appear'd ;  
 Before the high celestial arch,  
 Or starry poles, were rear'd :  
 Before the loud melodious spheres  
 Their tuneful round begun,  
 Before the shining roads of heav'n  
 Were measur'd by the sun :  
 Ere thro' the empyrean courts  
 One hallelujah rung,  
 Or to their harps the sons of light  
 Ecstatic anthems sung :  
 Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,  
 Or prais'd thy wondrous name :  
 Thy bliss (O sacred Spring of life !)  
 And glory was the same.  
 And when the pillars of the world  
 With sudden ruin break,  
 And all this vast and goodly frame  
 Sinks in the mighty wreck :

When from her orb the moon shall start,  
 Th' astonish'd sun roll back ;  
 While all the trembling starry lamps  
 Their ancient course forsake :

For ever permanent and fix'd,  
 From agitation free,  
 Unchang'd in everlasting years  
 Shall thy existence be.



H Y M N III.

**T**O thee, my God, I hourly sigh,  
 But not for golden stores ;  
 Nor covet I the brightest gems  
 On all the eastern shores ;  
 Nor that deluding empty joy,  
 Men call a mighty name ;  
 Nor greatness in its gayest pride,  
 My restless thoughts inflame ;  
 Nor pleasure's soft enticing charms  
 My fond desires allure :  
 For greater things than these from thee  
 My wishes would secure.  
 Those blissful, those transporting smiles,  
 That brighten heav'n above,  
 The boundless riches of thy grace,  
 And treasures of thy love.  
 These are the mighty things I crave,  
 O, make these blessings mine !  
 And I the glories of the world  
 Contentedly resign.



H Y M N IV.

**I**N vain the dusky night retires,  
 And sullen shadows fly :  
 In vain the morn, with purple light,  
 Adorns the eastern sky.  
 In vain the gaudy rising sun  
 The wide horizon gilds,

Comes glitt'ring o'er the silver streams,  
And cheers the dewy fields :

In vain, dispensing vernal sweets,  
The morning breezes play ;  
In vain the birds, with cheerful songs,  
Salute the new-born day :

In vain, unless my Saviour's face  
These gloomy clouds controul,  
And dissipate the sullen shades  
That press my drooping soul.

O ! visit, then, thy servant, Lord,  
With favour from on high :  
Arise, my bright, immortal sun !  
And all these shades will die.

When, when shall I behold thy face,  
All radiant and serene,  
Without these envious dusky clouds  
That make a veil between ?

When shall that long-expected day  
Of sacred vision be,  
When my impatient soul shall make  
A near approach to thee ?



#### HYMN V. ON HEAVEN.

**H**AIL, sacred Salem ! plac'd on high,  
Seat of the mighty King,  
What thought can grasp thy boundless bliss,  
What tongue thy glories sing !

Thy chrystal tow'rs and palaces  
Magnificently rise,  
And dart their beauteous lustre round  
The empyrean skies.

The voice of triumph in thy streets  
And acclamations sound ;  
Gay banquets in thy splendid courts,  
And purest joys abound.

Bright smiles on every face appear,  
Rapture in every eye :

rom every mouth glad anthems flow,  
 And charming harmony.  
 Illustrious day for ever there  
 Streams from the face divine :  
 No pale-fac'd moon e'er glimmers forth,  
 Nor stars, nor sun decline :  
 No scorching heats, no piercing colds,  
 The changing seasons bring ;  
 But o'er the fields mild breezes there  
 Breathe an eternal spring.  
 The flow'rs with lasting beauty shine,  
 And deck the smiling ground :  
 While flowing streams of pleasure all  
 The happy plains surround.

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H Y M N VI.

BEFORE the rosy dawn of day,
 To thee, my God, I'll sing :
 Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre !
 Awake, each charming string !
 Awake, and let thy flowing strain
 Glide through the midnight air,
 While high amidst her silent orb
 The silver moon rolls clear :
 While all the glitt'ring starry lamps
 Are lighted in the sky,
 And set the Maker's greatness forth,
 To thy admiring eye :
 While watchful angels round the just,
 As nightly guardians wait,
 In lofty strains of grateful praise
 Thy spirit elevate.
 Awake, my soft and tuneful lyre !
 Awake, each charming string !
 Before the rosy dawn of day,
 To thee, my God, I'll sing.
 'Thou round the heav'nly arch dost draw
 A dark and sable veil,

And all the beauties of the world
From mortal eyes conceal.

Again, the sky with golden beams
Thy skilful hands adorn,
And paint, with cheerful splendour gay,
The fair ascending morn.

And as the gloomy night returns,
Or smiling day renews,
Thy constant goodness still my soul
With benefits pursues.

For this I'll midnight vows to thee,
With early incense bring;
And ere the rosy dawn of day
Thy lofty praises sing.



H Y M N VII.

IMMORTAL fountain of my life,
My last, my noblest end:
Eternal centre of my soul,
Where all its motions tend!

Thou object of my dearest love,
My heav'nly paradise,
The spring of all my flowing joys,
My everlasting bliss!

My God, my hope, my vast reward,
And all I would possess,
Still more than these pathetic names
And charming words express.



H Y M N VIII.

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

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

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

To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
 To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom these comforts flow'd.

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.

Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and death,
 It gently clear'd my way,
 And thro' the pleasing snares of vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
 With health renew'd my face;
 And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
 Hath made my cup run o'er,
 And in a kind and faithful friend
 Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ,
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart
 That tastes these gifts with joy.

Thro' every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue,
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 For, O ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

HYMN IX.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord !
 How sure is their defence !
 Eternal Wisdom is their guide,
 Their help, Omnipotence.
 In foreign realms and lands remote,
 Supported by thy care,
 Thro' burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
 And breath'd in tainted air.
 Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
 Made every region please,
 The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
 And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.
 Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
 How, with affrighted eyes,
 Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
 In all its horrors rise !
 Confusion dwelt on every face,
 And fear in ev'ry heart,
 When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
 O'ercame the pilot's art.
 Yet then, from all my griefs, O Lord,
 Thy mercy set me free,
 Whilst in the confidence of pray'r
 My soul took hold on thee :
 For though in dreadful whirls we hung
 High on the broken wave,
 I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.
 The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
 Obedient to thy will ;
 The sea that roar'd at thy command,
 At thy command was still.
 In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
 Thy goodness I'll adore,

And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life if thou preserv'st, my life
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.



H Y M N X. THE CREATION.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He gave the lion and the worm
At once their wondrous birth,

And gazing beasts of various form
Rose from the teeming earth.

Adam was form'd of equal clay,
The sov'reign of the rest :
Design'd for nobler ends than they,
With God's own image blest.

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



THE LORD'S PRAYER.

FATHER of all ! we bow to thee,
Who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd,
But present still through all thy works
The universal Lord.

All hallow'd be thy sacred name,
O'er all the nations known ;
Advance the kingdom of thy grace,
And let thy glory come.

A grateful homage may we yield,
With hearts resign'd to thee ;
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.

From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still :
Give us our bread, and may we rest
Contented in thy will.

Our sins and trespasses we own ;
O may they be forgiv'n !
That mercy we to others shew
We pray the like from heav'n.

Our life still let thy grace direct,
From evil guard our way,
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.

For thine the power, the kingdom thine,
All glory's due to thee ;

Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.



The Forty-fifth Psalm paraphrased.

PART I.

MY ardent heart with holy raptures fir'd,
Which this sublime, this heav'nly theme inspir'd,
Sends forth good things. In lofty strains I sing
The pow'r and grandeur of th' Almighty King.
Than tongue can speak, swifter than pen can go,
From my transported breast melodious numbers flow.

All human beauty thou dost far surpass;
Such is the dazzling brightness of thy face,
Ten thousand suns, in one united blaze,
Would all be lost in thy superior rays.
Around thy head celestial graces shine,
Eternal bliss and glory shall be thine.
Go, hero, arm'd with unresisted might,
Gird on thy sword, prepare thyself to fight.
Array'd in Majesty, ascend thy ear,
And undisturb'd drive on the prosp'rous war.
Display thy pow'r, thine en'mies all confound,
Yet gracious still, and still with mercy crown'd.
The justice of thy cause shall thee inspire
With holy brav'ry and undaunted fire:
Thy foes shall fall beneath thy conqu'ring sword,
And conquer'd kings acknowledge thee their Lord.

All pow'r is thine, supreme JEHOVAH! thine
Infinite empire and eternal reign.
By thy just laws are haughty mortals sway'd,
Thou hat'st the bad, the righteous man dost aid:
For this thy God, the Monarch of the sky,
Above all rival pow'r exalts thee high.
Within thy iv'ry courts, in shining state,
Around thy throne attendant princes wait:
While thou, amidst perfumes, on high reclin'd,
Dost feed with pure delights thy silent mind.
Here royal handmaids wait their Lord's command?
At thy right side the beauteous Queen doth stand,
Her costly robes with golden foliage wrought,
Perfum'd with odours from Arabia brought.

PART II.

BUT thou, O Queen ! give ear and understand,
 Forget thy father's house and native land :
 Let now thy former loves be all resign'd,
 And on the hero fix thy longing mind.
 Th' enamour'd prince shall dote upon thy charms,
 Hang on thy lips, and fold thee in his arms :
 He'll place thee next himself in state and pow'r,
 (But thou with rev'rence still thy God adore !)
 The Tyrian queen shall leave her native seat,
 And, fraught with gifts, in thy apartments wait ;
 The rich, and all deriv'd of noble race,
 Shall court thy favour and implore thy grace.

Behold the princes cloth'd in rich attire,
 Great King ! thy destin'd spouse, thy soul's desire :
 Her robes adorn'd with interwoven gold,
 Her radiant face more glorious to behold.
 In charms how far superior is her mind ;
 All graces here, all virtues are combin'd.
 Lo ! Prince, thy royal bride, this lovely maid,
 She comes to thee in nuptial robes array'd :
 Where needle-work its living art displays,
 And sparkling gems reflect the golden rays.
 Behold ! amidst a choir of virgins bright,
 She walks, surpassing fair, and charms the sight ;
 While winning graces, and majestic mien,
 Confess her grandeur, and declare her Queen.
 She, thus surrounded by the gazing throng,
 In glad procession shall be brought along,
 With her associate nymphs, shall joyful come,
 And thronging, enter thy imperial dome.

But thou, O Queen ! suspend thy pious care,
 No more lament thy dame and aged sire ;
 Instead of these thou joyful shalt embrace
 Thy num'rous progeny, a happy race ;
 For grandeur much, for virtue more renown'd ;
 And all, in future times, with empire crown'd.

Thou art the glorious subject of my lays,
 To nations far remov'd I'll sing thy praise :
 While fleeting shades around the mountains turn,
 And twinkling stars in midnight watches burn ;

While orient Phœbus gilds the purple day,
Thy honour, praise, and fame, shall ne'er decay.



The Hundred and fourteenth Psalm paraphrased.

WHEN Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
Their King, and Judah was his throne.
Across the deep their journey lay,
The deep divides to make them way ;
The streams of Jordan saw, and fled,
With backward current, to their head.
The mountains shook like frightened sheep,
Like lambs the little hillocks leap ;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
Conscious of sov'reign pow'r at hand.
What pow'r could make the deep divide ?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide ?
Why did you leap, ye little hills ?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels ?
Let every mountain, every flood
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel ; see him here ;
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear ;
He thunders, and all nature mourns,
The rock to standing pools he turns ;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess their Lord.



The VISION, from the fourth Chapter of JOB.

'TWAS at the dark and silent hour of night,
When airy visions skim before the sight,
When men entranc'd in balmy sleep are laid,
And deeper slumbers ev'ry sense invade ;
A voice shrill sounding pierc'd my list'ning ear,
The solemn accent still methinks I hear.
And lo ! arose, before my wond'ring eyes,
A shapeless spectre of stupendous size :
Sullen it me approach'd with awful grace,
And frowning dreadful star'd me in the face.

Deep sunk my heart, my hair erected stood,
 And sweaty drops my shaking limbs bedew'd.
 At length a voice the solemn silence broke,
 And thus in hollow tone the phantom spoke :

What art thou, mortal man ! thou breathing clod !
 Thou daring rival of thy author, GOD !
 Is then this heap of animated dust
 Pure as his Maker : as his Maker, just ?
 What are the gifts to human nature giv'n,
 That man usurps the attributes of Heav'n ?
 Th' angelic hosts, that on the Godhead wait,
 And issue forth his ministers of fate ;
 Not of themselves perform his great command,
 But own his guidance and o'er-ruling hand.
 Shall then presumptuous man his actions sway,
 This lordly tenant of a lump of clay ?
 Who from a sordid mass derives his birth,
 And drops again into his mother earth ?
 Whose carcase, mould'ring in the silent tomb,
 Devouring reptiles mangle and consume ?
 Look round the surface of this earthly ball,
 See grandeur vanish, and ev'n nations fall !
 What millions die, their race of being run,
 Between the rising and the setting sun ?
 See man each hour resign his fleeting breath,
 And sink unheeded in the jaws of death !
 Thus falls thy boasted wisdom, mortal man,
 A cloud its substance, and its date a span !
 Thy short perfection on thy life depends,
 At death's great period all thy knowledge ends.

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 REVELATION i. 5. 9.

**T**O him that lov'd the souls of men,  
 And wash'd us in his blood ;  
 To royal honours rais'd our head,  
 And made us priests to God ;  
 To him let every tongue be praise,  
 And ev'ry heart be love ;  
 All grateful honours paid on earth,  
 And nobler songs above !

Behold on flying clouds he comes !  
 His saints shall bless the day ;  
 Whilst they that pierc'd him sadly mourn,  
 In anguish and dismay.

I am the First, and I the Last ;  
 Time centers all in me :  
 Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,  
 And evermore shall be.

## THE MESSIAH.

*A Sacred Eclogue, written in imitation of VIRGIL'S  
 POLLIO.*

**Y**E nymphs of Solyma ! begin the song,  
 To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.

The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,  
 The dreams of Pindus, and th' Aonian maids,  
 Delight no more :—O Thou, my voice inspire,  
 Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire !

Rapt into future times, the bard begun :—

A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a son !

From Jesse's root behold a Branch arise,

Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies :

Th' ethereal Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,

And on its top descends the Mystic Dove.

Ye heav'ns ! from high the dewy nectar pour,

And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r !

The sick and weak, the healing Plant shall aid,

From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail ;

Returning justice lift aloft her scale,

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,

And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.

Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn !

O spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born !

See ! nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,

With all the incense of the breathing spring !

See ! lofty Lebanon his head advance,

See ! nodding forests on the mountains dance ;

See ! spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise ;

And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies.

Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;  
 Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!  
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,  
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity,  
 Lo! earth receives him from the bending skies!  
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise!  
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars homage pay!  
 Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!  
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold,  
 Hear him, ye deaf; and all ye blind, behold!  
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day.  
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,  
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:  
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe:  
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear:  
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.  
 In adamant chains shall death be bound,  
 And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.  
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
 Seeks freshest pastures and the purest air;  
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,  
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;  
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms:  
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,  
 The promis'd father of the future age.  
 No more shall nation against nation rise,  
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;  
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,  
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more:  
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,  
 And the broad faulchion in a plough-share end.  
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son  
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;  
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,  
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.  
 The swain in barren deserts with surprise  
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise,  
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear  
 New falls of water murmur in his ear.

On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods ;  
 Waste sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,  
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn ;  
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,  
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.  
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,  
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead ;  
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.  
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake ;  
 Pleas'd, the green lustre of the scales survey,  
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.

Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise !  
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thine eyes !  
 See ! a long race thy spacious courts adorn ;  
 See ! future sons and daughters yet unborn,  
 In crowding ranks, on ev'ry side arise,  
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !  
 See ! barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,  
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend :  
 See ! thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,  
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs !  
 For thee Idumé's spicy forests blow,  
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.  
 See ! heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,  
 And break upon thee in a flood of day !  
 No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,  
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ;  
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,  
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,  
 O'erflow thy courts : the LIGHT HIMSELF shall shine  
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !  
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;  
 But fix'd his word, his saving power remains ;  
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns.

THE HERMIT. *By Dr Parnell.*

**F**AR in a wild, unknown to public view,  
 From youth to age a rev'rend hermit grew ;  
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,  
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well ;  
 Remote from man, with God he pass'd the days,  
 Pray'r all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,  
 Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose ;  
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,  
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway :  
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,  
 And all the tenor of his soul is lost ;  
 So when a smooth expanse receives imprest,  
 Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,  
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,  
 And skies beneath with answ'ring colours glow ;  
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,  
 Swift rustling circles curl on ev'ry side,  
 And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,  
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,  
 To find if books or swains report it right,  
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,  
 Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew,)  
 He quits his cell ; the pilgrim staff he bore,  
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;  
 Then with the sun a rising journey went,  
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,  
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;  
 But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,  
 A youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;  
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,  
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.  
 Then near approaching, Father, hail ! he cried ;  
 And hail, my son, the rev'rend sire replied.  
 Words follow'd words, from question answer flow'd,  
 And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road ;  
 Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,  
 While in their age they differ, join in heart :

Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,  
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun ; the closing hour of day  
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray :  
Nature in silence bid the world repose,  
When near the road a stately palace rose :  
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,  
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.  
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome  
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home :  
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,  
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.  
The pair arrive ; the liv'ried servants wait ;  
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.  
The table groans with costly piles of food,  
And all is more than hospitably good.  
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,  
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day  
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;  
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,  
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.  
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;  
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;  
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,  
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.  
'Then pleas'd and thankful from the porch they go ;  
And, but the landlord, none had cause of wo ;  
His cup was vanish'd !—for in secret guise  
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.  
As one who spies a serpent in his way,  
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,  
Disorder'd stops, to shun the danger near,  
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear ;  
So seem'd the sire ; when far upon the road,  
The shining spoil his wily partner show'd.  
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,  
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part ;  
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard,  
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrowds,  
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds ;

A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,  
 And beasts to covert scud across the plain.  
 Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat  
 To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring seat.  
 'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground ;  
 And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around ;  
 Its owner's temper, tim'rous and severe,  
 Unkind and griping, caus'd a désert there.  
 As near the Miser's heavy door they drew,  
 Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew :  
 The nimble light'ning, mix'd with show'rs, began,  
 And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.  
 Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,  
 Driv'n by the wind and batter'd by the rain.  
 At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,  
 ('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest,)  
 Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,  
 And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair :  
 One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,  
 And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls :  
 Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,  
 (Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine ;  
 And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,  
 A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'ring hermit view'd  
 In one so rich, a life so poor and rude.  
 And why should such (within himself he cried)  
 Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?  
 But what new marks of wonder soon took place,  
 In every settling feature of his face,  
 When, from his vest, the young companion bore  
 That Cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,  
 And paid profusely, with the precious bowl,  
 The stinted kindness of this churlish soul !

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly ;  
 The sun emerging ope's an azurc sky ;  
 A fresher green the smelling leaves display,  
 And glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day ;  
 The weather courts them from the poor retreat,  
 And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom wrought  
 With all the travel of uncertain thought ;

His partner's acts without their cause appear,  
 'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here !  
 Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,  
 Lost and confounded with the various shows.  
 Now night's dim shades again involve the sky,  
 Again the wand'ers want a place to lie,  
 Again-they search and find a lodging nigh.  
 The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,  
 And neither poorly low nor idly great ;  
 It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind ;  
 Content, and not to praise, but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,  
 Then bless the mansion, and the master greet :  
 Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,  
 The courteous master hears, and thus replies :  
 Without a vain, without a grudging heart,  
 To him who gives us all, I yield a part ;  
 From him you come, for him accept it here,  
 A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.  
 He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,  
 Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,  
 When the grave household round his hall repair,  
 Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd with calm repose,  
 Was strong for toil, the dappled morn arose ;  
 Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept  
 Near the clos'd cradle where an infant slept,  
 And writh'd his neck !—the landlord's little pride,  
 O strange return ! grew black, and gasp'd, and died.  
 Horror of horrors ! what ! his only son !  
 How look'd our hermit when the act was done !  
 Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,  
 And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd and struck with silence at the deed,  
 He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed.  
 His steps the youth pursues ; the country lay  
 Perplex'd with roads, a servant shew'd the way ;  
 A river cross'd the path ; the passage o'er  
 Was nice to find ; the servant trod before ;  
 Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,  
 And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.



The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,  
 Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in ;  
 Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,  
 Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,  
 He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,  
 Detested wretch !—But scarce his speech began,  
 When the strange partner seem'd no longer man :  
 His youthful face grew more serenely sweet,  
 His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;  
 Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair,  
 Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;  
 And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,  
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display ;  
 The form ethereal bursts upon the sight,  
 And moves in all the majesty of light.

Though loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,  
 Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do ;  
 Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,  
 And in a calm his settling temper ends.  
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke,  
 (The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke :)

Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,  
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne ;  
 These charms success in our bright region find,  
 And force an angel down to calm thy mind ;  
 For this commission'd, I forsook the sky :  
 Nay cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.  
 Then know the truth of government divine,  
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,  
 In this the right of Providence is laid ;  
 Its secret majesty through all depends  
 On using second means to work his ends :  
 'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,  
 The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high,  
 Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,  
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.  
 What strange events can strike with more surprise  
 Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes ?  
 Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,  
 And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

The *great vain man*, who far'd on costly food,  
 Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;  
 Who made the iv'ry stands with goblets shine,  
 And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,  
 Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,  
 And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean suspicious *wretch*, whose bolted door  
 Ne'er mov'd in duty to the wand'ring poor ;  
 With him I left the cup, to teach his mind,  
 That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind ;  
 Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,  
 And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.  
 Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,  
 With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;  
 In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,  
 And loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our *pious friend* in virtue trod,  
 But now the child half-wean'd his heart from God ;  
 (Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,  
 And measur'd back his steps to earth again.  
 To what excesses had his dotage run ;  
 But God, to save the father, took the son.  
 To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,  
 (And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow,)  
 The poor fond parent, humbl'd in the dust,  
 Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortune felt a wreck,  
 Had that false *servant* sped in safety back ?  
 This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,  
 And what a fund of charity would fail !

Thus heaven instructs thy mind ! this trial o'er,  
 Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,  
 The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew :  
 Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,  
 His master took the chariot of the sky ;  
 The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;  
 The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a pray'r begun,  
*LORD ! as in Heaven, on earth thy will be done ;*  
 Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,  
 And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

*A Letter from Italy,*  
 TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
 CHARLES LORD HALIFAX,

In the Year 1701.

BY MR ADDISON.

*Salve magna parens, frugum Saturnia tellus,  
 Magna virum! tibi res antique laudis et artis  
 Aggredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.* VIRG. GEO. 2.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,  
 And from Britannia's public posts retire,  
 Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,  
 For their advantage sacrifice your ease;  
 Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,  
 Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,  
 Where the soft season, and inviting clime,  
 Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,  
 Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;  
 Poetic fields encompass me around,  
 And still I seem to tread on classic ground:  
 For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,  
 That not a mountain rears its head unsung;  
 Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,  
 And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods  
 For rising springs, and celebrated floods;  
 To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,  
 And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source;  
 To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store  
 Through the long windings of a fruitful shore;  
 And hoary Albula's infected tide  
 O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide.

Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I survey  
 Eridanus through flow'ry meadows stray,  
 The king of floods! that, rolling o'er the plains,  
 The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains,  
 And proudly swolln with a whole winter's snows,  
 Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes misguided by the tuneful throng,  
 I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,  
 That lost in silence and oblivion lie,  
 (Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)  
 Yet run for ever by the muse's skill,  
 And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,  
 And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,  
 That, destitute of strength, derives its course  
 From thirsty urns, and an unfruitful source;  
 Yet sung so often in poetic lays,  
 With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;  
 So high the deathless muse exalts her theme;  
 Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,  
 That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,  
 And unobserv'd in wild meanders play'd;  
 Till by your lines, and Nassau's sword renown'd,  
 Its rising billows through the world resound,  
 Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,  
 Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh could the muse my ravish'd breast inspire,  
 With warmth like your's, and raise an equal fire,  
 Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,  
 And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!

See how the golden groves around me smile,  
 That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle;  
 Or when transplanted and preserv'd with care,  
 Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air:  
 Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments  
 To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents:  
 Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,  
 And trodden woods send out a rich perfume.  
 Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,  
 Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;  
 Where western gales eternally reside,  
 And all the seasons lavish all their pride:  
 Blossoms, and fruits, and flow'rs together rise,  
 And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,  
 And in my soul a thousand passions strive,  
 When Rome's exalted beauties I desery,  
 Magnificent in piles of ruin lie;

An amphitheatre's amazing height  
 Here fills my eye with terror and delight.  
 That on its public shews unpeopled Rome,  
 And held uncrowned nations in its womb !  
 Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies,  
 And here the proud triumphal arches rise,  
 Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,  
 Their base degenerate progeny upbraid :  
 Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,  
 And wond'ring at their height, through airy channels flow.  
 Still to new scenes my wand'ring muse retires,  
 And the dumb shew of breathing rocks admires ;  
 Where the smooth chissel all its force has shewn,  
 And soft'ned into flesh the rugged stone.

In solemn silence, a majestic band,  
 Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls stand.  
 Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,  
 And emperors in Parian marble frown ;  
 While the bright dames, to whom they humbly su'd,  
 Still shew the charms that their proud hearts subdu'd.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,  
 And shew th' immortal labours in my verse,  
 Where, from the mingled strength of shade and light,  
 A new creation rises to my sight ;  
 Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,  
 So warm with life his blendid colours glow.  
 From theme to theme, with secret pleasure tost,  
 Amidst the soft variety I'm lost :  
 Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound,  
 With circling notes and labyrinths of sound :  
 Here domes and temples rise in distant views,  
 And op'ning palaces invite my muse.

How has kind Heav'n adorn'd the happy land,  
 And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand !  
 But what avail her unexhausted stores,  
 Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,  
 With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,  
 The smiles of nature and the charms of art,  
 While proud Oppression in her valleys reigns,  
 And tyranny usurps her happy plains ?  
 The poor inhabitant beholds in vain  
 The redd'ning orange and the swelling grain ;

Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,  
 And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines;  
 Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,  
 And in the laden vineyard dies for thirst.

Oh Liberty! thou goddess heav'nly bright,  
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!  
 Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,  
 And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;  
 Eas'd of her load, subjection grows more light,  
 And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;  
 Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,  
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.

Thee, goddess, thee Britannia's isle adores;  
 How has she oft exhausted all her stores,  
 How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,  
 Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!  
 On foreign mountains may the sun refine  
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,  
 With citron groves adorn the distant soil,  
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;  
 We envy not the warmer clime, that lies  
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;  
 Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,  
 Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiades shine:  
 'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,  
 And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,  
 And in their proud aspiring domes delight:  
 A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvas give,  
 Or teach their animated rocks to live:  
 'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,  
 And hold in balance each contending state,  
 To threaten bold, presumptuous kings, with war,  
 And answer her afflicted neighbour's prayer.  
 The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,  
 Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms:  
 Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,  
 And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.  
 Th' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread  
 Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,  
 And fain her godlike sons would disunite,  
 By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;

But strives in vain to conquer or divide  
Whom Nassau's arras defend, and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found  
The distant climes and different tongues resound,  
I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,  
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,  
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song,  
My humble verse demands a softer theme,  
A painted meadow, or a purling stream ;  
Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays,  
And lines like Virgil's, or like your's, should praise.



# THE CAMPAIGN.

By Mr ADDISON.

*To the DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.*

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,  
Proud in their number to enrol your name ;  
While Emperors to you commit their cause,  
And Anna's praises crown the vast applause ;  
Accept, great leader, what the muse recites,  
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.  
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,  
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view,  
Shine forth at once ; sieges and storms appear,  
And wars and conquests fill th' important year.  
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,  
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld with tow'ring pride  
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side,  
Pyrené's lofty barriers were subdu'd,  
And in the midst of his wide empire stood :  
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,  
Oppos'd their Alps and Appenines in vain,  
Nor found themselves with strength of rocks immur'd,  
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd ;  
The rising Danube its long race began,  
And half its course through the new conquest ran :  
Amaz'd and anxious for her sov'reigns' fates,  
Germania trembled through a hundred states :

Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear ;  
 He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near ;  
 He gaz'd, and half abandon'd to despair,  
 His hopes on Heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.

To Britain's Queen the nations turn their eyes,  
 On her resolves the western world relies,  
 Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,  
 In Anna's councils and in Churchill's arms.  
 Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,  
 To sit the guardian of the continent !  
 That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,  
 And flourishing so near her prince's eye :  
 Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,  
 Or from the crimes or follies of a court !  
 On the firm basis of desert they rise,  
 From long tried faith and friendship's holy ties ;  
 Their sov'reign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share,  
 Her ornament in peace, her strength in war :  
 The nation thanks them with a public voice,  
 By show'rs of blessings Heav'n approves their choice :  
 Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,  
 And factions strive who shall applaud them most.

Soon as the vernal breezes warm the sky,  
 Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly,  
 Her chief already has his march begun,  
 Crossing the provinces himself had won ;  
 'Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,  
 Retards the progress of the moving war.  
 Delightful stream ! Had Nature bid her fall  
 In distant climes, far from the perjurd Gaul ;  
 But now a purchase to the sword she lies,  
 Her harvests for uncertain owners rise ;  
 Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,  
 And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.  
 The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts  
 That wander'd on her banks, her heroes' ghosts,  
 Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,  
 The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.

Our godlike leader, ere the stream he past,  
 The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,  
 Forming the wond'rous year within his thought ;  
 His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.



The long laborious march he first surveys,  
 And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,  
 Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,  
 Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow ;  
 The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,  
 And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of Europe, he renews  
 His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues ;  
 Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,  
 The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat :  
 Till on the borders of the Maine he finds  
 Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.  
 Our British youth, with inborn freedom bold,  
 Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold ;  
 Nations of slaves with tyranny debas'd ,  
 (Their Maker's image more than half defac'd).  
 Hourly instructed as they urge their toil,  
 To prize their Queen, and love their native soil.

Still, to the rising sun they take their way,  
 Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.  
 When now the Neckar on its friendly coast  
 With cooling streams revives the fainting host,  
 That cheerfully its labours past forgets,  
 The midnight watches, and the noon-day heats.

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass,  
 (Now cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass)  
 Breathing revenge : Whilst anger and disdain  
 Fire ev'ry breast, and boil in ev'ry vein ;  
 Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far,  
 Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war ;  
 Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,  
 Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length the fame of England's hero drew  
 Eugenio to the glorious interview.  
 Great souls by instinct to each other turn,  
 Demand alliance, and in friendship burn ;  
 A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays  
 They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.  
 Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,  
 Renown'd for conquests, and in council skill'd :  
 Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood  
 Of mounting spirits and fermenting blood,

Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,  
 Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,  
 In hours of peacc content to be unknown,  
 And only in the field of battle shown;  
 To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,  
 Heav'n dares intrust the cause of human kind.

Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,  
 Her harass'd troops the hero's presence warms;  
 Whilst the high hills, and rivers all around,  
 With thund'ring peals of British shouts resound:  
 Doubling their speed, they march with fresh delight,  
 Eager for glory, and require the fight.  
 So the staunch hound the trembling deer pursues,  
 And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,  
 The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees:  
 But when the scent comes warm in every breeze,  
 Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away  
 On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are past,  
 Th' immortal Schellenberg appears at last;  
 Like hills th' aspiring ramparts rise on high,  
 Like valleys at their feet the trenches lie;  
 Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,  
 Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,  
 Tube behind tube the dreadful entrance keep,  
 Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:  
 Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious sight,  
 His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight.  
 The western sun now shot a feeble ray,  
 And faintly scatter'd the remains of day,  
 Ev'ning approach'd; but, O what hosts of foes  
 Were never to behold that ev'ning close!  
 Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,  
 The close-compacted Britons win their way:  
 In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd  
 With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;  
 Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke  
 Through flames of sulphur, and a night of smoke,  
 'Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,  
 And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage,  
 The battle kindl'd into tenfold rage,

With show'rs of bullets, and with storms of fire,  
Burns in full fury ; heaps on heaps expire.  
Nations with nations mix'd, confus'dly die,  
And lost in one promiseuous carnage lie.

How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,  
New to the field, and heroes in their bloom !  
Th' illustrious youths, that left their native shore,  
To march where Britons never march'd before,  
(O fatal love of fame, O glorious heat,  
Only destructive to the brave and great !)  
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,  
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last.  
But hold, my muse, may no complaints appear,  
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear :  
While Marlbro' lives, Britannia's stars dispense  
A friendly light, and shine in innocence.  
Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed,  
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed :  
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,  
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear  
To brave the thickest terrors of the war :  
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,  
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose ;  
Let nations anxious for thy life abate  
This scorn of danger and contempt of fate :  
Thou liv'st not for thyself, thy Queen demands  
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands ;  
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,  
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,  
By crowded armies fortified in vain ;  
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,  
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.  
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides  
The sea's whole weight, increas'd with swelling tides ;  
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,  
Eurag'd by wat'ry moons and warring winds,  
The trembling peasant sees his country round  
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight,  
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of the fight ;)

In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,  
 And Marlbro's form in ev'ry shadow fear ;  
 Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace  
 Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donawert, with unresisted force,  
 The gay victorious army bends its course.  
 The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,  
 Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields,  
 (The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,  
 The food of armies, and support of wars :  
 With magazines of death, destructive balls,  
 And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,  
 The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,  
 And turns their fury on their guilty lord.

Deluded prince ! how is thy greatness crost,  
 And all the gaudy dreams of empire lost,  
 That proudly set thee on a fancied throne,  
 And made imaginary realms thy own !  
 Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,  
 Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,  
 Nor find it there :—Surrounded with alarms,  
 Thou hop'st th' assistance of the Gallic arms ;  
 The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,  
 And crowd thy standards with the pow'r of France,  
 While, to exalt thy doom, th' aspiring Gaul  
 Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,  
 Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,  
 Alternately proclaim him good and great,  
 And make the hero and the man complete.  
 Long did he strive th' obdurate foe to gain  
 By proffer'd grace ! but long he strove in vain ;  
 'Till fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare  
 His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.  
 In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand  
 With sword and fire, and ravages the land ;  
 A thousand villages to ashes turns,  
 In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.  
 To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,  
 And mix'd with bellowing herds, confus'dly bleat ;  
 Their trembling lords the common shade partake,  
 And cries of infants sound in every brake ;

The list'ning soldier, fix'd in sorrow stands,  
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;  
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,  
To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet, terrible from far,  
In shriller clangors animates the war;  
Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,  
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat;  
Gallia's proud standards to Bavaria's join'd,  
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;  
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,  
And while the thick embattled host he views,  
Stretch'd out in deep array, and dreadful length,  
His heart dilates and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,  
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain;  
States, that their new captivity bemoan'd,  
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd;  
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,  
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferr'd.  
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,  
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd;  
The day was come, when Heav'n design'd to show  
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march, and dread array,  
The long-extended squadrons shape their way!  
Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts  
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;  
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,  
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.  
No vulgar fears can British minds controul;  
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,  
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,  
Lessen his number, and contract his host.  
Though fens and floods possess'd the middle space  
That, unprovok'd, they would have fear'd to pass;  
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's hands,  
When her proud foe rang'd on their border stands.  
But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find  
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!  
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,  
The victor's shouts and dying groans resound.

The dreadful bursts of cannon rend the skies,  
 And all the thunders of the battle rise.  
 'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,  
 That in the shock of charging hosts, unmov'd,  
 Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,  
 Examina'd all the dreadful scenes of war:  
 In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,  
 To fainting squadrons sent his timely aid,  
 Inspir'd, repuls'd battalions to engage,  
 And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.  
 So, when an angel, by divine command,  
 With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,  
 Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd,  
 Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;  
 And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,  
 Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.  
 But see the haughty household troops advance,  
 The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.  
 The war's whole art each private soldier knows,  
 And with a General's love of conquest glows!  
 Proudly he marches on, and, void of fear,  
 Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:  
 Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,  
 The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;  
 Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,  
 Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;  
 Each fights, as on his arm th' important day,  
 And all the fate of his great monarch, lay:  
 A thousand glorious actions, that might claim  
 Triumphant laurels, and immortal fame,  
 Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,  
 And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.  
 O Derner! how can I behold thy fate,  
 And not the wonders of thy youth relate!  
 How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,  
 Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!  
 In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,  
 And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,  
 Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;  
 Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfix'd,  
 Floating in gore, with their dear masters mix'd;

Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,  
 Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.  
 Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,  
 Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhone ;  
 Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,  
 Or where the Loire through winding vineyards glides,  
 In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,  
 And into Scythian seas their bloated corpse convey.  
 From Blenheim's towers, the Gaul, with wild affright,  
 Beholds the various havock of the fight ;  
 His waving banners, that so oft had stood  
 Planted in fields of death, and streams of blood.  
 So wont the guarded enemy to reach,  
 And rise triumphant in the fatal breach ;  
 Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,  
 The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tallard ! O who can name  
 The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,  
 That with mix'd tumult in thy bosom swell'd,  
 When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,  
 Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,  
 Choak'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,  
 Thyself in bondage by the victor kept !  
 The chief, the father, and the captive wept.  
 An English muse is touch'd with generous woe,  
 And in th' unhappy man forgets the foe.  
 Greatly distress'd ! thy loud complaints forbear,  
 Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war :  
 Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own  
 The fatal field by such great leaders won ;  
 The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away  
 Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore, that from the vanquish'd fell,  
 The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell ;  
 Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,  
 Or midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd ;  
 Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains  
 In painful bondage, and inglorious chains ;  
 Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,  
 Nor seek the fortunes of the happier lord,  
 Their raging king dishonours, to complete  
 Marlbro's great work, and finish the defeat.

From Memminghen's high domes, and Ausburg's walls,  
 The distant battle drives th' insulting Gauls ;  
 Freed by the terror of the victor's name,  
 The rescue'd States his great protection claim :  
 While Ulme th' approach of her deliverer waits,  
 And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs,  
 In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines :  
 If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,  
 O'er the wide continent his march extends ;  
 If sieges in his lab'ring thoughts are form'd,  
 Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd ;  
 If to the fight his active soul is bent,  
 The fate of Europe turns on its event :  
 What distant land, what region can afford  
 An action worthy his victorious sword ?  
 Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,  
 To make the series of his toils complete ?

Where the swoln Rhine, rushing with all its force,  
 Divides the hostile nations in its course :  
 While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,  
 Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,  
 On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,  
 That all the wide extended plain commands :  
 'Twice since the war was kindled, has it tried  
 The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side :  
 As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,  
 Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.  
 Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,  
 Hence future triumphs from the war expects ;  
 And though the dog-star had its course begun,  
 Carries his arms still nearer to the sun ;  
 Fix'd on the glorious action, he forgets  
 The change of seasons, and increase of heats :  
 No toils are painful that can danger show,  
 No climes unlovely that contain a foe.

The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,  
 Learns to encamp within his native land ;  
 But soon as the victorious host he spies,  
 From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies ;  
 Such dire impressions on his heart remain  
 Of Marlbro's sword, and Hocstet's fatal plain ;



In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets  
 Their shady coverts, and obscure retreats ;  
 They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,  
 That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway  
 Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey ;  
 Whose boasted ancestry so high extends,  
 That in the Pagan gods his lineage ends ;  
 Comes from afar, in gratitude to own  
 The great supporter of his father's throne :  
 What tides of glory to his bosom ran,  
 Clasp'd in th' embraces of the godlike man !  
 How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fix'd,  
 To see such fire with so much sweetness mix'd ;  
 Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,  
 So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court !

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,  
 And Nereus shone but in the second place ;  
 Thus the great father of all mighty Rome  
 (Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom  
 That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)  
 In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by Marlbro's presence charm'd,  
 Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,  
 On Landau with redoubl'd fury falls,  
 Discharges all his thunder on its walls ;  
 O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,  
 And learns to conquer in the hero's sight.

The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,  
 Increas'd in titles, and with conquest crown'd,  
 To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,  
 And the long windings of the Rhine pursues ;  
 Clearing its borders from usurping foes,  
 And blest by rescu'd nations as he goes :  
 Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms,  
 And Traerbeck feels the terror of his arms ;  
 Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,  
 While Marlbro' presses to the bold attack ;  
 Plants all his batt'ries, bids his cannon roar,  
 And shews how Landau might have fall'n before.  
 Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears  
 Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years ;

Forgets his thirst for universal sway,  
 And scarce can teach his subjects to obey ;  
 His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,  
 Th' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd ;  
 The work of ages sunk in one campaign,  
 And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th' effects of Anna's royal cares :  
 By her Britannia, great in foreign wars,  
 Ranges through nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,  
 Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.  
 By her th' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,  
 And taste the sweets of English liberty :  
 But who can tell the joys of those that lie  
 Beneath the constant influence of her eye ;  
 Whilst in diffusive show'rs her bounties fall,  
 Like Heav'n's indulgence, and descend on all ;  
 Secure the happy, succour the distrest,  
 Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people blest !

Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,  
 In the smooth records of a faithful verse,  
 That if such numbers can o'er time prevail,  
 May tell posterity the wondrous tale.  
 When actions unadorn'd are faint and weak,  
 Cities and countries must be taught to speak ;  
 Gods may descend in factions from the skies,  
 And rivers from their oozy beds arise ;  
 Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,  
 And round the hero cast a borrowed blaze.  
 Marlbro's exploits appear divinely bright,  
 And proudly shine in their own native light ;  
 Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,  
 And those who paint 'em truest, praise 'em most.

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## FABLES.

### I. THE JUGGLER.

**A** JUGGLER long through all the town,  
 Had rais'd his fortune and renown ;  
 You'd think (so far his art transcends)  
 The devil at his finger ends.

*Vice* heard his fame, she read his bill,  
 Convinc'd of his inferior skill ;  
 She sought his booth, and from the crowd  
 Defied the man of art aloud :  
 Is this then he so fam'd for slight ?  
 Can this slow bungler cheat your sight ?  
 Dare he with me dispute the prize ?  
 I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provok'd, the juggler cried, 'Tis done,  
 In science I submit to none.  
 Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd,  
 By turns this here, that there convey'd ;  
 The cards, obedient to his words,  
 Are by a fillip turn'd to birds ;  
 His little boxes change the grain,  
 Trick after trick deludes the train.  
 He shakes his bag, he shews all fair,  
 His fingers spread, and nothing there,  
 Then bids it rain with show'rs of gold,  
 And now his iv'ry eggs are told,  
 But when from thence the hen he draws,  
 Amaz'd spectators him applause.

*Vice* now stepp'd forth, and took the place,  
 With all the forms of his grimace :  
 This magic looking-glass, she cries,  
 (Here hand it round) 'twill charm your eyes ;  
 Each eager eye the sight desir'd,  
 And every man himself admir'd.  
 Next, to a senator addressing,  
 See this bank note, observe the blessing,  
 Breathe on the bill, Heigh, pass ; 'tis gone,  
 Upon his lips a padlock shone ;  
 A second puff the magic breke,  
 The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.  
 Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,  
 All full with heady liquor stor'd,  
 By clean conveyance disappear,  
 And now two bloody swords are there.  
 A purse she to the thief expos'd,  
 At once his ready fingers clos'd,  
 He ope's his fist, the treasures fled,  
 He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids Ambition hold a wand,  
 He grasps a hatchet in his hand.  
 A box of charity she shews ;  
 Blow here, and a church-warden blows :  
 'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,  
 And on the table smokes a treat :  
 She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,  
 And from all pockets fills her box.  
 She next a mcagre rake addrest,  
 'This picture see, her shape, her breast,  
 What youth, and what inviting eyes ;  
 Hold her and have her. With surprise  
 His hand expos'd a box of pills,  
 And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.  
 A counter in a miser's hand,  
 Grew twenty guineas at command ;  
 She bids his heir the sum retain,  
 And 'tis a counter now again.

A guinea with her touch, you see,  
 Take ev'ry shape but charity ;  
 And not one thing you saw or drew,  
 But chang'd from what was first in view,

The juggler now, in grief of heart,  
 With this submission owns her art :  
 Can I such matchless slight withstand?  
 How practice hath improv'd your hand !  
 But now and then I cheat the throng,  
 You ev'ry day, and all day long.



## II. THE SICK MAN AND THE ANGEL.

IS there no hope ? the sick man said ;  
 The silent doctor shook his head,  
 And took his leave with signs of sorrow,  
 Despairing of his fee to-morrow.  
 When thus the man with gasping breath :—  
 I feel the chilling wound of death ;  
 Since I must bid the world adieu,  
 Let me my former life review.  
 I grant my bargains were well made ;  
 But all men over-reach in trade.

'Tis self-defence in each profession,  
 Sure self-defence is no transgression.  
 The little portion in my hands,  
 By good security on lands  
 Is well increas'd. If, unawares,  
 My justice to myself and heirs  
 Hath let my debtor rot in jail,  
 For want of good sufficient bail ;  
 If I by writ, or bond, or deed,  
 Reduc'd a family to need,  
 My will hath made the world amends ;  
 My hope on charity depends.  
 When I am number'd with the dead,  
 And all my pious gifts are read,  
 By heaven and earth! 'twill then be known,  
 My charities were amply shown.

