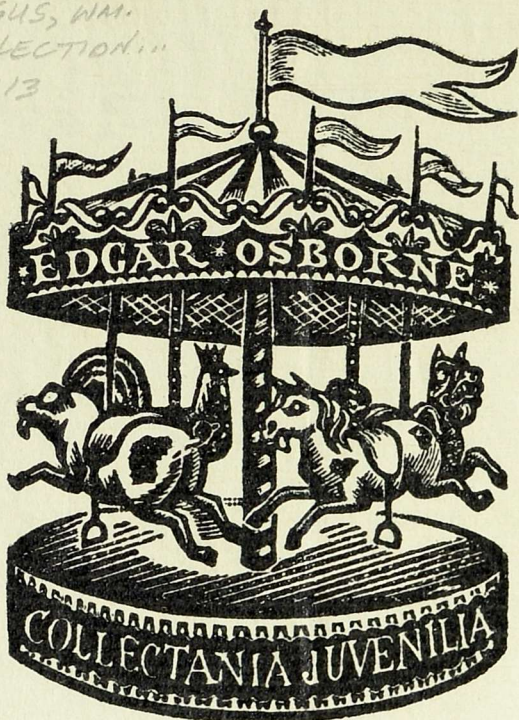




ANGUS

TBC (BI)
ANGUS, WM.
SELECTION III
1813



37131009 530 379

Presented to me by
M^r D. Carswell.

1920.

Peter Sinclair.

POETICAL AND DRAMATIC PIECES,

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

1. *To Nelson.*

ILLUSTRIOUS Chief! still shall thy honour'd name
To British hearts be ever held most dear;
Remotest ages shall thy praise proclaim,
And NELSON'S memory gratefully revere.
By thy example fir'd, new Chiefs shall rise,
And, taught by thee, for aid divine implore;
When shouts of victory rend the lofty skies,
By thee instructed, Heaven's Great KING adore!
Oft shall the seaman, when his toils are o'er,
Full of the feats of war, with honest pride,
Relate the victory fought on Nile's fam'd shore,
And boast, 'Twas there he fought by NELSON'S side.

2. *On General Moore.*

WHY heaves Britannia's bosom high?
Why o'er her cheek the grateful tear
Bursts from her anguish-speaking eye,
While gazing on yon coming bier?
'Tis thine, illustrious MOORE! 'tis thine!
For thee her tortur'd bosom bleeds;
For thee she weaves the wreath divine,—
A tribute to thy glorious deeds.

Yet, what avails the burst of wo,—
 The empty honours of a name?
 In death the gallant Chief lyes low,
 Heedless, alike, of grief and fame.

But Nature's voice resistless cries;
 Resistless flows the gushing tear;
 The wreaths of fame unbidden rise,
 To deck a tomb for ever dear.

His country's hope, his country's pride,
 He scorn'd the Tyrant's rage to fear;
 With glory crown'd, he bravely died,
 And, conquering, clos'd his bright career.

When nameless years have roll'd away,
 Some Briton, on Corunna's shore,
 While swells his glowing breast, shall say,
 " In freedom's cause, here died the gallant *Moore*."



3. *Patriotism*.—ROWE.

BEYOND or love's or friendship's sacred band,
 Beyond myself, I prize my native land;
 On this foundation would I build my fame,
 And emulate brave MOORE, or NELSON'S name;
 Think *Britain's* peace bought cheaply with my blood,
 And die with pleasure for my country's good.



4. *The Love of Praise*.—AKENSIDE.

OF all the springs within the mind,
 Which prompt her steps in fortune's maze,
 From none more pleasing aid we find,
 Than from the genuine love of praise.

Not any partial private end,
 Such reverence to the public bears;
 Nor any passion, Virtue's friend,
 So like to Virtue's self appears.

If praise, with deep religious awe,
 From the sole-perfect Judge be sought,
 A nobler aim, a purer law,
 Nor priest, nor bard, nor sage, hath taught.

