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NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND

LESSONS IN READING;

OR,

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES

IN PROSE AND VERSE,

SELECTED FROM THE

BEST ENGLISH AUTHORS.

FOR THE

IMPROVEMENT OF THE YOUTH

OF BOTH SEXES.

I consider an human Soul without Education, like Marble in the 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 out to view every latent Virtue and Perfection, which without such Helps are never able to make their appearance.

Addison.

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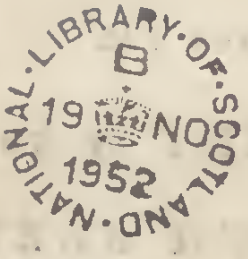

TO

JAMES BEATTIE, LL. D.

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY AND LOGICK
IN THE MARISCHAL UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN;

WHOSE TIME AND TALENTS

HAVE BEEN SO NOBLY EMPLOYED,

AND SO EMINENTLY DISTINGUISHED,

IN THE VINDICATION OF TRUTH,

AND IN PROMOTING

VIRTUE AND USEFUL LEARNING;

THIS SELECTION OF MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

DESIGNED FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF

YOUNG PERSONS,

AND WHICH HAS BEEN HONOURED WITH

HIS APPROBATION,

IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

AS A SMALL TRIBUTE OF ESTEEM,

BY HIS MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

THE PUBLISHER.

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SELECT SENTENCES.

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

IF to do, were as eaſy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own inſtructions: I can eaſier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching.

MEN's evil manners live in braſs; their virtues we write in water.

THE web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipped them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſhed by our virtues.

The ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal ſufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

How far the little candle throws his beams!
So ſhines a good deed in a naughty world.

——— LOVE all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than uſe: keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never taſk'd for ſpeech.

THE cloud capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,

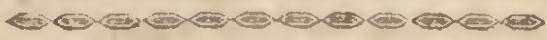
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
And, like the baſeleſs fabric of th' air viſions,
Leave not a wreck behind! we are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep.

Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that ſhould teach us,
There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

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

Heaven doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themſelves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine iſſues: nor nature never lends
The ſmalleſt ſcruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddeſs, ſhe determines
Herſelf the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and uſe.

What ſtronger breaſt-plate than a heart untainted?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel juſt:
And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in ſteel,
Whoſe conſcience with injuſtice is corrupted.



OH, world, thy ſlippery turns! Friends now faſt ſworn,
Whoſe double boſoms ſeem to wear one heart,
Whoſe hours, whoſe beds, whoſe meal and exerciſe
Are ſtill together; who twine, (as 'twere) in love
Inſeparable; ſhall within this hour,
On a diſſenſion of a doit, break out
To bitereſt enmity. So felleſt foes,
Whoſe paſſions and whoſe plots have broke their ſleep,
To take the one the other, by ſome chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, ſhall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their iſſues.

——— So it falls out, That

That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,
Why then we wreak the value; then we find
The virtue that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us,
Whilſt it was ours.

COWARDS die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taſte of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange that men ſhould fear;
Seeing that death, a neceſſary end,
Will come, when it will come.

THERE is ſome ſoul of goodneſs in things evil,
Would men obſervingly diſtil it out;
For our bad neighbour makes us early ſtirrers:
Which is both healthful, and good huſbandry.
Beſides, they are our outward conſciences,
And preachers to us all; admoniſhing,
That we ſhould dreſs us fairly for our end.

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

——— WHO ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit? Let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity.
O that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly, that clear honour
Were purchaſed by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover that ſtand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!

OH, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtic ſummer's heat?
Oh, no! the apprehenſion of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe;

Fell ſorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.
——— 'Tis ſlander;
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword; whoſe tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and ſtates,
Maids, matrons, nay the ſecrets of the grave,
This viperous ſlander enters.

THERE is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.

TOMORROW, and to morrow, and to morrow,
Creeps in this petty ſpace from day to day,
To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time,
And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools
The way to duſky death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking ſhadow, a poor player,
That ſtruts and frets his hour upon the ſtage,
And then is heard no more! It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of ſound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

THE DERVISE.

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

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

SPECTATOR.

TURKISH TALE.

WE are told that the Sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and half unpeopled the Persian Empire. The visier to this great Sultan (whether an humorist or an enthusiast, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Dervise to understand the language of birds, so that there was not a bird that could open his mouth, but the visier knew what it was he said. As he was one evening with the emperor, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of a heap of rubbish. I would fain know, says the Sultan, what these two owls are saying to one another; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it. The Visier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, Sir, says he, I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is. The Sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the owls had said. You must know then, said the Visier, that one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, in my hearing, brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will

ſettle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion. To which the father of the daughter replied, inſtead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if you pleaſe. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud; whilst he reigns over us, we ſhall never want ruined villages

The ſtory ſays, the Sultan was ſo touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been deſtroyed, and from that time forward conſulted the good of his people. SPECTATOR.

AVARICE AND LUXURY.

THERE were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war againſt each other; the name of the firſt was Luxury, and of the ſecond Avarice. The aim of each of them was no leſs than univerſal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great ſervice, as Pleaſure, Mirth, Pomp, and Faſhion. Avarice was likewiſe very ſtrong in his officers, being faithfully ſerved by Hunger, Induſtry, Care, and Watchfulneſs; he had likewiſe a privy-counſellor who was always at his elbow, and whiſpering ſomething or other in his ear: the name of this privy-counſellor was Poverty. As Avarice conducted himſelf by the counſels of Poverty, his antagoniſt was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his firſt counſellor and miniſter of ſtate, that concerted all his meaſures for him, and never departed out of his ſight. While theſe two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conqueſts were very various. Luxury got poſſeſſion of one heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himſelf under the banners of Avarice, and the ſon under thoſe of Luxury The Wife and Huſband would often declare themſelves on the two different parties; nay, the ſame perſon would very often ſide with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wiſe men of the world ſtood neuter; but alas their numbers were not conſiderable. At length, when theſe two potentates had wearied themſelves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counſellors

were

were to be present. It is said that luxury began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon plenty (the first minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary; that each of them should immediately dismiss his privy-counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason we now find Luxury and Avarice taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the counsellors above mentioned, Avarice supplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty. SPECTATOR.

THE OLD MAN AND HIS ASS.

AN old man and a little boy were driving an ass to the next market to sell. What a fool is this fellow (says a man upon the road) to be trudging it on foot with his son, that his ass may go light! The old man, hearing this, set his boy upon the ass, and went whistling by the side of him. Why, sirrah! (cries a second man to the boy) is it fit for you to be riding, while your poor old father is walking on foot? The father upon this rebuke, took down his boy from his ass, and mounted himself. Do you see, (says a third) how the lazy old knave rides along upon his beast, while his poor little

little boy is almoſt crippled with walking? The old man no ſooner heard this, than he took up his ſon behind him. Pray, honeſt friend (ſays a fourth) is that aſs your own? Yes, ſays the man. One would not have thought ſo, replied the other, by your loading him ſo unmercifully. You and your ſon are better able to carry the poor beaſt, than he you. Any thing to pleaſe, ſays the owner; and alighting with his ſon, they tied the legs of the aſs together, and by the help of a pole endeavoured to carry him upon their ſhoulders over the bridge that led to the town. This was ſo entertaining a ſight, that the people ran in crowds to laugh at it; till the aſs, conceiving a diſlike to the over-compliance of his maſter, burſt aſunder the cords that tied him, ſlipt from the pole, and tumbled into the river. The poor old man made the beſt of his way home, aſhamed and vexed that by endeavouring to pleaſe every body, he had pleaſed no body, and loſt his aſs into the bargain. WORLD.

HERCULES's CHOICE.

WHen Hercules was in that part of his youth, in which it was natural for him to conſider what courſe of life he ought to purſue, he one day retired into a deſart, where the ſilence and ſolitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was muſing on his preſent condition, and very much perplexed in himſelf on the ſtate of life he ſhould chooſe, he ſaw two women of a larger ſtature than ordinary approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and eaſy, her perſon clean and unſpotted, her eyes caſt towards the ground with an agreeable reſerve, her motion and behaviour full of modeſty, and her raiment was as white as ſnow. The other had a great deal of health and floridneſs in her countenance, which ſhe had helped with an artificial white and red; and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her geſtures. She had a wonderful confidence and aſſurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dreſs that ſhe thought were the moſt proper to ſhew

her

her complexion to advantage. She caſt her eyes upon herſelf, then turned them on thoſe that were preſent, to ſee how they liked her, and often looked on the figure ſhe made in her own ſhadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, ſhe ſtepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular compoſed carriage, and running up to him, accoſted him after the following manner.

My dear Hercules, ſays ſhe, I find you are very much divided in your own thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to chooſe: be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the poſſeſſion of pleaſure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noiſe and diſquietude of buſineſs. The affairs of either war or peace ſhall have no power to diſturb you. Your whole employment ſhall be to make your life eaſy, and to entertain every ſenſe with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of roſes, clouds of perfumes, concerts of muſic, crouds of beauties, are in a readineſs to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleaſure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to buſineſs.

Hercules hearing the lady talk after this manner, deſired to know her name; to which ſhe anſwered, my friends, and thoſe who are well acquainted with me, call me Happineſs; but my enemies, and thoſe who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleaſure.

By this time the other lady was come up, who addreſſed herſelf to the young hero in a very different manner.

Hercules, ſays ſhe, I offer myſelf to you, becauſe I know you are deſcended from the Gods, and give proofs of that deſcent by your love to virtue, and application to the ſtudies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourſelf and me an immortal reputation. But, before I invite you into my ſociety and friendſhip, I will be open and ſincere with you, and muſt lay down this as an eſtabliſhed truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchaſed without pains and labour. The Gods have ſet a price upon every real and noble pleaſure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you muſt be at the pains of worſhipping him; if the friendſhip of good men, you muſt ſtudy to oblige

oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you muſt take care to ſerve it. In ſhort, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you muſt become maſter of all the qualifications that can make you ſo. Theſe are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propoſe happineſs The Goddeſs of Pleaſure here broke in upon her diſcourſe: You ſee, ſaid ſhe, Hercules, by her own confeſſion, the way to her pleaſures is long and difficult, whereas that which I propoſe is ſhort and eaſy. Alas! ſaid the other lady, whoſe viſage glowed with paſſion, made up of ſcorn and pity, what are the pleaſures you propoſe? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirſt, ſleep before you are tired; to gratify appetites before they are raiſed, and raiſe ſuch appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the moſt delicious muſic, which is the praiſe of one's ſelf; nor ſaw the moſt beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries paſs away their youth in a dream of miſtaken pleaſures, while they are hoarding up anguiſh, torment, and remorſe, for old age.

As for me, I am the friend of Gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artizan, an houſhold guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of ſervants, an aſſociate in all true and generous friendſhips. The banquets of my votaries are never coſtly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirſt. Their ſlumbers are ſound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleaſure of hearing themſelves praiſed by thoſe who are in years; and thoſe who are in years, of being honoured by thoſe who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the Gods, beloved by their acquaintance, eſteemed by their country, and, after the cloſe of their labours, honoured by poſterity.

We know by the life of this memorable hero, to which of theſe two ladies he gave up his heart; and, I believe, every one who reads this, will do him the juſtice to approve his choice.

TATLER.

PITY.

P I T Y.

IN the happy period of the golden age, when all the celeſtial inhabitants deſcended to the earth, and converſed familiarly with mortals, among the moſt cheriſhed of the heavenly powers were twins, the offspring of Jupiter, LOVE and JOY. Wherever they appeared, the flowers ſprung up beneath their feet, the ſun ſhone with a brighter radiance, and all nature ſeemed embelliſhed by their preſence They were inſeparable companions, and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a laſting union ſhould be ſolemnized between them ſo ſoon as they were arrived at maturer years. But in the mean time the ſons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin over-ran the earth with giant ſtrides; and Aſtrea with her train of celeſtial viſitants forſook their polluted abodes. Love alone remained, having been ſtolen away by Hope, who was his nurſe, and conveyed by her to the foreſts of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the ſhepherds. But Jupiter aſſigned him a different partner, and commanded him to eſpouſe SORROW, the daughter of Atè. He complied with reluctance; for her features were harſh and diſagreeable, her eyes ſunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypreſs and wormwood. From this union ſprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a ſtrong reſemblance to both her parents; but the ſullen and unamiable features of her mother were ſo mixed and blended with the ſweetneſs of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleaſing. The maids and ſhepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her PITY. A red breaſt was obſerved to build in the cabin where ſhe was born; and while ſhe was yet an infant, a dove purſued by a hawk flew into her boſom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but ſo ſoft and gentle a mien, that ſhe was beloved to a degree of enthuſiaſm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpreſſibly ſweet; and ſhe loved to lie for hours together on the banks of ſome wild and melancholy ſtream, ſinging to her lute. She

taught

taught men to weep, for ſhe took a ſtrange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were aſſembled at their evening ſports, ſhe would ſteal in amongſt them, and captivate their hearts by her tales full of charming ſadneſs. She wore on her head a garland compoſed of her father's myrtles twiſted with her mother's cypreſs.

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

MRS. BARBAULD.

THE SWORD.

WHEN ſtates and empires have their periods of declenſion, and feel in their turns what diſtreſs and poverty is—I ſtop not to tell the cauſes which gradually brought the houſe d'E**** in Britany into decay. The Marquis d'E**** had fought up againſt his condition with great firmneſs; wiſhing to preſerve and ſtill ſhew to the world ſome little fragments of what his anceſtors had been—their indiſcretion had put it out of his power. There was enough left for the little exigencies of obſcurity—But he had two boys who looked up to him for light—he thought they deſerved it. He had tried his ſword—it could not open the way—the mounting was too expenſive—and ſimple œconomy was not a match for it—there was no reſource but commerce.

In any other province in France, ſave Britany, this was ſmiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection wiſhed to ſee re-bloſſom—But in Britany, there

there being a provision for this, he availed himself of it; and taking an occasion when the states were assembled at Rennes, the Marquis, attended with his two sons, entered the court; and having pleaded the right of an antient law of the duchy, which, though seldom claimed, he said, was no less in force; he took his sword from his side—Here—said he—take it; and be trusty guardians of it, till better times put me in condition to reclaim it.

The president accepted the Marquis's sword—he stayed a few minutes to see it deposited in the archives of his house—and departed.

The Marquis and his whole family embarked the next day for Martinico, and in about nineteen or twenty years of successful application to business, with some unlooked-for bequest from distant branches of his house—returned home to reclaim his nobility, and to support it.

It was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller, but a sentimental one, that I should be at Rennes at the very time of this solemn requisition; I call it solemn—it was so to me.

The Marquis entered the court with his whole family: he supported his lady—his eldest son supported his sister, and his youngest was at the other extreme of the line next his mother—he put his handkerchief to his face twice—

There was a dead silence. When the Marquis had approached within six paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioness to his youngest son, and advancing three steps before his family—he reclaimed his sword.—His sword was given him, and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almost out of the scabbard—it was the shining face of a friend he had once given up. He looked attentively a long time at it, beginning at the hilt, as if to see whether it was the same—when observing a little rust which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it—I think I saw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived by what followed.

"I shall find, said he, some other way to get it off."

When the Marquis had said this, he returned his sword into its scabbard, made a bow to the guardian of it—and, with his wife and daughter and his two sons following him, walked out. O how I envied his feelings!

THE YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

A GRECIAN Youth, of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philoſophic care
Had form'd for Virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boaſt his matchleſs ſkill,
To curb the ſteed, and guide the wheel.
And as he paſs'd the gazing throng,
With graceful eaſe, and ſmack'd the thong,
The ideot wonder they expreſs'd
Was praiſe and tranſport to his breaſt.
At length, quite vain, he needs would ſhow
His maſter, what his art could do;
And bade his ſlaves the chariot lead
To Academus' ſacred ſhade.
The trembling grove confeſs'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs ſtarted at the ſight;
The Muſes dropt the learned lyre,
And to their inmoſt ſhades retire!
Howe'er, the youth, with forward air,
Bows to the ſage, and mounts the car,
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ſpring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring,
And gather'd crowds with eager eyes,
And ſhouts, purſue him as he flies.
Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirſt his boſom burn'd;
And now along th' indented plain,
The ſelf-ſame track he marks again,
Purſues with care the nice deſign,
Nor ever deviates from the line.
Amazement ſeiz'd the circling crowd;
The youths with emulation glow'd;
Ev'n bearded ſages hail'd the boy,
And all, but Plato, gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep-judging ſage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field:
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye,

Alas!

Alas! unhappy youth, he cry'd,
Expect no praiſe from me, (and ſigh'd)
With indignation I ſurvey
Such ſkill and judgment thrown away.
The time profuſely ſquander'd there,
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd. at leſs expence,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, ſenſe,
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate,
To govern men, and guide the ſtate. WHITEHEAD.

SIR BALAAM.

WHERE London's column, pointing at the ſkies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a Citizen of ſober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and ſo forth;
His word would paſs for more than he was worth.
One ſolid diſh his week day meal affords,
An added pudding ſolemniz'd the Lord's:
Conſtant at Church, and 'Change; his gains were ſure,
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.
The Devil was piqu'd ſuch ſaintſhip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
Then full againſt his Corniſh lands they roar,
And two rich ſhipwrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore.
SIR Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourſelf," was ſoon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings ſmoak'd upon the board.
Aſleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honeſt factor ſtole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the Di'mond, and the rogue was bit.
Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give ſix-pence where I gave a groat;

" Where once I went to church, I'll now go twice—
" And am ſo clear too of all other vice."
The Tempter ſaw his time ; the work he ply'd ;
Stocks and Subſcriptions pour on ev'ry ſide,
'Till all the Dæmon makes his full deſcent
In one abundant ſhow'r of Cent per Cent,
Sinks deep within him, and poſſeſſes whole,
Then dubs Director, and ſecures his ſoul.
Behold Sir Balaam now a man of ſpirit,
Aſcribes his gettings to his parts and merit ;
What late he call'd a Bleſſing, now was Wit,
And God's good Providence, a lucky Hit.
Things change their titles, as our manners turn :
His Compting houſe employ'd the Sunday morn :
Seldom at Church ('twas ſuch a buſy life)
But duly ſent his family and wife
There (ſo the Devil ordain'd) one Chriſtmas-tide
My good old Lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.
A Nymph of Quality admires our Knight ;
He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite :
Leaves the dull Cits, and joins (to pleaſe the Fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St James's air :
In Britain's Senate he a ſeat obtains,
And one more Penſioner St. Stephen gains.
My Lady falls to play ; ſo bad her chance,
He muſt repair it ; takes a bribe from France ;
The Houſe impeach him ; Coningſby harangues ;
The Court forſake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.
Wife, ſon, and daughter, Satan ! are thy own,
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown :
The Devil and the King divide the prize,
And ſad Sir Balaam curſes God and dies. POPE.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Faſt by a ſheltering wood,
The ſafe retreat of health and peace,
A humble cottage ſtood.
There beauteous EMMA flouriſh'd fair
Beneath a mother's eye,

Whoſe

Whoſe only wiſh on earth was now
  To ſee her bleſt, and die.
The ſofteſt bluſh that nature ſpreads,
  Gave colour to her cheek ;
Such orient colour ſmiles thro' heav'n,
  When May's ſweet mornings break.
Nor let the pride of great ones ſcorn
  This charmer of the plains ;
That ſun which bids their diamond blaze,
  To deck our lily deigns.
Long had ſhe fir'd each youth with love,
  Each maiden with deſpair ;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
  Yet knew not ſhe was fair.
Till Edwin came, the pride of ſwains,
  A ſoul that knew no art,
And from whoſe eyes, ſerenely mild,
  Shone forth the feeling heart.
A mutual flame was quickly caught,
  Was quickly too reveal'd ;
For neither boſom lodg'd a wiſh,
  Which virtue keeps conceal'd.
What happy hours of heartfelt bliſs,
  Did love on both beſtow !
But bliſs too mighty long to laſte,
  Where fortune proves a foe.
His ſiſter, who like envy form'd,
  Like her in miſchief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked ſkill
  Each darker art employ'd.
The father too, a ſordid man,
  Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling as the rock
  From whence his riches grew.
Long had he ſeen their mutual flame,
  And ſeen it long unmov'd ;
Then with a father's frown at laſt,
  He ſternly diſapprov'd.
In Edwin's gentle heart a war
  Of differing paſſions ſtrove ;
His heart, which durſt not diſobey,

Yet could not ceaſe to love.
Deny'd her ſight, he oft behind
The ſpreading hawthorn crept,
To ſnatch a glance, to mark the ſpot
Where EMMA walk'd and wept.
Oft too in Stanemore's wint'ry waſte,
Beneath the moonlight ſhade,
In ſighs to pour his ſoften'd ſoul,
The midnight mourner ſtray'd.
His cheeks, where love with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercaſt;
So fades the freſh roſe in its prime,
Before the northern blaſt.
The parents now, with late remorſe,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And weary'd Heav'n with fruitleſs pray'rs,
And fruitleſs ſorrows ſhed.
'Tis paſt, he cry'd, but if your ſouls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let theſe dim eyes once more behold
What they muſt ever love.
She came; his cold hand ſoftly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear;
Faſt falling o'er the primroſe pale
So morning dews appear.
But oh! his ſiſter's jealous care
(A cruel ſiſter ſhe!)
Forbad what EMMA came to ſay,
My EDWIN, live for me.
Now homeward as ſhe hopeleſs went,
The church yard path along,
The blaſt blew cold, the dark owl ſcream'd
Her lover's fun'ral ſong.
Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her ſtartling fancy found
In ev'ry buſh his hovering ſhade,
His groan in every ſound.
Alone, appal'd, thus had ſhe paſs'd
The viſionary vale,
When lo! the death-bell ſmote her ear,
Sad ſounding in the gale.
Juſt then ſhe reach'd, with trembling ſteps,

Her aged mother's door;
He's gone, ſhe cry'd, and I muſt ſee
That angel face no more.
I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high againſt my ſide:
From her white arm down ſunk her head,
She ſhiver'd, ſigh'd, and died. MALLET.

CELADON AND AMELIA.

'TIS liſtening fear, and dumb amazement all:
When to the ſtartled eye the ſudden glance
Appears far ſouth, eruptive thro' the cloud;
And following ſlower, in exploſion vaſt,
The Thunder raiſes his tremendous voice.
At firſt, heard ſolemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempeſt growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its awful burden on the wind,
The lightnings flaſh a larger curve, and more
The noiſe aſtounds: till over head a ſheet
Of livid flame diſcloſes wide; then ſhuts,
And opens wider; ſhuts and opens ſtill
Expanſive, wrapping ether in a blaze.
Follows the looſen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Cruſh'd horrible, convulſing heaven and earth.
Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.
And yet not always on the guilty head
Deſcends the fated flaſh. Young CELADON
And his AMELIA were a matchleſs pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The ſame, diſtinguiſh'd by their ſex alone:
Hers the mild luſtre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the riſen day.
They lov'd: but ſuch their guileleſs paſſion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence and undiſſembling truth.
'Twas friendſhip heightened by the mutual wiſh,
Th' enchanting hope, and ſympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer ſelf;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power

Of

Of giving joy. Alone, amid the ſhades,
Still in harmonious intercourſe they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or ſigh'd, and look'd unutterable things.
So paſs'd their life, a clear united ſtream,
By care unruffled: till, in evil hour,
The tempeſt caught them on the tender walk,
Heedleſs how far, and where its mazes ſtray'd,
While, with each other bleſt, creative love,
Still bade eternal Eden ſmile around.
Heavy with inſtant fate her boſom heav'd
Unwonted ſighs, and ſtealing oft a look
Tow'rds the big gloom, on CELADON her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her diſordered cheek.
In vain aſſuring love, and confidence
In HEAVEN, repreſs'd her fear; it grew and ſhook
Her frame near diſſolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict, and as angels look
On dying ſaints, his eyes compaſſion ſhed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not," he ſaid,
"Sweet innocence! thou ſtranger to offence,
"And inward ſtorm! HE, who yon ſkies involves
"In frowns of darkneſs, ever ſmiles on thee
"With kind regard. O'er thee the ſecret ſhaft
"That waſtes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
"Of noon, flies harmleſs; and that very voice,
"Which thunders terror thro' the guilty heart,
"With tongues of ſeraphs whiſpers peace to thine.
"'Tis ſafety to be near thee ſure, and thus
"To claſp perfection!" From his void embrace,
(Myſterious Heaven!) that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corſe, was ſtruck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he ſtood,
Pierc'd by ſevere amazement, hating life,
Speechleſs, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint reſemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well-diſſembled mourner ſtooping ſtands,
For ever ſilent, and for ever ſad. THOMSON.

OTHEL.

OTHELLO's APOLOGY.

MOST potent, grave, and reverend Signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſet phraſe of peace;
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years' pith,
Till now ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for myſelf. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver,
Of my whole courſe of love: what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with. ——
Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life,
From year to year; the battles, ſieges, fortunes,
That I have paſt.
I ran it through, ev'n from my boyiſh days,
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents by blood 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 deſarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whoſe heads touch heav'n,
It was my hent 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

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 delate;
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 wished 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. SHAKESPEAR.

ON HONOUR.

EVERY principle that is a motive to good actions ought to be encouraged, since men are of so different a make, that the same principle does not work equally upon all minds. What some men are prompted to by conscience, duty, or religion, which are only different names for the same thing, others are prompted to by honour.

THE sense of honour is of so fine and delicate a nature, that it is only to be met with in minds which are naturally noble, or in such as have been cultivated by great examples, or a refined education. This essay therefore is chiefly designed for those who by means of any of these advantages are, or ought to be, actuated by this glorious principle.

BUT as nothing is more pernicious than a principle of action, when it is misunderstood, I shall consider honour with respect to three sorts of men. First of all, with regard to those who have a right notion of it. Secondly, with regard to those who have a mistaken notion of it. And

And thirdly, with regard to those who treat it as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule.

In the first place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the same effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the same point. Religion embraces virtue, as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man fears, the man of honour scorns, to do an ill action. The latter considers vice as something that is beneath him, the other as something that is offensive to the Divine Being. The one as what is unbecoming, the other as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca speaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares that were there no God to see or punish vice, he would not commit it, because it is of so mean, so base, and so vile a nature.

I shall conclude this head with the description of honour in the parting of young Juba.

Honour's a sacred tie, the law of kings,
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,
That aids and strengthens virtue when it meets her,
And imitates her actions where she is not.
It ought not to be sported with. —— Cato.

In the second place, we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honour. And these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country; who think it more honourable to revenge than to forgive an injury; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man; but we find several who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage; by which means we have had many among us who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion, who looks upon

any

any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to society, who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues, and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

TIMOGENES was a lively instance of one actuated by false honour. Timogenes would smile at a man's jest who ridiculed his Maker, and at the same time run a man through the body, that spoke ill of his friend. Timogenes would have scorned to have betrayed a secret that was intrusted with him, though the fate of his country depended upon the discovery of it. Timogenes took away the life of a young fellow in a duel, for having spoken ill of Belinda, a lady whom he himself had seduced in her youth, and betrayed into want and ignominy. To close his character, Timogenes, after having ruined several poor tradesman's families, who had trusted him, sold his estate to satisfy his creditors; but like a man of honour, disposed of all the money he could make of it, in the paying off his play debts, or, to speak in his own language, his debts of honour.

IN the third place, we are to consider those persons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and that turn it into ridicule. Men who are professedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even those who are actuated by false notions of it, as there is more hope of a heretic than of an atheist. These sons of infamy consider honour, with old Syphax, in the play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads astray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real mischiefs, while they are engaged in the pursuit of a shadow. These are generally persons, who in Shakespear's phrase, "are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men;" whose imaginations are grown callous, and have lost all those delicate sentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miscreants ridicule every thing as romantic that comes in competition with their present interest, and treat those persons as visionaries, who dare stand up in a corrupt age, for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, interest, or experience of such men, make them very often useful in all parties,

parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to consider, that every one stands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue. GUARDIAN.

ON GOOD HUMOUR.

GOOD humour may be defined a habit of being pleased; a constant and perennial softness of manner, easiness of approach, and suavity of disposition; like that which every man perceives in himself when the first transports of new felicity have subsided, and his thoughts are only kept in motion by a slow succession of soft impulses. Good humour is a state between gaiety and unconcern; the act or emanation of a mind at leisure to regard the gratification of another.

IT is imagined by many, that whenever they aspire to please, they are required to be merry, and to shew the gladness of their souls by flights of pleasantry, and bursts of laughter. But though these men may be for a time heard with applause and admiration, they seldom delight us long. We enjoy them a little, and then retire to easiness and good humour, as the eye gazes a while on eminences glittering with the sun, but soon turns aching away to verdure and to flowers.

GAIETY is to good humour as animal perfumes to vegetable fragrance; the one overpowers weak spirits, and the other recreates and revives them. Gaiety seldom fails to give some pain; the hearers either strain their faculties to accompany its towerings, or are left behind in envy and despair. Good humour boasts no faculties which every one does not believe in his power, and pleases principally by not offending.

IT is well known that the most certain way to give any man pleasure, is to persuade him that you receive pleasure from him, to encourage him to freedom and confidence, and to avoid any such appearance of superiority as may overbear and depress him. We see many that by this art only, spend their days in the midst of caresses, invitations, and civilities; and without any extraordinary

qualities or attainments, are the universal favourites of both sexes, and certainly find a friend in every place. The darlings of the world will, indeed, be generally found such as excite neither jealousy nor fear, and are not considered as candidates for any eminent degree of reputation, but content themselves with common accomplishments, and endeavour rather to solicit kindness than to raise esteem. Therefore in assemblies and places of resort it seldom fails to happen, that though at the entrance of some particular person every face brightens with gladness, and every hand is extended in salutation, yet if you pursue him beyond the first exchange of civilities, you will find him of very small importance, and only welcome to the company, as one by whom all conceive themselves admired, and with whom any one is at liberty to amuse himself when he can find no other auditor or companion, as one with whom all are at ease, who will hear a jest without criticism, and a narrative without contradiction, who laughs with every wit, and yields to every disputer.

There are many whose vanity always inclines them to associate with those from whom they have no reason to fear mortification; and there are times in which the wise and the knowing are willing to receive praise without the labour of deserving it, in which the most elevated mind is willing to descend, and the most active to be at rest. All therefore are at some hour or another fond of companions whom they can entertain upon easy terms, and who will relieve them from solitude, without condemning them to vigilance and caution. We are most inclined to love when we have nothing to fear, and he that encourages us to please ourselves, will not be long without preference in our affection to those whose learning holds us at the distance of pupils, or whose wit calls all attention from us, and leaves us without importance and without regard.

It is remarked by prince Henry, when he sees Falstaff lying on the ground, "that he could have better spared a better man." He was well acquainted with the vices and follies of him whom he lamented, but while his conviction compelled him to do justice to superior qualities,

ties, his tenderneſs ſtill broke out at the remembrance of Falſtaff, of the chearful companion, the loud buffoon, with whom he had paſſed his time in all the luxury of idleneſs, who had gladdened him with unenvied merriment, and whom he could at once enjoy and deſpiſe.

You may perhaps think this account of thoſe who are diſtinguiſhed for their good humour, not very conſiſtent with the praiſes which I have beſtowed upon it. But ſurely nothing can more evidently ſhew the value of this quality, than that it recommends thoſe who are deſtitute of all other excellencies, and procures regard to the trifling, friendſhip to the worthleſs, and affection to the dull.

Good humour is indeed generally degraded by the characters in which it is found; for being conſidered as a cheap and vulgar quality, we find it often neglected by thoſe that having excellencies of higher reputation and brighter ſplendor, perhaps imagine that they have ſome right to gratify themſelves at the expence of others, and are to demand compliance, rather than to practiſe it. It is by ſome unfortunate miſtake that almoſt all thoſe who have any claim to eſteem or love, preſs their pretenſions with too little conſideration of others. This miſtake my own intereſt as well as my zeal for general happineſs makes me deſirous to rectify; for I have a friend, who becauſe he knows his own fidelity, and uſefulneſs, is never willing to ſink into a companion. I have a wife whoſe beauty firſt ſubdued me, and whoſe wit confirmed her conqueſt; but whoſe beauty now ſerves no other purpoſe than to entitle her to tyranny, and whoſe wit is only uſed to juſtify perverſeneſs.

Surely nothing can be more unreaſonable than to loſe the will to pleaſe, when we are conſcious of the power, or ſhew more cruelty than to chooſe any kind of influence before that of kindneſs. He that regards the welfare of others, ſhould make his virtue approachable, that it may be loved and copied; and he that conſiders the wants which every man feels, or will feel, of external aſſiſtance, muſt rather wiſh to be ſurrounded by thoſe that love him, than by thoſe that admire his excellencies, or ſolicit his favours; for admiration ceaſes with novelty, and intereſt

gains its end, and retires. A man whose great qualities want the ornament of superficial attractions, is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treasure is exhausted. RAMBLER.

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 reckon'st 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 a 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 merry with the other: whenever they associate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in such a manner against thee, 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

all thy infirmities and miſtakes: the beſt of us, my friend, lie open there, and truſt me—when to gratify a private appetite, it is once reſolved upon, that an innocent and an helpleſs creature ſhall be ſacrificed, it is an eaſy matter to pick up ſticks enough from any thicket where it has ſtrayed, to make a fire to offer it up with.

STERNE.

ON THE ORDER OF NATURE.

SEE, thro'this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high, progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human; angel, man;
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll,
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the whole muſt fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and Suns run lawleſs thro' the ſky;
Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!
What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear, repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim

To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.
All are but part of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul:
That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Cease then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
Submit.—In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but ART, unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canst not see;
All Discord, Harmony not understood;
All partial Evil, universal Good:
And, spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT. POPE.

ON HAPPINESS.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,

Say,

Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair op'ning to ſome Court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil:
Fix'd to no ſpot is Happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St John! dwells with thee.
Aſk of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind;
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun, mankind;
Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe call it Pleaſure, and Contentment theſe;
Some ſunk to beaſts, find Pleaſure end in pain;
Some ſwell'd to Gods, confeſs ev'n Virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in every thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?
Take Nature's path, and mad Opinions leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is Common Senſe, and Common Eaſe.
Remember, Man, "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride
No cavern'd Hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd.
Who moſt to ſhun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:
Each has his ſhare, and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heaven's firſt law; and this confeſt, Some

Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their Happineſs:
But mutual wants this Happineſs increaſe;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds, a friend:
Heav'n breathes thro' every member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul.
But Fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all men Happineſs was meant,
God in Externals could not place Content.
  Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But Heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in Hope, and theſe in Fear:
Not preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views of better, or of worſe.
Oh ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.
  Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of Senſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.

POPE.

ON VIRTUE.

KNOW thou this truth (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is Happineſs below."
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives;

The

The joy unequal'd, if it end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, tho' ere so bless'd,
And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
Never dejected, while another's bless'd;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more Virtue, is to gain.
  See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God;
Pursues that Chain which links th' immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no Being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this union of the rising Whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end in LOVE OF GOD, and LOVE OF MAN.
  For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
'Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is her present; she connects in this
His greatest Virtue with his greatest Bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
  Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:

Grasp

Grasp the whole worlds of Reason, Life, and Sense,
In one close system of Benevolence;
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliss but height of Charity.
God loves from Whole to Parts: But human soul
Must rise from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast. POPE.

On the MISERIES of HUMAN LIFE.

AH little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleasure, power, and affluence surround;
They who their thoughtless hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waste;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the sad variety of pain:
How many sink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame: how many bleed,
By shameful variance betwixt Man and Man:
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common use
Of their own limbs: how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of misery: sore pierc'd by wint'ry winds,
How many shrink into the sordid hut
Of cheerless poverty: how many shake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furnish matter for the tragic muse:
Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,
With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd, How

How many rack'd, with honeſt paſſions, droop
In deep retir'd diſtreſs: how many ſtand
Around the death bed of their deareſt friends,
And point the parting anguiſh.——Thought fond Mar
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills,
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life,
One ſcene of toil, of ſuffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rambling Impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of charity would warm,
And her wide wiſh benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial paſſions work. THOMSON.

ON PROCRASTINATION.

BE wiſe to day; 'tis madneſs to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wiſdom is puſh'd out of life.
Procraſtination is the thief of time;
Year after year it ſteals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vaſt concerns of an eternal ſcene.
Of man's miraculous miſtakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themſelves the compliment to think
They, one day, ſhall not drivel; and their pride
On this reverſion takes up ready praiſe;
At leaſt, their own; their future ſelves applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodg'd in Fate's, to Wiſdom they conſign;
The thing they can't but purpoſe, they poſtpone;
'Tis not in Folly, not to ſcorn a fool;
And ſcarce in human Wiſdom to do more.
All promiſe is poor dilatory man,
And that thro' ev'ry ſtage. When young, indeed,
In full content, we ſometimes nobly reſt,
Unanxious for ourſelves; and only wiſh,
As duteous ſons, our fathers were more wiſe.

At

At thirty man ſuſpects himſelf a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Puſhes his prudent purpoſe to Reſolve:
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Reſolves, and re-reſolves; then dies the ſame
And why? Becauſe he thinks himſelf immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themſelves;
Themſelves, when ſome alarming ſhock of fate
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the ſudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon cloſe; where paſt the ſhaft, no trace is found.
As from the wing no ſcar the ſky retains;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature ſheds
O'er thoſe we love, we drop it in their grave. YOUNG.

THE PLEASURES ARISING FROM A CULTIVATED IMAGINATION.

O BLEST of heav'n, whom not the languid ſongs
Of luxury, the Siren! not the bribes
Of ſordid wealth, nor all the gaudy ſpoils
Of pageant honour, can ſeduce to leave
Thoſe ever blooming ſweets, which from the ſtore
Of nature, fair imagination culls
To charm th' enliven'd ſoul! What tho' not all
Of mortal offſpring can attain the height
Of envied life; tho' only few poſſeſs
Patrician treaſures or imperial ſtate;
Yet nature's care, to all her children juſt,
With richer treaſures and an ampler ſtate
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to uſe them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honour his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles, and the ſculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud poſſeſſor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breaſt enjoys. For him, the ſpring
Diſtills 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 unselt 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, unreprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for th' attentive mind
By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert,
Within herself, this elegance of love,
This fair-inspir'd delight: her temper'd pow'rs,
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs?
Would sordid policies, the barb'rous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds
And rowling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd
The pow'rs of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficent and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse; grow familiar day by day,

With

With his conceptions, act upon his plan;
And form to his, the relish of their souls. AKENSIDE.

HANNIBAL TO HIS SOLDIERS.

I KNOW not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by fortune with the stricter bonds and necessities. Two seas enclose you on the right and left; —not a ship to flee to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone; behind you are the Alps, over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage. Here then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy. But the same fortune which has thus laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wish for greater from the immortal Gods. Should we by our valour recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet, what are these? The wealth of Rome, whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations, all these, with the masters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come to reap the full recompence of your toilsome marches over so many mountains and rivers, and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labours; it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompence of your compleated service. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle, and the most renowned kings and nations have by a small force been overthrown. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there, wherein they may stand in competition with you? For (to say nothing of your service in war for

twenty

twenty years together, with ſo much valour and ſucceſs) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmoſt bounds of the earth, through ſo many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw ſoldiers, an undiſciplined army, beaten, vanquiſhed, beſieged by the Gauls the very laſt ſummer, an army unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

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

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

 with

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

C. MARIUS TO THE ROMANS, ON THEIR HESITATING TO APPOINT HIM GENERAL IN THE EXPEDITION AGAINST JUGURTHA, MERELY ON ACCOUNT OF HIS EXTRACTION.

IT is but too common, my countrymen, to obſerve a material difference between the behaviour of thoſe, who ſtand candidates for places of power and truſt, before, and after their obtaining them. They ſolicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They ſet out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into ſloth, pride, and avarice. It is, undoubtedly, no eaſy matter to diſcharge, to the general ſatisfaction, the duty of a ſupreme commander in troubleſome times. I am, I hope, duly ſenſible of the importance of the office I propoſe to take upon me, for the ſervice of my country. To carry on, with effect, an expenſive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige thoſe to ſerve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the ſame time, a complicated

cated variety of operations; to concert measures at home answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected; to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought. And, besides the disadvantages, which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard; that, whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect, or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has by power engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment; my whole safety depends upon myself; which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care, that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage of the common-wealth to all other considerations, favour my pretensions, the Patricians want nothing so much, as an occasion against me. It is, therefore, my fixed resolution, to use my best endeavours, that you be not disappointed in me, and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated. I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils, and with dangers. I was faithful to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward, but that of honour. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honourable body, a person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but—of no experience? What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander, for direction in difficulties, to which he was not himself equal? Thus, your Patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; so that, the acting commander would still be a Plebeian. So true is

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

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

SALLUST.

CALISTHENES's REPROOF OF CLEON's FLATTERY TO ALEXANDER.

IF the king were preſent, Cleon, there would be no need of my anſwering to what you have juſt propoſed. He would himſelf reprove you for endeavouring to draw him into an imitation of foreign abſurdities, and for bringing envy upon him by ſuch unmanly flattery. As he is abſent, I take upon me to tell you in his name, that no praiſe is laſting, but what is rational ; and that you do what you can to leſſen his glory, inſtead of adding to it. Heroes have never, among us, been deified, till after their death. And whatever may be your way of thinking, Cleon, for my part, I wiſh the

the king may not, for many years to come, obtain that honour. You have mentioned, as precedents of what you propose, Hercules, and Bacchus. Do you imagine, Cleon, that they were deified over a cup of wine? And are you and I qualified to make gods? Is the king, our sovereign, to receive his divinity from you and me, who are his subjects? First try your power, whether you can make a king. It is, surely, easier to make a king, than a god; to give an earthly dominion, than a throne in heaven. I only wish, that the gods may have heard, without offence, the arrogant proposal you have made, of adding one to their number; and that they may still be so propitious to us, as to grant the continuance of that success to our affairs, with which they have hitherto favoured us. For my part, I am not ashamed of my country; nor do I approve of our adopting the rites of foreign nations, or learning from them how we ought to reverence our kings. To receive laws, or rules of conduct, from them, what is it, but to confess ourselves inferior to them? Q. CURTIUS.

The SCYTHIAN AMBASSADORS to ALEXANDER.

IF your person were as gigantic as your desires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the east, and your left the west, at the same time. You grasp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Asia: from Asia you lay hold on Europe. And if you should conquer all mankind, you seem disposed to wage war with woods and snows, with rivers and wild beasts, and to attempt to subdue nature. But have you considered the usual course of things? Have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour? It is foolish to think of the fruit only, without considering the height you have to climb, to come at it. Take care lest, while you strive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold on. The lion when dead, is devoured by ravens: and rust consumes the hardness of iron. There is nothing so strong, but it is in danger from what

is,

is weak. It will, therefore, be your wiſdom to take care how you venture beyond your reach. Beſides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon; why ſhould you attack Scythia? We inhabit vaſt deſarts, and pathleſs woods, where we do not want to hear of the name of Alexander. We are not diſpoſed to ſubmit to ſlavery; and we have no ambition to tyrannize over any nation. That you may underſtand the genius of the Scythians, we preſent you with a yoke of oxen, an arrow, and a goblet. We uſe theſe reſpectively in our commerce with friends and with foes. We give to our friends the corn, which we raiſe by the labour of our oxen. With the goblet we join with them in pouring drink-offerings to the gods; and with arrows we attack our enemies. We have conquered thoſe who have attempted to tyrannize over us in our own country, and likewiſe the kings of the Medes and Perſians, when they made unjuſt war upon us; and we have opened to ourſelves a way into Egypt. You pretend to be the puniſher of robbers; and are yourſelf the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia: you have ſeized Syria: you are maſter of Perſia: you have ſubdued the Bactrians; and attacked India. All this will not ſatisfy you, unleſs you lay your greedy and inſatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct! You graſp at riches, the poſſeſſion of which only increaſes your avarice. You increaſe your hunger by what ſhould produce ſatiety; ſo that the more you have, the more you deſire. But have you forgot how long the conqueſt of the Bactrians detained you? While you were ſubduing them, the Sogdians revolted. Your victories ſerve no other purpoſe, than to find your employment by producing new wars. For the buſineſs of every conqueſt is twofold; to win and to preſerve. And though you may be the greateſt of warriors, you muſt expect, that the nations you conquer will endeavour to ſhake off the yoke as faſt as poſſible For what people chuſes to be under foreign dominion? If you will croſs the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and obſerve how extenſive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another buſineſs. Your army is loaded with the cumbrous

ſpoils

ſpoils of many nations. You will find the poverty of the Scythians, at one time, too nimble for your purſuit; and, at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us ſurprize you in your camp. For the Scythians attack with no leſs vigour than they fly. Why ſhould we put you in mind of the vaſtneſs of the country you will have to conquer? The deſarts of Scythia are commonly talked of in Greece; and all the world knows, that our delight is to dwell at large, and not in towns, or plantations. It will therefore be your wiſdom to keep with ſtrict attention, what you have gained. Catching at more, you may loſe what you have. We have a proverbial ſaying in Scythia, That fortune has no feet, and is furniſhed only with hands, to diſtribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the graſp of thoſe, to whom ſhe has been bountiful. You give yourſelf out to be a god, the ſon of Jupiter Hammon. It ſuits the character of a god, to beſtow favours on mortals; not to deprive them of what they have. But if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus ſhew more wiſdom, than by dwelling on thoſe ſubjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourſelf. You ſee how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conqueſt of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you pleaſe, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Aſia. There is nothing between us and Bactria, but the river Tanais; and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hoſtile manner, you may have our friendſhip. Nations, which have never been at war, are on an equal footing. But it is in vain, that confidence is repoſed in a conquered people. There can be no ſincere friendſhip between the oppreſſors and the oppreſſed. Even in peace the latter think themſelves entitled to the rights of war againſt the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is, not by ſigning, ſealing, and taking the gods to witneſs, as is the Grecian cuſtom: but by doing actual ſervices. The Scythians are not uſed to promiſe, but to perform without promiſing. And they think an

appeal

appeal to the gods ſuperfluous; for that thoſe, who have no regard for the eſteem of men, will not heſitate to offend the gods, by perjury. You may therefore conſider with yourſelf, whether you had better have a people of ſuch a character, and ſo ſituated as to have it in their power either to ſerve you, or to annoy you, according as you treat them; for allies, or for enemies.

QUINTUS CURTIUS.

The SPEECH of BRUTUS on the Death of CÆSAR.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cauſe; and be ſilent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have reſpect to mine honour, that you may believe. Cenſure me in your wiſdom, and awake your ſenſes, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of Cæſar's, to him I ſay, that Brutus's love to Cæſar was no leſs than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus roſe againſt Cæſar? this is my anſwer: Not that I loved Cæſar leſs, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæſar were living, and die all ſlaves; than that Cæſar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæſar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I ſlew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here ſo baſe, that would be a bond-man? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who's here ſo rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who's here ſo vile, that will not love his country? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended.——I pauſe for a reply.——

NONE?—— then none have I offended——I have done no more to Cæſar than you ſhould do to Brutus. The queſtion of his death is inrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences inforced, for which he ſuffered death.——

HERE comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common wealth; as which of you ſhall not? With this I depart, that as I

ſlew

ſlew my beſt lover for the good of Rome, I have the ſame dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my country to need my death. SHAKESPEAR.

ON HAPPINESS.

IT was at a time, when a certain friend, whom I highly value, was my gueſt. We had been ſitting together, entertaining ourſelves with Shakeſpear. Among many of his characters, we had looked into that of Wolſey. How ſoon, ſays my friend, does the Cardinal in diſgrace abjure that happineſs, which he was lately ſo fond of? Scarcely out of office, but he begins to exclaim,

Vain pomp and glory of the world! I hate ye.