An angel came. Ah! friend, he cried,  
 No more in flatt'ring hopes confide ;  
 Can thy good deeds, in former times,  
 Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?  
 What widow, or what orphan prays,  
 To crown thy life with length of days?  
 A pious action's in thy power,  
 Embrace with joy the happy hour.  
 Now while you draw the vital air,  
 Prove your intention is sincere ;  
 This instant give an hundred pound ;  
 Your neighbours want, and you abound.

But why such haste, the sick man whines,  
 Who knows as yet what Heav'n designs?  
 Perhaps I may recover still ;  
 That sum and more are in my will.

Fool, says the vision, now tis plain,  
 Your life, your soul, your heav'n was gain ;  
 From ev'ry side, with all your might,  
 You scrap'd and scrap'd beyond your right ;  
 And after death would fain atone,  
 By giving what is not your own.

While there is life, there's hope, he cried,  
 Then why such haste? So groan'd and died.

## III. TO A MOTHER.

CONVERSING with your sprightly boys,  
 Your eyes have spoke the mother's joys.  
 With what delight I've heard you quote  
 Their sayings in imperfect note.  
 I grant, in body and in mind,  
 Nature appears profusely kind,  
 Trust not to that ; act you your part,  
 Impriest just morals on their heart ;  
 Impartially their talents scan ;  
 Just education forms the man.

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 tried 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.

The boy wants wit, he's sent to school,  
 Where learning but improves the fool.  
 The college next must give him parts,  
 And cram him with the lib'ral arts.  
 Whether he blunders at the bar,  
 Or owes his infamy to war ;  
 Or if by licence or degree,  
 The sexton share the doctor's fee ;  
 Or from the pulpit, by the hour,  
 He weekly floods of nonsense pour,  
 We find th' intent of nature foil'd ;  
 A tailor or a butcher spoil'd.

An owl of magisterial air,  
 Of solemn voice, of brow austere,

Assum'd the pride of human race,  
 And bore his wisdom in his face ;  
 Not to depreciate learned eyes,  
 I've seen a pedant look as wise ;  
 Within a barn from noise retir'd,  
 He scorn'd the world, himself admir'd,  
 And like an ancient sage conceal'd  
 The foibles public life reveal'd.  
 Philosophers of old he read,  
 Their country's youth to science bred :  
 Their manners form'd for every station,  
 And destin'd each his occupation.  
 When Xenophon, by numbers brav'd,  
 Retreated and a people sav'd ;  
 That laurel was not all his own ;  
 The plant by Socrates was sown.  
 To Aristotle's greater name  
 The Macedonian ow'd his fame.

Th' Athenian bird, with pride replete,  
 Their talents equal'd in conceit ;  
 And copying the Socratic rule,  
 Set up for master of a school.  
 Dogmatic jargon learn'd by heart,  
 Trite sentences, hard terms of art,  
 To vulgar ears seem'd so profound,  
 They fancied learning in the sound.

The school had fame ; the crowded place  
 With pupils swarm'd of ev'ry race.  
 With these the swan's maternal care  
 Had sent her scarce-fledg'd cygnet heir ;  
 The hen (tho' fond and loth to part)  
 Here lodg'd the darling of her heart :  
 The spider, of mechanic kind,  
 Aspir'd to science more refin'd :  
 The ass learn'd metaphors and tropes,  
 But most on music fix'd his hopes.

The pupils now advanc'd in age,  
 Were call'd to tread life's busy stage,  
 And to the master 'twas submitted,  
 That each might to his part be fitted.

The swan, says he, in arms shall shine,  
 The soldier's glorious toil be thine.

The cock shall mighty wealth attain ;  
 Go seek it on the stormy main.  
 The court shall be the spider's sphere,  
 Pow'r, fortune, shall reward him there.  
 In music's art the ass's fame  
 Shall emulate Corelli's name.  
 Each took the part that he advis'd,  
 And all were equally despis'd.  
 A farmer at his folly mov'd,  
 The dull preceptor thus reprov'd :  
 Blockhead, says he, by what you've done,  
 One would have thought them each your son,  
 For parents, to their offspring blind,  
 Consult not parts, nor turn of mind ;  
 But even in infancy decree  
 What this, what t'other son shall be.  
 Had you with judgment weigh'd the case,  
 Their genius thus had fix'd their place :  
 The swan had learn'd the sailor's art,  
 The cock had play'd the soldier's part ;  
 The spider, in the weaver's trade,  
 With credit had a fortune made ;  
 But for the fool in ev'ry class,  
 The blockhead had appear'd an ass.

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 WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

A Ballad.

WHEN all was wrapp'd in dark midnight,
 And all were fast asleep,
 In glided Marg'ret's grimly ghost,
 And stood at William's feet.

Her face is like the April morn,
 Clad in a wint'ry cloud ;
 And clay cold was her lily hand,
 That held the sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear,
 When youth and years are flown :
 Such is the robe that kings must wear,
 When death hath reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
 That sips the silver dew ;
 The rose was budding in her cheek,
 And op'ning to the view :
 But love had, like the canker-worm,
 Consum'd her early prime :
 The rose grew pale, and left her cheek :
 She died before her time.

Awake, she cried, thy true love calls,
 Come from her midnight grave,
 Now let thy pity hear the maid
 Thy love refus'd to save.

This is the dark and fearful hour,
 When injur'd ghosts complain ;
 Now dreary graves give up their dead,
 To haunt the faithless swain ;

Bethink thee, William, of thy fault,
 Thy pledge and broken oath :
 And give me back my maiden vow,
 And give me back my troth.

How could you say, my face was fair,
 And yet that face forsake ?
 How could you win my virgin heart,
 Yet leave that heart to break ?

How could you promise love to me,
 And not that promise keep ?
 Why did you swear mine eyes were bright,
 Yet leave those eyes to weep ?

How could you say my lip was sweet,
 And made the scarlet pale ?
 And why did I, young witless maid,
 Believe the flatt'ring tale ?

That face, alas ! no more is fair ;
 That lip no longer red ;
 Dark are mine eyes, now clos'd in death,
 And ev'ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is,
 This winding-sheet I wear ;

And cold and weary lasts our night,
 'Till that last morn appear.

But hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence,
 A long and last adieu ;
 Come, see, false man, how low she lies,
 That died for love of you.

Now birds did sing, and Morning smile,
 And shew her glist'ning bead ;
 Pale William shook in ev'ry limb,
 Then raving left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
 Where Marg'ret's body lay,
 And stretch'd him on the green grass turf,
 That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's name,
 And thrice he wept full sore ;
 Then laid his cheek to the cold earth,
 And word spake never more.

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 THE HORN-BOOK.

*By a Gentleman in his old age.*

**H**AIL ! ancient book, most venerable code,  
 Learning's first cradle, and its last abode !  
 The huge unnumber'd volumes which we see,  
 By lazy plagiaries are stol'n from thee !  
 Yet future times to thy sufficient store  
 Shall ne'er presume to add one letter more.

Thee will I sing, in comely wainscot-bound,  
 And golden verge inclosing thee around ;  
 The faithful horn before, from age to age,  
 Preserving thy invaluable page ;  
 Behind thy Patron Saint \* in armour shines,  
 With sword and lance to guard thy sacred lines :  
 Beneath his courser's feet the dragon lies  
 Transfix'd, his blood thy scarlet cover dies.  
 Th' instructive handle's at the bottom fix'd,  
 Lest wrangling critics should pervert the text.

Or ev'n to gingerbread if thou descend,  
 And liqu'rish learning to thy babes extend ;

\* St George.

Or if a plain, o'erspread with beaten gold,  
 The sugar'd treasure of thy letters hold ;  
 Thou still shalt be my song—Apollo's choir  
 I scorn ; let Cadmus all my verse inspire :  
 'Twas Cadmus who the first materials brought  
 Of all the learning which has since been taught.  
 Soon made complete ; for mortals ne'er shall know  
 More than contain'd of old the Christ cross row ;  
 What masters dictate, or grave doctors preach,  
 Wise matrons hence ev'n to our children teach.

But as the name of ev'ry plant and flow'r  
 (So common that each peasant knows its pow'r)  
 Physicians in mysterious cant express,  
 T' amuse their patients and enhance their fees ;  
 So from the letters of our native tongue,  
 Put in Greek scrawls, a myst'ry too is sprung.  
 Schools are erected, puzzling grammars made,  
 And artful men strike out a gainful trade ;  
 Strange characters adorn the learned gate,  
 And heedless youth catch at the shining bait ;  
 The pregnant boys the noisy charms declare,  
 And *Taus* and *Deltas* make their mothers stare.  
 Th' uncommon sounds amaze the vulgar ear ;  
 And what's uncommon never costs too dear.  
 Yet in all tongues the Horn Book is the same,  
 Taught by the Grecian master, or the English dame.  
 But how shall I thy endless virtues tell,  
 In which thou dost all other books excel.

No greasy thumbs thy spotless leaf can soil :  
 Nor crooked \* dogs' ears thy smooth corners' spoil :  
 In idle pages no *errata* stand,  
 To tell the blunders of the printer's hand ;  
 No fulsome dedication here is writ,  
 Nor flatt'ring verse to praise the author's wit.  
 The margin with no tedious notes is vex'd,  
 Nor various readings, to confound the text  
 All parties in thy literal sense agree,  
 Thou perfect centre of bless'd unity !

Search we the records of an ancient date,  
 Or read what modern histories relate ;

\* The folds which children usually make in the corners of the leaves of their books.

'They all proclaim what wonders have been done  
 By the plain letters taken as they run.  
 Too high the floods of passion us'd to roll,  
 And rend the Roman youth's impatient soul;  
 His hasty anger furnish'd scenes of blood,  
 And frequent deaths of worthy men ensu'd:  
 In vain were all the weaker methods try'd,  
 None could suffice to stem the furious tide.

'Thy sacred lines he did but once repeat,  
 And laid the storm, and cool'd the raging heat.

Thy heav'nly notes, like angels' music, cheer  
 Departing souls, and sooth the dying ear.

An aged peasant, on his latest bed,  
 Wish'd for a friend some godly book to read;  
 The pious grandson thy known handle takes,  
 And (eyes lift up) this sav'ry lecture makes:—  
 Great *A*, he gravely roar'd; th' important sound  
 The empty walls and hollow roof resound:  
 Th' expiring ancient rais'd his drooping head,  
 And thank'd his stars that Hodge had learn'd to read.  
 Great *B*, the younker bawls: O heav'nly breath!  
 What ghostly comforts in the hour of death!  
 What hopes I feel! Great *C*, pronounc'd the boy;  
 The grandsire dies with ecstacy of joy.

Yet in some lands such ignorance abounds,  
 Whole parishes scarce know thy useful sounds,  
 Or ken which end of thee stands uppermost,  
 Be the priest absent or the handle lost.  
 Of Essex Hundreds fame gives this report;  
 But fame, I ween, says many things in sport.  
 Scarce lives the man to whom thou'rt quite unknown,  
 Though few th' extent of thy vast empire own.  
 Whatever wonders magic spell can do,  
 In earth, in air, in sea, and shades below;  
 What words profound and dark wise Mah'met spoke,  
 When his old cow an angel's figure took!  
 What strong enchantments sage Canidia knew,  
 Or Horace sung, fierce monsters to subdue,  
 O mighty book, are all contain'd in you!

All human arts, and ev'ry science, meet  
 Within the limits of thy single sheet.

From thy vast root all learning's branches grow,  
 And all her streams from thy deep fountain flow.  
 And lo! while thus thy wonders I indite,  
 Inspir'd I feel the pow'r of which I write,  
 The gentle gout his former rage forgets,  
 Less frequent now, and less severe the fits :  
 Loose grow the chains which bound my useless feet,  
 Stillness and pain from ev'ry joint retreat ;  
 Surprising strength comes ev'ry moment on,  
 I stand, I step, I walk, and now I run.

Here let me cease, my hobbling numbers stop,  
 And at thy handle hang my crutches up.



AN ADDRESS TO HIS ELBOW-CHAIR, NEW CLOTHED.

*By Mr Somerville, Author of the Chase.*

Written towards the close of his Life.

**M**Y dear companion, and my faithful friend !  
 If Orpheus taught the list'ning oaks to bend,  
 If stones and rubbish, at Amphion's call,  
 Danc'd into form, and built the Theban wall :  
 Why shouldst thou not attend my humble lays,  
 And hear my grateful harp resound thy praise ?  
 True, thou art spruce and fine, a very beau :  
 But what are trappings and external show ?  
 To real worth alone I make my court ;  
 Knaves are my scorn, and coxcombs are my sport.  
 Once I beheld thee far less trim and gay ;  
 Ragged, disjointed, and to worms a prey ;  
 The safe retreat of ev'ry lurking mouse ;  
 Derided, shunn'd ; the lumber of my house !  
 Thy robe how chang'd from what it was before !  
 Thy velvet robe, which pleas'd my sires of yore !  
 'Tis thus capricious Fortune wheels us round,  
 Aloft we mount—then tumble to the ground,  
 Yet grateful *then*, my constancy I prov'd ;  
 I knew thy worth ; my friend in rags I lov'd !  
 I lov'd thee more ; nor, like a courtier, spurn'd  
 My benefactor, when the tide was turn'd.

With conscious shame, yet frankly I confess,  
 That in my youthful days—I lov'd thee less.  
 Where vanity, where pleasure call'd, I stray'd,  
 And ev'ry wayward appetite obey'd.

But sage Experience taught me how to prize  
Myself, and how this world : she bade me rise  
To nobler flights, regardless of a race  
Of factious emmets, pointed where to place  
My bliss, and lodg'd me in thy soft embrace.

}

Here on thy yielding down I sit secure,  
And patiently, what Heav'n has sent, endure ;  
From all the futile cares of bus'ness free ;  
Not fond of life, but yet content to be ;  
Here mark the fleeting hours ; regret the past ;  
And seriously prepare to meet the last.

So safe on shore the pension'd sailor lies,  
And all the malice of the storm defies ;  
With ease of body bless'd, and peace of mind,  
Pities the restless crew he left behind ;  
Whilst in his cell he meditates alone  
On his great voyage to the world unknown.

## ALEXANDER's FEAST ;

OR

## THE POWER OF MUSIC.

AN ODE.

BY MR DRYDEN.

I.

**T**WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,  
By Philip's warlike son :  
Aloft in awful state,  
The godlike hero sat

On his imperial throne ;  
His valiant peers were plac'd around,  
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound :  
(So should desert in arms be crown'd :)

The lovely Thais by his side  
Sat like a blooming eastern bride,  
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.

Happy, happy, happy pair !

None but the brave,

None but the brave,

None but the brave deserve the fair.

## II.

Timothens plac'd on high,  
 Amid the tuneful choir,  
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;  
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,  
 And heav'nly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,  
 Who left his blissful seats above;  
 (Such is the pow'r of mighty *Love*;)   
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god,  
 Sublime, on radiant spheres he rode,  
 When he to fair Olympia press'd,  
 And while he sought her snowy breast;  
 Then round her slender waist he curl'd,  
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign 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.

## III.

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 soldier's pleasure,  
 Rich the treasure,  
 Sweet the pleasure,

Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound the king grew vain;  
 Fought all his battles o'er again;  
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise,  
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;  
 And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,  
 Chang'd his hand, and cheek'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse,  
 Soft pity to infuse.

He sung Darius great and good,  
 By too severe a fate,  
 Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,  
 Fallen from his high estate,  
 And welt'ring in his blood;

Deserted at his utmost need,  
 By those his former bounty fed,  
 On the bare earth expos'd he lies,  
 With not a friend to close his eyes.  
 With downcast look the joyless victor sat,  
 Revolving in his alter'd soul  
 The various turns of fate below,  
 And now and then a sigh he stole,  
 And tears began to flow.

## IV.

The mighty master smil'd to see  
 That love was in the next degree;  
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,  
 For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,  
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures;  
 War he sung is toil and trouble,  
 Honour but an empty bubble;  
 Never ending, still beginning,  
 Fighting still, and still destroying;  
 If the world be worth thy winning,  
 Think, O think it worth enjoying.

Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
 Take the good the gods provide thee,  
 The many round 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, and 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.

## V.

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 !  
Those are the Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,  
And unburied remain  
Inglorious on the plain ;  
Give the vengeance due  
To the valiant crew.  
Behold how they toss their torches on high ;  
How they point to the Persian abodes,  
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods !  
The princes applaud with a furious joy ;  
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy.  
'Thais led the way,  
To light him to his prey ;  
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

## VI.

Thus long ago,  
Ere heaving billows 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 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.

~~~~~  
 THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

By Mr Pope.

FATHER of all, in ev'ry age,
 In ev'ry clime ador'd,
 By saint, by savage, and by sage,
 Jehovah, Jbvc, 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, O 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 hide the fault I see ;
 That mercy I to others shew,
 That mercy shew to me.

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

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

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



FROM THOMSON'S SUMMER.

HEAVENS ! what a goodly prospect spreads around
 Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And glitt'ring 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.

Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime :
 Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought ;
 Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks ; thy valleys float
 With golden waves ; and on thy mountains flocks
 Bleat numberless ; while roving round their sides,
 Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves,

Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
 Against the mower's seythe. On every hand
 Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth,
 And property assures it to the swain,
 Pleas'd and unwearied in his guarded toil.
 Full are thy cities with the sons of art ;
 And trade and joy in every busy street,
 Mingling are heard ; even drudgery himself,
 As at the car he sweats, or dusty hews
 The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
 Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,
 With labour burn, and echo to the shouts
 Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves
 His last adieu, and loos'ning every sheet,
 Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

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



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

O thou ! by whose Almighty nod the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving *virtues* round the land
 In bright patrol ; white peace and social love !
 The tender looking clarity, intent
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles :

Undaunted truth, and dignity of mind ;
 Courage compos'd and keen ; sound temperance,
 Healthful in heart and look ; clear chastity,
 With blushes redd'ning as she moves along,
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws ;
 Rough industry ; activity untir'd,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake :
 While in the radiant front, superior shines
 That first paternal virtue, public zeal,
 Who throws o'er all an equal wide survey,
 And ever musing on the common weal,
 Still labours glorious with some great design.



FROM THOMSON'S AUTUMN.

ALL is the gift of industry ; whate'er
 Exalts, embellishes, and renders life
 Delightful. Pensive winter cheer'd by him
 Sits at the social fire, and happy hears
 Th' excluded tempest idly rave along ;
 His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy spring ;
 Without him summer were an arid waste ;
 Nor to th' autumnal months could thus transmit
 Those full, mature, immeasurable stores,
 That, waving round, recal my wand'ring song.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the sky,
 And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the spreading day ;
 Before the ripen'd field the reapers stand,
 In fair array ; each by the lass he loves,
 To bear the rougher part, and mitigate,
 By nameless gentle offices, her toil.
 At once they stoop and swell the lusty sheaves ;
 While through their cheerful band the rural talk,
 The rural scandal, and the rural jest,
 Fly harmless, to deceive the tedious time,
 And steal unfelt the sultry hours away.

Behind the master walks, builds up the shocks :
 And conscious, glancing oft on ev'ry side
 His sated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
 The gleaners spread around, and here and there,
 Spike after spike, their scanty harvest pick.
 Be not too narrow, husbandmen ; but fling

From the full sheaf, with charitable stealth,
 The lib'ral handful. Think, O grateful think !
 How good the GOD of harvest is to you ;
 Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields ;
 While these unhappy partners of your kind
 Wide hover round you, like the fowls of heaven,
 And ask their humble dole. The various turns
 Of fortune ponder ; that your sons may want
 What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends ;
 And fortune smil'd deceitful on her birth ;
 For in her helpless years depriv'd of all,
 Of ev'ry stay, save innocence and Heaven,
 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 fashion, and low-minded pride :
 Almost on nature's common bounty fed,
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow.
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flow'rs :
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of ev'ning, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat fair proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is, when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
 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 unscen 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 power, 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
 Recals that patron of my happy life,
 From whom my lib'ral fortune took its rise ;
 Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,
 And once fair spreading family, dissolv'd.
 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
 Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
 His aged widow and his daughter live,
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.

Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !
 When, strict inquiring from herself, he found
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
 Of bountiful Acasto ; who can speak
 The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
 And through his nerves in shiv'ring transport ran !
 Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd and bold ;
 And as he view'd her ardent, o'er and o'er,
 Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
 Confus'd and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom.
 And thus Palcmon, 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 ? Oh yes ! the very same,
 The soft'ned image of my noble friend,
 Alive, his ev'ry feature, ev'ry look,
 More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than spring !
 Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
 That nourish'd up my fortune ! Say, ah where,
 In what sequester'd desert hast thou drawn
 The kindest aspect of delighted heav'n,
 Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair,
 Though poverty's cold wind and crushing rain
 Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years ?
 O let me now, into a richer soil,
 Transplant thee safe ! where vernal suns and showers
 Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ;
 And of my garden be the pride and joy !
 Ill it befits thee, O it ill befits
 Acasto's daughter : his whose open stores,
 Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
 The father of a country thus to pick
 The very refuse of those harvest fields,
 Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy !
 Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
 But ill 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 secret triumph of his soul,
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,
 Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
 Of goodness irresistible, and all
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent.
 The news immediate to her mother brought,
 While pierc'd with anxious thought, she pin'd away
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate :
 Amaz'd, and scarce believing what she heard,
 Joy seiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours :
 Not less enraptur'd than the happy pair,
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd
 A num'rous offspring, lovely like themselves,
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

~~~~~  
 A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER, these  
 Are but the varied God. The rolling year  
 Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring  
 Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love ;  
 Wide flush the fields ; the softening air is balm ;  
 Echo the mountains round ; the forest smiles ;  
 And every sense, and every heart is joy.  
 Then comes thy glory in the summer months,  
 With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun  
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year,  
 And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,  
 And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,  
 By brooks and groves, in hallow whispering gales,  
 Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfin'd,  
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.  
 In winter, awful thou ! with clouds and storms  
 Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,  
 Majestic darkness ! on the whirlwind's wing,  
 Riding sublime, thou bidst the world adore,  
 And humblest nature with thy northern blast.  
 Mysterious round ! what skill, what force divine,  
 Deep felt in these appear ! a simple train,  
 Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,

Such beauty and beneficence combin'd ;  
 Shade unperceiv'd, so soft'ning into shade ;  
 And all so forming an harmonious whole,  
 That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.  
 But wand'ring oft with brute unconscious gaze,  
 Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,  
 That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres,  
 Works in the secret deep, shoots steaming thence  
 The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring,  
 Flings from the sun direct the flaming day,  
 Feeds every creature, hurls the tempests forth,  
 And as on earth this grateful change revolves,  
 With transport touches all the springs of life,  
 Nature, attend ! join every living soul  
 Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,  
 In adoration join ; and ardent raise  
 One general song ! To him, ye vocal gales,  
 Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes :  
 Oh talk of him in solitary glooms !  
 Where o'er the rock, the scarcely-waving pine  
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.  
 And ye whose bolder note is heard afar,  
 Who shake th' astonish'd world, lift high to heaven  
 Th' impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.  
 His praise, ye brooks, (attune) ye trembling rills ;  
 And let me catch it as I muse along :  
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound ;  
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze  
 Along the vale ; and thou, majestic main,  
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,  
 Sound his stupendous praise ; whose greater voice,  
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.  
 Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flow'rs,  
 In mingled clouds to him ; whose sun exalts,  
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.  
 Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave to him ;  
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,  
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.  
 Ye that keep watch in heav'n, as earth asleep  
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,  
 Ye constellations ! while your angels strike,  
 Amidst the spangled sky, the silver lyre :

Great source of day ! best image here below :  
 Of thy Creator ever pouring wide,  
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,  
 On nature write with every beam his praise.  
 The thunder rolls ; be hush'd the prostrate world ;  
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.  
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills ; ye mossy rocks,  
 Retain the sound : the broad responsive low,  
 Ye valleys raise, for the Great Shepherd reigns ;  
 And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.  
 Ye woodlands all, awake ; a boundless song  
 Burst from the groves ; and when the restless day,  
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,  
 Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm  
 The list'ning shades, and teach the night his praise !  
 Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles ;  
 At once, the head, the heart, and tongue of all ;  
 Crown the great hymn ! In swarming cities vast,  
 Assembled men, to the deep organ join  
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,  
 At solemn pauses, through the swelling base :  
 And as each mingling flame increases, each  
 In one united ardour rise to heaven.  
 Or if you rather choose the rural shade,  
 And find a fane in every sacred grove ;  
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,  
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,  
 Still sing the GOD of seasons as they roll.  
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,  
 Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray  
 Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,  
 Or winter rises in the blackening east,  
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,  
 And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat !  
 Should fate command me to the farthest verge  
 Of the green earth, to distant barb'rous climes,  
 Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun  
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam  
 Flames on th' Atlantic isles ; 'tis naught to me,  
 Since GOD is ever present, ever felt,  
 In the void waste, as in the city full ;  
 And where he vital breathes, there must be joy

When even at last the solemn hour shall come,  
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,  
 I cheerful will obey ; there, with new powers,  
 Will rising wonders sing : I cannot go  
 Where universal love not smiles around,  
 Sustaining all yon orbs and all their suns,  
 From seeming evil still educing good,  
 And better thence again, and better still,  
 In infinite progression. But I lose  
 Myself in Him, in light ineffable :  
 Come, then, expressive silence, muse His praise.



## FROM

## AKENSIDE'S PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION.

## BOOK III.

**W**HAT then is taste, but these internal pow'rs,  
 Active and strong, and feelingly alive  
 To each fine impulse ? A discerning sense  
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust  
 From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross  
 In species ? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,  
 Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow ;  
 But GOD alone, when first his active hand  
 Imprints the secret bias of the soul.  
 HE, Mighty Parent, wise and just in all,  
 Free as the vital breeze, or light of heav'n,  
 Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain  
 Who journeys homeward from a summer day's  
 Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils  
 And due repose, he loiters to behold  
 The sun shine gleaming, as through amber clouds,  
 O'er all the western sky ; full soon, I ween,  
 His rude expression and untutor'd airs,  
 Beyond the pow'r of language, will unfold  
 The form of beauty smiling at his heart ;  
 How lovely ! how commanding ! But though Heav'n  
 In every breast hath sown these early seeds  
 Of love and admiration, yet in vain,  
 Without fair culture's kind paternal aid,  
 Without enliv'ning suns and genial show'rs,  
 And shelter from the blasts, in vain we hope

The tender plant shall rear its blooming head,  
 Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring.  
 Nor yet will every soil with equal stores  
 Repay the tiller's labour; or attend  
 His will, obsequious, whether to produce  
 The olive or the laurel. Different minds  
 Incline to different objects; one pursues  
 The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;  
 Another sighs for harmony and grace,  
 And gentlest beauty. Hence, when light'ning 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, Shakespear 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  
 Resounds, soft warbling, all the live-long day:  
 Consenting zephyr sighs: the weeping rill  
 Joins in the plaint, melodious; mute, the groves;  
 And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn:  
 Such, and so various, are the tastes of men.

Oh! blest of Heav'n, whom not the languid songs  
 Of luxury, the Syren! not the bribes  
 Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils  
 Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave  
 Those ever-blooming sweets, which from the store  
 Of nature fair imagination culls  
 To charm th' enliven'd soul! What though not all  
 Of mortal offspring can attain the heights  
 Of envied life; though only few possess  
 Patrician treasures or imperial state;  
 Yet nature's care, to all her children just,  
 With richer treasures, and an ampler state,  
 Endows at large whatever happy man  
 Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,  
 The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns

The princely dome, the column and the arch,  
 The breathing marble and the sculptur'd gold,  
 Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,  
 His tuneful breast enjoys. For him, the spring  
 Distils her dews, and from the silken gem  
 Its lucid leaves unfolds; for him, the hand  
 Of Autumn tinges every fertile branch  
 With blooming gold, and blushes like the morn;  
 Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings,  
 And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,  
 And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze  
 Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes  
 The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain  
 From all the tenants of the warbling shade  
 Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake  
 Fresh pleasure, unprov'd. Nor thence partakes  
 Fresh pleasure only; for th' attentive mind,  
 By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,  
 Becomes herself harmonious; wout so long  
 In outward things to meditate the charm  
 Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home  
 To find a kindred order to exert  
 Within herself this elegance of love,  
 This fair inspir'd delight: Her temper'd pow'rs  
 Refine at length, and every passion wears  
 A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.  
 But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze  
 On nature's form, where negligent of all  
 These lesser graces, she assumes the port  
 Of that Eternal Majesty that weigh'd  
 The world's foundations, if to these the mind  
 Exalt her daring eye, then mightier far  
 Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms  
 Of servile custom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs?  
 Would sordid policies, the barb'rous growth  
 Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down  
 To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?  
 Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds  
 And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,  
 The elements and seasons; all declare  
 For what the Eternal Maker has ordain'd  
 The pow'rs of man! We feel within ourselves

His energy divine ; he tells the heart,  
 He meant, he made us to behold and love  
 What he beholds and loves, the general orb  
 Of life and being ; to be great like him,  
 Beneficent and active. Thus the men  
 Whom nature's works can charm, with GOD himself  
 Hold converse, grow familiar, day by day,  
 With his conceptions ; act upon his plan ;  
 And form to his the relish of their souls.

FROM MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

BOOK IV.

**W**HEN Adam, first of men,  
 To first of women, Eve, thus moving speech  
 Turn'd him, all ear, to hear new utterance flow :  
 Sole partner, and sole part of all these joys !  
 Dearer thyself than all ! needs must the Pow'r  
 That made us, and for us this ample world,  
 Be infinitely good, and of his good  
 As liberal, and free, as infinite ;  
 That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here  
 In all this happiness, who at his hand  
 Have nothing merited, nor can perform  
 Aught whereof he hath need : He ! who requires  
 From us no other service than to keep  
 This one, this easy charge, of all the trees  
 In Paradise, that bear delicious fruit  
 So various, not to taste that only tree  
 Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life :  
 So near grows death to life ! whate'er death is :  
 Some dreadful thing, no doubt ; for well thou know'st  
 GOD hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree,  
 The only sign of our obedience left,  
 Among so many signs of pow'r and rule,  
 Conferr'd upon us ; and dominion giv'n  
 Over all other creatures that possess  
 Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard  
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy  
 Free leave so large to all things else, and choice  
 Unlimited of manifold delights :  
 But let us ever praise Him, and extol

His bounty, following our delightful task,  
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flow'rs,  
Which were it toilsome, yet with thee were sweet.

To whom thus Eve replied: O thou! for whom,  
And from whom I was form'd! flesh of thy flesh;  
And without whom am to no end; my guide,  
And head! what thou hast said is just and right;  
For we to him indeed all praises owe,  
And daily thanks; I chiefly, who enjoy  
So far the happier lot, enjoying thee,  
Pre-eminent by so much odds; while thou  
Like consort to thyself canst no where find.  
'That day I oft remember, when from sleep  
I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd  
Under a shade, on flow'rs; much wond'ring where,  
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.  
Not distant far from thence, a murm'ring sound  
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread  
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd,  
Pure as th' expanse of Heav'n: I thither went,  
With unexperienc'd thought, and laid me down  
On the green bank, to look into the clear  
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.  
As I bent down to look, just opposite  
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,  
Bending to look on me: I started back;  
It started back; but pleas'd I soon return'd:  
Pleas'd it return'd as soon, with answering looks  
Of sympathy and love! There I had fix'd  
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,  
Had not a voice thus warn'd me: "What thou seest,  
"What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself;  
"With thee it came, and goes; but follow me,  
"And I will bring thee where no shadow stays  
"Thy coming, and thy soft embraces: he  
"Whose image thou art, him thou shalt enjoy  
"Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear  
"Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd  
"Mother of human race." What could I do,  
But follow strait, invisibly thus led,  
'Till I espied thee! fair, indeed, and tall,  
Under a plantane, yet methought less fair,



Less winning soft, less amiably mild,  
 Than that smooth wat'ry image : back I turn'd ;  
 Thou following criest aloud, Return, fair Eve,  
 Whom fly'st thou ? Whom thou fly'st, of him thou art,  
 His flesh, his bone ; to give thee being I lent  
 Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,  
 Substantial life, to have thee by my side.  
 Henceforth an individual solace dear ;  
 Part of my soul I seek thee ; and thee claim,  
 My other half !—With that, thy gentle hand  
 Seiz'd mine : I yielded : and from that time, see  
 How beauty is excell'd by manly grace  
 And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

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WHEN Adam thus to Eve :—Fair consort ! th' hour
 Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,
 Mind us of like repose ; since GOD hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night to men,
 Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep,
 Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight, inclines
 Our eye-lids. Other creatures all day long
 Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest :
 Man hath his daily work of body, or mind,
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,
 And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways :
 While other animals inactive range,
 And of their doings GOD takes no account.
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
 With first approach of light, we must be ris'n,
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform
 Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown ;
 That mock our scant manuring, and require
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth
 Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
 That lie bestrown, unsightly, and unsmooth,
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease :
 Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest.

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd :
 My author and disposer ! what thou bidst
 Unargu'd I obey ; so GOD ordains :

GOD is thy law, thou mine ; to know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
 With thee conversing I forget all time ;
 All seasons, and their change, all please alike :
 Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
 Glist'ring with dew : fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft show'rs ; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild : then silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train :
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flow'r,
 Glist'ring with dew ; nor fragrance after show'rs ;
 Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by noon,
 Or glitt'ring star-light, without thee is sweet.
 But wherefore all night long shine these ? for whom
 This glorious sight, when sleep has shut all eyes ?

To whom our general ancestor replied :
 Daughter of GOD and man, accomplish'd Eve !
 These have their course to finish round the earth,
 By morrow evening ; and from land to land
 In order, though to nations yet unborn,
 Minist'ring light prepar'd, they set and rise ;
 Lest total darkness should by night regain
 Her old possession, and extinguish life
 In nature, and all things ; which these soft fires
 Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat,
 Of various influence, foment and warm,
 Temper, or nourish ; or in part shed down
 Their stellar virtue, on all kinds that grow
 On earth ; made hereby apter to receive
 Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
 These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
 Shine not in vain : nor think, though men were none,
 That Heav'n would want spectators, GOD want praise :
 Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
 Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.

All these, with ceaseless praise his works behold
 Both day and night : how often, from the steep
 Of echoing hill, or thicket, have we heard
 Celestial voices to the midnight air—
 Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
 Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands
 While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
 With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heav'n.

Thus talking, hand in hand, alone they pass'd
 On to their blissful bow'r : it was a place
 Chos'n by the Sov'reign Planter, when he fram'd
 All things to man's delightful use : the roof
 Of thickest covert, was inwoven shade,
 Laurel and myrtle ; and what higher grew,
 Of firm and fragrant leaf : on either side
 Acanthus, and each od'rous bushy shrub,
 Fenc'd up the verdant wall ; each beautiful flow'r,
 Iris all hues, roses, and jessamin,
 Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic ; under foot the violet,
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
 Broider'd the ground ; more colour'd than with stone
 Of costliest emblem : other creatures here,
 Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none ;
 Such was their awe of man ! In shady bow'r
 More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
 PAN or SYLVANUS, never slept ; nor nymph,
 Nor FAUNUS haunted. Here in closs recess,
 With flow'r, gariands, and sweet-smelling berbs,
 Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
 And heav'nly choirs the Hymenæan sung,
 What day the genial Angel to our sire
 Brought her in naked beauty, more adorn'd,
 More lovely than PANDORA ; whom the gods
 Endow'd with all their gifts, (and O, too like,
 In sad event !) when to th' unwiser son
 Of JAPHET brought by HERMES, she ensnar'd
 Mankind by her fair locks, to be aveng'd
 On him who had stole JOVE's authentic fire.

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,

Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
 The GOD that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,
 Which they beheld ; the moon's resplendent globe,
 And starry pole ; thou also mad'st the night,
 Maker omnipotent ! and thou the day,
 Which we in our appointed work employ'd,
 Have finish'd, happy in our mutual help,
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
 Ordain'd by thee ; and this delicious place
 For us too large ; where thy abundance wants
 Partakers, and uncropp'd falls to the ground.
 But thou hast promis'd from us two, a race
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.



BOOK V.

SO all was clear'd, and to the field they haste ;
 But first from under shady arborous roof,
 Soon as they forth were come to open sight
 Of day-spring, and the sun, (who scarce upris'n,
 With wheels yet hov'ring o'er the ocean brim,
 Shot parallel to the earth his dewy ray,
 Discovering in wide landscape all the east
 Of paradise, and Eden's happy plains,)
 Lowly they bow'd, adoring, and began
 Their orisons, each morning duly paid
 In various style ; for neither various style
 Nor holy rapture wanted they, to praise .
 Their Maker, in fit strains pronounc'd or sung
 Unmeditated ; such prompt eloquence
 Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous vers
 More tuneable, than needed lute or harp,
 To add more sweetness ; and they thus began :
 'These are thy glorious works, Parent of Good
 Almighty ! thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair ! thyself how wondrous then !
 Unspeakable ! who sitt'st above these heavens,
 'To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowest works ; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs,
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Cirele his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven:
 On earth join all ye creatures, to extol
 Him first, him last, him midst, and without end!
 Fairest of stars; last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not to the dawn,
 Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou sun! of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise,
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
 Moon! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies:
 And ye five other wand'ring fires, that move
 In mystic dance, not without song resound
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
 Air, and ye elements! the eldest birth
 Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
 Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix,
 And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
 Ye mists, and exhalations! that now rise
 From hill, or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
 In honour to the world's great Author rise;
 Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling 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 aught of evil, or conceal'd,
 Disperse it, as new light dispels the dark !

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 BOOK -VIII.

**A**S new wak'd from soundest sleep,  
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid,  
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun  
 Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.  
 Strait towards heav'n my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,  
 And gaz'd a while the ample sky ; till rais'd  
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,  
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright  
 Stood on my feet. About me round I saw  
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
 And liquid lapse of murm'ring streams ; by these,  
 Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,  
 Birds on the branches warbling ; all things smil'd  
 With fragrance ; and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.  
 Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb  
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran  
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led :  
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,  
 Knew not : to speak I tried, and forthwith spake ;  
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name  
 Whate'er I saw. Thou sun, said I, fair light,  
 And thou enlighten'd earth, so fresh and gay :  
 Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains !  
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures ! tell,  
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus ! how here !——  
 Not of myself—By some great Maker, then,  
 In goodness and in pow'r pre-eminent.  
 Tell me how may I know him, how adore,  
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,  
 And feel that I am happier than I know.  
 While thus I call'd and stray'd I knew not whither,  
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld

This happy light ; when answer none return'd,  
 On a green shady bank, profuse of flow'rs,  
 Pensive I sat me down. There gentle sleep  
 First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd  
 My drowsed sense, untroubled, though I thought  
 I then was passing to my former state  
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve ;  
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,  
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd  
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,  
 And liv'd. One came, methought, of shape divine,  
 And said, " Thy mansion wants thee, ADAM, rise,  
 " First man, of men innumerable ordain'd  
 " First father ! call'd by thee, I come thy guide  
 " To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd."  
 So saying, by the hand he took me rais'd,  
 And over fields and water, as in air,  
 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up  
 A woody mountain, whose high top was plain :  
 A circuit wide inclosed, with goodliest trees  
 Planted, with walks and bow'rs, that what I saw  
 Of earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree  
 Loaden with fairest fruit, that hung to th' eye  
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite  
 To pluck and eat ; whereat I wak'd and found  
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream  
 Had lively shadow'd. Here had new begun  
 My wand'ring, had not He, who was my guide  
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,  
 Presence divine ! Rejoicing, but with awe,  
 In adoration at his feet I fell  
 Submiss ; he rear'd me, and whom thou sought'st I am,  
 Said mildly, " Author of all this thou seest  
 " Above, or round about thee, or beneath,  
 " This Paradise I give thee ; count it thine,  
 " To till, and keep, and of the fruits to eat :  
 " Of every tree that in the garden grows  
 " Eat freely with glad heart ; fear here no dearth :  
 " But of the tree whose operation brings  
 " Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set  
 " The pledge of thy obedience, and thy faith,  
 " Amid the garden, by the tree of life,

"Remember what I warn thee! shun to taste,  
 "And shun the bitter consequence: for know,  
 "The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command  
 "Transgress'd, inevitably thou shalt die;  
 "From that day mortal, and this happy state  
 "Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world  
 "Of wo and sorrow."—Sternly he pronounc'd  
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds  
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice  
 Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect  
 Return'd, and gracious purpose thus renew'd:  
 "Not only these fair bounds, but all the earth,  
 "To thee, and to thy race I give; as lords  
 "Possess it, and all things that therein live,  
 "Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish, and fowl;  
 "In sign whereof each bird and beast behold  
 "After their kinds, I bring them to receive  
 "From thee their names, and pay thee fealty  
 "With low subjection: understand the same  
 "Of fish within their wat'ry residence;  
 "Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change  
 "Their element, to draw the thinner air."

As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold  
 Approaching two and two; these cowering low  
 With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.  
 I nam'd them as they pass'd, and understood  
 Their nature, with such knowledge GOD endu'd  
 My sudden apprehension! but in these  
 I found not what methought I wanted still;  
 And to the heav'nly vision thus presum'd:

O, by what name, for thou above all these,  
 Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,  
 Surpassest far my naming! How may I  
 Adore thee, Author of this universe,  
 And all this good to man! For whose well-being  
 So amply, and with hands so liberal,  
 Thou hast provided all things. But, with me  
 I see not who partakes: In solitude  
 What happiness, who can enjoy alone!  
 Or, all enjoying, what contentment find!

Thus I presumptuous; and the vision bright,  
 As with a smile more brighten'd, thus replied:



What call'st thou solitude? is not the earth  
 With various living creatures, and the air  
 Replenish'd, and all these at thy command  
 To come, and play before thee? Know'st thou not  
 Their language and their ways? They also know,  
 And reason not contemptibly; with these  
 Find pastime, and bear rule; thy realm is large.  
 So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd  
 So ord'ring; I with leave of speech implor'd,  
 And humble deprecation, thus replied:

Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly pow'r!  
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak!  
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,  
 And these inferior far beneath me set?  
 Among unequals what society  
 Can sort, what harmony, or true delight!  
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due  
 Giv'n and receiv'd; but in disparity  
 The one intense, the other still remiss,  
 Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove  
 Tedious alike. Of fellowship I speak!  
 (Such as I seek) fit to participate  
 All rational delight! wherein the brute  
 Cannot be human consort! they rejoice  
 Each with their kind, lion with lioness;  
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd:  
 Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl  
 So well converse, nor with the ox the ape:  
 Worse, then, can man with beast, and least of all.  
 Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd:  
 A nice and subtile happiness, I see  
 Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice  
 Of thy associates, ADAM! and wilt taste  
 No pleasure (though in pleasure) solitary.  
 What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?  
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess'd  
 Of happiness, or not, who am alone  
 From all eternity! for none I know  
 Second to me, or like; equal much less.  
 Who have I then with whom to hold converse,  
 Save with the creatures which I made, and those  
 To me inferior, infinite descents

Beneath what other creatures are to thee ;  
 He ceas'd : I lowly answer'd : To attain  
 The height and depth of thy eternal ways  
 All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things !  
 Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee  
 Is no deficiency found. Not so is man,  
 But in degree, the cause of his desire  
 By conversation with his like to help,  
 Or solace his defects. No need that thou  
 Should'st propagate, already infinite ;  
 And through all numbers absolute, though ONE.  
 But man by number is to manifest  
 His single imperfection ; and beget  
 Like of his like, his image multiplied :  
 In unity defective ; which requires  
 Collateral love, and dearest amity.  
 Thou in thy secrecy, although alone,  
 Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not  
 Social communication ; yet, so pleas'd,  
 Canst raise thy creature to what height thou wilt  
 Of union or communion, deify'd :  
 I, by conversing, cannot these erect  
 From prone ; nor in their ways complacence find.

Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom us'd  
 Permissive, and acceptance found ; which gain'd  
 This answer from the gracious voice divine :

Thus far to try thee, ADAM ! I was pleas'd :  
 And find thee knowing, not of beasts alone,  
 Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself,  
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free,  
 My image, not imparted to the brute ;  
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee,  
 Good reason was thou freely should'st dislike ;  
 And be so minded still : I, ere thou spak'st,  
 Knew it not good for man to be alone :  
 And no such company as then thou saw'st  
 Intended thee ; for trial only brought,  
 To see how thou could'st judge of fit and meet,  
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,  
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,  
 Thy wish, exactly to thy heart's desire.