With which, in character the same,
 Though in an humbler sphere it lyes,
 I count the soul of human fame,
 The suffrage of the good and wise.

5. *Gratitude.*—GRAY.

WHAT is grandeur? what is Power?—
 Heavier toil; superior pain.
 What the bright reward we gain?—
 The grateful memory of the good.
 Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
 The bee's collected treasure, sweet;
 Sweet music's melting fall;—but sweeter far
 The still small voice of Gratitude.

6. *True Virtue.*—ROWE.

GREAT minds, like Heaven, are pleas'd with doing good,
 Though the ungrateful subjects of their favours
 Are barren in return. Virtue does e'er
 With scorn the mercenary world regard,
 Where abject souls do good, and hope reward.
 Above the worthless trophies men can raise,
 She seeks nor honours, wealth, nor airy praise,
 But with herself, herself true Virtue pays.

7. *Benevolence.*—BEATTIE.

FROM the low prayer of want and 'plaint of wo,
 Oh! never, never turn away thine ear!
 Forlorn in this bleak wilderness below,
 Oh! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear!

To others do (the law is not severe)

What to thyself thou wishest to be done;
 Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
 And friends, and native land: nor those alone;
 All human weal and wo, learn thou to make thy own.

8. *A Country Life.*—BROWN.

OH! let me in the country range!
 'Tis there we breathe; 'tis there we live;
 The beauteous scene of aged mountains,
 Smiling valleys, murmuring fountains;
 Lambs in flowery pastures bleating;
 Echo every note repeating;
 Groves to gentle sleep inviting;
 Whispering winds the poplars courting,
 Swains in rustic circles sporting;
 Birds in cheerful notes expressing
 Nature's bounty and their blessing:
 These afford a lasting pleasure,
 Without guilt, and without measure.

9. *The Character of the Fair Sex.*—LEDYARD.

THROUGH many a land and clime a ranger,
 With toilsome steps I've held my way,
 A lonely unprotected stranger;
 To all the stranger's ills a prey.

While steering thus my course precarious,
 My fortune still has been to find
 Men's hearts and dispositions various;
 But gentle *Women* ever kind.

Alive to every tender feeling,
 To deeds of mercy ever prone;
 The wounds of pain and sorrow healing
 With soft compassion's sweetest tone.

No proud delay, no dark suspicion,
 Stints the free bounty of their heart;
 They turn not from the sad petition,
 But cheerful aid at once impart.

Form'd in benevolence of nature,
 Obliging, modest, gay, and mild,
Woman's the same endearing creature,
 In courtly town and savage wild.

When parch'd with thirst, with hunger wasted,
 Her friendly hand refreshment gave,
 How sweet the coarsest food has tasted,
 What cordial in the simple wave!

Her courteous looks, her words caressing,
 Shed comfort on the fainting soul;
Woman's the stranger's general blessing,
 From sultry India to the Pole.

10. *The Rose*.—C. J. FOX.

THE rose, the sweetly-blooming rose,
 Ere from the tree 'tis torn,
 Is like the charms which beauty shows,
 In life's exulting morn.

But, oh! how soon its sweets are gone,
 How soon it withering lyes!
 So, when the eve of life comes on,
 Sweet beauty fades and dies:

Then since the fairest form that's made
 Soon withering we shall find,
 Let us possess what ne'er will fade,
 The beauties of the *mind*.

11. *Virtue*.—ARMSTRONG.

VIRTUE, the strength and beauty of the soul,
 Is the best gift of heaven: a happiness

That even above the smiles and frowns of fate,
 Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth
 That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
 Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
 Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.

12. *An Advice.*—COTTON.