So true is it, that our ſentiments ever vary with the ſeaſon; and that in adverſity we are of one mind; in proſperity, of another. As for his mean opinion, ſaid I, of human happineſs, it is a truth, which ſmall reflection might have taught him long before. There ſeems little need of diſtreſs to inform us of this. I rather commend the ſeeming wiſdom of that eaſtern monarch, who in the affluence of proſperity, when he was proving every pleaſure, was yet ſo ſenſible of their emptineſs, their inſufficiency to make him happy, that he proclaimed a reward to the man, who ſhould invent a new delight. The reward indeed was proclaimed, but the delight was not to be found. If by delight, ſaid he, you mean ſome good; ſomething conducing to real happineſs; it might have been found perhaps, and yet not hit the monarch's fancy. Is that, ſaid I, poſſible? It is poſſible, replied he, though it had been the ſovereign good itſelf. And indeed what wonder? Is it probable that ſuch a mortal as an eaſtern monarch; ſuch a pampered, flattered, idle mortal, ſhould have attention, or capacity for a ſubject ſo delicate? A ſubject, enough to exercile the ſubtleſt and moſt acute?

WHAT then is it you eſteem, ſaid I, the ſovereign good to be? It ſhould ſeem, by your repreſentation, to be ſomething very uncommon. Aſk me not the queſtion, ſaid he, you know not where it will carry us. Its general idea indeed is eaſy and plain; but the detail of particulars is perplexed and long: paſſions, and opinions for

ever

ever thwart us; a paradox appears in almoſt every advance. Beſides, did our inquiries ſucceed ever ſo happily, the very ſubject itſelf is always enough to give me pain. That, replied I, ſeems a paradox indeed. It is not, ſaid he, from any prejudice which I have conceived againſt it; for to man I eſteem it the nobleſt in the world. Nor is it for being a ſubject to which my genius does not lead me; for no ſubject has at all times more employed my attention. But the truth is, I can ſcarce ever think of it, but an unlucky ſtory ſtill occurs to my mind. "A certain ſtar-"gazer, with his teleſcope was once viewing the moon; "and deſcribing her ſeas, her mountains, and her terri-"tories. Says a clown to his companion, let him ſpy "what he pleaſes; we are as near to the moon, as he "and all his brethren." So fares it, alas! with theſe our moral ſpeculations. Practice too oſten creeps, where theory can ſoar. The Philoſopher proves as weak, as thoſe whom he moſt contemns. A mortifying thought to ſuch as well attend it. Too mortifying, replied I, to be long dwelt on. Give us rather your general idea of the ſovereign good. This is eaſy from your own account, however intricate the detail.

THUS then, ſaid he, ſince you are ſo urgent, it is thus that I conceive it. The Sovereign Good is that, the poſſeſſion of which renders us happy. And how, ſaid I, do we poſſeſs it? Is it ſenſual, or intellectual? There you are entering, ſaid he, upon the detail. This is beyond your queſtion. Not a ſmall advance, ſaid I, to indulge poor curioſity? Will you raiſe me a thirſt, and be ſo cruel not to allay it? It is not, replied he, of my raiſing, but your own. Beſides I am not certain, ſhould I attempt to proceed, whether you will admit ſuch authorities as it is poſſible I may vouch. That, ſaid I, muſt be determined by their weight and character. Suppoſe, ſaid he, it ſhould be mankind, the whole human race. Would you not think it ſomething ſtrange, to ſeek of thoſe concerning Good, who purſue it a thouſand ways, and many of them contradictory? I confeſs, ſaid I, it ſeems ſo. And yet, continued he, were there a point, in which ſuch diſſentients ever agreed, this agreement would be no mean argument in favour of its truth and juſtneſs. But where, replied I, is this agreement to be found?

He anſwered me by aſking, what if it ſhould appear, that there were certain original characteriſtics and preconceptions of good, which were natural, uniform, and common to all men; which all recognized in their various purſuits; and that the difference lay only in the applying them to particulars? This requires, ſaid I, to be illuſtrated. As if, continued he, a company of travellers, in ſome wide foreſt, were all intending for one city, but each by a route peculiar to himſelf. The roads indeed would be various, and many perhaps falſe; but all who travelled, would have one end in view. It is evident, ſaid I, they would. So fares it then, added he, with mankind in the purſuit of good. The ways indeed are many, but what they ſeek is one.

For inſtance: Did you ever hear of any, who in purſuit of their good were for living the life of a bird, an inſect, or a fiſh? None. And why not? It would be inconſiſtent, anſwered I, with their nature. You ſee then, ſaid he, they all agree in this; that what they purſue, ought to be conſiſtent, and agreeable to their proper nature. So ought it, ſaid I, undoubtedly. If ſo, continued he, one pre-conception is diſcovered, which is common to good in general: It is, that all good is ſuppoſed ſomething agreeable to nature. This indeed, replied I, ſeems to be agreed on all hands.

But again, ſaid he, Is there a man ſcarcely to be found of a temper ſo truly mortified, as to acquieſce in the loweſt, and ſhorteſt neceſſaries of life? Who aims not, if he be able, at ſomething farther, ſomething better? I replied, ſcarcely one. Do not multitudes purſue, ſaid he, infinite objects of deſire, acknowledged, every one of them, to be in no reſpect neceſſaries? Exquiſite viands, delicious wines, ſplendid apparel, curious gardens; magnificent apartments adorned with pictures and ſculptures; muſic and poetry, and the whole tribe of elegant arts? It is evident, ſaid I. If it be, continued he, it ſhould ſeem that they all conſidered the chief or Sovereign Good, not to be that, which conduces to bare exiſtence or mere being; for to this the neceſſaries alone are adequate. I replied, they were. But if not this, it muſt be ſomewhat conducive to that, which is ſuperior to mere being

being. It muſt. And what, continued he, can this be, but well-being, under the various ſhapes, in which differing opinions paint it? Or can you ſuggeſt any thing elſe? I replied, I could not. Mark here, then, continued he, another pre-conception, in which they all agree; the Sovereign Good is ſomewhat conducive, not to mere being, but to well-being I replied, it had ſo appeared.

Again, continued he, What labour, what expence, to procure thoſe rarities, which our own poor country is unable to afford us! How is the world ranſacked to its utmoſt verges, and luxury and arts imported from every quarter! Nay more: How do we baffle nature herſelf; invert her order; ſeek the vegetables of ſpring in the rigours of winter, and winter's ice during the heats of ſummer! I replied, we did. And what diſappointment, what remorſe, when endeavours fail? It is true. If this then be evident, ſaid he, it would ſeem, that whatever we deſire as our Chief and Sovereign Good, is ſomething which, as far as poſſible, we would accommodate to all places and times. I anſwered, So it appeared. See then, ſaid he, another of its characteriſtics, another pre-conception.

But farther ſtill; What conteſts for wealth! What ſcrambling for property! What perils in the purſuit! What ſolicitude in the maintenance! And why all this? To what purpoſe, what end? Or is not the reaſon plain? Is it not that wealth may continually procure us, whatever we fancy good; and make that perpetual, which would otherwiſe be tranſient? I replied, it ſeemed ſo. Is it not farther deſired, as ſupplying us from ourſelves; when without it, we muſt be beholden to the benevolence of others, and depend on their caprice for all that we enjoy? It is true, ſaid I, this ſeems a reaſon.

Again; Is not power of every degree as much conteſted for, as wealth? Are not magiſtracies, honours, principalities, and empire, the ſubjects of ſtrife and everlaſting contention? I replied, They were. And why, ſaid he, this? To obtain what end? Is it not to help us, like wealth, to the poſſeſſion of what we deſire? Is it not farther to aſcertain, to ſecure our enjoyments, that when

others would deprive us, we may be ſtrong enough to reſiſt them? I replied, it was.

Or to invert the whole; Why are there, who ſeek receſſes the moſt diſtant and retired? flee courts and power, and ſubmit to parſimony and obſcurity? Why all this, but from the ſame intention? From an opinion that ſmall poſſeſſions, uſed moderately, are permanent; that larger poſſeſſions raiſe envy, and are more frequently invaded; that the ſafety of power and dignity is more precarious, than that of retreat; and that therefore they have choſen what is moſt eligible upon the whole? It is not, ſaid I, improbable, that they act by ſome ſuch motive.

Do you not ſee then, continued he, two or three more pre-conceptions of the Sovereign Good, which are ſought for by all, as eſſential to conſtitute it? And what, ſaid I, are theſe? That it ſhould not be tranſient, nor derived from the will of others, nor in their power to take away; but be durable, ſelf-derived, and (if I may uſe the expreſſion) indeprivable. I confeſs, ſaid I, it appears ſo. But we have already found it to be conſidered, as ſomething agreeable to our nature; conducive, not to mere being, but to well-being; and what we aim to have accommodated to all places and times. We have.

There may be other characteriſtics, ſaid he, but theſe I think ſufficient. See then its idea; behold it, as collected from the original, natural and univerſal pre-conceptions of all mankind. The Sovereign Good, they have taught us, ought to be ſomething *agreeable to our nature*; *conducive to well-being; accommodated to all places and times: durable, ſelf-derived*, and *indeprivable*. Your account, ſaid I, appears juſt. Harris.

THE SAME SUBJECT.

BRUTUS periſhed untimely, and Cæſar did no more —These words I was repeating the next day to myſelf, when my friend appeared, and chearfully bade me goodmorrow. I could not return his compliment with an equal gaiety, being intent, ſomewhat more than uſual, on what had paſſed the day before. Seeing this, he propoſed

posed a walk into the fields. The face of nature, said he, will perhaps dispel these glooms. No assistance, on my part, shall be wanting, you may be assured. I accepted his proposal; the walk began; and our former conversation insensibly renewed.

Brutus, said he, perished untimely, and Cæsar did no more.——It was thus, as I remember, not long since you were expressing yourself. And yet suppose their fortunes to have been exactly parallel——Which would you have preferred? Would you have been Cæsar, or Brutus? Brutus, replied I, beyond all controversy. He asked me, Why? Where was the difference, when their fortunes, as we now supposed them, were considered as the same? There seems, said I, abstract from their fortunes, something, I know not what, intrinsically preferable in the life and character of Brutus. If that, said he, be true, then must we derive it, not from the success of his endeavours, but from their truth and rectitude. He had the comfort to be conscious, that his cause was a just one. It was impossible the other should have any such feeling. I believe, said I, you have explained it.

Suppose then, continued he, (it is but merely an hypothesis) suppose, I say, we were to place the Sovereign Good in such a rectitude of conduct, in the conduct merely, and not in the event. Suppose we were to fix our Happiness, not in the actual attainment of that health, that perfection of a social state, that fortunate concurrence of externals, which is congruous to our nature, and which all have a right to pursue; but solely fix it in the mere doing whatever is correspondent to such an end, even though we never attain, or are near attaining it. In fewer words; What if we make our natural state the standard only to determine our conduct; and place our happiness in the rectitude of this conduct alone? On such an hypothesis (and we consider it as nothing farther) we should not want a good, perhaps, to correspond to our pre-conceptions; for this, it is evident, would be correspondent to them all. Your doctrine, replied I, is so new and strange, that though you have been copious in explaining, I can hardly yet comprehend you.

It amounts all, said he, but to this: Place your

happineſs, where your praiſe is. I aſked, where he ſuppoſed that? Not, replied he, in the pleaſures which you feel, more than your diſgrace lies in the pain; not in the caſual proſperity of fortune, more than your diſgrace in the caſual adverſity; but in juſt complete action throughout every part of life, whatever be the face of things, whether favourable, or the contrary.

But why then, ſaid I, ſuch accuracy about externals? So much pains to be informed, what are purſuable, what avoidable? It behvoes the pilot, replied he, to know the ſeas and the winds; the nature of tempeſts, calms, and tides. They are the ſubjects, about which his art is converſant. Without a juſt experience of them, he can never prove himſelf an artiſt. Yet we look not for his reputation either in fair gales, or in adverſe; but in the ſkilfulneſs of his conduct, be theſe events as they happen. In like manner fares it with the moral artiſt. He, for a ſubject, has the whole of human life: health and ſickneſs; pleaſure and pain; with every other poſſible incident, which can befal him during his exiſtence. If his knowledge of all theſe be accurate and exact, ſo too muſt his conduct, in which we place his happineſs. But if his knowledge be defective, muſt not his conduct be defective alſo? I replied, So it ſhould ſeem. And if his conduct, then his happineſs? It is true

You ſee then, continued he, even though externals were as nothing; though it was true, in their own nature, they were neither good nor evil; yet an accurate knowledge of them is, from our hypotheſis, abſolutely neceſſary. Indeed, ſaid I, you have proved it.

He continued—Interior artiſts may be at a ſtand, becauſe they want materials. From their ſtubborneſs and intractability, they may often be diſappointed. But as long as life is paſſing, and nature continues to operate, the moral artiſt of life has at all times all he deſires. He can never want a ſubject fit to exerciſe him in his proper calling; and that with this happy motive to the conſtancy of his endeavours, that the croſſer, the harſher, the more untoward the events, the greater his praiſe, the more illuſtrious his reputation.

All this, ſaid I, is true, and cannot be denied. But

But one circumſtance there appears, where your ſimile ſeems to fail. The praiſe indeed of the pilot we allow to be in his conduct; but it is in the ſucceſs of that conduct where we look for his happineſs. If a ſtorm ariſe, and the ſhip be loſt, we call him not happy, how well ſoever he may have conducted it. It is then only we congratulate him, when he has reached the deſired haven. Your diſtinction, ſaid he, is juſt. And it is here lies the noble prerogative of moral artiſts, above all others. But yet I know not how to explain myſelf, I fear my doctrine will appear ſo ſtrange. You may proceed, ſaid I, ſafely, ſince you advanced it but as an hypotheſis.

Thus then, continued he—The end in other arts is ever diſtant and removed. It conſiſts not in the mere conduct, much leſs in a ſingle energy; but is the juſt reſult of many energies, each of which is eſſential to it. Hence by obſtacles unavoidable, it may often be retarded: nay more, may be ſo embaraſſed, as never poſſibly to be attained. But in the moral art of life, the very conduct is the end; the very conduct, I ſay, itſelf, throughout every its minuteſt energy; becauſe each of theſe, however minute, partake as truly of rectitude, as the largeſt combination of them, when conſidered collectively. Hence, of all arts, this is the only one perpetually complete in every inſtant, becauſe it needs not, like other arts, time to arrive at that perfection, at which in every inſtant it is arrived already. Hence by duration it is not rendered either more or leſs perfect; completion, like truth, admitting of no degrees, and being in no ſenſe capable of either intention or remiſſion. And hence too by neceſſary connection (which is a greater paradox than all) even that Happineſs or Sovereign Good, end of this moral art, is itſelf too, in every inſtant, conſummate and complete; is neither heightened nor diminiſhed by the quantity of its duration, but is the ſame to its enjoyers, for a moment or a century.

Upon this I ſmiled. He aſked me the reaſon. It is only to obſerve, ſaid I, the courſe of our inquiries. A new hypotheſis has been advanced: appearing ſomewhat ſtrange, it is deſired to be explained. You comply with

the

the requeſt; and in purſuit of the explanation, make it ten times more obſcure and unintelligible, than before. It is but too often the fate, ſaid he, of us commentators. But you muſt know in ſuch caſes what is uſually done. When the comment will not explain the text, we try whether the text will not explain itſelf. The method, it is poſſible, may aſſiſt us here. The hypotheſis, which we would have illuſtrated, was no more than this: That the Sovereign Good lay in rectitude of Conduct; and that this Good correſponded to all our pre-conceptions. Let us examine then, whether, upon trial, this correſpondence will appear to hold; and, for all that we have advanced ſince, ſuffer it to paſs, and not perplex us. Agreed, ſaid I, willingly, for now I hope to comprehend you.

Recollect then, ſaid he Do you not remember that one pre-conception of the Sovereign Good was, to be accommodated to all times and places? I remember it. And is there any time, or any place, whence Rectitude of Conduct may be excluded? Is there not a right action in proſperity, a right action in adverſity? May there not be a decent, generous, and laudable behaviour, not only in peace, in power, and in health; but in war, in oppreſſion, in ſicknefs, and in death? There may.

And what ſhall we ſay to thoſe other pre conceptions; to being durable, ſelf-derived, and indeprivable? Can there be any Good ſo durable, as the power of always doing right? Is there any good conceivable, ſo entirely beyond the power of others? Or if you heſitate, and are doubtful, I would willingly be informed, into what circumſtances may fortune throw a brave and honeſt man, where it ſhall not be in his power to act bravely and honeſtly? If there be no ſuch, the Rectitude of Conduct, if a Good, is a Good indeprivable. I confeſs, ſaid I, it appears ſo.

But farther, ſaid he, Another pre conception of the Sovereign Good was, to be agreeable to nature. It was. And can any thing be more agreeable to a rational and ſocial animal, than rational and ſocial conduct? Nothing But rectitude of Conduct is with us Rational and Social Conduct. It is.

Once

ONCE more, continued he; Another pre-conception of this Good was to be conducive not to mere being, but to well being. Admit it. And can any thing, believe you, conduce ſo probably to the well-being of a rational ſocial animal, as the right exerciſe of that reaſon, and of thoſe ſocial affections? Nothing. And what is this ſame exerciſe, but the higheſt Rectitude of Conduct? Certainly. HARRIS.

DUKE AND LORD.

DUKE. NOW, my co mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
Than that of painted pomp? are not theſe woods
More free from peril, than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The ſeaſon's difference; as the icy phang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,
This is no flattery; theſe are counſellors,
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uſes of adverſity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.
——Come ſhall we go, and kill us veniſon!
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this deſart city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.
LORD. Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And in that kind ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother, that hath baniſh'd you.
To day my Lord of Amiens, and myſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an Oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor ſequeſtred ſtag, That

That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and, indeed, my Lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

DUKE. But what ſaid Jaques?
Did he not moralize this ſpectacle?

LORD. O yes, into a thouſand ſimiles.
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream;
Poor Deer, quoth he, thou mak'ſt a teſtament
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left an abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus miſery doth part
The flux of company. Anon a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him: Ay, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greaſy citizens,
'Tis juſt the faſhion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; ſwearing, that we
Are mere uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling-place.

DUKE. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

LORD. We did, my Lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the ſobbing deer.

DUKE. Show me the place;
I love to cope him in theſe ſullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

LORD, I'll bring you to him ſtraight.

SHAKESPEAR.

DUKE

DUKE AND JAQUES.

DUKE. WHy, how now, Monſieur, what a life is this,
That your poor friend muſt woo your company?
What? you look merrily.

JAQ. A fool, a fool; —— I met a fool i' th' foreſt
A motley fool; a miſerable varlet!
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms, and yet a motley fool.
Good morrow, fool, quoth I; No, Sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till Heaven hath ſent me fortune;
And then he drew a dial from his pock,
And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
Says very wiſely, it is ten o'clock:
Thus may we ſee, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago ſince it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And ſo from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.

BELARIUS to GUIDERIUS.

DId you but know the city's uſuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whoſe top to climb,
Is certain falling; or ſo ſlipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of war;
A pain that only ſeems to ſeek out danger
I' th' name of fame and honour; which dies i' th' ſearch,
And hath as oft a ſland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many time,
Doth ill deſerve, by doing well: what's worſe

Muſt

Muſt curt'ſy at the cenſure.—Oh, boys, this ſtory
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman ſwords; and my report was once
Firſt with the beſt of note. Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a ſoldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off; then was I as a tree,
Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit. But, in one night,
A ſtorm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves;
And left me bare to weather. SHAKESPEAR.

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

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

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

I WAS going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but ſlavery; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it nearer me, and that the multitude of ſad groups in it did but diſtract me ——

—I TOOK a ſingle captive, and having firſt ſhut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I BEHELD his body half waſted away with long expectation

tation and confinement, and felt what kind of ſickneſs of the heart it was which ariſes from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer I ſaw him pale and feveriſh: in thirty years the weſtern breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had ſeen no ſun, no moon in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinſman breathed through his lattice. His children ——

—But here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

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

THE MAN OF ROSS.

—ALL our praiſes why ſhould Lords engroſs?
Riſe, honeſt Muſe! and ſing the MAN of ROSS;
Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarſe applauſe reſounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's ſultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the ſkies in uſeleſs columns toſt,
Or in proud falls magnificently loſt,
But clear and artleſs, pouring through the plain
Health to the ſick, and ſolace to the ſwain.
Whoſe cauſeway parts the vale with ſhady rows?
Whoſe ſeats the weary traveller repoſe?
Who taught that heav'n directed ſpire to riſe?
"The MAN of ROSS," each liſping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erſpread!
The MAN of ROSS divides the weekly bread;

He feeds yon alms-houſe, neat, but void of ſtate,
Where age and want ſit ſmiling at the gate:
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans bleſt,
The young who labour, and the old who reſt.
Is any ſick? The MAN of ROSS relieves,
Preſcribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and conteſt is no more.
Deſpairing quacks with curſes fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an uſeleſs race.
Thrice happy man! enabled to purſue
What all ſo wiſh'd, but want the power to do!
Oh ſay, what ſums that gen'rous hand ſupply?
What mines, to ſwell that boundleſs charity?
Of debts, and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man poſſeſs'd—five hundred pounds a year.
Bluſh, Grandeur, bluſh! proud Courts withdraw your blaze!
Ye little ſtars! hide your diminiſh'd rays.
And what! no monument, inſcription, ſtone;
His race, his form, his name almoſt unknown!
Who builds a Church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, ſearch it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the hiſtory;
Enough, that Virtue fill'd the ſpace between;
Prov'd by the ends of being to have been. POPE.

THE COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

NEAR yonder copſe, where once the garden ſmil'd,
And ſtill where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The village preacher's modeſt manſion roſe.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wiſh'd to change his place;
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or ſeek for power,
By doctrines faſhion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More ſkill'd to raiſe the wretched than to riſe.
His houſe was known to all the vagrant train,

He

He chid their wanderings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long remember'd beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard deſcending ſwept his aged breaſt;
The ruin'd ſpendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken ſoldier, kindly bade to ſtay,
Sate by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of ſorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his gueſts, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careleſs their merits, or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to Virtue's ſide;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offſpring to the ſkies;
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beſide the bed where parting life was laid,
And ſorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns diſmay'd,
The reverend champion ſtood. At his controul,
Deſpair and anguiſh fled the ſtruggling ſoul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raiſe,
And his laſt faltering accents whiſper'd praiſe.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double ſway,
And fools who came to ſcoff, remain'd to pray.
The ſervice paſt, around the pious man,
With ready zeal each honeſt ruſtic ran;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to ſhare the good man's ſmile.
His ready ſmile a parent's warmth expreſt,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares diſtreſt;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given;
But all his ſerious thoughts had reſt in Heaven.
As ſome tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm,

Tho' round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head. GOLDSMITH.

THE WISH.

CONTENTMENT, parent of delight,
So much a ſtranger to our ſight,
Say, goddeſs, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auſpices impart,
And for thy temple chooſe my heart.
They, whom thou deigneſt to inſpire,
Thy ſcience learn, to bound deſire;
By happy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleaſure all they find;
They both diſdain in outward mien
The grave and ſolemn garb of ſpleen,
And meretricious arts of dreſs,
To feign a joy, and hide diſtreſs:
Unmov'd when the rude tempeſt blows,
Without an opiate they repoſe;
And cover'd by your ſhield, defy
The whizzing ſhafts, that round them fly:
Nor meddling with the gods' affairs,
Concern themſelves with diſtant cares;
But place their bliſs in mental reſt,
And feaſt upon the good poſſeſs'd.
Forc'd by ſoft violence of pray'r,
The blithſome goddeſs ſooths my care,
I feel the deity inſpire,
And thus ſhe models my deſire.
Two hundred pounds, half-yearly paid,
Annuity ſecurely made,
A farm ſome twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, ſalubrious, and my own;
Two maids, that never ſaw the town,
A ſerving man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive while t' other holds the plough;
A chief of temper form'd to pleaſe,
Fit to converſe, and keep the keys;

And

And better to preſerve the peace,
Commiſſion'd by the name of neice;
With underſtandings of a ſize
To think their maſter very wiſe.
May heav'n ('tis all I wiſh for) ſend
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cup-board, little plate,
Diſplay benevolence, not ſtate.
And may my humble dwelling ſtand
Upon ſome choſen ſpot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geeſe may ſwim;
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
Where od'rous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambroſial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenc'd by a ſlope with buſhes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a ſong;
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which ſenſe and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which viſion bounds,
Like amphitheatre ſurrounds:
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in duſk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here ſtillneſs, height, and ſolemn ſhade
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate,
And dreams beneath the ſpreading beech
Inſpire, and docile fancy teach;
While ſoft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulſes ruffle through the mind:
Here Dryads, ſcorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In meaſur'd motions friſk about,
'Till old Silenus puts them out.
There ſee the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;

Freſh paſtures ſpeckled o'er with ſheep,
Brown fields their fallow ſabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden treſſes wear,
And poppy-top knots deck her hair,
And ſilver-ſtreams through meadows ſtray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And leſſer nymphs on ſide of hills
From play-thing urns pour down the rills.
Thus ſhelter'd, free from care and ſtrife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction, ſafe in low degree,
As men at land ſee ſtorms at ſea,
And laugh at miſerable elves,
Not kind, ſo much as to themſelves,
Curs'd with ſuch ſouls of baſe alloy;
As can poſſeſs, but not enjoy;
Debarr'd the pleaſure to impart
By av'rice, ſphincter of the heart,
Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankleſs heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing Virtue's liv'ry ſmile,
Prone the diſtreſſed to relieve,
And little treſpaſſes forgive,
With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
And ſkill to make a buſy hour,
With trips to town, life to amuſe,
To purchaſe books, and hear the news,
To ſee old friends, bruſh off the clown,
And quicken taſte at coming down,
Unhurt by ſickneſs' blaſting rage,
And ſlowly mellowing into age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
Quit a worn being without pain,
In hope to bloſſom ſoon again.

GREEN.

ELEGY

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

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 glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The mopeing owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient ſolitary reign.
Beneath theſe rugged elms, that yew 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 breezing call of incenſe-breathing morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.
For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:
No children run to lisp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied bliſs to ſhare.
Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
The 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

If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.
Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of Death ?
Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire ;
Hands that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy 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 deſart 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 ;
Forbad to wade through ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind.
The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray ;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.
Yet even theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,

And

With uncouth rhimes 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 enquire thy fate ;
Haply ſome hoary-headed ſwain may ſay,
' Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn,
' Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dew away,
' To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.
' There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
' That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
' His 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, wan, like one forlorn,
' Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.
' One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill,
' Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree ;
' Another came ; nor yet beſide the rill,
' Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.
' The next with dirges due in ſad array
' Slow through the church-way path we ſaw him borne.
' Approach and read (for thou can'ſt read) the lay,
' 'Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn.

THE

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. GRAY

ODE TO CONTENT.

O THOU, the nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temperate vow:
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
And smooth unalter'd brow.
O come in simplest vest array'd,
With all thy sober cheer display'd,
To bless my longing sight;
Thy mien compos'd thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaste subdued delight.
No more by varing passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell;
Where in some pure and equal sky,
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye
The modest virtues dwell.
Simplicity in attic vest,
And innocence with candid breast,
And clear undaunted eye;
And hope who points to distant years,
Fair opening thro' this vale of tears
A vista to the sky.
There Health, thro' whose calm bosom glide The

The temperate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy ſiſter meek,
Preſents her mild, unvarying cheek
To meet the offer'd blow.
Her influence taught the Phrygian ſage
A tyrant maſter's wanton rage
With ſettled ſmiles to meet:
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
He bow'd his meek ſubmitted head,
And kiſs'd thy ſainted feet.
But thou, oh Nymph retir'd and coy!
In what brown hamlet doſt thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?
The lowlieſt children of the ground,
Moſs-roſe and violet bloſſom round,
And lilly of the vale.
O ſay what ſoft propitious hour
I beſt may chooſe to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle ſway?
When Autumn, friendly to the Muſe,
Shall thy own modeſt tints diffuſe,
And ſhed thy milder day:
When Eve, her dewy ſtar beneath,
The balmy ſpirit loves to breathe,
And every ſtorm is laid;
If ſuch an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy ſoothing voice
Low whiſp'ring through the ſhade.

MRS. BARBAULD.

L' A L L E G R O.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus, and blackeſt midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhrieks, and ſights unholy;
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven ſings;
There under ebon ſhades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,

In

In dark Cimmerian desart ever dwell.
  But come thou Goddess fair and free,
In heav'n yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh blown roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buckfome, blithe, and debonair.
  Haste thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow.
Through the sweet briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,

And

And to the ſtack, or the barn door,
Stoutly ſtruts his dames before:
Oft liſt'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouſe the ſlumb'ring morn,
From the ſide of ſome hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill:
Some time walking not unſeen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
Where the great ſun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thouſand liveries dight:
While the ploughman near at hand,
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land.
And the milk-maid ſingeth blithe,
And the mower whets his ſcythe,
And every ſhepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
  Straight mine eye hath caught the pleaſures,
Whilſt the landſkip round it meaſures;
Ruſſet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray;
Mountains on whoſe barren breaſt
The labouring clouds do often reſt;
Meadows trim with daiſies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by a cottage chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks;
Where Corydon and Thyrſis met,
Are at their ſavoury dinner ſet
Of herbs, and other country meſſes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dreſſes;
And then in haſte her bower ſhe leaves;
With Theſtylis to bind his ſheaves;
Or if the earlier ſeaſon lead,
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead.
  Sometimes with ſecure delight

The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks ſound,
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd ſhade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a ſunſhine holiday,
Till the live-long day light fail;
Then to the ſpicy nut brown ale,
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pincht, and pull'd, ſhe ſaid,
And he by friar's lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging Goblin ſwate
To earn his cream-bowl duly ſet,
When in one night, ere glimpſe of morn,
His ſhadowy flail hath thraſh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And ſtretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Baſks at the fire his hairy ſtrength;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the firſt cock his mattin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſpering winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.
  Tow'red cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With ſtores of ladies, whoſe bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In ſaffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feaſt, and revelry,
With maſk and antique pageantry,
Such ſights as youthful poets dream
On ſummer eves by haunted ſtream.
Then to the well trod ſtage anon,
If Johnſon's learned ſock be on,

Or

Or ſweeteſt Shakeſpear, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
  And ever againſt eating cares,
Lap me in ſoft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verſe,
Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked ſweetneſs long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice thro mazes running;
Untwiſting all the chains that tie
The hidden ſoul of Harmony:
That Orpheus' ſelf may heave his head
From golden ſlumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elyſian flowers, and hear
Such ſtrains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite ſet free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
  Theſe delights if thou canſt give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live. MILTON.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE vain deluding joys,
  The brood of folly without father bred!
How little you beſtead,
    Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in ſome idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy ſhapes poſſeſs,
As thick and numberleſs
    As the gay motes that people the ſun-beams,
Or likeſt hovering dreams,
    The fickle penſioners of Morpheus train.
  But hail, thou Goddeſs, ſage and holy,
Hail divineſt Melancholy,
Whoſe ſaintly viſage is too bright
To hit the ſenſe of human ſight;
And therefore to our weaker view,
O'erlaid with black, ſtaid wiſdom's hue,
Black, but ſuch as in eſteem,
Prince Memnon's ſiſter might beſeem,

Or that ſtarr'd Ethiope queen that ſtrove
To ſet her beauties praiſe above
The ſea nymphs, and their powers offended;
Yet thou art higher far deſcended;
Thee bright hair'd Veſta long of yore
To ſolitary Saturn bore;
His daughter ſhe (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a ſtain)
Oft in glimmering bowers, and glades
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody Ida's inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
  Come, penſive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſtedfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtic train,
And ſable ſtole of cypreſs lawn,
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With even ſtep, and muſing gait,
And looks commercing with the ſkies,
Thy wrapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thyſelf to marble, till
With a ſad leaden downward caſt,
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt.
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare faſt, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hear the Muſes in a ring,
Aye round about Jove's altar ſing;
And add to theſe retired Leiſure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleaſure;
But firſt, and chiefeſt with thee bring
Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation:
And the mute ſilence hiſt along,
'Leſs Philomel will deign a ſong,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night.
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,

Gently

Gently o'er the accuſtom'd oak;
Sweet bird that ſhun'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee, chauntreſs, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy ev'ning ſong:
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Through the heav'n's wide pathleſs way:
And oft, as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
  Oft on a plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off Curfeu ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhore,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar.
  Or if the air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all reſort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowſy charm,
To bleſs the doors from nightly harm.
  Or let my lamp at midnight hour,
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unſphere
The ſpirit of Plato, to unfold,
What worlds, or what vaſt regions hold
Th' immortal mind that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook:
And of theſe Dæmons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whoſe power hath a true conſent
With planet, or with element.
  Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In ſcepter'd pall come ſweeping by,
Preſenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,

Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobl'd hath the buſkin'd ſtage.
  But. O ſad virgin, that thy power
Might raiſe Muſæus from his bower,
Or bid the ſoul of Orpheus ſing
Such notes as warbled to the ſtring,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did ſeek.
Or call up him that left half-told
The ſtory of Cambuſcan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarſife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glaſs,
And of the wondrous horſe of braſs,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught elſe, great bards beſide,
In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of foreſts and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
  Thus night oft ſee me in thy pale career,
Till civil-ſuited morn appear,
Not trick'd and flounc'd as we were wont,
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the guſt hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruſtling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
  And when the ſun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddeſs, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heaved ſtroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in cloſe covert by ſome brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's gariſh eye,

While

While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth ſing,
And the waters murmuring,
With ſuch concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd ſleep:
And let ſome ſtrange myſterious dream,
Wave at his wings in airy ſtream
Of lively portraiture diſplay'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And as I wake, ſweet muſic breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by ſome ſpirit to mortals good,
Or th' unſeen Genius of the wood.
  But let my due feet never fail
To walk the ſtudious cloyſters pale,
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars maſſy proof,
And ſtoried windows richly dight,
Caſting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full voiced quire below,
In ſervice high, and anthems clear,
As may with ſweetneſs, through mine ear,
Diſſolve me into extaſies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.
  And may at laſt my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and moſſy cell,
Where I may ſit and rightly ſpell
Of ev'ry ſtar that heav'n doth ſhew,
And ev'ry herb that ſips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To ſomething like prophetic ſtrain.
  These pleaſures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will chooſe to live.

MILTON.

LIFE.

——REASON thus with life:
  If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing
That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,

Servile

Servile to all the ſkiey influences,
That do this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,
Hourly afflict; merely thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runn'ſt tow'rd him ſtill. Thou art not noble;
For all the accommodations, that thou bear'ſt,
Are nurs'd by baſeneſs: thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſsly fear'ſt
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyſelf;
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains,
That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
And what thou haſt forget'ſt. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou haſt none;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee fire,
The mere effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the Gout, Serpigo, and the Rheum,
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth nor age;
But as it were an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both; for pall'd, thy blazed youth
Becomes aſſuaged, and doth beg the alms
Of palſied Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb, nor bounty,
To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? yet in this life
Lie hid more thouſand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even. SHAKESPEAR.

HOTSPUR's DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.

I REMEMBER, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathleſs and faint, leaning upon my ſword;
Came there a certain Lord, neat, trimly dreſs'd;
Freſh as a bridegroom, and his chin, new reap'd,

Shew'd

Shew'd like a ſtubble-land at harveſt home.
He was perfum'd like a milliner ;
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his noſe ; and took it away again ;
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in ſnuff.——And ſtill he ſmil'd, and talk'd ;
And as the ſoldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a ſlovenly, unhandſome corſe
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He queſtion'd me : amongſt the reſt demanded
My priſoners, in your majeſty's behalf.
I then, all ſmarting with the wounds, being gall'd
To be ſo peſter'd with a popinjay,
Out of my grief, and my impatience,
Anſwer'd, neglectingly, I know not what :
He ſhould, or ſhould not ; for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briſk, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talk ſo like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds ; (God ſave the mark)
And telling me, the ſovereign'ſt thing on earth
Was parmacity, for an inward bruiſe ;
And that it was great pity, ſo it was,
This villainous ſalt-petre ſhould be digg'd
Out of the bowels of the harmleſs earth,
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroy'd
So cowardly : and but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.

QUEEN MAB.

O THEN I ſee Queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fancy's midwife, and ſhe comes
In ſhape no bigger than an agate-ſtone
On the fore finger of an alderman ;
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noſes as they lie aſleep :
Her waggon ſpokes made of long ſpinners' legs :
The cover of the wings of graſhoppers ;

The

The traces of the ſmalleſt ſpider's web;
The collars of the moonſhine's watery beams;
Her whip of cricket's bone; the laſh of film;
Her waggoner a ſmall grey-coated gnat,
Not half ſo big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazle-nut,
Made by the joiner ſquirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this ſtate ſhe gallops, night by night,
Through lover's brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers' knees, that dream on courtſies ſtrait:
O'er lawyers' fingers, who ſtrait dream on fees:
O'er ladies' lips, who ſtrait on kiſſes dream;
Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a courtier's noſe,
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:
And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tithe pig's tail,
Tickling the parſon as he lies aſleep;
Then dreams he of another benefice.
Sometimes ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, Spaniſh blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he ſtarts and wakes;
And being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
And ſleeps again. SHAKESPEAR.

THE STORY OF LE FEVER.

IT was ſome time in the ſummer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about ſeven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many, after the time, that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's houſe in town, in order to lay ſome of the fineſt ſieges to ſome of the fineſt fortify'd cities in Europe—— when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his ſupper, with Trim ſitting behind him at a ſmall ſideboard;—— The landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand to beg a glaſs or two of ſack; 'Tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of

of the army, ſaid the landlord, who has been taken ill at my houſe four days ago, and has never held up his head ſince, or had a deſire to taſte any thing, till juſt now, that he has a fancy for a glaſs of ſack and a thin toaſt.——*I think*, ſays he, taking his hand from his forehead, *It would comfort me.*———

———If I could neither beg, borrow, or buy ſuch a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almoſt ſteal it for the poor gentleman, he is ſo ill.——I hope in God he will ſtill mend, continued he—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good natur'd ſoul, I will anſwer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou ſhalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glaſs of ſack thyſelf,—and take a couple of bottles with my ſervice, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

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

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

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

——Stay in the room a little, ſaid my uncle Toby.—

Trim!

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

TRIM! ſaid my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myſelf up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a viſit to this poor gentleman.——Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, ſince the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;——and beſides, it is ſo cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear ſo, replied my uncle Toby, but I am not at reſt in my mind, Trim, ſince the account the landlord has given me.——I wiſh I had not known ſo much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it:——How ſhall we manage it? leave it, an't pleaſe your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;——I'll take my hat and ſtick, and go to the houſe and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.——Thou ſhalt go, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, and here's a ſhilling for thee to drink with his ſervant.——I ſhall get it all out of him, ſaid the corporal, ſhutting the door

MY uncle Toby filled his ſecond pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with conſidering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a ſtraight line, as a crooked one,—he might be ſaid to have thought of nothing elſe but poor Le Fever and his boy the whole time he ſmoaked it.

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

I DESPAIRED at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able

to

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

I DISPAIRED at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the lieutenant and his ſon; for when I aſked where his ſervant was, from whom I made myſelf ſure of knowing every think which was proper to be aſked, — That's a right diſtinction, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby—I was anſwered, an' pleaſe your honour, that he had no ſervant with him; —that he had come to the inn with hired horſes, which, upon finding himſelf unable to proceed, (to join I ſuppoſe, the regiment) he had diſmiſſed the morning after he came. —If I get better, my dear, ſaid he, as he gave his purſe to his ſon to pay the man,—we can hire horſes from hence. ——But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, ſaid the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;——and when he dies, the youth, his ſon, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

I WAS hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toaſt the landlord ſpoke of;——but I will do it for my father myſelf, ſaid the youth.— Pray let me ſave you the trouble, young gentleman, ſaid I, taking up a fork for the purpoſe, and offering him my chair to ſit down upon by the fire, whilſt I did it.—I believe, Sir, ſaid he, very modeſtly, I can pleaſe him beſt myſelf.——I am ſure, ſaid I, his honour will not like the toaſt the worſe for being toaſted by an old ſoldier.—The youth took hold of my hand, and inſtantly burſt into tears.—Poor youth!

 ſaid

ſaid my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a ſoldier, Trim, ſounded in his ears like the name of a friend; I wiſh I had him here.

——— I NEVER in the longeſt march, ſaid the corporal, had ſo great a mind for my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' pleaſe your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, blowing his noſe,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

WHEN I gave him the toaſt, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was captain Shandy's ſervant, and that your honour (though a ſtranger) was extremely concerned for his father;—and that if there was any thing in your houſe or cellar—(and thou might'ſt have added my purſe too, ſaid my uncle Toby) he was heartily welcome to it:—— He made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour) but no anſwer,—for his heart was full—ſo he went up ſtairs with the toaſt;—I warrant you, my dear, ſaid I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was ſmoaking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but ſaid not a word good or bad to comfort the youth—I thought it was wrong; added the corporal—— I think ſo too, ſaid my uncle Toby.

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

I THOUGHT, ſaid the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never ſaid your prayers at all.——I heard the poor gentleman ſay his prayers laſt night, ſaid the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you ſure of it? replied the curate.——A ſoldier, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parſon;——and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the moſt reaſon to pray to God of any one in the whole world.——'Twas well ſaid of thee, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby;—But when a ſoldier,

ſaid

ſaid I, an' pleaſe your reverence, has been ſtanding for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, ſaid I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—haraſſed, perhaps, in his rear to day;—haraſſing others to-morrow; detached here;—countermanded there;—reſting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his ſhirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without ſtraw in his tent to kneel on;—muſt ſay his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—I believe, ſaid I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an't pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, that when a ſoldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parſon—though not with all his fuſs and hypocriſy.—Thou ſhould'ſt not have ſaid that, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment, (and not till then)—it will be ſeen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not; and we ſhall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we ſhall, ſaid Trim.——It is in the Scripture, ſaid my uncle Toby; and I will ſhew it thee to-morrow:——In the mean time we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, ſaid my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is ſo good and juſt a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be enquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:——I hope not: ſaid the corporal.——But go on, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, with thy ſtory

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes——he was lying in his bed with his head raiſed upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beſide it:——The youth was juſt ſtooping down to take up the cuſhion, upon which I ſuppoſed he had been kneeling—the book was laid upon the bed,——and as he roſe, in taking up the cuſhion, with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the ſame time.——Let it remain there, my dear, ſaid the lieutenant.

He did not offer to ſpeak to me, till I had walked up cloſe to his bed-ſide:—If you are Captain Shandy's ſervant,

ſaid he, you muſt preſent my thanks to your maſter, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courteſy to me;—if he was of Leven's—ſaid the Lieutenant.——I told him your honour was—Then, ſaid he, I ſerved three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him——but 'tis moſt likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.——You will tell him, however, that the perſon his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fever, a lieutenant in Angus's——but he knows me not,—ſaid he a ſecond time, muſing;——poſſibly he may my ſtory—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the enſign at Breda, whoſe wife was moſt unfortunately killed with a muſket ſhot, as ſhe lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the ſtory, an't pleaſe your honour, ſaid I, very well.——Do you ſo? ſaid he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In ſaying this, he drew a little ring out of his boſom, which ſeemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiſſed it twice—Here Billy ſaid he,—the boy flew acroſs the room to the bed-ſide,—and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kiſſed it too,—then kiſſed his father, and ſat down upon the bed and wept.

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

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

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

IT

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,——though I tell it only for the ſake of thoſe, who when cooped in betwixt a natural and a poſitive law, know not for their ſouls, which way in the world to turn themſelves.—— That notwithſtanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the ſiege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who preſſed theirs on ſo vigorouſly, that they ſcarce allowed him time to get his dinner --- that nevertheleſs he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterſcarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the private diſtreſſes at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be ſaid to have turned the ſiege of Dendermond into a blockade,—he left Dendermond itſelf,—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only conſidered how he himſelf ſhould relieve the poor lieutenant and his ſon.

—— That kind Being, who is a friend to the friendleſs, ſhall recompence thee for this.

Thou haſt left this matter ſhort, ſaid my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim,- In the firſt place, when thou madeſt an offer of my ſervices to the Fever,—as ſickneſs and travelling are both expenſive, and thou knoweſt he was but a poor lieutenant, with a ſon to ſubſiſt as well as himſelf, out of his pay,—that thou didſt not make an offer to him of my purſe; becauſe, had he ſtood in need, thou knoweſt, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myſelf.——Your honour knows, ſaid the corporal, I had no orders;—— True, quoth my uncle Toby, —— thou didſt very right, Trim, as a ſoldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man

In the ſecond place, for which, indeed, thou haſt the ſame excuſe, continued my uncle Toby,——when thou offeredſt him whatever was in my houſe,——thou ſhouldſt have offered him my houſe too: — A ſick brother officer ſhould have the beſt quarters, Trim, and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him: —Thou art an excellent nurſe thyſelf, Trim,—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's,

and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.———

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling—he might march.—He will never march, 'an please your honour, in this world, said the corporal: ——He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off:——An' please your honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:——He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment.———He cannot stand it, said the corporal,——He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby;———He'll drop at last, said the corporal, and what will become of his boy?——He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby, firmly.——A-well o'day,—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor soul will die:———He shall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

——The ACCUSING SPIRIT which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, blush'd as he gave it in ——and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

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

The sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fever's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death press'd heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, —when my uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair, by the bed-side, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him:—and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.—

—You ſhall go home directly, Le Fever, ſaid my uncle Toby, to my houſe,—and we'll ſend for a doctor to ſee what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary, ——and the corporal ſhall be your nurſe;——and I'll be your ſervant Le Fever.

THERE was a franknefs in my uncle Toby,——not the effect of familiarity,——but the cauſe of it,——which let you at once into his ſoul, and ſhewed you the goodneſs of his nature; to this, there was ſomething in his looks, and voice, and manner, ſuperadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take ſhelter under him; ſo that before my uncle Toby had half finiſhed the kind offers he was making to the father, had the ſon inſenſibly preſſed up cloſe to his knees, and had taken hold of the breaſt of his coat, and was pulling it towards him —— The blood and ſpirits of Le Fever, which were waxing cold and ſlow within him, and were retreating to their laſt citadel, the heart,——rallied back, the film forſook his eyes for a moment,——he looked up wiſhfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then caſt a look upon his boy, ——and that ligament, fine as it was,——was never broken.——

Nature inſtantly ebb'd again,——the film returned to its place,——the pulſe fluttered——ſtopp'd—— went on——throbb'd——ſtopp'd again —moved ——ſtopp'd——ſhall I go on?——No.

STERNE.

YORICK's DEATH.

A FEW hours before Yorick breathed his laſt, Eugenius ſtept in with an intent to take his laſt ſight and laſt farewell of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and aſking how he felt himſelf, Yorick looking up in his face, took hold of his hand,——and, after thanking him for the many tokens of his friendſhip to him, for which, he ſaid, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the ſlip for ever.—I hope not, anſwered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tendereſt

tone

tone that ever man ſpoke,—I hope not, Yorick, ſaid he.—Yorick replied, with a look up, and gentle ſqueeze of Eugenius's hand,—and that was all,—but it cut Eugenius to the heart.——Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and ſummoning up the man within him,——my dear lad, be comforted,—let not all thy ſpirits and fortitude forſake thee at this criſis when thou moſt wanteſt them;——who knows what reſources are in ſtore, and what the power of God may yet do for thee?———Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently ſhook his head; for my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words,—I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, chearing up his voice, that there is ſtill enough left of thee to make a biſhop,—and that I may live to ſee it.—I beſeech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night cap as well as he could with his left hand, ——his right ſtill being graſped cloſe in that of Eugenius,——I beſeech thee to take a view of my head.—I ſee nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, ſaid Yorick, let me tell you, that it is ſo bruiſed and miſ-ſhapened with the blows which have been ſo unhandſomely given me in the dark, that I might ſay with Sancho Panca, that ſhould I recover, and "mitres thereupon be ſuffered to rain down "from heaven as thick as hail, not one of them would "fit it."——Yorick's laſt breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he uttered this;—yet ſtill it was uttered with ſomething of a Cervantic tone;——And as he ſpoke it, Eugenius could perceive a ſtream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes;———faint picture of thoſe flaſhes of his ſpirit, which (as Shakeſpear ſaid of his anceſtor) were wont to ſet the table in a roar!