~~I heard no more ; for now~~

My earthly by his heav'nly overpower'd,  
 Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the height  
 In that celestial colloquy sublime ;  
 As with an object that excels the sense,  
 Dazzl'd and spent, sunk down ; and sought repair  
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd  
 By nature, as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.  
 Mine eyes he clos'd, but open left the cell-  
 Of fancy, my internal sight ; by which  
 Abstract, as in a trance, methought I saw,  
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape  
 Still glorious, before whom awake I stood ;  
 Who stooping, open'd my left side, and took  
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,  
 And life-blood streaming fresh : wide was the wound !  
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up, and heal'd.  
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands ;  
 Under his forming hands a creature grew,  
 Man-like, but different sex, so lovely fair,  
 That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now  
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,  
 And in her looks ; which from that time infus'd  
 Sweetness into my heart unfelt before ;  
 And into all things from her air inspir'd  
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.  
 She disappear'd, and left me dark ! I wak'd  
 To find her, or for ever to deplore  
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure.  
 When out of hope, behold her ! not far off,  
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd  
 With what all earth or heaven could bestow,  
 To make her amiable : on she came,  
 Led by her Heavenly Maker, though unseen,  
 And guided by his voice ; nor uninform'd  
 Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites :  
 Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,  
 In ev'ry gesture dignity and love !  
 I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud :  
 This turn hath made amends ! Thou hast fulfill'd  
 Thy words, Creator bounteous, and benign,  
 Giver of all things fair ! but fairest this  
 Of all thy gifts ! nor enviest. I now see

Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself  
 Before me : WOMAN is her name; of man  
 Extracted ; for this cause he shall forego  
 Father and mother, and t' his wife adhere ;  
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.

~~~~~  
 PROGRESS OF LIFE.

ALL the world's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players :
 They have their exits and their entrances ;
 And one man in his time plays many parts ;
 His acts being seven ages. At first the Infant,
 Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms ;
 And then the whining School-Boy with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then the Lover,
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a Soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard :
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation,
 Ev'n in the cannon's mouth. And then the Justice,
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd ;
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise laws and modern instances ;
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side,
 His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice
 Turning again towards childish treble, pipes,
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is Second Childishness, and mere oblivion ;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

~~~~~  
 HAMLET'S MEDITATION ON DEATH.

TO be or not to be : That is the question——  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
 The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;

Or to take arms against a siege of troubles,  
 And by opposing end them?—To die—To sleep—  
 No more : and by a sleep to say we end  
 The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to ; 'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—To sleep.——  
 To sleep! Perchance to dream! ay there's the rub——  
 For in that sleep of death, what dreams may come  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
 Must give us pause.——There's the respect  
 That makes calamity of so long a life.  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns o' th' time,  
 Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
 When he himself might his *quietus* make  
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardles bear,  
 To groan and sweat under a weary life?  
 But that the dread of something after death  
 (That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne  
 No traveller returns) puzzles the will;  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of.  
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all,  
 And thus the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action.

~~~~~  
 SPEECH OF KING HENRY IV.

*Upon receiving news (in the night) of the Rebellion of
 the Earl of Northumberland.*

HOW many thousands of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep! O gentle sleep!
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky luts,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,

And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber ;
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody !
 O thou dull god ! why liest thou with the vile
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
 Beneath rich canopies of costly state,
 A watch-case to a common 'larum bell ?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge ;
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery shrouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes ?
 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude ?
 And in the calmest, and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king ? Then happy, lowly clown !
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.



CARDINAL WOLSEY'S *Soliloquy on his FALL.*

FAREWELL! a long farewell to all my greatness :
 This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth
 His tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him ;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
 And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory,
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of the rude stream that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye,
 I feel my heart new open'd. Oh ! how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours !

There is betwixt that smile which we aspire to,
That sweet regard of princes, and our ruin,
More pangs and fears, than war and women know ;
And when he falls, he falls, like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.



JULIET'S SPEECH *on hearing of TYBALT'S death and*
ROMEO'S banishment.

AH, poor my lord, what tongue shall smoothe thy name,
When I, thy three hours wife, have mangled it !
But wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin ?
That villain cousin would have kill'd my husband.
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring ;
Your tributary drops belong to wo,
Which you mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain ;
And Tybalt's dead that would have kill'd my husband :
All this is comfort ; wherefore weep I then ?
Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murder'd me ; I would forget it fain.
But Oh ! it presses to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds :
Tybalt is dead and Romeo banished !
That *banished*, that one word *banished*,
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts : Tybalt's death
Was wo enough, if it had ended there :
Or if sour wo delights in fellowship,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when she said Tybalt's dead,
Thy father or thy mother, nay, or both ?
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death,
Romeo is banished—to speak that word,
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead !—*Romeo is banished* !
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
In that word's death ; no words can that wo sound.



HAMLET'S Soliloquy *on his Mother marrying his Uncle.*

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 cannon '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! ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears—Why she, even she—
 (O heaven! 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—O 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.



OTHELLO'S *Defence of his Courtship and 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 my 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 through, e'en from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it.
 Wherein I spoke of most disast'rous 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 ;
 Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heav'n,
 It was my bent to speak. 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 distressful 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'rous 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.

~~~~~  
SEMPRONIUS'S *Speech in the Senate on a Deliberation  
whether or not they should continue the War.*

**M**Y voice is still for war.  
Gods ! can a Roman Senate long debate  
Which of the two to choose, slav'ry or death ?  
No, let us rise at once, gird on our swords,  
And at the head of our remaining troops  
Attack the foe, break through the thick array  
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.  
Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,  
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.  
Rise, fathers, rise ! 'tis Rome demands your help ;  
Rise, and revnge her slaughter'd citizens,  
Or share their fate : the corpse of half her senate  
Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we  
Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,  
If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,  
Or wear them out in servitude and chains.  
Rouse up, for shame ! our brothers of Pharsalia,  
Point at their wounds, and cry aloud — To battle !  
Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,  
And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us !

~~~~~  
THE SPEECH OF LUCIUS.

MY thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.
Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
With widows and with orphans : Seythia mourns
Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
Lie half uncopled by the feuds of Rome :
'Tis time to sheathe the sword and spare mankind.
It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,

The gods declare against us, and repel
 Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
 (Prompted by blind revenge and wild despair,)
 Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,
 And not to rest in 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 'em from our hands,
 And bids us not delight in human blood
 Unprofitably shed ; what men could do
 Is done already : Heav'n and earth will witness,
 If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.



CATO Solus, *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.*

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 !
 Through what variety of untried beings,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me,
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it ;
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
 And that there is, all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue :
 And that which he delights in must be happy.
 But when ! or where !—This world was made for Cæsar.
 I'm weary of conjectures——this must end 'em.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd ; my death and life,
 My bane and antidote are both before me :
 This in a moment brings me to an end ;
 But this informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger and defies its point :
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
 The wrecks of matter, and the crash of worlds.
 What means this heaviness that hangs upon me,
 This lethargy, that creeps through all my senses ?
 Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
 Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
 That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
 Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
 An off'ring fit for Heav'n. Let guilt or fear
 Disturb man's rest ; Cato knows neither of 'em,
 Indifferent in his choice, to sleep or die.



DOUGLAS's *Account of himself.*

MY name is Norval. On the Grampian hills
 My father feeds his flocks ; a frugal swain,
 Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
 And keep his only son, myself, at home.
 For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
 To follow to the field some warlike lord :
 And Heav'n soon granted what my sire denied.
 This moon, which rose last night, round as my shield,
 Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
 A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
 Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
 For safety and for succour. I alone,
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
 Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
 The road he took, then hasted to my friends,
 Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.

We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
 An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
 The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
 That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 I left my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps;
 A non trembling coward, who forsook his master.
 Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,
 And heav'n-directed, came this day to do
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.



DOUGLAS'S *Account by what means he learned the Art
 of War.*

BENEATH a mountain's brow, the most remote
 And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
 In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
 A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,
 Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swains.
 Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
 Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
 Water his drink, his food the shepherd's alms.
 I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
 With rev'rence and with pity. Mild he spake,
 And, entering on discourse, such stories told
 As made me oft revisit his sad cell.
 For he had been a soldier in his youth;
 And fought in famous battles, when the peers
 Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
 Against th' usurping Infidel, displayed
 The cross of Christ, and won the Holy Land.
 Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
 His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
 His years away, and act his young encounters:
 Then having shew'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
 And all the live-long day discourse of war.
 To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
 He cut the figures of the marshall'd hosts;
 Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use

Of the deep column and the lengthen'd line,
 The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm ;
 For all that Saracen or Christian knew
 Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

Unhappy man !

Returning homewards by Messina's port,
 Loaded with wealth and honours bravely won,
 A rude and boist'rous captain of the sea
 Fasten'd a quarrel on him. Fierce they fought ;
 The stranger fell, and with his dying breath
 Declar'd his name and lineage ! Mighty God !
 The soldier cried, My brother ! Oh ! my brother !

They exchang'd forgiveness :

And happy, in my mind, was he that died ;
 For many deaths has the survivor suffered.
 In the wild desert, on a rock he sits,
 Or on some nameless stream's untrodden banks,
 And ruminates all day his dreadful fate.
 At times, alas ! not in his perfect mind !
 Holds dialogues with his lov'd brother's ghost ;
 And oft each night forsakes his sullen couch,
 To make sad orisons for him he slew.

~~~~~

*His SOLILOQUY in the Wood, waiting for his MOTHER.*

**T**HIS is the place, the centre of the grove :  
 Here stands the oak, the monarch of the wood.  
 How sweet and solemn is this midnight scene !  
 The silver moon, unclouded, holds her way,  
 Through skies where I could count each little star.  
 The fanning west-wind scarcely stirs the leaves :  
 The river, rushing o'er its pebbled bed,  
 Imposes silence with a stilly sound.  
 In such a place as this, at such an hour,  
 If ancestry can be in aught believ'd,  
 Descending spirits have convers'd with man,  
 And told the secrets of the world unknown.

Eventful day ! how hast thou chang'd my state !  
 Once on the cold and winter-shaded side

Of a bleak hill, mischance had rooted me,  
 Never to thrive, child of another soil ;  
 Transplanted now to the gay sunny vale,  
 Like the green thorn of May, my fortune flow'rs.  
 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 Heaven 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.

## FROM

## MR SHENSTONE'S PASTORAL BALLAD.

## I. ABSENCE.

**Y**E Shepherds so cheerful and gay,  
 Whose flocks never carelessly roam ;  
 Should *Corydon's* happen to stray,  
 O ! call the poor wanderers home.

Allow me to muse and to sigh,  
 Nor talk of the change that ye find ;  
 None once was so watchful as I ;  
 —I have left my dear *Phyllis* behind.

Now I know what it is to have strove  
 With the torture of doubt and desire ;  
 What it is to admire and to love,  
 And to leave her we love and admire.

Ah ! lead forth my flock in the morn,  
 And the damps of each ev'ning repel ;  
 Alas ! I am faint and forlorn !  
 —I have bade my dear *Phyllis* farewell.

Since *Phyllis* vouchsaf'd me a look,  
 I never once dream'd of my vine ;  
 May I lose both my pipe and my crook,  
 If I knew of a kid that was mine.

I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by,  
 Beyond all that had pleas'd me before ;

But now they are pass'd, and I sigh ;  
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languish in vain ?

Why wander thus pensively here ?

Oh ! why did I come from the plain,

Where I fed on the smiles of my dear !

They tell me, my favourite maid,

The pride of that valley is flown ;

Alas ! where with her I have stray'd,

I could wander with pleasure alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,

What anguish I felt at my heart !

Yet I thought—but it might not be so—

'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.

She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew ;

My path I could hardly discern ;

So sweetly she bade me adieu,

I thought that she bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day,

To visit some far distant shrine,

If he bear but a relic away,

Is happy, nor heard to repine.

Thus widely remov'd from the fair,

Where my vows, my devotion I owe,

Soft hope is the relic I bear,

And my solace wherever I go.



## II. HOPE

**M**Y banks they are furnish'd with bees,  
Whose murmur invites one to sleep !

My grottoes are shaded with trees,

And my hills are white over with sheep,

I seldom have met with a loss,

Such health do my fountains bestow ;

My fountains all border'd with moss,

Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,

But with tendrils of woodbine is bound ;



Not a beech's more beautiful green,  
But a sweet-brier entwines it around.

Not my fields in the prime of the year,  
More charms than my cattle unfold;  
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,  
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like to retire  
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;  
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,  
But I hasted and planted it there.

Oh how sudden the jessamine strove  
With the lilac to render it gay!  
Already it calls for my love,  
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,  
What strains of wild melody flow?  
How the nightingales warble their loves  
From thickets of roses that blow!

And when her bright form shall appear,  
Each bird shall harmoniously join  
In a concert so soft and so clear,  
As——she may not be fond to resign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;  
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:  
But let me that plunder forbear,  
She will say 'twas a barbarous deed.

For he ne'er could be true, she averr'd,  
Who could rob a poor bird of its young;  
And I lov'd her the more, when I heard  
Such tenderness fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with sweetness unfold  
How that pity was due to—a dove;  
That it ever attended the bold,  
And she call'd it the sister of love.

But her words such a pleasure convey,  
So much I her accents adore,  
Let her speak, and whatever she say,  
Methinks I should love her the more.

Can a bosom so gentle remain

Unmov'd when her *Corydon* sighs?

Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,  
These plains and this valley despise?

Dear regions of silence and shade!

Soft scenes of contentment and ease!

Where I could have pleasingly stray'd,  
If aught in her absence could please.

But where does my *Phyllida* stray?

And where are her grots and her bow'rs?

Are the groves and the valleys as gay,  
And the shepherds as gentle as ours?

The groves may perhaps be as fair,  
And the face of the valleys as fine;

The swains may in manners compare,  
But their love is not equal to mine.



### III. SOLICITUDE.

**W**HY will you my passion reprove!

Why term it a folly to grieve?

Ere I shew you the charms of my love,  
She is fairer than you can believe.

With her mien she enamours the brave;

With her wit she engages the free;

With her modesty pleases the grave;

She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

O you that have been of her train,

Come and join in my amorous lays;

I could lay down my life for the swain,

That will sing but a song in her praise.

When he sings, may the nymphs of the town

Come trooping, and listen the while:

Nay, on him let not *Phyllida* frown,

—But I cannot allow her to smile.

For when *Paridel* tries in the dance

Any favour with *Phyllis* to find,

O how, with one trivial glance,

Might she ruin the peace of my mind!

In ringlets he dresses his hair,  
 And his crook is bestudded around;  
 And his pipe—oh my *Phyllis*! beware  
 Of a magic there is in the sound.

'Tis his with mock passion to glow:  
 'Tis his in smooth tales to unfold,  
 "How her face is as bright as the snow,  
 And her bosom, be sure, is as cold:

How the nightingales labour the strain,  
 With the notes of his charmer to vie;  
 How they vary their accents in vain,  
 Repine at her triumphs, and die."

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

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

Then the lily no longer is white;  
 Then the rose is depriv'd of its bloom:  
 Then the violets die with despite,  
 And the woodbines give up their perfume."

Thus glide the soft numbers along,  
 And he fancies no shepherd his peer;  
 —Yet I never should envy the song,  
 Were not *Phyllis* to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,  
 So *Phyllis* the trophy despise;  
 Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,  
 So they shine not in *Phyllis*'s eyes.

The language that flows from the heart  
 Is a stranger to *Paridel*'s tongue;  
 —Yet may she beware of his art,  
 Or sure I must envy the song.

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IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE shepherds, give ear to my lay,
 And take no more heed of my sheep;
 'They have nothing to do but to stray;
 I have nothing to do but to weep.

Yet do not my folly reprove;
 She was fair—and my passion begun;
 She smil'd—and I could not but love;
 She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a nymph so complete would be sought
 By a swain more engaging than me.

Ah! love ev'ry hope can inspire,
 It banishes wisdom the while;
 And the lip of the nymph we admire,
 Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,
 Let reason instruct you to shun,
 What it cannot instruct you to cure.

Beware how ye loiter in vain,
 Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
 It is not for me to explain,
 How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
 'What hope of an end to my woes!
 When I cannot endure to forget
 The glance that undid my repose.

Yet time may diminish the pain:
 The flow'r, and the shrub, and the tree,
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
 In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of a dew-sprinkled rose,
 The sound of a murmuring stream,
 The peace which from solitude flows,
 Henceforth shall be *Corydon's* theme.

High transports are shewn to the sight,
 But we are not to find them our own ;
 Fate never bestow'd such delight,
 As I with my *Phyllis* had known.

O ye woods ! spread your branches apace :
 To your deepest recesses I fly ;
 I would hide with the beasts of the chase :
 I would vanish from every cye.

Yet my reed shall resound thro' the grove,
 With the same sad complaint it begun ;
 How she smil'd, and I could not but love ;
 Was faithless, and I am undone !



ELEGY written in a Country Church-Yard.

BY MR GRAY.

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

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

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

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

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

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her ev'ning 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 aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe 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 flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

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

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,
 Their lot forbade ; nor circumscrib'd alone
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;
 Forbade to wade though 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 rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

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

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

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

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

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn

- " Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 " To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
 " There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 " That wreathe its old fantastic roots so high,
 " His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 " And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
 " Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 " Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
 " Now drooping, woful man, 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.

ON EDUCATION.

THE youth, who's destin'd by the muse
 To charm with verse a future age,
 Should early have his bosom fir'd
 With Virgil's, or great Homer's rage.

His tender breast should beat for fame,
 And noble soul with rapture glow,
 For praise disdain the pomp of guilt,
 Nor ever sordid pleasure know.

When, ravish'd, he in Homer reads,
 How Hector for his country stood,
 The patriot zeal should warm his cheek,
 And glory fire his mounting blood.

Did then his mind, in manhood strong,
 Heav'n-guided with religion shine,
 What reason would his writings crown,
 And beauties beam in every line?

Virtue, the progeny of Heaven,
 Alone can godlike thoughts impart;
 If vice corrupt the soul, in vain
 We boast of all the pow'r of art.

But let true virtue once unite
 With learning of terrestrial birth,
 The spheres their music will renew,
 And Heaven descend to raptur'd earth.



ROMULUS, the founder of *Rome*, after building the city, resolved to submit the form of its government to the choice of the people; and, therefore, calling the citizens together, he harangued them thus:

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

another point of great importance to be considered. The prosperity of some rising colonies, and the speedy ruin of others, have, in a great measure, been owing to their form of government. Was there but one manner of ruling states and cities that could make you happy, the choice would not be difficult: but I have learnt, that of the various forms of government among the Greeks and Barbarians, there are three which are highly extolled by those who have experienced them; and yet, that no one of those is in all respects perfect, but each of them has some innate and incurable defect. Choose you then in what manner this city shall be governed. Shall it be by one man? shall it be by a select number of the wisest 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.



While QUINCTIUS CAPITOLINUS and AGRIPPA FURIUS were Consuls at Rome, the differences betwixt the Senate and People ran so high, that the Æqui and Volsci, taking advantage of their intestine disorders, ravaged the country to the very gates of Rome, and the Tribunes of the people forbade the necessary levies of troops to oppose them. Quinctius, a Senator of great reputation, well beloved, and now in his fourth consulate, got the better of this opposition by the following speech:—

THOUGH I am not conscious, O Romans! of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion, that I appear in your assembly.—You have seen it—Posterity will know it. In the fourth consulship of Titus Quinctius, the Æqui and Volsci (scarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away unchastised; the course of our manners indeed, and the state of our affairs have long been such, that I had no reason to presage much good: but could I have imagined, that so great an ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would, by

death or banishment, (if all the other means had failed) have avoided the station I am now in. What! might Rome then have been taken, if those men who were at our gates had not wanted courage for the attempt!—Rome taken while I was consul—Of honours I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough—I should have died in my third consulate. But who are they that our dastardly enemies thus despise? The Consuls, or you, Romans? If *we* are in the fault, depose us, or punish us yet more severely. If *you* are to blame, may neither GOD nor man punish your faults! only may you repent. No, Romans, the confidence of our enemies is not owing to their courage, or to the belief of your cowardice. They have been too often vanquished, not to know both themselves and you. Discord, discord is the ruin of this city. The eternal disputes between the senate and the people are the sole cause of our misfortunes. While we set no bounds to our dominion, nor you to your liberty; while you impatiently endure patrician magistrates, and we plebeian, our enemies take heart, grow elated and presumptuous. In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You desire tribunes; for the sake of peace we granted them. You were eager to have decemvirs, we consented to their creation. You grew weary of these decemvirs, we obliged them to abdicate. Your hatred pursued them when reduced to private men; and we suffered you to put to death, or banish, patricians of the first rank in the republic. You insisted upon the restoration of the tribuneship, we yielded; we quietly saw consuls of your faction elected. You have the protection of your tribunes, and the privilege of appeal; the patricians are subjected to the decrees of the commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights, and we have suffered it, and we still suffer it. When shall we see an end of discord? When shall we have one interest and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you shew less temper than we under defeat. When you are to contend with us, you seize the Aventine Hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer.

The enemy is at our gates, the *Æsquiline* is near being taken, and nobody stirs to hinder it. But against *us* you are valiant, against *us* you can arm with diligence. Come

on, then, besiege the senate house, make a camp of the forum, fill the jails with our nobles, and when you have achieved these glorious exploits, *then* at last sally out at the *Æsquiline* gate, with the same fierce spirits against the enemy. Does your resolution fail you for this? Go, then, and behold from your walls, your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword. Have you any thing here to repair these damages? Will the tribunes make up your losses to you? They'll give you as many words as you please: bring impeachments in abundance against the prime men of the state; heap laws upon laws; assemblies you shall have without end. But will any of you return the richer from these assemblies? Extinguish, O Romans, those fatal divisions; generously break this cursed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and consider the management of these ambitious men, who, to make themselves powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth.

If you can but summon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome with your consuls, there is no punishment you can inflict, which I will not submit to, if I do not in a few days drive these pillagers out of our territory. This terror of war (with which you seem so grievously struck) shall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities.



The Tarentines having a quarrel with the Romans, by the assistance of Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, defeated the Roman army. Upon this Fabricius, with two other Roman Senators, is sent to treat with Pyrrhus about an exchange of prisoners. The King being informed of the great abilities and great poverty of Fabricius, hinted, in a private conversation with him, the unsuitableness of such poverty to such merit; and that if he would assist him to negotiate an honourable peace for the Tarentines, he would bestow such riches upon him, as should put him, at least, upon an equality with the most opulent nobles of Rome.—

The answer of Fabricius was as follows:

AS to my poverty, you have indeed, Sir, been rightly informed. My whole estate consists in a house of

but mean appearance, and a little spot of ground, from which, by my own labour, I draw my support. But if by any means you have been persuaded to think that this poverty makes me less considered in my country, or in any degree unhappy, you are entirely deceived. I have no reason to complain of fortune ; she supplies me with all that nature requires ; and if I am without superfluities, I am also free from the desire of them. With these, I confess, I should be more able to secure the necessitous, the only advantage for which the wealthy are to be envied ; but as small as my possessions are, I can still contribute something to the support of the state, and the assistance of my friends. With regard to honours, my country places me, poor as I am, upon a level with the richest ; for Rome knows no qualifications for great employments, but virtue and ability. She appoints me to officiate in the most august ceremonies of religion ; she entrusts me with the command of her armies ; she confides to my care the most important negotiations. My poverty does not lessen the weight and influence of my counsels in the senate : the Roman people honour me for that very poverty which you consider as a disgrace ; they know the many opportunities I had in war to enrich myself without censure ; they are convinced of my disinterested zeal for their prosperity ; and if I have any thing to complain of in the return they make me, 'tis only the excess of their applause. What value, then, can I put upon your gold and silver ? What king can add any thing to my fortune ? Always attentive to discharge the duties incumbent on me, I have a mind free from Self-Reprouch, and I have an Honest Fame.

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The second OLYNTHIAN of DEMOSTHENES.

*Translated by Lord Lansdowne.*

**W**HEN 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. 'Tis true, there was a time when

we were powerful enough, not only to defend our now 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 through ignorance or want of judgment, but through 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. 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 Charadmeus 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 is the question. Be not displeased, Athenians, if I should point you the way, by offering any advice disagreeable to your inclinations or the common opinion. I would have you to 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 oppress 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 their country. When you have reformed those abuses which give away the bread of the soldiers 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 such expedients as your safety and the exigences 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 so 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 en-



courage 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, and 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; though 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 com-

mon 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 necessary 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 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 arise, 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 expenses, under a vain expectation of imaginary ways and means that may never be found; and yet you would relish the proposal, though 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 patiently 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 up by a vile race of hypocrites and sycophants, who dare not open their mouths till they have learnt 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 bla-

ed, 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 alledge 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 their noble exploits, transmitted to posterity an immortal memory of their virtue, superior to the reach 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 'twixt 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 Lacedemonians 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 dangerous and 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 splendour 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

canse 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, 'tis my plain meaning. 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 servicable 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 burthen 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 gene-

ral, 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 those 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 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.

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ATHERBAL, Prince of Numidia, after the death of his brother **HIEMPSAL**, and his own defeat by **JUGURTHA**, fled to Rome, and addressed the Senate for assistance, in this manner:

Most illustrious Senators!

MY father Micipsa made it his dying charge to me, to account the right and supremacy of Numidia *yours*, *mine* the regency only; to study both at home and abroad the welfare of the Romans in the first place; for then would *you* be my friends, then had I *you* for my kinsmen; assuring me withal, that, from your friendship, obtained by such a conduct, power, wealth, and safety, would accrue to me. Scarce had I entered on the execution of these my father's commands, when Jugurtha (I will say it, of all villains breathing the chief) disregarded your authority, at once stripped me of my kingdom and paternal estate; *me*, the grandson of Masinissa, and so by line the friend and ally of Rome. Since this fate was awaiting me, I wish I could have grounded my pleadings for assistance upon my own, rather than my ancestors' merit, though, indeed, I should have chiefly desired a right to your aid, without any demand for it; and, next to that, when in straits, a right to call for, and use it as my due. But integrity is not always a safeguard; nor could I prevent Jugurtha's

throwing off the mask ; which has obliged me to fly to you, most noble senators, and (O cutting reflection !) to burthen, before I have served you. Other princes, either overcome in the field, were received into your favour ; or, amidst the perplexities of their affairs, procured your countenance. Our family dates its alliance with the Romans from the time of the Punic war ; a time when our fidelity only, not our strength, was wanting. See now, renowned fathers, the offspring of this family, and let me not implore your aid in vain. Had I nought to represent but my present wretched condition, a once eminent, powerful prince hereditary, now a poor miserable suppliant ; were it not the glory of Rome to punish such injury, and overturn the reign of villainy ? But this is not all : I am thrust out of dominions given my ancestors by the Romans, from whence my own father and grandfather, along with you, expelled Syphax and the Carthaginians. Your gifts then are violently torn from me. By my sufferings you are affronted. But, oh ! wretched me ! Is this, my dear father, is this the effect of your bounty ? Is he, whom you made equal with your own sons, and partner with them in your kingdom, is he become the chief exterminator of our race ? Oh ! shall our family never have rest ? Shall we always be in exile, or massacre ? While the Carthaginians were in power, no wonder if we suffered all extremities. Our foes at hand, our friends at a distance, our only hope was in arms. But when this plague was rooted out of Afric, we joyed in the prospect of peace, not dreaming of enemies, except any should dare to be enemies to Rome. But, all of a sudden, this Jugurtha, boiling with pride, barbarity, and impudence unequalled, has assassinated my brother, his own relation, seized the crown, as the prey of his violence, and driven me out, indigent, loaded with misery, and an exile from my country and my home, so that I am safer any where than in my own dominions. I gave full credit to my father, noble senators, when he told me, that whosoever assiduously courted your favour, undertook a difficult task indeed, but might rely on absolute safety as their reward. Our family has done its utmost in every field of battle it has attended you, and now our peace depends upon you, most worthy fathers. The king, my father, left us two brothers, and by good offices

thought Jugurtha united to us for a third. One of us is basely butchered. I have narrowly escaped the same fate ; and now, what shall I do, or whither, O wretched creature ! whither shall I turn ! My father has paid the debt of nature : my brother, O inhuman ! is murdered by his own cousin ; my friends, my kindred, my relatives, are all, one way or other, destroyed ; for, falling into the hands of Jugurtha, some were broken on the rack, others thrown to wild beasts ; and the few whose lives were spared, shut up in darkness, are dragging a life of sorrow and wo, more intolerable than death itself. Were I possessed of all that I have lost, and all that opposes me, I would, on any cross accident, have my only recourse to you, very eminent fathers, whose wide extended government it very well becomes strictly to examine every right and wrong. But now that I am banished my country and my home ; now that I am forlorn and in want of every thing ; to whom shall I look ? whom shall I address ? Shall I apply to the princes or nations whose enmity to us subsists in our friendship to you ? Or whither shall I go, and not meet with marks of the hostilities of my forefathers ? Who will pity me who is at variance with you ? In fine, Masinissa enjoined us, most worthy senators, to reverence none but you, to make no treaties, no new alliances, for your friendship would be a sufficient safeguard ; and if aught befel you, let us both perish together. Your guardian deities, and your virtue, preserve you great and opulent ; all succeeds with you, all is at your nod : so easily may you resent the injuries of your allies. This only, I fear, that some secret attachment to Jugurtha draw aside some of you ; for all arts, I hear, have been tried, by importuning each of you, not to judge an absent unheard party, by asserting that all is fiction : that I but pretended flight, and that I might have quietly enjoyed my kingdom. Well—may I only behold him, whose iniquity has thus plunged me in misery, pretending in the same manner ; and may a concern be excited in you, or in the immortal gods, remarkably to punish a remarkable villain, for his impiety to our father, the murder of my brother, and my present load of wretchedness. O my brother, the darling of my soul ! You are, 'tis true, unworthily and unseasonably cut off : but happy, not miserable, do I call you. With your life in-

deed you lose your crown ; what then ! you're freed from exile, poverty, flight from enemies, and all those numberless calamities which quite overwhelm me. Me, unhappy creature, hurled from my paternal throne into the deepest woe, I'm become a spectacle to mankind : at a stand which to attempt, whether to revenge your injuries, but that's impossible, when I want relief myself, or to seek after my kingdom, and that's equally impracticable, when my life is in the hands of others. O ! to find an honourable death, and avoid a life of oppression and contempt ! O now, most worthy senators, now that I would abhor thus to live, and cannot die thus without shame and ignominy, I would conjure you by your honour, by your parents and children, by the dignity of Rome, succour your distressed suppliant, oppose such outrage, and suffer not the dissolution of your rightful kingdom, Numidia, by the barbarous extirpation of our family.



LETTER from Mr POPE to the Bishop of ROCHESTER
before his going into exile.

ONCE more I write to you as I promised, and this once I fear will be the last ! The curtain will soon be drawn between my friend and me, and nothing left but to wish you a long good night. May you enjoy a state of repose in this life, not unlike that sleep of the soul, which some have believed is to succeed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that world from which we are gone, and ripening for that to which we are to go. If you retain any memory of the past, let it only image to you what has pleased you best, sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation. But, upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future ; as the former has been less kind to you, than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your studies ; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you have no complaint, I mean of all posterity ; and perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care. What is every year of a wise man's life, but a censure, a critic on the past ? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it. The boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philo-

sopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility, and you'll never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our riper and of our declining years, the drums and rattles of ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents, not to serve a party, or a few, but all mankind. Your genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it. To shine abroad and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most; in their retreat; in their exile; or in their death. But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing? It was then that they did good, that they gave light, that they became guides to-mankind. Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be your's. Resentment, indeed, may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished in the noblest minds, but revenge will never harbour there; higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men whose thoughts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self. Believe me, my lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life, as one just upon the edge of immortality, where the passions and affections must be more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views, and all mean retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and, therefore, look forward, and make, as you can, the world look after you; but take care, that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration. I am, with the greatest sincerity and passion for your fame, as well as happiness,

Your's, &c.

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LETTER from Mr GAY to Mr —

*Stanton-Harcourt, 9th August 1718.*

**T**HE only news you can expect to have from me here, is news from heaven; for I am quite out of the world,

and there is scarce any thing can reach me except the noise of thunder; which undoubtedly you have heard too. We have read in old authors, of high towers levelled by it to the ground, while the humble valleys have escaped; the only thing that is proof against it is the laurel, which, however, I take to be no great security to the brains of modern authors. But to let you see that the contrary to this often happens, I must acquaint you, that the highest and most extravagant heap of towers in the universe, which is in this neighbourhood, stands still undefaced, while a cock of barley in our next field has been consumed to ashes. Would to God that this heap of barley had been all that had perished! For, unhappily, beneath this little shelter sat two much more constant lovers than ever were found in a romance, under the shade of a beech tree.—John Hewit was a well-set man, of about five and twenty; Sarah Drew might rather be called comely than beautiful, and was about the same age: they had passed through the various labours of the year together, with the greatest satisfaction; if she milked, 'twas his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand. It was but last fair that he bought her a present of green silk for her straw hat; and the posey on her silver ring was of his choosing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighbourhood; for scandal never affirmed that they had any other views than the lawful possession of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtained the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work, they were now talking of their wedding clothes, and John was suiting several sorts of poppies and field flowers to her complexion, to chuse her a knot for the wedding day. While they were thus busied, (it was on the last of July, between two and three in the afternoon,) the clouds grew black, and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued, that all the labourers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley; John, who never separated from her, sat down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps, the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder; every one

was solicitous for the safety of his neighbour, and called to one another throughout the field. No answer being returned to those who called to our lovers, they stepped to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a smoke, and then spied this faithful pair, John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were both struck in this tender posture. Sarah's left eye-brow was singed, and there appeared a black spot on her breast; her lover was all over black, but not the least signs of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were conveyed to the town, and the next day interred in Stanton-Harcourt church-yard. My Lord-Harcourt, at Mr Pope's and my request, has caused a stone to be placed over them, upon condition that we should furnish the epitaph, which is as follows :

When Eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,  
On the same pile the faithful pair expire ;  
Here pitying Heav'n that virtue mutual found,  
And blasted both, that it might neither wound.  
Hearts so sincere th' Almighty saw well pleas'd,  
Sent his own lightning, and the victims seiz'd.

But my Lord is apprehensive the country people will not understand this ; and Mr Pope says he'll make one with something of scripture in it, and with as little poetry as Hopkins and Sternhold.

I am, &c.

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#### THE HIGHLANDER.

*From Abbé Raynal's History of the Indies.*

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

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

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

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

He had scarcely pronounced these words when the Indian, fetching a most dreadful blow, made the head of the serjeant fly to the distance of twenty yards. The astonished savages stood immoveable. They looked at the bloody carcase, and then cast their eyes upon themselves, as if to reproach one another for their stupid credulity.—

Admiring, however, the stratagem employed by the stranger to shorten his death, and to avoid the torments that were prepared for him, they granted to his corpse the funeral honours of their country.



*A noble Instance of SPANISH GENEROSITY.*

*From the same.*

**T**HE Elizabeth, an English man of war, would infallibly have been lost in the shoals on the coast of Florida, in 1746, had not Captain Edwards ventured into the Havannah. It was in time of war, and the port belonged to the enemy. "I come," said the Captain to the Governor, "to deliver up my ship, my sailors, my soldiers, and myself, into your hands; I only ask the lives of my men." "No," said the Spanish commander, "I will not be guilty of so dishonourable an action. Had we taken you in fight in open sea, or upon our coasts, your ship would be ours, and you would be our prisoners; but as you are driven in by stress of weather, and are come hither for fear of being cast away, I do and ought to forget that my nation is at war with yours. You are men, and so are we; you are in distress, and have a right to our pity. You are at liberty to unload and refit your vessel; and if you want it, you may trade in this port to pay your charges; you may then go away, and you will have a pass to carry you safe beyond the Bermudas. If, after this, you are taken, you will be a lawful prize; but at this moment, I see in Englishmen only strangers for whom humanity claims our assistance."



*Of the DEATH of MARY QUEEN of SCOTS.*

*From Dr ROBERTSON's History of Scotland.*

**O**N Tuesday, the 7th of February 1587, the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent arrived at Fotheringay, and demanding access to the Queen, read in her presence the warrant for execution, and required her to prepare to die next morning. Mary heard them to the end without emotion, and crossing herself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, "That soul, (said she,) is



“ not worthy of the joys of Heaven, which repines because  
 “ the body must endure the stroke of the executioner; and  
 “ though I did not expect that the Queen of England would  
 “ set the first example of violating the sacred person of a  
 “ Sovereign Prince, I willingly submit to that which Pro-  
 “ vidence has decreed to be my lot.” And laying her hand  
 on a Bible, which happened to be near her, she solemnly  
 protested, that she was innocent of that conspiracy which  
 Babington had carried on against Elizabeth’s life. She  
 then mentioned the requests contained in her letter to Eli-  
 zabeth, but obtained no satisfactory answer. She intreat-  
 ed, with particular earnestness, that now, in her last mo-  
 ments, her Almoner might be suffered to attend her, and  
 that she might enjoy the consolation of those pious institu-  
 tions prescribed by her religion. Even this favour, which  
 is usually granted to the vilest criminal, was absolutely de-  
 nied.

Her attendants, during her conversation, were bathed  
 in tears, and though overawed by the presence of the two  
 Earls, with difficulty suppressed their anguish; but no sooner  
 did Kent and Shrewsbury withdraw, than they ran to their  
 mistress, and burst out into the most passionate expressions  
 of tenderness and sorrow. Mary, however, not only re-  
 tained perfect composure of mind, but endeavoured to mo-  
 derate their excessive grief. And falling on her knees,  
 with all her domestics around her, she thanked Heaven  
 that her sufferings were now so near an end, and prayed  
 that she might be enabled to endure what still remained,  
 with decency, and with fortitude. The greater part of the  
 evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. She  
 wrote her testament with her own hand. Her money, her  
 jewels, and her clothes, she distributed among her servants,  
 according to their rank and merit. She wrote a short let-  
 ter to the King of France, and another to the Duke of  
 Guise, full of tender, but magnanimous sentiments, and re-  
 commended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted ser-  
 vants to their protection. At supper she ate temperately,  
 as usual, and conversed not only with ease, but with cheer-  
 fulness; she drank to every one of her servants, and asked  
 their forgiveness, if ever she had failed in any part of her  
 duty towards them. At her wonted time she went to bed,  
 and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she

retired into her closet, and employed a considerable time in devotion. At eight o'clock, the High Sheriff and his officers entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at the altar. She immediately started up, and with a majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed, and even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulet's attendants. She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendour which she had long laid aside, except on a few festival days. An *Agnus Dei* hung by a pomander chain at her neck: her beads at her girdle; and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the bottom of the stairs the two Earls, attended by several gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, received her; and there Sir Andrew Melvil, the master of her household, who had been secluded for some weeks from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress, whom he tenderly loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears; and as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate, in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied, "Weep not, good Melvil, there is at present greater cause for rejoicing. Thou shalt this day see Mary Stuart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings, as she has long expected. Bear witness that I die constant in my religion, firm in my fidelity towards Scotland, and unchanged in my affection to France. Commend me to my son. Tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honour, or to his rights; and God forgive all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood."

With much difficulty, and after many intreaties, she prevailed on the two Earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men-servants, and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered, as well as a chair, the cushion, and block, with black cloth. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity, beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance, and signing herself with the cross, she sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for execution with a loud voice, to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupi-

ed in other thoughts. Then the Dean of Peterborough began a devout discourse suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to Heaven in her behalf; but she declared that she could not in conscience hearken to the one, nor join with the other; and falling on her knees, repeated a Latin prayer. When the Dean had finished his devotions, she, with an audible voice, and in the English tongue, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the Church, and prayed for prosperity to her son, and for a long life, and peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She declared that she hoped for mercy only through the death of Christ, at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood; and lifting up, and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it: "As thy arms, O Jesus! were extended on the cross; so with the outstretched arms of thy mercy, receive me, and forgive my sins."

She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil and upper garments; and one of the executioners rudely endeavouring to assist, she gently checked him, and said with a smile, that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm; but undaunted fortitude, she laid her neck upon the block; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which, falling out of its attire, discovered her hair already grown quite grey with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up, still streaming with blood, and the Dean crying out, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies!" the Earl of Kent alone answered, Amen. The rest of the spectators continued silent, and drowned in tears; being incapable, at that moment, of any other sentiments, but those of pity or admiration.

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### *Of the TRIAL and DEATH of ANNE BOLEYNE.*

*From Mr HUME's History of England.*

**T**HIS Lady fell a victim to the jealousy of her husband Henry VIII., and to his passion for *Jane Seymour*.

The king's jealousy appeared openly in a tilting at Greenwich, where the Queen happened to drop her handkerchief; an incident probably casual, but interpreted by him as an instance of gallantry to some of her paramours. He

immediately retired from the place, and sent orders to confine her to her chamber.

Next day she was sent to the Tower; and on her way thither, she was informed of her supposed offences, of which she had been hitherto ignorant. She made earnest protestations of her innocence; and when she entered the prison, she fell on her knees, and prayed God so to help her, as she was not guilty of the crime imputed to her. Her surprise and confusion threw her into hysterical disorders; and in that situation, she thought that the best proof of innocence was to make an entire confession, and she revealed some indiscretions and levities, which her simplicity had equally betrayed her to commit and to avow.

The king, instead of being satisfied with the candour and sincerity of her confession, regarded these indiscretions only as precludes to greater and more criminal intimacies.

The Queen herself wrote Henry a letter from the Tower, full of the most tender expostulations, and of the warmest protestations of innocence. It contains so much nature, and even elegance, as to deserve to be transmitted to posterity, without any alteration of the expression. It is as follows:—"Sir, Your Grace's displeasure, and my imprisonment, are things so strange unto me, as what to write, or what to excuse, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas you send unto me (willing me to confess a truth, and so obtain your favour) by such an one, whom you know to be mine ancient professed enemy. I no sooner received this message by him, than I rightly conceived your meaning; and if, as you say, confessing a truth indeed may procure my safety, I shall with all willingness and duty perform your command.

"But let not your Grace ever imagine, that your poor wife will ever be brought to acknowledge a fault, where not so much as a thought thereof proceeded. And, to speak a truth, never prince had wife more loyal in all duty, and in all true affection, than you have ever found in Anne Boleyn; with which name and place I could willingly have contented myself, if God and your Grace's pleasure had been so pleased. Neither did I at any time so far forget myself in my exaltation, or received queenship, but that I always looked for such an alteration as

“ I now find ; for the ground of my preferment being on  
 “ no surer foundation than your Grace’s fancy, the least  
 “ alteration I knew was fit and sufficient to draw that fan-  
 “ cy to some other object. You have chosen me from a  
 “ low estate to be your Queen and companion, far beyond  
 “ my desert or desire. If then you found me worthy of  
 “ such honour, good your Grace let not any light fancy, or  
 “ bad counsel of mine enemies, withdraw your princely fa-  
 “ vour from me ; neither let that stain, that unworthy stain,  
 “ of a disloyal heart towards your good Grace, ever cast  
 “ so foul a blot on your most dutiful wife, and the infant  
 “ princess your daughter. Try me, good king, but let me  
 “ have a lawful trial ; and let not my sworn enemies sit as  
 “ my accusers and judges ; yea, let me receive an open tri-  
 “ al, for my truth shall fear no open shame ; then shall you  
 “ see either mine innocence cleared, your suspicion and  
 “ conscience satisfied, the ignominy and slander of the  
 “ world stopped, or my guilt openly declared. So that  
 “ whatsoever God or you may determine of me, your Grace  
 “ may be freed from an open censure ; and mine offence,  
 “ being so lawfully proved, your Grace is at liberty, both  
 “ before God and man, not only to execute worthy pun-  
 “ ishment on me as an unlawful wife, but to follow your  
 “ affection, already settled on that party, for whose sake I  
 “ am now as I am, whose name I could some good while  
 “ since have pointed unto, your Grace not being ignorant  
 “ of my suspicion therein.

“ But if you have already determined of me, and that not  
 “ only my death, but an infamous slander must bring you  
 “ the enjoying of your desired happiness ; then I desire  
 “ of God, that he will pardon your great sin therein, and  
 “ likewise mine enemies, the instruments thereof, and that  
 “ he will not call you to a strict account for your unprince-  
 “ ly and cruel usage of me, at his general judgment seat,  
 “ where both you and myself must shortly appear, and in  
 “ whose judgment I doubt not (whatsoever the world may  
 “ think of me) mine innocence shall be openly known,  
 “ and sufficiently cleared.

“ My last and only request shall be, that myself may  
 “ only bear the burden of your Grace’s displeasure, and  
 “ that it may not touch the innocent souls of those poor  
 “ gentlemen, who (as I understand) are likewise in strait

" imprisonment for my sake. If ever I have found favour  
 " in your sight, if ever the name of Anne Boleyn hath been  
 " pleasing in your ears, then let me obtain this request,  
 " and I will so leave to trouble your Grace any farther,  
 " with mine earnest prayers to the Trinity, to have your  
 " Grace in his good keeping, and to direct you in all your  
 " actions. From my doleful prison in the Tower, this  
 " sixth of May,

" Your most loyal,

" and ever faithful wife,

ANNE BOLEYN."