OF Heaven ask virtue, wisdom, health;
 But never let thy prayer be wealth.
 If food be thine, (though little gold,)
 And raiment to repel the cold;
 Such as may Nature's wants suffice,
 Not what from pride and folly rise;
 If soft the motions of thy soul,
 And a calm conscience crowns the whole;
 Add but a friend to all this store,
 You can't, in reason, wish for more:
 And if kind Heaven this comfort brings,
 'Tis more than Heaven bestows on kings.

13. *An Address to Memory.*—ROGERS.

HAIL, Memory! hail! in thy exhaustless mine,
 From age to age, unnumber'd treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey;
 And *Place* and *Time* are subject to thy sway:
 Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone;
 The only pleasures we can call our own.
 Lighter than air, *Hope's* summer visions die,
 If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
 If but a beam of sober reason play,
 Lo! *Fancy's* fairy frost-work melts away!
 But can the wiles of *art*, the grasp of *power*,
 Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?

These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
 Pour round her path a stream of living light;
 And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
 Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are bless'd.

14. *Ambition.*—SMOLLET.

FROM thirst of rule what dire disasters flow!
 How flames that guilt ambition taught to glow!
 Wish gains on wish, desire surmounts desire;
 Hope fans the blaze, and envy feeds the fire;
 From crime to crime aspires the maddening soul;
 Nor laws, nor oaths, nor fears, its rage control;
 Till Heaven at length awakes, supremely just,
 And levels all its towering schemes in dust.

15. *Character of Lady Lyttleton.*—LYTTLETON.

MADE to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
 Though meek, magnanimous; though witty, wise:
 Polite, as all her life in courts had been;
 Yet good, as if the world she ne'er had seen:
 The noble fire of an exalted mind,
 With gentle female tenderness combin'd;
 Her speech was the melodious voice of love,
 Her song, the warbling of the vernal grove:
 Her eloquence was sweeter than her song,
 Soft as her heart, and as her reason strong;
 Her form each beauty of her mind express'd;
 Her mind was virtue by the Graces dress'd.

16. *On Early-rising.*—ARMSTRONG.

How sweet at early morning's rise,
 To view the glories of the skies,
 And mark, with curious eye, the sun
 Prepare his radiant course to run!

How sweet to breathe the gale's perfume,
 And feast the eyes with Nature's bloom!
 Along the dewy lawn to rove,
 And hear the music of the grove!

Nor you, ye delicate and fair,
 Neglect to taste the morning air;
 This will your nerves with vigour brace,
 Improve and heighten every grace;
 Add to your breath a rich perfume,
 And to your cheeks a fairer bloom:
 With lustre teach your eyes to glow;
 And health and cheerfulness bestow.

17. *Contentment.*

No glory I covet, no riches I want;
 Ambition is nothing to me;
 The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
 Is a mind independent and free.

With passions unruff'd, untainted with pride,
 By reason my life let me square;
 The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
 And the rest are but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
 I'll justly and gratefully prize;
 While sweet meditation and cheerful content
 Shall make me both healthy and wise.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife,
 Do many their labours employ;
 Since all that is truly delightful in life,
 Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

18. *Happiness of the Married State.*

OLD Darby, with Joan by his side,
 I have often regarded with wonder;
 He is dropsical, she is dim-ey'd,
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder.

Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the sun at the door;
 And at night when old Darby's pipe's out,
 His Joan will not smoke a whiff more.

No beauty nor wit they possess,
 Their several failings to cover:
 Then what are the charms can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other?

'Tis the pleasing remembrance of youth,
 The endearments that youth did bestow,
 The thoughts of pass'd pleasure and truth,
 The best of our blessings below.

Those traces for ever will last,
 No sickness nor time can remove;
 When youth and when beauty are pass'd,
 And age brings the winter of love.

 19. *An Address* *.

As tender nestlings first their pinions try,
 In narrow flights, beneath the parent's eye;
 And tune to melody their infant throats;
 While elder songsters lead the erring notes:
 Who mark, with rapture, how the song improves,
 Rings through the sky, and charms the echoing groves:
 So we, beneath a kind Preceptor's care,
 Our "woodnotes wild" for higher tasks prepare.
 And, oh! to yield his mind its best delight,
 May our exertions all his toil requite;
 And greet his gladden'd ear, in after days,
 With the sweet music of his pupils' praise.