Eugenius was convinced from this, that the heart of his friend was broke; he ſqueezed his hand, and then walked ſoftly out of the room, weeping as he walked. Yorick followed Eugenius with his eyes to the door,—he then cloſed them,—and never opened them more.

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under

a plain marble ſlab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than theſe three words of inſcription, ſerving both for his epitaph, and elegy?

Alas, poor YORICK!

TEN times a day has Yorick's ghoſt the conſolation to hear his monumental inſcription read over with ſuch a variety of plaintive tones, as denote a general pity and eſteem for him; ——a footway croſſing the church-yard cloſe by his grave,—not a paſſenger goes by without ſtopping to caſt a look upon it,——and ſighing as he walks on,

Alas, poor YORICK!

STERNE.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan,
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bleſs your ſtore.
Theſe tatter'd cloaths my poverty beſpeak,
Theſe hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.
Yon houſe, erected on the riſing ground,
With tempting aſpect drew me from my road;
For Plenty there a reſidence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.
Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here as I crav'd a morſel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,
To ſeek a ſhelter in 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

And tears of pity would not be repreſt.
Heaven ſends misfortunes; why ſhould we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the ſtate you ſee;
And your condition may be ſoon like mine,
The child of Sorrow and of Miſery.
A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then like the lark I ſprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! oppreſſion forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.
My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is caſt abandon'd on the world's wide ſtage,
And doom'd in ſcanty poverty to roam.
My tender wife, ſweet ſoother of my care!
Struck with ſad anguiſh at the ſtern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to deſpair,
And left the world to wretchedneſs and me.
Pity the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan,
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bleſs your ſtore.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghoſt, along the moon-light ſhade
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis ſhe!—but why that bleeding boſom gor'd?
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky,
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye pow'rs! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes;
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breaſts of Kings and Heroes glows,

Moſt

Moſt ſouls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull ſullen priſ'ners in the body's cage :
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Uſeleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres ;
Like Eaſtern Kings a lazy ſtate they keep,
And cloſe confin'd to their own palace, ſleep.
From theſe perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſep'rate from their kindred dregs below ;
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deſerter of thy brother's blood !
See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks, now fading at the blaſt of death ;
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world before,
And thoſe love darting eyes muſt roll no more.
Thus, if eternal juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your children fall :
On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearſes ſhall beſiege your gates.
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the Furies ſteel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day !
So periſh all, whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.
What can atone (oh ever injur'd ſhade !)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid ?
No friends complaint, no kind domeſtic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier :
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd !
What tho' no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe

To

To midnight dances, and the public ſhow?
What tho' no weeping Loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?
What tho' no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſt,
And the green turf ly lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While Angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground, now ſacred by thy reliques made.
So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!
Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
E'en he whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle buſineſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more! POPE.

MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious work, Parent of good!
Almighty! thine this univerſal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! thyſelf how wondrous then!
Unſpeakable! who ſitt'ſt above the heav'ns,
To us inviſible, or dimly ſeen
In theſe thy lowlieſt works; yet theſe declare
Thy goodneſs beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye who beſt can tell, ye ſons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with ſongs
And choral ſymphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heav'n,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without end.

Faireſt

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'd 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 meets 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 streaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye, that warble as you 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 now light diſpels the dark.

MILTON.

CATO's SOLILOQUY.

IT muſt be ſo—Plato, thou reaſon'ſt well—
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this ſecret dread and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?
'Tis the Divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis Heaven itſelf that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful, thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Thro' what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs!
The wide, th' unbounded proſpect lies before me;
But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs, reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a pow'r above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Thro' all her works) he muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, muſt be happy.
But when? or where?—This world was made for Cæſar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this muſt end 'em.
Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I ſhall never die.
The ſoul, ſecur'd in her exiſtence, ſmiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:
The ſtars ſhall fade away, the ſun himſelf
Grow dim with age, and nature ſink in years;
But thou ſhalt flouriſh in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidſt the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the cruſh of worlds.

CATO.

HENRY IV's SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

HOW many thousands of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness!
Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night flies to thy slumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why ly'st thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,
A watch-case to a common larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast,
Seal up the ship boy's eyes and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slipp'ry shrouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes:
Can'st 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 low! lie down;
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

SHAKESPEAR.

WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

WOL. FAREWEL, a long farewel to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; 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

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His greatneſs is a-ripening, nips his ſhoot;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd
Like little wanton boys, that ſwim on bladders,
Theſe many ſummers in the ſea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtream, that muſt for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes favours!
There is, betwixt that ſmile he would aſpire to,
That ſweet aſpect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

CROM. O my Lord.
Muſt I then leave you? Muſt I needs forego
So good, ſo noble, and ſo true a maſter?
Bear witneſs, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a ſorrow Cromwell leaves his Lord.
The King ſhall have my ſervice; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, ſhall be yours.

WOL. Cromwell, I did not think to ſhed a tear
In all my miſeries, but thou haſt forc'd me,
Out of thy honeſt truth, to play the woman——
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, Cromwell,
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me muſt more be heard, ſay then I taught thee;
Say, Wolſey, that once rode the waves of glory,
And ſounded all the epths and ſhoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to riſe in;
A ſure and ſafe one, though thy maſter miſs'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that ſin fell the angels; how can man then
(Tho' th' image of his Maker) hope to win by't?
Love thyſelf laſt: cheriſh thoſe hearts that wait thee!
Corruption wins not more than honeſty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

To

To ſilence envious tongues. Be juſt, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'ſt at, be thy Country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's; then if thou fall'ſt, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed martyr. Serve the King——
And pr'ythee lead me in———
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the laſt penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heav'n, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but ſerv'd my God with half the zeal
I ſerv'd my King, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

SHAKESPEAR.

L E A R.

BLOW winds, and crack your cheeks; rage, blow!
You cataracts, and hurricanes, ſpout
Till you have drench'd our ſteeples, drown'd the cocks!
You ſulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Singe my white head. And thou, all ſhaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world;
Crack nature's mould, all germins ſpill at once
That make ungrateful man!
Rumble thy bellyfull, ſpit fire, ſpout rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters.
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindneſs;
I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
You owe me no ſubſcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure.———Here I ſtand your brave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and deſpis'd old man!
But yet I call you ſervile miniſters
That have with two pernicious daughters join'd
Your high engender'd battles, 'gainſt a head
So old and white as this. Oh! oh! 'tis foul.
Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads,
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That haſt within thee undivulged crimes,
Unwhip'd of juſtice! Hide thee, thou bloody hand;
Thou perjure, and thou ſimular of virtue,

That art incestuous! caitiff, shake to pieces,
That, under cover of convivial seeming,
Has practis'd on man's life—Close-pent up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents, and ask
Those dreadful summoners grace!———I am a man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning.

SHAKESPEAR.

MACBETH's SOLILOQUY.

IS this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle tow'rd my hand? come, let me clutch thee.—
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.——
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest—I see thee still;
And on the blade of th' dudgeon, gouts of blood,
Which was not so before.—There's no such thing.—
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes.—Now o'er one half the world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's offerings: and whither'd Murther,
(Alarum'd by his centinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing strides, tow'rds his design
Moves like a ghost.—Thou sound and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my where-about;
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it.—Whilst I threat, he lives—
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

SHAKESPEAR.

A. N.

ANTONY's FUNERAL ORATION OVER CÆSAR's BODY.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæſar, not to praiſe him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is often interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæſar! Noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæſar was ambitious;
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault;
And grievouſly hath Cæſar anſwer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the reſt,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to ſpeak in Cæſar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me;
But Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæſar ſeem ambitious?
When that the poor hath cry'd, Cæſar hath wept;
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff.
Yet Brutus ſays he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did ſee, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice preſented him a kingly crown;
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus ſays he was ambitious;
And, ſure, he is an honourable man.
I ſpeak not to diſprove what Brutus ſpoke,
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cauſe.
What cauſe with-holds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
And men have loſt their reaſon —— Bear with me. ——
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæſar,
And I muſt pauſe till it come back to me.
If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember,

The

The firſt time ever Cæſar put it on,
'Twas on a ſummer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii——
Look! in this place ran Caſſius' dagger through;—
See what a rent the envious Caſca made.——
Through this the well beloved Brutus ſtabb'd:
And as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæſar follow'd it!
As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd,
If Brutus ſo unkindly knock'd, or no.
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæſar's angel.
Judge, oh you gods! how dearly Cæſar lov'd him;
This, this was the unkindeſt cut of all;
For when the noble Cæſar ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him; then burſt his mighty heart:
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæſar fell,
Even at the baſe of Pompey's ſtatue.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; theſe are gracious drops.
Kind ſouls; what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæſar's veſture wounded? look you here!
Here is himſelf, marr'd, as you ſee, by traitors.——
Good friends, ſweet friends, let me not ſtir you up,
To any ſudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wiſe and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reaſon anſwer you.
I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That loved my friend; and that they know full well
That give me public leave to ſpeak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of ſpeech,
To ſtir men's blood; I only ſpeak right on:

I tell you that which you yourſelves do know;
Shew you ſweet Cæſar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
And bid them ſpeak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæſar, that ſhould move
The ſtones of Rome to riſe and mutiny.

SHAKESPEAR.

HAMLET's SOLILOQUY ON HIS MOTHER's MARRIAGE.

OH that this too ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve itſelf into a dew!
O 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! or e'er thoſe ſhoes were old,
With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears—Why, ſhe, ev'n ſhe——
(O Heav'n! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer—) married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a month!
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the fluſhing in her gauled eyes,
She married—Oh, moſt wicked ſpeed!

It

It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

SHAKESPEAR.

HAMLET's SOLILOQUY 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 ſea 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 life:
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of th' time,
Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pang of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
When he himſelf might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of ſomething after death
(That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne
No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterpriſes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And loſe the name of action.

SHAKESPEAR.

ODE

ODE ON ST. CECILIA's DAY.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;
The breathing instruments inspire,
Wake into voice each silent string,
And sweep the sounding lyre!
In a sadly-pleasing strain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet sound,
'Till the roofs all around
The shrill echoes rebound:
While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow,
Hark! the numbers soft and clear,
Gently steal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder rise
And fill with spreading sounds the skies;
Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling the wild music floats:
'Till, by degrees, remote and small,
The strains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.
By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lovers wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouzes from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our passions wage,
And giddy Factions hear away their rage.
But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,

High

High on the ſtern the Thracian rais'd his ſtrain,
While Argo ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from Pelion to the main.
Tranſported demi-gods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his ſev'nfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade:
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies rebound,
To arms, to arms, to arms!
But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton ſurrounds,
Love, ſtrong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What ſounds were heard,
What ſcenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coaſts?
Dreadful gleams,
Dismal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts!
But hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre;
And ſee! the tortur'd ghoſts reſpire,
See, ſhady forms advance!
Thy ſtone, O Syſiphus, ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance!
The furies ſink upon their iron beds,
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their heads.
By the ſtreams that ever flow,
By the fragrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elyſian flowers;
By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell
In yellow meads of Aſphodel,
Or Amaranthine bow'rs;
By the hero's armed ſhades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,

Wand'ring

Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the husband, or return the wife!
He sung, and hell consented
To hear the Poet's prayer;
Stern Proserpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus song could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell,
A conquest how hard, and how glorious!
Tho' fate had fast bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet music and love were victorious.
But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes;
Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beside the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in mæanders,
All alone,
Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghost,
For ever, ever, ever lost!
Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanal's cries—
Ah see, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Euridice he sung,
Euridice still trembled on his tongue,
Euridice the woods,
Euridice the floods,
Euridice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung,
Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm;
Music can soften pain to ease,

And make despair and madness please
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her maker's praise confin d the sound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear:
Born on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n;
His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,
Hers lift the soul to heav'n.

POPE.

ALEXANDER's FEAST.

'TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The god like hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound:
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.
Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the pow'r of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the God:

Sublime

Sublime on radiant ſpheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſov'reign of the world.—
The liſt'ning crowd admire the loftу ſound;
A preſent deity! they ſhout around:
A preſent deity! the vaulted roofs rebound:
With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.
The praiſe of Bacchus then, the ſweet muſician ſung;
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Fluſh'd with a purple grace
He ſhews his honeſt face.
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus ever fair and youug,
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.
Soothd with the ſound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again; (ſlain.—
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he ſlew the
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful muſe
Soft pity to infuſe:
He ſung Darius great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high eſtate,
And 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 sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.
The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O, think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.—
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.
Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet, a louder strain,
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouze 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

How they hiſs in the air,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!
Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Theſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew;
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hoſtile gods!
The Princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the King ſeiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais laid the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.
Thus, long ago
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame:
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She drew an angel down.

DRYDEN.

ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

ATHENS, 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 ſubtile reaſoner of all the Lyceum; the other, the moſt eloquent ſpeaker in the Academic grove. Mutual admiration ſoon begot a friendſhip. Their fortunes were nearly equal; and they were natives of the two moſt celebrated cities in the world. Alcander was of Athens; Septimius came from Rome.

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

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

During this illneſs, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondneſs, and brought his miſtreſs to join in the 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,

der, 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 on 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 ſo eminently poſſeſſed, Septimius, in a few years, arrived at the higheſt dignities of the ſtate, and was conſtituted the city-judge, or prætor.

In the 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. Being unable to raiſe ſo large a ſum at the time appointed, his poſſeſſions were confiſcated, he himſelf was ſtripped of the habit of freedom, expoſed as a ſlave in the market place, and ſold to the higheſt bidder.

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

derer 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 unnoted amongst 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. He was found next morning, dead, at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing an enquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander was apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world, in which he had found only ingratitude, falshood, and cruelty: he was determined to make no defence; and, thus lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius.

As the circumstances against him were strong, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the spectators was soon divided

vided 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.

GOLDSMITH.

TRUE AND FALSE HAPPINESS.

TRUE happineſs is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noiſe. It ariſes, in the firſt place, from the enjoyment of one's ſelf; and, in the next, from the friendſhip and converſation of a few ſelect companions. It loves ſhade and ſolitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows. In ſhort; it feels every thing it wants within it itſelf; and receives no addition, from multitudes of witneſſes and ſpectators.

FALSE happineſs, on the contrary, loves to be in a croud, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any ſatisfaction from the applauſes which ſhe gives herſelf, but from the admiration which ſhe raiſes in others. She flouriſhes in courts and palaces, theatres and aſſemblies; and has no exiſtence, but when ſhe is looked upon.

AURELIA, though a woman of great quality, delights in the privacy of a country life, and paſſes away a great part of her time in her own walks and gardens. Her huſband, who is her boſom friend, and companion in her ſolitudes, has been in love with her ever ſince he knew her.

her. They both abound with good ſenſe, conſummate virtue, and a mutual eſteem; and are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under ſo regular an œconomy, in its hours of devotion and repaſt, employment and diverſion, that it looks like a little Commonwealth within itſelf. They often go into company, that they may return with the greater delight to one another; and ſometimes live in town not ſo properly to enjoy it, as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themſelves the reliſh of a country life. By theſe means, they are happy in each other, beloved by their children, adored by their ſervants, and are become the envy, or rather the delight, of all that know them.

How different from this is the life of Fulvia! She conſiders her huſband as her ſteward; and looks upon diſcretion, and good houſewifery, as little domeſtic virtues, unbecoming a woman of quality She thinks life loſt in her own family; and fancies herſelf out of the world, when ſhe is not in the ring, the play-houſe, or the drawing-room. She lives in a perpetual motion of body, and reſtleſſneſs of thought; and is never eaſy in any one place, when ſhe thinks there is more company in another. The miſſing of an opera, the firſt night, would be more affecting to her, than the death of a child. She pities all the valuable part of her own ſex, and calls every woman of a prudent modeſt retired life, a poor-ſpirited unpoliſhed creature. What a mortification would it be to Fulvia, if ſhe knew, that her ſetting herſelf to view, is but expoſing herſelf; and that ſhe grows contemptible, by being conſpicuous.

SPECTATOR.

CORPORAL TRIM'S ELOQUENCE.

—— MY young maſter in London is dead, ſaid Obadiah ——

—HERE is ſad news, Trim, cried Suſannah, wiping her eyes as Trim ſtepped into the kitchen—maſter Bobby is dead.

I LAMENT for him from my heart and my ſoul, ſaid Trim, fetching a ſigh——Poor creature!—poor boy! poor gentleman! HE

He was alive laſt Whitſuntide, ſaid the coachman,—Whitſuntide! alas! cry'd Trim, extending his right arm, and falling inſtantly into the ſame atittude in which he read the ſermon,—what is Whitſuntide, Jonathan, (for that was the coachman's name) or Shrovetide, or any tide or time paſt to this? Are we not here now, continued the corporal, (ſtriking the end of his ſtick perpendicularly upon the floor, ſo as to give an idea of health and ſtability) and are we not (dropping his hat upon the ground) gone! in a moment!—It was infinitely ſtriking! Suſannah burſt into a flood of tears.—We are not ſtocks and ſtones—Jonathan, Obadiah, the cook-maid, all melted.—The fooliſh fat ſcullion herſelf, who was ſcouring a fiſh-kettle, upon her knees, was rouſed with it.—The whole kitchen crouded about the corporal.

"Are we not here now,—and gone in a moment?"—There was nothing in the ſentence—it was one of your ſelf evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if Trim had not truſted more to his hat than his head, he had made nothing at all of it

"Are we not here now; continued the corporal, "are we not" (dropping his hat plump upon the ground—and pauſing, before he pronounced the word) "gone! in a moment?" The deſcent of the hat was as if a heavy lump of clay had been kneaded into the crown of it.——Nothing could have expreſſed the ſentiments of mortality, of which it was the type and forerunner, like it; his hand ſeemed to vaniſh from under it, it fell dead, the corporal's eye fixed upon it, as upon a corps,—— and Suſannah burſt into a flood of tears.

Sterne.

REMARKS on CONVERSATION.

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

who hear him, are the beſt judges, whether what he was ſaying, could either divert, or inform them.

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

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

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

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

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular ſcience, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not, methinks, an handſomer thing ſaid of Mr Cowley, in his whole life, than that none but his intimate friends, ever diſcovered he was a great poet, by his diſcourſe. Beſides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to loſe. I might add, that he, who is ſometimes ſilent on a ſubject where every one is ſatisfied he could ſpeak well, will often be thought no leſs knowing iu other matters, where, perhaps, he is wholly ignorant.

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

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

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

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

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

ON DISCRETION.

DISCRETION does not only ſhew itſelf in words, but in all the circumſtances of action; and is like an under-agent of Providence, to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

THERE are many more ſhining qualities in the mind

of man; but there is none so useful as discretion. It is this, indeed, which gives a value to all the rest; which sets them at work, in their proper times and places; and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it, learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other mens. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe, that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable; strong and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which, for want of sight, is of no use to him.

At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them: cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which can make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views; and, like a well formed eye, commands a whole horizon: cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives the greater authority to him who possesses it: cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life: cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interest and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense, and good understandings: cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but

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the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion; and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward into futurity; and consider what will be his condition, millions of ages hence as well as what it is at present. He knows, that the misery or happiness which is reserved for him in another world, loses nothing of its reality, by being placed at so great a distance from him. Future objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains, which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason, he is careful to secure to himself, that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant, as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supersedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with the views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality; his schemes are large and glorious; and his conduct suitable to one, who knows his true interest, and how to pursue it by proper methods. SPECTATOR.

METHODS OF EMPLOYING TIME.

We, all of us, complain of the shortness of time saith Seneca; and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent, either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: we are always complaining, that our days are few; and acting, as tho' there would be no end of them. That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought, which are peculiar to his writings.

I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with

themſelves, in a point that bears ſome affinity to the former. Though we ſeem grieved at the ſhortneſs of life in general, we are wiſhing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be of age; then to be a man of buſineſs; then to make up an eſtate; then to arrive at honours; then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be ſhort, the ſeveral diviſions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our ſpan in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is compoſed. The uſurer would be very well ſatisfied, to have all the time annihilated, that lyes between the preſent moment and the next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to loſe three years in his life, could he place things in the poſture which he fancies they would ſtand in after ſuch a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to ſtrike out of his exiſtence, all the moments that are to paſs away before the happy meeting. Thus, as faſt as our time runs, we ſhould be very glad, in moſt parts of our lives, that it ran much faſter than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands; nay, we wiſh away whole years; and travel through time, as through a country filled with many wild and empty waſtes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at thoſe ſeveral little ſettlements, or imaginary points of reſt, which are diſperſed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of moſt men into twenty parts, we ſhall find, that at leaſt nineteen of them are mere gaps and chaſms, which are neither filled up with pleaſure nor buſineſs. I do not, however, include in this calculation, the life of thoſe men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of thoſe only who are not always engaged in ſcenes of action; and I hope I ſhall not do an unacceptable piece of ſervice to thoſe perſons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty ſpaces of life. The methods I ſhall propoſe to them, are as follows.

The firſt is the exerciſe of virtue, in the moſt general acceptation of the word. That particular ſcheme which comprehends the ſocial virtues, may give employment to the moſt induſtrious temper, and find a man in buſineſs more than the moſt active ſtation of life. To adviſe the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties

duties that fall in our way, almoſt every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceneſs of a party; of doing juſtice to the character of a deſerving man; of ſoftening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are, all of them, employments ſuited to a reaſonable nature, and bring great ſatisfaction to the perſon who can buſy himſelf in them with diſcretion.

THERE is another kind of virtue, that may find employment for thoſe retired hours, in which we are altogether left to ourſelves, and deſtitute of company and converſation; I mean that intercourſe and communication, which every reaſonable creature ought to maintain, with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under a habitual ſenſe of the Divine preſence, keeps up a perpetual chearfulneſs of temper; and enjoys, every moment, the ſatisfaction of thinking himſelf in company with his deareſt and beſt of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impoſſible for him to be alone. His thoughts and paſſions are the moſt buſied, at ſuch hours, when thoſe of other men are the moſt unactive. He no ſooner ſteps out of the world, than his heart burns with devotion, ſwells with hope, and triumphs in the conſciouſneſs of that Preſence which every where ſurrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its ſorrows, its apprehenſions, to the great Supporter of its exiſtence. But, becauſe the mind cannot be always in this fervour, nor ſtrained up to a pitch of virtue, it is neceſſary to find out proper employments for it, in its relaxations.

THE next method, therefore, that I would propoſe to fill up our time, ſhould be uſeful and innocent diverſions. I muſt confeſs, I think it is below reaſonable creatures, to be altogether converſant in ſuch diverſions as are merely innocent, and have nothing elſe to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to ſay for itſelf, I ſhall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful, to ſee people of the beſt ſenſe, paſſing away hours together, in ſhuffling and dividing a pack of cards; with no other converſation, but what is made up of a few game-phraſes;

and no other ideas, but those of black or red spots, ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear such persons complaining that life is short?

The stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably, as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed, no blessing of life, that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation, with such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse; which are qualifications which seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful amusements of life, which one would endeavour to multiply; that one might, on all occasions, have recourse to some thing, rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it. Spectator.

The VISIONS of MIRZAH.

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills 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

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it to his lips, and began to play upon it. 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 their laſt agonies, and qualiſy 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 pleaſures 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 familiarized 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, Mirzah, ſaid he, I have heard thee in thy ſoliloquies; follow me.

HE then led me to the higheſt pinacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Caſt thy eyes eaſtward, ſaid he, and tell me what thou ſeeſt. I ſee, ſaid I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling thro' it. The valley that thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is the vale of miſery, and the tide of water that thou ſeeſt is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reaſon, ſaid I, that the tide I ſee riſes out of a thick miſt at one end, and again loſes itſelf in a thick miſt at the other? What thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is that portion of eternity which is called time, meaſured out by the ſun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its 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

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 further, 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 thro' the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther 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 pitfalls 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

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 other 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 a 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

me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. The islands, said he, that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the seashore; 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 pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirzah, 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 expressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, shew me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which 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.

SPECTATOR.

FROM THE MINSTREL.

AND now the downy check and deepen'd voice
Gave dignity to Edwin's blooming prime;
And walks of wider circuit were his choice,
And vales more wild, and mountains more sublime.

One

One evening, as he framed the careleſs rhyme,
It was his chance to wander far abroad,
And o'er a lonely eminence to climb,
Which heretofore his foot had never trode;
A vale appear'd below, a deep retired abode.
Thither he hied, enamour'd of the ſcene.
For rocks on rocks piled, as by magic ſpell,
Here ſcorch'd with lightning, there with ivy green,
Fenc'd from the north and eaſt this ſavage dell.
South-ward a mountain roſe with eaſy ſwell,
Whoſe long long groves eternal murmur made;
And toward the weſtern ſun a ſtreamlet fell,
Where, through the cliffs, the eye. remote, ſurvey'd
Blue hills, and glittering waves, and ſkies in gold array'd.
Along this narrow valley you might ſee
The wild deer ſporting on the meadow ground,
And, here and there, a ſolitary tree,
Or moſſy ſtone, or rock with woodbine crown'd.
Oft did the cliffs reverberate the ſound
Of parted fragments tumbling from on high;
And from the ſummit of that craggy mound
The perching eagle oft was heard to cry,
Or on reſounding wings to ſhoot athwart the ſky.
One cultivated ſpot there was, that ſpread
Its flowery boſom to the noonday beam,
Where many a roſe bud rears its bluſhing head,
And herbs for food with future plenty teem.
Sooth'd by the lulling ſound of grove and ſtream,
Romantick viſions ſwarm on Edwin's ſoul:
He minded not the ſun's laſt trembling gleam,
Nor heard from far the twilight curfew toll;
When ſlowly on his ear theſe moving accents ſtole.
'Hail, awful ſcenes, that calm the troubled breaſt,
'And woo the weary to profound repoſe;
'Can paſſion's wildeſt uproar lay to reſt,
'And whiſper comfort to the man of woes!
'Here innocence may wander, ſafe from foes,
'And Contemplation ſoar on ſeraphs wings.
'O Solitude, the man who thee foregoes,
'When lucre lures him, or ambition ſtings,
'Shall never know the ſource whence real grandeur ſprings.

'Vain

'Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire?
'Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:
'To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire?
'It is thy weakness that requires their aid:
'To palaces, with gold and gems inlay'd?
'They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:
'To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade?
'Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm!
'Behold, what deeds of woe the locust can perform!
'True dignity in his, whose tranquil mind
'Virtue has raised above the things below;
'Who, every hope and fear to heaven resign'd,
'Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest blow.'
This strain from midst the rocks was heard to flow,
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star;
And from embattled clouds emerging slow
Cynthia came riding on her silver car;
And hoary mountain cliffs shone faintly from afar,

BEATTIE.

PYGMÆO-GERANO-MACHIA,
The Battle of
THE PYGMIES AND CRANES.
From the Latin of ADDISON.

THE pygmy-people, and the feather'd train,
Mingling in mortal combat on the plain,
I sing. Ye Muses, favour my designs,
Lead on my squadrons, and arrange the lines;
The flashing swords and fluttering wings display,
And long bills nibbling in the bloody fray;
Cranes darting with disdain on tiny foes,
Conflicting birds and men, and war's unnumber'd woes.
The wars and woes of heroes six feet long
Have oft resounded in Pierian song.
Who has not heard of Colchos' golden fleece,
And Argo manned with all the flower of Greece?
Of Thebes' fell brethren, Theseus stern of face,
And Peleus' son unrival'd in the race,
Eneas founder of the Roman line,
And William glorious on the banks of Boyne?

Who

Who has not learn'd to weep at Pompey's woes,
And over Blackmore's Epic page to doze?
'Tis I, who dare attempt unusual strains,
Of hosts unsung, and unfrequented plains;
The small shrill trump, and chiefs of little size,
And armies rushing down the darken'd skies.
  Where India reddens to the early dawn,
Winds a deep vale from vulgar eye withdrawn:
Bosom'd in groves the lowly region lies,
And rocky mountains round the border rise.
Here, till the doom of fate its fall decreed,
The empire flourish'd of the pygmy breed;
Here Industry perform'd, and Genius plann'd,
And busy multitudes o'erspread the land.
But now to these lone bounds if pilgrim stray,
Tempting through craggy cliffs the desperate way,
He finds the puny mansion fallen to earth,
Its godlings mouldering on th' abandon'd hearth;
And starts, where small white bones are spread around,
"Or little footsteps lightly print the ground;"
While the proud crane her nest securely builds,
Chattering amid the desolated fields.
  But different faces befel her hostile rage,
While reign'd, invincible through many an age,
The dreaded Pygmy: roused by war's alarms
Forth rush'd the madding Mannikin to arms.
Fierce to the field of death the hero flies;
The faint crane fluttering flaps the ground, and dies;
And by the victor borne (o'erwhelming load!)
With bloody bill loote-dangling marks the road.
And oft the wily dwarf in ambush lay,
And often made the callow young his prey;
With slaughter'd victims heap'd his board, and smiled
T' avenge the parent's trespass on the child.
Oft, where his feather'd foe had rear'd her nest,
And laid her eggs and household gods to rest,
Burning for blood, in terrible array,
The eighteen-inch militia burst their way:
All went to wreck; the infant foeman fell,
When scarce his chirping bill had broke the shell;
  Loud uproar hence, and rage of arms arose,

And the fell rancour of encountering foes;
Hence dwarfs and cranes one general havock whelms,
And Death's grim visage scares the pygmy-realms.
Not half so furious blazed the warlike fire
Of Mice, high theme of the Meonian lyre;
When bold to battle march'd th' accouter'd frogs,
And the deep tumult thunder'd through the bogs.
Pierced by the javelin-bulrush on the shore
Here agonizing roll'd the mouse in gore;
And there the frog (a scene full sad to see!)
Shorn of one leg slow sprawl'd along on three:
He vaults no more with vigorous hopes on high,
But mourns in hoarsest croaks his destiny.
And now the day of woe drew on apace,
A day of woe to all the pygmy-race,
When dwarfs were doom'd (but penitence was vain)
To rue each broken egg, and chicken slain.
For roused to vengeance by repeated wrong
From distant climes the long-bill'd legions throng:
From Strymon's lake, Cäyster's plashy meads,
And fens of Scythia green with rustling reeds;
From where the Danube winds through many a land,
And Mareotis laves th' Egyptian strand,
To rendezvous they waft on eager wing,
And wait assembled the returning spring.
Meanwhile they trim their plumes for length of flight,
Whet their keen beaks, and twisting claws, for fight;
Each crane the pygmy power in thought o'erturns,
And every bosom for the battle burns.
When genial gales the frozen air unbind,
The screaming legions wheel, and mount the wind.
Far in the sky they form their long array,
And land and ocean stretch'd immense survey
Deep deep beneath; and, triumphing in pride,
With clouds and winds commix'd, innumerous ride;
'Tis wild obstreperous clangour all, and heaven
Whirls in tempestuous undulation driven.
Nor less th' alarm that shook the world below,
Where march'd in pomp of war th' embattled foe;
Where mannikins with haughty step advance,
And grasp the shield, and couch the quivering lance;

To

To right and left the lengthening lines they form,
And rank'd in deep array await the ſtorm
High in the midſt the chieftain dwarf was ſeen,
Of giant ſtature, and imperial mien.
Full twenty inches tall he ſtrode along,
And view'd with lofty eye the wondering throng;
And, while with many a ſcar his viſage frown'd,
Bared his broad boſom rough with many a wound
Of beaks and claws, diſcloſing to their ſight
The glorious meed of high heroick might.
For with inſatiate vengeance, he purſued,
And never ending hate, the feathery brood.
Unhappy they, confiding in the length
Of horny beak, or talon's crooked ſtrength,
Who durſt abide his rage: the blade deſcends,
And from the panting trunk the pinion rends.
Laid low in duſt the pinion waves no more,
The trunk diſfigured ſtiffens in its gore.
What hoſts of heroes fell beneath his force!
What heaps of chicken carnage mark'd his courſe!
How oft, O Strymon, thy lone banks along,
Did wailing echo waft the funeral ſong!
And now from far the mingling clamours riſe,
Loud and more loud rebounding through the ſkies.
From ſkirt to ſkirt of heaven, with ſtormy ſway,
A cloud rolls on, and darkens all the day.
Near and more near deſcends the dreadful ſhade:
And now in battailous array diſplay'd,
On ſounding wings, and ſcreaming in their ire,
The cranes ruſh'd onward, and the fight require.
The pygmy warriors eye with fearleſs glare
The hoſt thick ſwarming o'er the burthen'd air;
Thick ſwarming now, but to their native land
Doom'd to return a ſcanty ſtraggling band.
When ſudden, darting down the depth of heaven,
Fierce on th' expecting foe the cranes are driven.
The kindling phrenſy every boſom warms,
The region echoes to the craſh of arms:
Looſe feathers from th' encountering armies fly,
And in careering whirlwinds mount the ſky.
To breathe from toil upſprings the panting crane,

Then with freſh vigour downward darts again.
Succeſs in equal balance hovering hangs.
Here, on the ſharp ſpear, mad with mortal pangs,
The bird transfix'd in bloody vortex whirls,
Yet fierce in death the threatening talon curls:
There, while the life blood bubbles from his wound,
With little feet the pygmy beats the ground;
Deep from his breaſt the ſhort ſhort ſob he draws,
And dying curſes the keen pointed claws.
Trembles the thundering field, thick cover'd o'er
With falchions, mangled wings, and ſtreaming gore,
And pygmy arms, and beaks of ample ſize;
And here a claw, and there a finger lies.
Encompaſs'd round with heaps of ſlaughter'd foes,
All grim in blood the pygmy champion glows.
And on th' aſſailing hoſt impetuous ſprings,
Careleſs of nibbling bills, and flapping wings;
And midſt the tumult wherefoe'er he turns,
The battle with redoubled fury burns;
From every ſide th' avenging cranes amain
Throng, to o'erwhelm this terror of the plain.
When ſuddenly (for ſuch the will of Jove)
A fowl enormous, ſouſing from above,
The gallant chieftain clutch'd, and, ſoaring high,
(Sad chance of battle!) bore him up the ſky.
The cranes purſue, and, cluſtering in a ring,
Chatter triumphant round the captive king.
But ah! what pangs each pygmy boſom wrung,
When, now to cranes a prey, on talons hung,
High in the clouds they ſaw their helpleſs lord,
His wriggling form ſtill leſſening as he ſoar'd.
Lo yet again with unabated rage
In mortal ſtrife the mingling hoſts engage.
The crane with darted bill aſſaults the foe,
Hovering; then wheels aloft to ſcape the blow:
The dwarf in anguiſh aims the vengeful wound;
But whirls in empty air the falchion round.
Such was the ſcene, when midſt the loud alarms
Sublime th' eternal thunder roſe in arms.
When Briareus, by mad ambition driven,
Heaved Pelion huge, and hurl'd it high at heaven.

Jove

Jove roll'd redoubling thunders from on high,
Mountains and bolts encounter'd in the ſky ;
Till one ſtupendous ruin whelm'd the crew,
Their vaſt limbs weltering wide in brimſtone blue.
  But now at length the pygmy legions yield,
And wing'd with terror fly the fatal field.
They raiſe a weak and melancholy wail,
All in diſtraction ſcattering o'er the vale.
Prone on their rooted rear the cranes deſcend ;
Their bills bite furious, and their talons rend :
With unrelenting ire they urge the chace,
Sworn to exterminate the hated race.
  'Twas thus the Pygmy Name, once great in war,
For ſpoils of conquer'd cranes renown'd afar,
Periſh'd. For, by the dread decree of heaven,
Short is the date to earthly grandeur given,
And vain are all attempts to roam beyond
Where Fate has fix'd the everlaſting bound.
Fallen are the trophies of Aſſyrian power,
And Perſia's proud dominion is no more ;
Yea, though to both ſuperior far in fame,
Thine empire, Latium, is an empty name.
  And now with lofty chiefs of ancient time
The pygmy heroes roam th' Elyſian clime.
Or, if belief to matron-tales be due,
Full oft, in the belated ſhepherd's view,
Their friſking forms, in gentle green array'd,
Gambol ſecure amid the moonlight glade.
Secure, for no alarming cranes moleſt,
And all their woes in long oblivion reſt ;
Down the deep dale, and narrow winding way,
They foot it ſeatly, ranged in ringlets gay :
'Tis joy and frolick all, where'er they rove,
And Fairy-people is the name they love.

BEATTIE.

THE HERMIT.

AT the cloſe of the day, when the hamlet is ſtill,
And mortals the ſweets of forgetfulneſs prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,

And nought but the nightingale's ſong in the grove:
'Twas thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung ſymphonious, a Hermit began;
No more with himſelf or with nature at war,
He thought as a Sage, though he felt as a Man.
"Ah why, all abandon'd to darkneſs and woe,
"Why, lone Philomela, that languiſhing fall?
"For Spring ſhall return, and a lover beſtow,
"And Sorrow no longer thy boſom inthral.
"But, if pity inſpire thee, renew the ſad lay,
"Mourn, ſweeteſt complainer, man calls thee to mourn;
"O ſoothe him, whoſe pleaſures like thine paſs away.
"Full quickly they paſs—but they never return.
"Now gliding remote, on the verge of the ſky,
"The Moon half extinguiſh'd her creſcent diſplays;
"But lately I mark'd, when majeſtick 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 ſplendor again.
"But Man's faded glory what change ſhall renew!
"Ah fool! to exult in a glory ſo vain!
"'Tis night, and the landſcape is lovely no more;
"I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
"For morn is approaching, your charms to reſtore,
"Perfumed with freſh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
"Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn;
"Kind Nature the embryo bloſſom will ſave
"But when ſhall Spring viſit the mouldering urn!
"O when ſhall it dawn on the night of the grave!"
'Twas thus, by the glare of falſe Science betray'd,
That leads, to bewilder; and dazzles, to blind;
My thoughts wont to roam, from ſhade onward to ſhade,
Deſtruction before me, and ſorrow behind.
"O pity, great Father of light," then I cry'd,
"Thy creature who fain would not wander from Thee!
"Lo, humbled in duſt, I relinquiſh my pride:
"From doubt and from darkneſs thou only canſt free."
And darkneſs and doubt are now flying away.
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint, and aſtray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.

'See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
'And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
'On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
'And beauty Immortal awakes from the tomb.'

BEATTIE.

SISTERLY AFFECTION.

PRecious ointment is not more grateful to the smell, nor morning dew more refreshing to the sight, than domestic love is to the soul. Represent to yourselves a numerous young family, free from care and animosity, full of reverence for their Maker and their parents, ambitious to please and excel; in a word, pious, dutiful, friendly, happy; where the good humour and good sense of each, contribute to the use and entertainment of all; while those agreeable diversities of temper and understanding that take place amongst them, serve, like discords in music, to carry on the intellectual harmony. Who would not wish to be acquainted in such a house? who would not consider it as the abode of felicity? I hope, I paint no unusual scene.

Where the members are but few, felicity perhaps is not so often found; unless it be in the more shady walks of life, where love and innocence delight to frequent. And, why is it not? When I see two sisters, both of them pleasing and both esteemed, living together without jealousy or envy, yielding to one another without affectation, and generally contending who shall do most to advance the consequence and happiness of her friend? I am highly delighted: dare I add, the more highly, that such characters are not very common. And, why are they not? The love of a sister for her brothers is much more usual. Whence too does this proceed? Examine your own hearts on these several points. Possibly they can explain to you the difference, so observable where there is a competition, and where there is none, or where any tendencies towards it are happily lost in the involutions of a large number.

I was once acquainted with a lady who seemed to be held up by Providence, as an example of the joint power of these and of divine principles. She lost her father early

ly. Her mother's want of health made it neceſſary for her to exert herſelf with double aſſiduity and attention, in a family by no means ſmall, of which ſhe was the eldeſt child. She was naturally active, to a degree very uncommon in one of her diſpoſition, which was the ſofteſt and meekeſt that can be conceived. She had imbided from her infancy the deepeſt ſenſe of devotion, that I have ever known. It was a devotion of that kind which, meeting with a heart originally upright, produces uniform excellence. Such excellence was her's. When, in the courſe of a few years, her extraordinary character recommended her to the choice of a man of ſingular worth and good fortune; ſhe did not, with the ſelfiſhneſs common on ſuch occaſions, forget her mother, or the family ſhe had left behind her; but continued, with the entire approbation and cordial concurrence of her huſband, to manifeſt her filial and ſiſterly regards in the moſt effectual manner. She was none of theſe narrow ſouled women, who no ſooner ſtep into houſes of their own, than they ſeem to have all their affections and ideas abſorbed in their new condition; relinquiſhing at once the beſt companions of their youth; dropping the pen of friendly correſpondence, and ſhrinking up into a little wretched circle of anxieties, that exclude every liberal ſentiment, and every enlarged connexion. When the mother of this lady died, which happened not long after, ſhe became a mother to the helpleſs orphans, ſhe ſuperintended their education, watched over their deportment, promoted their ſettlement in the world, and ſympathized with them in all their diſtreſſes. When they alſo ſpread out into families, ſhe acted like a parent to their children —— To her own, of whom ſhe had many—Bleſſed Lord, what a parent! Was it poſſible for them not to love one another with ſuch a pattern before them, and with ſuch inſtructions as ſhe gave them? For they too were deprived of their father, while the greater part were very young. Her inſtructions were pious and wiſe: but it was not her example, it was that ineffable charm of humble worth and modeſt dignity, of maternal complaiſance and mildneſs almoſt unparallelled, which rendered them irreſiſtable, and diffuſed amongſt all about her, the ſpirit of amity and the ſmile of happineſs. You will not be ſurpriſed, if I ſub-

join

join, that there were many other families who ſhared in her labours of love, amongſt the reſt a very large one, the poor; whoſe bleſſings attended her through life, and whoſe tears followed her to the grave: for, when ſhe died, they had alſo a loſt mother. It is hard to ſay, upon the whole, whether ſhe was moſt beloved, or venerated, by thoſe who knew her. But, I uſed to think, that, where ever ſhe appeared, her preſence inſpired ſenſations ſomewhat like thoſe we ſhould probably feel, if we beheld a good angel. FORDYCE.

PARENTAL AFFECTION.

THE white bear of Greenland and Spitzbergen is conſiderably larger than the brown bear of Europe, or the black bear of North America. This animal lives upon fiſh and ſeals, and is not only ſeen upon land in the countries bordering on the North Pole, but often on floats of ice ſeveral leagues at ſea. The following relation is copied from the Journal of a Voyage for making Diſcoveries toward the North Pole.

Early in the morning, the man at the maſt head of the Carcaſe, gave notice, that three bears were making their way very faſt over the ice, and that they were directing their courſe towards the ſhip. They had, without queſtion, been invited by the ſcent of the blubber of the ſea horſe, killed a few days before, which the men had ſet on fire, and which was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a ſhe bear and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out from the flames part of the fleſh of the ſea horſe, that remained unconſumed, and eat it voraciouſly. The crew from the ſhip threw great lumps of the fleſh of the ſea horſe, which they had ſtill left, upon the ice, which the old bear fetched away ſingly, laid every lump before her cubs as ſhe brought it, and dividing it gave each a ſhare, reſerving but a ſmall portion to herſelf. As ſhe was fetching away the laſt piece, they levelled their muſkets at the cubs, and ſhot them both dead; and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally.

It would have drawn tears of pity from any but unfeeling minds, to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by this poor beast, in the dying moments of her expiring young. Though she was sorely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done others before, tore it in pieces, and laid it down before them; and when she saw that they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other, and endeavoured to raise them up: all this while it was pitiful to hear her moan. When she found she could not stir them, she went off, and when she had got at some distance looked back and moaned; and that not availing her to entice them away, she returned, and smelling round them began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time, as before, and having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning But still her cubs not rising to follow her. she returned to them again, and with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round one, and round the other, pawing them and moaning. Finding at last that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and growled a curse upon the murderers, which they returned with a volley of musket balls. She fell between her cubs, and died licking their wounds.

Can you admire the maternal affection of the bear, and not feel in your heart the warmest emotions of gratitude, for the stronger and more permanent tenderness, you have so long experienced from your parents?

A GENEROUS RETURN for an INJURY.

When the great Condè commanded the Spanish army, and laid siege to one of the French towns in Flanders, a soldier being ill treated by a general officer, and struck several times with a cane, for some disrespectful words he had let fall, answered very coolly, that he should soon make him repent of it. Fifteen days afterwards, the same general officer ordered the colonel of the trenches to find a bold and intrepid fellow, to execute an important enterprize, for which he promised a reward

of

of an hundred piſtoles. The ſoldier we are ſpeaking of, who paſſed for the braveſt in the regiment, offered his ſervice, and going with thirty of his comrades, which he had the liberty to make choice of, he diſcharged a very hazardous commiſſion, with incredible courage and good fortune. Upon his return the general officer highly commended him, and gave him the hundred piſtoles which he had promiſed. The ſoldier preſently diſtributed them among his comrades, ſaying, he did not ſerve for pay, and demanded only, that if his late action ſeemed to deſerve any recompence, they would make him an officer. And now, ſir, adds he to the general officer, who did not know him, I am the ſoldier you abuſed ſo much fifteen days ago, and I then told you I would make you repent of it. The general officer in great admiration, melting into tears, threw his arms around his neck, begged his pardon, and gave him a commiſſion that very day.

ROLLIN.

CRUELTY TO INSECTS.

JACOBUS indulged himſelf in the cruel entertainment of torturing and killing flies. He tore off their wings and legs, and then watched with pleaſure their impotent efforts to eſcape from him. Sometimes he collected a number of them together, and cruſhed them at once to death; glorying, like many a celebrated hero, in the devaſtation he committed. His brother remonſtrated with him, in vain, on this barbarous conduct. He could not perſuade him to believe that flies are capable of pain, and have a right no leſs than ourſelves, to life, liberty, and enjoyment. The ſigns of agony, which, when tormented, they expreſs by the quick and various contortions of their bodies, he neither underſtood nor would attend to.

ALEXIS had a microſcope; and he deſired Jacobus, one day, to examine a moſt beautiful and ſurpriſing animal. Mark, ſaid he, how it is ſtudded from head to tail with black and ſilver, and its body all over beſet with the moſt curious briſtles! The head contains a pair of lively eyes, encircled with ſilver hairs; and the trunk conſiſts of

of two parts, which fold over each other. The whole body is ornamented with plumes and decorations, which ſurpaſs all the luxuries of dreſs, in the courts of the greateſt princes. Jacobus was pleaſed and aſtoniſhed with what he ſaw, and impatient to know the name and properties of this wonderful animal. It was withdrawn from the magnifier; and when offered to his naked eye, proved to be a poor fly which had been a victim of his wanton cruelty.

PERCIVAL.

THE FOLLY AND ODIOUSNESS OF AFFECTATION.