This letter had no influence on the unrelenting mind of Henry, who was determined to pave the way for his new marriage by the death of Anne Boleyn.

She was tried by a jury of Peers, consisting of the Duke of Suffolk, the Marquis of Exeter, the Earl of Arundel, and twenty-three more. Her uncle, the duke of Norfolk, presided as High Steward. Though unassisted by counsel, she defended herself with great judgment and presence of mind; and the spectators could not forbear pronouncing her entirely innocent. Judgment, however, was given by the court, both against the Queen and Lord Rocheford; and her verdict contained, that she should be burnt or beheaded at the King's pleasure. When this dreadful sentence was pronounced, she was not terrified, but lifting up her hands to Heaven, said, "O, Father! O, Creator! thou art the way, the truth, and the life, thou knowest that I have not deserved this death." And then turning to the judges, made the most pathetic declarations of her innocence.

The Queen now prepared for suffering that death to which she was sentenced. She sent her last message to the King, and acknowledged the obligations which she owed him, in continuing thus uniformly his endeavours for her advancement: from a private gentlewoman, she said, he had first made her a marchioness, then a Queen; and now, since he could raise her no higher in this world, he was sending her to be a saint in heaven. She then renewed the protestations of her innocence, and recommended her daughter to his care. Before the Lieutenant of the Tower, and all who approached her, she made the like

declarations; and continued to behave with her usual serenity, and even with cheerfulness. "The executioner," she said to the Lieutenant, "is, I hear, very expert; and "my neck is very slender." Upon which she grasped it in her hand and smiled. When brought, however, to the scaffold, she softened her tone a little, with regard to her protestations of innocence. She probably reflected, that the obstinacy of Queen Catharine, and her resistance to the King's will, had much alienated him from the lady Mary; and her own maternal concern, therefore, for Elizabeth, prevailed in these last moments over that indignation, which the unjust sentence, by which she suffered, naturally excited in her. She said, that she was come to die, as she was sentenced by the law: she would accuse none, nor say any thing of the ground upon which she was judged. She prayed heartily for the King; called him a most merciful and gentle prince, and acknowledged, that he had always been to her a good and gracious sovereign; and if any one should think proper to canvass her cause, she desired him to judge the best. She was beheaded by the executioner of Calais, who was sent for, as more expert than any in England. Her body was negligently thrown into a common chest of elm-tree, made to hold arrows, and was buried in the Tower.

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## FROM MRS ROWE'S LETTERS, MORAL AND ENTERTAINING.

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LETTER I.—*To Philario, from the Duke of —, written on his death-bed.*

**B**EFORE you receive this, my final state will be determined by the Judge of all the earth; in a few days at most, perhaps in a few hours, the inevitable sentence will be past, that shall raise me to the heights of happiness, or sink me to the depths of misery. While

you read these lines, I shall be either groaning under the agonies of absolute despair, or triumphing in the fulness of joy. It is impossible for me to express the present disposition of my soul, the vast uncertainty I am struggling with! No words can paint the force and vivacity of my apprehensions; every doubt wears the face of horror, and would perfectly overwhelm me, but for some faint beams of hope, which dart across the tremendous gloom. What tongue can utter the anguish of a soul suspended between the extremes of infinite joy, or eternal misery! I am throwing my last stake for eternity, and tremble and shudder for the important event. Great God! how have I employed myself! what enchantment has held me! in what delirium has my life been passed! what have I been doing! while the sun in its race, and the stars in their courses, have lent their beams, perhaps only to light me to perdition. I never waked till now. I have but just commenced the dignity of a rational being; till this instant I had a wrong apprehension of every thing in nature; I have pursued shadows, entertained myself with dreams; I have been treasuring up dust, and sporting myself with the wind. I look back on my past life, and but for some memorials of infamy and guilt, it is all a blank, a perfect vacancy. I might have grazed with the beasts of the field, or sung with the winged inhabitants of the woods to much better purpose, than any for which I have lived; and, oh! but for some faint hopes, a thousand times more blessed had I been, to have slept with the clods of the valley, and never heard the Almighty *fiat*, nor waked into life at his command! I never had a just apprehension of the solemnity of the part I am to act, till now. I have often met death insulting on the hostile plain, and with a stupid boast defied his terrors; with a courage as brutal as that of the warlike horse. I have rushed into the battle, laughed at the glittering spear, and rejoiced at the sound of the trumpet; nor had a thought of any state beyond the grave, nor the great tribunal to which I must have been summoned:

Where all my secret guilt had been reveal'd,  
Nor the minutest circumstance conceal'd.



It is this which arms death with all its terrors ; else I could still mock at fear, and smile in the face of the gloomy monarch. It is not giving up my breath, it is not being for ever insensible, is the thought at which I shrink ; it is the terrible *hereafter*, the *something* beyond the grave, at which I recoil. Those great realities, which, in the hours of mirth and vanity, I have treated as phantoms, as the idle dreams of superstitious brains ; these start forth, and dare me now in their most terrible demonstration. My awakened conscience feels something of that eternal vengeance I have often defied. To what heights of madness is it possible for human nature to reach ! What extravagance is it to jest with death ! to laugh at damnation ; to sport with eternal chains, and recreate a jovial fancy with the scenes of infernal misery ! Were there no impiety in this kind of mirth, it would be as ill-bred, as to entertain a dying friend with the sight of an harlequin, or the rehearsal of a farce. Every thing in nature seems to reproach this levity in human creatures : the whole creation but man, is serious : man, who has the highest reason to be so, while he has affairs of infinite consequence depending on his short, uncertain duration. A condemned wretch may, with as good a grace, go dancing to his execution, as the greatest part of mankind go on with such a thoughtless gaiety to their graves. Oh, my Philario ! with what horror do I recall those hours of vanity we have wasted together ! Return, ye lost neglected moments ! how should I prize you above the eastern treasures ! Let me dwell with hermits : let me rest on the cold earth : let me converse in cottages ; may I but once more stand a candidate for an immortal crown, and have my probation for a celestial happiness ! Ye vain grandeurs of a court ! ye sounding titles and perishing riches ! what do ye now signify ! what consolation, what relief can you give me ! I have had a splendid passage to the grave ! I die in state, and languish under a gilded canopy ! I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physicians : My dependents sigh, my sisters weep, my father bends beneath a load of years and grief ; my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inward anguish ; my friend, the

generous Pylades, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sighs, and leaves me to hide his secret grief. But oh ! which of these will answer my summons at the high tribunal ! which of them will bail me from the arrest of death ! who will descend into the dark prison of the grave for me ! Here they all leave me, after having paid a few idle ceremonies to the breathless clay ; which perhaps may lie reposed in state, while my soul, my only conscious part, may stand trembling before my Judge. My afflicted friends, it is very probable, with great solemnity, will lay the senseless corpse, in a stately monument inscribed with

HERE LIES THE GREAT —

But could the pale carcase speak, it would soon reply,  
—False marble ! where ?

Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here. COWLEY.

While some flattering panegyric is pronounced at my interment, I may perhaps be bearing my just condemnation at a superior tribunal ; where an unerring verdict may sentence me to everlasting infamy. But I cast myself on his absolute mercy, through the infinite merits of the Redeemer of lost mankind. Adieu, my dear Philario, till we meet in the world of spirits.

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LETTER II.—*To Leonora.*

I HAVE been on the very borders of the grave, and have, for several months, endured all the pains and languishments of a dangerous illness ; but it has pleased God to restore me to so tolerable a measure of health, that I am now able to think, and write again ! And with what pleasure do I feel myself once more at ease ! How ungrateful are the generality of mankind while they enjoy this blessing ; and how seldom, when they are well, do they reflect on the inconvenience and faintness, the weariness and pains, which attend a sick bed ! I never was sensible what I owed to God for my health, till I came to want it. While my blood flowed with an even uninterrupted course in its channel, and my arteries and sinews were able to perform their several functions, I

overlooked that mercy which had contrived them for these operations; but as soon as they were obstructed, I was sensible of their value; and while I sickened at the sight of my food, I envied the peasant whose health enabled him to earn his dinner with the sweat of his brow; and while I was in torment in a stately apartment, and restless on a bed of down, how joyfully would I have exchanged conditions with the hind, who, in a humble cottage, was sleeping on sheaves of straw: how readily would I have parted with all the vanity of airy titles, all the advantages of riches and grandeur, to purchase health; health, which gives relish to every enjoyment, and, like the rays of light, diffuses beauty upon every object. When I was ill, the beauty of the creation was effaced to me: I found no longer harmony in the sounds of music, nor joy while the sun poured his meridian glory; but turned my eyes from the intolerable lustre, and wished for the shades of night to veil his radiance. I had no pleasure in seeing every thing round me flourish, while I withered and decayed: the birds that warbled near my window seemed to sing my funeral dirge; and every fly that buzzed in my chamber sounded like an alarm to judgement. When night came, I considered that probably I might never see day-light again, till the morning of the resurrection dawned upon the earth; and when I was drowsy and inclining to sleep, I imagined that I should perhaps never wake, till I heard the voice of the archangel, and the sound of the last trumpet, nor lift up my head till I saw the Son of Man coming in the clouds with power and great glory. This near prospect of death and judgement has put the world and all its gaudy vanities into a just light, and has convinced me of the falsity of human comforts; and I have reason to bless God, who has given me such an opportunity of seeing things as they really are, and, by making me sensible of the small consolation that all the earth can afford in the time of illness and at the hour of death, has directed my eyes and hopes to heaven, and made me know the value of those hours which were too often wasted in guilt or folly; and believe me, Leonora, you will some time or other be sensible of this important truth. You are not more secure of years to come, than I appeared to be before this illness; and will find the splen-

dour of a court, and all the flatteries of life, miserable comforters upon a sick bed. The pleasures of this world will withdraw, and nothing remain with you but a sense of your past conduct: and when you find yourself ready to quit the stage, you will have no concern about any thing, but how you have acted your part. I am still very weak, though perfectly at ease, and I could be satisfied to remain so always, rather than hazard being again a slave to my passions and pleasures. I am, with all imaginable sincerity,

Your most faithful friend,

DIANA.

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LETTER III.—*To Lady Sophia.*

Madam,

**W**HEREVER I am, it will be a pleasure to you, I am persuaded, to know I have found a retreat entirely to my own satisfaction: the occasion of my flight and concealment you are partly acquainted with. I found my father inflexible in his resolution of marrying me to a foreigner of great distinction, one of his own principles, a bigotted Papist. My mother, you know, was a strict Protestant, and by her marriage articles had secured her own liberty and that of educating her daughters in the same profession. I was their only child, carefully instructed in those sacred truths, which, by the assistance of Heaven, I never will renounce, but rather give up my title to all the dazzling advantages the world can tempt me with. It is for this I am a voluntary exile from my father's house, who, after my mother's death, intrenched on my religious liberty, restrained me from the public worship, and forbade me reading my Bible. These severities, with the French match he was treating for me, put me on the desperate adventure of privately quitting his family, and securing my freedom in some humble disguise. No person on earth was privy to my design but a near relation of my mother's, a person of strict honour and piety; who encouraged me to sacrifice every thing rather than renounce my faith, or break my peace with Heaven and my own conscience. I got the habit of a country girl, and with this <sup>in</sup> <sup>sine</sup> gentleman's assistance was carried into one of the most fertile counties in England, till we came near a large farm-

house, of which he had some knowledge, and there he left me to make my own fortune. I went on with cautious steps, till I came to the entrance of a square court, surrounded with a hedge of hawthorn in its full bloom. Here I met the mistress of the family; she appeared young, and in a clean modest dress, was perfectly agreeable. There was something in her aspect so gentle and beneficent, that I could not help being interested in her welfare, from the first moment I saw her. She was then dealing out the remains of a plentiful table to a company of indigent people, who with lifted hands and grateful hearts implored Heaven to reward her in a thousand blessings. A very pretty boy and girl, with sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks, stood hanging on her apron; who, to mimic their mother, gave all the little treasure they had in their pockets to the beggars' children, and then fell a-crying, because she would not suffer them to pull off their own shoes and stockings to give to some that were barefooted. As soon as she had dismissed her dependents, I offered my service, and told her the distresses to which I must be exposed if she refused me. She perceived my concern was unaffected, and seeing me young, with the bloom of health in my looks, she agreed to receive me into her service. She then happened to want a servant, rather to share with her in the management of a large family, than to be employed in any domestic drudgery.

I know not why, but she seemed pleased with me; and I with equal content entered my new station, without any melancholy reviews of my past grandeur, the dignity of my birth, or the delicacy of my education. The glorious motive for which I had resigned the splendid vanities of life, gave an unspeakable alacrity to my mind, and filled it with that ineffable peace which springs from conscious virtue.

Be these celestial consolations mine,  
And I the world, with all its pomp, resign.

I did not see my new master till the evening, when he came home with a train, not of beaux and powdered footmen, but of industrious honest labourers; some of his own household, and others hired by the day, whom he punctu-

ally paid at the close of it, repeating that rule of the sacred Scripture, *Thou shalt not sleep with the wages of an hireling*. He is a very grave man, twice the age of his wife, a person of great prudence and unblemished honesty; very hospitable to strangers; as generous and compassionate to his servants; country business is his great delight, in the management of which Heaven has blessed him with uninterrupted prosperity, and vast increase. The farm-house is indeed somewhat antique, but spacious and pleasant; the country round about is all my master's property; his snowy flocks are ranging on the hills, his grazing herds lowing through the plains; the mountains are crowned with the great Creator's bounty, and the vallies made vocal with his praises. These scenes of innocence and plenty bring back the patriarchal ages to my view, and give me a sort of pious pleasure. Methinks I see the plains of Mamre covered with the wealthy Hebrews' flocks and herds; or shifting the scene, for the fruitful fields of Haran, the beautiful Rachel, following her fleecy charge, seems to come in view; Boaz and his reapers appeared to my fancy in the jovial month of harvest. In that cheerful season, here was no wild riot, no rude intemperance; nothing but harmless merriment appeared among any of my master's domestics. As soon as they enter his service he gives them a Bible, and the Practice of Piety, with strict orders that they appear constantly on the Lord's day at the public worship, unless they have such an excuse as they dare carry to the last tribunal. It will not be incredible to one of your piety, that I can make myself easy in a way of life so different from the gaieties of a court, to which I have been inured. I am not only easy, but really happy; my mistress, who has a sweetness of temper not to be equalled, is fond of me, and leaves me not to be idle, but, which is much better, to choose my own employment. You know my stature is above the common height; and since I came here I am rather grown taller, and somewhat more plump, so that a little business does me no manner of harm. I have entirely put off the fine lady, and all my court airs; I have almost forgot I am an Earl's daughter, and should start at the sound of Lady Frances: instead of that, I am plain Rosalinda, without any other appellation, but what the gentle swains now and then give me, of handsome

lass, or a proper damsel, with which I am infinitely better pleased, than when I was called an angel, a goddess, and impiously addressed in the strains of adoration. If ever I return to the modish world, I must learn to dance again, having almost forgot to make my honours. I am not turned Quaker, but I have laid aside all ceremony, and call every body in the village by their Christian names, except my master and mistress, and the parson of the parish, whom I cannot pass by, without telling you he is a man of exemplary piety, of universal charity, and a great blessing to this place. My distinction of being head servant, as it gives me a pretence to be reserved, so it frees me from any drudgery but what is my own choice; the worst of which is rubbing a long oaken table, that graces the hall, and is kept as bright as a looking-glass. My Saturday's work is dressing four or five spacious chimneys, with pionies, holly oak, or branches of bay. Some part of my time (and that the most delightful) is spent in rambling the fields with my master's children, the pretty boy and girl I mentioned: while they are following their little sports, I give up my thoughts to some innocent reverie, or pious meditation. To this the view of the fair creation invites me. Here the present Deity seems to challenge a natural homage, while he cheers me in the glory of the sun, refreshes me in the fragrant breeze, is beauty in the flowers of the field, and harmony in the nightingale's voice.

ROSALINDA.



LETTER IV.—*From the same.*

YOUR advice, dear Lady Sophia, is, without question, well meant, but I dare not follow it: my father is so far from relenting (I have had intelligence since I came here,) that he has sworn by all that is holy, unless I will marry Count Altamont, and embrace the Romish religion, he will settle his whole estate on some monastery at his decease. This was what I expected; and I am sure you will not persuade me to renounce Heaven, and damn myself, for the sordid purchase of eighty thousand pounds; nor would you considerately advise me to hazard a celestial advancement for a gilded coronet, or prefer the flattery of mistaken mortals to the approbation of angels.—

They have been witnesses of my pious vows: and should I violate my faith, and turn apostate to Heaven, those ministers of light would bring in their awful evidence, and stand my accusers at the last dreadful tribunal: and can you in earnest think it the effect of wisdom and just reflection, to dare the menaces of divine justice, rather than incur my father's unmerited resentment? Such I must term it, having found his affections entirely alienated before I left him: there is full evidence he was pleased with my flight, and takes no thought of making any inquiry about it. But Heaven can witness with what reluctance I have torn myself from the sight of this unnatural parent; what anguish, what pangs of affection it cost me! This was the most difficult part of my conquest! the delicacy and softness to which I had been inured, the eclat of birth and quality, reputation and esteem of my friends, I resigned with some degree of fortitude; but here nature with specious arguments opposed, and had triumphed in my perdition, unassisted by the sacred Oracles; to them I applied in this perplexity, and received aid from the heavenly illumination: here I found it, by the Eternal Truth, determined—*He that loveth father or mother more than me, is not worthy of me*—I worshipped, and obeyed the celestial dictates. This was no rash inconsiderate action, but the effect of reason and design: after having counted the cost, I found the odds to be infinite, the damage was momentary, the recompense unlimited and immense.

'Tis finish'd now, the great deciding part;  
 The world's subdu'd, and heav'n has all my heart.  
 Earth's gaudy shews, and pomp of courts, adieu!  
 For ever now I turn my eyes from you.

What can the world, what can the artifice of hell propose, to tempt me to relinquish my choice? what could they lay in the balance against the sovereign good? what could they offer as an equivalent to the favour of the Infinite Divinity; whose smiles enlighten the realms of joy, and fill the celestial inhabitants with unutterable ecstasy! —Ask those happy spirits, who know what the light of his countenance imports, what should buy one moment's interval of their bliss—Ask some radiant cherub, amidst



his flaming raptures, at what price he values his enjoyments; and when they have named the purchase, earth and hell may try to balance my glorious expectations.

Pleasure would court in vain, and beauty smile,  
 Glory in vain my wishes would beguile :  
 The persecutors' rage I would not fear,  
 Let death in ev'ry horrid form appear,  
 And with his keenest darts my breast assail,  
 When breath and ev'ry vital spring shall fail,  
 This sacred flame on brighter wings shall rise,  
 And unextinguish'd reach its native skies.

A thousand times blessed be that propitious Power, who, from the plenitude of bliss, and highest exaltation of glory, descended to low mortality, and by his own great example and sufferings animated my breast with his divine fortitude, and marked a way to victory and immortal honour. How sincerely I have followed the heavenly illumination, my witness is within, and my record on high. My father, I know, is inexorable, and has cut me off from his paternal care, and all the privileges of my birth; but while I look forward to the bright recompence prepared for suffering virtue, this loss sits lightly on my soul. But friendship with a stronger force detains me; here my soul is in suspense.—Dear Lady Sophia, how shall I speak my last adieu! I feel the pangs of separation, in anguish beyond all the emphasis of human learning to utter.—Adieu! we must meet no more, till the course of nature is dissolved, and the sun has measured his last radiant circle round the skies.

ROSALINDA.

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LETTER V.—*From Melinda.*

MY DEAR ORIANA,

I TOLD you, before I left my brother's house, that you should hear from me as soon as I was settled, and that I would inform you of the reason of my flight: you have too much candour and charity to judge harshly of my proceedings; which, could you see my heart, you would rather pity than condemn me for. You have often, within these two last years, observed an alteration in my temper

and person. I am no more the sprightly florid creature, that you used to call the emblem of health and cheerfulness; you saw the change, but did not guess the cause was a secret hopeless passion. I was in a public assembly: I saw there one of the most agreeable persons in the world; his dress, his behaviour, every thing was graceful and easy; his aspect wore the visible characters of fortitude and virtue. As he went out, he made way for me through the crowd, but I never after saw him in any public place, nor knew who or what he was. However, he made an impression on my thoughts, which had soon a very happy effect. I grew weary of the noisy tumultuous way of living in my brother's house, and refused sharing in the constant round of diversions that my sister loved; assemblies, balls, gaming, all sorts of riot and licentiousness; I never indeed approved these entertainments, and was always uneasy without knowing how to make myself otherwise. The paths to happiness, that religion proposed, I was as ignorant of as the savage Americans in their native groves. Dumain, who married my sister, was a professed libertine: my parents left me very young to their care, my sister being many years older than I am: and if my godfathers and godmothers, instead of renouncing the pomps and vanities of this world for me in baptism, had solemnly vowed I should be bred in the midst of those snares and seducing temptations, they could not more effectually have discharged their trust, than by placing me in this family, whose Sunday's amusement was cards: for we never went to church, unless in a frolic, to spend an idle hour in whispering or laughing. However, my guardian angel did not quit his charge; but, by the impression of a virtuous passion, fortified my soul from every loose inclination. I fled diversions, grew fond of retirement; this soon gave me a habit of thinking: if I had now any schemes of happiness, they were all in some future life beyond the grave: but my notions were clouded and imperfect. I believed there was a GOD, and the reproaches of my own reason taught me to fear him; but I had never looked into the Bible since I learned to read, and was as ignorant of Christianity as a young Hottentot bred in a cave: my pensive temper now detested vanity in every appearance: plays and novels no more diverted

me ; but wanting something to read, I saw a Bible in the room where my sister's woman lay, and opening it, my attention was immediately engaged. The history was new to me : I carried it to my chamber, but how was I surprised, to find the life and precepts of the great Founder of the Christian faith so different from the manners and principles of those who assume that sacred profession ! I found myself in the flowery paths of ruin, nor knew how to extricate myself from the fatal snare : this was the sacred language of my soul, to that invisible Power which knew its sincerity :

Thou Ruler of the sky, almighty name,
Whose piercing eye discerns my rising thoughts
Ere they are form'd within my anxious breast :
Thou seest my soul struggling to break the bands
Which thus detain her captive to the earth :
Thou seest how vainly she would soar on high ;
Passion and pleasure clog her downy wing,
Prevent her flight, and sink her to the dust ;
There low she lies, and trembling begs thy aid,
Conscious how impotent she is without thee.

My sister soon perceived the alteration of my temper, and used all her art to engage me in some criminal diversion ; but in vain, for I was sick and tired of these extravagances. - But what could I do ? my fortune was lost in the South Sea ; I was dependent on Dumain's and my sister's charity ; and to heighten my distress, I was importuned by my Lord — to yield to his criminal passion. At this proposal I started with horror, but could not shun him without quitting this disorderly family ; which I resolved to do, and cast myself on the protection of Heaven. I left my brother's house just after dinner, and went in a hackney coach to a woman in the city, who had been my nurse ; I engaged her to secrecy, and got her to enquire for a place in some merchant's family : she soon succeeded, and introduced me to the wife of an East India merchant who lived in great splendour. My business was to wait on her, in the station of a chamber-maid : she was very handsome, modest, and unaffected. The orders of the family were so regular and peaceful, so perfectly the reverse of my brother's, that I thought myself in another

world, and among a new set of beings; temperance and sobriety reigned amidst the height of plenty and liberality. The rooms were noble, and furnished with all the riches of the Indian world, and looked like the palace of some eastern monarch. I found myself perfectly at ease; dressing my mistress was all I had to do, which was a very agreeable employment, and soon dispatched: she had something so genteel in her manner, that every thing looked graceful and becoming on her, and cost but little trouble to make it sit well. Her conversation was innocent and instructive; her hours spent in reading, or some little amusement with the needle, without the least inclination to rambling after balls and masquerades. I spent two or three weeks in this regular manner, my mistress treating me almost on a level. I had not seen my master, who now returned from his country-house; but, my dear Oriana, think what was my affliction, when I discovered he was the same lovely youth I had seen in the assembly. As soon as he saw me, he turned red as crimson, and I pale as ashes; he passed by me, and went immediately into my mistress's room. It was almost two years since I had seen him, and had some hopes I was forgot; however, I resolved to quit the family, if I found he knew me; or that my friendship for his wife did not extinguish my passion. On my master's part I found reason to be easy; I hardly ever saw him; he was either at the Exchange, or, when at home, engaged in a series of beneficent actions. His wealth was immense, which he dispersed with an unequalled generosity; he assisted honest traders that had but a small stock, paid the debts of prisoners, relieved the widow, and redressed the injured and oppressed; this was his every day's business, which yet never intrenched on his hours of devotion in private or public. I now grew easy; a man of this character was not likely to indulge a guilty flame in his own breast, or to flatter it in mine; besides, his absence would soon relieve me, for he intended to go to the Indies with the fleet, which was to sail within a month. The time was now expired: the day before he went his voyage, after he had been an hour with my mistress in some private conversation, he left her, and came directly into my room with such an air of benignity in his face as some heavenly mini-

ster would wear who brought a message of peace. He began: ' You will be surprised, Madam, to find I know your family, and the reason you have put yourself into the protection of mine. The first sight I had of you in public, made an impression which was never effaced, till I gave my vows to the best of wives: 'tis with some confusion I own the wrong I did your virtue, when I tell you, nothing would have prevented my pursuit of the passion you first raised, but the scandal of the house you were in; which was so extravagant, that it forbade me ever of thinking of you; but I now do you entire justice, and admire that triumph of honour, that put you in a station so low, to secure yourself from the temptation of returning to your brother. I have left you ten thousand pounds in bank bills, and have told your case (as I had it from the woman that nursed you) to my wife, who has all the virtues that ever adorned the sex: she yielded to this proposal with transport, and waits while I am gone to deliver the bills.' He said this, and left me without time or language to speak my gratitude. My mistress immediately came into the chamber, with goodness in her eyes, and gave me the bank bills with a grace which only virtue can stamp on human actions. She prevented my thanks, by making an apology for her ignorance of my quality, assuring me the house was entirely at my command, and that the hopes of my staying with her was the greatest satisfaction she proposed in her dear Henry's absence. I could not possibly discover my sense of this surprising benefit by all the force of language. My silence, and the tenderness into which she saw my soul was melted, was the only evidence of gratitude I could give. In the morning, when every thing was ready for the departure of the East India fleet, my generous benefactor came into his wife's chamber, to take his last adieu. I was with her, endeavouring to give that consolation myself wanted; her grief drew some reluctant tears from him, while he endeavoured to conceal the inward anguish; the hero and the lover appeared in his behaviour; and when, to excuse the intemperance of her sorrow, his wife urged the dangers of the seas, and the rage of barbarous nations on the shore, I shall never forget with what an air of greatness he replied, *I fear*

God, and have no other fear. Thus undaunted would the godlike man have appeared, had he seen the stars falling from their orbs, and heard the sound of the last thunders. When he had, with an apparent regret, freed himself from the embraces of his wife, with a look of compassion, like that of some pitying angel, he bid me farewell. His domestics were lost in grief; the passage from his house was crowded with his grateful dependents, whose wrongs or necessities had been redressed by him. A thousand ardent prayers for his prosperity reached the skies, and gained the divine assent, while he hastened through the admiring throng distressed with the popular applause. How poor a figure is that of a libertine in his most glittering heights of vanity, compared with this great man, who has so early begun his race of glory, and is, in the very bloom of youth, mature in every virtue. Instead of passing his hours in a train of idle amusements, the gay part of his life is devoted to Heaven and the public welfare.—You know where to find

Your humble servant,

MELINDA.



LETTER VI.—*From an English Merchant to his Friend Valerius.*

I AM at last safely arrived in Holland, and have taken the first opportunity to give you a relation of the adventures that detained me so long in foreign countries. In my return from the Indies, I had some affairs with a Spanish merchant, which, while I was managing in one of their sea-ports, there came in a Spanish corsair, who had taken a rich Turkish prize, with several Turks and Moors prisoners, whom he offered to sell as slaves. I never had any traffic of this kind, from any view of interest; but, from a motive of compassion, I had purchased liberty for many a miserable wretch, to whom I gave freedom the moment I paid his ransom. Among the captives newly taken, there was one distinguished by the richness of his habit, and more by the gracefulness of his port: he drew all my attention, of which he appeared sensible, and still directed his looks to me: our souls seemed to greet one another, as if their intimacy had been of a long standing, and commenced in

some pre-existent period. There was something in the air of this young stranger superior to adversity, and yet sensible of the present disadvantage of his fate; while I felt for him an emotion, soft as the ties of nature, and could not but impute it to the secret impression of some intelligent power, which was leading me to a height of generosity beyond my own intention; and by an impulse of virtue on my soul, directing it to the accomplishment of some distant and unknown design of Providence, the heavenly instigation came with a prevailing force, and I could not but obey its dictates. The price set on this captive was extravagantly high, and such as would be a vast disadvantage to my present affairs to part with; however, I listened to the gentle monitor within, and paid the corsair his full demands. As soon as I had conducted the youth to my lodgings, I told him he was from that moment free; the price I had paid was for his friendship and liberty. 'Then you have confined me,' replied the gentle stranger, 'by the most lasting engagements: I might have broke through any other restraints, but I am now your voluntary slave, and dare trust you with a secret yet unknown to the Spaniards. My name is Orramel, the son of a wealthy Bassa in Constantinople, and you may demand what you will for my ransom.' 'You will soon be convinced,' said I, 'there was no mercenary intention in this action; the amity I have for you is noble and disinterested; it was kindled by a celestial spark, an emanation from the divine clemency, and terminates in nothing below your immortal happiness. And were you inclined to examine those sacred truths which would lead you to that felicity and to share my fortune in a free and happy nation, the wealth of the Indies should not buy you from my affections; but if it is your choice to return to the customs and religion of your country, you are absolutely free, without tendering any terms for your release.' With a friendly, but dejected look, he told me, it was impossible for him to dispense with his filial obligations to an indulgent parent; but he positively refused his freedom, till he had given intelligence, and received an answer from his father; which he soon had, with a *carte blanche* to me, on which I might make my own demands for his son's ransom. I returned it, with no other terms but the liberty of

all the Christian slaves he had in his possession ; hoping, by this disinterested conduct, to leave a conviction on the mind of my young friend in favour of Christianity. It was some months after he was gone, before I could finish my negotiations in Spain, but as soon as they were dispatched, I embarked for Holland. We had not been a week at sea, before the ship was taken by a Turkish pirate, and all the men in it carried to Constantinople, to be sold as slaves : my lot fell to a master from whom I was like to find most barbarous treatment ; however, I was resolved to endure my bondage, till I could give intelligence to my friends in England to procure my ransom ; for I was fixed on this, that no hardship should reduce me to give Orramel an account of my distress till I was again in circumstances not to need his kindness, nor expect a retaliation of my own. But Heaven had kinder intentions, by bringing me into this adversity, nor left me long without redress. As I was talking in a public place to one of my fellow slaves, Orramel came by ; he passed beyond me, but instantly returning, looked on me with great attention, till some melting sorrow dropped from his eyes. When making inquiry of some that were near, to whom I belonged, without speaking a word to me, he flew to my new master, paid his demand for my ransom, and immediately conducted me to his house, where he welcomed me with the warmest marks of affection. He spoke—he paused—and was in the greatest perplexity to find language suitable to the sentiments of his soul. ‘ My brother ! ’ said he, ‘ my friend,—or if there are more sacred ties in nature and virtue, let me call you by some gentler appellation, we are now united by the bands of celestial amity, one in the same holy faith, and hopes of a glorious immortality. Your charity rescued me from a worse than Spanish slavery ; from the bondage of vice and superstition ; your conduct banished my prejudices to the Christian name, and made way for the entrance of those heavenly truths to which I now assent. But this is a secret, even to my own domestics, and whether such a caution is criminal, I am not yet able to determine.’ With what rapture, with what attention did I listen to this language ! I blessed the accents that told me my friend, my Orramel, had embraced the Christian faith : an angel’s song would have

been less melodious ; I looked upward, and, with a grateful elevation of mind, gave the glory to the supreme Disposer of all human events. The illustrious Orramel made it his joy, his study, to evidence his affection : he told me his father died since we parted in Spain, and that he had left five daughters, which he had by several of his wives : he offered me the choice of his sisters, if I had any thoughts of marriage, and promised a dowry with her to my own content. One of them, he said, was privately bred a Christian by her mother, a beautiful woman of Armenia ; I was pleased with the proposal, and impatient to see my fair mistress. In the mean time, he made me a present of several rich habits, and two negroes to attend me. The next day he conducted me to a fair summer house, whither he sent for his sisters ; who were all so handsome, that I was distressed with my own liberty, nor knew where to choose, had not a principle of piety determined me to the young Armenian, who was not superior in beauty to the rest ; but there was a decorum in her behaviour, which the others wanted. She had more of the modesty and politeness of the European women, to whom you know I was always partial. My choice was fixed, and the more I conversed with my fair mistress, the more reason I found to approve it. We were privately married by a chaplain belonging to the British Envoy. My generous friend gave her a fortune, which abundantly repaid all my losses ; and after a prosperous voyage, I am safely landed in Holland. I have sent you this relation as a memorial of my gratitude to Heaven, whose clemency has returned me more than measure for measure, and largely recompensed that liberality it first inspired. *Adieu.*

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A RHAPSODY.

*From Mr Harris's Dialogue on Art.*

O, ART! thou praise of man and ornament of human life! 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 taughtest 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, it moves the ship over the 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 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. And such, O, Art! is

thy amazing influence, when thou art employed only on these inferior subjects, or natures, inanimate, or at best irrational. But whenever thou chooseth 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 godlike 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.



#### MEDITATION on HAPPINESS.

*By Mr Harris.*

**T**HE whole universe is but one city or commonwealth, a system of substances, variously formed, and variously actuated, agreeably to those forms; a system of substances both immensely great and small, rational, animal, vegetable, and inanimate. As many families make one village, many villages one province, many provinces one empire; so many empires, oceans, wastes, and wilds combined, compose that earth on which we live. Other combinations make a planet, or a moon, and these again united make one planetary system. What higher combinations subsist we know not; their gradations and ascents it is impossible we should discover. Yet the generous mind, not deterred by this immensity, intrepidly passes on through regions unknown, from greater system to greater,

till it arrive at that greatest, where imagination stops, and can advance no farther. In this last, this mighty, this stupendous idea, it beholds the universe itself, of which every thing is a part, and with respect to which, the smallest atom is either foreign or detached. Wide as its extent, is the wisdom of its workmanship; not bounded or narrow, like the humbler works of art. These are all of origin no higher than human: we can readily trace them to their utmost limit, and with accuracy discern both their beginning and their end. But where the microscope that can shew us from what point wisdom begins in nature?—Where the telescope that can descry to what infinitude it extends? The more diligent our search, the more accurate our scrutiny, the more only are we convinced that our labours can never finish; that subjects inexhaustible remain behind still unexplored. Hence the mind, truly wise, quitting the study of particulars, as knowing their multitude to be infinite and incomprehensible, turns its intellectual eye to what is general and comprehensive; and through generals learns to see and recognize whatever exists. It perceives in this view, that every substance, of every degree, has its nature, its proper make, constitution, or form, by which it acts, and by which it suffers. It perceives it so to fare with every natural form around us, as with those tools and instruments by which art worketh its wonders. The saw is destined to one act, the mallet to another, the wheel answers this purpose, and the laver answers a different. So nature uses the vegetable, the brute, and the rational, agreeably to the proper form and constitution of every kind. The vegetable proceeds with perfect insensibility, the brute possesses a sense of what is pleasurable and painful, but stops at mere sensation, and is unable to go farther. The rational, like the brute, has all the powers of mere sensation, but enjoys, superadded, a farther transcendent faculty, by which it is made conscious, not only of what it feels, but of the powers themselves which are the sources of those very feelings; a faculty which, recognizing both itself and all things else, becomes a canon, a corrector, and a standard universal. Hence, to the rational alone is imparted the master science of what they are, where they are, and the end to which they are destined. Happy, too happy, did they know their own felicity, did

they reverence the dignity of their own superior character, and never wretchedly degrade themselves into natures to them subordinate. And yet, alas ! it is truth too certain, that as the rational only are susceptible of a happiness truly excellent, so these only emerge themselves into miseries past endurance.

Assist us then, thou Power Divine, with the light of that reason by which thou lightenest the world, by which grace and beauty are diffused through 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, our idle researches into the laws, and natures, and motions of other beings, till we have learnt, 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 us 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 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 faturity 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 uncontrollable events, by which thou preservest and adorest 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 hidden 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.



ABRAHAM'S SOLILOQUY *upon receiving the Command to sacrifice his Son ISAAC.*

**I**T is certain, that there are no passages in Pagan history which affect nature stronger than those we meet with in holy writ; but there is no part of sacred story, which raises our wonder, and, on the first reading of it, excites all the passions, equal to that of Abraham's receiving the command to sacrifice his only son Isaac. It is such a trial betwixt faith and nature, as, in all probability, none but the father of believers could have gone through. When we think to what a height of paternal fondness the soul of Abraham must be raised, by having a child by his wife, when nothing but the more immediate interposition of a divine Providence could have given him one, it is amazing to conceive what in his soul he must feel, when he received the peremptory command of God to offer him up for a burnt-offering. The manner of giving the command is as affecting to him as a father, as it is sublime in the commander, and moves the heart to tenderness; at the

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

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

What! could this possibly be the voice of God which I heard? or have not rather some strange impressions of the night deluded my fancy?—Yes, thy voice it was, my God, it was thy voice. How can thy servant deny it, with whom seven times before, descending from the throne of glory, thou hast vouchsafed to commune in this vale of tears. When thou didst first call me out of the darkness of my father's house into thy saving light; when thou didst often cherish and encourage me in the steps of my pilgrimage; when thou didst furnish me with plenty, and crowned me with victory in a strange land; when, lastly, thou didst even overlade my feeble age with joy, in a rightful heir of my own body, was I not forward, at all these times, to acknowledge thee the God of my support and comfort; and shall I now question thy voice, when thou demandest but a part of thy own benefits? No, my dear Isaac, although the heavens know how much I love thee, yet if thou wert, or couldst be millions of times more precious in the eyes of thy trembling father, I would summon together all the strength of my aged limbs, to render thee unto that gracious God from whom I had thee. Alas! poor boy, how sweetly thou slumberest, and in thy bed dost little think what change is towards thee! but I must



disturb thy rest :—Isaac, arise, and call up my servants ; bid them prepare for a journey which we are to make unto the Mount Moriah, and let some wood be carried for the burning of a sacrifice : mean-while, I will walk out a little by myself, to contemplate the declining stars, and the approach of the morning. O ye ornaments of the sky ! who, when all the world is silent, obey your Maker in the determinate order of your motions ! can man behold his own duty in a fairer volume ! why then stand I gazing here, and do not rather go myself to hasten my servants, that I may execute his will ?—But stay, his will ! why ! is his will contrary to the example of his justice ? did he not heavily punish Cain at the beginning of the first world, for killing but a brother, and can I slay my child, and imbrue my hands in my own bowels, without offence of his immortal Majesty ? Yes, why not ? The act of Cain was the act of his own sinful malice, but I have received an immediate command from God himself. A command ! —is his command against his law ? shall the Fountain of all Truth be served with contradiction ? Did not the same God, straight after the universal deluge (as our fathers have told us) denounce this judgment, *That whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed* ? how then can I herein obey my God, but must withal disobey him ?

O my weak soul ! what poor arguments dost thou search to cover thine own rebellious affections ? Is there any warrant higher than his will, or any better interpreter of his will than himself ? But is it murder to restore a loan to the sovereign owner at his command ?—— But then again, how shall the blessing that my good God hath determined upon my seed, and even upon this very child, be accomplished, if I destroy the root ? O Lord, was not thy divine goodness pleased, in the depth of thy mercy, to accept my belief for righteousness, and how shall I frustrate thy promises with my obedience ! But what ! am I fallen into a new reluctance ? have I before contested with thy justice, and shall I now dispute thy power ? didst thou create the light before the sun, and shall I bind thee to the passions of a natural agent ? didst thou not make this All of Nothing, even by thy word, (which is thy wisdom) and foment all that thou hast made by thy Spirit, (which is thy love) and shall I doubt thou canst raise innumerable

nations out of the ashes of my poor Isaac? Nay, did not I even at first receive him in a manner from a dead womb? and art thou not still the same Almighty and everlasting God, merciful Father, full of tenderness and compassion, that well knowest whercof we are made?—Pardon my discourses, and forget my delays. I am now going to perform thy good pleasure. And yet there is remaining one humble suit, which refuse not, O my God, though it proceed from the weakness of thine unworthy creature. Take my child and all that is mine, I have resigned him with my whole heart unto thy will; he is already thine, and mine no longer; and I glory that he shall die upon thine holy altar; but yet I fear withal, that these my shaking hands, and fainting limbs, will be seized with horror; be not therefore, dear Lord, displeased, if I use my servants in the execution.—How now, my soul! dost thou shrink in the last act of thy loyalty? can I yet walk up and down about vile and ordinary functions, and when my God is to be served, do my joints and members fail me? have I humbled my desires to his will, and shall I deny him the choice of his own instrument? or if his indulgent mercy would permit, shall I suffer another to anticipate the cheerfulness of my obedience? O thou great God of life and death! who mightest have made me an insensible plant, a dead stone, or a poisonous serpent,—and yet even in them likewise I should have conduced to the variety of thy glorious wisdom. But thou hast vouchsafed to endue us with the form of man, and to breathe into our first parents that spark of thy divine light which we call *Reason*, to comprehend and acknowledge thy high and indisputable sovereignty over all nature; thou, then, eternal Maker and Mover, whose will is the first of causes, and whose glory is the last of ends, direct my feet to the place which thou hast appointed; strengthen these poor hands to accomplish thy pleasure, and let heaven and earth obey thee.



## FROM THE SPECTATOR.

**I** CONSIDER an human soul without education, like marble in a quarry, which shews none of its inherent beauties till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental

cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it. Education, after the same manner, when it works upon a noble mind, draws but to view every latent virtue and perfection, which, without such helps, are never able to make their appearance.

If my reader will give me leave to change the allusion so soon upon him, I shall make use of the same instance to illustrate the force of education which Aristotle has brought to explain his doctrine of substantial forms, when he tells us, that a statue lies hid in a block of marble; and that the art of the statuary only clears away the superfluous matter, and removes the rubbish. The figure is in the stone, the sculptor only finds it. What sculpture is to a block of marble, education is to a human soul. The philosopher, the saint, or the hero; the wise, the good, or great man, very often lie hid and concealed in a plebeian, which a proper education might have disinterred and brought to light. I am therefore much delighted with reading the accounts of savage nations, and with contemplating those virtues which are wild and uncultivated; to see courage exerting itself in fierceness, resolution in obstinacy; wisdom in cunning, patience in sullenness and despair.

Mens' passions operate variously, and appear in different kinds of actions, according as they are more or less rectified and swayed by reason. When one hears of negroes, who, upon the death of their master, or upon changing their service, hang themselves upon the next tree, as it frequently happens in our American plantations, who can forbear admiring their fidelity, tho' it expresses itself in so dreadful a manner? What might not that savage greatness of soul, which appears in these poor wretches upon many occasions, be raised to, were it rightly cultivated? and what colour of excuse can there be for the contempt with which we treat this part of our species? That we should not put them upon the common footing of humanity, that we should only set an insignificant fine upon the man who murders them; nay, that we should, as much as in us lies, cut them off from the prospects of happiness in another world as well as in this, and deny them that which we look upon as the proper means for attaining it?

Since I am engaged on this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a story which I have lately heard, and which

is so well attested, that I have no manner of reason to suspect the truth of it. I may call it a kind of wild tragedy, that passed about twelve years ago at St Christophers, one of our British leeward islands. The negroes who were the persons concerned in it, were all of them the slaves of a gentleman who is now in England.

This gentleman among his negroes had a young woman, who was looked upon as an extraordinary beauty by those of her own complexion. He had at the same time two young fellows, who were likewise negroes and slaves, remarkable for the comeliness of their persons, and for the friendship they bore to one another. It unfortunately happened that both of them fell in love with the female negro above mentioned, who would have been very glad to have taken either of them for her husband, provided they could agree between themselves which should be the man; but they were both so passionately in love with her, that neither of them could think of giving her up to his rival; and, at the same time, were so true to one another, that neither of them could think of gaining her without his friend's consent. The torments of these two lovers were the discourse of the family to which they belonged, who could not forbear observing the strange complication of passions which perplexed the hearts of the poor negroes, who often dropped expressions of the uneasiness they underwent, and how impossible it was for either of them ever to be happy.