* Composed for FULTON'S Examination.

[*Addressing the Girls.*]

May you, the softer objects of his art,
 Mates of our labour, sisters of our heart,
 The pleasing tones you practis'd here, employ
 In future scenes of fair domestic joy;
 To pure expression form a rising race,
 And mould the new-born word with classic grace.

[*Addressing the Boys.*]

But chief let us, whom manly duties claim,
 Strive, in our own, to raise our Teacher's fame:
 May some in sacred Elocution shine,
 With human art enforcing truth divine;
 Some fire the Patriot, some the Forum guide;
 Some o'er a listening Senate's will preside:
 While he (the tear of triumph on his cheek)
 Exclaims, "'Twas I who taught the boy to speak*!"

20. *Ode on the Death and Victory of Lord Nelson.*—

MISS PORTER.

HARK! heard ye not that fitful sigh,
 Convulsive as a giant's throe!
 And see you not a nation's eye,
 Bespeak the settl'd gloom of wo?
 'Tis Ocean, from his deepest bed,
 Moans his darling Hero dead!
 And Britain, with a mother's grief,
 Mourns her slain victorious Chief.

Yet, why that grief, and why those sighs?
 And why that gloom of settl'd wo?
 Thrice bless'd the warrior Chief who dies
 Triumphant o'er his country's foe.

* This was the exclamation of Mr. Quin, on hearing his Majesty's first speech from the throne.

For rare's the lot, and mark'd by Heaven,
 That thus to meet our fate is given;
 The *Theban patriot* thus was bless'd—
 And *Wolfe* expir'd on Victory's breast.

St. Vincent saw thy arm of flame,
 The *Frozen Belt* relax'd through fear;
 The distant *Nile* records thy fame—
Trafalgar clos'd thy bold career.
 Strike, bards of Britain! strike the lyre!
 His praises hymn in words of fire!
 And shout, in maddening symphony—
 “He bled, he died, for Liberty!”

Born on the waves—thy nurse, the Wind,
 Rock'd thy rude cradle in the storm;
 Whilst danger fir'd thy daring mind,
 And schemes of wonder bade thee form.
 And when, around, the raging Sea
 Would make its rough wild minstrelsy,
 Thou'd'st listen, with suspended breath,
 And long to purchase Fame by death!

Prophetic wish! by Fate allow'd,
 To crush his country's vaunting foe:
 To Heaven's behest he lowly bow'd,
 And breath'd his last without a throe.
 Strike, bards of Britain! strike the lyre!
 Resound his fame in words of fire;
 And shout, in maddening symphony—
 “He bled, he died, for Victory!”



21. *To a Red-breast.*—LANGHORNE.

LITTLE bird, with bosom red,
 Welcome to my humble shed!
 Daily, near my table steal,
 While I pick my scanty meal.

Doubt not, little though there be,
 But I'll cast a crumb to thee;
 Well rewarded, if I spy
 Pleasure in thy glancing eye;

See thee when thou'st eat thy fill,
 Plume thy breast, and wipe thy bill.
 Come, my feather'd friend, again;
 Well thou know'st the broken pane.

Ask of me thy daily store;
 Go not near the miser's door;
 Once within his iron hall,
 Woful end shall thee befall.

Savage!—he would soon divest
 Of its rosy plumes thy breast;
 Then, with solitary joy,
 Eat thee, bones and all, my boy!

22. *Liberty*.—ADDISON.

O LIBERTY! thou Power supremely bright,
 Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight,
 Perpetual pleasures in thy presence reign,
 And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
 Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light,
 And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight.

Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
 Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
 On foreign mountains let the sun refine
 The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
 With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
 And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;—

We envy not the warmer clime, that lyes
 In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;
 Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
 Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
 'Tis *Liberty* that crowns BRITANNIA'S isle,
 And makes her barren rocks, and her bleak mountains
 smile.

 23. *The Soldier.*—W. SMITH.

WHO loves not a soldier?—the generous, the brave,
 The heart that can feel, and the arm that can save;
 In peace, the gay friend with the manners that charm,
 The thought ever liberal, the soul ever warm;
 In his mind nothing selfish or pitiful known,
 'Tis a temple which honour can enter alone;
 No titles I boast, yet wherever I come,
 I can always feel proud at the sound of the drum.

 24. *Portius to Sempronius.*—ADDISON.

.....I'LL straight away;
 And while the Fathers of the senate meet,
 In close debate, to weigh the events of war,
 I'll animate the soldiers' drooping courage,
 With love of freedom, and contempt of life;
 I'll thunder in their ears their country's cause,
 And try to rouse up all that's Roman in them.
 'Tis not in mortals to command success,
 But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.

 25. *Sympathy.*—DARWIN.

THE seraph Sympathy from heaven descends,
 And bright o'er earth his beamy forehead bends;
 On man's cold heart celestial ardour flings,
 And showers affection from his sparkling wings;
 Rolls o'er the world his mild benignant eye,
 Hears the lone murmur, drinks the whisper'd sigh;
 Lifts the clos'd latch of pale Misfortune's door,
 Opes the clench'd hand of Avarice to the poor,
 Unbars the prisoner, liberates the slave,
 Sheds his soft sorrows o'er the untimely grave,
 Points, with uplifted hand, to realms above,
 And charms the world with universal love.

26. *Folly of attempting to please all Mankind.*—FOOTE.

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 greybeards hobble out,
 And hail the cavalcade with feeble shout.
 "This the respect to reverend 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 you father ride."
 As Grecian lads were seldom void of grace,
 The decent duteous youth resign'd his place.
 Then 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 the poor dumb beast!
 "They might as well have carried him 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 attempts who strives to please them all."

27. *The Cuckoo.*—LOGAN.

HAIL! beauteous stranger of the grove,
 Attendant on the Spring!

Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
When heaven is fill'd with music sweet
Of birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering in the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fl'ist thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year.

Oh! could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make, with social wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.



28. *Mental Cultivation recommended.*—COTTON.

HEAR, ye fair mothers of our ìsle,
Nor scorn your poet's homely style,
What though my thoughts be quaint or new,
I'll warrant that my doctrine's true.
You judge it of important weight
To keep your rising offspring straight;

For this such anxious moments feel,
 And ask the friendly aid of steel;
 For this import the distant cane,
 Or slay the Monarch of the main.
 And shall the soul be warp'd aside
 By Passion, Prejudice, or Pride?
 Deformity of Heart I call
 The worst deformity of all.
 Strive to adorn the better part:
 This is the nobler theme for art.
 For what is Form, or what is Face,
 But the Soul's index or its case?



29. *The Rhyming Apothecary.*—COLMAN.

His fame full six miles round the country ran;
 Indeed, in reputation he was *solus*;
 All the old women called him “a fine man.”—
 His name was *Bolus*.

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,
 (Which oftentimes will genius fetter,)
 Read works of fancy, it is said,
 And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd?
 Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic?
 Of Poetry though Patron-god,
 Apollo patronises physic.

Bolus lov'd verse, and took so much delight in't,
 That his prescriptions he resolv'd to write in't.
 No opportunity he e'er let pass
 Of writing the directions on his labels,
 In dapper couplets—like Gay's fables;
 Or, rather, like the lines in *Hudibras*.

Apothecary's verse!—and where's the treason?
 'Tis simply honest dealing:—not a crime;—

When patients swallow physic without reason,
 It is but fair to give a little rhyme.
 He had a patient lying at death's door,
 Some three miles from the town—it might be four;
 To whom one evening Bolus sent an article,
 In pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical.