LUCY, Emilia, and Sophronia, ſeated upon a bank of daiſies, near a purling ſtream, were liſtening to the muſic of a neighbouring grove. The ſun gilded with his ſetting beams the weſtern ſky, the gentle zephyrs breathed around, and the feathered ſongſters ſeemed to vie with each other in their evening notes of gratitude and praiſe. Delighted with the artleſs melody of the linnet, the goldfinch, the woodlark, and the thruſh, they were all ear, and obſerved not a peacock, which had ſtrayed from a diſtant farm, and was approaching them with a majeſtic pace, and expanded plumage. The harmony of the concert was ſoon interrupted by the loud and harſh cries of this ſtately bird; which though chaſed away by Emilia, continued his vociferations with the confidence that conſcious beauty too often inſpires. Does this fooliſh bird, ſaid Lucy, fancy that he is qualified to ſing, becauſe he is furniſhed with a ſpreading tail, ornamented with the richeſt colours? I know not, replied Sophronia, whether the peacock be capable of ſuch a reflection; but I hope that you and Emilia will always avoid the diſplay of whatever is inconſiſtent with your ſex, your ſtation, or your character. Shun affectation in all its odious forms; aſſume no borrowed airs; and be content to pleaſe, to ſhine, or to be uſeful in the way which nature points out, and which reaſon approves.

PERCIVAL.

CIR-

CIRCUMSPECTION.

LUCY and Emilia were admiring the ſtructure of a ſpider's web, which was formed between the branches of a tall ſhrub, in the garden at Hart-Hill; when Euphronius, returning from his morning walk, ſtopped to enquire what object ſo much engaged their attention. The dew-drops yet beſpangled the fine threads of which the web was compoſed, and rendered every part of it conſpicuouſly beautiful. A ſmall winged inſect happened, at this inſtant, to be caught in the toil; and the ſpider, before inviſible, advanced along the lines from his ſecret retreat, ſeized the prey, and killed it by inſtilling a venomous juice into the wound he made. When the rapacious tyrant had almoſt devoured his game, another fly, of a larger ſize, became entangled in the meſh. He now waited patiently till the inſect was fatigued, by ſtruggling to obtain its liberty; and then rolling the web round it, he left the poor fly in a ſtate of terror and impotence, as a future repaſt for his returning appetite.

You pity the fate, ſaid Euphronius, of this unfortunate inſect, whoſe deſtruction is the natural conſequence of its ignorance and want of caution. Remember that you yourſelves will be expoſed, in the commerce of life, to various ſnares, dangerous to your virtue, and ſubverſive of your peace of mind. Flattery is the common toil laid for your ſex; and when you are entangled in it, vanity, affectation, pertneſs, and impatience of controul, conſtitute the poiſon which is then infuſed into your wounded boſoms. Pleasure ſpreads a glittering web, which has proved fatal to thouſands. Ambition catches the unwary by power, titles, dignities, and preferments. And False Religion, under a dazzling outſide of myſterious ſanctity, and pompous ceremonies, conceals a net-work of prieſtcraft and ſuperſtition, from which it will be ſtill more difficult to extricate yourſelves.

Percival.

COWARDICE AND INJUSTICE; COURAGE AND GENEROSITY.

A Little boy was amuſing himſelf with a top, which he whipped with great expertneſs, on the flags in one of the ſtreets of Mancheſter. An older and more luſty boy, happening to paſs that way, ſnatched up the top, and would have eſcaped with it, if the proprietor had not laid hold of his coat, and prevented his flight. Remonſtrances however were vain; and when the little boy offered to wreſt the top out of his hand, with more ſpirit than ſtrength, he received ſo many blows from the plunderer, that he was obliged to deſiſt. Jacobus was returning from ſchool, when he ſaw the combatants at a diſtance; and he haſtened to them, that he might put an end to a conteſt ſo unequal. But before he arrived, the ſenior boy, conſcious of his cowardice and injuſtice, and fearing to engage with one who was his match, threw down the top, and ran away with great precipitation. Jacobus related this little incident to his father, and informed him, that the boy, whom he had put to flight, was a terror to all others, inferior to himſelf in ſize and ſtrength. Euphronius liſtened to his ſon with pleaſure; and explained to him the nature of property, and the baſeneſs of depriving another of his right, either by fraud or violence. He then repeated the following ſtory, to diſplay the union of courage with generoſity, and to ſhew that it is even below brutality to attack without being provoked, or to take undue advantage of the feebleneſs of an adverſary;

'I REMEMBER a certain perſon inhumanly caſt a poor 'little dog into the den of a lion, in full aſſurance of 'ſeeing him immediately devoured: But, contrary to 'his expectations, the noble animal not only ſpared the 'victim, but ſoon honoured him with particular affection. 'He regarded the dog as an unfortunate fellow priſoner, 'which, on his part, from motives of gratitude, was 'conſtantly fawning about his generous lord. They 'lived long together in uninterrupted peace and friend-'ſhip; one watched, whilſt the other ſlept. Firſt the

'lion

'lion fed, and then his humble companion. In a word, 'the magnanimity of the one, and the gratitude of the 'other, had united them in the closest manner: But a 'careless servant, forgetting that other creatures required 'food as well as himself, left the two friends twenty-'four hours without victuals. At last, recollecting his 'charge, he brought them their usual provision; when 'the dog eagerly catched at the first morsel. But it was 'at the expence of his life: For the angry lion instantly 'seized his poor companion, and crushed him to death. 'The perpetration of this horrid deed was instantly 'succeeded by a severe and painful repentance. The 'lion's dejection daily increased. He refused his food, 'with heroic obstinacy, and voluntarily famished himself 'to death.' PERCIVAL.

A CONVERSATION.

SACCHARISSA was about fifteen years of age. Nature had given her a high spirit, and education had fostered it into pride and haughtiness. This temper was displayed in every little competition which she had with her companions. She could not brook the least opposition from those whom she regarded as her inferiors; and if they did not instantly submit to her inclination, she assumed all her airs of dignity, and treated them with the most supercilious contempt. She domineered over her father's servants, always commanding their good offices with the voice of authority; and disdaining the gentler language of request. Euphronius was walking with her yesterday, when the gardener brought her a nosegay, which she had ordered him to collect. You blockhead! she cried, as he delivered it to her, what strange flowers have you chosen, and how aukwardly have you put them together! Blame not the man with so much harshness, said Euphronius, because his taste is different from yours! He meant to please you, and his good intention merits your thanks, and not your censure. Thanks! replied Sacchariffa, scornfully: he is paid for his services, and it is his duty to perform them. And if he do perform them, he acquits himself of his duty, returned Euphro-

nius. The obligation is fulfilled on his ſide, and you have no more right to upbraid him for executing your orders according to his beſt ability, than he has to claim from your father more wages than were covenanted to be given him. But he is a poor dependant, ſaid Sacchariſſa, and earns a livelihood by his daily labour. That livelihood, anſwered Euphronius, is the juſt price of his labour; and if he receive nothing farther from your hands, the account is balanced between you. But a generous perſon compaſſionates the lot of thoſe, who are neceſſitated to toil for his benefit or gratification. He lightens their burthens; treats them with kindneſs and affection; ſtudies to promote their intereſt and happineſs; and as much as poſſible conceals from them their ſervitude, and his ſuperiority. The diſtinctions of rank and fortune he regards as accidental; and though the circumſtances of life require that there ſhould be hewers of wood, and drawers of water, yet he forgets not that mankind are by nature equal; all being the offspring of God, the ſubjects of his moral government, and joint heirs of immortality. A conduct directed by ſuch principles, gives a maſter claims which no money can purchaſe, no labour can repay. His affection can only be compenſated by love; his kindneſs by gratitude; and his cordiality by the ſervice of the heart.

SACCHARISSA heard theſe remonſtrances with aſtoniſhment; and was ſhocked at the idea of being degraded to an equality with her father's domeſtics. Euphronius perceived the emotions of her mind; and thus continued the converſation. In the form and ſtructure of their bodies, you muſt acknowledge that they bear a perfect reſemblance to you. Perhaps you will confeſs alſo that they excel you in health, ſtrength, and agility. They can endure the heats of ſummer, and the rigours of winter; the cravings of hunger, and the fatigues of labour; whilſt you ſhiver with the ſummer's breeze, obey every call of appetite, and are incapable of toil or hardſhip. Thus your more elevated ſtation increaſes your wants, and leſſens your perſonal abilities to ſupply them: And you are a dependent on the induſtry and ſkill of thouſands for your food, raiment, and habitation. Sacchariſſa ſtartled at the word

word dependent; and urged Euphronius to explain his meaning. Remember then, ſaid he, that if I mortify your pride, it is in compliance with your own requeſt. You are no ſtranger to the compoſition of bread; but it is probable that you never conſidered how much art and labour are neceſſary to furniſh you with this plain and common article of diet. The farmer and his hinds ſow the grain; reap it when ripe; gather it into the barn; threſh it; and ſeparate the chaff from the wheat. Theſe operations require the plough, the harrow, the ſickle, the cart, the flail, and the winnower; inſtruments which give employment to numberleſs hands, in the workmanſhip or materials of them. Take the plough for an example. It conſiſts of iron and wood. Iron is dug out of the bowels of the earth, and perhaps tranſported to us from Sweden or America. The ore of it is to be calcined, fuſed, caſt, and wrought into bars, before the metal is fitted for the artiſt, who is to faſhion it. Such proceſſes cannot be carried on without furnaces, bellows, charcoal, and a variety of tools and conveniences. Theſe again admit of farther ſubdiviſion; and you ſee miners, ſhipwrights, ſailors, ſmelters, coakers, maſons, blackſmiths, &c. &c. unite their labours to complete the ploughſhare.

The other part of the plough is generally made of the wood of the aſh and of the oak; and employs the planter, feller, ſawyer, and carpenter; beſides all the artificers who furniſh them with their ſeveral implements. When the wheat is ſeparated from the chaff, it is put into ſacks, and ſent to the mill. The ſacks are manufactured of hemp, which paſſes through a multiplicity of hands, before it reaches the weaver; whoſe loom, ſhuttle, and reed, are again the productions of a variety of artiſts. The ſame obſervation is applicable to the mill; the machinery conſiſts of ſo many parts, that it would be tedious to attempt the enumeration of them.

The flour being thus provided, at the expence of ſo much time, ſkill and induſtry, it muſt be mixed with water, yeaſt, and ſalt, and then baked in the oven. Yeaſt preſuppoſes fermentation, and all the antecedents neceſſary to effect it. Salt is either obtained from ſea water, or

ſprings of brine; or it is found in a chryſtalline form in the bowels of the earth. You have been a witneſs, at Northwich, to the many operations which it undergoes; and to the number of men who are occupied in the preparation of it. The baker muſt be furniſhed with a ſhovel, with faggots, and with an oven; and each of theſe afford employment to different ſpecies of art and induſtry.

Euphronius pauſed here, and obſerved with pleaſure, that Sacchariſſa appeared to be impreſſed by what he had delivered. You are ſenſible, I hope, continued he, of the obligations which you owe to thouſands, for every morſel of bread that you eat. Extend your reflections farther, and conſider in the ſame manner, the other articles of your food, the conveniencies of your dwelling, and all the various parts of your dreſs; and you will find that the labour beſtowed upon you, exceeds all computation.

You have exalted me, in my own eſtimation, ſaid Sacchariſſa jocularly, by ſhewing that ſuch multitudes are employed in my ſervice. And your leſſon, ſo far from teaching humility, ſeems rather to juſtify what you term pride.

Euphronius replied, that this was a ſtrange perverſion of his argument: for if a dependence on the labour and good offices of others be a real exaltation, we have moſt reaſon for pride in childhood, ſickneſs, or in a ſtate of idiocy. Under ſuch circumſtances, we receive the higheſt benefit from the community, without degrading ourſelves by any perſonal ſervices in return. Beſides, in the preſent improved ſtate of ſocial life, the loweſt mechanic, as well as the richeſt citizen, may boaſt that thouſands of his fellow-creatures are employed for him; and that the accommodations of his humble cottage have coſt more toil and induſtry, than the palaces of many a monarch on the coaſt of Africa.

The eſtate of your father, Sacchariſſa, was honourably acquired by your anceſtor, Lyſander. Your ſubſiſtence and enjoyments, therefore, are the price of his labour. But the ſubſiſtence and enjoyments of your gardener are the price of his own. With ſkill and diligence, he cultivates the ſoil, and raiſes the fruits of the earth. You purchaſe them with the earnings of your grandſire; and conſume them in ſloth and diſſipation. Compare his condition with

with yours, in this point of light, and then determine which is moſt reſpectable!

Such reflections were ſtrange and novel to Sacchariſſa. She continued muſing for ſome time; but, at length, renewed the converſation, by aſking whether ſhe might not reaſonably pride herſelf on the ſuperiority over others in knowledge and power, which education, rank, and fortune had given her?

Knowledge, replied Euphronius, is intrinſically valuable, as it elevates the mind, and qualifies us for higher degrees of felicity, both in the preſent, and in a future life. But with reſpect to others, it affords no claim of diſtinction, unleſs it be applied to their emolument. Power, abſtractedly conſidered, is of little eſtimation; and may either dignify or degrade the poſſeſſor. If you wiſh to derive honour from it, be careful to render it ſubſervient to the happineſs of all around you; and enjoy with gratitude, not with affected ſuperiority, the exalted privilege of doing good. Has your mind been cultivated by a liberal education? Be thankful to God, and to your parents; but remember, with humility, how far your ignorance exceeds your knowledge.

It is not conſiſtent with wiſdom either to over-rate our own attainments, or to undervalue thoſe of others. The gardener, whom you juſt now treated with ſuch contempt, is a man of ſcience, though unacquainted with any branch of the Belles Lettres. He is verſed in the nature of ſoils, the variety of ſeeds, the habitudes of plants, the culture of trees, the multiplication of flowers, and in all that relates to the curious and important ſyſtem of vegetable life. The acquiſition and daily application of this uſeful knowledge exerciſes and invigorates the powers of his underſtanding; and he learns to compare, to diſcriminate, to reaſon, and to judge with no leſs accuracy than the logician, the ſtateſman, the divine, or the philoſopher. Euphronius was proceeding to extend the obſervation to mechanics and artiſts; but he was interrupted by a little incident, not worth relating, which put an end to the converſation.

Percival.

BEAU-

BEAUTY AND DEFORMITY.

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

PRO-

PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

PROSPERITY and Adverſity, the daughters of Providence, were ſent to the houſe of a rich Phœnician merchant named Velaſco, whoſe reſidence was at Tyre, the capital city of that kingdom.

Proſperity, the eldeſt, was beautiful as the morning, and chearful as the ſpring; but Adverſity was ſorrowful and ill favoured.

Velaſco had two ſons, Felix and Uranio. They were both bred to commerce, though liberally educated, and had lived together from their infancy in the ſtricteſt harmony and friendſhip But love, before whom all the affections of the ſoul are as the traces of a ſhip upon the ocean, which remain only for a moment, threatened in an evil hour to ſet them at variance; for both were become enamoured with the beauties of Proſperity. The nymph, like one of the daughters of men, gave encouragement to each by turns; but, to avoid a particular declaration, ſhe avowed a reſolution never to marry, unleſs her ſiſter, from whom, ſhe ſaid, it was impoſſible for her to be long ſeparated, was married at the ſame time.

Velaſco, who was no ſtranger to the paſſions of his ſons, and who dreaded every thing from their violence, to prevent conſequences, obliged them by his authority to decide their pretenſions by lots, each previouſly engaging in a ſolemn oath to marry the nymph that ſhould fall to his ſhare. The lots were accordingly drawn, and Proſperity became the wife of Felix, and Adverſity of Uranio.

Soon after the celebration of theſe nuptials, Velaſco died, having bequeathed to his eldeſt ſon Felix the houſe wherein he dwelt, together with the greateſt part of his large fortune and effects.

The huſband of Proſperity was ſo tranſported with the gay diſpoſition and enchanting beauties of his bride, that he cloathed her in gold and ſilver, and adorned her with jewels of ineſtimable value. He built a palace for her in the woods; he turned rivers into his gardens, and beautified their banks with temples and pavilions. He entertained at his table the nobles of the land, delighting their ears with

with muſic, and their eyes with magnificence. But his kindred he beheld as ſtrangers, and the companions of his youth paſſed by unregarded. His brother alſo became hateful in his ſight, and in proceſs of time, he commanded the doors of his houſe to be ſhut againſt him.

But as the ſtream flows from its channel and loſes itſelf among the vallies, unleſs confined by banks; ſo alſo will the current of fortune be diſſipated, unleſs bounded by economy. In a few years the eſtate of Felix was waſted by extravagance, his merchandiſe failed him by neglect, and his effects were ſeized by the mercileſs hands of creditors. He applied himſelf for ſupport to the nobles and great men, whom he had feaſted and made preſents to; but his voice was as the voice of a ſtranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected derided him in their turn; his wife alſo inſulted him, and turned her back upon him, and fled. Yet was his heart ſo bewitched with her ſorceries, that he purſued her with intreaties, till by her haſte to abandon him, her maſk fell off, and diſcovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards, tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into Egypt, and lived precariouſly on the ſcanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deſerted him, and that he died, in a ſhort time, wretched and an exile.

Let us now return to Uranio, who, as we have already obſerved, had been driven out of doors by his brother Felix. Adverſity, tho' hateful to his heart, and a ſpectre to his eyes, was the conſtant attendant upon his ſteps. And to aggravate his ſorrow he received certain intelligence that his richeſt veſſel was taken by a Sardinian pirate; that another was loſt upon the Lybian Syrtes, and, to compleat all, that the banker with whom the greateſt part of his ready money was entruſted, had deſerted his creditors and retired into Sicily. Collecting, therefore, the ſmall remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to Tyre, and led by Adverſity through unfrequented roads, and foreſts over grown with thickets, he came at laſt to a ſmall village at the foot of a mountain. Here they took

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up their abode for ſome time; and Adverſity, in return for all the anxiety he had ſuffered, ſoftening the ſeverity of her looks, adminiſtered to him the moſt faithful counſel, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the gods, and to place his whole truſt and happineſs in their government and protection. She humanized his ſoul, made him modeſt and humble, taught him to compaſſionate the diſtreſſes of his fellow creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

'I am ſent,' ſaid ſhe, 'by the gods to thoſe alone whom 'they love: For I not only train them up by my ſevere 'diſcipline to future glory, but alſo prepare them to re-'ceive with a greater reliſh, all ſuch moderate enjoyments 'as are not inconſiſtent with this probationary ſtate. 'As the ſpider, when aſſailed, ſeeks ſhelter in its inmoſt 'web, ſo the mind which I afflict, contracts its wandering 'thoughts, and flies for happineſs to itſelf. It was I 'who raiſed the characters of Cato, Socrates and Ti-'moleon, to ſo divine a height, and ſet them up as guides 'and examples to every human age Proſperity, my 'ſmiling, but treacherous ſiſter, too frequently delivers 'thoſe whom ſhe has ſeduced, to be ſcourged by her 'cruel followers, Anguiſh and Deſpair; while Adver-'ſity never fails to lead thoſe who will be inſtructed by 'her, to the bliſsful habitations of Tranquillity and Con-'tent.'

Uranio liſtened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earneſtly in her face, the deformity of it ſeemed inſenſibly to decreaſe. By gentle degrees his averſion to her abated; and at laſt, he gave himſelf wholly up to her counſel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wiſe maxim of the philoſopher, 'That thoſe who want the feweſt things, approach neareſt to the Gods, who want nothing.' She admoniſhed him to turn his eyes to the many thouſands beneath him, inſtead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and ſplendour; and in his addreſſes to the gods, inſtead of aſking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet ſtate, an unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him to be every day more and more compoſ-

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ed and resigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her society, she at last addressed in the following manner.

'As gold is purged and refined from dross by the fire, 'so is Adversity sent by Providence to try and improve 'the virtue of mortals. The end obtained, my task is 'finished; and now I leave you, to go and give an account 'of my charge. Your brother, whose lot was Prosperity, 'and whose condition you so much envied, after having 'experienced the error of his choice, is at last released by 'death from the most wretched of lives. Happy has it 'been for Uranio, that his lot was Adversity, whom if 'he remember as he ought, his life will be honourable, 'and his death happy'.

As she pronounced these words, she vanished from his sight. But, though her features at that moment, instead of inspiring their usual horror, seemed to display a kind of languishing beauty, yet, as Uranio, in spite of his utmost efforts, could never prevail upon himself to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wished for her return: But though he rejoiced in her absence, he treasured up her counsels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himself again to merchandize; and having in a short time acquired a competency sufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm, which he had bought for that purpose, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening, and husbandry, in quelling all disorderly passions, and in forming his mind by the lessons of Adversity He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which stood under a tuft of trees, encompassed with eglantine and honey-suckle. Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a spring issuing from a rock, and over the door was written in large characters, the following inscription.

Beneath this moss-grown roof, within this cell,
Truth, Liberty, Content, and Virtue dwell:
Say, you who dare this happy place disdain,
What palace can display so fair a train?

He lived to a good old age; and died honoured and lamented.

WORLD.

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A MODEL OF CONDUCT PROPOSED FOR ONE DAY.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

THE ſureſt way you can take, to live above ſuch miſtaken, periſhing enjoyments, as this world can boaſt of, is to put yourſelf under a neceſſity of obſerving, how one day goes thro' your hands; and let virtue, ſincerity, and religion, be the rules of your actions for that day. Oblige yourſelf to a certain order of time, in your devotions, in your buſineſs, in your retirements, amuſements, recreations, and pleaſures. Let your firſt care be to pleaſe the Deity, who preſides over all your chearful hours, and innocent converſations; the next to avoid the reproaches of your own heart; and the next to eſcape the cenſures of the world. A lady is never ſo ſure of her conduct, as when the verdict ſhe paſſes upon her own behaviour is confirmed by the opinion of all who know her. By an obſervation of theſe rules, you will come to a diſcovery of all the foibles that lurk in the ſecret corners of your ſoul; and will ſoon arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of yourſelf. You are likewiſe carefully to conſider, how far you deſerve the approbation, with which the world favours you: whether your actions proceed from worthy motives, and how far you are really poſſeſt of thoſe virtues, that they imagine you are. Friends may not ſee our faults; they may be partial, and conceal them from us; or elſe they may ſoften them, ſo as to reconcile us to them, and make them appear too trivial to be taken notice of. I, therefore, cannot think it improper, to conſult, what character we bear among our enemies, whoſe malice (though it may inflame our crimes and imperfections, and expoſe them in too ſtrong a light) has frequently ſome ground for what it advances. By the reproaches, which an enemy caſts upon us, our eyes are opened to ſeveral blemiſhes and defects in our conduct, which otherwiſe would eſcape our obſervation.

THE exerciſe of ſome ſocial virtue or other, will fall in your way almoſt every day of your life. To relieve the needy, and comfort the diſtreſſed; to make allowances for

the ſlips and defects of others; to adviſe the ignorant, and ſoften the envious; to rectify the prejudiced, and quiet the angry; to ſilence detraction, and juſtify the deſerving; to overlook hatred, and forgive an injury; to mitigate the fierceneſs of others, and to ſubdue our own paſſions; are virtues, that may give daily employment to the moſt induſtrious tempers, and in the moſt active ſtations of life. Theſe are exerciſes ſuited to reaſonable creatures, and always bring delight to the diſcreet manager.

Let this be a general rule to you, that you can never be in the poſſeſſion of human life, but when you are in the ſatisfaction of ſome innocent pleaſure, or in the purſuit of ſome laudable deſign. Always preſerve a chearfulneſs and evenneſs of temper; it will conquer pride, vanity, affectation, and all other follies, that might render you troubleſome to yourſelf, and contemptible to others. It will preſerve health in your body, and pleaſure in your mind. To ſeem always inclined to be well pleaſed, engages the love and eſteem of every one, and adds a certain grace to every action, which can be felt much better than deſcribed. There is a kind of reſpect which the meaneſt of our ſpecies may, by an eaſy behaviour, grounded upon ſimple honeſty and a deſire of obliging, procure, in a little circle of their friends and acquaintances. Make diſcretion your guide in every concern of life; not only in your words, but in all the circumſtances of action. Of all the ſhining qualities of a rational being, this is the moſt uſeful: it is this, which gives a value to all the reſt; which ſets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the perſon who is poſſeſt of them; ſo that without diſcretion, virtue itſelf looks like weakneſs. Avoid prejudice and cenſure; preſerve ſincerity and ſecrecy. Let all your diverſions be moderate and ſuitable, well choſen, and well timed. Suffer not your mind to be biaſſed by the approbation of, but rather ſuſpect ſome concealed evil, to lurk in, ſuch of your actions, as proceed from natural conſtitution, favourite paſſions, particular education, or manner of life; from your age or certain temper, or from any motives that favour your pleaſure or ſecular profit. Lay not too great

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a ſtreſs upon virtues of a diſputable nature; and ſuch are all thoſe in which thouſands diſſent from us who are as good and as wiſe as we.

Never deſpiſe nor ridicule thoſe, who do not follow your rules of life; nor are you to entertain any proud conceit of your own virtues; for, if you were left to your own ſtrength and wiſdom, you would not be able to do any good thing. Give therefore all the glory to the divine goodneſs, whoſe daily aſſiſtance directs and preſerves you from preſumptuous ſins.

When night comes, you are to conſider, that poſſibly you may never ſee day-light again, till the morning of the reſurrection ſhall dawn upon the earth; when you are folded in the ſilken arms of ſleep, that, perhaps, you may never waken, till you hear the voice of the archangel, and the ſound of the laſt trumpet; and that you may never lift up your head, till you ſee the Saviour of the world coming in the clouds, with power and great glory. You are farther to conſider, that every action, every word, and every parturiency of thought, through all the creation, lie expoſed to one undivided view of the Almighty; and that, for all the works thereof, God will judge the earth. Impregnate this with your belief, and then ſum up your accompts, and examine your conduct in the foregoing day. Try your heart, and recollect, what graces you have improved, what duties you have neglected, and what ſins committed. If upon ſuch an enquiry, you find your conſcience clear, and in the delightful calm of ſweet and eaſy paſſions, of divine love and joy; offer up your praiſes and thanks, for the poſſeſſion of ſo much happineſs; and pray for grace, to enable you to live well the enſuing day. Begin the next, not depending on your own ſtrength, but with an humble confidence in the aid of heaven. Our Saviour has given us a proof of our inability, without God's aſſiſtance, to do any great or good thing. When Peter, in a fluſh of temper, ſolemnly proteſted, that though all men were offended in his Lord, yet he would not be offended; then was he, who thought ſo well of his own courage and fidelity, told by his maſter, that they ſhould both fail him, and that he ſhould even

deny him thrice that very night. Therefore on the divine assistance let your resolution be grounded.

If on the contrary, you can charge yourself with the omission of any duty, or the commission of any folly, clothe your spirit in humility and contrition; confess your own unworthiness; unbosom all your guilt; and implore the Deity, in his good time, to remove your sins far from you; to lessen the weight of your infirmities; to renew a right spirit within you; and to deliver you from all such passions, as oppose the purity of your soul. In this temper of mind put on a resolution, with the divine assistance, to correct those errors in the next day's conduct. If you thus bring one day under the rules of religion, and day after day conform your practice to such rules, you cannot imagine, how soon it will become delightful to you——how soon it will improve and perfect the whole course of your life. This will bring you to a certainty, that honest thoughts, good will, and a peaceful conscience, are blessings within yourself, and within your reach.

If your health permits you, rise early in the morning; and never be a slave to the lazy indulgence of sleep. No simple custom is more blameable, than that of lying shut up in the arms of sloth and darkness; when the chearful return of day invites the whole creation to joy and business. Sleep, any farther than as it is a necessary refreshment, is the poorest, dullest state of existence, we can be in; and it is so far from being a real enjoyment, that it bears the nearest resemblance of death, and carries all the horrors of oblivion in it. We are forced to receive it, either in a state of insensibility, or in the delusive folly of dreams. Sleep, when too much humoured, gives a softness and idleness to all our tempers; and no sluggish person can be qualified, or disposed, to enter into the true spirit of prayer, or the exercise of any active virtue. Whoever submits to this morning indulgence, can never be fervent in their devotions; nor do they deserve to be reckoned any more than lazy worshippers, who rise to their duties, as idle servants do to their labours.

By thus ordering and dividing your time, no part of it will lie heavy upon your hands; you will never be hurried

hurried into the poor contrivances to kill a dull half day, ſuch as idle viſits, imprudent amuſements, ridiculous diverſions, and the other impertinences of a playing, gadding, and wandering life.

It is univerſally allowed, that a courſe of virtue is the moſt worthy, and will, in the end, be rewarded moſt amply; but the way to it is raſhly and falſely repreſented as rugged and narrow. Now I appeal to reaſon, if eaſy regular paſſions, a peaceful conſcience, and the hopes of eternal and unmixed delights, are not preferable to, and acquired with greater eaſe, than any pleaſures of ſenſe. If we compare the painful purſuits of avarice, ambition, and ſenſuality, with their oppoſite virtues, we ſhall find that vice is as laborious as virtue. The toils of the covetous, ambitious, or ſenſual man, his various fears and diſquiets, nay, the vexations that attend his moſt refined delights, are vaſtly more troubleſome than a regular purſuit of virtue, 'whoſe ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, 'and all whoſe paths are peace.'

Mr Addiſon elegantly reduces all ſuperiority, that one perſon can have over another, to the notion of quality; which, conſidered at large, is either that of fortune, body, or mind. The firſt, conſiſts in birth, title, or riches; the ſecond, in health, ſtrength, or beauty; and the third has its riſe from wiſdom, which is the knowledge of divine things; directing a judgment and rule of human actions, and whoſe employment is virtue. The death bed ſets the emptineſs of the two firſt in a true light. Then birth, wealth, and honours; health, ſtrength, and beauty, lie under the meaneſt circumſtances of human nature: but the effects of virtue are inſeparable from us, and the laſt day will aſſign to every one a ſtation ſuitable to his exerciſe of it here. A juſt inference is hence deducted by that learned writer, that, 'as ambition is natural to 'the ſoul of man, here, if rightly directed, it might re-'ceive a very happy turn. Methinks, ſays he, we ſhould 'have an ambition, if not to advance ourſelves in another 'world, at leaſt to preſerve our poſt in it, and outſhine 'our inferiors in virtue here, that they may not be put 'above us in a ſtate, which is to ſettle the diſtinction to 'eternity; where ranks will be adjuſted, and precedency 'ſet right.'

Though our nature is imperfect and corrupt, yet it is so far improveable, by the grace of God, upon our own good endeavours, that we all may, though not equally, be instruments of his glory; ornaments and blessings to this world; and capable of eternal happiness. To enable you to accomplish those great ends, I recommend to your esteem and practice, charity, humility, chastity, temperance, and patience. Those are the virtues suitable to our nature.——Those are ornaments peculiar to a christian.

Rev. Mr. WILKES.

THE DEAD ASS.

AND this, said he, putting the remains of a crust into his wallet——and this should have been thy portion, said he, hadst thou been alive to have shared it with me. I thought by the accent, it had been an apostrophe to his child; but it was to his ass, and to the very ass we had seen dead in the road, which had occasioned La Fleur's misadventure. The man seemed to lament it much, and it instantly brought into my mind Sancho's lamentation for his; but he did it with more true touches of nature.

The mourner was sitting upon a stone bench at the door, with the ass's pannel and its bridle on one side, which he took up from time to time——then laid them down——looked at them, and shook his head. He then took his crust of bread out of his wallet again, as if to eat it; held it some time in his hand——then laid it upon the bit of his ass's bridle———looked wishfully at the little arrangement he had made——and then gave a sigh.

The simplicity of his grief drew numbers about him, and La Fleur among the rest, whilst the horses were getting ready; as I continued sitting in the post-chaise, I could hear and see over their heads.

He said he had come last from Spain, where he had been from the furthest borders of Franconia; and had got so far on his return home, when his ass died. Every one seemed desirous to know what business could have taken so old and poor a man so far a journey from his own home.

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It had pleaſed heaven, he ſaid, to bleſs him with three ſons, the fineſt lads in all Germany; but having in one week loſt two of them by the ſmall-pox, and the youngeſt falling ill of the ſame diſtemper, he was afraid of being bereſt of them all, and made a vow, if heaven would not take him from him alſo, he would go in gratitude to St Iago in Spain.

When the mourner got thus far in his ſtory, he ſtopp'd to pay nature her tribute——and wept bitterly.

He ſaid, heaven had accepted the conditions; and that he had ſet out from his cottage with this poor creature, who had been a patient partner of his journey——that it had eat the ſame bread with him all the way, and was unto him as a friend.

Every body who ſtood about, heard the poor fellow with concern —La Fleur offered him money——The mourner ſaid he did not want it——it was not the value of the aſs——but the loſs of him—— The aſs, he ſaid, he was aſſured, loved him——and upon this told them a long ſtory of a miſchance upon their paſſage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had ſeparated them from each other three days; during which time the aſs had ſought him as much as he had ſought the aſs, and that they had neither ſcarce eat nor drank till they met.

Thou haſt one comfort, friend, ſaid I, at leaſt, in the loſs of thy poor beaſt; I am ſure thou haſt been a merciful maſter to him.——Alas! ſaid the mourner, I thought ſo when he was alive——but now he is dead I think otherwiſe.——I fear the weight of myſelf and my afflictions together have been too much for him——they have ſhortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to anſwer for——Shame on the world! ſaid I to myſelf——Did we love each other, as this poor ſoul but loved his aſs——'twould be ſomething.——

STERNE.

ON CONVERSATION.

IN a country like this, where there is certainly a native fund of good ſenſe, where ſciences and arts are widely cultivated, where works of genius and taſte in every kind are

are allowed to abound; is it not ſomewhat ſtrange, that the common ſtile of converſation ſhould be ſo little inſtructive or entertaining? How ſeldom do we fall into a company, in which we learn any thing uſeful, or hear any thing whatever above the rate of the multitude; ſuch as low jeſts, vulgar conceits, incoherent diſputation, or impertinent tattle? How very ſenſible does a ſenſible man come away from the viſit of an evening, delighted with his manner of ſpending it? One who has converſed only with a ſmall circle of ingenious friends, will hardly conceive what a frivolous, what a piteous thing, the ordinary run of company appears to an intelligent byſtander.

The favourite communications of men of pleaſure are beyond deſcription corrupt and grovelling, with ſcarce any diverſity. Thoſe of gay aſſemblies are the quinteſſence of dulneſs and diſſimulation; except only that the firſt is ſometimes tinctured with a few ſprinklings of ſmartneſs, and the laſt always concealed under the colours of civility. As to the buſy, and learned, and the grave; the greater part are no ſooner releaſed from their reſpective purſuits, than they throw themſelves looſe into a littleſſneſs of diſpoſition, that wanders with impatience in queſt of public diverſion, or diffuſes itſelf in private through the vacuity of idle talk; as if there were no medium between ſeriouſneſs and folly, or as if people could not find relief from the ſtretch of application, in the agreeable unbendings of moderate amuſement and rational diſcourſe. In ſhort, if we want to find a converſation enlivened with variety and ſpirit, enlightened by intelligence, and tempered by politeneſs, we muſt ſeek for it amongſt a few men, who join ſentiment to knowledge, and a few women, who join knowledge to vivacity.

That the number of theſe ſhould be ſo ſmall, compared with the untaught and the ungoverned Many, is ſurely matter of lamentation. To what ſhall we chiefly impute it? To what elſe, but to that whirl of diſſipation, which, like ſome mighty vortex, has ſwallowed up in a manner all conditions and characters? That the young indeed ſhould be often carried down the ſtream, till they ſink into inſignificance, is not much to be wondered at, how much ſo ever it is to be regretted. But alas! they do not always

ways ſtop there. From what is trivial, how eaſy the tranſition to what is mean! How quick the deſcent from thoughtleſſneſs to vice! Nothing, perhaps, requires better ſenſe, or a ſtricter guard, than to trifle without being fooliſh, or to be frolickſome without ſin. They that would hold faſt their righteouſneſs, and not depart from the decorum of their character, cannot be too careful to regulate their converſation, as well as their conduct, by the great law of reflection, and in the hour of gaiety itſelf, not to loſe ſight of wiſdom. But how ſhould this be expected, where the mind is wholly unimproved, where no internal reſources are ſecured in the days of youth; but all is leſt to nature neglected by education, and warped by faſhion, or to the ſcanty ſupplies which company, news, and accidents afford?

FORDYCE.

FEMALE PEDANTRY.

A Woman that affects to diſpute, to decide, to dictate on every ſubject; that watches or makes opportunities of throwing out ſcraps of literature, or ſhreds of philoſophy, in every company; that engroſſes the converſation, as is if ſhe alone was qualified to entertain; that betrays, in ſhort, a boundleſs intemperance of tongue, together with an inextinguiſhable paſſion for ſhining by the ſplendor of her ſuppoſed talents; ſuch a woman is truly inſufferable. At firſt, perhaps, ſhe may be conſidered merely as an object of ridicule: but ſhe ſoon grows into an object of averſion. Be aſſured, however, that where a character ſo unnatural appears, it is not the effect of too much knowledge, but of too little. The deep river flows on with a noble ſtillneſs, while the ſhallow ſtream runs babbling along. Suſpicious of her own deficiency, the pedant we deſcribe ſuſpects leſt you ſhould diſcover it; but inſtead of learning caution from that conſciouſneſs, ſhe ſtrives to dazzle you with the little ſhe does know: Or elſe, what is more probable, elated with that which to her circumſcribed view appears great, her vanity cannot reſtrain itſelf from diſplaying it on all occaſions; when farther progreſs, and higher ground, would have taught

her

her modeſty, by ſhowing her immenſe regions of truth yet untravelled, of which ſhe had no conception before.

In fact, we find that the beſt ſcholars of either ſex are the leaſt oſtentatious It will ever be ſo, where erudition is accompanied with judgment, and matured by reflection. Take care to preſerve ſober ſenſe, and unaſſuming manners: far from giving diſguſt by literary attainments to any perſon whoſe regard is of moment, you will give pleaſure to every thinking man and woman of your acquaintance. I am even inclined to believe, that, when in converſation you claim no kind of pre-eminence, but inſtead of pretending to teach, are willing to learn; inſtead of courting applauſe, are ready to confer it; inſtead of proudly directing, are content quietly to follow the current of diſcourſe, every creature living will be delghted with your deportment; will liſten with attention, and even deference, to one who has thus learnt, that the nobleſt improvement of ſuperior knowledge is ſuperior humility.

FORDYCE.

THE LADY IN COMUS.

THIS way the noiſe was, if mine ear be true,
My beſt guide now; methought it was the ſound
Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
Such as the jocund flute, or gameſome pipe
Stirs up among the looſe unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks and granges full,
In wanton dance they praiſe the bounteous *Pan*,
And thank the gods amiſs. I ſhould be loth
To meet the rudeneſs, and ſwill'd inſolence
Of ſuch late waſſailers; yet, O! where elſe
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they ſaw me wearied out
With this long way, reſolving here to lodge
Under the ſpreading favour of theſe pines,
Stepp'd, as they ſaid, to the next thicket ſide,
To bring me berries, or ſuch cooling fruit,
As the kind hoſpitable woods provide.

They

They left me then, when the gray hooded even,
Like a ſad votariſt in palmer's weed,
Roſe from the hindmoſt wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they come not back,
Is now the labour of my thoughts: 'tis likelieſt
They had engag'd their wand'ring ſteps too far.
This is the place, as well as I may gueſs,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was riſe, and perfect in my liſt'ning ear;
Yet nought but ſingle darkneſs do I find.
What might this be? A thouſand fantaſies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling ſhapes and beck'ning ſhadows dire,
And airy tongues, that ſyllable mens names
On ſands, on ſhores, and deſart wilderneſs.
Theſe thoughts may ſtartle well, but not aſtound
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a ſtrong ſiding champion, Conſcience.
O welcome, pure-ey'd Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel girt with golden wings,
And thou unblemiſh'd form of Chaſtity;
I ſee you viſibly, and now believe
That he, the ſupreme good, t'whom all things ill
Are but as ſlaviſh officers of vengeance;
Would ſend a gliſt'ring guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unaſſail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night?
I did not err, there does a ſable cloud
Turn forth her ſilver lining on the night,
And caſts a gleam over this tufted grove.
I cannot hollow to my brothers, but
Such noiſe as I can make to be heard fartheſt
I'll venture; for my new enliven'd ſpirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

MILTON.

LADY GRACE AND LADY TOWNLEY.

LAdy *T.* Oh, my dear Lady Grace! how could you leave me ſo unmercifully alone all this while?

Lady

Lady *G.* I thought my Lord had been with you.

Lady *T.* Why, yes—and therefore I wanted your relief; for he has been in ſuch a fluſter here——

Lady *G.* Bleſs me! for what?

Lady *T.* Only our uſual breakfaſt; we have each of us had our diſh of matrimonial comfort this morning—— We have been charming company.

Lady *G.* I am mighty glad of it: ſure it muſt be a vaſt happineſs, when a man and a wife can give themſelves the ſame turn of converſation!

Lady *T* Oh! the prettieſt thing in the world!

Lady *G.* Now I ſhould be afraid, that where two people are every day together ſo, they muſt often be in want of ſomething to talk upon.

Lady *T.* Oh, my dear, you are the moſt miſtaken in the world! married people have things to talk of, child, that never enter into the imaginations of others.—— Why, here's my Lord and I, now, we have not been married above two ſhort years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things conſtantly in bank, that whenever we want company, we can take up any one of them for two hours together, and the ſubject never the flatter; nay, if we have occaſion for it, it will be as freſh next day, too, as it was the firſt hour it entertained us.

Lady *G.* Certainly that muſt be vaſtly pretty.

Lady *T.* Oh, there's no life like it! Why, t'other day, for example, when you dined abroad, my Lord and I, after a pretty chearful *tete a tete* meal, ſat us down by the fireſide, in an eaſy, indolent, pick-tooth way, for about a quarter of an hour, as if we had not thought of any other's being in the room——At laſt, ſtretching himſelf, and yawning—My dear—ſays he——aw——you came home very late, laſt night——'Twas but juſt turned of two, ſays I——I was in bed—— aw——by eleven, ſays he——So you are every night, ſays I——Well, ſays he, I am amazed you can ſit up ſo late——How can you be amazed, ſaid I, at a thing that happens ſo often?—— Upon which we entered into a converſation——and tho' this is a point that has entertained us above fifty times already, we always find ſo many pretty new things to ſay upon it, that I believe in my ſoul, it will laſt as long as we live.

Lady

Lady *G.* But pray, in fuch fort of family dialogues, (tho' extremely well for paffing the time) don't there, now and then, enter fome little witty fort of bitternefs?

Lady *T.* Oh yes! which does not do amifs at all. A fmart repartee, with a zeft of recrimination at the head of it, makes the prettieft fherbet. Ay, ay; if we did not mix a little of the acid with it, a matrimonial fociety would be fo truly infipid, that nothing but an old prude would be able to bear it

Lady *G.* Well—certainly you have the moft elegant tafte———

Lady *T.* Tho' to tell you the truth, my dear, I rather think we fqueezed a little too much lemon into it, this bout; for it grew fo four at laft, that——I think I almoft told him he was a fool——and he, again——talked fomething oddly of—turning me out of doors.

Lady *G* Oh, have a care of that!

Lady *T* Nay, if he fhould, I may thank my own wife father for that——

Lady *G.* How fo?

Lady *T.* Why——when my good Lord firft opened his honourable trenches before me, my unaccountable papa, in whofe hands I then was, gave me up at difcretion.

Lady *G.* How do you mean?

Lady *T.* He faid, the wives of this age were come to that pafs, that he would not defire even his own daughter fhould be trufted with pin money; fo that my whole train of feparate inclinations are left entirely at the mercy of a hufband's odd humours.

Lady *G.* Why, that, indeed, is enough to make a woman of fpirit look about her.

Lady *T.* Nay. but to be ferious, my dear; what would you really have a woman to do, in my cafe?

Lady *G.* Why——if I had a fober hufband, as you have, I would make myfelf the happieft wife in the world, by being as fober as he.

Lady *T.* Oh, you wicked thing! how can you teize one at this rate, when you know he is fo very fober, that (except giving me money) there is not one thing in the world he can do to pleafe me. And I, at the fame time,

partly by nature, and partly, perhaps, by keeping the beſt company, do, with my ſoul, love almoſt every thing he hates. I doat upon aſſemblies; my heart bounds at a ball; and at an opera—I expire. Then I love play to diſtraction; cards inchant me—and dice—put me out of my little wits—Dear, dear hazard! Oh, what a flow of ſpirits it gives one!——Do you never play at hazard, child?

Lady *G*. Oh, never! I don't think it ſits well upon women; there's ſomething ſo maſculine, ſo much the air of a rake in it. You ſee how it makes the men ſwear and curſe; and when a woman is thrown into the ſame paſſion —— why——

Lady *T*. That's very true; one is a little put to it, ſometimes, not to make uſe of the ſame words to expreſs it.

Lady *G*. Well—and, upon ill luck, pray what words are you really forced to make uſe of?

Lady *T*. Why, upon a very hard caſe, indeed, when a ſad wrong word is riſing juſt to one's tongue end, I give a great gulp——— and ſwallow it.

Lady *G*. Well——— and is not that enough to make you forſwear play as long as you live?

Lady *T*. Oh, yes: I have forſworn it.

Lady *G*. Seriouſly?

Lady *T*. Solemnly! a thouſand times: but then one is conſtantly forſworn.

Lady *G*. And how can you anſwer that?

Lad *T*. My dear, what we ſay when we are loſers, we look upon to be no more binding than a lover's oath, or a great man's promiſe. But I beg pardon, child; I ſhould not lead you ſo far into the world; you are a prude, and deſign to live ſoberly.—

Lady *G* Why, I confeſs, my nature, and my education do, in a good degree, incline me that way.

Lady *T*. Well, how a woman of ſpirit, (for you don't want that, child) can dream of living ſoberly, is to me inconceivable: for you will marry, I ſuppoſe.

Lady *G*. I can't tell but I may.

Lady *T*. And won't you live in town?

Lady *G*. Half the year, I ſhould like it very well.

Lady *T.* My ſtars! and you would really live in London half the year, to be ſober in it?

Lady *G.* Why not?

Lady *T.* Why, can't you as well go and be ſober in the country?

Lady *G.* So I would ——t'other half year.

Lady *T.* And pray, what comfortable ſcheme of life would you form now, for your ſummer and winter ſober entertainments?

Lady *G.* A ſcheme that I think might very well content us.

Lady *T.* Oh, of all things, let's hear it.

Lady *G.* Why, in ſummer, I could paſs my leiſure hours in riding, in reading, walking by a canal, or ſitting at the end of it under a great tree; in dreſſing, dining, chatting with an agreeable friend; perhaps, hearing a little muſic, taking a diſh of tea, or a game of cards, ſoberly managing my family, looking into its accounts, or in a thouſand other innocent amuſements—— ſoberly; and poſſibly, by theſe means, I might induce my huſband to be as ſober as myſelf——

Lady *T.* Well, my dear, thou art an aſtoniſhing creature! For ſure ſuch primitive antediluvian notions of life, have not been in any head theſe thouſand years—— Under a great tree Oh, my ſoul!——But I beg we may have the ſober town-ſcheme too——for I am charmed with the country one!——

Lady *G.* You ſhall, and I'll try to ſtick to my ſobriety there too.

Lady *T.* Well, though I'm ſure it will give me the vapours, I muſt hear it however.

Lady *G.* Why then, for fear of your fainting, Madam, I will firſt ſo far come into the faſhion, that I would never be dreſſed out of it——but ſtill it ſhould be soberly: for I can't think it any diſgrace to a woman of my private fortune, not to wear her lace as fine as the wedding-ſuit of a firſt ducheſs. Though there is one extravagance I would venture to come up to.

Lady *T.* Ay now for it——

Lady *G.* I would every day be as clean as a bride.

Lady *T.* Why the men ſay, that's a great ſtep to be

made one——Well, now you are dreſt——Pray let's ſee to what purpoſe?