After a long struggle between love and friendship, truth and jealousy, they one day took a walk together into a wood, carrying their mistress along with them; where, after abundance of lamentations, they stabbed her to the heart, of which she immediately died. A slave, who was at his work not far from the place where this astonishing piece of cruelty was committed, hearing the shrieks of the dying person, ran to see what was the occasion of them.

He there discovered the woman lying dead upon the ground, with the two negroes on each side of her, kissing the dead corpse, weeping over it, and beating their breasts in the utmost agonies of grief and despair. He immediately ran to the English family with the news of what he had seen; who, upon coming to the place, saw the woman

dead, and the two negroes expiring by her with wounds they had given themselves.

We see, in this amazing instance of barbarity, what strange disorders are bred in the minds of those men whose passions are not regulated by virtue, and disciplined by reason. Though the action which I have recited is in itself full of guilt and horror, it proceeded from a temper of mind which might have produced very noble fruits, had it been informed and guided by a suitable education.

It is therefore an unspeakable blessing, to be born in those parts of the world where wisdom and knowledge flourish; though it must be confessed, there are, even in these parts, several poor uninstructed persons who are but little above the inhabitants of those nations of which I have been here speaking, as those who had the advantages of more liberal education, rise above one another by several degrees of perfection. For, to return to our statue in the block of marble, we see it sometimes only begun to be chipped, sometimes rough hewn, and but just sketched into a human figure; sometimes we see the man appearing distinctly in all his limbs and features, sometimes we find the figure wrought up to a great elegance; but seldom meet with any to which the hand of a Phidias or Praxiteles could not give several nice touches and finishings.

Discourses of morality, and reflections upon human nature, are the best means we can make use of to improve our minds, and gain a true knowledge of ourselves, and, consequently, to recover our souls out of the vice, ignorance, and prejudice, which naturally cleave to them. I have all along professed myself in this paper a promoter of these great ends; and I flatter myself that I do, from day to day, contribute something to the polishing of men's minds: at least my design is laudable, whatever the execution may be. I must confess I am not a little encouraged in it by many letters which I receive from unknown minds, in approbation of my endeavours; and must take this opportunity of returning my thanks to those who write them, and excusing myself for not inserting several of them in my papers, which I am sensible would be a very great ornament to them. Should I publish the praises which are so well penned, they would do honour to the persons

who write them; but my publishing of them would, I fear, be a sufficient instance to the world that I did not deserve them.

C.

**MR** THOMAS INKLE, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs, on the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West-Indies, on the 16th of *June* 1674, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandise. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and, consequently, giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others, went ashore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who had hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English, unadvisedly, marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise, they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American; the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and, consequently, solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him into a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slack his thirst. In the midst of these good offices, she would sometimes play with his hair, and delight in the opposition

of its colour to that of her fingers ; then open his bosom, then laugh at him for covering it. She was, it seems, a person of distinction, for she every day came to him in a different dress of the most beautiful shells, bugles, and beads. She likewise brought him a great many spoils, which her other lovers had presented to her, so that his cave was richly adorned with all the spotted skins of beasts, and most party-coloured feathers of fowls which that world afforded. To make his confinement more tolerable, she would carry him in the dusk of the evening, or by the favour of moon-light, to unfrequented groves and solitudes, and shew him where to lie down in safety, and sleep amidst the falls of waters and melody of nightingales. Her part was to watch and hold him asleep in her arms, for fear of her countrymen, and awake him on occasions to consult his safety. In this manner did the lovers pass away their time, till they had learned a language of their own, in which the voyager communicated to his mistress, how happy he should be to have her in his country, where she should be clothed in such silks as his waistcoat was made of, and be carried in houses drawn by horses, without being exposed to wind or weather. All this he promised her the enjoyment of, without such fears and alarms as they were there tormented with. In this tender correspondence those lovers lived for several months, when Yarico, instructed by her lover, discovered a vessel on the coast, to which she made signals ; and in the night, with the utmost joy and satisfaction, accompanied him to a ship's crew of his countrymen, bound for Barbadoes.—When a vessel from the main arrives in that island, it seems the planters come down to the shore, where there is an immediate market of the Indians and other slaves, as with us of horses and oxen.

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

inclined him to commiserate her condition, told him that she was with child by him; but he only made use of that information, to rise in his demands upon the purchaser.

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“MR SPECTATOR,

“I AM the happy father of a very towardsly son, in whom I do not only see my life, but also my manner of life renewed. It would be extremely beneficial to society, if you would frequently resume subjects which serve to bind these sorts of relations faster, and endear the ties of blood with those of good-will, protection, observance, indulgence, and veneration. I would, methinks, have this done after an uncommon method, and do not think any one who is not capable of writing a good play, fit to undertake a work wherein there will necessarily occur so many secret instincts, and biases of human nature, which would pass unobserved by common eyes.— I thank Heaven I have no outrageous offence against my own excellent parents to answer for; but when I am now and then alone, and look back upon my past life, from my earliest infancy to this time, there are many faults which I committed that did not appear to me, even till I myself became a father. I had not till then a notion of the yearnings of heart which a man has when he sees his child do a laudable thing, or the sudden damp which seizes him when he fears he will act something unworthy. It is not to be imagined, what a remorse touched me for a long train of childish negligences of my mother, when I saw my wife the other day look out of the window, and turn as pale as ashes upon seeing my younger boy sliding upon the ice. These slight intimations will give you to understand, that there are numberless little crimes which children take no notice of while they are doing, which, upon reflection, when they shall themselves become fathers, they will look upon with the utmost sorrow and contrition, that they did not regard, before those whom they offended were to be no more seen. How many thousand things do I remember, which would have highly pleased my father, and I omitted for no other reason, but that I thought what he proposed the effect of humour and old age, which I am now convinced had reason and good sense in it. I

" cannot now go into the parlour to him, and make his
 " heart glad, with an account of a matter which was of
 " no consequence, but that I told it, and acted in it.—
 " The good man and woman were long since in their
 " graves, who used to sit and plot the welfare of us their
 " children, while, perhaps, we were sometimes laughing at
 " the old folks at the other end of the house. The truth
 " of it is, were we merely to follow Nature in these great
 " duties of life, though we have a strong instinct towards
 " the performing of them, we should be on both sides
 " very deficient. Age is so unwelcome to the generality
 " of mankind, and growth towards manhood so desirable
 " to all, that resignation to decay is too difficult a task in
 " the father; and deference, amidst the impulse of gay
 " desires, appears unreasonable to the son.—There are
 " so few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet
 " fewer who can come slow enough into the world, that
 " a father, were he to be actuated by his desires, and a
 " son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of
 " them behave himself as he ought to the other. But
 " when reason interposes against instinct, where it would
 " carry either out of the interests of the other, there arises
 " that happiest intercourse of good offices between those
 " dearest relations of human life. The father, accord-
 " ing to the opportunities which are offered to him, is
 " throwing down blessings on the son, and the son endea-
 " vouring to appear the worthy offspring of such a
 " father. It is after this manner that Camillus and his
 " first-born dwell together. Camillus enjoys a pleasant
 " and indolent old age, in which passion is subdued, and
 " reason exalted. He waits the day of his dissolution
 " with a resignation mixed with delight, and the son fears
 " the accession of his father's fortune with diffidence, lest
 " he should not enjoy or become it as well as his predeces-
 " sor. Add to this, that the father knows he leaves a
 " friend to the children of his friends, an easy landlord to
 " his tenants, and an agreeable companion to his acquaint-
 " tance. He believes his son's behaviour will make him
 " frequently remembered, but never wanted. This com-
 " merce is so well cemented, that without the pomp of
 " saying, *Son, be a friend to such a one when I am gone*;
 " Camillus knows, being in his favour, is direction enough

“ to the grateful youth who is to succeed him, without the
 “ admonition of his mentioning it. These gentlemen are
 “ honoured in all their neighbourhood, and the same
 “ effect which the court has on the manners of a king-
 “ dom, their characters have on all who live within the in-
 “ fluence of them.

“ My son and I are not of fortune to communicate our
 “ good actions or intentions to so many as these gentle-
 “ men do : but I will be bold to say, my son has, by the
 “ applause and approbation which his behaviour towards
 “ me has gained him, occasioned that many an old man,
 “ besides myself, has rejoiced. Other men’s children fol-
 “ low the example of mine, and I have the inexpressible
 “ happiness of overhearing our neighbours, as we ride by,
 “ point to their children, and say with a voice of joy,
 “ *There they go.*

“ You cannot, MR SPECTATOR, pass your time better
 “ than in insinuating the delights which these relations
 “ well regarded bestow upon each other. Ordinary pas-
 “ sages are no longer such, but mutual love gives an im-
 “ portance to most indifferent things, and a merit to ac-
 “ tions the most insignificant. When we look round the
 “ world, and observe the many misunderstandings which
 “ are created by the malice and insinuation of the meanest
 “ servants between people thus related, how necessary
 “ will it appear that it were inculcated that men would
 “ be upon their guard to support a constancy of affection,
 “ and that grounded upon the principles of reason, not the
 “ impulses of instinct?

“ It is from the common prejudices which men receive
 “ from their parents, that hatreds are kept alive from one
 “ generation to another ; and when men act by instinct,
 “ hatreds will descend when good offices are forgotten.
 “ For the degeneracy of human life is such, that our an-
 “ ger is more easily transferred to our children than our
 “ love. Love always gives something to the object it de-
 “ lights in, and anger spoils the person, against whom it
 “ was moved, of something laudable in him. From this
 “ degeneracy, therefore, and a sort of self-love, we are
 “ more prone to take up the ill-will of our parents, than
 “ to follow them in their friendships.

“ One would think there should need no more to make

“ men keep up this sort of relation with the utmost sanctity, than to examine their own hearts. If every father remembered his own thoughts and inclinations when he was a son, and every son remembered what he expected from his father, when he himself was in a state of dependence, this one reflection would preserve men from being dissolute or rigid in these several capacities. The power and subjection between them, when broken, make them more emphatically tyrants and rebels against each other, with greater cruelty of heart, than the disruption of states and empires can possibly produce. I shall end this application to you, with two letters which passed between a mother and a son very lately, and are as follow :—

“ DEAR FRANK,

“ IF the pleasures, which I have the grief to hear you pursue in town, do not take up all your time, do not deny your mother so much of it, as to read seriously this letter. You said before Mr Latacre, that an old woman might live very well in the country upon half my jointure, and that your father was a fond fool, to give me a rent-charge of eight hundred a-year, to the prejudice of his son. What Letaere said to you on that occasion, you ought to have borne with more decency, as he was your father's well-beloved servant, than to have called him *country put*. In the first place, Frank, I must tell you, I will have my rent duly paid, for I will make up to your sisters for the partiality I was guilty of, in making your father do so much as he has done for you. I may, it seems, live upon half my jointure ! I lived upon much less, Frank, when I carried you from place to place in these arms, and could neither eat, dress, or mind any thing, for feeding and tending you, a weakly child, and shedding tears when the convulsions you were then troubled with returned upon you. By my care you outgrew them, to throw away the vigour of your youth in the arms of harlots, and deny your mother what is not yours to detain. Both your sisters are crying, to see the passion which I smother ; but if you please to go on thus, like a gentleman of the town, and forget all regards to yourself and family, I shall

“ immediately enter upon your estate for the arrear due
 “ to me, and, without one tear more, condemn you for
 “ forgetting the fondness of your mother, as much as you
 “ have the example of your father. O Frank, do I live
 “ to omit writing myself,—*Your affectionate Mother,*
 “ A. T.”

“ MADAM,
 “ I WILL come down to-morrow, and pay the money on
 “ my knees. Pray write so no more. I will take
 “ care you never shall, for I will be for ever hereafter,
 “ *Your most dutiful Son,*
 “ F. T.”

“ I will bring down new hoods for my sisters. Pray
 “ let all be forgotten. T.”

I AM so well pleased with the following letter, that I
 am in hopes it will not be a disagreeable present to
 the public.

“ SIR,
 “ THOUGH I believe none of your readers more admire
 “ your agreeable manner of working trifles than my-
 “ self, yet as your speculations are now swelling into vo-
 “ lumes, and will, in all probability, pass down to future
 “ ages, methinks I would have no single subject in them,
 “ wherein the general good of mankind is concerned, left
 “ unfinished.

“ I have a long time expected, with great impatience,
 “ that you would enlarge upon the ordinary mistakes
 “ which are committed in the education of our children.
 “ I the more easily flattered myself that you would one
 “ time or other resume this consideration, because you
 “ tell us, that your 168th paper was only composed of a
 “ few broken hints; but finding myself hitherto disap-
 “ pointed, I have ventured to send you my own thoughts
 “ on this subject.

“ I remember Pericles, in his famous oration at the
 “ funeral of the Athenian young men who perished in the
 “ Samian expedition, has a thought very much celebrated
 “ by several ancient critics, namely, That the loss which
 “ the commonwealth suffered by the destruction of its
 “ youth, was like the loss which the year would suffer by

“ the destruction of the spring. The prejudice which the
 “ public sustains from a wrong education of children, is
 “ an evil of the same nature, as it in a manner starves
 “ posterity, and defrauds our country of those persons,
 “ who, with due care, might make an eminent figure in
 “ their respective posts of life.

“ I have seen a book written by Juan Huartes, a Spanish physician, entitled, *Examen de Ingenios*, whercin
 “ he lays it down as one of his positions, that nothing but
 “ nature can qualify a man for learning ; and that without
 “ a proper temperament for the particular art or science
 “ which he studies, his utmost pains and application, assisted by the ablest masters, will be to no purpose.

“ He illustrates this, by the example of Tully’s son, Marcus.

“ Cicero, in order to accomplish his son in that sort of
 “ learning which he designed him for, sent him to Athens,
 “ the most celebrated academy at that time in the world,
 “ and where a vast concourse, out of the most polite nations,
 “ could not but furnish the young gentleman with
 “ a multitude of great examples, and accidents that might
 “ insensibly have instructed him in his designed studies.
 “ He placed him under the care of Cratippus, who was
 “ one of the greatest philosophers of the age, and, as if
 “ all the books which were at that time written had not
 “ been sufficient for his use, he composed others on purpose for him. Notwithstanding all this, history informs
 “ us, that Marcus proved a mere blockhead, and that nature (who it seems was even with the son for her prodigality to the father) rendered him incapable of improving, by all the rules of eloquence, the precepts of philosophy, his own endeavours, and the most refined conversation in Athens.—This author therefore proposes, that
 “ there should be certain triers or examiners appointed by
 “ the state, to inspect the genius of every particular boy,
 “ and to allot him the part that is most suitable to his natural talents.

“ Plato, in one of his dialogues, tells us, that Socrates, who was the son of a midwife, used to say, that as his
 “ mother, though she was very skilful in her profession,
 “ could not deliver a woman, unless she was first with
 “ child, so neither could he himself raise knowledge out

“ of a mind where nature had not planted it. According-
 “ ly the method this philosopher took of instructing his
 “ scholars, by several interrogatories or questions, was
 “ only helping the birth, and bringing their own thoughts
 “ to light.

“ The Spanish doctor above mentioned, as his specula-
 “ tions grew more refined, asserts, that every kind of wit
 “ has a particu^{lar} science corresponding to it, and in which
 “ alone it can be truly excellent. As to those geniuses,
 “ which may seem to have an equal aptitude for several
 “ things, he regards them as so many unfinished pieces of
 “ nature wrought off in haste.

“ There are, indeed, but very few to whom nature has
 “ been so unkind, that they are not capable of shining in
 “ some science or other. There is a certain bias towards
 “ knowledge in every mind, which may be strengthened
 “ and improved by proper applications.

“ The story of Clavius is very well known : He was en-
 “ tered in a college of Jesuits, and after having been tried
 “ at several parts of learning, was upon the point of being
 “ dismissed as an hopeless blockhead, till one of the fathers
 “ took it into his head to make an essay of his parts in
 “ geometry, which it seems hit his genius so luckily, that
 “ he afterwards became one of the greatest mathematicians
 “ of the age. It is commonly thought that the sagacity
 “ of those fathers, in discovering the talent of a young stu-
 “ dent, has not a little contributed to the figure which
 “ their order has made in the world.

“ How different from this manner of education is that
 “ which prevails in our own country ! where nothing is
 “ more usual, than to see forty or fifty boys, of several ages,
 “ tempers, and inclinations, ranged together in the same
 “ class, employed upon the same authors, and enjoined
 “ the same tasks ? Whatever their natural genius may be,
 “ they are all to be made poets, historians, and orators
 “ alike. They are all obliged to have the same capacity,
 “ to bring in the same tale of verse, and to furnish out the
 “ same portion of prose. Every boy is bound to have as
 “ good a memory as the captain of the form. To be
 “ brief, instead of adapting studies to the particu^{lar} genius
 “ of a youth, we expect from the young man, that he should
 “ adapt his genius to his studies. This, I must confess,

“ is not so much to be imputed to the instructor, as to the
 “ parent, who will never be brought to believe that his
 “ son is not capable of performing as much as his neigh-
 “ bours, and that he may not make him whatever he has
 “ a mind to.

“ If the present age is more laudable than those which
 “ have gone before it in any single particular, it is in that
 “ generous care which several well-disposed persons have
 “ taken in the education of poor children ; and as, in these
 “ charity schools, there is no place left for the overween-
 “ ing fondness of a parent, the directors of them would
 “ make them beneficial to the public, if they considered
 “ the precept which I have been thus long inculcating.
 “ They might easily, by well examining the parts of those
 “ under their inspection, make a just distribution of them
 “ into proper classes and divisions, and allot to them this
 “ or that particular study, as their genius qualifies them,
 “ for professions, trades, handicrafts, or services by sea
 “ or land.

“ How is this kind of regulation wanting in the three
 “ great professions ?

“ Dr South, complaining of persons who took upon
 “ them holy orders, though altogether unqualified for the
 “ sacred function, says somewhere, that many a man runs
 “ his head against a pulpit, who might have done his coun-
 “ try excellent service at a plough tail.

“ In like manner, many a lawyer, who makes but an
 “ indifferent figure at the bar, might have made a very
 “ elegant waterman, and have shined at the Temple-Stairs,
 “ though he can get no business in the house.

“ I have known a corn-cutter, who, with a right educa-
 “ tion, would have been an excellent physician.

“ To descend lower, are not our streets filled with saga-
 “ cious draymen, and politicians in liveries ? We have se-
 “ veral tailors of six feet high, and meet with many a
 “ broad pair of shoulders, that are thrown away upon a
 “ barber ; when perhaps, at the same time, we see a pigmy
 “ porter reeling under a burden, who might have man-
 “ aged a needle with much dexterity, or have snapped his
 “ fingers with great ease to himself, and advantage to the
 “ public.

“ The Spartans, though they acted with the spirit

“ which I am here speaking of, carried it much farther
 “ than what I propose. . Among them it was not lawful
 “ for the father himself to bring up his children after his
 “ own fancy. As soon as they were seven years old, they
 “ were all listed in several companies, and disciplined by
 “ the public. The old men were spectators of their per-
 “ formances, who often raised quarrels among them, and
 “ set them at strife with one another, that by those early
 “ discoveries they might see how their several talents lay,
 “ and, without any regard to their quality, dispose of them
 “ accordingly for the service of the commonwealth. By
 “ these means, Sparta soon became the mistress of Greece,
 “ and famous through the whole world for her civil and
 “ military discipline.

“ If you think this letter deserves a place among your
 “ speculations, I may perhaps trouble you with some other
 “ thoughts on the same subject—*I am, &c.*” X.

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**T**HE following letters, written by two very considerate  
 correspondents, both under twenty years of age, are  
 very good arguments of the necessity of taking into con-  
 sideration the many incidents which affect the education  
 of youth.

“ SIR,

“ I HAVE long expected, that in the course of your ob-  
 servations upon the several parts of human life, you  
 would one time or other fall upon a subject, which, since  
 you have not, I take the liberty to recommend to you.—  
 What I mean is, the patronage of young modest men to  
 such as are able to countenance and introduce them into  
 the world. For want of such assistances, a youth of merit  
 languishes in obscurity or poverty, when his circumstances  
 are low; and runs into riot and excess when his fortunes  
 are plentiful. I cannot make myself better understood  
 than by sending you an history of myself, which I shall  
 desire you to insert in your paper, it being the only way  
 I have of expressing my gratitude for the highest obliga-  
 tions imaginable.

“ I am the son of a merchant of the city of London,  
 who, by many losses, was reduced from a very luxuriant  
 trade and credit to very narrow circumstances, in compa-



rison to that of his former abundance. This took away the vigour of his mind, and all manner of attention to a fortune which he now thought desperate; insomuch that he died without a will, having before buried my mother in the midst of his other misfortunes. I was sixteen years of age when I lost my father; and an estate of £200 a-year came into my possession, without friend or guardian to instruct me in the management or enjoyment of it. The natural consequence of this was (though I wanted no director, and soon had fellows who found me out for a smart young gentleman, and led me into all the debaucheries of which I was capable,) that my companions and I could not well be supplied without running in debt, which I did very frankly, till I was arrested and conveyed, with a guard strong enough for the most desperate assassin, to a bailiff's house, where I lay four days surrounded with very merry, but not very agreeable company. As soon as I had extricated myself from that shameful confinement, I reflected upon it with so much horror, that I deserted all my old acquaintance, and took chambers in an inn of court, with a resolution to study the law with all possible application. But I trifled away a whole year in looking over a thousand intricacies, without a friend to apply to in any case of doubt; so that I only lived there among men, as little children are sent to school before they are capable of improvement, only to be out of harm's way. In the midst of this state of suspense, not knowing how to dispose of myself, I was sought for by a relation of mine, who, upon observing a good inclination in me, used me with great familiarity, and carried me to his seat in the country. When I came there, he introduced me to all the good company in the country; and the great obligations I have to him, for this kind notice, and residence with him ever since, has made so strong an impression upon me, that he has an authority of a father over me, founded upon the love of a brother. I have a good study of books, a good stable of horses always at my command; and though I am not quite eighteen years of age, familiar converse on his part, and a strong inclination to exert myself on mine, have had an effect upon me that makes me acceptable wherever I go. Thus, MR SPECTATOR, by this gentleman's favour and patronage, it is my own

fault if I am not wiser and richer every day I live. I speak this, as well by subscribing the initial letters of my name, to thank him, as to incite others to an imitation of his virtue. It would be a worthy work to shew what great charities are to be done without expence, and how many noble actions are lost, out of inadvertency in persons capable of performing them, if they were put in mind of it. If a gentleman of figure in a county would make his family a pattern of sobriety, good sense, and breeding, and would kindly endeavour to influence the education and growing prospects of the younger about him, I am apt to believe it would save him a great deal of stale beer on a public occasion, and render him the leader of his county from their gratitude to him, instead of being a slave to their riots and tumults in order to be made their representative. The same thing might be recommended to all who have made any progress in any parts of knowledge, or arrived at any degree in a profession: others may gain preferment and fortunes from their patrons, but I have, I hope, received from mine good habits and virtues. I repeat to you, Sir, my request to print this, in return for all the evil an helpless orphan shall ever escape, and all the good he shall receive in this life; both which are wholly owing to this gentleman's favour to, SIR,

*Your most obedient humble Servant,* S. P."

"MR SPECTATOR,

"I AM a lad of about fourteen: I find a mighty pleasure in learning. I have been at the Latin school four years. I don't know I ever played truant, or neglected any task my master set me in my life. I think on what I read in school as I go home at noon and night, and so intently, that I have often gone half a mile out of my way, not minding whither I went. Our maid tells me, she often hears me talk Latin in my sleep; and I dream two or three nights in the week I am reading Juvenal and Homer. My master seems as well pleased with my performances as any boy's in the same class. I think, if I know my own mind, I would choose rather to be a scholar, than a prince without learning. I have a very good, affectionate father; but though very rich, yet so mighty near, that he thinks much of the charges of my education. He

often tells me he believes my schooling will ruin him; that I cost him God knows what in books. I tremble to tell him I want one. I am forced to keep my pocket-money, and lay it out for a book now and then, that he don't know of. He has ordered my master to buy no more books for me, but says he will buy them himself. I asked him for Horace t'other day, and he told me in a passion, he did not believe I was fit for it, but only my master had a mind to make him think I had got a great way in my learning. I am sometimes a month behind other boys in getting the books my master gives orders for.—All the boys in the school, but I, have the classic authors *in usum delphini*, gilt and lettered on the back. My father is often reckoning how long I have been at school, and tells me he fears I do little good. My father's carriage so discourages me, that he makes me grow dull and melancholy. My master wonders what is the matter with me: I am afraid to tell him; for he is a man that loves to encourage learning, and would be apt to chide my father, and not knowing my father's temper, may make him worse. Sir, if you have any love for learning, I beg you would give me some instructions in this case, and persuade parents to encourage their children when they find them diligent and desirous of learning. I have heard some parents say, they would do any thing for their children, if they would but mind their learning: I would be glad to be in their place. Dear Sir, pardon my boldness. If you would but consider and pity my case, I will pray for your prosperity as long as I live. T.

London, March 2, 1711.

Your humble servant,

J. DISCIPULUS."

THE gentleman who obliges the world in general, and me in particular, with his thoughts upon education, has just sent me the following letter:

"SIR,

"I TAKE the liberty to send you a fourth letter upon the education of youth. In my last I gave you my thoughts about some particular tasks, which I conceived it might not be amiss to mix with their usual exercises, in order to give them an early seasoning of virtue; I shall

in this propose some others, which I fancy might contribute to give them a right turn for the world, and enable them to make their way in it.

“ The design of learning is, as I take it, either to render a man an agreeable companion to himself, and teach him to support solitude with pleasure; or, if he is not born to an estate, to supply that defect, and furnish him with the means of acquiring one. A person who applies himself to learning with the first of these views, may be said to study for ornament, as he who proposes to himself the second, properly studies for use. The one does it to raise himself a fortune, the other to set off that which he is already possessed of. But as far the greater part of mankind are included in the latter class, I shall only propose some methods at present for the service of such who expect to advance themselves in the world by their learning: in order to which I shall premise, that many more estates have been acquired by little accomplishments than by extraordinary ones; those qualities which make the greatest figure in the eye of the world, not being always the most useful in themselves, or the most advantageous to their owners.

“ The posts which require men of shining and uncommon parts to discharge them, are so very few, that many a great genius goes out of the world without ever having had an opportunity to exert itself; whereas persons of ordinary endowments meet with occasions fitted to their parts and capacities every day in the common occurrences of life.

“ I am acquainted with two persons who were formerly school-fellows, and have been good friends ever since.— One of them was not only thought an impenetrable block-head at school, but still maintained his reputation at the university; the other was the pride of his master, and the most celebrated person in the college of which he was a member. The man of genius is at present buried in a country parsonage of eight score pounds a year; while the other, with the bare abilities of a common scrivener, has got an estate of above an hundred thousand pounds.

“ I fancy, from what I have said, it will almost appear a doubtful case to many a wealthy citizen, whether or not he ought to wish his son should be a great genius. But

this I am sure of, that nothing is more absurd than to give a lad the education of one whom nature has not favoured with any particular marks of distinction.

“The fault, therefore, of our grammar schools is, that every boy is pushed on to works of genius; whereas, it would be far more advantageous for the greatest part of them to be taught such little practical arts and sciences as do not require any great share of parts to be master of them, and yet may come often into play during a man’s life.

“Such are all the parts of practical geometry. I have known a man contract a friendship with a minister of state, upon cutting a dial in his window; and remember a clergyman, who got one of the best benefices in the west of England, by setting a country gentleman’s affairs in some method, and giving him an exact survey of his estate.

“While I am upon this subject, I cannot forbear mentioning a particular which is of use in every station of life, and which, methinks, every master should teach his scholars, I mean the writing of English letters. To this end, instead of perplexing them with Latin epistles, themes, and verses, there might be a punctual correspondence established between two boys, who might act in any imaginary parts of business, or be allowed sometimes to give range to their own fancies, and communicate to each other whatever trifles they thought fit, provided neither of them ever failed at the appointed time to answer his correspondent’s letter.

“I believe I may venture to affirm, that the generality of boys would find themselves more advantaged by this custom, when they are come to be men, than by all the Greek and Latin their masters can teach them in seven or eight years.

“The want of it is very visible in many learned persons, who, while they are admiring the stiles of Demosthenes or Cicero, want phrases to express themselves on the most common occasions. I have seen a letter from one of these Latin orators, which would have been deservedly laughed at by a common attorney.

“Under this head of writing, I cannot omit accounts and short-hand, which are learned with little pains, and very properly come into the number of such arts as I have been here recommending.

"You must doubtless, Sir, observe, that I have hitherto chiefly insisted upon these things for such boys as do not appear to have any thing extraordinary in their natural talents; and, consequently, are not qualified for the finer parts of learning; yet I believe I might carry this matter still further, and venture to assert, that a lad of genius has sometimes occasion for these little acquirements, to be, as it were, the forerunners of his parts, and to introduce him into the world.

"History is full of examples of persons who, though they have had the largest abilities, have been obliged to insinuate themselves into the favour of great men by these trivial accomplishments; as the complete gentleman, in some of our modern comedies, makes the first advances to his mistress under the disguise of a painter, or a dancing-master.

"The difference is, that in a lad of genius, these are only so many accomplishments, which in another are essentials; the one diverts himself with them, the other works at them. In short, I look upon a great genius, with these little additions, in the same light as I regard the Grand Signior, who is obliged, by an express command in the Koran, to learn and practise some handicraft trade. Tho' I need not have gone for my instance further than Germany, where several Emperors have voluntarily done the same thing. Leopold the Last worked in wood; and I have heard there are several handicraft works of his making to be seen at Vienna, so neatly turned, that the best joiner in Europe might safely own them without any disgrace to his profession.

"I would not be thought, by any thing I have said, to be against improving a boy's genius to the utmost pitch it can be carried. What I would endeavour to shew in this essay is, that there may be methods taken to make learning advantageous even to the meanest capacities.

X.

*"I am, Sir, your's, &c."*

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AT my coming to London, it was some time before I could settle myself in a house to my liking. I was forced to quit my first lodgings, by reason of an officious landlady, that would be asking me every morning how I had slept. I then fell into an honest family, and lived

very happily for above a week, when my landlord, who was a jolly good-natured man, took it into his head that I wanted company, and therefore would frequently come into my chamber to keep me from being alone. This I bore for two or three days; but telling me one day that he was afraid I was melancholy, I thought it was high time for me to be gone, and accordingly took new lodgings that very night.—About a week after, I found my jolly landlord, who, as I said before, was an honest-hearted man, had put me into an advertisement of the Daily Courant, in the following words: *Whereas a melancholy man left his lodgings on Thursday last in the afternoon, and was afterwards seen going towards Islington; if any one can give notice of him to R. B., fishmonger in the Strand, he shall be very well rewarded for his pains.* As I am the best man in the world to keep my own counsel, and my landlord, the fishmonger, not knowing my name, this accident of my life was never discovered to this very day.

I am now settled with a widow woman who has a great many children, and complies with my humour in every thing. I do not remember that we have exchanged a word together these five years: my coffee comes into my chamber every morning without asking for it; if I want fire I point to my chimney, if water, to my bason: upon which my landlady nods, as much as to say she takes my meaning, and immediately obeys my signals. She has likewise modelled her family so well, that when her little boy offers to pull me by the coat, or prattle in my face, his eldest sister immediately calls him off, and bids him not disturb the gentleman. At my first entering into the family, I was troubled with the civility of their rising up to me every time I came into the room; but my landlady observing that upon these occasions I always cried *tush*, and went out again, has forbidden any such ceremony to be used in the house; so that at present I walk into the kitchen or parlour without being taken notice of, or giving any interruption to business or discourse of the family. The maid will ask her mistress (though I am by) whether the gentleman is ready to go to dinner, as the mistress (who is indeed an excellent housewife) scolds at the servants as heartily before my face as behind my back. In short, I move up and down the house, and enter into all com-

panies, with the same liberty as a cat, or any other domestic animal, and am as little suspected of telling any thing that I hear or see.

I remember last winter there were several young girls of the neighbourhood sitting about the fire with my landlady's daughters, and telling stories of spirits and apparitions. Upon my opening the door, the young women broke off their discourse; but my landlady's daughters telling them that it was nobody but the gentleman, (for that is the name which I go by in the neighbourhood as well as in the family,) they went on without minding me. I seated myself by the candle, that stood on a table at one end of the room; and pretending to read a book that I took out of my pocket, heard several dreadful stories of ghosts, as pale as ashes, that had stood at the feet of a bed, or walked over a church-yard by moon-light; and of others, that had been conjured into the Red Sea, for disturbing people's rest, and drawing their curtains at midnight; with many other old women's fables of the like nature. As one spirit raised another, I observed, that at the end of every story, the whole company closed their ranks, and crowded about the fire. I took notice in particular of a little boy, who was so attentive to every story, that I am mistaken if he ventures to go to bed by himself these twelve months. Indeed, they talked so long, that the imaginations of the whole assembly were manifestly crazed, and I am sure will be the worse for it as long as they live. I heard one of the girls, that had looked upon me over her shoulder, asking the company how long I had been in the room, and whether I did not look paler than I used to do? This put me under some apprehensions that I should be forced to explain myself if I did not retire; for which reason I took the candle in my hand, and went up into my chamber, not without wondering at this unaccountable weakness in reasonable creatures, that they should love to astonish and terrify one another. Were I a father, I should take a particular care to preserve my children from these little horrors of imagination, which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in years. I have known a soldier, that has entered a breach, affrighted at his own shadow, and look pale upon a little scratching at

his door, who the day before had marched up against a battery of cannon. There are instances of persons, who have been terrified, even to distraction, at the figure of a tree, or the shaking of a bulrush. The truth of it is, I look upon a sound imagination as the greatest blessing of life, next to a clear judgment and a good conscience. In the mean time, since there are very few whose minds are not more or less subject to these dreadful thoughts and apprehensions, we ought to arm ourselves against them by the dictates of reason and religion, *to pull the old woman out of our hearts*, and extinguish those impertinent notions which we imbibed at a time that we were not able to judge of their absurdity. Or if we believe, as many wise and good men have done, that there are such phantoms and apparitions as those I have been speaking of, let us endeavour to establish to ourselves an interest in Him, who holds the reins of the whole creation in his hand, and moderates them after such a manner, that it is impossible for one being to break loose upon another, without his knowledge and permission.

For my own part, I am apt to join in opinion with those who believe that all the regions of nature swarm with spirits, and that we have multitudes of spectators on all our actions, when we think ourselves most alone: but instead of terrifying myself with such a notion, I am wonderfully pleased to think that I am always engaged with such an innumerable society in searching out the wonders of the creation, and joining in the same concert of praise and adoration.

Milton has finely described this mixed communion of men and spirits in Paradise; and had doubtless his eye upon a verse in old Hesiod, which is almost word for word the same with his third line in the following passage:

—Nor think, though men were none,
That heav'n would want spectators, GOD want praise:
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep;
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often, from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket, have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands,

While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
 With heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds,
 In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
 Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heav'n.

C.



A FRIEND of mine has two daughters, whom I will call Lætitia and Daphne; the former is one of the greatest beauties of the age in which she lives, the latter no way remarkable for any charms in her person. Upon this one circumstance of their outward form, the good and ill of their life seems to turn. Lætitia has, not, from her very childhood, heard any thing else but commendations of her features and complexion, by which means she is no other than nature made her, a very beautiful outside. The consciousness of her charms has rendered her insupportably vain and insolent towards all who have to do with her. Daphne, who was almost twenty before one civil thing had ever been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some accomplishments to make up for the want of those attractions which she saw in her sister. Poor Daphne was seldom submitted to in a debate wherein she was concerned; her discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good sense of it, and she was always under a necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while Lætitia was listened to with partiality, and approbation sat in the countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These causes have produced suitable effects, and Lætitia is as insipid a companion as Daphne is an agreeable one. Lætitia, confident of favour, has studied no arts to please. Daphne, despairing of any inclination towards her person, has depended only on her merit. Lætitia has always something in her air that is sullen, grave, and disconsolate. Daphne has a countenance that appears cheerful, open, and unconcerned. A young gentleman saw Lætitia this winter at a play, and became her captive. His fortune was such that he wanted very little introduction to speak his sentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmost freedom into the family, where a constrained behaviour, severe looks, and distant civilities, were the highest favours he could obtain of Lætitia; while Daphne used him with the good humour, familiarity, and innocence of a sister; insomuch that he would often say to her, *Dear*

Daphne, wert thou but as handsome as Lætitia. She received such language with that ingenuous and pleasing mirth, which is natural to a woman without design. He still sighed in vain for Lætitia, but found certain relief in the agreeable conversation of Daphne. At length, heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of Lætitia, and charmed with repeated instances of good humour he had observed in Daphne, he one day told the latter, that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with. *Daphne*, continued he, *I am in love with thee, and despise thy sister sincerely.* The manner of his declaring himself gave his mistress occasion for a very hearty laughter. *Nay*, says he, *I knew you would laugh at me, but I'll ask your father.* He did so: the father received his intelligence with no less joy than surprisè, and was very glad he had now no care left but for his *beauty*, whom he thought he could carry to market at his leisure. I do not know any thing that has pleased me so much a great while, as this conquest of my friend Daphne's. All her acquaintance congratulate her upon her chance-medley, and laugh at that premeditating murderer her sister. As it is an argument of a light mind to think the worse of ourselves for the imperfections of our persons, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the advantages of them.

IN the year 1688, and on the same day of that year, were born in Cheapside, London, two females of exquisite features and shape: the one we shall call BRUNETTA, the other PHYLLIS. A close intimacy between their parents made each of them the first acquaintance the other knew in the world: They played, dressed babies, acted visitings, learned to dance, and make courtesies together. They were inseparable companions in all the little entertainments their tender years were capable of; which innocent happiness continued till the beginning of their fifteenth year, when it happened that Mrs Phyllis had a head-dress on, which became her so very well, that, instead of being beheld any more with pleasure for their amity to each other, the eyes of the neighbourhood were turned to remark them with comparison of their beauty. They now no longer enjoyed the ease of mind, and pleasing indolence, in which they were formerly happy, but all their words and

actions were misinterpreted by each other, and every excellence in their speech and behaviour was looked upon as an act of emulation to surpass the other. These beginnings of disinclination soon improved into a formality of behaviour, a general coldness, and, by natural steps, into an irreconcilable hatred.

These two rivals for the reputation of beauty, were, in their stature, countenance, and mien, so very much alike, that if you were speaking of them in their absence, the words in which you described the one must give you an idea of the other. They were hardly distinguishable, you would think, when they were apart, though extremely different when together. What made their enmity the more entertaining to all the rest of their sex was, that in detraction from each other, neither could fall upon terms which did not hit herself as much as her adversary. Their nights grew restless with meditation of new dresses to out-vie each other, and inventing new devices to recall admirers, who observed the charms of the one rather than those of the other on the last meeting. Their colours failed at each other's appearance, flushed with pleasure at the report of a disadvantage, and their countenances withered upon instances of applause. The decencies to which women are obliged, made these virgins stifle their resentment so far as not to break into open violence, while they equally suffered the torments of a regulated anger. Their mothers, as it is usual, engaged in the quarrel, and supported the several pretensions of the daughters with all that ill-chosen sort of expence which is common with people of plentiful fortunes and mean taste. The girls preceded their parents like queens of May, in all the gaudy colours imaginable, on every Sunday to church, and were exposed to the examination of the audience for superiority of beauty.

During this constant struggle, it happened that Phyllis, one day at public prayers, smote the heart of a gay West-Indian, who appeared in all the colours which can affect an eye that could not distinguish between being fine and tawdry. This American, in a summer-island suit, was too shining and too gay to be resisted by Phyllis, and too intent upon her charms to be diverted by any of the laboured attractions of Brunetta. Soon after, Brunetta had the mortification to see her rival disposed of in a wealthy mar-

riage, while she was only addressed to in a manner that shewed she was the admiration of all men, but the choice of none. Phyllis was carried to the habitation of her spouse in Barbadoes: Brunetta had the ill nature to enquire for her by every opportunity, and had the misfortune to hear of her being attended by numerous slaves, fanned into slumbers by successive bands of them, and carried from place to place in all the pomp of Barbadoes magnificence. Brunetta could not endure these repeated advices, but employed all her arts and charms in laying baits for any of condition of the same island, out of a mere ambition to confront her once more before she died. She at last succeeded in her design, and was taken to wife by a gentleman, whose estate was contiguous to that of her enemy's husband. It would be endless to enumerate the many occasions on which these irreconcilable beauties laboured to excel each other; but in process of time, it happened that a ship put into the island, consigned to a friend of Phyllis's, who had directions to give her the choice of all the goods for apparel, before Brunetta could be alarmed of their arrival. He did so, and Phyllis was dressed in a few days, in a brocade, more gorgeous than had ever appeared in that latitude. Brunetta languished at the sight, and could by no means come up to the bravery of her antagonist. She communicated her anguish of mind to a faithful friend, who, by an interest in the wife of Phyllis's merchant, procured a remnant of the same silk for Brunetta. Phyllis took pains to appear in all public places where she was sure to meet Brunetta: Brunetta was now prepared for the insult, and came to a public ball in a plain black silk mantua, attended by a beautiful negro girl in a petticoat of the same brocade with which Phyllis was attired. This drew the attention of the whole company, upon which the unhappy Phyllis swooned away, and was immediately conveyed to her house. As soon as she came to herself, she fled from her husband's house, went on board a ship in the road, and is now landed in inconsolable despair at Plymouth.

A S I was yesterday taking the air with my friend SIR ROGER, we were met by a fresh-coloured ruddy young man, who rode by us full speed, with a couple of

servants behind him. Upon my inquiry who he was, SIR ROGER told me, that he was a young gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother that lived not many miles from the place where we were. She is a very good lady, says my friend, but took so much care of her son's health, that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that reading was bad for his eyes, and writing made his head ach. He was let loose among the woods as soon as he was able to ride on horseback, or to carry a gun upon his shoulder. To be brief, I found by my friend's account of him, that he had got a great stock of health, but nothing else; and that if it were a man's business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young fellow in the whole county.

The truth of it is, since my residing in these parts, I have seen and heard innumerable instances of young heirs and elder brothers, who, either from their own reflections upon the estates they are born to, and therefore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary; or from hearing these notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their servants and domestics, or from the same foolish thoughts prevailing in those who have the care of their education, are of no manner of use but to keep up their families, and transmit their lands and houses in a line to posterity.

This makes me often think on a story I have heard of two friends, which I shall give my reader at large, under feigned names. The moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some circumstances which make it rather appear like a novel than a true story.

"EUDOXUS and LEONTINE began the world with small estates. They were both men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earliest 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 with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them.

throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interest 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 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, though 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 who 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, 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 next day; (for it seems Eudoxus was so filled with the report of his son's reputation, that he could no longer withhold 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, but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet.—He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: *I have no other way left 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 be still 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, 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' estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and received, in the du-

tiful and affectionate behaviour of Florio and Leonilla, the just recompence, as well as the natural effects of that care, which they had bestowed upon them in their education.

CONSTANTIA was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who, having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money. THEODOSIUS was the younger son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age, he became acquainted with Constantia, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distance from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and by the advantages of a good person and a pleasing conversation, made such an impression on her heart, as it was impossible for time to efface. He was himself no less smitten with Constantia. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that, in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship between Theodosius and Constantia, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of Constantia was so incensed at the father of Theodosius, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son; insomuch that he forbade him his house, and charged his daughter upon her duty never to see him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the two lovers, who he knew entertained secret hopes of some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of good fortune and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as a husband for his daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that he told Constantia it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. Constantia, who was overawed with the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing against so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which her father commended in her, as the most

decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overture of that kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached Theodosius, who, after a long tumult of passions, which naturally rise in a lover's heart on such an occasion, wrote the following letter to Constantia :

"**T**HE thought of my Constantia, which for some years has been my only happiness, is now become a greater torment to me than I am able to bear. Must I then live to see you another's ? The streams, the fields, and meadows, where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me ; life itself is become a burden. May you long be happy in the world, but forget that there was ever such a man in it as
THEODOSIUS."

This letter was conveyed to Constantia that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it ; and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messengers that came to her father's house, one after another, to inquire if they had heard any thing of Theodosius, who, it seems, had left his chamber about midnight, and could nowhere be found. The deep melancholy which had hung upon his mind some time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. Constantia, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to such extremities, was not to be comforted : she now accused herself for having so tamely given ear to the proposal of a husband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer of Theodosius : in short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father seeing himself entirely rid of Theodosius, and like to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter ; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that account to his intended son-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance rather as a marriage of convenience than of love. Constantia had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her afflictions had so entirely subjected her mind, that, after some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, she resolved to pass the remainder of

her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution, which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a sisterhood of nuns, among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent, who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and as it is usual in the Romish church for those who are under any great affliction, or trouble of mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent confessors for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated father.