And on the label of the stuff

He wrote this verse;
 Which, one would think, was clear enough
 And terse:—

“ WHEN TAKEN,
 “ TO BE WELL SHAKEN.”

Next morning, early, Bolus rose;
 And to the patient's house he goes;
 Upon his pad,
 Who a vile trick of stumbling had:

Bolus arriv'd and gave a doubtful tap;—
 Between a single and a double rap.—
 The servant lets him in, with dismal face,
 Long as a courtier's out of place—

Portending some disaster;
 John's countenance as rueful look'd and grim,
 As if the Apothecary had physick'd him—
 And not his master.

“ Well, how's the Patient?” Bolus said—
 John shook his head.

“ Indeed! hum! ha!—that's very odd!

“ He took the draught?” John gave a nod!

“ Well, how? what then? Speak out you dunce!

“ Why then”—says John—“ we *shook* him once.”

“ Shook him! how?”—Bolus stammer'd out:—

“ We jolted him about.”

“ Zounds! shake a Patient, man! a shake won't do.”

“ No, Sir,—and so we gave him *two*.”

“ *Two* shakes!
 “ ’Twould make the Patient worse.”
 “ It did so, Sir!—and so a *third* we tried.”
 “ Well; and what then?” “ Then, Sir, my master
 “ died.”

30. *A Parody on Sempronius' Speech.*

.....MY voice is still for war.
 What! shall the sons of Scotia e'er debate
 Which of the two to choose, slavery or death?
 No;—let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
 And in the ranks of GALLANT VOLUNTEERS,
 Attack the foe; break through the thick array
 Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
 Rise, brothers! rise; 'tis *Britain* claims your help:
 Rise and revenge her flagrant injuries,
 Or nobly die. Our neighbours of *Iberia*
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud “ To battle!”
 Our exil'd friends complain that we are slow,
 And Heroes' ghosts walk unreveng'd amongst us.

31. *An Address before Battle.*

.....WHY let them come!
 They come like sacrifices in their trim;
 And to the fire-eyed Maid of smoky war,
 All hot and bleeding, will we offer them.
 The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit
 Up to the neck in blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours. Come, let me take my horse,
 Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt
 Against the bosom of yon Fiend of France?
 Briton with Frenchman shall, with sword to sword,
 Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.

32. *My Father.*

Who took me from my Mother's arms,
 And, smiling at her soft alarms,
 Show'd me the world and nature's charms?—

My Father.

Who made me feel, and understand,
 The wonders of the sea and land,
 And mark, through all, my Maker's hand?—

My Father.

Who climb'd with me the mountain's height,
 And watch'd my look of dread delight,
 While rose the glorious orb of light?—

My Father.

Who from each flower and verdant stalk,
 Gather'd a honey'd store of talk,
 To fill the long delightful walk?—

My Father.

Not on an insect would he tread,
 Nor strike the stinging nettle dead—
 Who taught at once my heart and head?—

My Father.

Who fir'd my breast with Homer's fame,
 And taught the high heroic theme,
 That, nightly, flash'd upon my dream?—

My Father.

Who smil'd at my supreme desire,
 To see "the curling smoke" aspire,
 From Ithaca's domestic fire?—

My Father.

Upon the raft, amidst the foam,
 Who, with Ulysses, saw me roam,
 His head still rais'd to look for home?—

My Father.

“ What made a barren rock so dear ?”
 “ My boy! he had a country there;”
 And who then dropp'd a prescient tear?—
 My Father.

Who now in pale and placid light
 Of memory, gleams upon my sight,
 Bursting the sepulchre of night?—
 My Father.

Oh! teach me still thy Christian plan;
 Thy practice with thy precept ran,—
 Nor yet desert me, now a man,—
 My Father.

Still let thy scholar's heart rejoice,
 With charm of thy angelic voice,—
 Still prompt the motive and the choice,
 My Father.