Lady *G.* I would viſit—that is, my real friends; but as little for form as poſſible.——I would go to court; ſometimes to an aſſembly, nay, play at Quadrille——— ſoberly: I would ſee all the good plays; and, becauſe 'tis the faſhion, now and then an opera —but I would not expire there, for fear I ſhould never go again: and, laſtly, I can't ſay, but for curioſity, if I liked my company, I might be drawn in once to a maſquerade; and this, I think, is as far as any woman can go——— ſoberly.

Lady *T.* Well, if it had not been for that laſt piece of ſobriety, I was juſt going to call for ſome ſurfeit-water.

Lady *G.* Why, don't you think, with the farther aid of breakfaſting, dining, taking the air, ſupping, ſleeping, not to ſay a word of devotion, the four and twenty hours might roll over in a tolerable manner?

Lady *T.* Tolerable! Deplorable! Why, child, all you propoſe, is but to endure life; now I want to enjoy it———

Truſt. Madam, your ladyſhip's chair is ready.

Lady *T.* Have the footmen their white flambeaux yet? For laſt night I was poiſoned.

Truſt. Yes, Madam: there were ſome come in this morning.

Lady *T.* My dear, you will excuſe me; but you know my time is ſo precious———

Lady *G.* That I beg I may not hinder your leaſt enjoyment of it.

Lady *T.* You will call on me at lady Revel's?

Lady *G.* Certainly.

Lady *T.* But I am ſo afraid it will break into your ſcheme, my dear.

Lady *G.* When it does, I will———ſoberly break from you.

Lady *T.* Why then, 'till we meet again, dear ſiſter, I wiſh you all tolerable happineſs.

Lady *G.* There ſhe goes—Daſh! into her ſtream of pleaſures! Poor woman, ſhe is really a fine creature; and ſome-

ſometimes infinitely agreeable; nay, take her out of the madneſs of this town, rational in her notions, and eaſy to live with: but ſhe is ſo borne down by this torrent of vanity and vogue, ſhe thinks every hour of her life is loſt that ſhe does not lead at the head of it. What it will end in, I tremble to imagine!

LADY TOWNLEY TO LORD TOWNLEY

BEfore I was your bride, my lord, the flattering world had talked me into beauty; which, at my glaſs, my youthful vanity confirmed. Wild with that fame, I thought mankind my ſlaves. I triumphed over hearts, while all my pleaſure was their pain: yet was my own ſo equally inſenſible to all, that when a father's firm commands enjoined me to make choice of one; I even there declined the liberty he gave, and to his own election yielded up my youth———his tender care, my lord, directed him to you———Our hands were joined! But ſtill my heart was wedded to its folly! My only joy was power, command, ſociety, profuſeneſs, and to lead in pleaſures! The huſband's right to rule, I thought a vulgar law, which only the deformed or meanly-ſpirited obeyed! I knew no directors, but my paſſions; no maſter, but my will! Even you, my lord, ſometime o'ercome by love, was pleaſed with my delights; nor, then, foreſaw this mad miſuſe of your indulgence———And, though I call myſelf ungrateful, while I own it, yet, as a truth it cannot be denied———that kind indulgence has undone me! it added ſtrength to my habitual failings, and in a heart thus warm, in wild unthinking life, no wonder if the gentler ſenſe of love was loſt.

What I have ſaid, my lord, is not my excuſe, but my confeſſion; my errors (give 'em, if you pleaſe, a harder name) cannot be defended! No! What's in its nature wrong, no words can palliate, no plea can alter. What then remains in my condition, but reſignation to your pleaſure? Time only can convince you of my future conduct: therefore till I have lived an object of forgiveneſs, I dare not hope for pardon—The penance of a lonely contrite life were little to the innocent; but to have deſerved this ſeparation, will ſtrow perpetual thorns upon my pillow.

ALICIA AND JANE SHORE.

Alic. STILL, my fair friend, ſtill ſhall I find you thus?
Still ſhall theſe ſighs heave after one another,
Theſe trickling drops chaſe one another ſtill,
As if the poſting meſſengers of grief
Could overtake the hours fled far away,
And make old time come back?
J. Sh. No, my Alicia,
Heaven and his ſaints be witneſs to my thoughts,
There is no hour of all my life o'er paſt,
That I could wiſh ſhould take its turn again.
Alic. And yet ſome of thoſe days my friend has known,
Some of thoſe years, might paſs for golden ones,
At leaſt if womankind can judge of happineſs.
What could we wiſh, we who delight in empire,
Whoſe beauty is our ſov'reign good, and gives us
Our reaſons to rebel, and pow'r to reign,
What could we more than to behold a monarch,
Lovely, renown'd, a conqueror, and young,
Bound in our chains, and ſighing at our feet?
J. Sh. 'Tis true, the royal Edward was a wonder,
The goodly pride of all our Engliſh youth;
He was the very joy of all that ſaw him,
Form'd to delight, to love, and to perſuade.
Impaſſive ſpirits and angelic natures
Might have been charm'd like yielding human weakneſs,
Stoop'd from their heav'n, and liſten'd to his talking.
But what had I to do with kings and courts?
My humble lot had caſt me far beneath him;
And that he was the firſt of all mankind,
The braveſt, and moſt lovely, was my curſe.
Alic. Sure, ſomething more than fortune join'd your loves:
Nor could his greatneſs, and his gracious form,
Be elſewhere match'd ſo well, as to the ſweetneſs.
And beauty of my friend.
J. Sh. Name him no more:
He was the bane and ruin of my peace.
This anguiſh and theſe tears, theſe are the legacies

His

His fatal love has left me. Thou wilt ſee me,
Believe me, my Alicia, thou wilt ſee me,
E'er yet a few ſhort days paſs o'er my head,
Abandon'd to the very utmoſt wretchedneſs.
The hand of pow'r has ſeiz'd almoſt the whole
Of what was left for needy life's ſupport;
Shortly thou wilt behold me poor, and kneeling
Before thy charitable door for bread.

Alic. Joy of my life, my deareſt Shore, forbear
To wound my heart with thy foreboding ſorrows;
Raiſe thy ſad ſoul to better hopes than theſe,
Lift up thy eyes, and let them ſhine once more,
Bright as the morning ſun above the miſt.
Exert thy charms, ſeek out the ſtern Protector,
And ſoothe his ſavage temper with thy beauty:
Spite of his deadly, unrelenting nature,
He ſhall be mov'd to pity, and redreſs thee.

J. Sh. My form, alas! has long forgot to pleaſe;
The ſcene of beauty and delight is chang'd;
No roſes bloom upon my fading cheek,
Nor laughing graces wanton in my eyes;
But haggard grief, lean-looking ſallow care,
And pining diſcontent, a rueful train,
Dwell on my brow, all hideous and forlorn.
One only ſhadow of a hope is left me;
The noble-minded Haſtings, of his goodneſs,
Has kindly underta'en to be my advocate,
And move my humble ſuit to angry Gloſter.

Alic. Does Haſtings undertake to plead your cauſe?
But wherefore ſhould he not? Haſtings has eyes;
The gentle Lord has a right tender heart,
Melting and eaſy, yielding to impreſſion,
And catching the ſoft flame from each new beauty;
But yours ſhall charm him long.

J. Sh. Away, you flatterer!
Nor charge his gen'rous meaning with a weakneſs,
Which his great ſoul and virtue muſt diſdain.
Too much of love thy hapleſs friend has prov'd,
Too many giddy fooliſh hours are gone,
And in fantaſtic meaſures danc'd away:
May the remaining few know only friendſhip.

So

So thou, my dearest, truest, best Alicia,
Vouchsafe to lodge me in thy gentle heart,
A partner there; I would give up mankind,
Forget the transports of encreasing passion,
And all the pangs we feel for its decay.

Alic. Live! live and reign for ever in my bosom;
Safe and unrivall'd there possess thy own;
And you, the brightest of the stars above,
Ye saints that once were women here below,
Be witness of the truth, the holy friendship,
Which here to this my other self I vow.
If I not hold her nearer to my soul,
Than every other joy the world can give;
Let poverty, deformity, and shame,
Distraction and despair seize me on earth,
Let not my faithless ghost have peace hereafter,
Nor taste the bliss of your celestial fellowship.

J. Sh. Yes, thou art true, and only thou art true;
Therefore these jewels, once the lavish bounty
Of royal Edward's love, I trust to thee;
Receive this, all that I can call my own,
And let it rest unknown, and safe with thee:
That if the state's injustice should oppress me,
Strip me of all, and turn me out a wanderer,
My wretchedness may find relief from thee,
And shelter from the storm.

Alic. My all is thine;
One common hazard shall attend us both,
And both be fortunate, or both be wretched.
But let thy fearful doubting heart be still;
The saints and angels have thee in their charge,
And all things shall be well. Think not, the good,
The gentle deeds of mercy thou hast done,
Shall die forgotten all; the poor, the pris'ner,
The fatherless, the friendless, and the widow,
Who daily own the bounty of thy hand,
Shall cry to heav'n, and pull a blessing on thee;
Ev'n man, the mercileſs insulter man,
Man, who rejoices in our sex's weakness,
Shall pity thee, and with unwonted goodness
Forget thy failings, and record thy praise.

J. Sh. Why ſhould I think that man will do for me,
What yet he never did for wretches like me?
Mark by what partial juſtice we are judg'd:
Such is the fate unhappy women find,
And ſuch the curſe entail'd upon our kind,
That man, the lawleſs libertine, may rove,
Free and unqueſtion'd, through the wilds of love;
While woman, ſenſe and nature's eaſy fool,
If poor weak woman ſwerve from virtue's rule,
If, ſtrongly charm'd, ſhe leave the thorny way,
And in the ſofter paths of pleaſure ſtray,
Ruin enſues, reproach, and endleſs ſhame,
And one falſe ſtep entirely damns her fame:
In vain with tears the loſs ſhe may deplore,
In vain look back on what ſhe was before;
She ſets, like ſtars that fall, to riſe no more.

ROWE.

DUMONT TO JANE SHORE.

Within an ancient foreſt's ample verge,
There ſtands a lonely but a healthful dwelling,
Built for convenience and the uſe of life:
Around it fallows, meads, and paſtures fair.
A little garden, and a limpid brook,
By nature's own contrivance ſeem diſpos'd;
No neighbours, but a few poor ſimple clowns,
Honeſt and true, with a well meaning prieſt:
No faction, or domeſtic fury's rage,
Did e'er diſturb the quiet of that place,
When the contending nobles ſhook the land
With York and Lancaſter's diſputed ſway.
Your virtue there may find a ſafe retreat
From the inſulting pow'rs of wicked greatneſs.
So when the ſpring renews the flow'ry field,
And warns the pregnant nightingale to build,
She ſeeks the ſafeſt ſhelter of the wood,
Where ſhe may truſt her little tuneful brood;
Where no rude ſwains her ſhady cell may know,
No ſerpents climb, nor blaſting winds may blow;
Fond of the choſen place, ſhe views it o'er,
Sits there, and wanders thro' the grove no more;

Warbling

Warbling ſhe charms it each returning night,
And loves it with a mother's dear delight.

ROWE.

PHILASTER TO ARETHUSA.

I Have a boy
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
Not yet ſeen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him ſitting by a fountain ſide,
Of which he borrow'd ſome to quench his thirſt,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears;
A garland lay by him, made by himſelf,
Of many ſeveral flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that myſtick order, that the rareneſs
Delighted me: but ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again.
Seeing ſuch pretty helpleſs innocence
Dwell in his face, I aſk'd him all his ſtory;
He told me, that his parents gentle dy'd,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the cryſtal ſprings,
Which did not ſtop their courſes; and the ſun,
Which ſtill, he thank'd him, yielded him his light;
Then took he up his garland, and did ſhew,
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did ſignify; and how all, ordered thus,
Expreſt his grief; and to my thoughts did read
The prettieſt lecture of his country art
That cou'd be wiſh'd: So that, methought, I cou'd
Have ſtudied it. I gladly entertain'd him,
Who was as glad to follow; and have got
The truſtieſt, loving'ſt, and the gentleſt boy,
That ever maſter kept.

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

M E R C Y.

THE quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n

Upon

Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His scepter shews the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly pow'r doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Tho' justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation. We do pray for mercy!
And that same pray'r doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

SHAKESPEAR.

MACBETH's SOLILOQUY.

IF it were *done*, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly: if th' assassination
Could trample up the consequence, and catch
With its surcease, success; that but this blow
Might be the Be-all and the End-all ——— *Here*,
But *here*, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'd jump the life to come. ——— But, in these cases,
We still have judgment *here*, that we but teach
Bloody instructions; which, being taught, return
To plague th' inventor. Even-handed justice
Returns th' ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed: Then, as his host,
Who should against his murth'rer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath born his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongu'd, against
The deep damnation of his taking off:

And

And Pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blaſt, or heav'n's cherubin hors'd,
Upon the ſightleſs courſers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye;
That tears ſhall drown the wind.- I have no ſpur
To prick the ſides of my intent, but only
Vaulting Ambition, which o'erleaps itſelf,
And falls on th' other———

SHAKESPEARE.

THE UNFORTUNATE FATHERS.

MR. Sladon, a merchant of Briſtol, by induſtry and diligent application to buſineſs, acquired a conſiderable fortune. As he was an enemy to noiſe and pomp, he neither ſet up his carriage, nor endeavoured to make a ſplendid appearance; his only care centered in Maria, his beautiful daughter: he ſpared no coſt to complete her education; her genius requited his labour; no inſtructions were loſt on her, and ſhe excelled in every qualification which dignifies her ſex. At the age of ſeventeen ſhe was univerſally allowed to be a beauty. The reader will excuſe the writer, from giving a deſcription of her perſon; let him cull from the volumes of poets and painters, all his imagination accounts beautiful, and throw into it an inexpreſſible ſoftneſs, and he has Maria.

Mr. Hinckley, whoſe father was cloſely connected in trade with Mr. Sladon, ſtruck with the uncommon luſtre of Maria's perſon and mind, intreated his father to permit him to pay his addreſſes to her. "George," ſaid the prieſt of mammon, "I commend your choice; miſs Sladon is a good economiſt, and will have little leſs than a plum to her fortune: go, and proſper." Young Hinckley aſſured his father he had not the leaſt mercenary view. "Away," replied the old man, "when you have been as often upon 'Change as me, you'll know better."

Young Hinckley had no cauſe to complain of his reception; Maria had never viewed him with eyes of indifference. Mr. Sladon rejoiced at the propoſed alliance: all was unity and love, and before the expiration of two months, George acquainted his father, that he intended

tended to requeſt Mr. Sladon to fix the day; but was thunderſtruck with his command, that he ſhould not go ſuch lengths till he had further orders from him.

Mr. Sladon, who was himſelf above deceit, never ſuſpected it in another; his generous franknefs laid him open to the vile arts of Old Hinckley: after being connected together the ſpace of a year, he broke, and ruined him.

Maria had by this time conceived the moſt tender paſſion for young Hinckley: it was allowable, as ſhe had always conſidered him as her future huſband. No words can deſcribe Hinckley's exceſs of love. Imagine what an effect this ſtroke muſt have upon both. Nothing but imagination can paint it.

Mr. Sladon was only affected for his daughter: his noble ſoul roſe ſuperior to this revolution of fortune; he triumphed in poverty, over the wealthy wretch who cauſed his misfortunes. Old Hinckley, whoſe fortune was increaſed, not diminiſhed by this infamous action, perceived, with chagrin, his ſon's madneſs for Maria; he endeavoured to divert his attention to objects more rich, and therefore, in his opinion, more deſerving: but he laboured in vain; nothing could abate his love. Mr. Sladon ſaw his paſſion; he pitied him: but could not think of uniting his daughter to a man, whoſe ſuperiority of circumſtances was derived from his own ruin.

Old Hinckley finding all remonſtrances uſeleſs, by ſome mercenary agents, perſuaded Mr. Sladon that young Hinckley was privy to, and aſſiſting in his ruin. The circumſtances made it plauſible; he believed it, and forbad him his houſe. Maria would have credited it of any other man; in this caſe it was dubious: her love for him was partial; but as ſhe had looked upon the father formerly in the beſt light, ſhe doubted whether ſhe might not be deceived in the ſon. She was in this wavering opinion when the only ſervant Mr. Sladon had, brought her a letter from young Hinckley; ſhe knew the hand, ſhe eagerly caught it; ſhe recollected, and dropt it on the ground: after a long ſtruggle between duty and love, ſhe ſent it back unopened. When a perſon of good ſenſe and ſtrong natural parts, has not the happineſs of a re-

ligious education, he is generally a Deist or Socinian. This was the case with young Hinckley; his father endeavouring to qualify him for commerce, neglected christianity: to the most refined notions of honour and morality, he united an absolute contempt for religion; his passions were violent, but as he was continually on his guard, they seldom appeared. When he heard that Maria had returned his letter, he raved to the utmost extravagance of madness; then appearing calm, he sat down, and writing a letter, sealed it, and left it on the table. Having done this, he went into his chamber, and immediately shot himself.

Old Hinckley hearing the explosion, ran from his compter, and ascending the stairs saw his son extended breathless. He fainted, and continued in that condition, till his servants occasionally coming in, recovered him.

Old Hinckley was really affected with the loss of his son, and did not survive him three months.

Maria! the beauteous Maria, had a still shorter date. She heard the fatal news; and expired within a week — Mr. Sladon loved his daughter too well to live without her: he compleated the tragedy, and sunk to the grave, resigned and contented amidst the chastisements of providence.

ECLOGUE I.

SELIM; OR, THE SHEPHERD'S MORAL.

Scene, a valley near Bagdat.
Time, the morning.

YE Persian maids, attend your poet's lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden days.
Not all are blest, whom fortune's hand sustains
With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the plains:
Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss, where'er we dwell.
Thus Selim sung, by sacred truth inspir'd;
Nor praise, but such as truth bestow'd, desir'd;
Wise in himself, his meaning songs convey'd
Informing morals to the shepherd maid;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow, a virtuous mind.

When ſweet and bluſhing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn reſum'd her orient pride,
When wanton gales along the valleys play,
Breathe on each flower, and bear their ſweets away;
By Tigris' wandering waves he ſat, and ſung
This uſeful leſſon for the fair and young.
Ye Perſian dames, he ſaid, to you belong,
Well may they pleaſe, the morals of my ſong:
No fairer maids, I truſt, than you are found,
Grac'd with ſoft arts, the peopled world around!
The morn that lights you, to your love ſupplies
Each gentler ray delicious to your eyes:
For you thoſe flowers her fragrant hands beſtow,
And yours the love that kings delight to know.
Yet think not theſe, all beauteous as they are,
The beſt kind bleſſings heav'n can grant the fair!
Who truſt alone in beauty's feeble ray,
Boaſt but the worth Baſſora's pearls diſplay;
Drawn from the deep we own their ſurface bright,
But, dark within, they drink no luſtrous light:
Such are the maids, and ſuch the charms they boaſt,
By ſenſe unaided, or to virtue loſt.
Self-flattering ſex! your hearts believe in vain
That love ſhall blind, when once he fires the ſwain;
Or hope a lover by your faults to win,
As ſpots on ermin beautify the ſkin:
Who ſeeks ſecure to rule, be firſt her care
Each ſofter virtue that adorns the fair;
Each tender paſſion man delights to find,
The lov'd perfections of a female mind!
Bleſt were the days, when wiſdom held her reign,
And ſhepherds ſought her on the ſilent plain:
With truth ſhe wedded in the ſecret grove,
Immortal truth, and daughters bleſs'd their love.
O haſte, fair maids! ye virtues come away,
Sweet peace and plenty lead you on your way!
The balmy ſhrub, for you ſhall love our ſhore,
By Ind excell'd or Araby no more.
Loſt to our fields, for ſo the fates ordain,
The dear deſerters ſhall return again.
Come thou, whoſe thoughts as limpid ſprings are clear,

To lead the train, ſweet modeſty appear:
Here make thy court amidſt our rural ſcene,
And ſhepherd girls ſhall own thee for their queen.
With thee be chaſtity, of all afraid,
Diſtruſting all, a wiſe ſuſpicious maid;
But man the moſt—not more the mountain doe
Holds the ſwift falcon for her deadly foe.
Cold is her breaſt, like flowers that drink the dew;
A ſilken veil conceals her from the view.
No wild deſires amidſt thy train be known,
But faith, whoſe heart is fix'd on one alone:
Deſponding meekneſs, with her down-caſt eyes,
And friendly pity, full of tender ſighs;
And love the laſt: by theſe your hearts approve,
Theſe are the virtues that muſt lead to love.
Thus ſung the ſwain; and antient legends ſay,
The maids of Bagdad verified the lay:
Dear to the plains, the virtues came along,
The ſhepherds lov'd, and Selim bleſs'd his ſong.

COLLINS.

ECLOGUE II.

HASSAN; OR, THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

Scene, the Deſert.
Time, mid-day.

IN ſilent horror o'er the boundleſs waſte
The driver Haſſan with his camels paſt:
One cruiſe of water on his back he bore,
And his light ſcrip contain'd a ſcanty ſtore;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his ſhaded face from ſcorching ſand.
The ſultry ſun had gain'd the middle ſky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh;
The beaſts, with pain, their duſty way purſue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With deſperate ſorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice ſigh'd, thrice ſtruck his breaſt, and thus began;
'Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
'When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!'
Ah! little thought I of the blaſting wind,

The

The thirſt or pinching hunger that I find!
Bethink thee, Haſſan, where ſhall thirſt aſſuage,
When fails this cruiſe, his unrelenting rage?
Soon ſhall this ſcrip its precious load reſign;
Then what but tears and hunger ſhall be thine?
  Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal ſhare!
Here, where no ſprings in murmurs break away,
Or moſs-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
Which plains more bleſt, or verdant vales beſtow:
Here rocks alone, and taſteleſs ſands are found,
And faint and ſickly winds for ever howl around.
    'Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
    'When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!'
  Curſt be the gold and ſilver which perſuade
Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
The lily peace outſhines the ſilver ſtore,
And life is dearer than the golden ore:
Yet money tempts us o'er the deſert brown,
To every diſtant mart and wealthy town.
Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the ſea:
And are we only yet repay'd by thee?
Ah! why was ruin ſo attractive made,
Or why fond man ſo eaſily betray'd?
Why heed we not, while mad we haſte along,
The gentle voice of peace, or pleaſure's ſong?
Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's ſide,
The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's pride,
Why think we theſe leſs pleaſing to behold,
Than dreary deſerts, if they lead to gold?
    'Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
    'When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!'
  O ceaſe, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd ſcenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!—
Oft in the duſt I view his printed feet:
And fearful! oft, when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd, he ſcours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and ſullen tigers in his train:

Before them death with ſhrieks directs their way,
Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
' Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
' When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !'
At that dead hour the ſilent aſp ſhall creep,
If aught of reſt I find, upon my ſleep :
Or ſome ſwoln ſerpent twiſt his ſcales around,
And wake to anguiſh with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wiſe contented poor,
From luſt of wealth, and dread of death ſecure !
They tempt no deſerts, and no griefs they find ;
Peace rules the day, where reaſon rules the mind.
' Sad was the hour, and luckleſs was the day,
' When firſt from Schiraz' walls I bent my way !'
O haپleſs youth ! for ſhe thy love hath won,
The tender Zara will be moſt undone !
Big ſwell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful maid,
When faſt ſhe dropt her tears, and thus ſhe ſaid ;
' Farewell the youth whom ſighs could not detain,
' Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain !
' Yet as thou goeſt, may every blaſt ariſe
' Weak and unfelt as theſe rejected ſighs !
' Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'ſt thou ſee,
' No griefs endure, nor weep, falſe youth, like me.'
O let me ſafely to the fair return,
Say with a kiſs, ſhe muſt not, ſhall not mourn ;
O ! let me teach my heart to loſe its fears,
Recall'd by wiſdom's voice, and Zara's tears.
He ſaid, and call'd on heaven to bleſs the day,
When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

COLLINS.

THE ADVANTAGES OF READING AND WRITING.

THE knowledge of letters is one of the greateſt bleſſings that ever God beſtowed upon man. By this means we preſerve for our own uſe, through all our lives, what our memory would have loſt in a few days, and lay up a rich treaſure of knowledge for thoſe that ſhall come after us. By the art of reading and writing, we can ſit at

at home, and acquaint ourselves of what is done in all the distant parts of the world, and find what our fathers did long ago in the first ages of mankind. By this means, a Briton holds correspondence with his friend in America or Japan, and manages all his traffic. We learn by this means, how the old Romans lived, how the Jews worshipped. We learn what Moses wrote, what Enoch prophesied, where Adam dwelt, and what he did soon after the creation; and those who shall live when the day of judgment comes, may learn, by the same means, what we now speak, and what we do in Great Britain, or in the land of China.

In short, the art of letters does, as it were, revive all the past ages of men, and set them at once upon the stage; and brings all the nations from afar, and gives them, as it were, a general interview: so that the most distant nations, and distant ages of mankind, may converse together, and grow into acquaintance.

But the greatest blessing of all is, the knowledge of the holy scriptures, wherein God hath appointed his servants, in ancient times, to write down the discourses which he has made of his power and justice, his providence and his grace, that we, who live near the end of time, may learn the way to heaven, and everlasting happiness.

Thus, letters give us a sort of immortality in this world; and they are given us in the word of God, to support our immortal hope in the next.

ASH.

SOLID GLORY AND REAL GREATNESS.

WHATEVER is external to a man, whatever may be common to good and bad, does not make him truly estimable; we must judge of men from the heart; from thence proceed great designs, great actions, great virtues, solid glory, which cannot be imitated by pride, nor equalled by pomp, resides in personal qualifications and noble sentiments. To be good, liberal, beneficent, and generous; to value riches only for the sake of distributing them; places of honour for the service of our country, power and credit to be in a condition to suppress

vice

vice and reward virtue; to be really good without ſeeking to appear ſo; to bear poverty nobly, to ſuffer injuries and affronts with patience, to ſtifle reſentment, and to do every good office to an enemy, when we have it in our power to be revenged of him; to prefer the public good to every thing; to ſacrifice our wealth, repoſe, life, and fame, if neceſſary to it; theſe make a man truly great and eſtimable.

Take away probity from the moſt ſhining actions, the moſt valuable qualities, and what are they but objects of contempt? are the drunkenneſs of Alexander, the murder of his beſt friends, his inſatiable thirſt of praiſe and flattery, and his vanity in deſiring to paſs for the ſon of Jupiter, though he did not believe it himſelf; are theſe conſiſtent with the character of a great prince? when we ſee Marius, and after him Sylla, ſhedding torrents of Roman blood for the eſtabliſhment of their own power, what regard can we pay to their victories and triumphs?

ROLLIN.

TRUE POLITENESS.

'TIS an evenneſs of ſoul that excludes at the ſame time inſenſibility, and too much earneſtneſs——it ſuppoſes a quick diſcernment of the different characters, tempers, miſeries or perfections of man, and by a ſweet condeſcenſion adapts itſelf to each man's caſe; never to flatter, but always to calm the paſſions. —'Tis a kind of forgetting one's ſelf, in order to be agreeable to others, yet in ſo delicate a manner as ſcarce to let them perceive you are ſo employed——it knows how to contradict with reſpect, and to pleaſe without ſneaking or adulation, and is equally remote from an inſipid complaiſance and a low familiarity.

RAMSAY'S Cyrus.

ODE TO PITY.

O THOU, the friend of man aſſign'd,
With balmy hands his wounds to bind,
And charm his frantic woe:

When

When firſt diſtreſs, with dagger keen,
Broke forth to waſte his deſtin'd ſcene,
  His wild unſated foe!
By Pella's bard, a magic name,
By all the griefs his thought could frame,
  Receive my humble rite:
Long, Pity, let the nations view
Thy ſky-worn robes of tendereſt blue,
  And eyes of dewy light!
But wherefore need I wander wide
To old Iliſſus' diſtant ſide,
  Deſerted ſtream, and mute?
Wild Arun too has heard thy ſtrains,
And Echo, midſt thy native plains,
  Been ſooth'd by Pity's lute.
There firſt the wren thy myrtles ſhed
On gentleſt Otway's infant head,
  To him thy cell was ſhewn;
And while he ſung the female heart,
With youth's ſoft notes unſpoil'd by art,
  Thy turtles mixt their own.
Come, Pity, come, by fancy's aid,
Even now my thoughts, relenting maid,
  Thy temple's pride deſign:
Its ſouthern ſite, its truth compleat,
Shall raiſe a wild enthuſiaſt heat,
  In all who view the ſhrine.
There Picture's toil ſhall well relate,
How chance, or hard involving fate
  O'er mortal bliſs prevail:
The buſkin'd muſe ſhall near her ſtand,
And ſighing prompt her tender hand,
  With each diſaſtrous tale.
There let me oft, retir'd by day,
In dreams of paſſion melt away,
  Allow'd with thee to dwell:
There waſte the mournful lamp of night,
Till, Virgin, thou again delight
  To hear a Britiſh ſhell!

COLLINS.

PRU-

PRUDENCE.

PRUDENCE consists in judging well what is to be said, and what is to be done on every new occasion; when to lie still, and when to be active; when to keep silence, and when to speak; what to avoid, and what to pursue; how to act in every difficulty; what means to make use of to compass such an end; how to behave in every circumstance of life, and in all companies; how to gain the favour of mankind, in order to promote your own happiness, and to do the most service to God, and the most good to men, according to that station we possess, and those opportunities we enjoy.

WATTS.

JUSTICE.

JUSTICE consists in an exact and scrupulous regard to the rights of others, with a deliberate purpose to preserve them on all occasions sacred and inviolate —And from this fair and equitable temper, performing every necessary act of justice that relates to their persons or properties; being just to their merits, and just to their very infirmities, by making all the allowance in their favour which their circumstances require, and a good-natured and equitable construction of particular cases will admit of; being true to our friendships, to our promises and contracts; just in our traffic, just in our demands, and just by observing a due moderation and proportion even in our resentments.

Discourses on Social Virtue.

TEMPERANCE.

TEMPERANCE consists in guarding against such a use of meats and drinks as indispose the body for the service of the soul, or robs me of time—or occasions an expence beyond what my circumstances admit—or beyond what will consist with those liberalities to the poor which my relation to God and to them

them require—and ſtrongly guarding againſt whatever has a tendency to increaſe a ſenſual diſpoſition, or alienate my ſoul from converſe with God, and diminiſh its zeal and activity in his ſervice, or waſte my benevolent temper to mankind. DODDRIDGE.

THE CHARACTER OF SALADINE, SULTAN OF EGYPT AND SYRIA.

HIſtory, which is often but one continued recital of injuſtice and cruelty, ſeems to afford mankind ſome conſolation, when, in the midſt of ſo many crimes, ſhe ſtops to relate ſome acts of clemency and moderation: what is ſingular upon this occaſion is, that we find theſe traits in the perſon of a prince whom hiſtorians claſs among the liſt of Barbarians; but would they not themſelves be barbarians, ſo little to acknowledge virtue! Though Saladine is celebrated by his conqueſts, he derives his real glory from his pacific virtues. From his youth he ſhewed none of thoſe impetuous paſſions which often beſpeak extraordinary genius, nor did any one circumſtance preſage his future greatneſs: it ſeems, even by his hiſtory, that if fortune herſelf had not placed him upon the throne, he never would have made any effort to reach it; ſo greatly do circumſtances change and diſplay the real characters of men. This prince was originally of the nation called Kurdes, a ſavage people divided into tribes, who, having fixed their habitation in Syria, on the banks of the Tygris, gave to that country the name of Kurdiſtan. His father, Ayoub, impatient to exert his courage, quitted his own country in his youth, with one of his brothers named Schirkoub, and went in queſt of employment to the governor of Bagdat, who commanded there in the name of the Seljoucides. This governor having had teſtimonies of Ayoub's bravery, gave him the government of Tekvit, a place ſituated upon the weſtern banks of the Tygris. Here Saladine drew his firſt breath in 1137.

Various circumſtances afterwards compelled the two brothers to enter into the ſervice of Nour Eddin, known by the name of Neradin Soudan d'Alep; a prince whoſe great ſucceſs againſt the Franks occaſioned the ſecond croiſade,

croiſade, when Lewis the young, king of France, and the emperor Conrad, united their forces. Noradin, fully ſatisfied with the ſervice of Saladine's father, appointed him governor of Damaſcus. Saladine was brought up under the eye of Ayoub, and he imbibed all the prejudices of his country, an inviolable attachment to the practice of his religion, a great reſpect for the law of Mahomet, and an inſurmountable hatred to the chriſtians. He lived in a ſtate of tranquility at the court of Noradin, who greatly loved him, till the expedition into Egypt.

Noradin had, for ſome time, entertained a deſign of making himſelf maſter of Egypt, weakened by luxury and the diſſentions of the emirs. Schirkoub was fixed upon to conduct this enterprize; and Noradin propoſed that Saladine ſhould accompany his uncle. In this enterprize the youthful Saladine diſplayed his warlike talents; and his uncle, who through his great exploits had attained the government of Egypt, dying, he ſucceeded him in this poſt. Saladine teſtified he was worthy of the rank to which he had been elevated. He diſtributed among the officers and ſoldiers the money he had received from the caliph, as well as that which he found in the coffers of Schirkoub. He reformed his manner of living; for till now he had yielded to youthful pleaſures, preferring ſoft tranquility to a thirſt of glory: it was even againſt his inclination that he accompanied his uncle into Egypt; he, nevertheleſs, gave proofs of his military genius in the ſiege of Alexandria, which he ſuſtained with vigour. In the ſecond expedition he uſed all his influence with Noradin to be releaſed from making that campaign; he pleaded the inconveniences to which he had been expoſed in Egypt, and the ſcantineſs of his fortune. Noradin removed theſe obſtacles, he furniſhed him with money and horſes, and commanded him to repair to the army. Thus, by a ſingular oppoſition, Noradin ſeemed deſirous of raiſing a man to ſnatch the ſcepter from the hands of his children; and Saladine oppoſed that deſtiny which conducted him to the throne.

Having altered his conduct, he underwent all the hardſhips of a military life, and was emulous of ſetting an example of virtue to the ſoldiers. To gain the affection of the troops, who are always ready to obey thoſe whom they reſpect

respect, he was very punctual in fulfilling the duties of Mahometism, and swore perpetual animosity to the Franks. He took upon himself the title of lieutenant of Noradin, and gave orders for the Kherba, or public prayers, in the name of that prince, an honour peculiar only to sultans. Noradin applauded Saladine's good fortune, and ordered his troops to obey their general. Thus he exercised the sovereign power in Egypt in quality of vizier. Having attained this point of elevation, he testified the goodness of his heart, by inviting his father Ayoub and his brothers to come and reside at his court; and he gave them posts of profit As the Egyptians groaned under a foreign yoke they were compelled to bear, he silenced their murmurs by his generosity and prudence Not being able to reconcile the chief of the black eunuchs, who was also governor of Cairo, he attacked him with open force in a commotion, which the latter had occasioned, and ran him through with the sword: this gallant act restored the public tranquility.

Whilst Saladine was laying the foundations of his power, the christians exerted every possible means to frustrate his designs. Noradin, by the acquisition of Egypt, surrounded them on every side. Amauric, king of Jerusalem, in vain remonstrated to the princes of the West the exigent state of Syria. and the profanation of the holy places: none but the Greeks furnished any succours; the Latins contributed only their promises. Two hundred large flat-bottom boats with sails and oars, were sent to the assistance of Amauric, with which he resolved to lay siege to Damietta, to serve as a barrier to Palestine. This city was situated opposite Pelusa, a mile from the sea, upon one of the mouths of the Nile. Saladine having received intelligence of the designs of his enemies, placed a strong garrison in the city, and furnished it with arms and provisions. He came himself to relieve it. The Franks attacked the place with all imaginable ardour; but they were always repulsed, and their machines were burnt by the besieged. After the siege had continued fifty days, they acknowledged the difficulty of the enterprize; Amauric raised the siege, and returned with the remains of his army into Palestine.

Saladine discovered the necessity of keeping a people, naturally seditious, constantly employed: he raised troops, set out from Cairo, and marched into Idumea He attacked a fortified castle near Gaza, which was the last place the christians possessed on that side of Egypt. Meeting with some resistance from the castle, he advanced towards Gaza; he entered by the back gates, put to the sword all who opposed him, and pillaged the city. Other business having called him into Egypt, he was desirous of driving the christians out of Elath, in order to form a free passage for the Mussulmans, who went on their pilgrimage to Mecca: he took this city, pillaged it, placed a garrison here, and restored the mosques.

The year following died Adhef, caliph of Egypt; and with him terminated the dynasty of the Fathimites, and Saladine mounted the throne. This caliph had left uncommon treasures: the new prince kept no part of these riches to himself; he distributed them to the officers and soldiers, and reserved the most precious moveables for Noradin, with whom it was prudent for him to keep upon good terms. This prince, who had sometimes entertained strong suspicions of Saladine, died soon after, and left an heir to the throne, a son about eleven years old, whom he vanquished, and compelled to submit, on condition of reserving the city of Damascus. In the year 1175, he took upon himself the title of sultan, and exercised all the rights of sovereignty.

Thus did Saladine pursue a series of unremitting conquests; nevertheless, his clemency, his moderation, and his liberality, have rendered his name more precious to the Mussulmans than even his glory. All persons, of whatever rank, country, or religion, found an easy access to his person. His breast was never disturbed with any violent passions, and he was an utter stranger to choler or revenge. His figure excited more affection than respect. Nature seemed to have destined him for a private life, rather than the government of a great empire. He wanted that resolution so necessary for princes to make their power respected: he could never establish a rigid discipline among his troops; and he restrained his emirs, rather by munificence and bounties, than by the dread of his authority.

Fortune

Fortune alone placed him upon a throne, of which he was not ambitious. Zeal for religion, rather than policy, put arms into his hands, and made him inſtrumental in the deſtruction of mankind, which was far from his natural diſpoſition. In fine, if he was ungrateful to his benefactors, his great qualities ſeemed to give a ſanction to his uſurpation; for had it not been for thoſe wars in which he was engaged, his people would, probably, have been the happieſt ſubjects upon earth.

A LESSON FOR YOUNG LADIES.

I HAVE often endeavoured to trace the origin of both ſexes' natural deſire of becoming the hero, or heroine, of a little hiſtory: I believe it proceeds from the beſt intentions, and might be productive of a great ſhare of real good, were the virtuous characters, which are daily preſented to our view, received with that attention and reſpect their merit demands; but the ridiculous critic with a haughty ſneer condemns the trifling ſcribblers, without once conſidering their motives were to promote the happineſs of mankind, by delineating virtue in all her amiable colours, that vice might behold itſelf in all its native horror. My ſtory is a trifling one; but if of any ſervice to the public, I would rather expoſe my own foibles by relating it, than omit an eſſential good by letting it remain in obſcurity. Poſſeſſed of an eaſy, not affluent, fortune, my parents retired with myſelf to a villa in Oxfordſhire; reſolving to devote the reſidue of their days to ſolitude. Our cottage was ſituated on a delightful lawn, a meandering ſtream ran purling before the door, and an extenſive view of a moſt beautiful landſcape rendered the place enchanting: a pleaſant grove terminated the avenue which led to our houſe, and there ſeemed nothing but angels wanting to make it completely Paradiſe. My father debarred me from no accompliſhments which were neceſſary even for a lady of faſhion and fortune. I learned ſeveral different languages, and was ſoon converſant with the beſt authors; and though theſe ornaments of education were buried in a cottage, we flattered ourſelves time might produce an opportunity of diſplaying them to

the greateſt advantage. In my fourteenth year Mr. M — d, a ſtudent of ——— college, Oxford, had the misfortune to be thrown from his horſe, and received a dangerous contuſion on his ſide: as the accident happened about half a mile from our houſe, we ſoon had intimation of it: and my father's natural benevolence of heart induced him to fly to the diſtreſſed ſtranger, to offer him all the aſſiſtance in his power: when he arrived. Mr. M—d had been carried to a poor farm-houſe. As he was ſenſible he could not receive due attendance there, and was unable to ſtir much farther, he entreated my father to recommend him to ſome place adjacent, where he might be ſure to meet with a ſkilful ſurgeon, and every thing neceſſary for the dangerous operation he thought he ſhould ſhortly be obliged to undergo My father immediately made him an offer of his own houſe, which the gentleman accepted with pleaſure; and ordering a chaiſe was conducted ſlowly to our cottage. Our aſſiduity to divert him, joined to the ſurgeon's medicines and care, in leſs than a month produced a recovery. Being in more than uſual good ſpirits one fine evening, he deſired pen, ink, and paper, and writing a few lines diſpatched a ſervant with them to Oxford, who ſoon returned. He told my mamma, he had made ſo free as to invite one of his moſt intimate friends to come and congratulate him on his recovery, and that he expected him every moment. He had ſcarcely uttered the words before Sir Henry B —— was introduced by my father; I never beheld ſo fine a figure, his perſon was elegant to the utmoſt degree, his air was manly, and diſplayed an eaſe which it is not in the power of art to acquire. When I was acquainted with his character I found it no leſs engaging: honour, truth, liberality, good nature, and quickneſs of underſtanding, ſeemed to be his ſhining characteriſtics. My father was greatly pleaſed with him, and invited him and Mr. M—d to ſpend a fortnight with us, promiſing every diverſion which the country afforded to render the time agreeable; he did not ſeem diſpleaſed with the invitation, and making ſome graceful apologies for the intruſion, he, by ſome indirect hints, diſcovered his heart was intereſted in the compliance. Hunting was one day propoſed, and as I had

had been taught to manage a courser, I was admitted to partake of the diversion: when I was equipped for the chace, Sir Henry bestowed the most elaborate praises on my beauty: my notions were not comprehensive enough to discover that his mysterious encomiums proceeded from the opinion his heart entertained of me, and he was extremely assiduous to render himself agreeable. The tenderness of his looks and of his conversation confirmed me; but his rank compelled me to suppress every emotion which might wear the appearance of approbation. I was ruminating on his strange behaviour, and happened to ride carelessly, without taking the least notice of my company, when the horse gave a sudden leap, and threw me out of the saddle. Sir Henry flew to my assistance, and raising me from the ground, enquired impatiently whether I had received any hurt from my fall. I felt no inconvenience but from my arm, which I thought was rather painful: he ordered his servant to get a carriage from some place immediately, which was soon procured, and we both returned home in it. A surgeon was immediately sent for, who declared my arm was broke, and as the setting of it was attended with a slight fever, I was confined to my bed. Sir Henry tried every thing in his power to alleviate my melancholy situation, and beguile my pain by his tender solicitude, and when he found me somewhat better, of inventing means to amuse me in my recovery. A month elapsed before I could stir from my apartment: during that time Sir Henry declared his passion; he vowed his heart was united to me by all those ties which are cemented by an indefinable attachment, so that all the real sentiments of friendship, honour, and esteem, accompanied his love; and that he wished to be received according as I found he merited my approbation. My heart was so powerfully prepossessed in his favour, that I submitted to whatever he required, on condition he would acquaint my friends: he disclosed his sentiments to them with all that seeming sincerity, which is inseparable from a noble mind, and freely confessed that all his hopes of felicity were ruined, if they disapproved of his affections. It was difficult for them to form the least objection to so advantageous an offer: however, they urged

our age, the inequality of fortune, and the length of time which must expire before he had finished his education: but he had the art of silencing their scruples, and was received without hesitation. Mr. M—— d was obliged to return to Oxford, and Henry left me with the assurance of the continuance of his regard: we promised to write to each other often, and mutually to communicate whatever was interesting to either. We remained in this situation for two years, when he acquainted me he was now of age, and was obliged to set out for N—— c——e, to take possession of his estate: he left me with a seeming reluctance, renewing our promise of an epistolary correspondence, as he could not ascertain when his business would permit him to return. I had several admirers in his absence, of equal fortune, but not endued with adequate accomplishments; I rejected them all with such a determinate resolution, as convinced them I was immovable, and this released me from their importunities. Ten days produced a letter from Sir Henry, informing me of his safe arrival at his journey's end; and that all the pain he then experienced was that occasioned by our separation; assuring me he would make his stay as short as possible, and concluded with repeated vows of sincerity. I answered his letter in the most grateful and affectionate terms my heart could dictate, and soon after received another from him less ardent than the former, which raised various suspicions in my bosom. A peculiarity of circumstances obliged me to travel for a twelvemonth; but in the interim no letter or message arrived from Sir Henry, and in a few months afterwards I was informed he was returned to college, and was pursuing his studies with great assiduity. He heard I had left the country, and not supposing I was returned, came with M——d to pay my father their most grateful acknowledgments for all his favours; but how was Sir Henry surprized, when the first object that presented itself to his view, on entering the parlour, was myself! He blushed, then turned pale, as if guilt confounded him; he silently approached me, and fetching a deep sigh, took hold of my hand, and after recovering himself, he declared his neglect of me had not proceeded from any sudden alteration in his sentiments,

but

but from the dangerous and critical ſituation of his affairs at N——c——e. I admitted his excuſe, and told him, as he had once given me reaſon to doubt of his ſincerity, the only way of preventing any future breach between us, was mutually to exchange a vow on paper: he ſeemed rather chagrined at the requeſt; but finding me reſolute, at laſt complied. I took the engagement, "You make me extremely happy, Sir," ſaid I, "in preſenting me with this proof of your regard; but the reluctance with which you gave it, has damped a great part of that tenderneſs and gratitude my heart wiſhed to expreſs; however, that you may ſtill have it in your power to exert your generoſity, thus will I uſe every thing which is prejudicial to your peace." I immediately threw the engagement into the fire; he appeared to be much ſurpriſed at this proof of my confidence in his honour——"I never will wrong this amazing ſincerity," ſaid he, "and when I have finiſhed my ſtudies, I will convince you how ſenſibly I am ſtruck with your goodneſs." Every thing was now ſettled as before, his viſits were conſtant, and I beheld him as the partner of my future felicity; but, alas! how ſhort is the duration of happineſs! Sir Henry left me to take his degree, and I expected this ſeparation was to be the laſt.——He returned loaded with academical honours, but deprived of every virtue which rendered him amiable: inſtead of ſetting a day for our indiſſoluble union, he made propoſals which ſhocked my delicacy; how hard a taſk to reſiſt the ſolicitations of him we love! A man who has the leaſt art is maſter of the dangerous talent of ſeducing a mind endued with ſenſibility; but, thank heaven, I reſiſted the temptation, and was immediately ſeized with that horror, which I imagine is the general attendant on any violence offered to our principles. I intreated him to leave me, he inſolently renewed his propoſals, throwing in an additional bait. "Sir," ſaid I, "I ſcorn your ſplendid trappings of miſery and woe, and when my tongue pronounces the fatal yes, I hope the Almighty will deprive me of the power of ſpeech."—"Your virtue, Ophelia," ſaid Sir Henry, "amazes me; and I aſſure you that all I have uttered was only to try whether you was proof againſt temptation, and ſince I

find

find in you all that is desirable in woman, you shall be mine till the icy hand of death dissolves the happy union." What he urged seemed probable; and unaccustomed to deceit myself, I did not so readily suspect another's treachery. A reconciliation took place, and he departed the next morning to pay a visit to some relations in the country: he promised to return in two days, but that time elapsed without the least appearance of my lover; on the fourth day he appeared, when his imagination seemed disturbed, though he passed it off with an air of gaiety; he conversed with me about an hour, then gave me a paper, and desired me to read it carefully over. "Be assured," said he, "my regard for you occasioned me to write it; for I know when you read it, you will imagine I never loved you." He could utter no more, but saluting me respectfully, withdrew with the greatest precipitancy. I opened the paper with a foreboding heart—— good God! what did I find! a few lines, penned in a wretched scrawl, which testified the perturbation of the mind that wrote them; they were as follows: "if you consult your own happiness, forget him who may make you miserable, God bless you——May you fall to the lot of one more worthy of you." My imagination was instantly seized with a thousand confused ideas. After the first transports of my grief subsided, I reflected I had lost the only person in the world that was formed to render me happy, but I had preserved my virtue inviolated. How absurd and cruel are men to renounce all the soft feelings of humanity to gratify a momentary passion! And yet they boast of honour! Contradict them, honour obliges them to demand satisfaction: but ask them to relate how many poor deluded females have fallen a prey to their seducing arts, the airy phantom honour gives place to calumny and censure; with an unbecoming freedom they boast of actions honour would blush to hear, and condemn the tender innocents whom they ought rather to guard and defend. It is dangerous for a young creature to receive a lover superior in fortune to herself; for he fears, if love should prompt him to do an honourable action, his companions may censure his conduct, and will rather submit to lose the object of his wishes, and the

ſelf-approbation of having contributed to the happineſs of a deſerving woman, than bear the ill-timed raillery of a riotous multitude. She, whom he has deſerted, regards the reſt of the world with antipathy, and, inſtead of being an uſeful member of ſociety, rejects every offer which might tend to promote her felicity; this has not Sir Henry's manly air, the other is poſſeſſed of a great ſhare of affectation, and, in ſhort, nothing is acceptable. I do not regret the loſs of the vain ſplendor which might have ſurrounded me; an uſeleſs troubleſome parade might have only ſerved to draw upon me the eyes of the miſtaken multitude, who imagine grandeur to be the only ſource of happineſs; but I daily lament the loſs of him, who may behold his follies in this faithful mirrour, held up by his injured

OPHELIA.