We must now return to Theodosius, who, the very morning that the above-mentioned inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the city, where now Constantia resided; and desiring that secrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary occasion, he made himself one of the order, with a private vow never to inquire after Constantia, whom he looked upon as given away to his rival, upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his sanctity of life, and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom Constantia had determined to apply herself in confession, though neither she, nor any other besides the prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family.—The gay, the amiable Theodosius, had now taken upon him the name of Father Francis, and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, Constantia, kneeling by him, opened the state of her soul to him; and after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out in tears, and entered upon that part of her story in which he himself had so great a

share. My behaviour, says she, has, I fear, been the death of a man, who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me while he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me since his death. She here paused, and lifted up her eyes, that streamed with tears, towards the father, who was so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broken with sighs and sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The Father could not forbear weeping aloud, inasmuch, that in the agonies of his grief the seat shook under him. Constantia, who thought the good man was thus moved with compassion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper atonement for her sin, and the only sacrifice she could make to the memory of Theodosius. The father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again into tears, upon hearing that name to which he had been long so disused, and upon receiving this instance of an unparalleled fidelity from one, who he thought had several years since given herself up to the possession of another. Amidst the interruptions of his sorrow, seeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted—to tell her that her sins were forgiven her—that her guilt was not so great as she apprehended—that, she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above measure. After which, he recovered himself enough to give her the absolution in form, directing her, at the same time, to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious resolutions she had taken, and gave her suitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. Constantia retired, and the next morning renewed her applications. Theodosius having manned his soul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himself on this occasion in the best manner he could, to animate his penitent in the course of life she was entering upon, and wear out of her mind those groundless fears and apprehensions which had taken possession of it; concluding with a promise to her, that he would from time to

time continue his admonitions, when she should have taken upon her the holy veil. The rules of our respective orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you, but you may assure yourself, not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on cheerfully in the glorious course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a peace and satisfaction in your mind, as it is not in the power of the world to give.

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

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

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

FRANCIS."

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

The letters which the Father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the nunnery where she resided, and are often read to the young religious, in order to inspire them with good resolutions and sentiments of virtue.—It so

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

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

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

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

“ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hill of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer.—As I was here, airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream.—Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand.—As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips,

and began to play. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard; they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

‘I had been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it; but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasure of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near, with that reverence which is due to a superior nature, and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarised him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, “Mirza (said he,) I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.”

‘He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Cast thine eyes eastward, said he, and tell me what thou seest. I see, said I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou seest, said he, is the valley of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reason, said I, that the tide I see rises out of a dark mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other? What thou seest, said he, is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now, said he, this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it. I see a bridge, said I, standing in the midst of the tide. The bridge thou

seest, said he, is human life ; consider it attentively. Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches ; which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches ; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it : but tell me farther, said he, what thou discoverest on it. I see multitudes of people passing over it, said I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it ; and upon further examination perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

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

‘ I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them ; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors, which did not seem to

lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

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

‘I here fetched a deep sigh. Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect.—Look no more, said he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, (and whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees; lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the ge-

nus told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death, that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men, after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasure of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him. I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie under those dark clouds that cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me: I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

IT is owing to pride and a secret affectation of a certain self-existence, that the noblest motive for action that ever was proposed to man, is not acknowledged the glory and happiness of their being. The heart is treacherous to itself, and we do not let our reflections go deep enough to receive religion as the most honourable incentive to good and worthy actions. It is our natural weakness to flatter ourselves into a belief, that if we search into our inmost thoughts, we find ourselves wholly disinterested; and divested of any views arising from self-love and vain-glory.

But however spirits of superficial greatness may disdain, at first sight, to do any thing but from a noble impulse in themselves, without any future rewards in this or another being; upon stricter inquiry, they will find, to act worthily, and expect to be rewarded only in another world, is as heroic a pitch of virtue as human nature can arrive at. If the tenor of our actions have any other motive than the desire to be pleasing in the eye of the Deity, it will necessarily follow, that we must be more than men, if we are not too much exalted in prosperity, and depressed in adversity; but the Christian world has a Leader, the contemplation of whose life and sufferings must administer comfort in affliction, while the sense of his power and omnipotence must give them humiliation in prosperity.

It is owing to the forbidden and unlovely constraint with which men of low conceptions act, when they think they conform themselves to religion, as well as to the more odious conduct of hypocrites, that the word *Christian* does not carry with it, at first view, all that is great, worthy, friendly, generous, and heroic. The man who suspends his hopes of the reward of worthy actions till after death, who can bestow unseen, who can overlook hatred, do good to his slanderers, who can never be angry at his friend, never revengeful to his enemy, is certainly formed for the benefit of society; yet these are so far from heroic virtues, that they are but the ordinary duties of a Christian.

When a man with a steady faith looks back on the great catastrophe of this day, with what bleeding emotions of heart must he contemplate the life and sufferings of his Deliverer? When his agonies occur to him, how will he weep to reflect that he has often forgot them for the glance of a wanton, for the applause of a vain world, for an heap of fleeting past pleasures, which are at present aching sorrows!

How pleasing is the contemplation of the lowly steps our Almighty Leader took in conducting us to his heavenly mansions! In plain and apt parable, similitude, and allegory, our great Master enforced the doctrine of our salvation; but they of his acquaintance, instead of receiving what they could not oppose, were offended at the presumption of being wiser than they: they could not raise their little ideas above the consideration of him, in those circumstances familiar to them, or conceive that he, who ap-

peared not more terrible or pompous, should have any thing more exalted than themselves: He in that place, therefore, would not longer ineffectually exert a power which was incapable of conquering the prepossession of their narrow and mean conceptions.

Multitudes followed him, and brought him the dumb, the blind, the sick, and maimed: whom, when their Creator had touched with a second life, they saw, spoke, leaped, and ran. In affection to him, and admiration of his actions, the crowd could not leave him, but waited near him till they were almost as faint and helpless as others they brought for succour. He had compassion on them, and by a miracle supplied their necessities. Oh, the ecstatic entertainment, when they could behold their food immediately increase in the distributor's hand, and see their God in person, feeding and refreshing his creatures! Oh envied happiness! but why do I say envied? as if our God did not still preside over our temperate meals, cheerful hours, and innocent conversation!

But though the sacred story is every where full of miracles not inferior to this, and though, in the midst of those acts of divinity, he never gave the least hint of a design to become a secular Prince, yet had not hitherto the Apostles themselves any other than hopes of worldly power, preferment, riches, and pomp; for Peter, upon an accident of ambition among the Apostles, hearing his Master explain that his kingdom was not of this world, was so scandalized, that he, whom he had so long followed should suffer the ignominy, shame, and death, which he foretold, that he took him aside, and said, *Be it far from thee, Lord, this shall not be unto thee*: for which he suffered a severe reprehension from his Master, as having in his view the glory of man rather than of God.

The great change of things began to draw near, when the Lord of Nature thought fit, as a Saviour and Deliverer, to make his public entry into Jerusalem with more than the power and joy, but none of the ostentation and pomp of triumph: he came humble, meek, and lowly: with an unfelt, new ecstasy, multitudes strewed his way with garments and olive branches, crying with loud gladness and acclamation, *Hosannah to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!* At this

great King's accession to his throne, men were not ennobled, but saved; crimes were not remitted, but sins forgiven; he did not bestow medals, honours, favours; but health, joy, sight, speech. The first object the blind ever saw, was the Author of sight; while the lame ran before, and the dumb repeated the *Hosannah*. Thus attended, he entered into his own house, the sacred temple, and by his Divine Authority expelled traders and worldlings that profaned it; and thus did he, for a time, use a great and despotic power, to let unbelievers understand that it was not want of, but superiority to all worldly dominion, that made him not exert it. But is this then the Saviour? is this the Deliverer? shall this obscure Nazarene command Israel, and sit on the throne of David? Their proud and disdainful hearts, which were petrified with the love and pride of this world, were impregnable to the reception of so mean a benefactor, and were now enough exasperated with the benefits to conspire his death. Our Lord was so sensible of their design, and prepared his disciples for it, by recounting to them now more distinctly what should befall him: but Peter, with an ungrounded resolution, and in a flush of temper, made a sanguine protestation, That though all men were offended in him, yet would not he be offended. It was a great article of our Saviour's business in the world, to bring us to a sense of our inability, without God's assistance, to do any thing great or good; he therefore told Peter, who thought so well of his courage and fidelity, that they would both fail him, and even he should deny him thrice that very night.

But what heart can conceive, what tongue can utter the sequel? Who is that yonder, buffeted, mocked, and spurned? Whom do they drag like a felon? Whither do they carry my Lord, my King, my Saviour, and my God? And will he die to expiate those very injuries? See where they have nailed the Lord and Giver of life! How his wounds blacken, his body writhes, and heart heaves with pity and with agony. O Almighty Sufferer! look down, look down from thy triumphant infancy. Lo, he inclines his head to his sacred bosom! Hark, he groans! see, he expires! The earth trembles, the temple rends, the rocks burst, the dead arise: which are the quick? which are the dead? Sure Nature, all Nature is departing with her Creator.

FROM THE ADVENTURER.

TO THE AUTHOR.

SIR,

I WILL not anticipate the subject of this letter by relating the motives from which I have written it; nor shall I expect it to be published, if, when you have read it, you do not think that it contains more than one topic of instruction.

My mother has been dead so long that I do not remember her; and when I was in my eighteenth year, I was left an orphan, with a fortune of twenty thousand pounds at my own disposal. I have often been told that I am handsome; and I have some reasons to believe it to be true, which are very far from gratifying my vanity or conferring happiness.

I was soon addressed by many lovers, from among whom I selected Hilario, the elder brother of a good family, whose paternal estate was something more than equivalent to my fortune.

Hilario was universally admired as a man of sense; and to confess the truth, not much less as a man of pleasure. His character appeared to rise in proportion as it was thought to endanger those about him: he derived new dignity, not only from the silence of the men, but the blushes of the ladies; and those whose wit or virtue did not suffer by the admission of such a guest, were honoured as persons who could treat upon equal terms with a hero, who was become formidable by the number of his conquests. His company, therefore, was courted by all whom their fears did not restrain; the rest considered him as moving in a sphere above them, and in proportion as they were able to imitate him, they became vicious and petulant in their own circle.

I was myself captivated with his manner and conversation: I hoped, that upon understanding I should be able to ingraft virtue; I was rather encouraged than cautioned by my friends, and after a few months courtship, I became his wife.

During a short time all my expectations were gratified,

and I exulted in my choice. Hilario was at once tender and polite ; present pleasures were heightened by the anticipation of future ; my imagination was perpetually wandering among the scenes of poetry and romance : I appropriated every luxurious description of happy lovers ; and believed, that whatever time should take from desire, would be added to complacency ; and that in old age we should only exchange the tumultuous ecstacy of love, for the calm, rational, and exalted delights of friendship, which every year would increase by new reciprocations of kindness, more tried fidelity, and implicit confidence.

But from this pleasing dream it was not long before I awaked. Although it was the whole study of my life to unite my pleasures with those of Hilario, to regulate my conduct by his will, and thus prolong the felicity which was reflected from his bosom to mine ; yet his visits abroad, in which I was not a party, became more frequent, and his general behaviour less kind. I perceived, that when we were alone, his mind was often absent, and that my prattle became irksome ; my assiduities to recover his attention and excite him to cheerfulness, were sometimes suffered with a cold civility, sometimes neglected, and sometimes peevishly repressed as ill-timed officiousness, by which he was rather disturbed than obliged. - I was, indeed, at length convinced, with whatever reluctance, that neither my person nor my mind had any charm that could stand in competition with variety ; and though, as I remember, I never even with my looks upbraided him, yet I frequently lamented myself, and spent those hours in which I was forsaken by Hilario in solitude and tears.

But my distress still increased, and one injury made way for another. Hilario, almost as soon as he ceased to be kind, became jealous : he knew that disappointed wishes and the resentment which they produce, concur to render beauty less solicitous to avoid temptation, and less able to resist it ; and as I did not complain of that which he knew I could not but discover, he thought he had greater reason to suspect that I made reprisals ! Thus his sagacity multiplied his vices, and my virtue defeated its own purpose.

Some maxims, however, which I had gathered from novels and plays, were still uppermost in my mind. I reflected often upon the arts of Amanda, and the per-

severing tenderness and discretion of Lady Easy; and I believed, as I had been taught by the sequel of every story, that they could not be practised without success, but against sordid stupidity and obdurate ill-nature; against the *Brutes* and the *Sullens*, whom, on the contrary, it was scarce a crime to punish, by admitting a rake of parts to pleasures of which they were unworthy.

From such maxims, and such examples, I therefore derived some hope. I wished earnestly to detect Hilario in his infidelity; that in the moment of conviction I might rouse his sensibility of my wrongs, and exalt his opinion of my merit: that I might cover him with confusion, melt him with tenderness, and double his obligations by generosity.

The opportunity for which I had so often wished, but never dared to hope, at length arrived. I learned by accident one morning, that he intended to go in the evening to a masquerade; and I immediately conceived a design to discover his dress, and follow him to the theatre; to single him out, make some advances, and, if possible, bring on an assignation, where, in the ardour of his first address, I might strike him with astonishment, by taking off my mask, reprove him without reproach, and forgive him without parade, mingling with the soft distress of violated affection, the calm dignity of injured virtue.

My imagination was fired with these images, which I was impatient to realize. My pride, which had hitherto sustained me above complaint, and thrown a veil of cheerfulness over my distress, would not suffer me to employ an assistant in the project I had undertaken; because this could not be done without revealing my suspicions, and confiding my peace to the breast of another, by whose malice or caprice it might be destroyed, and to whom I should therefore be brought into the most slavish subjection, without insuring the secrecy of which my dependence would be the price. I therefore resolved, at whatever risk of disappointment or detection, to trace him to the warehouse where his habit was to be hired, and discover that which he should choose myself.

He had ordered his chariot at eleven; I therefore wrapped myself up in an undress, and sat alone in my room till I saw him drive from the door. I then came down, and as soon as he had turned into St James's Street, which

was not more than twenty yards, I went after him, and meeting with a hackney coach at the end of the street, I got hastily into it, and ordered the driver to follow the chariot at some distance, and to stop when it stopped.

I pulled up both the windows; and, after half an hour spent in the most tormenting suspense and anxiety, I stopped at the end of Tavistock-Street. I looked hastily out of the window, hiding my face with my handkerchief, and saw Hilario alight at the distance of about forty yards, and go into a warehouse of which I could easily distinguish the sign. I waited till he came out, and as soon as the chariot was out of sight, I discharged the coach, and going immediately to the warehouse that Hilario had left, I pretended to want a habit for myself. I saw many lying upon the counter, which I supposed had been brought out for Hilario's choice; about these, therefore, I was very inquisitive, and took particular notice of a very rich Turkish dress, which one of the servants took up to put away. When I saw he was about to remove it, I asked hastily, whether it was hired, and learned with unspeakable satisfaction, that it had been chosen by the gentleman who was just gone. Thus far I succeeded to the utmost of my hopes, not only by discovering Hilario's dress, but by his choice of one so very remarkable! for if he had chosen a domino, my scheme would have been rendered impracticable, because in a domino I could not certainly have distinguished him from others.

As I had now gained the intelligence I wanted, I was impatient to leave the shop; which it was not difficult to do, as it was just filled with ladies from two coaches, and the people were in a hurry to accommodate them. My dress did not attract much notice, nor promise much advantage; I was, therefore, willingly suffered to depart, upon slightly leaving word that I would call again.

When I got into the street, I considered that it would not have been prudent to have hired a habit, where Hilario would either come to dress, or send for that which he had hired for himself; I therefore took another coach at the end of Southampton Street, and went to a shop near the Hay-market, where I had before purchased a capuchin and some other trifles, and where I knew habits were to be hired, tho' not in so public a manner as at other places.

I now returned home ; and such was the joy and expectation which my success inspired, that I had forgot I had succeeded only in an attempt for which I could find neither motive nor apology but in my wretchedness.

During the interval between my return and the time when the doors of the theatre were to be opened, I suffered the utmost inquietude and impatience. I looked every moment at my watch, could scarce believe that it did not by some accident go too slow, and was continually listening to discover whether it had not stopped : but the lingering hour at length arrived ; and though I was among the first that entered, yet it was not long before I singled out my victim, and found means to attract his regard.

I had, when I was at school, learned a way of expressing the alphabet with my fingers, which I have since discovered to be more generally known than at that time I imagined. Hilario, during his courtship, had once observed me using it to a lady who had been my school-fellow, and would never let me rest till I had taught it him. In this manner I saw my Turk conversing with a nun, from whom he suddenly turned with an appearance of vexation and disappointment. I thought this a favourable opportunity to accost him ; and therefore, as he passed by me, I pulled him gently by the sleeve, and spelt with my fingers the words "I understand." At first I was afraid of being discovered by shewing my art ; but I reflected, that it would effectually secure me from being discovered by my voice, which I considered as the more formidable danger. I perceived that he was greatly pleased ; and after a very short conversation, which he seemed to make a point of continuing in the manner I had begun, an assignation was made, in consequence of which we proceeded in chairs to a bagnio near Covent-Garden. During this journey my mind was in great agitation ; and it is difficult to say whether pleasure or pain was most predominant. I did not, however, fail to anticipate my triumph in the confusion of Hilario : I conceived the manner and the terms in which I would address him, and exulted in the superiority which I should acquire by this opposition of his character to mine.

He was ready to receive me when my chair was brought into the entry, and giving me his hand, led me hastily up stairs. As soon as we entered the room, he shut the door,

and taking off his mask, ran to me with the utmost impatience to take off mine. This was the important moment. But at this moment I discovered, with inexpressible astonishment and terror, that the person with whom I was to be alone in a brothel, was not Hilario, but Caprinus, a wretch, whom I well remembered to have seen among the rakes that he frequently brought to his table.

At this sight, so unexpected and so dreadful, I shrieked aloud, and threw myself from him into an easy chair that stood by the bedside. Caprinus, probably believing I had fainted, hastily tore away my mask to give me air. At the first view of my face, he started back, and gazed at me with the same wonder that had fixed my eyes upon him. But our amazement was the next moment increased: for Hilario, who had succeeded in his intrigue with whatever lady happened to be in the next room, and either alarmed by the voice of distress, or knowing it to be mine, rushed in at the door which flew open before him: but, at the next step, stood fixed in the same stupor of astonishment which had seized us. After a moment's recollection he came up to me, and dragging me to the candle, gazed stedfastly in my face with a look so frightful as never to be forgotten; it was the pale countenance of rage, which contempt had distorted with a smile: his lips quivered, and he told me in a voice scarce articulate, that 'though I might well be frightened at having stumbled upon an acquaintance whom I doubted whether I could trust, yet I should not have screamed so loud.' After this insult, he quitted me with as much negligence as he could assume; and bowing obsequiously to Caprinus, told him, 'he would leave me to his care.' Caprinus had not sufficient presence of mind to reply; nor had I power to make any attempt, either to pacify or retain Hilario.

When he was gone, I burst into tears, but was still unable to speak. From this agony Caprinus laboured to relieve me; and I began to hope, that he sincerely participated my distress: Caprinus, however, soon appeared to be chiefly solicitous to improve what, with respect to himself, he began to think a fortunate mistake. He had no conception, that I intended an assignation with my husband; but believed, like Hilario, that I had mistaken the person for whom my favours were intended: while he lamented

my distress and disappointment, therefore, he pressed my hand with great ardour, wished that he had been thought worthy of my confidence and my love; and to facilitate his design upon the wife of his friend, declared himself a man of honour, and that he would maintain the character at the hazard of his life.

To such an address, in such circumstances, what could I reply? Grief had disarmed my resentment, and the pride of suspected virtue had forsaken me. I expressed myself, not in reproaches, but complaints, and abruptly disengaged myself from him. I adjured him to tell me, how he had procured his habit, and whether it had not been hired by Hilario. He seemed to be struck with the question, and the manner in which I urged it: 'I hired it (said he) myself, at a warehouse in Tavistock-street; but when I came to demand it, I was told it had been the subject of much confusion and dispute. When I made my agreement, the master was absent, and the servant neglecting to acquaint him of it at his return, he afterwards, in the absence of the servant, made the same agreement with another, but I know not with whom; and it was with great difficulty that he was brought to relinquish his claim after he had been convinced of the mistake.'

I now clearly discovered the snare in which I had been taken, and could only lament that it was impossible to escape. Whether Caprinus began to conceive my design, or whether he was indeed touched at my distress, which all his attempts to alleviate increased, I know not; but he desisted from further protestations and importunity, at my earnest request procured me a chair, and left me to my fortune.

I now reflected, with inconceivable anguish, upon the change which a few hours had made in my condition. I had left my house in the height of expectation, that in a few hours I should add to the dignity of an unstained reputation, the felicity of conjugal endearments. I returned disappointed and degraded; detected in all the circumstances of guilt, to which I had not approached even in thought, having justified the jealousy which I sought to remove, and forfeited the esteem which I hoped to improve to veneration. With these thoughts I once more entered my dressing-room, which was on the same floor with my chamber, and less than half an hour I heard Hilario come in.

He went immediately to his chamber, and being told that I was in the next room, he locked the door, but did not go to bed, for I could hear him walk backward and forward all the night.

Early in the morning I sent a sealed billet to him by his valet, for I had not made a confidante even of my woman. It contained only a pressing intreaty to be heard, and a solemn asseveration of my innocence, which I hoped it would not be impossible to prove. He sent me a verbal answer, that I might come to him; to him, therefore, I went, not as a judge, but a criminal; not to accuse him whom I knew to be guilty, but to justify myself whom I knew to be innocent; and at this moment, I would have given the world to have been restored to that state which the day before I thought intolerable.

I found him in great agitation; which yet he laboured to conceal. I, therefore, hastened to relate my project, the motive from which it was undertaken, and the means by which it had been disappointed. He heard me with calmness and attention, till I related the particular of the habit; this threw him into a new fit of jealousy, and starting from his seat, "What, said he, "have you paid for "this intelligence? Of whom could you learn it, but the "wretch with whom I left you? Did he not, when he "found you were disappointed of another, solicit for him- "self?" Here he paused for my reply; and as I could not deny the fact, I was silent; my inviolable regard for truth was mistaken for the confusion of guilt, and equally prevented my justification. His passion returned with yet greater violence. "I know," said he, "that Cap- "rinus related this incident, only that you might be en- "abled to impose upon my credulity, and that he might "obtain a participation of the favours which you lavished "upon others; but I am not thus to be deceived by the "concurrence of accident with cunning, nor reconciled "to the infamy which you have brought upon my name." With this injurious reproach he would have left me; but I caught hold of him, and intreated that he would go with me to the warehouse, where the testimony of persons, wholly disinterested, might convince him that I was there immediately after him, and inquired which dress he had chosen. To this request he replied, by asking me in a

peremptory tone, "Whether Caprinus had not told me where the habits were hired?" As I was struck with the suddenness and the design of the question, I had not the fortitude to confess a truth which yet I disdained to deny. Hilario again triumphed in the successful detection of my artifices; and told me with a sneer of insupportable contempt and derision, that "he who had so kindly directed me to find my witnesses, was too able a solicitor not to acquaint them what testimony they were to give."

Expostulation was now at an end, and I disdained to intreat any mercy under the imputation of guilt. All that remained, therefore, was still to hide my wretchedness in my bosom; and, if possible, preserve that character abroad which I had lost at home, but this I soon found to be a vain attempt: it was immediately whispered, as a secret, that 'Hilario, who had long suspected me of a criminal correspondence, had at length traced me from the masquerade to a bagnio, and surprised me with a fellow.' It was in vain for me to attempt the recovery of my character, by giving another turn to this report, for the principal facts I could not deny; and those who appeared to be most my friends, after they had attended to what they called nice distinctions and minute circumstances, could only say that it was a dark affair, and they hoped I was not so guilty as was generally believed. I was avoided by my female acquaintance as infamous: if I went abroad I was pointed out with a whisper, and a nod; and if I stayed at home, I saw no face but my servants. Those whose levity I had silently censured, by declining to practise it, now revenged themselves of the virtue by which they were condemned, and thanked God they had never yet picked up fellows, though they were not so squeamish as to refuse going to a ball. But this was not the worst: every libertine, whose fortune authorised the insolence, was now making me offers of protection in nameless scrawls, and feared not to solicit me to adultery; they dared to hope I would accept their proposal, by directing to A. B., who declares, like Caprinus, that he is a man of honour, and will not scruple to run my husband through the body, who now, indeed, thought himself entitled to treat me with every species of cruelty but blows, at the same time that his house was a perpetual scene of lewdness and debauchery.

Reiterated provocation and insult soon became intolerable : I therefore applied to a distant relation, who so far interested himself in my behalf as to obtain me a separate maintenance, with which I retired into the country, and in this world have no hope but to perpetuate my obscurity.

In this obscurity, however, your paper is known ; and I have communicated an adventure to the *Adventurer*, not merely to indulge complaint, or gratify curiosity, but because I think it confirms some principles which you have before illustrated.

Those who doubt of a future retribution, may reflect, that I have been involved in all the miseries of guilt, except the reproach of conscience and the fear of hell, by an attempt which was intended to reclaim another from vice, and obtain the reward of my own virtue.

My example may deter others from venturing to the verge of rectitude, and assuming the appearance of evil. On the other hand, those who judge of mere appearances without charity, may remark, that no conduct was ever condemned with less shew of injurious severity, nor yet with less justice than mine. Whether my narrative will be believed, indeed I cannot determine ; but where innocence is possible, it is dangerous to impute guilt, because *with whatsoever judgment men judge they shall be judged* ; a truth which, if it was remembered and believed by all who profess to receive it upon divine authority, would impose silence upon the censorious, and extort candour from the selfish. And I hope that the ladies, who read my story, will never hear but with indignation, that the understanding of a libertine is a pledge of reformation ; for his life cannot be known without abhorrence, nor shared without ruin.

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

DESDEMONA.

FLAVILLA, just as she had entered her fourteenth year, was left an orphan to the care of her mother, in such circumstances as disappointed all the hopes which her education had encouraged. Her father, who lived in great elegance upon the salary of a place at court, died suddenly, without having made any provision for his family, except an annuity of one hundred pounds, which he had purchased for his wife with part of her marriage por-

tion; nor was he possessed of any property except the furniture of a large house in one of the new squares, an equipage, a few jewels, and some plate.

The greater part of the furniture and the equipage were sold to pay his debts; the jewels, which were not of great value, and some useful pieces of the plate, were reserved, and Flavilla removed with her mother into lodgings.

But not withstanding this change in their circumstances, they did not immediately lose their rank. They were still visited by a numerous and polite acquaintance; and though some gratified their pride by assuming an appearance of pity, and rather insulted than alleviated their distress, by the whine of condolence, and a minute comparison of what they had lost with what they possessed; yet from others they were continually receiving presents, which still enabled them to live with a genteel frugality; they were still considered as people of fashion, and treated by those of a lower class with distant respect.

Flavilla thus continued to move in a sphere to which she had no claim: she was perpetually surrounded with elegance and splendour, which the caprice of others, like the rod of an enchanter, could dissipate in a moment, and leave her to regret the loss of enjoyments, which she could neither hope to obtain nor cease to desire. Of this, however, Flavilla had no dread. She was remarkably tall for her age, and was celebrated, not only for her beauty, but her wit: these qualifications she considered, not only as securing whatever she enjoyed by the favour of others, but as a pledge of possessing them in her own right by an advantageous marriage. Thus the vision that danced before her, derived stability from the very vanity which it flattered; and she had as little apprehension of distress, as diffidence of her own power to please.

There was a fashionable levity in her carriage and discourse, which her mother, who knew the danger of her situation, laboured to restrain, sometimes with anger, and sometimes with tears, but always without success. Flavilla was ever ready to answer, that she neither did nor said any thing of which she had reason to be ashamed; and therefore did not know why she should be restrained, except in mere courtesy to Envy, whom it was an honour to provoke; or to Slander, whom it was a disgrace to fear.

In proportion as Flavilla was more flattered and caressed, the influence of her mother became less ; and though she always treated her with respect, from a point of good breeding, yet she secretly despised her maxims, and applauded her own conduct.

Flavilla, at eighteen, was a celebrated toast ; and among other gay visitants who frequented her tea-table was Clodio, a young baronet, who had just taken possession of his title and estate. There were many particulars in Clodio's behaviour, which encouraged Flavilla to hope that she should obtain him for a husband ; but she suffered his assiduities with such apparent pleasure, and his familiarities with so little reserve, that he soon ventured to disclose his intention, and make her what he thought a very genteel proposal of another kind : but whatever were the artifices with which it was introduced, or the terms in which it was made, Flavilla rejected it with the utmost indignation and disdain. Clodio, who, notwithstanding his youth, had long known and often practised the arts of seduction, gave way to the storm, threw himself at her feet, imputed his offence to the frenzy of his passion, flattered her pride by the most abject submission and extravagant praise, intreated her pardon, aggravated his crime, but made no mention of atonement by marriage. This particular, which Flavilla did not fail to remark, ought to have determined her to admit him no more ; but her vanity and her ambition were still predominant, she still hoped to succeed in her project. Clodio's offence was tacitly forgiven, his visits were permitted, his familiarities were again suffered, and his hopes revived. He had long entertained an opinion that she loved him, in which, however, it is probable that his own vanity and her indiscretion concurred to deceive him ; but this opinion, tho' it implied the strongest obligation to treat her with generosity and tenderness, only determined him again to attempt her ruin, as it encouraged him with a probability of success. Having therefore resolved to obtain her as a mistress, or at once to give her up, he thought he had little more to do than to convince her that he had taken such a resolution, justify it by some plausible sophistry, and give her some time to deliberate upon a final determination. With this view he went a short journey into the country ; having put a letter into her hand at parting, in which he acquainted

her, "That he had often reflected with inexpressible
 "regret upon her resentment of his conduct in a late
 "instance; but that the delicacy and the ardour of
 "his affection were insuperable obstacles to his marriage: that where there was no liberty, there could
 "be no happiness; that he should become indifferent to
 "the endearments of love, when they could no longer be
 "distinguished from the officiousness of duty; that while
 "they were happy in the possession of each other, it
 "would be absurd to suppose they would part; and that
 "if this happiness should cease, it would not only insure,
 "but aggravate their misery to be inseparably united;
 "that this event was less probable, in proportion as their
 "cohabitation was voluntary, but that he would make
 "such provision for her upon the contingency, as a wife
 "would expect upon his death. He conjured her not to
 "determine under the influence of prejudice and custom,
 "but according to the laws of reason and nature. After
 "mature deliberation," said he, "remember that the
 "whole value of my life depends upon your will. I do
 "not request an explicit consent, with whatever transport
 "I might behold the lovely confusion which it might
 "produce. I shall attend you in a few days, with the
 "anxiety, though not with the guilt of a criminal,
 "who waits for the decision of his judge. If my visit is
 "admitted, we will never part: if it is rejected, I can
 "see you no more."

Flavilla had too much understanding, as well as virtue, to deliberate a moment upon this proposal. She gave immediate orders that Clodio should be admitted no more. But his letter was a temptation to gratify her vanity, which she could not resist: she shewed it first to her mother, and then to the whole circle of her female acquaintance, with all the exultation of a hero who exposes a vanquished enemy at the wheels of his chariot in a triumph: she considered it an indisputable evidence of her virtue, a reproof of all who had dared to censure the levity of her conduct, and a licence to continue it without apology or restraint.

It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, was seen in one of the boxes at the Play-house by Mercator, a young gentleman who had just returned from his first voyage as captain of a large ship in the Levant trade,

which had been purchased for him by his father, whose fortune enabled him to make a genteel provision for five sons, of whom Mercator was the youngest, and who expected to share his estate, which was personal, in equal proportions at his death.

Mercator was captivated with her beauty, but discouraged by the splendour of her appearance, and the rank of her company. He was urged rather by curiosity than hope to enquire who she was; and he soon gained such a knowledge of her circumstances, as relieved him from despair.

As he knew not how to get admission to her company, and had no design upon her virtue, he wrote in the first ardour of his passion to her mother; giving a faithful account of his fortune and dependence, and intreating that he might be permitted to visit Flavilla as a candidate for her affection. The old lady, after having made some inquiries, by which the account that Mercator had given her was confirmed, sent him an invitation, and received his first visit alone. She told him, that as Flavilla had no fortune, and as a considerable part of his own was dependent upon his father's will, it would be extremely imprudent to endanger the disappointment of his expectations, by a marriage which would make it more necessary that they should be fulfilled; that he ought therefore to obtain his father's consent, before any other step was taken, lest he should be embarrassed by engagements which young persons almost insensibly contract, whose complacency in each other is continually gaining strength by frequent visits and conversation. To this counsel, so salutary and perplexing, Mercator was hesitating what to reply, when Flavilla came in, an accident which he was now only solicitous to improve. Flavilla was not displeased either with his person or his address; the frankness and gaiety of her disposition soon made him forget that he was a stranger; a conversation commenced, during which they became yet more pleased with each other; and having thus surmounted the difficulty of a first visit, he thought no more of the old lady, as he believed her auspices were not necessary to his success.

His visits were often repeated, and he became every hour more impatient of delay; he pressed his suit with that contagious ardour which is caught at every glance, and

produces the consent which it solicits. At the same time, indeed, a thought of his father would intervene, but being determined to gratify his wishes at all events, he concluded with a sagacity almost universal on these occasions, that of two evils, to marry without his consent was less than to marry against it; and one evening, after the lovers had spent the afternoon by themselves, they went out in a kind of frolic, which Mercator had proposed in the vehemence of his passion, and to which Flavilla had consented in the giddiness of her indiscretion, and were married at May fair. In the first interval of recollection after this precipitate step, Mercator considered, that he ought to be the first who acquainted his father of the new alliance which had been made in his family; but as he had not fortitude enough to do it in person, he expressed it in the best terms he could conceive by a letter; and after such an apology for his conduct as he had been used to make to himself, he requested he might be permitted to present his wife for the paternal benediction, which alone was wanting to complete his felicity.

The old gentleman, whose character I cannot better express than in the fashionable phrase which has been contrived to palliate false principles and dissolute manners, had been a gay man, and was well acquainted with the town. He had often heard Flavilla toasted by rakes of quality, and often seen her at public places. Her beauty and her dependence, the gaiety of her dress, the multitude of her admirers, the levity of her conduct, and all the circumstances of her situation, had concurred to render her character suspected; and he was disposed to judge of it with yet less charity, when she had offended him by marrying his son, whom he considered as disgraced, and impoverished, and whose misfortune, as it was irretrievable, he resolved not to alleviate, but increase: a resolution by which fathers, who have foolish and disobedient sons, usually display their own kindness and wisdom. As soon as he read Mercator's letter, he cursed him for a fool, who had been gulled by the artifices of a strumpet, to screen her from public infamy, by fathering her children, and secure her from a prison by appropriating her debts. In an answer to his letter, which he wrote only to gratify his resentment, he told him "that if he had taken Flavil-

“la into keeping, he would have overlooked it; and if her
 “extravagance had distressed him, he would have satisfi-
 “ed his creditors; but that his marriage was not to be
 “forgiven; that he should never have another shilling
 “of his money; and that he was determined to see him
 “no more.” Mercator, who was more provoked at
 this outrage than grieved at his loss, disdained to reply;
 and believing that he had now most reason to be offended,
 could not be persuaded to solicit a reconciliation.

He hired a genteel apartment for his wife of an upholsterer, who, with a view to let lodgings, had taken and furnished a large house near Leicesterfields, and in about two months left her, to make another voyage.

He had received visits of congratulation from her numerous acquaintance, and had returned them, as a pledge of his desire that they should be repeated. But a remembrance of the gay multitude which, while he was at home, had flattered his vanity, as soon as he was absent alarmed his suspicion. He had indeed no particular cause of jealousy; but his anxiety arose merely from a sense of the temptation to which she was exposed, and the impossibility of his superintending her conduct.

In the mean time, Flavilla continued to flutter round the same giddy circle in which she had shone so long; the number of her visitants was rather increased than diminished; the gentlemen attended with yet greater assiduity, and she continued to encourage their civilities by the same indiscreet familiarity. She was one night at the masquerade, and another at an opera; sometimes at a rout, and sometimes rambling with a party of pleasure in short excursions from town; she came home sometimes at midnight, sometimes in the morning, and sometimes she was absent several nights together.

This conduct was the cause of much speculation and uneasiness to the good man and woman of the house. At first, they suspected that Flavilla was no better than a woman of pleasure; and that the person who had hired the lodging for her as his wife, and had disappeared upon pretence of a voyage to sea, had been employed to impose upon them, by concealing her character, in order to obtain such accommodation for her as she could not so easily have procured if it had been known: but as these suspicions

made them watchful and inquisitive, they soon discovered, that many ladies by whom she was visited were of good character and fashion. Her conduct, however, supposing her to be a wife, was still inexcusable, and still endangered their credit and subsistence : hints were often dropped by the neighbours to the disadvantage of her character ; and an elderly maiden lady, who lodged in the second floor, had given warning : the family was disturbed at all hours of the night, and the door was crowded all day with messengers and visitants to Flavilla.

One day, therefore, the good woman took an opportunity to remonstrate, though in the most distant and respectful terms, and, with the utmost diffidence and caution, she told Flavilla, " that she was a fine young lady, that her husband was abroad, that she kept a great deal of company, and that the world was censorious : she wished that less occasion for scandal was given, and hoped to be excused the liberty she had taken, as she might be ruined by those slanders, which could have no influence upon the great, and which therefore they were not solicitous to avoid." This address, however ambiguous, and however gentle, was easily understood, and fiercely resented. Flavilla, proud of her virtue, and impatient of controul, would have despised the counsel of a philosopher, if it had implied an impeachment of her conduct ; before a person so much her inferior, therefore, she was under no restraint ; she answered with a mixture of contempt and indignation, " That those only who did not know her, would dare to take any liberty with her character ; and warned her to propagate no scandalous report at her peril." Flavilla immediately rose from her seat, and the woman departed without a reply, tho' she was scarce less offended than her lodger, and from that moment she determined, when Mercator returned, to give him warning.

Mercator's voyage was prosperous, and after an absence of about ten months he came back. The woman, to whom her husband left the whole management of the lodgings, and who persisted in her purpose, soon found an opportunity to put it in execution. Mercator, as his part of the contract had been punctually fulfilled, thought he had some cause to be offended, and insisted to know her

reasons for compelling him to leave her house. These his hostess, who was indeed a friendly woman, was very unwilling to give; and as he perceived that she evaded his question, he became more solicitous to obtain an answer. After much hesitation, which perhaps had a worse effect than any tale which malice could have invented, she told him, that Madam kept a great deal of company, and often stayed out very late; that she had been always used to quiet and regularity, and was determined to let her apartment to some person in a more private station.

At this account Mercator changed countenance; for he inferred from it just as much more than truth, as he believed it to be less. After some moments of suspense, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him, with an emotion which convinced her that she had already said too much. She then assured him that he had no reason to be alarmed; for that she had no exception to his lady, but those gaieties which her station and the fashion sufficiently authorised. Mercator's suspicions, however, were not wholly removed; and he began to think he had found a confidante whom it would be his interest to trust: he, therefore, in the folly of his jealousy, confessed that he had some doubts concerning his wife, which it was of the utmost importance to his honour and his peace to resolve: he intreated that he might continue in the apartment another year; that as he should again leave the kingdom in a short time, she would suffer no incident which might confirm either his hopes or his fears to escape her notice in his absence; and that at his return she would give such an account as would at least deliver him from the torment of suspense, and determine his future conduct.

There is no sophistry more general, than that by which we justify a busy and scrupulous inquiry after secrets, which to discover is to be wretched without hope of redress; and no service to which others are so easily engaged as to assist in the search. To communicate suspicions of matrimonial infidelity, especially to a husband, is, by a strange mixture of folly and malignity, deemed not only an act of justice but of friendship, though it is too late to prevent an evil which, whatever be its guilt, can diffuse wretchedness only in proportion as it is known. It is no wonder, therefore, that the general

kindness of Mercator's confidante was on this occasion overborne: she was flattered by the trust that had been placed in her, and the power with which she was invested; she consented to Mercator's proposal, and promised that she would, with the utmost fidelity, execute her commission.

Mercator, however, concealed his suspicions from his wife; and, indeed, in her presence, they were forgotten. Her manner of life he began seriously to disapprove; but being well acquainted with her temper, in which great sweetness was blended with a high spirit, he would not embitter the pleasure of a short stay by altercation, chiding, and tears; but when her mind was melted into tenderness at his departure, he clasped her in an ecstasy of fondness to his bosom, and intreated her to behave with reserve and circumspection; "because," said he, "I know that my father keeps a watchful eye upon your conduct, which may, therefore, confirm or remove his displeasure, and either intercept or bestow such an increase of my fortune as will prevent the pangs of separation, which must otherwise so often return, and in a short time unite us to part no more." To this caution she had then no power to reply; and they parted with mutual protestations of unalterable love.

Flavilla, soon after she was thus left in a kind of widowhood a second time, found herself with child; and, within somewhat less than eight months after Mercator's return from his first voyage, she happened to stumble as she was going up stairs, and being immediately taken ill, was brought to bed before the next morning. The child, though its birth had been precipitated more than a month, was not remarkably small, nor had any infirmity which endangered its life.

It was now necessary that the vigils of whist, and the tumults of balls and visits, should, for a while, be suspended; and in this interval of languor and retirement, Flavilla first became thoughtful. She often reflected upon Mercator's caution when they last parted, which had made an indelible impression upon her mind, though it had produced no alteration in her conduct; notwithstanding the manner in which it was expressed, and the reason upon which it was founded, she began to fear that it

might have been secretly prompted by jealousy. The birth, therefore, of her first child in his absence, at a time when, if it had not been premature, it could not possibly have been his, was an accident which greatly alarmed her; but there was yet another, for which it was still less in her power to account, and which therefore alarmed her still more.

It happened that some civilities which she received from a lady who sat next her at an opera, and whom she had never seen before, introduced a conversation which so much delighted her, that she gave her a pressing invitation to visit her. This invitation was accepted, and in a few days the visit was paid. Flavilla was not less pleased at the second interview than she had been at the first; and without making any other inquiry concerning the lady than where she lived, took the first opportunity to wait on her. The apartment in which she was received was the ground floor of an elegant house, at a small distance from St James's. It happened that Flavilla was placed near the window; and a party of the horse guards riding through the street, she expected to see some of the royal family, and hastily threw up the sash. A gentleman who was passing by at the same instant, turned about at the noise of the window, and Flavilla no sooner saw his face than she knew him to be the father of Mercator. After looking first stedfastly at her, and then glancing his eye at the lady whom she was visiting, he affected a contemptuous sneer, and went on. Flavilla, who had been thrown into some confusion by the sudden and unexpected sight of a person, who she knew considered her as the disgrace of his family and the ruin of his child, now changed countenance, and hastily retired to another part of the room. She was both touched with grief and anger at the silent insult, of which, however, she did not then suspect the cause. It is indeed probable that the father of Mercator would nowhere have looked upon her with complacency; but as soon as he saw her companion, he recollected that she was the favourite mistress of an old courtier, and that this was the house in which he kept her in great splendour, though she had been by turns a prostitute to many others. It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, discovered the character of her new acquaintance;

and never remembered by whom she had been seen in her company, without the utmost regret and apprehension.

She now resolved to move in a less circle, and with more circumspection. In the mean time, her little boy, whom she suckled, grew very fast; and it could no longer be known by his appearance that he had been born too soon. His mother frequently gazed at him till her eyes overflowed with tears; and though her pleasures were now become domestic, yet she feared lest that which had produced should destroy them. After much deliberation, she determined that she would conceal the child's age from its father; believing it prudent to prevent a suspicion, which, however ill founded, it might be difficult to remove, as her justification would depend wholly upon the testimony of her dependents: and her mother's and her own would necessarily become doubtful, when every one would have reason to conclude, that it would still have been the same, supposing the contrary to have been true.

Such was the state of Flavilla's mind, and her little boy was six months old, when Mercator returned. She received him with joy, indeed, but it was mixed with a visible confusion; their meeting was more tender, but on her part it was less cheerful: she smiled with inexpressible complacency, but at the same time the tears gushed from her eyes, and she was seized with an universal tremor. Mercator caught the infection, and caressed first his Flavilla, and then his boy, with an excess of fondness and delight that before he had never expressed. The sight of the child made him more than ever wish a reconciliation with his father: and having heard at his first landing, that he was dangerously ill, he determined to go immediately and attempt to see him, promising that he would return to supper. He had, in the midst of his caresses, more than once inquired the age of his son, but the question had been always evaded; of which, however, he took no notice, nor did it produce any suspicion.