FORTITUDE.

CHRISTIAN Fortitude, or courage, is a juſt firmneſs of the ſoul in the proſpect of danger in the way of duty. It enables us to perſevere with ſteadineſs in the view of the greateſt diſcouragements and fierceſt oppoſition.

Active fortitude is ſuch a temper of ſoul, as enables us to attempt and venture upon any bold act of duty, which may endanger our preſent eaſe and worldly intereſt, and prompts us to purſue it with a becoming ſteadineſs and bravery of mind, undaunted at every oppoſition we meet with, and unterrified at all the threatening dangers that ſtand in our way.

Paſſive fortitude is ſuch an habitual firmneſs and conſtancy of ſoul, as enables us to bear what ſufferings we fall under, without repining and inward vexation, and without any outward tokens of ſinking or deſpondency; when we ſuſtain heavy ſorrows or anguiſh of the fleſh, without any wild or unreaſonable groanings of nature, without rage and unbecoming reſentment, without tumult and confuſion of ſpirit; and this ſhould be the temper of our ſouls and chriſtian conduct, whether the ſufferings which we feel ariſe from the immediate hand of God, or from the injuries and violence of men.

WATTS.

THE

The ORNAMENTS of YOUTH.

AMONG all the accomplishments of youth there is none preferable to a decent and agreeable behaviour among men, a modest freedom of speech, a soft and elegant manner of address, a graceful and lovely deportment, a chearful gravity and good humour, with a mind appearing serene even under the ruffling accidents of human life: add to this a pleasing solemnity and reverence when the discourse turns upon any thing sacred and divine, a becoming neglect of injuries, a hatred of calumny and slander, a habit of speaking well of others, a pleasing benevolence and readiness to do good to mankind, and special compassion to the miserable; with an air and countenance, in a natural and unaffected manner, expressive of all these excellent qualifications.

WATTS.

The HAPPIEST YOUTH, MANHOOD, and OLD AGE.

HE who in his youth improves his intellectual powers in the search of truth and useful knowledge, and refines and strengthens his moral and active powers, by the love of virtue for the service of his friends, his country, and mankind; who is animated by true glory, exalted by sacred friendship for social, and softened by virtuous love for domestic life; who lays his heart open to every other mild and generous affection, and who, to all these adds a sober masculine piety, equally remote from superstition and enthusiasm, that man enjoys the most agreeable youth; and lays in the richest fund for the honourable action, and happy enjoyment of the succeeding periods of life.

He, who, in manhood, keeps the defensive and private passions under the wisest restraint; who forms the most select and virtuous friendships; who seeks after fame, wealth, and power, in the road of truth and virtue, and, if he cannot find them in that road, generously despises them; who, in his private character and connexions, gives fulfilest

leſt ſcope to the tender and manly paſſions, and in his publick character and connections ſerves his country and mankind, in the moſt upright and diſintereſted manner; who, in fine, enjoys the goods of life with the greateſt moderation, bears its ills with the greateſt fortitude; and in thoſe various circumſtances of duty and trial, maintains and expreſſes an habitual reverence and love of God; that man is the worthieſt character in this ſtage of life; paſſes through it with the higheſt ſatisfaction and dignity; and paves the way to the moſt eaſy and honourable old age.

Finally, he who, in the decline of life, preſerves himſelf moſt exempt from the chagrins incident to that period; cheriſhes the moſt equal and kind affections; uſes his experience, wiſdom, and authority in the moſt fatherly and venerable manner; acts under a ſenſe of the inſpection, and with a view to the approbation of his Maker; is daily aſpiring after immortality, and ripening apace for it; and having ſuſtained his part with integrity and conſiſtency to the laſt, quits the ſtage with a modeſt and graceful triumph; this is the beſt, that is, the happieſt old man.

ASH.

ODE TO SIMPLICITY.

O THOU by nature taught,
To breathe her genuine thought,
In numbers warmly pure, and ſweetly ſtrong:
Who firſt on mountains wild,
In fancy, loveliest child,
Thy babe, and pleaſure's, nurs'd the powers of ſong!
Thou, who with hermit heart
Diſdain'ſt the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing pall,
But com'ſt a decent maid,
In attic robe array'd,
O chaſte, unboaſtful nymph, to thee I call!
By all the honey'd ſtore
On Hybla's thymy ſhore,
By all her blooms, and mingled murmurs dear,

By

By her, whoſe love-lorn woe,
In evening muſings ſlow,
Sooth'd ſweetly ſad Electra's poet's ear:
By old Cephiſus deep,
Who ſpread his wavy ſweep
In warbled wanderings round thy green retreat,
On whoſe enamel'd ſide,
When holy freedom died,
No equal haunt allur'd thy future feet.
O ſiſter meek of truth,
To my admiring youth,
Thy ſober aid and native charms infuſe!
The flowers that ſweeteſt breathe,
Tho' beauty cull'd the wreath,
Still aſk thy hand to range their order'd hues.
While Rome could none eſteem,
But virtue's patriot theme,
You lov'd her hills, and led her laureat band:
But ſtaid to ſing alone
To one diſtinguiſh'd throne,
And turn'd thy face, and fled her alter'd land.
No more, in hall or bower,
The paſſions own thy power,
Love, only love her forceleſs numbers mean:
For thou haſt left her ſhrine,
Nor olive more, nor vine,
Shall gain thy feet to bleſs the ſervile ſcene.
Tho' taſte, tho' genius bleſs
To ſome divine excess,
Faint's the cold work 'till thou inſpire the whole;
What each, what all ſupply,
May court, may charm our eye,
Thou, only thou, can'ſt raiſe the meeting ſoul!
Of theſe let others aſk,
To aid ſome mighty taſk,
I only ſeek to find thy temperate vale:
Where oft my reed might ſound
To maids and ſhepherds round,
And all thy ſons, O nature, learn my tale.

COLLINS.

Ill CONSEQUENCES of CHOLER.

AMong the number of my acquaintance, I know several who are, according to the common definition, very good natured men but rather paſſionate. This deſcription has often left me to reflect upon the effects of choler, even in the beſt tempered people.

A certain great genius ſays, that though paſſion is but a ſhort rage, its fatal effects are frequently of long duration. Nothing is more evident than that a heat of temper is one of the principal obſtacles to the tranquility of life and bodily health. It darkens judgment, and blinds reaſon. Choler has often, with the aſſiſtance of very few words, made men unhappy the reſt of their days: and in a few minutes has robbed them of the moſt valuable friends, the fruits of many years aſſiduities. It frequently reveals the moſt precious ſecrets of the heart, and renders the bilious man ridiculous by his extravagant menaces. How many people have paſſed the remainder of their days, fruitleſsly regretting the misfortune of having been carried away by paſſion for a few moments!

The friendſhip of a man ſubject to paſſion is a burthen to worthy people; and his company is a labyrinth from whence it is much more difficult to retire than to enter. The partition is very thin between choler and rage; and the paſſionate man, and the madman, are equally intitled to a place in Bedlam.

Choler deprives a man of the uſe of his ſenſe, knowledge, and judgment: and blinds him ſo much, that he does not perceive the perils and dangers before him. It ſhuts his ears in ſuch a manner, that he cannot hear reaſon; and makes him utter ſuch expreſſions, as he may repent the reſt of his life.

A certain courtier was of ſuch a paſſionate diſpoſition, that he drew his ſword in his king's preſence, and after having broke it, threw it at his ſovereign's feet, ſwearing he would never uſe it again in his defence. It is true, that prince ſmiled at the extravagance of his ſubject; but he immediately deprived him of all his employments, and ſent him to priſon, where he had time to reflect, and la-

ment his folly ten or fourteen years; and from whence he probably would never have been freed, if a revolution had not taken place.

A paſſionate man is conſtantly giving advantage to thoſe who are inclined to prejudice him; and his foes are thereby more eaſily enabled to ruin him. The phlegmatic man coolly avails himſelf of the heat of the choleric man's temper. Of this I have ſeen many examples, and have always obſerved, that cool reaſon conſtantly triumphs over the violence of paſſion. In a word, of all the four deadly ſins, choler is the greateſt peſt to ſociety; and the only one that damns the ſinner, without procuring him the leaſt pleaſure or gratification. A celebrated writer has defined choler in theſe words: It is a factious turn of mind, which deſtroys our health, diveſts us of friends and fortune, gratifies the malignity of our enemies, and reduces us to a level with the brute creation. It muſt, indeed, be acknowledged that a brave man does not fear the fury of a paſſionate antagoniſt; and a coward is terrified without it.

I hope my good natured acquaintance, who are rather paſſionate, will have indulgence enough to forgive my drawing their pictures ſo much at length, as I mean them no harm; but could wiſh, upon diſcovering their features in this mirrour, they would for the future reſolve never to contract their brows again ſo greatly to their diſadvantage.

ANON.

DUNNOTTER CASTLE. A POEM.

DUNNOTTER's ruin'd pride and falling tow'rs,
I ſing, Cleanthe, and the ſong is yours.
With you I wander'd o'er the moſs-grown domes,
Still o'er the ſcene with you my fancy roams;
Still in idea riſes to my view,
With gloomy grandeur, pleaſures ever new.
The rolling main, the rocks ſtupendous height,
A ſtriking proſpect! ſwims before my ſight.
In flowing verſe now be the ſcene diſplay'd;
Muſe, fancy, memory, I implore your aid.

High

High on a rock, half ſea-beat, half on land,
The caſtle ſtood, and ſtill its ruins ſtand.
Wide o'er the German main the proſpect bent,
Steep is the path, and rugged the aſcent;
When we with labour climb'd the narrow way,
Long ſounding vaults receiv'd us from the day.
There hung the huge portcullis, there the bar
Drawn on the iron gate, defy'd the war
O great Dunnotter! once of ſtrength the ſeat!
Once deem'd impregnable, thou yield'ſt to fate?
Nor rocks, nor ſeas nor arms, thy gate defend,
Thy pride is fallen, thy ancient glories end!
Up from the gate we climb the ſlippery way,
And falling turrets, mould'ring tow'rs, ſurvey;
The walls, the caves, with various moſs o'ergrown,
And threat'ning nods on high the loos'ned ſtone.
Slowly we mount, thro' broken arches creep,
And gain at length the ſummit of the ſteep;
Curious, around the airy height we gaze,
There the great well its ample round diſplays;
A vaſt circumference, and depth profound!
Now fill'd with ruins of the falling mound.
Here ſtood the palace, rais'd in air ſublime,
On rows of vaults that ſeem to mock at time;
Yet he aſſerts his power, and claims his prey,
They break! they fall! what can reſiſt his ſway?
Here thro' innumerable vaults we run,
Cold, darkſome, raw, impervious to the ſun:
Brown with the ruſt of years, and from their tops
Inceſſantly the oozing moiſture drops.
We leave the gloom, the wheeling ſteps aſcend,
Our walks along the rooflefs palace bend:
Here through the long apartments as we paſs,
The ſoft wind whiſtles thro' the waving graſs,
That cloaths the pavement, crowns the naked walls,
Of broken turrets, and deſerted halls.
Here, once the ſeat of many a mighty name,
The jackdaw chatters, and the ſea-fowls ſcream;
Here dwelt great Ogilvy, and held the tower,
The laſt who yielded to th' uſurper's power;
By honeſt craft from hence the crown convey'd,

And Caledonia's gems in ſafety laid ;
Nor hopes of favour, nor the threats of power,
Could ſhake his ſoul, or his fix'd heart allure.
Firm as theſe rocks, he and his daring wife
Endur'd the torture, ſcorning ſhameful life ;
Still kept the charge, 'till fate their king reſtor'd,
Then ſent uninjur'd to their rightful lord.
Glorious defenders of the regal gold ?
Illuſtrious Caledonians! patriots bold !
With joy your heroiſm I rehearſe,
And give your mem'ry all I can, ——a verſe.

Now turning from the walls, high o'er the ſteep
Impending cliffs, we view the boundleſs deep :
All round the winding coaſt black rocks ariſe,
With wild, uncouth variety ſurpriſe :
The wave roll ſlow, and ſilent to the ſhore,
Then daſh the craggy beach, and ſullen roar :
From rock to rock, the breaking ſurge rebounds,
While endleſs echoes catch, and ſwell the ſounds.
The green ſea here with ceaſeleſs fury raves,
And toſſes high in air her reſtleſs waves ;
Burſting they fall, with loud repeated ſhocks,
And in white torrents pour along the rocks.
But off from ſhore in peace the ocean lies,
Ting'd with the colours of the glowing ſkies ;
The gentle breezes ſport upon the deep,
And murmuring ſoft, the vaſt expanſion ſweep ;
Refulgent Phœbus in meridian height,
Enrobes the lucid wave with dazzling light ;
The ſparkling beams on the ſmooth ſurface play,
And ſtreams of foam float on the wat'ry way.
Here let deſcription end——Yet ſtill prolong
Thy taſk, my muſe, and moralize the ſong.

Think ! all who gaze on fam'd Dunnotter's wall,
Like it ſhall all terreſtrial greatneſs fall !
Youth flies apace, frail beauty meets decay,
The mighty's ſtrength, like ice, ſhall melt away :
Riches take wings, and fame's far-ſounding boaſt
Shall die away ! the pride of life be loſt !
Health, pleaſures, life, ſhall paſs, a fading flower,
Sport of a day, and pageant of an hour !

Fix

Fix not on these thy heart, but rise sublime,
And seek a bliss unmov'd by fate or time:
Virtue alone can give eternal joy,
No change can alter, no possession cloy:
Virtue, like this great rock, stands firmly brave,
And scorns the ebb or flow of fortune's wave.
Unmov'd the storms of life can calmly bear,
Collected in itself, and void of fear;
Even when these rocks and seas shall pass away,
And yon bright orb no longer pour the day,
Virtue shall stand the test, like gold refin'd,
And beam immortal radiance o'er the mind,
Thro' endless ages gain increasing store
Of light, and life, and joy, and active power,
And bloom when time and nature are no more.

Miss SCOTT of Benholm.

ERRORS IN THE EDUCATION OF YOUTH.

THE manner of bringing up youth has, in all ages, been thought a matter of the highest importance; and no people are better convinced of this truth, than the English, nor do any parents take greater pains to inculcate every virtue in the minds of their children; yet there is one great error committed by them, the continuing for too long a time to treat them as mere children. This error is almost general, yet experience shews that it is attended with the worst consequences; a severe restraint over youth, unless those in whom bad dispositions are apparent, is the surest method to make blockheads of them; for they are thereby prevented from learning to think; and by appearing to make little of their opinion, we smother every ray of genius, and almost every qualification they may possess, and gives them such a diffidence of themselves, as will make them appear, though possessed of the best understanding, unpolished clowns.

A young man who has always been under the eye of a severe parent, and by his rigour restrained from enjoying those amusements to which youth are naturally addicted, and from which a little indulgence would wean him, no sooner becomes his own master, than hurried on by the

desire of these gratifications which his imagination has represented so delicious to him, he plunges into every excess, which, in a short time, dispatches his fortune, ruins his health, and brings him an untimely martyr to his grave. Another ill consequence attending this conduct is, that it is impossible to know their dispositions without allowing them the liberty of acting as they chuse in things of no material consequence; I mean, when they are arrived at the age of eighteen or twenty: for at this time of life their passions are just ripening, when the bent and turn of their minds, their good and bad dispositions, will now all be seen, and may easily be brought to perfection or extinguished. I am led into these reflections by the melancholy consequences which an opposite conduct has been productive of to a particular friend of mine, a young man every way deserving of a happier fate.

Horatius, at the age of twelve years, was, by the death of his father, who held a considerable place in one of the publick offices, left entirely dependent on his aunt, an old widow lady, without children: he was soon placed in one of the universities, where he quickly distinguished himself by a rapid progress in every branch of literature proper for the qualification of a gentleman, and already displayed a taste and genius far above his age; his manners were the most engaging; while his modesty, generosity, and good nature, gained him universal esteem. Such a character could not fail of introducing him to the best company in his college, to the worthy and ingenious, for such will always unite when they know each other. Here a large field was opened for the most advantageous connections; but the prospect was soon overcast by an event which blasted all his hopes, and prevented this ornament of human nature from being of service to mankind: he was now twenty, when his aunt called him from college, in order to put the finishing hand to his education under her immediate inspection. From this period Horatius experienced nothing but the severest treatment; if he spoke upon a subject, the study of which gave a certainty to his opinion, he was called presumptuous; was he at times silent and grave, the constant attendant of a philosophic mind, it was imputed to sullenness; in short, those

very

very manners which endeared him to his companions at college, appeared to his aunt as so many vices. This treatment in the end created a dislike, that was productive of every mortification to Horatius, which captious minds will inflict on those over whom they have absolute power. The amiable Horatius, being conscious of the obligations he owed her, bore this behaviour with the greatest patience and humility, 'till being one day reproached with his poverty and dependence upon her bounty, unable to support such cruel severity, he retired to the house of a friend, to whom he disclosed the treatment he had received, which so irritated his aunt, that she excluded him from her will, where he was down for the greatest part of her fortune; and before his friends could procure a reconciliation with her, she was unfortunately carried off by an apoplexy. Thus was this amiable young man, whose soul was too great to bear indignant reproach, reduced from the prospect of an affluent fortune to indigence, and compelled to fly his country, to which he would one day have proved a shining ornament, to seek a precarious livelihood in the East Indies.

If any person concerned in the education of youth should read this story; let them not throw it aside as the produce of an idle imagination, which strives to amuse itself with trifles; it is fact, and, as such, merits the attention of every serious person.

ANON.

SPEECH OF THE BASTARD IN K. JOHN.

A Foot of honour better than I was,
But many a foot of land the worse!
Well, now I can make any Joan a lady.
Good den, Sir Richard,—Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be George, I'll call him Peter;
For new-made honour doth forget men's names:
'Tis too respective and unsociable
For your conversing. Now your traveller,
He and his tooth-pick at my worship's mess;
And when my knightly stomach is sufficed,
Why then I pick my teeth, and catechise

My

My piked man of countries——My dear Sir,
(Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin)
I ſhall beſeech you.—— that is queſtion now,
And then comes anſwer like an A B C-book:
O Sir, ſays anſwer, at your beſt command,
At your employment, at your ſervice, Sir:——
No Sir, ſays queſtion, I, ſweet Sir, at your's,——
And ſo e'er Anſwer knows what Queſtion would,
Saving in dialogue of compliment,
And talking of the Alps and Appenines,
The Pyreneans and the river Po,
It draws towards ſupper in concluſion ſo.
But this is worſhipful ſociety,
And fits the mounting ſpirit like myſelf:
For he is but a baſtard to the time,
That doth not ſmack of obſervation,
(And ſo am I whether I ſmack or no:)
And not alone in habit and device,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poiſon for the age's tooth;
Which, though I will not practiſe to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing.

SHAKESPEARE.

KING JOHN AND HUBERT.

K *John.* COme hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love.
And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in this boſom, dearly cheriſhed.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay——
But I will fit it with ſome better time.
By heav'n, Hubert, I'm almoſt aſhamed
To ſay what good reſpect I have of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your majeſty.
K. *John.* Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo—yet—

But

But thou ſhalt have—and creep time ne'er ſo flow,
Yet it ſhall come for me to do thee good.
I had a thing to ſay—but let it go:
The ſun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds
To give me audience. If the midnight bell
Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
Sound one into the drowſy race of night:
If this ſame were a church yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs;
Or if that ſurly ſpirit melancholy,
Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
Which elſe runs tickling up and down the veins,
Making that idiot, laughter, keep mens eyes,
And ſtrain their cheeks to idle merriment;
(A paſſion hateful to my purpoſes)
Or if that thou could'ſt ſee me without eyes,
Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
Without a tongue, uſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, ears, and harmful ſounds of words;
Then in deſpight of broad-eyed watchful day,
I would into thy boſom pour my thoughts:
But ah, I will not——yet I love thee well.
And by my troth, I think thou loveſt me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Though that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heav'n I'd do't.

K. *John.* Do not I know thou would'ſt?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy: I'll tell thee what, my friend,
He is a very ſerpent in my way,
And wereſoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.

Hub. And I'll keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your majeſty.

K. *John.* Death.

Hub. My lord?

K. *John.* A grave.

Hub. He ſhall not live.

K. *John.* Enough.

I could be merry now.

SHAKESPEARE.

SPEECH OF CONSTANCE IN KING JOHN.

O Father cardinal, I have heard you say
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heav'n;
If that be, I ſhall ſee my boy again
For ſince the birth of Cain, the firſt male child,
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature born;
But now will canker ſorrow eat my bud,
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheek,
And he will look as hollow as a ghoſt,
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit.
And ſo he'll die; and riſing ſo again,
When I ſhall meet him in the court of heav'n,
I ſhall not know him; therefore never, never
Muſt I behold my pretty Arthur more.
Grief fills the room up of my abſent child;
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts out his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form,
Then have I reaſon to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; had you ſuch a loſs as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wit.
O lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair ſon!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrows cure!

SHAKESPEARE.

PRISON SCENE IN KING JOHN.

Hub. HEAT me theſe irons hot, and look thou ſtand
Within the arras; when I ſtrike my foot
Upon the boſom of the ground, ruſh forth,
And bind the boy, which you ſhall find with me,
Faſt to the chair: be heedful; hence, and watch.
Exe. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly ſcruples! fear not you; look to't—

Young

Young lad, come forth; I have to ſay with you.
Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.
Arth. As little prince (having ſo great a title
To be more prince) as may be. You are ſad.
Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody ſhould be ſad but I.
Yet I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as ſad as night,
Only for wantonneſs. By my Chriſtendom,
So were I out of priſon, and kept ſheep,
I ſhould be merry as the day is long.
And ſo I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practiſes more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him
Is it my fault that I was Geoffrey's ſon?
Indeed it is not, and I would to heav'n
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me Hubert.
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
Therefore I will be ſudden and diſpatch.
Arth. Are you ſick, Hubert? you look pale to day.
In ſooth I would you were a little ſick,
That I might ſit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.
Read here, young Arthur———
How now, fooliſh rheum,
Turning diepiteous nature out of door!
I muſt be brief, leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womaniſh tears———
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for ſo foul effect.
Muſt you with irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I muſt.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? when your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows.

The

(The beſt I had, a Princeſs wrought it me)
And I did never aſk it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,
Saying, what lack you? and where lies your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
If heav'n be pleaſed that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why then you muſt —— Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes that never did, nor never ſhall
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I've ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it.
The iron of itſelf though heat red hot,
Approaching near theſe eyes, would drink my tears
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more ſtubborn hard, than hammer'd iron?
Oh if an angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me Hubert ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him: no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub Come forth; do as I bid you do.

Arth. O ſave me, Hubert, ſave me! my eyes are out
Ev'n with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I ſay, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be ſo boiſt'rous rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill;
For heav'n's ſake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,

Whatever

Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go ſtand within; let me alone with him.

Exe. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deed.

Arth. Alas, then I have chid away my friend,
He hath a ſtern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compaſſion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourſelf.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.

Arth. O heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe:
Then feeling what ſmall things are boiſt'rous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promiſe? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes!
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No in good ſooth, the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be uſed
In undeſerved extremes: ſee elſe yourſelf,
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heav'n hath blown his ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay it perchance will ſparkle in your eyes:
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.

Hub. Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treaſure that thine uncle owns:
Yet am I ſworn, and I did purpoſe, boy,
With this ſame very iron to burn them out.
Arth. O now you look like Hubert. All this while
You were diſguiſed.
Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your uncle muſt not know but you are dead.
I'll fill theſe dogged ſpies with falſe reports:
And, pretty child, ſleep doubtleſs and ſecure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world
Will not offend thee.
Arth O heav'n! I thank you, Hubert.
Hub Silence, no more; go cloſely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

SHAKESPEARE.

ETHELINDA AND ARIBERT.

Ethe. WHEN this, the laſt of all our days of ſorrow,
Flies faſt, and haſtens to fulfil its courſe;
When the bleſt hour of death at length is near,
Why doſt thou mourn? when that good time is come,
When we ſhall weep no more, but live for ever,
In that dear place, where no misfortunes come:
Where age, and want, and ſickneſs are not known,
And where this wicked world ſhall ceaſe from troubling;
When thick deſcending angels crowd the air,
And wait with crowns of glory to reward us.
Why art thou ſad, my love, my lord, my Aribert?
Ari. It comes, indeed, the cruel moment comes,
That muſt divide our faithful loves for ever.
A few ſhort minutes more, and both ſhall periſh,
Sink to the place where all things are forgotten.
Our youth and fair affections ſhall be barren;
Shall know no joys, which other lovers know,
Shall leave no name behind us, no poſterity,
Only the ſad remembrance of our woes,
To draw a tear from each who reads our ſtory:
And doſt thou aſk me wherefore I am ſad?
Ethe. 'Tis hard indeed, 'tis very hard to part.

Tho'

Tho' my heart grieves to want its heav'n so long,
Pants for its bliss, and sickens with delay,
Yet I could be content to live for thee.
Yes, I will own thy image stands before me,
And intercepts my journey to the stars,
Calls back the fervent breathings of my soul
To earth and thee; with longing looks I turn,
Forget my flight, and linger here below.

Ari. Is it decreed, by heav'n's eternal will,
That none shall pass the golden gates above,
But those who sorrow here; must we be wretched?
Must we be drown'd in many floods of tears,
To wash our deep, our inborn sins away,
Or never see the saints, and taste their joys?

Ethe. The great o'er-ruling Author of our beings,
Deals with his creature man in various ways,
Gracious and good in all: some feel the rod,
And own, like us, the father's chast'ning hand,
Sev'n times, like gold, they pass the purging flame,
And are at last refin'd; while gently some
Tread all the paths of life without a rub,
With honour, health, with friends and plenty bless'd,
Their years roll round in innocence and ease.
Hoary at length, and in a good old age,
They go declining to the grave in peace,
And change their pleasures here for joys above.

Ari. To have so many blessings heap'd on me,
Transcends my wish. I asked but only thee.
Give me, I said, but life and Ethelinda;
Let us but run the common course together,
Grow kindly old in one another's arms,
And take us to thy mercy then, good heav'n.
But heav'n thought that too much.

Ethe. If our dear hopes,
If what we value most on earth, our loves,
Are blasted thus by death's untimely hand,
If nothing good remains for us below,
So much the rather let us turn our thoughts,
To seek beyond the stars our better portion;
That wond'rous bliss which heav'n reserves in store,
Well to reward us for our losses here;

That bliſs which heav'n, and only heav'n, can give.
Which ſhall be more to thee than Ethelinda,
And more to me——Oh vaſt exceſs of happineſs!
Where ſhall my ſoul make room for more than Aribert?

ROYAL CONVERT.

CONCLUDING SPEECH OF ETHELINDA.

—I Have often heard a holy ſage,
A venerable, old, and ſaint-like hermit,
With viſions often bleſt, and often in thought
Rapt to the higheſt, brighteſt ſeats above,
Thus with divine, prophetic knowledge fill'd,
Diſcloſe the wonders of the times to come.
Of royal race a Britiſh queen ſhall riſe,
Great, gracious, pious, fortunate, and wiſe;
To diſtant lands ſhe ſhall extend her fame,
And leave to latter times a mighty name:
Tyrants ſhall fall, and faithleſs kings ſhall bleed,
And groaning nations by her arms be freed.
But chief this happy land her care ſhall prove,
And find from her a more than mother's love.
From hoſtile rage ſhe ſhall preſerve it free,
Safe in the compaſs of her ambient ſea:
Tho' fam'd her arms in many a cruel fight,
Yet moſt in peaceful arts ſhe ſhall delight,
And her chief glory ſhall be to unite.
Picts, Saxons, Angles, ſhall no more be known,
But Briton be the noble name alone.
With joy their antient hate they ſhall forego,
While diſcord hides her baleful head below;
Mercy, and truth, and right ſhe ſhall maintain,
And ev'ry virtue crowd to grace her reign:
Auſpicious heav'n on all her days ſhall ſmile,
And with eternal union bleſs her Britiſh iſle.

ROYAL CONVERT.

BALLAD IN IMITATION OF SHENSTON.

WHEN I view the ſad change in my grove,
From tears I can hardly refrain,

Where

Where gayly I ſung of my love,
  And the linnets repeated the ſtrain;
But now on my pipe if I play,
  So harſh and unpleaſing's the ſound,
That the linnets are frighted away,
  And my lambkins ſtand gazing around.
O Nancy, 'twas here you betray'd
  The peace of a thoughtleſs young ſwain;
Remember the things you have ſaid,
  And think on your preſent diſdain:
How could you ſo artfully praiſe
  A life of retirement and eaſe!
How tell me my paſtoral lays
  Beyond any other would pleaſe!
You ſaid you ſhould ever eſteem
  A heart from hypocriſy free:
O Nancy, when this was your theme,
  You caſt a ſoft glance upon me:
That a boſom which friendſhip inſpir'd,
  Where truth and good nature unite,
In ev'ry degree was admir'd,
  And I liſten'd with eager delight.
When we ſtray'd thro' the flowery mead,
  Where daiſies and cowſlips abound,
You own'd that no ſcent could exceed
  The air that was perfum'd around:
That notes from the neighbouring ſpray,
  Which echo had caught in the glade,
Would charm through a long ſummer's day,
  If heard as you ſat in the ſhade.
Aſkella, ſo limpid and clear,
  You prais'd as ſhe murmur'd along:
That ſilver her fiſhes appear,
  As they glide the ſmooth pebbles among:
That if happineſs was to be found
  Reſiding with mortals below,
A more proper manſion you own'd
  Than mine the wide world could not ſhew.
I told you all theſe were your own,
  With a heart that was ſoft and ſincere;
But ſince the gay town you have known,

You refuſe my fond ſpeeches to hear.
O Nancy! ſo faithleſs and fair,
You have ruin'd the peace of my mind;
I now am a prey to deſpair,
My hopes are bequeath'd to the wind.
My flocks are diſpers'd on the plain,
No longer my comfort or care,
I eye them with looks of diſdain,
If round my hoarſe pipe they repair.
The ſwains now they ſee my ſad plight,
No longer with jealouſy burn;
Of the old I'm no more the delight,
And Phillis exults in her turn.
O Nancy, while thus I complain,
Does nothing your boſſom eſſay?
Does none of your pity remain!
Is your tenderneſs all gone away?
Perhaps 'twas all meant to deceive,
Perhaps 'tis the way of the town,
And I was a fool to believe,
Such a lover you ever would own.
In vain have I planted my bow'r:
In woodbine and eglantine dreſt,
Their ſweets, when united, want pow'r
To baniſh deſpair from my breaſt;
Yet ſoon my complaining will ceaſe,
O Nancy, ſtill lovely, and dear,
If dying, I pray for your peace,
Then own that my love was ſincere.

ORESTES AND PYRRHUS.

Oreſt. BEFORE I ſpeak the meſſage of the Greeks,
Permit me, Sir, to glory in the title
Of their ambaſſador; ſince I behold
Troy's vanquiſher, and great Achilles' ſon;
Nor does the ſon riſe ſhort of ſuch a father:
If Hector fell by him, Troy fell by you.
But, what your father never would have done,
You do. You cheriſh the remains of Troy;
And, by an ill-tim'd pity, keep alive

The

The dying embers of a ten-years war.
Have you so soon forgot the mighty Hector?
The Greeks remember his high brandish'd sword,
That fill'd their states with widows and with orphans;
For which they call for vengeance on his son.
Who knows what he may one day prove? who knows
But he may brave us in our ports; and, fill'd
With Hector's fury, set our fleets on blaze?
You may, yourself, live to repent your mercy.
Comply, then, with the Grecians just demands;
Satiate their vengeance, and preserve yourself.

Pyr. The Greeks are for my safety more concern'd
Than I desire. I thought your kings were met
On more important counsel. When I heard
The name of their ambassador, I hop'd
Some glorious enterprize was taking birth.
Is Agamemnon's son dispatch'd for this?
And do the Grecian chiefs, renown'd in war,
A race of heroes, join in close debate,
To plot an infant's death? —— What right has Greece
To ask his life? must I, must I alone,
Of all her sceptre'd warriors, be deny'd
To treat my captive as I please? know, prince,
When Troy lay smoaking on the ground, and each
Proud victor shar'd the harvest of the war,
Andromache, and this her son, were mine;
Were mine by lot! And who shall wrest them from me?
Ulysses bore away old Priam's queen;
Cassandra was your own great father's prize:
Did I concern myself in what they won?
Did I send embassies to claim their captives?

Orest. But, sir, we fear for you, and for ourselves.
Troy may again revive, and a new Hector
Rise in Astyanax. Then think betimes ——

Pyr. Let dastard souls be timorously wise:
But tell them, Pyrrhus knows not how to form
Far fancy'd ills, and dangers out of sight.

Orest. Sir, call to mind th' unrivall'd strength of Troy;
Her walls, her bulwarks, and her gates of brass;
Her kings, her heroes, and embattled armies!

Pyr. I call them all to mind; and see them all

Confus'd

Confus'd in duſt; all mixt in one wide ruin;
All but a child, and he in bondage held.
What vengeance can we fear from ſuch a Troy?
If they have ſworn to extinguiſh Hector's race,
Why was their vow for twelve long months deferr'd?
Why was he not in Priam's boſom ſlain?
He ſhould have fall'n amongſt the ſlaughter'd heaps,
Whelm'd under Troy. His death had then been juſt,
When age and infancy, alike in vain,
Pleaded their weakneſs; when the heat of conqueſt,
And horrors of the fight, rous'd all our rage,
And blindly hurry'd us thro' ſcenes of death.
My fury then was without bounds: but now,
My wrath appeas'd, muſt I be cruel ſtill?
And, deaf to all the tender calls of pity,
Like a cool murderer, bathe my hands in blood!
An infant's blood?——No, Prince—Go, bid the Greeks
Mark out ſome other victim; my revenge
Has had its ſill. What has eſcap'd from Troy
Shall not be ſav'd to periſh in Epirus.

Oreſt. I need not tell you, ſir, Aſtyanax
Was doom'd to death in Troy; nor mention how
The crafty mother ſav'd her darling ſon.
The Greeks do now but urge their former ſentence;
Nor is't the boy, but Hector they purſue;
The father draws their vengeance on the ſon:
The father, who ſo oft in Grecian blood
Has drench'd his ſword: The father, whom the Greeks
May ſeek even here.—— Prevent them, ſir, in time.

Pyr. No! let them come; ſince I was born to wage
Eternal wars; let them now turn their arms
On him, who conquer'd for them: Let them come,
And in Epirus ſeek another Troy.
'Twas thus they recompens'd my godlike fire;
Thus was Achilles thank'd. But, prince, remember,
Their black ingratitude then coſt them dear.

Oreſt. Shall Greece then find a rebel ſon in Pyrrhus?

Pyr. Have I then conquer'd to depend on Greece?

Oreſt. Hermione will ſway your ſoul to peace,
And mediate 'twixt her father and yourſelf:
Her beauty will enforce my embaſſy.

Pyr. Hermione may have her charms; and I
May love her ſtill, tho' not her father's ſlave.
I may in time give proofs, that I'm a lover;
But never muſt forgot, that I'm a king.
Meanwhile, ſir, you may ſee fair Helen's daughter:
I know how near in blood you ſtand ally'd.
That done, you have my anſwer, prince. The Greeks,
No doubt, expect your quick return.

PHILLIPS.

SPEECH OF ANDROMACHE.

AH, madam! whither, whither do you fly?
Where can your eyes behold a ſight more pleaſing
Than Hector's widow, ſuppliant and in tears?
I come not an alarm'd, a jealous foe,
To envy you the heart your charms have won:
The only man I ſought to pleaſe, is gone:
Kill'd in my ſight, by an inhuman hand.
Hector firſt taught me love; which my fond heart
Shall ever cheriſh, till we meet in death.
But, oh, I have a ſon! —— And you one day,
Will be no ſtranger to a mother's fondneſs:
But heav'n forbid, that you ſhould ever know
A mother's ſorrow for an only ſon,
Her joy, her bliſs, her laſt ſurviving comfort!
When every hour ſhe trembles for his life!
Your power o'er Pyrrhus may relieve my fears.
Alas, what danger is there in a child,
Sav'd from the wreck of a whole ruin'd empire?
Let me go hide him in ſome deſart iſle:
You may rely upon my tender care,
To keep him far from perils of ambition:
All he can learn of me, will be to weep!
—— Behold how low you have reduc'd a queen!
Theſe eyes have ſeen my country laid in aſhes:
My kindred fall in war; my father ſlain;
My huſband dragg'd in his own blood; my ſon
Condemn'd to bondage, and myſelf a ſlave;
Yet in the midſt of theſe unheard of woes,
'T[illegible] ſome relief to find myſelf your captive;

And

And that my ſon, deriv'd from ancient kings,
Since he muſt ſerve, had Pyrrhus for his maſter.
When Priam kneel'd, the great Achilles wept;
I hop'd I ſhould not find his ſon leſs noble:
I thought the brave were ſtill the moſt compaſſionate.
Oh, do not, ſir, divide me from my child!———
If he muſt die.———

PHILLIPS.

SOLILOQUY of OROONOKO.

FOrget! forgive! I muſt indeed forget,
When I forgive. But while I am a man,
In fleſh, that bears the living marks of ſhame,
The print of his diſhonourable chains,
My memory ſtill rouſing up my wrongs,
I never can forgive this governor,
This villain; the diſgrace of truſt and place,
And juſt contempt of delegated power.
What ſhall I do? if I declare myſelf,
I know him, he will ſneak behind his guard
Of followers, and brave me in his fears.
Elſe, lion like, with my devouring rage,
I would ruſh on him, faſten on his throat,
Tear a wide paſſage to his treacherous heart,
And that way lay him open to the world.
If I ſhould turn his Chriſtian arts on him,
Promiſe him, ſpeak him fair, flatter, and creep,
With fawning ſteps to get within his faith,
I could betray him then, as he has me.
But am I ſure by that to right myſelf?
Lying's a certain mark of cowardice;
And when the tongue forgets its honeſty,
The heart and hand may drop their functions too,
And nothing worthy be reſolv'd, or done.
The man muſt go together, bad, or good;
In one part frail, he ſoon grows weak in all.
Honour ſhould be concern'd in honour's cauſe,
That is not to be cur'd by contraries.
As bodies are, whoſe health is often drawn
From rankeſt poiſons. Let me but find out

An honeſt remedy, I have the hand,
A miniſtring hand, that will apply it home.

SOUTHERN.

APOTHECARY IN ROMEO AND JULIET.

O Miſchief! thou art ſwift
To enter in the thought of deſperate men!
I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabout he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of ſimples; meagre were his looks,
Sharp miſery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
An alligator ſtuft, and other ſkins
Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; and about his ſhelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roſes
Were thinly ſcatter'd, to make up a ſhew.
Noting his penury, to myſelf I ſaid,
An' if a man did need a poiſon now,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would ſell it him.
Oh this ſame thought did but forerun my need;
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe.
Being holy-day, the beggar's ſhop is ſhut.

SOLILOQUY OF THE UNCLE IN BARNWELL.

—IF I were ſuperſtitious, I ſhould fear ſome danger lurk'd unſeen, or death very nigh. A heavy melancholy clouds my ſpirits. My imagination is fill'd with ghaſtly forms of dreary graves, and bodies changed by death; when the pale, lengthen'd viſage attracts each weeping eye, and fills the muſing ſoul, at once, with grief and horror, pity and averſion. I will indulge the thought. The wiſe man prepares himſelf for death, by making it familiar to his mind When ſtrong reflections hold the mirror near, and the living in the dead behold their future ſelf; how does each inordinate paſſion and deſire ceaſe, or ſicken at the view! The mind ſcarce

moves;

moves; the blood, curdling and chill'd, creeps ſlowly thro' the veins: fix'd, ſtill, and motionleſs we ſtand, ſo like the ſolemn object of our thoughts, we are almoſt at preſent what we muſt be hereafter; 'till curioſity awakes the ſoul, and ſets it on inquiry. O death, thou ſtrange myſterious power, ſeen every day, yet never underſtood, but by the incommunicative dead, what art thou? The extenſive mind of man, that with a thought circles the earth's vaſt globe, ſinks to the centre, or aſcends above the ſtars, that worlds exotick finds, or thinks it finds, thy thick clouds attempts to paſs in vain; loſt and bewilder'd in the horrid gloom, defeated ſhe returns, more doubtful than before, of nothing certain but of labour loſt.

LILLO.

SOLILOQUY OF MARIA IN BARNWELL.

HOW falſly do they judge, who cenſure or applaud, as we're afflicted or rewarded here? I know I am unhappy; yet cannot charge myſelf with any crime, more than the common frailties of our kind, that I ſhould provoke juſt heaven to mark me out for ſufferings ſo uncommon and ſevere. Falſly to accuſe ourſelves, heaven muſt abhor. Then it is juſt and right that innocence ſhould ſuffer; for heaven muſt be juſt in all its ways. Perhaps by that we are kept from moral evils, much worſe than penal, or more improv'd in virtue. Or may not the leſſer ills that we ſuſtain be made the means of greater good to others? Might all the joyleſs days and ſleepleſs nights that I have paſt, but purchaſe peace for thee,

Thou dear, dear cauſe of all my grief and pain!
Small were the loſs, and infinite the gain,
Tho' to the grave in ſecret love I pine,
So life, and fame, and happineſs, were thine. LILLO.

SPEECH OF GLO'STER.

WOuld it were done:
There is a buſy ſomething here,

That

That foolish custom has made terrible
To the intent of evil deeds; and nature too,
As if she knew me womanish and weak,
Tugs at my heart-strings with complaining cries,
To talk me from my purpose—
And then the thought of what men's tongues will say,
Of what their hearts must think;
To have no creature love me living, nor
My memory when dead!
Shall future ages, when these children's tale
Is told, drop tears in pity of their haplefs fate,
And read with detestation the misdeeds of Glo'ster,
The crook back'd tyrant, cruel, barbarous,
And bloody?—will they not say too,
That to possess the crown, nor laws divine
Nor human stopt my way?—Why let them say it;
They can't but say I had the crown;
I was not fool as well as villain.
Hark! the murder's doing: princes farewell;
To me there's music in your passing-bell.

SHAKESPEARE.

GLO'STER's SOLILOQUY IN HIS TENT.

'TIS now the dead of night, and half the world
Is in a lonely solemn darkness hung;
Yet I (so coy a dame is sleep to me)
With all the weary courtship of
My care tir'd thoughts, can't win her to my bed,
Tho' even the stars do wink, as 'twere with over-watching:
I'll forth, and walk a while—the air's refreshing,
And the ripe harvest of the new-mown hay,
Gives it a sweet and wholesome odour.
How awful is this gloom!—and hark, from camp to camp
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fixt centinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each others watch:
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighings,
Piercing the night's dull ear—Hark, from the tents
The armourers accomplishing the knights,
With clink of hammers closing rivets up,

Give dreadful note of preparation; while ſome,
Like ſacrifices, by their fires of watch,
With patience ſit, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger—By yon heav'n, my ſtern
Impatience chides the tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tediouſly away—I'll to my couch,
And once more try to ſleep her into morning.
Ha! what means that diſmal voice? ſure 'tis
The echo of ſome yawning grave,
That teems with an untimely ghoſt—'tis gone!
'Twas but my fancy, or perhaps the wind,
Forcing his entrance thro' ſome hollow cavern.
No matter what—I feel my eyes grow heavy.

SHAKESPEARE.

PROLOGUE TO THE AUTHOR.

SEvere their taſk, who in this critic age,
With freſh materials furniſh out the ſtage!
Not that our fathers drain'd the comic ſtore;
Freſh characters ſpring up as heretofore—
Nature with novelty does ſtill abound;
On ev'ry ſide freſh follies may be found.
But then the taſte of ev'ry gueſt to hit,
To pleaſe, at once, the gall'ry, box, and pit,
Requires, at leaſt, no common ſhare of wit.
Thoſe who adorn the orb of higher life,
Demand a lively rake, or modiſh wife;
Whilſt they, who in a lower circle move,
Yawn at their wit, and ſlumber at their love.
If light, low mirth, employs the comic ſcene,
(Such mirth as drives from vulgar minds the ſpleen;)
The poliſh'd critic damns the wretched ſtuff,
And cries—"'twill pleaſe the gall'ries well enough."
Such jarring judgments who can reconcile,
Since fops will frown, where humble traders ſmile?
To daſh the poet's ineffectual claim,
And quench his thirſt for univerſal fame,
The Grecian fabuliſt, in moral lay,
Has thus addreſs'd the writer of this day.

Once

Once on a time a ſon and ſire, we're told,
(The ſtripling tender, and the father old)
Purchas'd a jack-aſs at a country fair,
To eaſe their limbs, and hawk about their ware:
But, as the ſluggiſh animal was weak,
They fear'd, if both ſhould mount, his back would break:
Up gets the boy; the father leads the aſs,
And through the gazing crowd attempts to paſs.
Forth from the throng, the gray-beards hobble out,
And hail the cavalcade with feeble ſhout.
" This the reſpect to rev'rend age you ſhow?
" And this the duty you to parents owe?
" He beats the hoof, and you are ſet aſtride;
" Sirrah! get down, and let your father ride."
As Grecian lads were ſeldom void of grace,
The decent, duteous youth, reſign'd his place.
When a freſh murmur through the rabble ran;
Boys, girls, wives, widows, all attack the man.
" Sure never was brute beaſt ſo void of nature!
" Have you no pity for the pretty creature?
" To your own baby can you be unkind?
" Here—Suke, Bill, Betty—put the child behind."
Old dapple next the clowns' compaſſion claim'd;
" 'Tis wonderment, them boobies ben't aſham'd.
" Two at a time upon a poor dumb beaſt!
" They might as well have carry'd he at leaſt."
The pair, ſtill pliant to the partial voice,
Diſmount and bear the aſs—Then what a noiſe!
Huzzas, loud laughs, low gibe, and bitter joke,
From the yet ſilent ſire theſe words provoke—
" Proceed, my boy, nor heed their farther call;
" Vain his attempt, who ſtrives to pleaſe them all!"

FOOTE.

CHARACTER OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

WE may conſider Julius Cæſar (who reign'd in the year of the world 3902) as one of the greateſt captains of antiquity. He was ſon to Julius Cæſar and Aurelia; and was born at Rome ninety-eight years before Jeſus Chriſt. Cæſar was in ſtature tall, of a fair

complexion, with piercing eyes, and a happy prepoſſeſſing phyſiognomy: to theſe external accompliſhments, he united great politeneſs, and uncommon addreſs: he was affable and gracious, treating his equals with dignity, and his inferiors with civility; he was liberal and generous, judiciouſly diſcriminating the proper objects of his benefice. Beſides theſe ſhining qualities, he poſſeſſed a ſublime, penetrating genius, exquiſite judgment, and an intrepid ſoul in the midſt of the greateſt; dangers, which inſpired him with the idea that he was born to command, and ſtimulated that ambition which rendered him the abſolute maſter of the republic.

He had not attained his twentieth year, when he had the reſolution to oppoſe Sylla, that cruel tyrant, who had diffuſed carnage and proſcriptions throughout Rome. Cæſar married Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, the greateſt enemy of that dictator, who endeavoured to compel her huſband to a divorce: but the young Roman, irritated at ſuch a tyrannical command, refuſed to obey. Sylla, enraged at this diſobedience, proſcribed Cæſar, who was obliged to conceal himſelf; but obtained his pardon through the interceſſion of the dictator's friends, when Sylla in granting it pronounced, that in Cæſar they would find another Marius; and that he would one day ruin the republic. Cæſar had already diſtinguiſhed himſelf in the military art, and obtained a civic crown.

At the death of Sylla, he returned to Rome, in hopes of filling ſome of the moſt honourable employments. As the uſual path to theſe acquiſitions was the talent of eloquence, he made it his peculiar ſtudy, and was ſoon a competitor for rhetorical fame with Cicero, Hortenſius, and Craſſus. It was at this period, that in his voyage to Greece, in the midſt of danger, he diſplayed all that greatneſs of ſoul which ſeemed deſtined to give laws to the world. The ſhip on board which he was embarked being taken by pirates, they perceived in his countenance a noble air, which denoted his birth and rank; and they demanded twenty talents for his ranſom. Cæſar replied, in a tone of raillery, that they did not underſtand their trade; and added, that he ſhould requite them more generouſly for the glory they had of ſurpriſing a man of

his

his dignity; and that he ſhould give them fifty talents. Being obliged to remain forty days with theſe pirates, while he ſent for his ranſom, he inſpired them with ſo much reſpect for his perſon, that they conſidered him as their maſter: they obeyed all his commands; and they were even afraid of puniſhment at his hands. Having obtained his ranſom, he paid the fifty talents; but he was no ſooner at liberty, than he armed ſeveral ſhips, attacked the pirates, took them priſoners, hanged ſome, ſold others, and made himſelf maſter of their booty.

Arrived at that age which is requiſite to fill important offices, the firſt he obtained was that of military tribune: he diſplayed his character to the citizens in this ſtation, in which he ſo far gained their eſteem as ſoon to fill the poſt of edile; and when he claimed the dignity of ſovereign pontiff, he obtained it, in oppoſition to the intrigues and influence of the firſt families in Rome Perceiving the ambitious deſigns of Cæſar, they leagued, however, againſt him, and threw many obſtacles in his way, which muſt have ruined a man of a leſs perſevering genius, fruitful in reſources. But in the midſt of this ſtorm, no one knew better how to moderate his reſentment againſt thoſe whom he could have deſtroyed: Pompey and Craſſus were at that time the moſt powerful citizens in the republic. The firſt was held in high eſteem for his late victories, and Craſſus for his immenſe riches; but jealous of each other's fame, they had long been enemies. Cæſar reſolved to reconcile them; and it was upon this reconciliation that he concerted the plan of his own elevation, and with them formed the famous triumvirate which made them maſters of the republic. The firſt fruit of this league was his being elected conſul; and he ſoon centered, by his ſuperior genius, all the power in himſelf, and inſenſibly gained ſuch an aſcendant over the citizens, that no one dared to oppoſe him. Finding that Cicero, Cato, and their adherents, exerted all their efforts to draw off Pompey from his party, Cæſar gave his daughter Julia to him in marriage, which was a great political ſtroke; and he found means to get rid of Cicero, whoſe republican principles gave him umbrage. He ſacrificed the orator to his declared foe Clodius, who artfully drew on him,

under a ſpecious pretext, diſgrace and exile. Cæſar afterwards propoſed the Agrarian law, or the diſtribution of lands to the poor citizens; an attempt which had coſt Gracchus his life: but Cæſar had influence ſufficient to gain the people's approbation to this meaſure, notwithſtanding the nobles exerted all their influence to prevent its taking place. Finding the baſis of his credit daily more permanent, he boldly claimed the government of Gaul for five years. His deſign was to ſhew, that his military ſkill was not inferior to that of Pompey; and that he could increaſe his glory by conqueſt: at the ſame time, by acquiring riches, gain the military on his ſide by generous benefactions, and thereby have an army at his devotion, which afterwards became leſs the troops of the republic than thoſe of Cæſar, with whom he enſlaved his country.

After Cæſar's various conqueſts, upon his return to Rome, he was ſo intoxicated with glory, that he followed no other rule than his own pleaſure in appointing officers for the different departments of the ſtate: he diſpoſed of governments without drawing lots, and created new patricians. This conduct created him many powerful enemies, at the head of whom was Brutus, who with other aſſaſſins ſtabbed him in the ſenate. He was at this time in the fifty ſixth year of his age. The great actions which have rendered his name immortal, the proofs he gave of the moſt uncommon talents, would induce us to think that he was born to command mankind, if great qualities alone were ſufficient to entitle him to a throne, in oppoſition to right. It is certain, that could he have obtained it with juſtice, he would have been conſidered as the moſt illuſtrious of ſovereigns. With regard to Brutus's aſſaſſination, though Cæſar might merit death for having, as a citizen, uſurped the authority in common to the republic, Brutus cannot be exculpated, for having arrogated to himſelf the power of deſtroying him; a right centered only in the laws of that republic.

ANON.

PA-

PATRIOTISM.

EDWARD the third, king of England, after the battle of Creſſy, laid ſiege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in ſo impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raiſe the ſiege, or throw ſuccours into the city. The citizens, however, under the conduct of count Vienne their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. Day after day the Engliſh effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to ſtorm by morning; but, when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts raiſed nightly, erected out of the ruins which the day had made. France had now put her ſickle into her ſecond harveſt, ſince Edward, with his victorious army, ſat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the iſſue. The Engliſh made their approaches and attacks without remiſſion, but the citizens were as obſtinate in repelling all their efforts. At length famine did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcaſſes of their half ſtarved cattle, they tore up old foundations, and rubbiſh, in ſearch of vermin: they fed on boiled leather, and the weeds of exhauſted gardens; and a morſel of damaged corn was accounted matter of luxury. In this extremity they reſolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly ſallied forth; the Engliſh joined battle, and, after a long and deſperate engagement, count Vienne was taken priſoner; and the citizens, who ſurvived the ſlaughter, retired within their gates. On the captivity of their governor, the command devolved upon Euſtace Saint Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue. Euſtace ſoon found himſelf under the neceſſity of capitulating, and offered to deliver to Edward the city, with all the poſſeſſions and wealth of the inhabitants, if he would permit them to depart with life and liberty. As Edward had long ſince expected to aſcend the throne of France, he was exaſperated to the laſt degree againſt theſe people, whoſe ſole valour had defeated his warmeſt hopes; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though

though he wiſhed to avoid the imputation of cruelty. He anſwered by Sir Walter Mauny, that they all deſerved capital puniſhment, as obſtinate traitors to him, their true and rightful ſovereign; that, however, in his wonted clemency, he conſented to pardon the bulk of the plebeians, provided they would deliver up to him ſix of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that ſpirit of rebellion with which they had enflamed the common people. All the remains of this deſolate city were convened in the great ſquare; and like men arraigned at a tribunal from whence there was no appeal, expected with throbbing hearts the ſentence of their conqueror. When Sir Walter had declared his meſſage, conſternation and pale diſmay was impreſſed on every face: each looked upon death as his own inevitable lot; for how ſhould they deſire to be ſaved at the price propoſed? Whom had they to deliver up, ſave parents, brothers, kindred, or valiant neighbours, who had ſo often expoſed their lives in their defence? To a long and dead ſilence deep ſighs and groans ſucceeded; till Euſtace Saint Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addreſſed the aſſembly: "My friends and fellow citizens, you ſee the condition to which we are reduced; we muſt either ſubmit to the terms of our cruel and enſnaring conqueror, or yield up our tender infants, our wives and chaſte daughters, to the bloody and brutal fury of the violating ſoldiery. We well know what the tyrant intends by his ſpecious offers of mercy It does not ſatiate his vengeance to make us merely miſerable, he would alſo make us criminal: he would make us contemptible; he will grant us life on no condition, ſave that of our being unworthy of it. Look about you, my friends, and fix your eyes on the perſons whom you wiſh to deliver up as the victims of your own ſafety. Which of theſe would you appoint to the rack, the ax, or the halter? Is there any here who has not watched for you, who has not fought for you, who has not bled for you? Who, through the length of this inveterate ſiege, has not ſuffered fatigues and miſeries a thouſand times worſe than death, that you and yours might ſurvive to days of peace and proſperity? Is it your preſervers, then, whom you would deſtine

deſtine to deſtruction? You will not, you cannot do it. Juſtice, honour, humanity, make ſuch a treaſon impoſſible. Where then is our reſource? is there an expedient left, whereby we may avoid guilt and infamy on one hand, or the deſolation and horrors of a ſacked city on the other? There is, my friends, there is one expedient left; a gracious, an excellent, a god-like expedient! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life! Let him offer himſelf an oblation for the ſafety of his people! He ſhall not fail of a bleſſed approbation from that power, who offered up his only Son for the ſalvation of mankind."

He ſpoke —— but an univerſal ſilence enſued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity in others, which all wiſhed to approve in themſelves, though they wanted the reſolution. At length St. Pierre reſumed:

"It had been baſe in me, my fellow citizens, to promote any matter of damage to others, which I myſelf had not been willing to undergo in my own perſon. But I held it ungenerous to deprive any man of that preference and eſtimation, which might attend a firſt offer on ſo ſignal an occaſion: for I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous for this martyrdom than I can be, however modeſty and the fear of imputed oſtentation may withhold them from being foremoſt in exhibiting their merits Indeed, the ſtation to which the captivity of lord Vienne has unhappily raiſed me, imports a right to be the firſt in giving my life for your ſakes. I give it freely, I give it chearfully: Who comes next? Your ſon! exclaimed a youth, not yet come to maturity.—— Ah, my child! cried St. Pierre; I am then twice ſacrificed.—— But, no —— I have rather begotten thee a ſecond time.— Thy years are few, but full, my ſon; the victim of virtue has reached the utmoſt purpoſe and goal of mortality. Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes. —— Your kinſman, cried John de Aire! Your kinſman, cried James Wiſſant! Your kinſman, cried Peter Wiſſant! —— Ah, exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, burſting into tears, why was I not a citizen of Calais?

The ſixth victim was ſtill wanting, but was quickly ſupplied,

ſupplied, by lot, from numbers, who were now emulous of ſo ennobling an example.

The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the ſix priſoners into his cuſtody. He ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the Engliſh.

Before they departed, however, they deſired permiſſion to take their laſt adieu of their deliverers.——What a parting! what a ſcene! They crouded with their wives and children about St. Pierre and his fellow priſoners. They embraced, they clung around, they fell proſtrate before them; they groaned, they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning paſſed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the camp.

At length, St. Pierre and his fellow victims appeared under the conduct of Sir Walter and his guard. All the tents of the Engliſh were inſtantly emptied. The ſoldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themſelves on each ſide to behold, to contemplate, to admire the little band of patriots as they paſſed. They murmured their applauſe of that virtue which they could not but revere even in enemies; and they regarded thoſe ropes which they had voluntarily aſſumed about their necks, as enſigns of greater dignity than that of the Britiſh Garter.

As ſoon as they had reached the royal preſence, Mauny, ſays the king, are theſe the principal inhabitants of Calais? They are, ſays Mauny: they are not only the principal men of Calais; they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any ſhare in the act of ennobling. Were they delivered peaceably, ſays Edward? Was there no reſiſtance, no commotion among the people? Not in the leaſt, my lord. They are ſelf-delivered, ſelf-devoted, and come to offer up their ineſtimable heads, as an ample equivalent for the ranſom of thouſands.

The king, who was highly incenſed at the length and difficulty of the ſiege, ordered them to be carried away to immediate execution; nor could all the remonſtrances and entreaties of his courtiers divert him from his cruel purpoſe. But what neither a regard to his own intereſt and honour, what neither the dictates of juſtice, nor the

feelings

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

RAPIN.

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.

CYRUS, king of Persia, had taken captive the young prince of Armenia, together with his beautiful and blooming princess, whom he had lately married, and of whom he was passionately fond. When both were brought to the tribunal, Cyrus asked the prince what he would give to be reinstated in his kingdom? He answered, with an air of indifference, "That as for his crown and his own liberty, he valued them at a very low rate. But if Cyrus would restore his beloved princess to her native dignity and hereditary possessions, he should infinitely rejoice, and would pay (this he uttered with tenderness and ardour) would willingly pay his life for the purchase."——When all the prisoners were dismissed with freedom, it is impossible to be expressed how they were charmed with their royal benefactor; some celebrated his martial accomplishments, some applauded his social virtues, all were prodigal of their praise, and lavish in grateful acknowledgements. And you, said the prince, addressing himself to his bride, what think you of Cyrus? I did not observe him, said the princess ——— Not observe him! Upon what then was your attention fixed? Upon that dear and generous man, who declared, "that he

he would purchase my liberty at the expence of his own life"

What an idea of chastity! and at the same time, what a wonderful simplicity and delicacy of thought are here in the answer of the young princess, who had no eyes but for her husband!

XENOPH. DE CYRI INST. I. 3.

LADY RANDOLPH, IN DOUGLAS.

YE woods and wilds, whose melancholy gloom
Accords with my soul's sadness, and draws forth
The voice of sorrow from my bursting heart,
Farewel a while: I will not leave you long;
For in your shades I deem some spirit dwells,
Who from the chiding stream, or groaning oak,
Still hears, and answers to Matilda's moan.
O Douglas! Douglas! if departed ghosts
Are e'er permitted to review this world,
Within the circle of that wood thou art,
And with the passion of immortals hear'st
My lamentation: hear'st thy wretched wife
Weep for her husband slain, her infant lost.
My brother's timeless death I seem to mourn;
Who perish'd with thee on this fatal day.
To thee I lift my voice, to thee address
The plaint which mortal ear hath never heard.
O disregard me not; though I am call'd
Another's now, my heart is wholly thine.
Incapable of change, affection lies
Buried, my Douglas, in thy bloody grave.

HOME.

FILIAL AFFECTION.

DEmetrius, king of Macedon, being imprisoned by Seleucus, wrote a letter to his son Antigonus, commending to him the care of his concerns in Greece; exhorting him to govern his subjects justly, to act always with moderation, and to look upon him (his father) as dead; conjuring him never to part with any of his cities, or give

give up any thing to Seleucus to procure his liberty. But notwithstanding this letter might, in the opinion of the world, have freed him from all censure; yet he immediately offered to Seleucus not only all that he held in Greece, but his own person in hostage for his father's liberty. But this was refused. However, Antigonus continued earnestly to solicit it, by the most pressing and passionate importunities and offers, as long as Demetrius lived: going in deep mourning during that space (three years) and never once partaking of any feasts or diversions while his father was in prison. As soon as he heard of his death, and that his ashes were coming from Syria, he sailed with a noble fleet to the Archipelago to meet them He then deposited them in a golden urn, which, when he entered the harbour of Corinth, he placed in the poop of a royal galley, set his crown upon it, and covered it with a canopy of purple, himself standing by cloathed in deep mourning, and his eyes red with tears.

It is worth observing, that Demetrius likewise had rendered himself very remarkable for his filial piety: for we are told by Plutarch, Justin, and others, that Demetrius was not only dutiful and loyal to his father, but had so warm an affection for his person, that he was, in the strictest sense of the words, his father's best friend. As all degrees of bliss are either heightened or lessened by comparison, so the happiness of Antigonus (the father of Demetrius) in this respect appeared with the brighter lustre, on account of the family dissentions in the courts of his several rivals. Of this he was so sensible, that having given audience one day to the ambassadors of Cassander, Ptolemy, and Lysimachus, and they being withdrawn, he ordered them to be called back, because his son Demetrius, coming in warm from hunting, went into his father's apartment, saluted him, and then sat down with his javelin in his hand. When the ambassadors demanded what his pleasure was, "Tell your masters, says Antigonus, besides what I before mentioned, upon what terms my son and I live."

The sense the father had of his son's inviolable attachment to him, made him so readily compliment him with

the regal dignity, giving him not only a ſhare in the government, but the title of king; and he never had any occaſion to repent of his confidence.

JUST. l. 16.

CYaxares, uncle of Cyrus the Great, having been an eye-witneſs of the courage, conduct, and many amiable qualities of his nephew, was deſirous of giving a ſignal teſtimony of the value he had for his merit. Cyaxares had no male-iſſue, and but one daughter. This favourite princeſs he offered in marriage to Cyrus, with an aſſurance of the kingdom of Media for her portion. Cyrus loved the princeſs, had a grateful ſenſe of it; but nevertheleſs did not think himſelf at liberty to accept it, till he had firſt obtained the conſent of his father and mother: leaving therein a noble example to all future ages of the reſpectful ſubmiſſion and dependence which all children ought to ſhew to their parents on the like occaſion, of what age ſoever they be, or to whatever degree of power and greatneſs they may have arrived.

XENOPH. CYROP. l. 6.

FRATERNAL AFFECTION.

IN the beginning of the ſixteenth century, the Portugueſe carracks ſailed from Liſbon to Goa, a very great, rich, and flouriſhing colony of that nation in the Eaſt-Indies. There were no leſs than twelve hundred ſouls, mariners, paſſengers, prieſts and friars, on board one of theſe veſſels. The beginning of their voyage was proſperous; they had doubled the ſouthern extremity of the great continent of America, called the Cape of Good Hope, and were ſteering their courſe north eaſt, to the great continent of India, whenſome gentlemen on board, who had ſtudied geography and navigation, (arts which reflect honour on the poſſeſſors) found in the latitude in which they were then ſailing a large ridge of rocks laid down in their ſea-charts. They no ſooner made this diſcovery, than they acquainted the captain of the ſhip with the affair, deſiring him to communicate the

ſame

ſame to the pilot; which requeſt he immediately granted, recommending him to lie by in the night, and ſlacken ſail by day, untill they ſhould be paſt the danger. It is always a cuſtom among the Portugueſe, abſolutely to commit the ſailing part, or the navigation of the veſſel, to the pilot, who is anſwerable with his head for the ſafe-conduct or carriage of the king's ſhips, or thoſe belonging to private traders; and he is under no manner of direction from the captain, who commands in every other reſpect.

The pilot being one of thoſe ſelf-ſufficient men who think every hint given them from others, in the way of their profeſſion derogatory from their underſtandings, took it as an affront to be taught his art, and inſtead of complying with his captain's requeſt, actually crowded more ſail than the veſſel had carried before. They had not ſailed many hours, but juſt about the dawn of day, a terrible diſaſter befel them, which would have been prevented if they had lien by. The ſhip ſtruck upon a rock. I leave to the readers imagination what a ſcene of horror this dreadful accident muſt occaſion among twelve hundred perſons, all in the ſame inevitable danger; beholding with fearful aſtoniſhment that inſtanteous death which now ſtared them in the face!

In this diſtreſs the captain ordered the pinnace to be launched, into which having toſſed a ſmall quantity of biſcuit, and ſome boxes of marmalade, he jumped in himſelf with nineteen others, who with their ſwords prevented the coming in of any more, leſt the boat ſhould ſink. In this condition they put off into the great Indian ocean, without a compaſs to ſteer by, or any freſh-water but what might happen to fall from the heavens, whoſe mercy alone could deliver them. After they had rowed to and fro four days in this miſerable condition, the captain who had been for ſome time very ſick and weak, died: this added, if poſſible, to their miſery, for as they now fell into confuſion, every one would govern, and none would obey. This obliged them to elect one of their own company to command them, whoſe orders they implicitly agreed to follow. This perſon propoſed to the company to draw lots, and to caſt every fourth man over board; as their ſmall ſtock

of provifions was fo far fpent, as not to be able at a very fhort allowance to fuftain life above three days longer. They were now nineteen perfons in all: in this number were a friar and a carpenter, both of whom they would exempt, as the one was ufeful to abfolve and comfort them in their laft extremity, and the other to repair the pinnace, in cafe of a leak or any other accident The fame compliment they paid to their new captain, he being the odd man, and his life of much confequence. He refufed their indulgence a great while; but at laft they obliged him to acquiefce, fo that there were four to die out of the fixteen remaining perfons.

The three firft, after having confeffed and received abfolution, fubmitted to their fate. The fourth, whom fortune condemned, was a Portuguefe gentleman that had a younger brother in the boat, who feeing him about to be thrown overboard, moft tenderly embraced him, and with tears in his eyes befought him to let him die in his room, enforcing his arguments by telling him he was a married man, and had a wife and children at Goa, befides the care of three fifters, who abfolutely depended on him; that as for himfelf he was fingle, and his life of no great importance: he therefore conjured him to fuffer him to fupply his place. The elder brother, aftonifhed, and melting with this generofity, replied, that fince the divine Providence had appointed him to fuffer, it would be wicked and unjuft to permit any other to die for him, efpecially a brother to whom he was fo infinitely obliged. The younger, perfifting in his purpofe, would take no denial; but throwing himfelf on his knees, held his brother fo faft that the company could not difengage them Thus they difputed for a while, the elder brother bidding him be a father to his children, and recommended his wife to his protection, and as he would inherit his eftate, to take care of their common fifters; but all he could fay could not make the younger defift. This was a fcene of tendernefs that muft fill every breaft fufceptible of generous impreffions with pity. At laft the conftancy of the elder brother yielded to the piety of the other. He acquiefced, and fuffered the gallant youth to fupply his place, who being caft into the fea, and

a

a good ſwimmer, ſoon got to the ſtern of the pinnace, and laid hold of the rudder with his right hand, which being perceived by one of the ſailors, he cut off the hand with his ſword; then dropping into the ſea he preſently caught hold again with his left, which received the ſame fate by a ſecond blow; thus diſmembered of both his hands, he made a ſhift notwithſtanding to keep himſelf above water with his feet and two ſtumps, which he held bleeding upwards.

This moving ſpectacle ſo raiſed the pity of the whole company, that they cried out, He is but one man, let us endeavour to ſave his life; and he was accordingly taken into the boat, where he had his hands bound up as well as the place and circumſtances could permit. They rowed all that night and the next morning, when the ſun aroſe as if heaven would reward the gallantry and piety of this young man; they deſcried land, which proved to be the mountains of Mozambique in Africa, not far from a Portugueſe colony. Thither they all ſafe arrived, where they remained untill the next ſhip from Liſbon paſſed by and carried them to Goa.

At that city, Linſchoten, a writer of good credit and eſteem, aſſures us, that he himſelf ſaw them land, ſupped with the two brothers that very night, beheld the younger with his ſtumps, and had the ſtory from both their mouths, as well as from the reſt of the company.

HUIGHEN VAN LINSCHOTEN'S VOYAGES, A D. 1598.

ODE TO MEMORY.

MOTHER of WISDOM! thou, whoſe ſway
The throng'd ideal hoſts obey;
Who bid'ſt their ranks, now vaniſh, now appear,
Flame in the van, or darken in the rear;
Accept this votive verſe. Thy reign
Nor place can fix, nor power reſtrain.
All, all is thine. For thee the ear, and eye
Rove thro' the realms of grace and harmony:
The ſenſes thee ſpontaneous ſerve,
That wake, and thrill thro' ev'ry nerve.
Elſe vainly ſoft, lov'd Philomel! would flow

The ſoothing ſadneſs of thy warbled woe:
Elſe vainly ſweet yon woodbine ſhade
With clouds of fragrance fill the glade;
Vainly, the cygnet ſpread her downy plume,
The vine guſh nectar, and the virgin bloom.
But ſwift to thee, alive, and warm,
Devolves each tributary charm:
See modeſt nature bring her ſimple ſtores,
Luxuriant art exhauſt her plaſtic powers;
While ev'ry flower in fancy's clime,
Each gem of old heroic time,
Cull'd by the hand of the induſtrious muſe,
Around thy ſhrine their blended beams diffuſe.
Hail, MEM'RY! hail. Behold, I lead
To that high ſhrine the ſacred maid:
Thy daughter ſhe, the empreſs of the lyre,
The firſt, the faireſt, of Aonia's quire.
She comes, and lo, the realms expand!
She takes her delegated ſtand
Full in the midſt, and o'er thy num'rous train
Diſplays the awful wonders of her reign.
There thron'd ſupreme in native ſtate,
If Sirius flame with fainting heat,
She calls; ideal groves their ſhade extend,
The cool gale breathes, the ſilent ſhow'rs deſcend.
Or, if bleak winter, frowning round,
Diſrobe the trees, and chill the ground,
She, mild magician, waves her potent wand,
And ready ſummers walk at her command.
See, viſionary ſuns ariſe,
Thro' ſilver clouds, and azure ſkies;
See, ſportive zephyrs fan the criſped ſtreams;
Thro' ſhadowy brakes light glance the ſparkling beams:
While, near the ſecret moſs-grown cave,
That ſtands beſide the cryſtal wave,
Sweet echo, riſing from her rocky bed,
Mimics the feather'd chorus o'er her head.
Riſe, hallow'd MILTON! riſe, and ſay,
How, at thy gloomy cloſe of day;
How, when "depreſt by age, beſet with wrongs;"
When "fall'n on evil days and evil tongues;"

When

When darkneſs, brooding on thy ſight,
Exil'd the ſov'reign lamp of light;
Say, what could then one chearing hope diffuſe?
What friends were thine, ſave mem'ry and the muſe?
Hence the rich ſpoils, thy ſtudious youth
Caught from the ſtores of ancient truth:
Hence all thy claſſic wandrings could explore,
When rapture led thee to the Latian ſhore;
Each ſcene, that Tiber's banks ſupply'd;
Each grace, that play'd on Arno's ſide;
The tepid gales, thro' Tuſcan glades that fly;
The blue ſerene, that ſpreads Heſperia's ſky;
Were ſtill thine own: thy ample mind
Each charm receiv'd, retain'd, combin'd.
And thence "the nightly viſitant," that came
To touch thy boſom with her ſacred flame,
Recall'd the long-loſt beams of grace,
That whilom ſhot from nature's face,
When God, in Eden, o'er her youthful breaſt
Spread with his own right hand perfection's gorgeous veſt.

MASON.

PRIDE.

MENECRATES, the phyſician, who was ſo mad as to fancy himſelf Jupiter, wrote to Philip, king of Macedon, as follows:——"Menecrates Jupiter, to Philip, greeting." The king anſwered; "Philip to Menecrates, health and reaſon." But the king, who underſtood raillery, and was very fond of it when well applied, did not ſtop here, but hit upon a pleaſant remedy for his viſionary correſpondent. Philip invited him to a grand entertainment. Menecrates had a ſeparate table at it, where nothing was ſerved up to him but incenſe and perfume, whilſt the other gueſts fed upon the moſt delicious dainties. The firſt tranſports of joy with which he was ſeized, when he found his divinity acknowledged, made him forget that he was a man; but hunger afterwards forcing him to recollect his being ſo, he was quite tired with the character of Jupiter, and took leave of the company abruptly.

ÆLIANUS.

ONE day when Alcibiades was boasting of his wealth, and the great estates in his possession, (which generally blow up the pride of young people of quality,) Socrates carried him to a geographical map, and asked him to find Attica. It was so small it could scarce be discerned upon the draught; he found it, however, though with some difficulty. But, upon being desired to point out his own estate there: It is too small, says he, to be distinguished in so little a space. See then, replied Socrates, how much you are affected about an imperceptible point of land! This reasoning might have been urged much farther still. For what was Attica compared to all Greece, Greece to Europe, Europe to the whole world, and the world itself to the vast extent of the infinite orbs which surround it! What an insect, what a nothing, is the most powerful prince of the earth in the midst of this abyss of bodies and immense spaces, and how little of it does he occupy!

PLUT.

PRODIGALITY.

CLEOPATRA, queen of Ægypt, to attach Antony the Roman triumvir the more to her person and interest, made daily entertainments during her stay at Tarsus, inviting him and the chief officers of his army to partake of them, and spending on those occasions immense sums of money. In one of these banquets Antony expressing great surprise at the vast number of gold cups enriched with jewels which were displayed on all sides, the queen told him that since he admired such trifles he was very welcome to them, and immediately ordered her servants to carry them all to his house. The next day she invited him again, and desired him to bring with him as many of his friends as he pleased. He accepted the invitation, and came attended with all the chief officers at that time in Tarsus. When the banquet was over, and the numerous company ready to depart, Cleopatra presented them with all the gold and silver plate, which had been

been made uſe of during the entertainment. In one of theſe feaſts the queen had at her ears two of the fineſt and largeſt pearls that ever had been ſeen each of them being valued at fifty-two thouſand pounds ſterling; one of theſe ſhe cauſed to be diſſolved in vinegar, and then ſwallowed it; for no other end but to ſhew the little account ſhe made of ſuch toys, and how much ſhe could ſpend at one draught. She was preparing in like manner to melt the other, when Plaucus, who was preſent, ſtopt her and ſaved the pearl, which was afterwards carried to Rome by Auguſtus, and being by his order cut in two, ſerved for pendants to the Venus of the Julian family

PLIN.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN THE GARDEN OF A FRIEND.

WHILE o'er my head this laurel-woven bower
Its arch of glittering verdure wildly flings,
Can fancy ſlumber? can the tuneful power,
That rules my lyre, neglect her wonted ſtrings?
No; if the blighting eaſt deform'd the plain,
If this gay bank no balmy ſweets exhal'd,
Still ſhould the grove re-echo to my ſtrain,
And friendſhip prompt the theme, where beauty fail'd;
For he, whoſe careleſs art this foliage dreſt,
Who bade theſe twiſting brades of woodbine bend,
He firſt, with truth and virtue, taught my breaſt
Where beſt to chuſe, and beſt to fix a friend.
How well does mem'ry note the golden day,
What time, reclin'd in Marg'ret's ſtudious glade,
My mimic reed firſt tun'd the Dorian lay,
"Unſeen, unheard, beneath an hawthorn ſhade?"
'Twas there we met; the muſes hail'd the hour;
The ſame deſires, the ſame ingenuous arts
Inſpir'd us both; we own'd, and bleſt the power
That join'd at once our ſtudies, and our hearts.
O! ſince thoſe days, when ſcience ſpread the feaſt,
When emulative youth its reliſh lent,
Say, has one genuine joy e'er warm'd my breaſt?
Enough; if joy was his, be mine content.
To thirſt for praiſe his temperate youth forbore;

He

He fondly wiſh'd not for a poet's name;
Much did he love the muſe, but quiet more,
And, tho' he might command, he ſlighted fame.
Hither, in manhood's prime, he wiſely fled
From all that folly, all that pride approves;
To this ſoft ſcene a tender partner led;
This laurel ſhade was witneſs to their loves.
"Be gone," he cry'd, "ambition's air-drawn plan;
"Hence with perplexing pomp, unwieldy wealth:
"Let me not ſeem, but be the happy man,
"Poſſeſt of love, of competence, and health."
Smiling he ſpake, nor did the fates withſtand;
In rural arts the peaceful moments flew:
Say, lovely lawn! that felt his forming hand,
How ſoon thy ſurface ſhone with verdure new;
How ſoon obedient Flora brought her ſtore,
And o'er thy breaſt a ſhower of fragrance flung:
Vertumnus came; his earlieſt blooms he bore,
And thy rich ſides with waving purple hung:
Then to the ſight, he call'd yon ſtately ſpire,
He pierc'd th' oppoſing oak's luxuriant ſhade;
Bade yonder crouding hawthorns low retire,
Nor veil the glories of the golden mead.
Hail, ſylvan wonders, hail! and hail the hand,
Whoſe native taſte thy native charms diſplay'd,
And taught one little acre to command
Each envied happineſs of ſcene, and ſhade.
Is there a hill, whoſe diſtant azure bounds
The ample range of Scarſdale's proud domain,
A mountain hoar, that yon wild peak ſurrounds,
But lends a willing beauty to thy plain?
And, lo! in yonder path I ſpy my friend;
He looks the guardian genius of the grove,
Mild as the fabled form that whilom deign'd,
At Milton's call, in Harefield's haunts to rove.
Bleſt ſpirit, come! tho' pent in mortal mold,
I'll yet invoke thee by that purer name;
O come, a portion of thy bliſs unfold,
From folly's maze my wayward ſtep reclaim.
Too long, alas, my inexperienc'd youth,
Miſled by flattering fortune's ſpecious tale,

Has

Has left the rural reign of peace, and truth,
  The huddling brook, cool cave, and whiſpering vale.
Won to the world, a candidate for praiſe,
  Yet, let me boaſt, by no ignoble art,
Too oft the public ear has heard my lays,
  Too much its vain applauſe has touch'd my heart;
But now, ere cuſtom binds his powerful chains,
  Come, from the baſe enchanter ſet me free,
While yet my ſoul its firſt, beſt taſte retains,
  Recall that ſoul to reaſon, peace, and thee.
Teach me, like thee, to muſe on nature's page,
  To mark each wonder in creation's plan,
Each mode of being trace, and, humbly ſage,
  Deduce from theſe the genuine pow'rs of man;
Of man, while warm'd with reaſon's purer ray,
  No tool of policy, no dupe to pride;
Before vain ſcience led his taſte aſtray;
  When conſcience was his law, and God his guide.
This let me learn, and learning let me live
  The leſſon o'er. From that great guide of truth,
O may my ſuppliant ſoul the boon receive,
  To tread thro' age the footſteps of thy youth.

MASON.

DIRGE IN CYMBELINE.

SUNG BY GUIDERUS AND ARVIRAGUS OVER FIDELE, SUPPOSED TO BE DEAD.

TO fair Fidele's graſſy tomb
  Soft maids, and village hinds ſhall bring
Each opening ſweet, of earlieſt bloom,
  And rifle all the breathing ſpring.
No wailing ghoſt ſhall dare appear
  To vex with ſhrieks this quiet grove,
But ſhepherd lads aſſemble here,
  And melting virgins own their love.
No wither'd witch ſhall here be ſeen,
  No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays ſhall haunt the green,
  And dreſs thy grave with pearly dew!
The red-breaſt oft at evening hours

Shall

Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moſs, and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.
When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempeſt ſhake the ſylvan cell;
Or 'midſt the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.
Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore,
For thee the tear be duly ſhed;
Belov'd, 'till life can charm no more;
And mourn'd, 'till pity's ſelf be dead.

COLLINS.

ODE, WRITTEN IN 1746.

HOW ſleep the brave, who ſink to reſt,
By all their country's wiſhes bleſt!
When ſpring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mold,
She there ſhall dreſs a ſweeter ſod,
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unſeen their dirge is ſung;
There honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bleſs the turf that wraps their clay;
And freedom ſhall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

COLLINS.

PRUDENCE.

A Gentleman, whom I ſhall call Mr Foreſight, was poſſeſſed of a genteel income, and while a bachelor kept a chariot and four footmen, beſides ſix ſaddle horſes. He did not exceed, but went to the utmoſt ſtretch of his income: but when he married the beautiful Clarinda (who brought him a handſome fortune) he diſmiſſed two of his footmen, four of the ſaddle horſes, and his chariot; and kept only a chair for the uſe of his lady. Embroidered cloaths and laced linen were quite laid aſide: he was married in a plain drugget, and from that time forward

ward, in all the accommodations of life, never coveted any thing beyond cleanlineſs and conveniency. When any of his acquaintance aſked him the reaſon of this ſudden change, he would anſwer, "In a ſingle life I could eaſily compute my wants, and provide againſt them; but the condition of life I am now engaged in, is attended with a thouſand unforeſeen caſualties, as well as with a great many diſtant but unavoidable expences. The happineſs or miſery in this world of a future progeny will probably depend upon my good or ill huſbandry. I ſhall never think I have diſcharged my duty till I have laid up a proviſion for three or four children at leaſt." "But pry'thee, ſir," ſays a pert coxcomb that ſtood by, "why ſhouldſt thou reckon thy chickens before ——" Upon which he cut him ſhort, and replied, "it is no matter; a brave man can never want heirs, while there is one man of worth living." This precautious way of reaſoning and acting has proved to Mr Foreſight and his lady, an uninterrupted ſource of felicity; wedlock ſits light and eaſy upon them; and they are at preſent happy in two ſons and a daughter, who a great many years hence will feel the good effects of their parents prudence.

How ſingular, in the age we live in, is the diſcreet behaviour of young Sophia, and how amiable does ſhe appear in the eyes of wiſe men? Her lover a little before marriage acquainted her that he intended to lay out a thouſand pounds for a preſent in jewels; but, before he did it, deſired to know what ſort would be moſt agreeable to her. "Sir, replied Sophia, I thank you for your kind and generous intentions, and only beg they may be executed in another manner: be pleaſed only to give me the money, and I will try to lay it out to a better advantage. I am not, continued ſhe, in the leaſt fond of thoſe expenſive trifles; neither do I think the wearing of diamonds can be any addition, nor the abſence of them any diminution, to my happineſs I ſhould be aſhamed to appear in public for a few days, in a dreſs which does not become me at all times Beſides, I ſee, by that modeſt plain garb of yours, that you are not yourſelf affected with the gaiety of apparel. When I am your wife, my only care will be to keep my perſon clean and neat for you, and not to

make it fine for others." The gentleman, transported with this excellent turn of mind in his mistress, presented her with the money in new gold. She purchased an annuity with it; and out of the income of which, at every revolution of her wedding-day, she makes her husband some pretty present, as a token of her gratitude, and a fresh pledge of her love: part of it she yearly distributes among her indigent and best deserving neighbours, and the small remainder she lays in something useful for herself and the children.

TRANSMIGRATIONS OF A MONKEY.

WILL Honeycomb, who loves to shew upon occasion all the little learning he has picked up, told us yesterday at the club, that he thought there might be a great deal said for the transmigration of souls, and that the eastern parts of the world believed in that doctrine to this day. Sir Paul Rycaut, says he, gives us an account of several well-disposed Mahometans that purchase the freedom of any little bird they see confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it, as we should do here by ransoming any of our countrymen from their captivity at Algiers. You must know, says Will, the reason is, because they consider every animal as a brother or sister in disguise, and therefore think themselves obliged to extend their charity to them, tho' under such mean circumstances. They will tell you, says Will, that the soul of a man, when he dies, immediately passes into the body of another man, or of some brute, whichhe resembled in his humour, or his fortune, when he was one of us.

As I was wondering what this profusion of learning would end in, Will told us that Jack Freelove, who was a fellow of whim, made love to one of those ladies who throw away all their fondness on parrots, monkeys, and lap-dogs. Upon going to pay her a visit one morning, he writ a very pretty epistle upon this hint. Jack, says he, was conducted into the parlour, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows; till at length observ-

ing

ing a pen and ink lie by him, he writ the following letter to his mistress, in the person of the monkey; and upon her not coming down so soon as he expected, left it in the window, and went about his business.

The lady soon after coming into the parlour, and seeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in some doubt, says Will, whether it was written by Jack or the monkey.

MADAM,

'Not having the gift of speech, I have a long time waited in vain for an opportunity of making myself known to you; and having at present the convenience of pen, ink, and paper by me, I gladly take the occasion of giving you my history in writing, which I could not do by word of mouth. You must know, madam, that about a thousand years ago I was an Indian Brachman, and versed in all those mysterious secrets which your European philosopher, called Pythagoras, is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself by my great skill in the occult sciences with a demon whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask of him. I desired that my soul might never pass into the body of a brute creature; but this he told me was not in his power to grant me. I then begged that into whatever creature I should chance to transmigrate, I might still retain my memory, and be conscious that I was the same person who lived in different animals. This he told me was within his power, and accordingly promised on the word of a demon that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth I lived so very unblameably, that I was made president of a college of Brachmans, an office which I discharged with great integrity till the day of my death.

'I was then shuffled into another human body, and acted my part so very well in it, that I became first minister to a prince who reigned upon the banks of the Ganges. I here lived in great honour for several years, but by degrees lost all the innocence of the Brachman, being obliged to rifle and oppress the people to enrich my sovereign; till at length I became so odious, that my master, to recover his credit with his subjects, shot me

through the heart with an arrow, as I was one day addreſſing myſelf to him at the head of his army.

' Upon my next remove I found myſelf in the woods, under the ſhape of a jack-call, and ſoon lifted myſelf in the ſervice of a lion. I uſed to yelp near his den about midnight, which was his time of rouſing and ſeeking after his prey. He always followed me in the rear, and when I had run down a fat buck, a wild goat or an hare, after he had feaſted very plentifully upon it himſelf, would now and then throw me a bone that was but half picked for my encouragement; but upon my being unſucceſsful in two or three chaces, he gave me ſuch a confounded gripe in his anger, that I died of it.

' In my next tranſmigration I was again ſet upon two legs, and became an Indian tax gatherer; but having been guilty of great extravagances, and being married to an expenſive jade of a wife, I ran ſo curſedly in debt, that I durſt not ſhew my head. I could no ſooner ſtep out of my houſe, but I was arreſted by ſome body or other that lay in wait for me. As I ventured abroad one night in the duſk of the evening, I was taken up and hurried into a dungeon, where I died a few months after.

' My ſoul then entered into a flying fiſh, and in that ſtate led a moſt melancholy life for the ſpace of ſix years. Several fiſhes of prey purſued me when I was in the water, and if I betook myſelf to my wings, it was ten to one but I had a flock of birds aiming at me. As I was one day flying amidſt a fleet of Engliſh ſhips, I obſerved a huge ſea-gull whetting his bill and hovering juſt over my head: upon my dipping into the water to avoid him, I fell into the mouth of a monſtrous ſhark that ſwallowed me down in an inſtant.

' I was, ſome years afterwards, to my great ſurprize, an eminent banker in Lombard-ſtreet; and remembering how I had formerly ſuffered for want of money, became ſo very ſordid and avaricious, that the whole town cried ſhame of me. I was a miſerable little old fellow to look upon, for I had in a manner ſtarved myſelf, and was nothing but ſkin and bone when I died.

' I was afterwards very much troubled and amazed to find myſelf dwindled into an emmet. I was heartily concerned

cerned to make ſo inſignificant a figure, and did not know but, ſome time or other, I might be reduced to a mite, if I did not mend my manners. I therefore applied myſelf with great diligence to the offices that were allotted me, and was generally looked upon as the notableſt ant in the whole molehill. I was at laſt picked up, as I was groaning under a burden, by an unlucky cock-ſparrow that lived in the neighbourhood, an had before made great depredations upon our commonwealth.

'I then bettered my condition a little, and lived a whole ſummer in the ſhape of a bee; but being tired with the painful and penurious life I had undergone in my two laſt tranſmigrations, I fell into the other extreme, and turned drone. As I one day headed a party to plunder an hive, we were received ſo warmly by the ſwarm which defended it, that we were moſt of us left dead upon the ſpot.

'I might tell you of many other tranſmigrations which I went through: how I was a town-rake, and afterwards did penance in a bay gelding for ten years; as alſo how I was a taylor, a ſhrimp, and a tom-tit. In the laſt of theſe my ſhapes I was ſhot in the chriſtmas holidays by a young jackanapes, who would needs try his new gun upon me.

'But I ſhall paſs over theſe and ſeveral other ſtages of life, to remind you of the young beau who made love to you about ſix years ſince. You may remember, madam, how he maſked and danced, and ſung, and played a thouſand tricks to gain you; and how he was at laſt carried off by a cold that he got under your window one night in a ſerenade. I was that unfortunate young fellow, whom you were then ſo cruel to. Not long after my ſhifting that unlucky body, I found myſelf upon a hill in Æthiopia, where I lived in my preſent groteſque ſhape, till I was caught by a ſervant of the Engliſh factory, and ſent over into Great Britain: I need not inform you how I came into your hands. You ſee, madam, this is not the firſt time that you have had me in a chain: I am, however, very happy in this my captivity, as you often beſtow on me thoſe kiſſes and careſſes which I would have given the world for, when I was a man. I hope

this discovery of my person will not tend to my disadvantage, but that you will still continue your accustomed favours to

Your most devoted humble servant,

PUGG.

P. S. 'I would advise your little shock-dog to keep out of my way: for as I looked upon him to be the most formidable of my rivals, I may chance one time or other to give him such a snap as he will not like.' SPECTATOR.

SPEECH OF SARPEDON TO GLAUCUS.

WHY boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign,
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain?
Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,
And hills where vines their purple harvest yield?
Our foaming bowls with purest nectar crown'd,
Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound?
Why on these shores are we with joy survey'd,
Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd?
Unless great acts superior merit prove,
And vindicate the bounteous Pow'rs above.
'Tis ours the dignity they give to grace;
The first in valour, as the first in place:
That when with wond'ring eyes, our martial bands
Behold our deeds transcending our commands,
Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,
Whom these that envy dare not imitate!
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,
For lust of fame I should not vainly dare
In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.
But since, alas! ignoble age must come,
Disease and death's inexorable doom,
The life which others pay, let us bestow,
And give to fame what we to nature owe;
Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,
Or let us glory gain, or glory give!

POPE.

EVEN-

EVENING HYMN OF ADAM AND EVE.

NOW came ſtill evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her ſober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beaſt and bird,
They to their graſſy couch, theſe to their neſts
Were ſlunk; all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous deſcant ſung;
Silence was pleaſed: now glow'd the firmament
With living ſapphires: Heſperus, that led
The ſtarry hoſt, rode brighteſt, till the moon
Raiſing in clouded maejſty, at length
Apparent queen unvail'd her peerleſs light,
And o'er the dark her ſilver mantle threw.
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 due of ſleep
Now falling with ſoft ſlumberous weight, inclines
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, 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 unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To morrow, e'er 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:
Mean while, as nature wills, night bids us reſt.
To whom thus Eve with perfect beauty' adorn'd.
My author and diſpoſer, what thou bidd'ſt

Un-

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 flower,
Glist'ning 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, flower,
Glist'ning with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
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 reply'd.
Daughter of God and man, accomplish'd Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth,
By morrow ev'ning, and from land to land
In order, tho' to nations yet unborn,
Min'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 stiller 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, tho' men were none,
That heav'n would want spectators, God want praise:

Millions

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 numbers join'd, their ſongs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heav'n.

MILTON

CONCLUSION OF PARADISE LOST.

SO ſpake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
Well pleas'd, but anſwer'd not; for now too nigh
Th' archangel ſtood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd ſtation, all in bright array,
The Cherubim deſcended; on the ground
Gliding metereous, as evening miſt
Ris'n from a river o'er the mariſh glides,
And gathers ground faſt at the lab'rer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
The brandiſh'd ſword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Lybian air aduſt,
Began to parch that temp'rate clime; whereat
In either hand the haſt'ning angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to th' eaſtern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as faſt
To the ſubjected plain; then diſappear'd.
They looking back, all th' eaſtern ſide beheld
Of Paradiſe, ſo late their happy ſeat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them ſoon;
The world was all before them, where to chuſe
Their place of reſt, and Providence their guide:
They hand in hand, with wand'ring ſteps and ſlow,
Through Eden took their ſolitary way.

MILTON.

INDUSTRY.