He was now hasting to inquire after his father; but as he passed through the hall, he was officiously laid hold of by his landlady. He was not much disposed to inquire how she had fulfilled his charge: but perceiving by her looks, that she had something to communicate, which was at least in her own opinion of importance, he suffered her

to take him into her parlour. She immediately shut the door, and reminded him, that she had undertaken an office with reluctance which he had pressed upon her; and that she had done nothing in it to which he had not bound her by a promise; that she was extremely sorry to communicate her discoveries; but that he was a worthy gentleman, and indeed ought to know them. She then told him, 'that the child was born within less than eight months after his last return from abroad; that it was said to have come before its time, but that having pressed to see it, she was refused.' This, indeed, was true, and confirmed the good woman in her suspicion; for Flavilla, who had still resented the freedom which she had taken in her remonstrance, had kept her at a great distance; and the servants, to gratify their mistress, treated her with the utmost insolence and contempt.

At this relation Mercator turned pale. He now recollected, that his question concerning the child's birth had been evaded; and concluded, that he had been shedding tears of tenderness and joy over a strumpet and a bastard, who had robbed him of his patrimony, his honour, and his peace. He started up with the furious wildness of sudden phrenzy; but she with great difficulty prevailed upon him not to leave the room.—He sat down and remained some time motionless, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands locked in each other. In proportion as he believed his wife to be guilty, his tenderness for his father revived; and he resolved, with greater zeal, to prosecute his purpose of immediately attempting a reconciliation.

In this state of confusion and distress he went to the house, where he learned that his father had died early in the morning, and that his relations were then assembled to read his will. Fulvius, a brother of Mercator's mother, with whom he had always been a favourite, happening to pass from one room to another, heard his voice. He accosted him with great ardour of friendship: and soothing him with expressions of condolence and affection, insisted to introduce him to the company. Mercator tacitly consented; he was received at least with civility by his brothers, and sitting down among them, the will was read. He seemed to listen like the rest; but was indeed, musing over the story which he had just heard, and lost in

the speculations of his own wretchedness. He waked as from a dream, when the voice of the person who had been reading was suspended; and finding that he could no longer contain himself, he started up, and would have left the company.

Of the will which had been read before him, he knew nothing; but his uncle believing that he was moved with grief and resentment at the manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the bequest only of a shilling, took him into another room; and, to apologize for his father's unkindness, told him, that 'the resentment which he expressed at his marriage, was every day increased by the conduct of his wife, whose character was now become notoriously infamous; for that she had been seen at the lodgings of a known prostitute, with whom she appeared to be well acquainted.' This account threw Mercator into another agony, from which he was, however, at length recovered by his uncle, who, as the only expedient by which he could retrieve his misfortune, and soothe his distress, proposed that he should no more return to his lodgings, but go home with him, and that he would himself take such measures with his wife as could scarce fail of inducing her to accept a separate maintenance, assume another name, and trouble him no more. Mercator, in the bitterness of his affliction, consented to this proposal, and they went away together.

Mercator, in the mean time, was expected by Flavilla with the most tender impatience. She had put her little boy to bed, and decorated a small room in which they had been used to sup by themselves, and which she had shut up in his absence: she counted the moments as they passed, and listened to every carriage and every step that she heard.

Supper was now ready; her impatience was increased: terror was at length mingled with regret, and her fondness was only busied to afflict her; she wished, she feared, she accused, she apologized, and she wept. In the height of these eager expectations, and this tender distress, she received a billet, which Mercator had been persuaded by his uncle to write; in which he upbraided her, in the strongest terms, with abusing his confidence and dishonouring his bed; "of this, he said, he had now obtained

“ sufficient proof to do justice to himself, and that he was
 “ determined to see her no more.”

To those, whose hearts have not already acquainted them with the agony which seized Flavilla upon the sight of this billet, all attempts to describe it would be not only ineffectual, but absurd. Having passed the night without sleep, and the next day without food, disappointed in every attempt to discover what was become of Mercator, and doubting, if she should have found him, whether it would be possible to convince him of her innocence; the violent agitation of her mind produced a slow fever, which, before she considered it as a disease, she communicated to the child, while she cherished it at her bosom, and wept over it as an orphan whose life she was sustaining with her own.

After Mercator had been absent about ten days, his uncle, having persuaded him to accompany some friends to a country-seat at the distance of near sixty miles, went to his lodgings in order to discharge the rent, and try what terms he could make with Flavilla, whom he hoped to intimidate with threats of prosecution and divorce; but when he came, he found that Flavilla was sinking very fast under her disease, and that the child was dead already. The woman of the house, into whose hands she had just put her repeating watch and some other ornaments, as a security for her rent, was so touched with her distress, and so firmly persuaded of her innocence, by the manner in which she had addressed her, and the calm solemnity with which she absolved those by whom she had been traduced, that as soon as she discovered Fulvius's business, she threw herself on her knees, and intreated, that if he knew where Mercator was to be found, he would urge him to return, that, if possible, the life of Flavilla might be preserved, and the happiness of both be restored by her justification. Fulvius, who still suspected appearances, or at least was in doubt of the cause that had produced them, would not discover his nephew; but after much intreaty and expostulation, at last engaged upon his honour for the conveyance of a letter. The woman, as soon as she had obtained this promise, ran up and communicated it to Flavilla; who, when she had recovered from the surprise and tumult which it occasioned, was

supported in her bed, and in about half an hour, after many efforts and many intervals, wrote a short billet, which was sealed and put into the hands of Fulvius.

Fulvius immediately inclosed and dispatched it by the post, resolving, that in a question so doubtful and of such importance, he would no farther interpose. Mercator, who, the moment he cast his eyes upon the letter, knew both the hand and seal, after pausing a few moments in suspense, at length tore it open, and read these words:—

“Such has been my folly, that, perhaps, I should not
“be acquitted of guilt in any circumstances, but those in
“which I write. I do not therefore, but for your sake,
“wish them other than they are. The dear infant, whose
“birth has undone me, now lies dead at my side, a vic-
“tim to my indiscretion, and your resentment. I am
“scarce able to guide my pen. But I most earnestly in-
“treat to see you, that you may at least have the satisfac-
“tion to bear me attest my innocence with the last sigh,
“and seal our reconciliation on my lips while they are yet
“sensible of the impression.”

Mercator, whom an earthquake would less have affected than this letter, felt all his tenderness revive in a moment, and reflected with unutterable anguish upon the rashness of his resentment. At the thought of his distance from London, he started as if he had felt a dagger in his heart. He lifted up his eyes to heaven, with a look that expressed at once an accusation of himself, and a petition for her; and then rushing out of the house, without taking leave of any, or ordering a servant to attend him, he took post horses at the neighbouring inn, and in less than six hours was in Leicester fields. But notwithstanding his speed, he arrived too late; Flavilla had suffered the last agony, and her eyes could behold him no more. Grief and disappointment, remorse and despair, now totally subverted his reason. It became necessary to remove him by force from the body; and after a confinement of two years in a mad-house, he died.

May every lady on whose memory compassion shall record these events, tremble to assume the levity of Flavilla; for, perhaps, it is in the power of no man, in Mercator's circumstances, to be less jealous than Mercator.

FROM THE RAMBLER.

Place me where never summer breeze
 Unbinds the glebe, or warms the trees :
 Where ever-lowering clouds appear,
 And angry Jove deforms th' inclement year ;
 Love and the nymph shall charm my toils :
 The nymph who sweetly speaks and sweetly smiles.

FRANCIS.

OF the happiness and misery of our present state, part arises from our sensations, and part from our opinions ; part is distributed by nature, and part is, in a great measure, apportioned by ourselves. Positive pleasure we cannot always obtain, and positive pain we often cannot remove. No man can give to his own plantations the fragrance of the Indian groves, nor will any precepts of philosophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds and diseases. But the negative infelicity which proceeds, not from the pressure of sufferings, but the absence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reason.

One of the great arts of escaping all superfluous uneasiness, is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition with that of others, on whom the blessings of life are more bountifully bestowed, or with imaginary states of delight and security, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a situation so gloomy and distressful as not to see every day beings yet more forlorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

There is no inconvenience less superable by art or diligence, than the inclemency of climates ; and therefore none which affords more proper exercises for this philosophical abstraction. A native of England, when he is pinched with the frosts of December, may lessen his affection for his own country, by suffering his imagination to wander in the vales of Asia, and sport among woods that are always green, and streams that always murmur : but if he turn his thoughts towards the polar regions, and considers the nations to whom a great part of the year is darkness, and who are condemned to pass weeks and months amidst mountains of snow, he will soon recover his tranquillity ; and while he stirs his fire, or throws his

cloak about him, reflects how much he owes to Providence, that he is not placed in Siberia or in Greenland.

The barrenness of the earth, and the severity of the skies, are so great in these dreary countries, that they might be reasonably expected to confine the mind wholly to the contemplation of necessity and distress; and that the care of escaping death, from cold and hunger, should leave no room for those passions which in lands of plenty influence the actions, or diversify the characters; that the summer should be spent in providing for the winter, and the winter, in longing for the summer.

Yet it is known, that learned curiosity has found its way into those abodes of poverty and gloom. Lapland and Iceland have their historians, their critics, and their poets; and love extends his dominion wherever humanity can be found, and perhaps exerts the same power in the Greenlander's hut as in the palaces of eastern monarchs.

IN one of the large caves, into which the families of Greenland retire together to pass the cold months, and which may be called their villages or cities, a youth and maid, who had come from different parts of the country, were so much distinguished for their beauty, that they were called by the rest of the inhabitants Anningait and Ajut, from their supposed resemblance to their ancestors of the same names, who were transformed of old into the sun and moon.

Anningait had for some time heard the praises of Ajut with little emotion, but, at last, by frequent interviews, became sensible of her charms; and just made a discovery of his affection, by inviting her, with her parents, to a feast, where he placed before Ajut the tail of a whale. Ajut seemed not much delighted by this gallantry; but however, from that time was observed rarely to appear but in a vest made of the skin of a white deer. She used frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her sleeves with coral and shells, and braid her hair with great exactness.

The elegance of her dress, and the judicious disposition of her ornaments, had such an effect upon Anningait, that he could be no longer restrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore composed a poem in her praise; in

which, among other heroic and tender sentiments, he declared, " That she was beautiful as the vernal willow, fragrant as thyme on the mountains ; that her fingers were white as the teeth of the morse, and her smile grateful as the dissolution of the ice ; that he would pursue her, though she should pass the snows of the midland mountains, or seek shelter in the caves of eastern cannibals ; that he would tear her from the embraces of the genius of the rocks, snatch her from the paws of Ameros, and rescue her from the raven of Hoscufa." He concluded with a wish, that " whoever shall attempt to hinder his union with Ajut might be buried without his bow, and that in the land of souls his skull might serve for no other use than to catch the droppings of the starry lamps."

The ode was universally applauded, and it was expected that Ajut would soon yield to such fervour and accomplishments. But Ajut, with the natural haughtiness of beauty, expected the usual forms of courtship, and before she would confess herself conquered, the sun returned, the ice broke, and the season of labour called all to their employments.

Anningait and Ajut for a time always went out in the same boat, and divided whatever was caught. Anningait, in the sight of his mistress, lost no opportunity of signaling his courage. He attacked the sea horses on the ice, he pursued the seals into the water ; and leaped upon the back of the whale, while he was yet struggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence less to accumulate all that was necessary to make his winter comfortable : he dried the roe of fishes and the flesh of seals ; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dressed their skins to adorn his bride ; he feasted her with eggs from the rocks, and strewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempest drove the fish to a distant part of the coast, before Anningait had completed his store ; he therefore intreated Ajut, that she would at last grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country to which he was now summoned by necessity. Ajut thought him not yet entitled to such condescension, and therefore proposed, as a trial of his constancy, that he should return at the end of summer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the re-

ward of his assiduities. "O virgin! beautiful as the sun shining upon the water, consider," said Anningait, "what thou hast required. How easily may my return be precluded by a sudden frost or unexpected fogs! then must the night be passed without my Ajut. We live not, my fair, in those fabled countries, which lying strangers so wantonly describe, where the whole year is divided into short days and nights; where the same habitation serves for summer and winter; where they raise houses in rows above the ground, dwell together from year to year, with flocks of tame animals grazing in the fields about them; and can pass at any time from one place to another, through ways inclosed with trees, or over walls raised upon the inland waters; and direct their course through wide countries by the sight of green hills or scattered buildings. Even in summer we have no means of passing the mountains, whose snows are never dissolved; nor can remove to any distant residence, but by our boats coasting the bays. Consider, Ajut, a few summer days, and a few winter nights, and the life of man is at an end. Night is the time of ease and festivity, of revels and gaiety; but what will be the flaming lamp, the delicious seal, or the soft oil, without the smile of Ajut!"

The eloquence of Anningait was in vain, the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promises to meet again before the night of winter.

Anningait, however, discomposed by the dilatory coyness of Ajut, was yet resolved to omit no tokens of amorous respect; and therefore presented her at his departure with the skins of seven white fawns, of five swans, and eleven seals, with a large kettle of brass, which he had purchased from a ship at the price of half a whale, and two horns of sea unicorns, with three marble lamps, and ten vessels of seal oil.

Ajut was so much affected by the fondness of her lover, or so much overpowered by his magnificence, that she followed him to the sea-side; and when she saw him enter the boat, she wished aloud that he might return with plenty of skins and oil; that neither the mermaids might snatch him into the deeps, nor the spirits of the rocks confine him in their caves.

She stood a while to gaze upon the departing vessel, and then returned to her hut, silent and dejected. She laid aside, from that hour, her white deer skin, suffered her hair to spread unbraided on her shoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavoured to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments, gathered moss for their winter lamps, and dried grass to line the boots of Anningait. Of the skins which he had bestowed upon her, she made a fishing-coat, a small boat, and tent, all of exquisite manufacture: and while she was busied, solaced her labours with a song, in which she prayed, "that her lover might have
 "hands stronger than the paws of the bear, and feet
 "swifter than the feet of the rein-deer; that his dart
 "might never err, and that his boat might never leak;
 "that he might never stumble on the ice, nor faint in the
 "water; that the seal might rush on his harpoon, and
 "that the wounded whale might dash the waves in vain."

The large boats in which the Greenlanders transport their families are always rowed by women; for no man will debase himself by work which requires neither skill nor courage. Anningait, therefore, exposed by idleness to the ravages of passion, went thrice to the stern of the boat, with an intent to leap into the water, and swim back to his mistress; but recollecting the misery which they must endure in the winter, without oil for the lamp or skins for the bed, he resolved to employ the weeks of absence in provision for nights of plenty and felicity. He therefore composed his emotions as well as he could, and expressed, in wild numbers and uncouth images, his hopes, his sorrows, and his fears: "O life!" says he, "frail
 "and uncertain! where shall wretched men find thy resemblance, but in floating on the ocean? It towers on
 "high, it sparkles at a distance, while the storms drive
 "and the waters beat; the sun melts it above, and the
 "rocks shatter it below. What is pleasure but a sudden
 "blaze streaming from the north, which plays a moment
 "on the eye, mocks the traveller with the hopes of light,
 "and then vanishes for ever? What is love but a whirlpool, which we approach without knowledge of our danger, and which draws us on by imperceptible degrees, till
 "we have lost all power of resistance and escape? T24

"I fixed my eyes on the graces of Ajut, before I called her to the banquet, I was careless as the sleeping morse; I was merry as the singers in the stars. Why, Ajut, did I gaze upon thy graces? Why, my fair, did I call thee to the banquet? Yet, be faithful, my fair; remember Anningait, and meet my return with the smile of virginity. I will chace the deer, I will subdue the whale, resistless as the frost of darkness, and unwearied as the summer's sun. In a few weeks I shall return prosperous and wealthy; then shall the roc-fish and the porpoise feast thy kindred; the fox and hare shall cover thy couch; the tough hide of the seal shall shelter thee from cold; and the fat of the whale illuminate thy dwelling."

Anningait having with these sentiments consoled his grief, and animated his industry, found that they had now coasted the headland, and saw the whale spouting at a distance. He therefore placed himself in his fishing-boat, called his associates to their several employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity, and, by dividing his time between the chace and fishery, suspended the miseries of absence and suspicion.

Ajut, in the mean time, notwithstanding her neglected dress, as she was drying some skins in the sun, happened to catch the eye of Norngsuk when he returned from hunting. Norngsuk was of birth truly illustrious. His mother had died in child-birth; and his father, the most expert fisher of Greenland, had perished by too close pursuit of the whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches; he was master of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five-and-twenty seals buried in the snow against the season of darkness. When he saw the beauty of Ajut, he immediately threw over her the skin of a deer that he had taken, and soon after presented her with a branch of coral. Ajut refused his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of Anningait.

Norngsuk, thus rejected, had recourse to stratagem. He knew that Ajut would consult an Angekok, or diviner, concerning the fate of her love, and the felicity of his future life. He therefore applied himself to the most celebrated Angekok of that part of the country; and by a pre-

sent of two seals and a marble kettle, obtained a promise that when Ajut should consult him, he would declare that her lover was in the land of souls. Ajut, in a short time brought him a coat made by herself, and inquired what events were to befall her, with assurances of a much larger reward at the return of Anningait, if the prediction should flatter her desires. The Angekok knew the way to riches, and therefore declared, that Anningait, having already caught two whales, would soon return home with a large boat laden with provisions.

This prognostication she was ordered to keep secret; and therefore Norngsuk, depending upon his artifice, renewed his addresses with greater confidence; but finding himself still unsuccessful, applied himself to her parents with gifts and promises. The wealth of Greenland is too powerful for the virtue of a Greenlander; they forgot the merit and the presents of Anningait, and decreed Ajut to the embraces of Norngsuk. She intreated, she remonstrated, she wept, and raved; but finding riches irresistible, she fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon berries, and birds or hares which she had the fortune to ensnare, taking care, at an hour when she was not likely to be found, to view the sea every day, that her lover might not miss her at his return.

At last she saw the great boat, in which Anningait had departed, stealing slow and heavy laden along the coast. She ran with all the impatience of affliction to catch her lover in her arms, and to tell him her constancy and sufferings. When the company reached the land, they informed her, that Anningait, when the fishery was ended, being unable to support the slow passage of the vessel of carriage, had set out before them in his fishing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to find him on shore.

Ajut, distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly again into the hills, without knowing why. But she was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to her own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her. They at last retired to rest; and Ajut went down to the beach, where finding a fishing-boat, she entered it without hesitation; and telling those who wondered at her rashness, that she was going in search of Anningait, rowed away with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures. Some were of opinion that they are changed into stars; others imagine that Anningait was seized in his passage by the genius of the rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the general persuasion is, that they are both in that part of the land of souls where the sun never sets, where oil is always fresh, and provisions are always warm. The virgins sometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay from which the hapless maid departed; and when a Greenlander would praise any couple for virtuous affection, he declares, that they love like Anningait and Ajut.

Henry and Alfred——

Close their long glories with a sigh, to find
Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind.

POPE.

AMONG the emirs and visiers, the sons of valour and of wisdom, that stand at the corners of the Indian throne, and assist the councils, or conduct the wars of the posterity of Timar, the first place was long held by Morad the son of Hanuth. Morad having signalized himself in many battles and sieges, was rewarded with the government of a province; from which the fame of his wisdom and moderation was wafted to the pinnacles of Agra, by the prayers of those whom his administration made happy. The emperor called him into his presence, and gave into his hands the keys of riches, and the sabre of command. The voice of Morad was heard from the confines of Persia to the Indian ocean; every tongue faltered in his presence, and every eye was cast down before him.

Morad lived for many years in prosperity; every day increased his wealth, and extended his influence. The sages repeated his maxims; the captains of thousands waited his commands. Competition withdrew into the cavern of Envy, and Discontent trembled at her own murmurs. But human greatness is short and transitory, as the odour of incense in the fire. The sun at last grew weary of gilding the palaces of Morad; the clouds of sorrow gathered round his head, and the tempest of hatred roared round his dwelling.

Morad now saw that his ruin was approaching. The first that forsook him were his poets; their example was

followed by all those whom he had rewarded for contributing to his pleasures, and only a few, whose virtue had entitled them to favour, were now to be seen in his hall or chambers. He saw his danger, and prostrated himself at the foot of the throne. His accusers were confident and loud; his friends contented themselves with frigid neutrality; and the voice of truth was overborne by clamour. Morad was divested of his power, deprived of his acquisitions, and condemned to pass the rest of his life on his hereditary estate.

Morad had been so long accustomed to crowds and business, to supplicants and flattery, that he knew not how to fill up his hours in solitude. He saw the sun rise with regret, because it forced a new day upon him for which he had no use; and envied the savage that wanders in the desert, because he has no time vacant from the calls of nature, but is always chasing his prey, or sleeping in his den.

His discontent in time vitiated his constitution, and a slow disease seized upon him. He refused physic, he neglected exercise, he lay down on his couch peevish and restless, rather afraid to die than desirous to live. His domestics for a time redoubled their assiduities; but finding that no officiousness could sooth, nor exactness satisfy, they gave way to negligence and sloth; and he that once commanded nations, often languished in his chamber without an attendant.

In this melancholy state, Morad commanded messengers to recall his eldest son Abouzaid from the army. Abouzaid was alarmed at the account of his father's sickness, and hasted by long journeys to his place of residence. Morad was yet living, and felt his strength return at the embraces of his son. Then commanding him to sit down at his bed-side, "Abouzaid," said he, "thy father has no more to hope or fear from the inhabitants of the earth; the cold hand of the angel of death is now upon him, and the voracious grave howls for his prey. Hear, therefore, the precepts which experience dictates; let not my last instruction issue forth in vain. Thou hast seen me happy and calamitous, thou hast beheld my exaltation and my fall. My power is in the hands of my enemies, my treasures have rewarded my accusers; but my inheritance the clemency of the emperor has spared, and my

" wisdom his anger could not take away. Cast thine eyes
 " round thee ; whatever thou beholdest will in a few hours
 " be thine ; apply thine ear to my dictates, and these pos-
 " sessions will promote thy happiness. Aspire not to pub-
 " lic honours, enter not the palaces of kings ; thy wealth
 " will set thee above insult, let thy moderation keep thee
 " below envy. Content thyself with private dignity, dif-
 " fuse thy riches among thy friends, let every day extend
 " thy beneficence, and suffer not thy heart to be at rest till
 " thou art loved by all to whom thou art known. In the
 " height of my power, I said to Defamation, who will hear
 " thee ? and to Artifice, what canst thou perform ? But,
 " my son, despise not thou the malice of the weakest : re-
 " member that venom often supplies the want of strength,
 " and that the lion may perish by the puncture of an asp."

Morad expired in a few hours. Abouzaid, after the
 months of mourning, determined to regulate his conduct
 by his father's precepts, and cultivate the love of mankind
 by every art of beneficence and endearment. He wisely
 considered, that domestic happiness was first to be secu-
 red, and that none have so much power of doing good or
 hurt as those who are at present in the hour of negli-
 gence, who hear the bursts of thoughtless merriment, and
 observe the starts of unguarded passion. He therefore
 augmented the pay of all his attendants, and required
 every exertion of uncommon diligence by supernumerary
 gratuities. When he was congratulating himself upon the
 fidelity and affection of his family, he was one night alarm-
 ed by robbers, who, being pursued and taken, declared
 that they were admitted by one of his servants. The ser-
 vant immediately confessed that he had unbarred the door,
 because another, not more worthy of confidence than him-
 self, was intrusted with the keys.

Abouzaid was then convinced that a dependant could
 not easily be made a friend ; and that while many were
 soliciting for the first rank of favour, all those would be
 alienated who were disappointed. He therefore resolved
 to associate with a few equal companions, selected from
 among the chief men of the province. With these he lived
 happily for a time, till familiarity set them free from re-
 straint, and every man thought himself at liberty to indulge
 his own caprice, and advance his own opinions. They then

disturbed each other with contrariety of inclinations, and difference of sentiments; and Abouzaid was necessitated to offend one party by concurrence, or both by indifference.

He then determined to avoid a close union with beings so discordant in their nature, and to diffuse himself in a larger circle. He practised the smile of universal courtesy, and invited all to his table, but admitted none to his retirements. Many who had been rejected in his choice of friendship, now refused to accept his acquaintance; and of those whom plenty and magnificence drew to his table, every one pressed forward toward intimacy, thought himself overlooked in the crowd, and murmured because he was not distinguished above the rest. By degrees every one made advances, and every one resented his repulse. The table was then covered with delicacies in vain; the music sounded in empty rooms; and Abouzaid was left to form in solitude some new scheme of pleasure or security.

He then resolved to try the force of gratitude, and inquired for men of science, whose merit was obscured by poverty. His house was soon crowded with poets, sculptors, painters, and designers, who wantoned in inexperienced plenty, and employed all their powers in the celebration of their patron. But in a short time they forgot the distress from which they had been rescued, and began to consider their deliverer as a wretch of narrow capacity, who was growing great by works which he could not perform, and whom they had already overpaid by condescending to accept his bounties. Abouzaid heard their murmurs, and dismissed them; and from that moment continued blind to colours, and deaf to panegyric.

As the sons of art departed, muttering threats of perpetual infamy, Abouzaid, who stood at the gate, called to him Hamet the poet. "Hamet," said he, "thy ingratitude has put an end to my hopes and experiments. I have now learned the vanity of those labours which expect to be rewarded by human benevolence. I shall henceforth do good and avoid evil, without respect to the opinion of men; for I am convinced at last that there is only one Being whom we are sure to please by endeavouring to please him, and resolve to solicit no other approbation."

The Lust of Wealth can never bear delay.

IT has been observed in a late paper, that we are unreasonably desirous to separate the goods of life from those evils which Providence has connected with them, and to seize advantages without paying the price at which they are offered us. Every man wishes to be rich, but very few have powers necessary to raise a sudden fortune, by inventions and discoveries, or incontestible superiority of skill in any necessary employment; and, among lower understandings, many want the firmness and industry requisite to regulate gain and gradual acquisitions.

From the hope of enjoying affluence on easy terms, by methods more compendious than those of labour, and more generally practicable than those of genius, proceeds the common inclination to experiment and hazard, and willingness to snatch all opportunities of growing rich by chance; a passion which, when it has once taken possession of the mind, is seldom driven out either by time or argument, but continues to waste life in perpetual delusion, and generally ends in wretchedness and want.

The folly of untimely exaltation and visionary prosperity, is by no means peculiar to the purchasers of tickets: there are multitudes whose life is nothing but a continual lottery, who are always within a few months of plenty and happiness; and how often soever they are mocked with blanks, expect a prize from the next adventure.

Among the most resolute and ardent of the votaries of chance, may be numbered those mortals whose hope is to raise themselves by a wealthy match, who lay out all their industry on the assiduities of courtship, and sleep and wake with no other ideas than of treats, compliments, guardians, and rivals.

One of the most indefatigable of this class is my old friend Leviculus, whom I have never known in thirty years without some matrimonial project of advantage.—Leviculus was bred under a merchant; and by the graces of his person, the sprightliness of his prattle, and the neatness of his dress, so much enamoured his master's second daughter, a girl of sixteen, that she declared her resolution to have no other husband. Her father, after having chid her for undutifulness, consented to the match, not

much to the satisfaction of Leviculus, who was so much elated with his conquest, as to think himself entitled to a larger fortune. He was however soon rid of his perplexity, for his mistress died before their marriage.

Leviculus was so well satisfied with his own accomplishments, that he determined to commence fortune-hunter; and when he was set at liberty, instead of beginning, as was expected, to walk the Exchange with a face of importance, or of associating himself with those who were most eminent for their knowledge of the Stocks, he at once threw off the solemnity of the counting-house, equipped himself with a modish wig and a splendid coat, listened to wits in the coffee-houses, passed his evenings behind the scenes in the theatres, learned the names of beauties of quality, hummed the last stanzas of fashionable songs, talked with familiarity of high play, boasted of his achievements upon drawers and coachmen, was often brought to his lodging at midnight in a chair, told with negligence and jocularly of bilking a tailor, and now and then let fly a shrewd jest at a sober citizen.

Thus furnished with irresistible artillery, he turned his batteries upon the female world; and, in the first warmth of self-approbation, proposed no less than the possession of riches and beauty united. He therefore paid his first civilities to Flavilla, the only daughter of a wealthy merchant, who, not being accustomed to amorous blandishments, or respectful addresses, was delighted with the novelty of love, and easily suffered him to attend her to the play, and to meet her where she visited. Leviculus did not doubt but her father, however he might be offended by a clandestine marriage, would soon be reconciled by the tears of his daughter, and the merit of his son-in-law, and was therefore in haste to conclude the affair. But the lady liked better to be courted than married, and kept him three years in uncertainty and attendance. At last she fell in love with a young ensign at a ball; and having danced with him all night, married him in the morning.

Leviculus, to avoid the ridicule of his companions, took a journey to a small estate in the country, where, after his usual inquiries concerning the nymphs in the neighbourhood, he found it proper to fall in love with Altilia, a maiden lady, twenty years older than himself, for whose

favour fifteen nephews and nieces were in perpetual contention. They continually hovered round her with such jealous officiousness, as scarcely left a moment vacant for a lover. Leviculus, however, discovered his passion in a letter; and Altilia could not withstand the pleasure of hearing vows, and sighs, and flatteries, and protestations. She therefore admitted his visits, and enjoyed, for five years, the happiness of keeping all her expectants in perpetual alarms, and amused herself with the various stratagems which were practised to disengage her affections. Sometimes she was advised with great earnestness to travel for her health, and sometimes intreated to keep her brother's house. Many stories were spread to the disadvantage of Leviculus, by which she commonly seemed affected for a time, but took care soon afterwards to express her conviction of their falsehood. When she was at last satiated with this ludicrous tyranny, she told Leviculus, when he pressed for the reward of his services, that she was very sensible of his merit, but was resolved not to impoverish an ancient family.

Leviculus then returned to town; and soon after his arrival became acquainted with Latronia, a lady distinguished by the elegance of her equipage and the regularity of her conduct. Her wealth was evident in her magnificence, and her prudence in her economy; and therefore Leviculus, who had scarcely confidence to solicit her favour, readily acquitted Fortune of her former debts, when he found himself distinguished by such marks of preference as a woman of modesty is allowed to give. He now grew bolder with prospects of success, and ventured to breathe out his impatience before her. She heard him without resentment; in time permitted him to hope for happiness; and at last fixed the nuptial day, without any distrustful reserve of pin-money, or sordid stipulations for dower and settlements.

Leviculus was now triumphing on the eve of marriage, when he heard on the stairs the voice of Latronia's maid, whom frequent bribes had secured in her fidelity. She soon burst into his room, and told him, that she could not offer him to be longer deceived; that her mistress was now spending the last payment of her fortune, and was fully supported in her expence by the credit of his estate.

Leviculus shuddered to see himself so near a precipice, and found that he was indebted for his escape to the resentment of the maid, who having assisted Latronia to gain the conquest, quarrelled with her about the plunder.

Leviculus was now hopeless and disconsolate, till one Sunday he saw a lady in the Mall, whom her dress declared a widow, and whom, by the jolting prance of her gait, and the broad resplendence of her countenance, he guessed to have lately buried some prosperous citizen. He followed her home, and found her to be no less than the relict of Prune the grocer, who having no children, had bequeathed to her all his debts and dues, and his estates real and personal. No formality was necessary in addressing Madam Prune, and therefore Leviculus went next morning without an introducer. His declaration was received with a loud laugh; she then collected her countenance, wondered at his impudence, asked if he knew to whom he was talking, then shewed him the door, and again laughed to find him confused. Leviculus then discovered, that this coarseness was nothing more than the coquetry of Cornhill, and next day returned to the attack. He soon grew familiar to her dialect; and in a few weeks heard, without any emotion, hints of gay clothes with empty pockets; concurred in many sage remarks on the regard due to people of property, and agreed with her in detestation of the ladies at the other end of the town, who pinched their bellies to buy fine laces, and then pretended to laugh at the city.

He sometimes presumed to mention marriage, but was always answered with a hoot and a flounce. At last he began to press her closer, and thought himself more favourably received; but going one morning with a resolution to trifle no longer, he found her gone to church with a young journeyman of a neighbouring shop, with whom she had become enamoured from her window.

In these, and a thousand intermediate adventures, has Leviculus spent his time, till he is now grown grey with age, fatigue, and disappointment. He begins now to find, that success is not to be expected from future attempts; and being unfit for any employment that might improve his fortune, and unfurnished with any arts that might amuse his leisure, he is condemned to wear out a tasteless life, in narratives which none will hear, and in complaints none will pity.

Of Heaven's protection who can be
So confident to utter this—
To-morrow I will spend in bliss ?

P. LEVIS.

SEGED, Lord of Ethiopia, to the inhabitants of the world : to the sons of Presumption, humility and fear, and to the daughters of Sorrow, consolation and acquiescence. Thus, in the twenty-seventh year of his reign, spoke Seged, the monarch of forty nations, the distributor of the waters of the Nile. " At length, Seged, thy teils are " at an end ; thou hast reconciled disaffection, thou hast " suppressed rebellion, thou hast pacified the jealousies " of thy courtiers, thou hast chased war from thy confines, and hast erected fortresses in the lands of thy " enemies. All who have offended thee tremble in thy " presence ; and wherever thy voice is heard it is obeyed. " Thy throne is surrounded by armies, numerous as the " locusts of the summer, and resistless as the blasts of " pestilence. Thy magazines are stored with ammunition, thy treasures overflow with the tribute of conquered kingdoms. Plenty waves upon thy fields, and " opulence glitters in thy cities. Thy nod is as the " earthquake that shakes the mountains, and thy smile is " as the dawn of the vernal day. In thy hand is the " strength of thousands, and thy health is the health " of millions. Thy palace is gladdened by the song of " praise, and thy path perfumed by the breath of benediction. Thy subjects gaze upon thy greatness, and think " of danger or misery no more. Why, Seged, wilt not " thou partake of the blessings thou bestowest ? Why " shouldst thou only forbear to rejoice in this general felicity ? Why shouldst thy heart be heavy with fear, or thy " face be clouded with any anxiety, when the meanest of " those who call thee Sovereign, gives the day to festivity, " and the night to peace ? At length, Seged, reflect and " be wise. What is the gift of conquest but safety, or " why are riches collected but to secure happiness ? "

Seged then ordered his house of pleasure, built in an island of the lake Dambia, to be prepared for his reception. " I will at least retire," says he, " for ten days, " from tumult and care, from counsels and decrees. Long " quiet is not the lot of governors of nations, but a cessa-

“tion of ten days cannot be denied me. This short interval of happiness may surely be secured from the interruption of fear or perplexity, of sorrow or disappointment. I will exclude all trouble from my abode, and remove from my thoughts whatever may confuse the harmony of the concert, or abate the sweetness of the banquet. I will fill the whole capacity of my soul with enjoyment, and try what it is to live without a wish unsatisfied.”

In a few days the orders were performed; and Seged hastened to the palace of Dambia, which stood in an island, cultivated only for pleasure, planted with every flower that spreads its colours to the sun, and every shrub that sheds fragrance in the air. In one part of this extensive garden were open walks, for excursions in the morning; in another, thick groves, and silent arbours, and bubbling fountains, for repose at noon. All that could solace the sense, or flatter the fancy; all that industry could extort from nature, or wealth furnish to art; all that conquest could seize, or beneficence attract, was collected together, and every perception of delight was courted by its object.

Into this delicious region Seged summoned all the persons of his court, who seemed eminently qualified to receive or communicate pleasure. His call was readily obeyed: the young, the fair, the vivacious, and the witty, were all in haste to be sated with felicity. They sailed jocund over the lake, which seemed to smooth its surface before them. Their passage was cheered with music, and their hearts dilated with expectation.

Seged landed here with his band of pleasure, determined from that hour to break off all acquaintance with discontent, to give his heart for ten days to ease and jollity, and then to fall back to the common state of man, and suffer his life to be diversified as before, with joy and sorrow.

He immediately entered his chamber, to consider where he should begin his circle of happiness. He had all the artists of delight before him; but knew not whom to call, since he could not enjoy one, but by delaying the performance of another. He chose and rejected, he resolved and changed his resolution, till his faculties were harassed, and his thoughts confused; and he returned to the apartment, where his presence was expected with languid eyes and clouded countenance, and spread the infection of

uneasiness over the whole assembly. He observed their depression, and was offended ; he found his vexation increased by those whom he expected to dissipate and relieve it. He retired again to his private chamber, and sought for consolation in his own mind. One thought flowed in upon another ; a long succession of images seized his attention ; the moments crept imperceptibly away through the gloom of pensiveness ; till at last, having recovered his tranquillity, he lifted up his head, and saw the lake brightened by the setting sun. " Such," said Seged sighing, " is the longest day of human existence ; " before we have learned to use it, we find it at an end."

The regret which he felt for the loss of so great a part of his first day, took from him all inclination to enjoy the evening ; and after having endeavoured, for the sake of his attendants, to force an air of gaiety, and to excite that mirth which he could not share, he resolved to defer his hopes of pleasure to the next morning ; and lay down upon his bed to partake, with labour and poverty, the blessing of sleep.

He rose early the second morning, and resolved now to be happy. He therefore fixed upon the gate of the palace an edict, importing, that whoever, during nine days, should appear in the presence of the king with dejected countenance, or utter any expression of discontent or sorrow, should be driven for ever from the palace of Dambia.

This edict was immediately made known in every chamber of the court, and the bower of the gardens.—Mirth was frightened away ; and they who were before dancing in the lawns, or singing in the shades, were at once engaged in the care of regulating their looks, that Seged might find his will punctually obeyed, and see none among them liable to banishment.

Seged now met every face settled in a smile ; but a smile that discovered solicitude, timidity, and constraint. He accosted his favourites with familiarity and softness ; but they were afraid to speak without premeditation, lest they should be convicted of discontent or sorrow. He proposed diversions, to which no objection was made, because objection would have implied uneasiness ; but they were regarded with cold indifference by the courtiers, who

had now no other desire than to signalize themselves by clamorous exultation. He offered various topics of conversation, but obtained only forced jests and laborious laughter; and, after many attempts to animate them to confidence and alacrity, was obliged to confess to himself the impotence of command, and resign another day to grief and disappointment.

He at last relieved his companions from their terrors, and shut himself up in his chamber, to ascertain, by some different measures, the felicity of the succeeding days. At length he threw himself on the bed, and closed his eyes; but imagining in his sleep that his palace and gardens were overwhelmed by an inundation, he waked with all the terrors of a man struggling in the water. He composed himself again to rest; but was disturbed by an imaginary irruption into his kingdom; and striving, as is usual in dreams, without ability, to move, fancied himself betrayed to his enemies, and again started up with horror and indignation.

It was now day; and fear was so strongly impressed on his mind, that he could sleep no more. He rose; but his thoughts were filled with the deluge and the invasion; nor was he able to disengage his attention, or mingle with vacancy or ease in any amusement. At length his perturbation gave way to reason, and he resolved no longer to be harassed by a dream; but before this resolution could be completely formed, half the day had elapsed. He felt a new conviction of the uncertainty of all human schemes, and could not forbear to bewail the frailty and the weakness of that being, whose quiet could be interrupted by vapours of the fancy. He at last discovered that his grief and his terrors were equally vain; and that to lose the present in lamenting the past, was only to protract a melancholy vision. But the third day was now declining, and Seged again resolved to be happy on the morrow.

On the fourth morning, Seged rose early, refreshed with sleep, vigorous with health, and eager with expectation. He entered the garden, attended by the princes and ladies of the court; and seeing nothing about him but airy cheerfulness, he began to say to his heart, "This day shall be a day of pleasure." The sun played upon the water, the birds warbled in the groves, the gales quivered

among the branches. He roved from walk to walk as chance directed him; and sometimes heard the virgins singing in the shade; sometimes mingled with the dancers on the lawns; and sometimes let loose his imagination in flights of merriment; and sometimes uttered grave reflections and sententious maxims, and feasted on the admiration with which they were received.

Thus the day rolled on, without any accident of vexation, or intrusion of melancholy thoughts. All that beheld him caught gladness from his looks; and the sight of happiness, conferred by himself, filled his heart with satisfaction. But having passed three hours in this harmless luxury, he was alarmed on a sudden by an universal scream among the women; and turning back, saw the whole assembly flying in confusion. A young crocodile had risen out of the lake, and was ranging the garden in wantonness or hunger. Seged beheld him with indignation, as a disturber of his felicity, and chased him back into the lake; but could not persuade his retinue to stay in the same place, or free their hearts from the terror which had seized upon them. The princesses inclosed themselves in the palace, and could yet scarcely believe themselves in safety. Every attention was fixed upon the late danger and escape, and no mind was any longer at leisure for gay sallies or careless prattle.

Seged had now no other employment than to contemplate the innumerable casualties which lie in ambush on every side, to intercept the happiness of man, and break in upon the hour of delight and tranquillity. He had, however, the consolation of thinking that he had not been now disappointed by his own fault; and that the accident which had blasted the hopes of the day, might easily be prevented by future caution.

That he might provide for the pleasures of the next morning, he resolved to repeal his penal edict, for he had already found, that discontent and melancholy were not to be frightened away by the threats of authority; that Power could not regulate the perceptions, and that Pleasure could only reside where she was exempted from controul. He therefore invited all the companions of his retreat to unbounded plea-antry, by proposing prizes for those who should, on the following day, distinguish themselves by any

festive performances: and the tables of the antechamber were covered with gold and pearls, and robes and garlands decreed the rewards of those who could refine elegance, or heighten pleasure.

At this display of riches, every eye immediately sparkled, and every tongue was busied in celebrating the bounty and magnificence of the emperor. But when Seged entered, in expectation of uncommon entertainment from universal emulation, he found that any passion too strongly agitated puts an end to that tranquillity which is necessary to gaiety; and that the mind that is to be moved by the gentle ventilations of mirth, must be first smoothed by a total calm. Whatever we ardently wish to gain, we must in the same degree be afraid to lose, and fear and pleasure cannot dwell together.

All was now care and solicitude. Nothing was done or spoken, but with so visible an endeavour at perfection, as always failed to delight, though it sometimes forced admiration; and Seged could not but observe with sorrow, that his prizes had more influence than himself. As the evening approached, the contest grew more earnest; and those who could not but allow themselves excelled, began to discover the malignity of defeat, first by angry glances, and at last by contemptuous murmurs. Seged likewise shared in the anxiety of the day; for considering himself as obliged to distribute with exact justice the prizes which had been so zealously sought, he durst never remit his attention; but passed his time in balancing different kinds of merit, and adjusting the claims of all the competitors.

At last, knowing that no exactness could satisfy those whose hopes he should disappoint, and thinking that, on the day set apart for happiness, it would be cruel to oppress any heart with sorrow, he declared they had all pleased him alike, and dismissed all with presents of equal value.

Seged saw that his caution had not been able to avoid offence. They who had believed themselves secure of the highest prizes, were not pleased to be levelled with the crowd, and though, by the liberality of the king, they received more than his promise had entitled them to expect, they departed unsatisfied, because they were honoured with no distinction, and wanted an opportunity to triumph

in the mortification of their opponents. "Behold here," said Seged, "the condition of him who places his happiness in the happiness of others." He then retired to meditate, while the rest were repining at his distributions, and saw the fifth sun go down in discontent.

The next day renewed his resolution to be happy. But having now learned how little he could effect by any settled schemes, or preparatory measures, he thought it best to give up one day entirely to chance, and left every one to please and be pleased in his own way.

This relaxation of regularity diffused a general complacency through the whole court; and the emperor imagined that he had at last found the secret of obtaining an interval of felicity. But, as he was roving in this careless assembly with equal carelessness, he overheard one of his courtiers in a close arbour murmuring to himself—"What merit has Seged above us, that we should thus fear and obey him! a man whom, whatever he may have formerly performed, his luxury now shews to have the same weakness with ourselves!" This charge affected him the more, as it was uttered by one whom he had always observed among the most abject of his flatterers. At first, his indignation prompted him to severity; but reflecting, that what was spoken, without intention to be heard, was to be considered only as thought, and perhaps was but the sudden burst of casual and temporary vexation, he only invented some decent pretence to send him away, that his retreat might not be tainted with the breath of envy; and, after the struggle of deliberation was past, and all desire of revenge utterly suppressed, passed the evening not only with tranquillity, but triumph, though none but himself was conscious of the victory.

The remembrance of this clemency cheered the beginning of the seventh day, and nothing happened to disturb the pleasure of Seged, till looking on the tree that shaded him, he recollected, that under a tree of the same kind he had passed the night after his defeat in the kingdom of Goima. The reflection on his loss, his dishonour, and the miseries which his subjects suffered from the invader, filled him with sadness. At last he shook off the weight of sorrow, and began to sober himself with his usual pleasures, when his tranquillity was again disturbed by jealous-

sies which the late contest for the prizes had produced, and which having in vain tried to pacify them by persuasion, he was forced to silence by command.