WHAT a happy ſimplicity prevailed in antient times, when it was the cuſtom for ladies, though of the greateſt diſtinction, to employ themſelves in uſeful, and ſometimes laborious works! Every one knows what is told us in ſcripture to this purpoſe concerning Rebecca, Rachel, and ſeveral others. We read in Homer of princeſſes themſelves drawing water from ſprings, and waſhing with their own hands the fineſt of the linen of their reſpective families. The ſiſters of Alexander the Great, that is, the daughters of a powerful prince, employed themſelves in making cloaths for their brothers. The celebrated Lucretia uſed to ſpin in the midſt of her female attendants. Auguſtus, who was ſovereign of the world, wore for ſeveral years together no other cloaths bnt what his wife and ſiſter made him. 't was a cuſtom in the northern parts of the world, not many years ago, for the princeſſes, who then ſat upon the throne, to prepare ſeveral of the diſhes at every meal. In a word, needle-work, the care of domeſtic affairs, a ſerious and retired life, is the proper function for women; and for this they were deſigned by Providence. The depravity of the age has indeed affixed to theſe cuſtoms, which are very near as old as the creation, an idea of meanneſs and contempt; but then what has it ſubſtituted in the room of them? A ſoft indolence, a ſtupid idleneſs, frivolous converſation, vain amuſements, a ſtrong paſſion for public ſnews, and a frantic love of gaming. Let us compare theſe two characters, and then pronounce which of them may juſtly boaſt its being founded on good ſenſe, ſolid judgment, and a taſte for truth and nature. It muſt nevertheleſs be confeſſed, in honour of the fair-ſex, and of our nation in particular, that ſeveral ladies amongſt us, and thoſe of the higheſt quality, have made it not only a duty, but a pleaſure, to employ themſelves in needle works, not of a trifling, but the moſt ſerviceable kind; and to make part of their furniture with their own hands. I might alſo add, that great numbers of theſe adorn their minds with agreeable, and, at the ſame time, ſerious and uſeful ſtudies.

If perſons in the higheſt ſtations of life, amidſt all the temptations of eaſe, affluence, and pleaſure, were careful to huſband time, and fill up the fleeting moments of life with ſome uſeful employ, how very inexcuſable muſt it be in thoſe who have no ſuch, allurements to murder their days by indolence and diſſipation! "An idle body," ſays Mr Addiſon, "is a kind of monſter in the creation; all nature is buſy about him."—How wretched is it to hear people complain, that the day hangs heavy upon them, that they do not know what to do with themſelves! How monſtrous are ſuch expreſſions among creatures who can apply themſelves to the duties of religion and meditation; to the reading of uſeful books; who may exerciſe themſelves in the purſuits of knowledge and virtue, and every hour of their lives make themſelves wiſer and better than they were before!

STRETCH.

CHEARFULNESS.

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

Men of auſtere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and diſſolute for a ſtate of probation; and as filled with a certain triumph and inſolence of heart that is inconſiſtent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greateſt dangers. Writers of this complexion have obſerved, that the ſacred Perſon who was the great pattern of perfection, was never ſeen to laugh.

Chearfulneſs of mind is not liable to any of theſe exceptions; it is of a ſerious and compoſed nature, it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the

preſent

present state of humanity, and is very conspicuous in the characters of those who are looked upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathens, as well as among those who have been deservedly esteemed as saints and holy men among christians.

If we consider chearfulness in three lights, with regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and to the great Author of our being, it will not a little recommend itself on each of these accounts. The man who is possessed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect master of all the powers and faculties of his soul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed: his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or in solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befal him.

If we consider him in relation to the persons whom he converses with, it naturally produces love and good will towards him. A chearful mind is not only disposed to be affable and obliging, but raises the same good humour in those who come within its influence. A man finds himself pleased, he does not know why, with the chearfulness of his companion: it is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this chearful state of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward chearfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to providence under all its dispensations It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this chearfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness

evenness and tranquility of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural effect of virtue and innocence. Chearfulness in an ill man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a supreme being, and consequently of a future state, under whatsoever titles it shelters itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this chearfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non existence, that I cannot but wonder with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of, and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and cavil: it is indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneasy to themselves, should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and atheist have therefore no pretence to chearfulness, and would act very unreasonably, should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of chearfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay, death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with chearfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest

 does

does not diſcompoſe him, becauſe he is ſure it will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man, who uſes his beſt endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reaſon, has two perpetual ſources of chearfulneſs, in the conſideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himſelf, he cannot but rejoice in that exiſtence, which is ſo lately beſtowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be ſtill new, and ſtill in its beginning. How many ſelf congratulations naturally ariſe in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of thoſe improvable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its firſt ſetting out, have made ſo conſiderable a progreſs, and which will be ſtill receiving an increaſe of perfection, and conſequently an increaſe of happineſs? The conſciouſneſs of ſuch a being, ſpreads a perpetual diffuſion of joy through the ſoul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himſelf every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The ſecond ſource of chearfulneſs to a good mind, is its conſideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the firſt ſaint diſcoveries of his perfections, we ſee every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourſelves every where upheld by his goodneſs, and ſurrounded with an immenſity of love and mercy. In ſhort, we depend upon a Being, whoſe power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means; whoſe goodneſs and truth engage him to make thoſe happy who deſire it of him; and whoſe unchangeableneſs will ſecure us in this happineſs to all eternity.

Such conſiderations, which every one ſhould perpetually cheriſh in his thoughts, will baniſh from us all that ſecret heaviness of heart which unthinking men are ſubject to when they lie under no real affliction, all that anguiſh which we may feel from any evil that actually oppreſſes us, to which I may likewiſe add thoſe little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than ſupport it; and eſtabliſh in us ſuch an even and chearful temper, as makes us pleaſing to ourſelves, to thoſe with whom

whom we converſe, and to him whom we were made to pleaſe. SPECTATOR.

ODE IN ELFRIDA.

THE turtle tells her plaintive tale,
Sequeſter'd in ſome ſhadowy vale;
The lark in radiant ether floats,
And ſwells his wild extatic notes;
Meanwhile on yonder hawthorn ſpray
The linnet wakes her temp'rate lay;
She haunts no ſolitary ſhade,
She flutters o'er no ſun-ſhine mead,
No love-lorn griefs depreſs her ſong,
No raptures lift it loudly high,
But ſoft ſhe trills, amid th' aerial throng,
Smooth ſimple ſtrains of ſob'reſt harmony.
Sweet bird! like thine our lay ſhall flow,
Nor gaily briſk, nor ſadly ſlow;
For to thy note ſedate, and clear,
Content ſtill lends a liſt'ning ear.
Reclin'd this moſſy bank along,
Oft has ſhe heard thy careleſs ſong:
Why hears not now? Why fairer grove
From Harewood lures her devious love?
What fairer grove than Harewood knows,
More woodland walks, more fragrant gales,
More ſhadowy bowers, inviting ſoft repoſe,
More ſtreams ſlow-wand'ring thro' her winding vales.
Perhaps to ſome lone cave the rover flies,
Where lull'd in pious peace the Hermit lies.
For, from the hall's tumultuous ſtate,
Where banners wave with blazon'd gold,
There will the meek-ey'd matron oft retreat,
And with the ſolemn ſage high converſe hold.
There, goddeſs, on the ſhaggy mound,
Where tumbling torrents roar around,
Where pendent mountains o'er your head
Stretch their reverential ſhade;
You liſten, while the holy ſeer
Slowly chaunts his veſpers clear;

Or of his ſparing meſs partake,
The ſav'ry pulſe, the wheaten cake,
The bev'rage cool of limpid rill.
Then, riſing light, your hoſt you bleſs,
And o'er his ſaintly temples bland diſtill
Seraphic day-dreams of heaven's happineſs.
Where'er thou art, enchanting power,
Thou ſoon wilt ſmile in Harewood's bower:
Soon will thy fairy feet be ſeen,
Printing this dew-empearled green;
Soon ſhall we mark thy geſtures meek,
Thy glitt'ring eye, and dimpled cheek,
Among the welcome gueſts that move
Attendant on the ſtate of love.
There, when the ſov'reign leads along
Of ſports and ſmiles a jocund train,
Then, laſt but loveliest of the lovely throng,
Thou comeſt to ſoften, yet ſecure his reign.
And, hark, compleating our prophetic lay,
The fleet hoof rattles o'er the flinty way;
Now nearer, and now nearer ſounds.
Avaunt! ye vain, deluſive fears;
Hark! echo tells through Harewood's ampleſt bounds,
That love, content, and Athelwold appears.

MASON.

PATIENCE, AN ALLEGORY.

HOW are we tortured with the abſence of what we covet to poſſeſs, when it appears to be loſt to us! What excurſions does the ſoul make in imagination after it! And how does it turn into itſelf again, more fooliſhly fond and dejected, at the diſappointment! Our grief, inſtead of having recourſe to reaſon, which might reſtrain it, ſearches to find a further nouriſhment. It calls upon memory to relate the ſeveral paſſages and circumſtances of ſatisfactions which we formerly enjoyed; the pleaſures we purchaſed by thoſe riches that are taken from us; or the power and ſplendor of our departed honours; or the voice, the words, the looks, the temper, and affections of our friends that are deceaſed. It needs muſt happen from

hence

hence, that the paſſion ſhould often ſwell to ſuch a ſize as to burſt the heart which contains it, if time did not make theſe circumſtances leſs ſtrong and lively, ſo that reaſon ſhould become a more equal match for the paſſion, or if another deſire which becomes more preſent, did not overpower them with a livelier repreſentation. Theſe are thoughts which I had, when I fell into a kind of viſion upon this ſubject, and may therefore ſtand for a proper introduction to a relation of it.

I found myſelf upon a naked ſhore, with company whoſe afflicted countenances witneſſed their conditions. Before us flowed a water deep, ſilent, and called the river of Tears, which iſſuing from two fountains on an upper ground, encompaſſed an iſland that lay before us. The boat which plied in it was old and ſhattered, having been ſometimes overſet by the impatience and haſte of ſingle paſſengers to arrive at the other ſide. This immediately was brought to us by Misfortune who ſteers it, and we were all preparing to take our places, when there appeared a woman of a mild and compoſed behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by repreſenting the dangers which would attend our voyage. Hereupon ſome who knew her for Patience, and ſome of thoſe too who, till then, cried the loudeſt, were perſuaded by her, and turned back. The reſt of us went in, and ſhe (whoſe good nature would not ſuffer her to forſake perſons in trouble) deſired leave to accompany us, that ſhe might at leaſt adminiſter ſome ſmall comfort or advice while we ſailed. We were no ſooner embarked, but the boat was puſhed off, the ſheet was ſpread; and being filled with ſighs, which are the winds of that country, we made a paſſage to the farther bank, through ſeveral difficulties of which the moſt of us ſeemed utterly regardleſs.

When we landed, we perceived the iſland to be ſtrangely overcaſt with fogs, which no brightneſs could pierce, ſo that a kind of gloomy horror ſat always brooding over it. This had ſomething in it very ſhocking to eaſy tempers, inſomuch that ſome others, whom patience had by this time gained over, left us here, and privily conveyed themſelves round the verge of the iſland, to find a ford by which ſhe told them they might eſcape.

For my part, I ſtill went along with thoſe who were for piercing into the center of the place; and joining ourſelves to others whom we found upon the ſame journey, we marched ſolemnly, as at a funeral, thro' bordering hedges of roſemary, and thro' a grove of yew-trees, which love to overſhadow tombs, and flouriſh in church-yards. Here we heard on every ſide the wailings and complaints of ſeveral of the inhabitants, who had caſt themſelves diſconſolately at the feet of trees; and as we chanced to approach any of theſe, we might perceive them wringing their hands, beating their breaſts, tearing their hair, or after ſome other manner viſibly agitated with vexation. Our ſorrows were heightened by the influence of what we heard and ſaw; and one of our number was wrought up to ſuch a pitch of wildneſs, as to talk of hanging himſelf upon a bough which ſhot temptingly acroſs the path we travelled in; but he was reſtrained from it by the kind endeavours of our above-mentioned companion.

We had now gotten into the moſt duſky ſilent part of the iſland, and by the redoubled ſounds of ſighs, which made a doleful whiſtling in the branches, the thickneſs of air which occaſioned faintiſh reſpiration, and the violent throbbings of heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approached the grotto of Grief. It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy cave, ſunk deep in a dale, and watered by rivulets that had a colour between red and black. Theſe crept ſlow and half congealed amongſt its windings, and mixed their heavy murmurs with the echo of groans that rolled thro' all the paſſages. In the moſt retired part of it ſat the doleful being herſelf; the path to her was ſtrowed with goads, ſtings, and thorns; and her throne on which ſhe ſat was broken into a rock, with ragged pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy miſt hung above her; her head oppreſſed with it reclined upon her arm: thus did ſhe reign over her diſconſolate ſubjects, full of herſelf to ſtupidity, in eternal penſiveneſs, and the profoundeſt ſilence. On one ſide of her ſtood Dejection juſt dropping into a ſwoon, and Paleneſs waſting to a ſkeleton; on the other ſide were Care inwardly tormented with imaginations, and Anguiſh ſuffering outward Troubles to ſuck the blood from

her

her heart in the ſhape of vultures. The whole vault had a genuine diſmalneſs in it, which a few ſcattered lamps, whoſe bluiſh flames aroſe and ſunk in their urns, diſcovered to our eyes with increaſe. Some of us fell down, overcome and ſpent with what they ſuffered in the way, and were given over to thoſe tormentors that ſtood on either hand of the preſence; others, galled and mortified with pain, recovered the entrance, where Patience, whom we had left behind, was ſtill waiting to receive us.

With her (whoſe company was now become more grateful to us by the want we had found of her) we winded round the grotto, and aſcended at the back of it, out of the mournful dale in whoſe bottom it lay. On this eminence we halted, by her advice, to pant for breath; and lifting our eyes, which 'till then were fixed downwards, felt a ſullen ſort of ſatisfaction, in obſerving through the ſhades what numbers had entered the iſland. This ſatisfaction, which appears to have ill nature in it, was excuſable, becauſe it happened at a time when we were too much taken up with our own concern, to have reſpect to that of others; and therefore we did not conſider them as ſuffering, but ourſelves as not ſuffering in the moſt forlorn eſtate. It had alſo the ground-work of humanity and compaſſion in it, tho' the mind was then too dark and too deeply engaged to perceive it; but as we proceeded onwards, it began to diſcover itſelf, and from obſerving that others were unhappy, we came to queſtion one another, when it was that we met, and what were the ſad occaſions that brought us together. Then we heard our ſtories, we compared them, we mutually gave and received pity, and ſo by degrees became tolerable company.

A conſiderable part of the troubleſome road was thus deceived; at length the openings among the trees grew larger, the air ſeemed thinner, it lay with leſs oppreſſion upon us, and we could now and then diſcern tracks in it of a lighter grayneſs, like the breakings of day, ſhort in duration, much enlivening, and called in that country Gleams of Amuſement. Within a ſhort while theſe gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of a longer continuance; the ſighs, that hitherto filled the

air

air with ſo much dolefulneſs, altered to the ſound of common breezes, and in general the horrors of the iſland were abated.

When we had arrived at laſt at the ford by which we were to paſs out, we met with thoſe faſhionable mourners, who had been ferried over along with us, and who being unwilling to go as far as we, had coaſted by the ſhore to find the place, where they waited our coming; that by ſhewing themſelves to the world only at the time when we did, they might ſeem alſo to have been among the troubles of the grotto. Here the waters that rolled on the other ſide ſo deep and ſilent, were much dried up, and it was an eaſier matter for us to wade over.

The river being croſſed, we were received upon the farther bank by our friends and acquaintance, whom Comfort had brought out to congratulate our appearance in the world again. Some of theſe blamed us for ſtaying ſo long away from them, others adviſed us againſt all temptations of going back again; every one was cautious not to renew our trouble, by aſking any particulars of the journey; and all concluded, that in a caſe of ſo much melancholy and affliction, we could not have made choice of a fitter companion than Patience. Here Patience, appearing ſerene at her praiſes, delivered us over to Comfort. Comfort ſmiled at his receiving the charge; immediately the ſky purpled on that ſide to which he turned, and double day at once broke in upon me.

SPECTATOR.

SIEGE OF LONDONDERRY.

ABOUT the year 1689, King James the Second who had deſerted the government, attempted, by the aſſiſtance of the French king, to recover it out of the hands of William and Mary, to whom a ſolemn tender of the crown was made in the name of the commons and peers of England. Being well informed of the diſpoſitions of the Engliſh and the Scotch, his only hopes were from the Iriſh. In Ireland, therefore, he landed his forces; and in a few days repaired to Cork, where he was received by the earl of Tyrconnel, who had collected an army

army of thirty thousand foot, and eight thousand horse, for the use of his master. Towards the latter end of March, he entered Dublin in a triumphant manner. He was met at the castle-gate by a procession of popish bishops and priests, in their pontificals, bearing the host, which he publickly adored. Here he published a proclamation seemingly in favour of his protestant subjects; but king James had rendered himself so exceedingly infamous by his breach of faith, that they universally resolved to stand in their own defence. Finding they were not to be deceived by his fair speeches, he proceeded to Colerain, which he reduced, laid siege to Kilmore, and was advancing to Londonderry by long and hasty marches. Lundy, the governor, was apprised of this circumstance by George Walker, rector of Donachmore, who had raised a regiment for the defence of the protestants. But Lundy proved a villain: for having summoned a council of war, he declared the place not tenable; and advised that the principal officers should retire from the town, the inhabitants of which would obtain the more favourable terms in consequence of their departure. A messenger was accordingly dispatched to the enemy with proposals of negociation But the inhabitants and soldiers in Londonderry were no sooner informed of what was done, than they threatened immediate vengeance against those who had been guilty of such a weak and pusillanimous measure. Cunningham and Richards, two sea-officers, withdrew to their ships, and Lundy, the governor of the town, concealed himself in his chamber. In vain did Walker and major Baker exhort him to maintain his government: such was his cowardice, or treachery, that he absolutely refused to follow their advice, and took the first opportunity to make his escape in disguise. After his departure, the inhabitants bestowed the government upon Mr. Walker and major Baker. They instantly formed the townsmen into different regiments, amounting in all to seven thousand men, commanded by eight colonels, and three-hundred and thirty three inferior officers. But, notwithstanding this numerous garrison, they laboured under many and great disadvantages. The place itself was but poorly fortified; their cannon, which consisted

consisted only of twenty pieces, were wretchedly mounted; they had not one engineer to direct their motions; they had hardly any hopes of making a sally; the garrison was composed of persons totally unacquainted with military discipline; they were destitute of provisions; and they were besieged by a king in person, at the head of a formidable army, conducted by experienced officers, and supplied with every necessary for a siege or a battle.

On the 20th day of April the trenches were opened, and the batteries began to play upon the town. Several attacks were made by the king's forces, and as many sallies by the besieged, in both which the latter had the advantage. Their joy, however, was somewhat abated by a contagious distemper, added to the calamity of want and famine, which did more execution than the fire of the enemy; but they were determined to hold out till the last extremity, and nothing could shake their resolution. King James, intending to return to Dublin, in order to be present at the parliament, conferred the command of his army on the French general Rosene, a cruel inhuman ruffian. Provoked at the obstinate resistance of the garrison, he threatened to reduce the town to ashes, and put all the inhabitants to the sword, without distinction of sex or age, unless they would immediately submit at discretion. The governor treated his menaces with contempt; and published an order, forbidding any person, on the pain of death, to talk of a surrender. They had now consumed the last remains of their provisions, and were obliged to live on the flesh of horses, dogs, cats, rats, mice, tallow, starch, dried and salted hides; and even this loathsome food began to fail them. Rosene, finding them altogether inflexible, threatened to wreck his vengeance on all the protestants of that country, by driving them under the walls of Londonderry, and suffering them there to perish with hunger. He executed his threats with such savage barbarity as is really shocking to human nature. He detached several parties of dragoons, who after stripping all the protestants for thirty miles round, drove these unhappy people like cattle before them, without even sparing the decrepid old men, nurses with infants at their breasts, tender children, women big with child,

others

others just delivered, and even some in the pangs of labour. Above four thousand of these miserable objects were driven, like so many devoted victims, under the walls of the town. This expedient, instead of answering the intended purpose, produced a quite contrary effect: for the besieged were so enraged at this act of barbarity, that they determined to perish, rather than submit to such a savage. They erected a gallows in view of the besiegers, and sent a message to the French general, declaring that they would hang all the prisoners whom they had taken during the siege, unless the protestants were immediately dismissed.

This menace, seconded by a remonstrance from the prisoners, produced a negociation; in consequence of which, the protestants were allowed to depart, after having been confined for three days without tasting food. Some hundreds were destroyed by famine and fatigue, many more were massacred by the straggling parties of the enemy, and such as lived to return to their own houses, found them sacked and plundered by the papists: and yet these very people had most of them obtained protections from James, who thus observed his solemn engagements with his usual fidelity.

The number of able men within the garrison was now greatly reduced, and all the inhabitants were in such distress through want of provisions, that they began to think of feeding on each other. Mr. Walker, fearing these discouragements might at last overcome the constancy of the garrison, convened them in the cathedral, and in a spirited discourse, endeavoured to animate them to a steady perseverance. He reminded them that the eyes not only of the Irish protestants, but even of the whole English nation, was fixed upon their conduct; and that after having made such a noble stand in defence of their religion and liberty, they had no reason to doubt but that God would send them a speedy relief. It was not long before this prophetic discourse was fulfilled. General Kirk, who had abandoned his late master, and was now engaged in the service of William, being informed of their extreme necessity, ordered three ships, loaded with provisions and men, to sail up the river, at all hazards. The enemy had erected batteries on both sides of it, and had thrown

a boom acrofs it, in order to prevent the garrifon from receiving any relief. But the Mountjoy, advancing with full fail, broke the enemy's boom; and all the three, after having fuftained a very fmart fire from both fides of the river, arrived in fafety at the town, to the inexpreffible joy of the inhabitants. King James's army was fo difcouraged by the fuccefs of this enterprize, that they raifed the fiege the very next night, and retired with the utmoft precipitation, after having loft above nine thoufand men in the attempt.

Kirk no fooner took pofleffion of the town, than Mr. Walker was perfuaded to embark with an addrefs of thanks to their majefties; by whom he was received with that honour and refpect fo juftly due to his diftinguifhed valour. RAPIN.

COLIN AND PHEBE.

MY time, O ye mufes, was happily fpent,
When Phebe went with me wherever I went;
Ten thoufand fweet pleafures I felt in my breaft:
Sure never fond fhepherd like Colin was bleft!
But now fhe is gone, and has left me behind,
What a marvellous change on a fudden I find?
When things were as fine as could poffibly be,
I thought 'twas the fpring; but alas! it was fhe.
With fuch a companion, to tend a few fheep,
To rife up and play, or to lie down and fleep:
I was fo good-humour'd, fo chearful and gay,
My heart was as light as a feather all day.
But now I fo crofs and fo peevifh am grown;
So ftrangely uneafy as never was known.
My fair one is gone, and my joys are all drown'd,
And my heart—I am fure it weighs more than a pound.
The fountain that wont to run fweetly along,
And dance to foft murmurs the pebbles among;
Thou know'ft, little Cupid, if Phebe was there,
'Twas pleafure to look at, 'twas mufic to hear:
But now fhe is abfent, I walk by its fide,
And ftill as it murmurs do nothing but chide:
Muft you be fo chearful, while I go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling, and hear me complain.
When my lambkins around me would oftentimes play,

And when Phebe and I were as joyful as they;
How pleasant their sporting, how happy their time,
When spring, love and beauty, were all in their prime?
But now in their frolics when by me they pass,
I fling at their fleeces a handful of grass;
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,
To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

My dog I was ever well pleased to see
Come wagging his tail to my fair one and me:
And Phebe was pleas'd too, and to my dog said,
Come hither, poor fellow, and patted his head.
But now, when he's fawning, I with a sour look
Cry, Sirrah; and give him a blow with my crook:
And I'll give him another; for why should not Tray
Be as dull as his master, when Phebe's away?

When walking with Phebe, what sights have I seen?
How fair was the flow'r, how fresh was the green?
What a lovely appearance the trees and the shade,
The corn fields and hedges, and ev'ry thing, made!
But now she has left me, though all are still there,
They none of them now so delightful appear:
'Twas nought but the magic, I find, of her eyes,
Made so many beautiful prospects arise.

Sweet music went with us both all the wood through,
The lark, linnet, throstle, and nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper under our feet.
But now she is absent, though still they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the melody's gone;
Her voice in the consort, as now I have found,
Gave ev'ry thing else its agreeable sound.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate hue?
And where is the violet's beautiful blue?
Does ought of its sweetness the blossom beguile?
That meadow, those daisies, why do they not smile?
Ah! rivals, I see what it was that you dreft,
And made yourselves fine for a place in her breast:
You put on these colours to pleasure her eye,
To be pluckt by her hand, on her bosom to die.

How slowly time creeps, till my Phebe return?
While amidst the fo t zephyr's cool breezes I burn;
Methinks if I knew whereabouts he would tread,

I could breathe on his wings, and 'twould melt down the
Fly ſwifter, ye minutes, bring hither my dear, (lead.
And reſt ſo much longer for't when ſhe is here.
Ah, Colin! old time is full of delay,
Nor will budge one foot faſter for all thou canſt ſay.
Will no pitying power that hears me complain,
Or cure my diſquiet, or ſoften my pain?
To be cur'd, thou muſt, Colin, thy paſſion remove;
But what ſwain is ſo ſilly to live without love?
No, deity, bid the dear nymph to return,
For ne'er was poor ſhepherd ſo ſadly forlorn.
Ah! what ſhall I do? I ſhall die with deſpair;
Take heed, all ye ſwains, how you love one ſo fair.

BYROM.

ON CLEANLINESS.

I HAD occaſion to go a few miles out of town, ſome days ſince, in a ſtage coach, where I had for my fellow-travellers a dirty beau, and a pretty young quaker-woman. Having no inclination to talk much at that time, I placed myſelf backward, with a deſign to ſurvey them, and pick a ſpeculation out of my two companions. Their different figures were ſufficient of themſelves to draw my attention. The gentleman was dreſt in a ſuit, the ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from ſome few ſpaces, that had eſcaped the powder, which was incorporated with the greateſt part of his coat: his periwig, which coſt no ſmall ſum, was after ſo ſlovenly a manner caſt over his ſhoulders, that it ſeemed not to have been combed ſince the year 1712: his linen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain Spaniſh from the chin to the loweſt button, and the diamond upon his finger (which naturally dreaded the water) put me in mind how it ſparkled amidſt the rubbiſh of the mine, where it was firſt diſcovered. On the other hand, the pretty quaker appeared in all the elegance of cleanlineſs. Not a ſpeck was to be found on her. A clear, clean oval face, juſt edged about with little thin plaits of the pureſt cambric, received great advantages from the ſhade of her black hood; as did the whiteneſs of her arms from that ſober-coloured ſtuff, in which ſhe had clothed herſelf.

The

The plainneſs of her dreſs was very well ſuited to the ſimplicity of her phraſes; all which put together, though they could not give me a great opinion of her religion, they did of her innocence.

This adventure occaſioned my throwing together a few hints upon cleanlineſs, which I ſhall conſider as one of the half virtues, as Ariſtotle calls them, and ſhall recommend it under the three following heads As it is a mark of politeneſs; as it produces love; and as it bears analogy to purity of mind.

Firſt, it is a mark of politeneſs. It is univerſally agreed upon, that no one, unadorned with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifeſt offence. The eaſier or higher any one's fortune is, this duty riſes proportionably. The different nations of the world are as much diſtinguiſhed by their cleanlineſs, as by their arts and ſciences. The more any country is civilized, the more they conſult this part of politeneſs. We need but compare our ideas of a female Hottentot and an Engliſh beauty, to be ſatisfied of the truth of what hath been advanced.

In the next place, cleanlineſs may be ſaid to be the foſter mother of love. Beauty indeed moſt commonly produces that paſſion in the mind, but cleanlineſs preſerves it. An indifferent face and perſon, kept in perpetual neatneſs, hath won many a heart from a pretty flattern. Age itſelf is not unamiable, while it is preſerved clean and unſullied: like a piece of metal conſtantly kept ſmooth and bright, we look on it with more pleaſure than on a new veſſel that is canker'd with ruſt

I might obſerve farther, that as cleanlineſs renders us agreeable to others, ſo it makes us eaſy to ourſelves; that it is an excellent preſervative of health; and that ſeveral vices, deſtructive both to mind and body, are inconſiſtent with the habit of it. But theſe reflexions I ſhall leave to the leiſure of my readers, and ſhall obſerve in the third place, that it bears a great analogy with purity of mind, and naturally inſpires refined ſentiments and paſſions.

We find from experience, that through the prevalence of cuſtom, the moſt vicious actions loſe their horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, thoſe who live in the neighbourhood of good examples, fly from the

firſt

firſt appearances of what is ſhocking. It fares with us much after the ſame manner, as our ideas. Our ſenſes, which are the inlets to all the images conveyed to the mind, can only tranſmit the impreſſion of ſuch things as uſually ſurround them. So that pure and unſullied thoughts are naturally ſuggeſted to the mind, by thoſe objects that perpetually encompaſs us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

In the eaſt, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanlineſs more immediately neceſſary than in colder countries, it is made one part of their religion: the Jewiſh law, (and the Mahometan, which in ſome things copies after it) is filled with bathings, purifications, and other rites of the like nature. Though there is the above-named convenient reaſon to be aſſigned for theſe ceremonies, the chief intention undoubtedly was to typify inward purity and cleanneſs of heart by thoſe outward waſhings. We read ſeveral injunctions of this kind in the book of Deuteronomy, which confirm this truth; and which are but ill accounted for, by ſaying, as ſome do, that they were only inſtituted for convenience in the deſert, which otherwiſe could not have been habitable for ſo many years.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay, with a ſtory which I have ſomewhere read in an account of Mahometan ſuperſtitions.

A Derviſe of great ſanctity one morning had the misfortune, as he took up a cryſtal cup, which was conſecrated to the prophet, to let it fall upon the ground, and daſh it in pieces. His ſon coming in, ſome time after, he ſtretched out his hand to bleſs him, as his manner was every morning; but the youth going out ſtumbled over the threſhold and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at theſe events a caravan paſſed by in its way from Mecca. The Derviſe approached it to beg a bleſſing; but as he ſtroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beaſt, that ſorely bruiſed him. His ſorrow and amazement increaſed upon him, till he recollected that through hurry and inadvertency he had that morning come abroad without waſhing his hands.

SPECTATOR.

THE END.

APPENDIX:

CONTAINING

SELECT FABLES

From DODSLEY.

THE BOY AND THE FILBERTS.

The ſureſt way to gain our ends, is to moderate our deſires.

A CERTAIN boy, as Epictetus tells the fable, put his hand into a pitcher, where great plenty of figs and filberts were depoſited; he graſped as many as his fiſt could poſſibly hold, but when he endeavoured to pull it out, the narrowneſs of the neck prevented him. Unwilling to loſe any of them, but unable to draw out his hand, he burſt into tears, and bitterly bemoaned his hard fortune. An honeſt fellow who ſtood by, gave him this wiſe and reaſonable advice;—Graſp only half the quantity, my boy, and you will eaſily ſucceed.

THE SATYR AND THE TRAVELLER.

We ſhould immediately decline all commerce with a perſon we find to be a double dealer.

A POOR man travelling in the depth of winter, through a dreary foreſt, no inn to receive him, no human creature to befriend or comfort him, was in danger of being ſtarved to death. At laſt, however, he came to the cave of a ſatyr, where he intreated leave to reſt a while, and ſhelter himſelf from the inclemency of the weather. The ſatyr very civilly complied with his requeſt. The man had no ſooner entered, than he began to blow his fingers. His hoſt, ſurprized at the novelty of the action, was curious to know the meaning of it. I do it, ſaid the traveller, to warm my frozen joints, which are benumbed with cold. Preſently afterwards, the ſatyr having prepared a meſs of hot gruel, to refreſh his gueſt, the man found it neceſſary to blow his porridge too. What, enquired the ſatyr, is not your gruel hot enough?

Yes, replied the traveller, too hot; and I blow it to make it cooler. Do you so? quoth the satyr: then get out of my cave as fast as you can; for I desire to have no communication with a creature, that blows hot and cold with the same breath.

The FARMER and his SONS.

That industry is itself a treasure.

A WEALTHY old farmer, who had, for some time, been declining in his health, perceiving that he had not many days to live, called his sons together to his bed side My dear children, said the dying man, I leave it with you, as my last injunction, not to part with the farm which has been in our family these hundred years: for, to disclose to you a secret which I received from my father, and which I now think proper to communicate to you, there is a treasure hid somewhere in the grounds; though I never could discover the particular spot where it lies concealed. However, as soon as the harvest is got in, spare no pains in the search, and I am well assured you will not lose your labour. The wise old man was no sooner laid in his grave, and the time he mentioned arrived, than his sons went to work, and with great vigour and alacrity turned up again and again every foot of ground belonging to their farm: the consequence of which was, although they did not find the object of their pursuit, that their lands yielded a far more plentiful crop than those of their neighbours. At the end of the year, when they were settling their accounts, and computing their extraordinary profits, I would venture a wager, said one of the brothers, more acute than the rest, that this was the concealed wealth my father meant. I am sure, at least, we have found by experience, that "Industry is itself a treasure".

The MISER and his TREASURE.

It is the enjoyment of what we possess, that alone gives it any real value.

A MISER having scraped together a considerable sum of money, by denying himself the common

conveniencies of life, was much embarrassed where to lodge it most securely After many perplexing debates with himself, he at length fixed upon a corner in a retired field, where he deposited his treasure, and with it his heart, in a hole which he dug for that purpose. His mind was now for a moment at ease; but he had not proceeded many paces in his way home, when all his anxiety returned; and he could not forbear going back to see that every thing was safe. This he repeated again and again; till he was at last observed by a labourer who was mending a hedge in an adjacent meadow. The fellow concluding that something extraordinary must be the occasion of these frequent visits, marked the spot; and coming in the night in order to examine it, he discovered the prize, and bore it off unmolested Early the next morning, the miser again renewed his visit: when finding his treasure gone, he broke out into the most bitter exclamations. A traveller, who happened to be passing by at the same time, was moved by his complaints to enquire into the occasion of them Alas! replied the miser, I have sustained the most cruel and irreparable loss! some villain has robbed me of a sum of money, which I buried under this stone no longer ago than yesterday. Buried! returned the traveller with surprize; a very extraordinary method truly of disposing of your riches! why did you not rather keep them in your house, that they might be ready for your daily occasions? Daily occasions! resumed the miser, with an air of much indignation; do you imagine I so little know the value of money, as to suffer it to be run away with by occasions? on the contrary, I had prudently resolved not to touch a single shilling of it. If that was your wise resolution, answered the traveller, I see no sort of reason for your being thus afflicted: it is but putting this stone in the place of your treasure, and it will answer all your purposes full as well.

MINERVA's OLIVE.

Whatever fancy may determine, the standing value of all things is in proportion to their use

THE gods, say the heathen mythologists, have each of them their favourite tree. Jupiter preferred the

oak, Venus the myrtle, and Phœbus the laurel; Cybele the pine, and Hercules the poplar. Minerva, continues the mythologiſt, ſurprized that they ſhould chooſe barren trees, aſked Jupiter the reaſon.——It is, ſaid he, to prevent any ſuſpicion that we confer the honour we do them, for the ſake of their fruit. Let folly ſuſpect what it pleaſes, returned Minerva; I ſhall not ſcruple to acknowledge, that I make choice of the Olive for the uſefulneſs of its fruit. O daughter, replied the father of the gods, it is with juſtice that men eſteem thee wiſe; for nothing is truly valuable that is not uſeful.

THE MIMIC AND THE COUNTRYMAN.

There is no error too extravagant for prepoſſeſſion and partiality.

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

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

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

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

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

They both came out upon the ſtage. The mimic grunts away firſt, is received with vaſt applauſe, and the loudeſt acclamations. Then the countryman pretending that he concealed a little pig under his clothes, (which in fact he did) plucked the ear of the animal, and by the pain forced him to utter his natural cry. The people exclaimed aloud that the firſt performer had imitated the pig much more naturally, and would have hiſſed the countryman off the ſtage: but producing the real pig from his boſom, and convincing them by a viſible proof of their ridiculous error; ſee, gentlemen, ſays he, what ſort of judges you are!

VICE AND FORTUNE.

That fortune, without the concurrence of vice, cannot effectually deſtroy our happineſs: whereas vice, without the help of fortune, can make us miſerable to the laſt extreme.

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

THE CAMELION.

The different lights in which things appear to different judgments, recommend candor to the opinions of others, even at the time that we retain our own.

TWO travellers happened on their journey to be engaged in a warm diſpute about the colour of the

camelion. One of them affirmed that it was blue; that he had ſeen it with his own eyes, upon the naked branch of a tree, feeding on the air, in a very clear day. The other ſtrongly aſſerted that it was green, and that he had viewed it very cloſely and minutely on the broad leaf of a figtree. Both of them were poſitive, and the diſpute was riſing to a quarrel; but a third perſon luckily coming by, they agreed to refer the queſtion to his deciſion. Gentlemen, ſaid the arbitrator, with a ſmile of great ſelf-ſatisfaction, you could not have been more lucky in your reference, as I happen to have caught one of them laſt night: but indeed you are both miſtaken, for the creature is totally black. Black! cried they both; impoſſible! Nay, quoth the umpire, with great aſſurance, the matter may ſoon be decided, for I immediately encloſed my camelion in a little paper box, and here he is. So ſaying, he drew it out of his pocket, opened his box, and behold it was as white as ſnow. The poſitive diſputants looked equally ſurprized, and equally confounded: while the ſagacious reptile, aſſuming the air of a philoſopher, thus admoniſhed them; Ye children of men, learn diffidence and moderation in your opinions. It is true, you happen, in the preſent inſtance, to be all in the right, and have only conſidered the ſubject under different circumſtances: but pray, for the future, allow other men to have eye-ſight as well as yourſelves; nor wonder if every one preſers the teſtimony of his own ſenſes, to that of another's.

The FARMER and his DOG.

The greater room there appears for reſentment; the more careful ſhould we be not to accuſe an innocent perſon.

A FARMER who had juſt ſtepped into his field to mend a gap in one of his fences, found at his return the cradle, where he had left his only child aſleep, turned upſide down, the cloaths all torn and bloody, and his dog lying near it beſmeared alſo with blood. Immediately conceiving that the creature had deſtroyed his child, he

he instantly dashed out his brains with the hatchet in his hand: when turning up the cradle, he found his child unhurt, and an enormous serpent lying dead on the floor, killed by that faithful dog, whose courage and fidelity in preserving the life of his son, deserved another kind of a reward. These affecting circumstances afforded him a striking lesson, how dangerous it is too hastily to give way to the blind impulse of a sudden passion.

THE BLIND MAN AND THE LAME.

The wants and weaknesses of individuals form the connections of society.

IT is from our wants and infirmities that almost all the connections of society take their rise.

A blind man being stopped in a bad piece of road, meets with a lame man, and intreats him to guide him through the difficulty he was got into. How can I do that, replied the lame man, since I am scarce able to drag myself along? but as you appear to be very strong, if you will carry me, we will seek our fortunes together. It will then be my interest to warn you of any thing that may obstruct your way; your feet shall be my feet, and my eyes yours. With all my heart, returned the blind man; let us render each other our mutual services. So taking his lame companion on his back, they by means of their union travelled on with safety and pleasure.

THE PARROT.

Gravity, though sometimes the mien of wisdom, is often found to be the mask of ignorance.

A CERTAIN widower, in order to amuse his solitary hours, and in some measure supply the conversation of his departed helpmate of loquacious memory, determined to purchase a parrot. With this view he applied to a dealer in birds, who shewed him a large collection of parrots of various kinds. Whilst they were exercising their talkative talents before him, one repeating the cries of the town, another asking for a cup of

ſack, and a third bauling out for a coach, he obſerved a green parrot, perched in a thoughtful manner at a diſtance upon the foot of a table: And ſo you, my grave gentleman, ſaid he, are quite ſilent. To which the parrot replied, like a philoſophical bird, "I think the more." Pleaſed with this ſenſible anſwer, our widower immediately paid down his price, and took home the bird; conceiving great things from a creature, who had given ſo ſtriking a ſpecimen of his parts. But after having inſtructed him during a whole month, he found, to his great diſappointment, that he could get nothing more from him than the fatiguing repetition of the ſame dull ſentence, "I think the more." I find, ſaid he, in great warmth, that thou art a moſt invincible fool: and ten times more a fool was I, for having formed a favourable opinion of thy abilities, upon no better foundation than an affected ſolemnity.

JUPITER's LOTTERY.

Folly paſſing with men for wiſdom, makes each contented with his own ſhare of underſtanding.

JUPITER, in order to pleaſe mankind, directed Mercury to give notice that he had eſtabliſhed a lottery, in which there were no blanks: and that amongſt a variety of other valuable chances, wiſdom was the higheſt prize. It was Jupiter's command, that in this lottery ſome of the gods ſhould alſo become adventurers. The tickets being diſpoſed of, and the wheels placed, Mercury was employed to preſide at the drawing. It happened that the beſt prize fell to Minerva: upon which a general murmur ran through the aſſembly, and hints were thrown out that Jupiter had uſed ſome unfair practices to ſecure this deſirable lot to his daughter. Jupiter, that he might at once both puniſh and ſilence theſe impious clamours of the human race, preſented them with folly in the place of wiſdom; with which they went away perfectly well contented: and from that time the greateſt fools have always looked upon themſelves as the wiſeſt men.

THE

The SPECTACLES.

Our opinions of things are altogether as various, as though each saw them through a different medium; our attachment to these opinions as fixed and firm, as though all saw them through the medium of truth.

HOW strangely all mankind differ in their opinions! and how strongly each is attached to his own!

Jupiter one day, enjoying himself over a bowl of nectar, and in a merry humour, determined to make mankind a present. Momus was appointed to convey it to them; who mounted on a rapid car, was presently on earth. Come hither, says he, ye happy mortals; great Jupiter has opened for your benefit his all-gracious hands. It is true he made you somewhat short sighted, but to remedy that inconvenience, behold how he has favoured you! So saying, he unloosed his portmanteau; an infinite number of spectacles tumbled out, and mankind picked them up with great eagerness; there was enow for all, every man had his pair. But it was soon found that these spectacles did not represent objects to all mankind alike: for one pair was *purple*, another *blue*; one was *white*, and another *black*: some of the glasses were *red*, some *green*, and some *yellow*. In short, there were all manner of colours, and every shade of colour. However, notwithstanding this diversity, every man was charmed with his own, as believing it the best; and enjoyed in *opinion*, all the satisfaction of *truth*.

The TRAVELLERS and the MONEY-BAG.

We cannot reasonably expect those to bear a part in our ill fortune, whom we never permitted to share in our prosperity.

AS two men were travelling on the road, one of them espied a bag of money lying on the ground, and picking it up, I am in luck this morning, said he, I have found a bag of money. Yes, replied the other; though, methinks, you should not say, I, but We have found it; for

for when two friends are travelling together, they ought equally to ſhare in any accidental good fortune that may happen to attend them. No, replied the former, it was I that found it, and I muſt inſiſt upon keeping it. He had no ſooner ſpoken the words than they were alarmed with a hue and cry after a thief, who had that morning taken a purſe upon the road. Lord, ſays the finder, this is extremely unfortunate, we ſhall certainly be ſeized. Good Sir, replied the other, be pleaſed not to ſay, We, but I: as you would not allow me a ſhare in the prize, you have no right to make me a partner in the puniſhment.

THE MONSTER IN THE SUN.

The fault we many times impute to a character is only to be found in the mind of the obſerver.

AN aſtronomer was obſerving the ſun through a teleſcope, in order to take an exact draught of the ſeveral ſpots, which appear upon the face of it. While he was intent upon his obſervations, he was on a ſudden ſurpriſed with a new and aſtoniſhing appearance; a large portion of the ſurface of the ſun was at once covered by a monſter of enormous ſize, and horrible form; it had an immenſe pair of wings, a great number of legs and a long and vaſt proboſcis; and that it was alive, was very apparent, from his quick and violent motions, which the obſerver could, from time to time, plainly perceive. Being ſure of the fact, (for how could he be miſtaken in what he ſaw ſo clearly?) our philoſopher began to draw many ſurpriſing concluſions from premiſes ſo well eſtabliſhed. He calculated the magnitude of this extraordinary animal; and found that he covered about two ſquare degrees of the ſun's ſurface; that, placed upon the earth, he would ſpread over half one hemiſphere of it; and that he was ſeven or eight times as big as the moon. But what was moſt aſtoniſhing, was the prodigious heat that he muſt endure: it was plain, that he was ſomething of the nature of a ſalamander, but of a far more fiery temperament; for it was demonſtrable from the cleareſt princi-

principles, that in his present situation he must have acquired a degree of heat two thousand times exceeding that of red hot iron. It was a problem worth considering, whether he subsisted upon the gross vapours of the sun, and so from time to time cleared away those spots which they are perpetually forming, and which would otherwise wholly obscure and incrustate its face; or whether it might not feed on the solid substance of the orb itself, which by this means, together with the constant expence of light, must soon be exhausted and consumed; or whether he was not now and then supplied by the falling of some eccentric comet into the sun. However this might be, he found by computation that the earth would be but short allowance for him for a few months: and farther, it was no improbable conjecture, that, as the earth was destined to be destroyed by fire, this fiery flying monster would remove hither at the appointed time, and might much easily more and conveniently effect a conflagration, than any comet, hitherto provided for that service. In the earnest pursuit of these, and many the like deep and curious speculations, the astronomer was engaged, and was preparing to communicate them to the public. In the mean time, the discovery began to be much talked of; and all the virtuosi gathered together to see such a strange sight. They were equally convinced of the accuracy of the observation, and of the conclusions so clearly deduced from it. At last one, more cautious than the rest, was resolved, before he gave a full assent to the report of his senses, to examine the whole process of the affair, and all the parts of the instrument: he opened the telescope, and behold! a small fly was inclosed in it, which having settled on the centre of the object-glass, had given occasion to all this marvellous theory.

How often do men, through prejudice and passion, through envy and malice, fix upon the brightest and most exalted characters, the grossest and most improbable imputations! It behoves us upon such occasions to be upon our guard, and to suspend our judgments; the fault perhaps is not in the object, but in the mind of the observer.

The HERMIT.

The goodneſs of Providence, apparent in his works, is a proper motive for our tranquility amidſt every exertion of his power.

A Certain hermit had ſcooped his cave near the ſummit of a lofty mountain, from whence he had the opportunity of ſurveying a large extent both of ſea and land. He ſat one evening contemplating with pleaſure on the various objects that lay diffuſed before him. The woods were dreſt in the brighteſt verdure; the thickets adorned with the gayeſt bloſſoms. The birds caroled beneath the branches; the lambs frolicked around the meads; the peaſant whiſtled beſide his team; and the ſhips driven by gentle gales were returning ſafely into their proper harbours. In ſhort, the arrival of ſpring had doubly enlivened the whole ſcene before his eye; and every object yielded a diſplay either of beauty or of happineſs.

On a ſudden aroſe a violent ſtorm. The winds muſtered all their fury, and whole foreſts of oak lay ſcattered on the ground. Darkneſs inſtantly ſucceeded; hailſtones and rain were poured forth in cataracts, and lightning and thunder added horror to the gloom.

And now the ſea, piled up in mountains, bore aloft the largeſt veſſels, while the horrid uproar of its waves drowned the ſhrieks of the wretched mariners. When the whole tempeſt had exhauſted its fury, it was inſtantly followed by the ſhock of an earthquake.

The poor inhabitants of the neighbouring villages flocked in crowds to our hermit's cave; fully convinced that his well-known ſanctity would be able to protect them in their diſtreſs. They were, however, not a little ſurprized at the profound tranquility that appeared in his countenance. "My friends, ſaid he, be not diſmayed. Terrible to me, as well as you, would have been the war of elements we have juſt beheld; but that I have meditated with ſo much attention on the various works of providence, as to be perſuaded that his goodneſs is equal to his power."

The END.