On the eight morning, Seged was awakened early by an unusual hurry in the apartments; and inquiring the cause, was told, that the Princess Baulkis was seized with sickness. He rose; and calling the physicians, found that they had little hope of her recovery. Here was an end of jollity. All his thoughts were now upon his daughter, whose eyes he closed on the third day.

Such were the days which Seged of Ethiopia had appropriated to a short respiration from the fatigues of war, and the cares of government. This narrative he has bequeathed to future generations, that no man may imagine the happiness of a day in his own power.

A VIEW OF BEDLAM.

FROM THE MAN OF FEELING.

THEIR conductor led them first to the dismal mansions of those who are in the most horrid state of incurable madness. The clanking of chains, the wildness of their cries, and the imprecations which some of them uttered, formed a scene inexpressibly shocking. Harley and his companions, especially the female part of them, begged their guide to return. He seemed surprised at their uneasiness, and was with difficulty prevailed on to leave that part of the house without shewing them some others, who, as he expressed it in the phrase of those that keep wild beasts for shew, were much better worth seeing than any they had passed, being ten times more fierce and unmanageable.

He led them next to that quarter where those reside who, as they are not dangerous to themselves or others, enjoy a certain degree of freedom, according to the state of their distemper.

Harley had fallen behind his companions, looking at a man who was making pendulums with bits of thread, and little balls of clay. He had delineated a segment of a circle on the wall with chalk, and marked their different vibrations, by intersecting it with cross lines. A decent-

looking man came up, and smiling at the maniac, turned to Harley, and told him, that gentleman had once been a very celebrated mathematician. "He fell a sacrifice," said he, "to the theory of comets; for having, with infinite labour, formed a table on the conjectures of Sir Isaac Newton, he was disappointed in the return of one of those luminaries, and was very soon after obliged to be placed here by his friends. If you please to follow me, Sir," continued the stranger, "I believe I shall be able to give you a more satisfactory account of the unfortunate people you see here, than the man who attends your companions." Harley bowed, and accepted his offer.

The next person they came up to had scrawled a variety of figures on a piece of slate. Harley had the curiosity to take a nearer view of them. They consisted of different columns, on the top of which were marked South Sea Annuities, India Stock, and Three *per cent.* Annuities consol.

"This," said Harley's instructor, "was a gentleman well known in 'Change-alley. He was once worth fifty thousand pounds, and had actually agreed for the purchase of an estate in the west, in order to realize his money; but he quarrelled with the proprietor about the repairs of the garden wall, and so returned to town to follow his old trade of stock-jobbing a little longer; when an unlucky fluctuation of stock, in which he was engaged to an immense extent, reduced him at once to poverty and to madness. Poor wretch! he told me t'other day, that against the next payment of differences, he should be some hundreds above a plum."

"It is a spondee, and I will maintain it," interrupted a voice on his left hand. This assertion was followed by a very rapid recital of some verses from Homer.—"That figure," said the gentleman, "whose clothes are so bedaubed with snuff, was a schoolmaster of some reputation; he came hither to be resolved of some doubts he entertained concerning the genuine pronunciation of the Greek vowels. In his highest fits, he makes frequent mention of one Mr Bentley. But delusive ideas, Sir, are the motives of the greatest part of mankind, and a heated imagination the power by which their actions are incited; the world, in the eye of a philosopher, may be said to be a large madhouse."—"It

is true," answered Harley, "the passions of men are temporary madnesses, and sometimes very fatal in their effects

From Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

"It was indeed," said the stranger, "a very mad thing in Charles to think of adding so vast a country as Russia to his dominions; that would have been fatal indeed; the balance of the North would then have been lost; but the Sultan and I would never have allowed it."—"Sir!" said Harley, with no small surprise on his countenance!—"Why, yes," answered the other, "the Sultan and I; do you know me? I am the Cham of Tartary."

Harley was a good deal struck by this discovery; he had prudence enough, however, to conceal his amazement, and bowing as low to the monarch as his dignity required, left him immediately, and joined his companions.

He found them in a quarter of the house set apart for the insane of the other sex; several of whom had gathered about the female visitors, and were examining, with rather more accuracy than might have been expected, the particulars of their dress.

Separate from the rest stood one whose appearance had something of superior dignity. Her face, though pale and wasted, was less squalid than those of the others, and shewed a dejection of that decent kind, which moves our pity unmixed with horror; upon her, therefore, the eyes of all were immediately turned. The keeper who accompanied them observed it: "This," said he, "is a young lady who was born to ride in her coach and six. She was beloved, if the story I have heard is true, by a young gentleman, her equal in birth, though by no means her match in fortune; but love, they say, is blind, and so she fancied him as much as he did her. Her father, it seems, would not hear of their marriage, and threatened to turn her out of doors, if ever she saw him again. Upon this the young gentleman took a voyage to the West-Indies, in hopes of bettering his fortune, and obtaining his mistress; but he was scarce landed, when he was seized with one of the fevers which are common in those islands, and died in a few days, lamented by every one that knew him. The news soon reached his mistress, who was at the same time pressed by her father to marry a rich miserly fellow,

who was old enough to be her grandfather. The death of her lover had no effect on her inhuman parent; he was only the more earnest for her marriage with the man he had provided for her; and what between her despair at the death of the one, and her aversion to the other, the poor young lady was reduced to the condition you see her in. But God would not prosper such cruelty: her father's affairs soon after went to wreck, and he died almost a beggar."

Though this story was told in very plain language, it had particularly attracted Harley's notice; he had given it the tribute of some tears. The unfortunate young lady had till now seemed entranced in thought, with her eyes fixed on a little garnet ring she wore on her finger; she turned them now upon Harley: "My Billy is no more!" said she. "Do you weep for my Billy? Blessings on your tears! I would weep too, but my brain is dry; and it burns, it burns, it burns!" She drew nearer to Harley: "Be comforted, young lady," said he, "your Billy is in heaven."—"Is he indeed? And shall we meet again? And shall that frightful man (pointing to the keeper) not be there? Alas! I am grown naughty of late; I have almost forgotten to think of heaven; yet I pray sometimes; when I can, I pray; and sometimes I sing; when I am saddest I sing: you shall hear me, hush!

"Light be the earth on Billy's breast,

"And green the sod that wraps his grave!"

There was a plaintive wildness in the air not to be withstood; and, except the keeper's, there was not an unmoistened eye around her.

"Do you weep again?" said she; "I would not have you weep; you are like my Billy: you are, believe me; just so he looked when he gave me this ring: poor Billy! 'twas the last time ever we met!

"'Twas when the seas were roaring—I love you for resembling my Billy; but I shall never love any man like him." She stretched out her hand to Harley; he pressed it between both of his, and bathed it with his tears.—"Nay, that is Billy's ring," said she; "you cannot have it, indeed; but here is another, look here, which I plaited to-day of some gold thread from this bit of stuff; will you keep it for my sake? I am a strange girl; but my heart

is harmless; my poor heart! it will burst some day; how it beats."—She pressed his hand to her bosom, then holding her head in the attitude of listening—"Hark one, two, three! be quiet, thou little trembler; my Billy is cold!—but I had forgotten the ring."—She put it on his finger.—"Farewell! I must leave you now!"—She would have withdrawn her hand; Harley held it to his lips—"I dare not stay longer; my head throbs sadly:—Farewell!" She walked with a hurried step to a little apartment at some distance. Harley stood fixed in astonishment and pity: his friend gave money to the keeper. Harley looked on his ring. He put a couple of guineas into the man's hand—"Be kind to that unfortunate!" He burst into tears, and left them.

THE STORY OF ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

FROM DR GOLDSMITH.

ATHERNS, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized.

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

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

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being

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

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

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

In the mean time, Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a

sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning wake him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoticed among the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found on his flinty couch more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As he continued here, about midnight two robbers came to make this their retreat, but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at

the entrance. In these circumstances, he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a farther inquiry, an alarm was spread, the cave was examined, and Alcander was apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber who had been really guilty, was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still farther increased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal. Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted, shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb, that no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.

Hints on Education, from the same.

ONE of the passions which the present age is apt to run into, is to make children learn all things; the languages, the sciences, music, the exercises, and painting. Thus the child soon becomes a talker in all, but a master in none. He thus acquires a superficial fondness for every thing, and only shews his ignorance when he attempts to exhibit his skill.

As I deliver my thoughts without method or connection, so the reader must not be surprised to find me once more addressing schoolmasters on the present method of teaching the learned languages, which is commonly by literal translations. I would ask such, if they were to travel a journey, whether those parts of the road, in which they found the greatest difficulties, would not be the most strongly remembered? Boys who, if I may continue the allusion, gallop through one of the ancients with the assistance of a translation, can have but a very slight acquaintance either with the author or his language. It is by the exercise of the mind alone that a language is learned; but a literal translation on the opposite page leaves no exercise for the memory at all. The boy will not be at the fatigue of remembering, when his doubts are at once satisfied by a glance of the eye; whereas, were every word to be sought from a dictionary, the learner would attempt to remember them, to save himself the trouble of looking out for it for the future.

To continue in the same pedantic strain, of all the various grammars now taught in the schools about town, I would recommend only the old common one; I have forgot whether Lily's or an emendation of him. The others may be improvements; but such improvements seem, to me, only mere grammatical niceties, no way influencing the learner, but perhaps loading him with trifling subtilties, which at a proper age he must be at some pains to forget.

Whatever pains a master may take to make the learning of the languages agreeable to his pupil, he may depend upon it, it will be at first extremely unpleasant. The rudiments of every language, therefore, must be given as a task, not as an amusement. Attempting to deceive children into instruction of this kind, is only deceiving ourselves; and I know no passion capable of conquering a child's natural laziness, but fear. Solomon has said it before me; nor is there any more certain, though perhaps more disagreeable truth, than the proverb in verse, too well known to repeat on the present occasion. It is very probable that parents are told of some masters who never use the rod, and consequently are thought the properest instructors for their children; but, though tenderness is a

requisite quality in an instructor, yet there is too often the truest tenderness in well-timed correction.

Some have justly observed, that all passion should be banished on this terrible occasion; but I know not how, there is a frailty attending human nature, that few masters are able to keep their temper while they correct. I knew a good-natured man who was sensible of his own weakness in this respect, and consequently had recourse to the following expedient to prevent his passions from being engaged, yet at the same time administer justice with impartiality. Whenever any of his pupils committed a fault, he summoned a jury of his peers, I mean the boys of his own or the next classes to him; his accusers stood forth, he had the liberty of pleading his own defence, and one or two more had the liberty of pleading against him; when found guilty by his peers, the pannel was consigned to the footman who attended in the house, and had previous orders to punish, but with lenity. By this means the master took off the odium of punishment from himself; and the footman, between whom and the boys there could not be even the slightest intimacy, was placed in such a light as to be shunned by every boy in the school.



*The following detached lines of the late MR ROBERT FER-
GUSSON, it is hoped, will be acceptable to the reader.*

NOW murky shades surround the pole;
 Darkness lords without controul:
 To the notes of buzzing owl,
 Lions roar, and tygers howl,
 Fright'ning from their azure shrine,
 Stars that wont in orbs to shine:
 Now the sailors' storm-tost bark
 Knows no blest celestial mark;
 While, in the briny troubled deep,
 Dolphins change their sport for sleep:
 Ghosts and frightful spectres gaunt,
 Church-yards dreary footsteps haunt,
 And brush, with wither'd arms, the dews
 That fall upon the drooping yews.

CHEERFULNESS.

THE honest heart, whose thoughts are clear
 From fraud, disguise, and guile,
 Need neither fortune's frowning fear,
 Nor court the harlot's smile.
 The greatness that would make us grave
 Is but an empty thing;
 What more than mirth would mortals have
 The cheerful man's a king.

COMPASSION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
 Oh! give relief, and Heav'n will bless your store!
 These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
 Has been the channel to a flood of tears.
 Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
 For Plenty there a residence has found,
 And Grandeur a magnificent abode.
 Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
 Here as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
 A pamp'ring menial drove me from the door,
 To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.
 Oh! take me to your hospitable dome!
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
 For I am poor and miserably old.
 Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
 And tears of pity would not be repress.
 Heav'n sends misfortunes; why should we repine?
 'Tis Heav'n has brought me to the state you see,
 And your condition may be soon like mine,
 The child of sorrow and of misery.
 A little farm was my paternal lot,
 Then, like the lark, I sprightly hail'd the morn;

But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,
 My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.
 My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
 Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
 Is cast, abandon'd, on the world's wide stage,
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.
 My tender wife, sweet soother of my care,
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
 Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

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

HAPPINESS *of the* MARRIED STATE.

Old Darby, with Joan by his side,
 I have often regarded with wonder;
 He's dropsical, she is dim-eyed,
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder.
 Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the sun at the door;
 And at night, when old Darby's pipe's out,
 His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they possess,
 Their several failings to cover:
 Then what are the charms, can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other?
 'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments that youth did bestow,
 The thoughts of past pleasure and truth,
 The best of our blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last,
 Nor sickness nor time can remove;
 For when youth and beauty are past,
 And age brings the winter of love,
 A friendship insensibly grows,
 By reviews of such raptures as these:
 The current of fondness still flows,
 Which decrepit old age cannot freeze.

VIRTUE *praised.*

WOULD you the bloom of youth should last ?
 'Tis virtue that must bind it fast ;

An easy carriage, wholly free
 From sour reserve, or levity ;
 Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
 And looks unskill'd in any art ;
 Humility enough to own
 The frailties which a friend makes known,
 And decent pride, enough to know
 The worth that virtue can bestow.

These are the charms which ne'er decay,
 Though youth and beauty fade away ;
 And time, which all things else removes,
 Still heightens virtue and, improves.

The HERMIT, by Dr BEATTIE.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
 And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove ;
 When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
 And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove ;
 'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain afar,
 A Hermit his song of the night thus began ;
 No more with himself or with nature at war,
 He thought as a Sage, while he felt as a Man :

“ Ah ! why thus abandon'd to darkness and wo ?
 “ Why thus, lonely Philomel, flows thy sad strain ?
 “ For Spring shall return, and a lover bestow ;
 “ And thy bosom no trace of misfortune retain.
 “ Yet, if pity inspire thee, ah ! cease not thy lay ;
 “ Mourn, sweetest Complainer, Man calls thee to mourn :
 “ Oh sooth him, whose pleasures like thine pass away—
 “ Full quickly they pass—but they never return.
 “ Now gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
 “ The Moon, half extinguish'd, her crescent displays :
 “ But lately I mark'd, when majestic on high,
 “ She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
 “ Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 “ The path that conducts thee to splendour again—
 “ But Man's faded glory no change shall renew ;
 “ Ah, fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

" 'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
 " I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
 " For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 " Perfum'd with fresh fragrance, and glitt'ring with dew.
 " Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
 " Kind nature the embryo blossom will save—
 " But when shall Spring visit the mouldering urn !
 " Oh when shall it dawn on the night of the grave !
 " 'Twas thus, by the glare of false Science betray'd,
 " That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
 " My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
 " Destruction before me, and Sorrow behind ;
 " Oh pity, great Father of light !" then I cried,
 " Thy creature who fain would not wander from Thee !
 " Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride ;
 " From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free.
 " And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
 " No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
 " So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
 " The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 " See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
 " And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
 " On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
 " And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS.

FINE sense, and exalted sense, are not half so useful as common sense. There are forty men of wit for one man of sense ; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loss for want of readier change.

Learning is like mercury, one of the most powerful and excellent things in the world, in skilful hands ; in unskilful, the most mischievous.

It is not so much the being exempt from faults, as the having overcome them, that is an advantage to us : it being with the follies of the mind as with the weeds of a field, which, if destroyed and consumed upon the place of their birth, enrich and improve it more than if none had ever sprung there.

To pardon those absurdities in ourselves, which we can-

not suffer in others, is neither better nor worse than to be more willing to be fools ourselves than to have others so.

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

Our passions are like convulsion fits, which, though they make us stronger for the time, leave us weaker ever after.

To be angry, is to revenge the faults of others upon ourselves.

A brave man thinks no one his superior who does him an injury, for he has it then in his power to make himself superior to the other, by forgiving it.

To relieve the oppressed, is the most glorious act a man is capable of; it is, in some measure, doing the business of God and Providence.

An atheist is but a mad ridiculous derider of piety, but a hypocrite makes a sober jest of God and religion. He finds it easier to be upon his knees, than to rise to do a good action: like an impudent debtor, who goes every day and talks familiarly to his creditor, without ever paying what he owes.

What Tully says of war, may be applied to disputing: it should always be so managed, as to remember that the only end of it is peace. But generally true disputants are like true sportsmen; their whole delight is in the pursuit; and a disputant cares no more for the truth than the sportsman for the hare.

Such as are still observing upon others, are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses, reforming every thing there, while their own runs to ruin.

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

When we are young, we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.

We ought, in humanity, no more to despise a man for the misfortunes of the mind, than for those of the body, when they are such as he cannot help. Were this thoroughly considered, we should no more laugh at one for having his brains cracked, than for having his head broke.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor

man, I take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric in sermons and serious discourses, are like the blue and red flowers in corn; pleasing to those who come only for amusement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit from it.

Men are grateful in the same degree that they are resentful.

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

False happiness is like false money, it passes for a time as well as true, and serves some ordinary occasions; but when it is brought to the touch, we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.

A person who is too nice an observer of the business of the crowd, like one who is too curious in observing the labour of the bees, will often be stung for his curiosity.

Every man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Notwithstanding the common complaint of the knavery of men in power, I have known no great minister, or man of parts in business, so wicked as their inferiors: their sense and knowledge preserve them from a hundred common rogueries; and, when they become bad, it is generally more from the necessity of their situation, than from a natural bent to evil.

The vanity of human life is like a river, constantly passing away, and yet constantly coming on.

I seldom see a noble building, or any great piece of magnificence and pomp, but I think how little is all this to satisfy the ambition, or to fill the idea, of an immortal soul.

There should be, methinks, as little merit in loving a woman for her beauty, as in loving a man for his prosperity; both being equally subject to change.

Some people are commended for a giddy kind of humour, which is as much a virtue as drunkenness.

ON CONVERSATION.

SOCIETY subsists among men by a mutual communication of their thoughts to each other. Words, looks,

gestures, and different tones of voice, are the means of that communication. I speak, and in an instant my ideas and sentiments are communicated to the person who hears me; my whole soul in a manner passes into his. This communication of my thoughts is again the occasion of others in him, which he communicates to me in his turn. Hence arises one of the most lively of our pleasures; by this means too we enlarge our knowledge, and this reciprocal commerce is the principal source of our intellectual wealth.

The first rule with regard to conversation is, to observe all the laws of politeness in it. This rule is of all others the most indispensable. It is not in every one's power perhaps to have fine parts, say witty things, or tell a story agreeably; but every man may be polite, if he pleases, at least to a certain degree. Politeness has infinitely more power to make a person be loved, and his company sought after, than the most extraordinary parts or attainments he can be master of. These scarce ever fail of exciting envy, and envy has always some ill-will in it. If you would be esteemed, make yourself be loved; we always esteem the person we love more than he deserves, and the person we do not love, as little as ever we can; nay, we do all we can to despise him, and commonly succeed in it.

Great talents for conversation require to be accompanied with great politeness: he who eclipses others, owes them great civilities; and whatever a mistaken vanity may tell us, it is better to *please* in conversation than to *shine* in it.

Another general rule in conversation is, to conform yourself to the taste, character, and present humour of the persons you converse with. This rule is a consequence of the foregoing; politeness dictates it, but it requires a large fund of good nature and complaisance to observe it; not but that a person must follow his talent in conversation; do not force nature, no one ever did it with success. If you have not a talent for humour, or raillery, or story telling, never attempt them. Contain yourself also within the bounds of what you know, and never talk upon things you are ignorant of, unless it be with a view to inform yourself. A person cannot fail in the observance of this rule without making himself ridiculous; and yet how of-

ten do we see it transgressed! Some who on war or politics could talk very well, will be perpetually haranguing on works of genius and the belles lettres: others who are capable of reasoning, and would make a figure in grave discourses, will yet constantly aim at humour and pleasantry, though with the worst grace imaginable.—Hence it is, that we see a man of merit sometimes appear like a coxcomb, and hear a man of genius talk like a fool.

Avoid disputes as much as possible. In order to appear easy and well-bred in conversation, you may assure yourself, it requires more wit, as well as more good humour, to improve, than to contradict the notions of another; but if you are at any time obliged to enter on an argument, give your reasons with the utmost coolness and modesty; two things which scarce ever fail in making an impression on the hearers. Besides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor shew, either by your actions or words, that you are full of yourself, all will the more heartily rejoice at your victory; nay, should you be pinched in your argument, you may make your retreat with a very good grace; you were never positive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve the *Socratic* way of reasoning, where, while you scarce affirm anything, you can hardly be caught in an absurdity; and though possibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your opinion, which is firmly fixed, you seem only to desire information from him.

In order to keep that temper which is so difficult, and yet so necessary to preserve, you may please to consider, that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous, than to be angry with another because he is not of your opinion. The interest, education, and means, by which men attain their knowledge, are so very different, that it is impossible they should all think alike, and he has at least as much reason to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes, to keep yourself cool, it may be of service to ask yourself fairly, what might have been your opinion, had you all the biases of education and interest your adversary may possibly have? but if you contend for the honour of victory alone, you may lay down this as an infallible maxim, that you cannot make a more false step, or

give your antagonist a greater advantage over you, than by falling into passion.

When an argument is over, how many weighty reasons does a man recollect, which his heat and violence made him utterly forget!

It is yet more absurd to be angry with a man because he does not apprehend the force of your reasons, or gives weak ones of his own. If you argue for reputation, this makes your victory the easier; he is certainly in all respects an object of your pity, rather than anger; and if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank Nature for her favours, who has given you so much the clearer understanding.

You may please to add this consideration, that among your equals no one values your anger, which only preys upon its master; and perhaps you may find it not very consistent, either with prudence or your ease, to punish yourself whenever you meet with a fool or a knave.

Lastly, If you propose to yourself the true end of argument, which is information, it may be a seasonable check to your passion; for if you search purely after truth, it will be almost indifferent to you where you find it. I cannot, in this place, omit an observation which I have often made; namely, that nothing procures a man more esteem and less envy from the whole company, than if he chooses the part of moderator, without engaging directly on either side in a dispute. This gives him the character of impartial, furnishes him with an opportunity of sifting things to the bottom, of shewing his judgment, and of sometimes making handsome compliments to each of the contending parties. I shall close this subject with giving you one caution; when you have gained a victory, do not push it too far; it is sufficient to let the company and your adversary see it is in your power, but that you are too generous to make use of it.

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE TO MUSIC.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting :
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd ;
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, wrapt, inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound ;
 And as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each (for Madness rul'd the hour)
 Would prove his own expressive power.
 First Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings,
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.
 With woful measures wan Despair——
 Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd,
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, oh Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure ?
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still through all her song ;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose ;
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
 And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair,
 And longer had she sung,—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose ;
 He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
 And with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of wo,

And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat ;
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien, [head
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his
 Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state,
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.
 With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole ;
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,
 Round an holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace, and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.
 But oh, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known ;
 The oak-crown'd Sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green ;
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.
 Last came Joy's ecstatic trial ;
 He with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand address'd,
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
 They would have thought who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,

To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love fram'd with Mirth, a gay fantastic round,
 Loose were the tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

Oh Music, sphere-descended maid,
 Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
 Why, Goddess, why to us denied ?
 Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
 As in that lov'd Athenian bower,
 You learn'd in all commanding power,
 Thy mimic soul, oh nymph endear'd,
 Can well recall what then it heard,
 Where is thy native simple heart,
 Devote to virtue, fancy, art ?
 Arise, as in that elder time,
 Warm energetic, chaste, sublime !
 Thy wonders, in that godlike age,
 Fill thy recording Sister's page—
 'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
 Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
 Had more of strength, diviner rage,
 Than all which charms this laggard age,
 Even all at once together found
 Cecilia's mingled world of sound——
 Oh bid our vain endeavours cease,
 Revive the just designs of Greece,
 Return in all thy simple state,
 Confirm the tales her sons relate !

ODE TO HOPE.

OH thou who gladd'st the pensive soul,
 More than Aurora's smile the swain forlorn,
 Left all night long to mourn
 Where Desolation frowns, and Tempests howl ;
 And shrieks of Wo, as intermits the storm,
 Far o'er the monstrous wilderness resound,
 And cross the gloom darts many a shapeless form,
 And many a fire-eyed visage glares around.

Oh come, and be once more my guest :
 Come, for thou oft thy suppliant's vow has heard,
 And oft with smiles indulgent chear'd
 And soothed him into rest.
 Smit by the rapture-beaming eye
 Deep flashing through the midnight of their mind,
 The sable bands combin'd,
 While Fear's black banner bloats the troubled sky,
 Appal'd retire. Suspicion hides her head ;
 Nor dares th' obliquely-gleaming eye-ball raise.
 Despair, with gorgon-figured veil o'erspread,
 Speeds to dark Phlegethon's detested maze.
 Lo, started at the heavenly ray,
 With speed unwonted Indolence unsprings,
 And, heaving, lifts her leaden wings,
 And sullen glides away.

Ten thousand forms, by pining Fancy view'd,
 Dissolve—Above the sparkling flood
 When Phoebus rears his awful brow,
 From lengthning lawn and valley low
 The troops of fen-born mists retire,
 Along the plain
 The joyous swain
 Eyes the gay villages again
 And gold-illuminated spire ;
 While on the billowy ether born,
 Floats the loose lay's jovial measure :
 And light along, the fairy pleasure,
 Her green robes glittering to the morn,
 Wantons on silken wings ; and goblins all
 To the damp dungeon shrink, or hoary hall,
 Or westward, with impetuous flight,
 Shoot to the desert realms of their congenial Night.

When first on Childhood's eager gaze
 Life's varied Landscape, stretch'd immense around,
 Starts out of night profound,
 Thy voice incites to tempt th' untrodden maze.
 Fond he surveys thy mild maternal face,
 His bashful eye still kindling as he views,
 And, while thy lenient arm supports his pace,
 With beating heart the upland path pursues :

The path that leads where, hung sublime,
And seen afar, Youth's gallant trophies, bright
In Fancy's rainbow ray, invite
His wingy nerves to climb.

Pursue thy pleasurable way,
Safe in the guidance of thy heavenly guard,
While melting airs are heard,
And soft-eyed cherub forms around thee play ;
Simplicity, in careless flowers array'd,
Prattling amusive in his accent meek,
And Modesty, half turning, is afraid,
The smile just dimpling on his glowing cheek ;
Content and Leisure, hand in hand,
With Innocence and Peace, advance and sing ;
And Mirth, in many a mazy ring,
Frisks o'er the flowery land.

Frail man, how various is thy lot below !
To-day, though gales propitious blow,
And Peace soft gliding down the sky,
Lead Love along and Harmony,
To-morrow the gay scene deforms ;
Then all around
The thunder's sound
Rolls rattling on through heaven's profound,
And down rush all the storms.
Ye days, that balmy influence shed,
When sweet Childhood, ever sprightly,
In paths of pleasure sported lightly,
Whither, ah whither are ye fled,
Ye cherub train, that brought him on his way ?
Oh leave him not 'midst tumult and dismay !
For now Youth's eminence he gains,
But what a weary length of ling'ring toil remains !
They shriek, they vanish into air.
Now Slander taints with pestilence the gale ;
And mingling cries assail,
The wail of Woe, and groan of grim Despair ;
Lo, wizard Envy, from his serpent eye,
Darts quick destruction in each baneful glance ;
Pride smiling stern, and yellow Jealousy,
Frowning Disdain and haggard Hate advance ;

Behold, amidst the dire array,
Pale wither'd Care his giant stature rears,
And lo, his iron hand prepares
To grasp its feeble prey.

Who now will guard bewilder'd youth
Safe from the fierce assaults of hostile rage ?
Such war can Virtue wage,
Virtue, that bears the sacred shield of Truth ?
Alas ! full oft on Guilt's victorious car
The spoils of Virtue are in triumph borne ;
While the fair captive, mark'd with many a scar,
In lone obscurity, oppress'd, forlorn,
Resigns to tears her angel form ;
Ill-fated youth, then whither wilt thou fly ?
No friend, no shelter now is nigh,
And onward rolls the storm.
But whence the sudden beam that shoots along ?
Why shrink aghast the hostile throng ?
Lo, from amidst Affliction's night,
Hope bursts all radiant on the sight :
Her words the troubled bosom sooth—
“ Why thus dismay'd,
“ Though foes invade ?
“ Hope ne'er is wanting to their aid
“ Who tread the path of Truth.
“ 'Tis I who smooth the rugged way,
“ I who close the eyes of Sorrow,
“ And with glad visions of to-morrow
“ Repair the weary soul's decay :
“ When Death's cold touch thrills to the freezing heart,
“ Dreams of heaven's opening glories I impart,
“ Till the freed spirit springs on high
“ In rapture too severe for weak Mortality.”

ON MODESTY.

I KNOW not two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them, than these two, Modesty and Assurance. To say such a one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character : but at present it is very often used

to signify a sheepish, awkward fellow, who has neither good breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, a man of assurance, though at first only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour, therefore, in this essay, to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of Modesty from being confounded with that of Sheepishness, and to hinder Impudence from passing for Assurance.

If I was put to define Modesty, I would call it the reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others.

For this reason, a man truly modest is as much so when he is alone, as in company, and as subject to a blush in his closet, as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased, as that celebrated one of the young prince, whose father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The prince went to Rome to defend his father, but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a word. The story tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this instance of modesty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the most pathetic oration; and, in short, pardoned the guilty father for this early promise of virtue in the son.

I take Assurance to be the faculty of possessing a man's self, or of saying and doing indifferent things without any uneasiness or emotion in the mind. That which generally gives a man assurance, is a moderate knowledge of the world, but above all, a mind fixed and determined in itself to do nothing against the rules of honour and decency. An open and assured behaviour is the natural consequence of such a resolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time misinterpreted, retires within himself, and from a consciousness of his own integrity, assumes force enough to despise the little censures of ignorance or malice,

Every one ought to cherish and encourage in himself the Modesty and Assurance I have here mentioned.

A man without Assurance is liable to be made uneasy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converses with. A man without Modesty is lost to all sense of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the prince above mentioned possessed both these qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without Assurance, he would never have undertaken to speak before the most august assembly in the world; without Modesty, he would have pleaded the cause he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever so scandalous.

From what has been said, it is plain that Modesty and Assurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the same person. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compose what we endeavour to express when we say a Modest Assurance; by which we understand the just mean between bashfulness and impudence.

I shall conclude with observing, that as the same man may be both modest and assured, so it is also possible for the same person to be both impudent and bashful.

We have frequent instances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved mind and mean education; who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a sentence without confusion, can voluntarily commit the greatest villanies, or most indecent actions.

Such a person seems to have made a resolution to do ill even in spite of himself, and in defiance of all those checks and restraints his temper and complexion seem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to establish this maxim, that the practice of virtue is the most proper method to give a man a becoming Assurance in his words and actions. Guilt always seeks to shelter itself in one of the extremes, and is sometimes attended with both.

ON 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 oft 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 viewest him in that light too, and reckonest upon his friends, his family, his kindred, and allies, and musterest up with them the many recruits which will list under him from a sense of common danger, 'tis no extravagant arithmetic to say, that for every ten jokes, thou hast got an hundred enemies; and 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 malevolence 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 merrym with the other: whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, my dear friend, 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 friends, 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.

SELECT SENTENCES.

WITHOUT a friend, the world is but a wilderness.
A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances

ces, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend, think yourself happy.

When once you profess yourself a friend, endeavour to be always such. He can never have any true friends, that will be often changing them.

Prosperity gains friends, and adversity tries them.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handsome address, and graceful conversation.

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

Excess of ceremony shews a want of breeding. That civility is best which excludes all superfluous formality.

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

Truth is born with us; and we must do violence to nature to shake off our veracity.

There cannot be a greater treachery, than first to raise a confidence, and then deceive it.

By others faults wise men correct their own.

No man hath a thorough taste of prosperity, to whom adversity never happened.

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

There is an heroic innocence, as well as an heroic courage.

There is a mean in all things. Even virtue itself hath its stated limits; which not being strictly observed, it ceases to be virtue.

It is wiser to prevent a quarrel beforehand, than to revenge it afterwards.

It is much better to reprove, than to be angry secretly.

No revenge is more heroic, than that which torments envy, by doing good.

ADVICE TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

BEGIN, my Lord, an early youth,
To suffer, nay, encourage truth;
And blame me not from 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 by study must be won ;
 'Twas near entail'd from son to son.
 Superior worth your rank requires ;
 For that mankind reveres your sires.
 If you degenerate from your race,
 Their merits heighten your disgrace.

THE EARL OF ARUNDEL'S SPEECH, PROPOSING AN ACCOMMODATION BETWEEN HENRY II. AND STEPHEN.

IN the midst of a wide open plain, Henry found Stephen encamped, and pitched his own tent within a quarter of a mile of him, preparing for a battle with all the eagerness that the desire of empire and glory could excite in a brave and youthful heart, elate with success. Stephen, also, much wished to bring the contest between them to a speedy decision : but while he and Eustace were consulting with William of Ipres, in whose affection they most confided, and by whose private advice they took all their measures, the Earl of Arundel, having assembled the English nobility and principal officers, spoke to this effect :

IT is now above sixteen years, that, on a doubtful and disputed claim to the crown, the rage of civil war has almost continually infested this kingdom. During this melancholy period, how much blood has been shed ! What devastations and misery have been brought on the people ! The laws have lost their force—the crown its authority. Licentiousness and impunity have shaken all the foundations of public security. This great and noble nation has been delivered a prey to the basest of foreigners, the abominable scum of Flanders, Brabant, and Bretagne ; robbers, rather than soldiers ; restrained to no laws, divine or human ; tied to no country ; subject to no prince ; instruments of all tyranny, violence, and oppression. At the same time, our cruel neighbours, the Welch and the Scots, calling themselves allies or auxiliaries to the empress, but in reality enemies and destroyers of England, have broken their bounds, ravaged our borders, and taken from us whole provinces, which we can never hope to recover ; while, instead of employing our united force against them, we continue thus madly, without any care of our public safety or national honour, to turn our swords against our own bosoms. What benefits have we gained, to compensate all these losses ? or what do we expect ? When Matilda was mistress of the kingdom, though her power was not yet confirmed, in what manner did she govern ? Did she not make even those of her own faction and court regret the king ? Was not her pride more intolerable still than his levity ? her rapine, than his profuseness ? Were any years of his reign so grievous to the people, so offensive to the nobles, as the first days of her's ? When she was

driven out, did Stephen correct his former bad conduct? Did he dismiss his odious foreign favourite? Did he discharge his lawless, foreign hirelings, who had been so long the scourge and the reproach of England? Have they not lived ever since upon free quarter, by plundering our houses and burning our cities? And now, to complete our miseries, a new army of foreigners, Angevins, Gascons, Poitevins, I know not who, are come over with Henry Plantagenet, the son of Matilda; and many more, no doubt, will be called to assist him, as soon as ever his affairs abroad will permit; by whose help, if he be victorious, England must pay the price of their services; our lands, our honours, must be the hire of these rapacious invaders. But suppose we should have the fortune to conquer for Stephen, what will be the consequence? Will victory teach him moderation? Will he learn from security that regard to our liberties which he could not learn from danger? Alas! the only fruit of our good success will be this:—the estates of the earl of Leicester, and others of our countrymen, who have now quitted the party of this king, will be forfeited; and new confiscations will accrue to William of Ipres.

But let us not hope, that, be our victory ever so complete, it will give any lasting peace to this kingdom. Should Henry fall in this battle, there are two other brothers to succeed to his claim, and support his faction, perhaps with less merit, but certainly with as much ambition as he. What shall we do, then, to free ourselves from all these misfortunes?—Let us prefer the interest of our country to that of our party, and to all those passions which are apt, in civil dissensions, to inflame zeal into madness; and render men the blind instruments of those very evils which they fight to avoid. Let us prevent all the crimes and all the horrors that attend a war of this kind, in which conquest is full of calamity, and our most happy victories deserve to be celebrated only by tears. Nature herself is dismayed, and shrinks back from a combat, where every blow that we strike may murder a friend, a relation, a parent. Let us hearken to her voice, which commands us to refrain from that guilt. Is there one of us here, who would not think it a happy and glorious act to save the life of one of his countrymen? What a felicity

then, and what a glory must it be to us all, if we save the lives of thousands of Englishmen, that must otherwise fall in this battle, and in many other battles, which hereafter may be fought on this quarrel! It is in our power to do so—It is in our power to end the controversy, both safely and honourably, by an amicable agreement—not by the sword. Stephen may enjoy the royal dignity for his life; and the succession may be secured to the young duke of Normandy, with such a present rank in the state, as befits the heir of the crown. Even the bitterest enemies must acknowledge that he is valiant, generous, and good natured; his warmest friends cannot deny that he has a great deal of rashness and indiscretion. Both may therefore conclude, that he should not be deprived of the royal authority; but that he ought to be restrained from a further abuse of it; which can be done by no means so certain and effectual as what I propose: for thus his power will be tempered by the presence, the counsels, and influence of Prince Henry, who, from his own interest in the weal of the kingdom which he is to inherit, will always have a right to interpose his advice, and even his authority, if it be necessary, against any future violation of our liberties; and to procure as effectual redress of our grievances, which we have hitherto sought in vain. If all the English in both armies unite, and I hope they may, in this plan of pacification, they will be able to give the law to foreigners, and oblige both the King and the Duke to consent to it. This will secure the public tranquillity, and leave no secret stings of resentment to rankle in the hearts of a suffering party, and produce future disturbances.

As there will be no triumph, no insolence, no exclusive right to favour, on either side, there can be no shame, no anger, no uneasy desire of change. It will be the work of the whole nation: and all must wish to support what all have established. The sons of Stephen, indeed, may endeavour to oppose it; but their efforts will be fruitless, and must end very soon in their submission or their ruin; nor have they any reasonable cause to complain: their father himself did not come to the crown by hereditary right: he was elected in preference to a woman and an infant, who were deemed not to be capable of ruling a kingdom. By that election our allegiance is bound to

him during his life : but neither that bond, nor the reason for which we chose him, will hold as to the choice of a successor. Henry Plantagenet is now grown up to an age of maturity, and every way qualified to succeed to the crown. He is the grandson of a king whose memory is dear to us, and the nearest heir-male to him in the course of descent : he appears to resemble him in all his good qualities, and to be worthy to reign over the Normans and English, whose noblest blood, united, enriches his veins. Normandy has already submitted to him with pleasure. Why should we now divide that duchy from England, when it is so greatly the interest of our nobility to keep them always connected ? If we had no other inducement to make us desire a reconciliation between him and Stephen, this would be sufficient. Our estates in both countries will by that means be secured, which otherwise we must forfeit in the one or the other, while Henry remains possessed of Normandy ; and it will not be an easy matter to drive him from thence, even though we should compel him to retire from England : but, by amicably compounding his quarrel with Stephen, we shall maintain all our interests, private and public. His greatness abroad will increase the power of this kingdom ; it will make us respectable and formidable to France ; England will be the head of all those ample dominions which extend from the British ocean to the Pyrenean mountains. By governing in his youth so many different states, he will learn to govern us, and come to the crown, after the decease of King Stephen, accomplished in all the arts of good policy. His mother has willingly resigned to him her pretensions ; or rather, she acknowledges that his are superior : we therefore can have nothing to apprehend on that side. In every view, our peace, our safety, the repose of our consciences, the quiet and happiness of our posterity, will be firmly established by the means I propose. Let Stephen continue to wear the crown that we gave him as long as he lives ; but after his death, let it descend to that prince who alone can put an end to our unhappy divisions. If you approve my advice, and will empower me to treat in your names, I will immediately convey your desires to the king and the duke.

LORD LYTTLETON'S SPEECH ON THE REPEAL OF THE
ACT CALLED *the Jew Bill*, IN THE YEAR 1753.

MR SPEAKER,

I SEE no occasion to enter at present into the merits of the bill we passed the last session, for the naturalization of Jews; because I am convinced, that, in the present temper of the nation, not a single foreign Jew will think it expedient to take any benefit of that act; and therefore, the repealing of it is giving up nothing. I assented to it last year, in hopes it might induce some wealthy Jews to come and settle among us: in that light, I saw enough of utility in it, to make me incline rather to approve than dislike it; but, that any man alive could be zealous, either for or against it, I confess I had no idea. What affects our religion is indeed of the highest and most serious importance. God forbid we should be ever indifferent about that! But I thought this had no more to do with religion than any turnpike act we passed in that session; and after all the divinity that has been preached on the subject, I think so still.

Resolution and steadiness are excellent qualities; but it is the application of them upon which their value depends. A wise government, Mr Speaker, will know where to yield, as well as where to resist; and there is no surer mark of littleness of mind in an administration, than obstinacy in trifles. Public wisdom, on some occasions, must condescend to give way to popular folly; especially in a free country, where the humour of the people must be considered as attentively as the humour of a king in an absolute monarchy. Under both forms of government, a prudent and honest ministry will indulge a small folly, and will resist a great one. Not to vouchsafe, now and then, a kind indulgence to the former, would discover an ignorance of human nature; not to resist the latter at all times, would be meanness and servility.

Sir, I look on the bill we are at present debating, not as a sacrifice made to popularity, (for it sacrifices nothing,) but as a prudent regard to some consequences arising from the nature of the clamour raised against the late act for naturalizing Jews, which seem to require a particular consideration.

It has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his Majesty's reign, that his subjects have enjoyed such a settled tranquillity, such a freedom from angry religious disputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true Christian spirit of moderation, of charity, of universal benevolence, has prevailed in the people, has prevailed in the clergy, of all ranks and degrees, instead of those narrow principles, those bigotted prejudices, that furious, that implacable, that ignorant zeal, which had often done so much hurt both to the church and the state; but, from the ill-understood, insignificant act of Parliament you are now moved to repeal, occasion has been taken to deprive us of this inestimable advantage. It is a pretence to disturb the peace of the church, to infuse idle fears into the minds of the people, and make religion itself an engine of sedition. It behoves the piety, as well as the wisdom of Parliament, to disappoint those endeavours. Sir, the very worst mischief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purposes of faction. Heaven and hell are not more distant than the benevolent spirit of the gospel, and the malignant spirit of party. The most impious wars ever made were those called Holy Wars. He who hates another man for not being a Christian, is himself not a Christian. Christianity, Sir, breathes love, and peace, and good will, to man. A temper, conformable to the dictates of that holy religion, has lately distinguished this nation; and a glorious distinction it was! But there is latent, at all times, in the mind of the vulgar, a spark of enthusiasm; which, if blown by the breath of a party, may, even when it seems quite extinguished, be suddenly revived, and raised to a flame. The act of last session, for naturalizing Jews, has very unexpectedly administered fuel to feed that flame. To what a height it may rise, if it should continue much longer, one cannot easily tell; but, take away the fuel, and it will die of itself.

It is the misfortune of all the Roman Catholic countries, that there the church and the state, the civil power and the hierarchy, have separate interests, and are continually at variance one with the other. It is our happiness, that here they form but one system. While this harmony lasts, whatever hurts the church, hurts the state; whatever weakens the credit of the governors of the

Church, takes away from the civil power a part of its strength, and shakes the whole constitution.

Sir, I trust and believe, that, by speedily passing this bill, we shall silence that obloquy which has so unjustly been cast upon our reverend prelates, (some of the most respectable that ever adorned our church,) for the part they took in the act which this repeals: and it greatly concerns the whole community, that they should not lose that respect which is so justly due to them, by a popular clamour, kept up in opposition to a measure of no importance in itself: but if the departing from that measure should not remove the prejudice so maliciously raised, I am certain that no further step you can take will be able to remove it; and, therefore, I hope you will stop here. This appears to be a reasonable and safe condescension, by which nobody will be hurt; but all beyond this would be dangerous weakness in government. It might open a door to the wildest enthusiasm, and to the most mischievous attacks of political disaffection working upon that enthusiasm. If you encourage and authorize it to fall on the synagogue, it will go from thence to the meeting-house, and in the end to the palace. But let us be careful to check its further progress. The more zealous we are to support Christianity, the more vigilant should we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back persecution, we bring back the antichristian spirit of popery; and when the spirit is here, the whole system will soon follow. Toleration is the basis of all public quiet. It is a character of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which secures our persons and estates. Indeed, they are inseparably connected together; for, where the mind is not free, where the conscience is enthralled, there is no freedom. Spiritual tyranny puts on the galling chains; but civil tyranny is called in to rivet and fix them. We see it in Spain, and many other countries; we have formerly both seen and felt it in England. By the blessing of God, we are now delivered from all kinds of oppression. Let us take care, that they may never return.

FINIS.