For yet remains a little space,
 Till I shall meet thee, face to face,
 And not, as now, in vain, embrace
 My Father.

33. *My Mother.*

Who fed me from her gentle breast,
 And hush'd me in her arms to rest,
 And on my cheek sweet kisses press'd?—
 My Mother.

When sleep forsook my open eye,
 Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
 And rock'd me that I should not cry?—
 My Mother.

Who sat and watch'd my infant head,
 When sleeping on my cradle bed,
 And tears of sweet affection shed?—
 My Mother.

When pain and sickness made me cry,
 Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,
 And wept for fear that I should die?—

My Mother.

Who dress'd my doll in clothes so gay,
 And taught me pretty how to play,
 And minded all I had to say?—

My Mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
 And would some pretty story tell,
 Or kiss the place to make it well?—

My Mother.

(Who taught my infant lips to pray,
 To love God's Holy Book and Day,
 And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?—

My Mother.

And can I ever cease to be
 Affectionate and kind to thee,
 Who was so very kind to me?—

My Mother.

Ah! no: the thought I cannot bear;
 And if God please my life to spare,
 I hope I shall reward thy care,

My Mother.

When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
 My healthy arm shall be thy stay,
 And I will soothe thy pains away,

My Mother.

And when I see thee hang thy head,
 'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
 And tears of sweet affection shed,—

My Mother.

(For God that lives above the skies,
 Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
 If I should ever dare despise

My Mother.

34. *Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.*—COLMAN.

WHO has e'er been in London, that overgrown place,
 Has seen "LODGINGS TO LET" stare him full in the face:
 Some are good, and let dearly; while some, 'tis well
 known,

Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.
 Tom Steady, whose temper was studious and lonely,
 Hir'd lodgings that took *Single Gentlemen* only;
 But Tom was so fat he appear'd like a tun;—
 Or like *Two Single Gentlemen* roll'd into *One*.
 He enter'd his rooms, and to bed he retreated;
 But all the night long he felt fever'd and heated,
 And though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,
 He was not by any means heavy to sleep;
 Next night 'twas the same;—and the next;—and the
 next;

He perspir'd like an ox; he was nervous and vex'd;
 Week pass'd after week; till by weekly succession,
 His weakly condition was past all expression.

So calling his host—he said—"Sir, do you know,
 'I'm the fat *Single Gentleman*, six months ago?"

"Look ye, Landlord, I think," argu'd Tom, with a
 grin,

"That with honest intentions you first *took me in*:"

"But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold,

"I've been so very hot, that I'm sure I caught cold."

Quoth the landlord,—"till now, I ne'er had a dispute;

"I've let lodgings ten years;—I'm a Baker to boot;

"In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is no sloven;

"And your bed is immediately over my oven."

"The Oven!!!" says Tom—says the host, "Why
 this passion?"

"In that excellent bed died three people of fashion.

"Why so crusty, good Sir?"—"Zounds!" cries Tom,
 in a taking,

"Who wouldn't be crusty with half-a-year's baking?"

Tom paid for his rooms;—cried the host, with a sneer,
 “ Well, I see you’ve been *going away*, Sir, this half-
 year.”

“ Friend, we can’t well agree,—yet no quarrel”—
 Tom said;—

“ But I’d rather not *perish*, while you *make your bread*.”

35. *Melancholy*.—COLLINS.

WITH eyes up-raiſ’d, as one inspir’d,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir’d;
 And from her wild ſequeſter’d ſeat,
 In notes by diſtance made more ſweet,
 Pour’d through the mellow horn her pensive ſoul:
 And, dashing ſoft, from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join’d the ſound.
 Through glades and glooms the mingled meaſure ſtole;
 Or o’er ſome haunted ſtream with fond delay,
 (Round a holy calm diffuſing,
 Love of peace and lonely muſing,)
 In hollow murmurs died away.

36. *Hymn to Adverſity*.—GRAY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless Power,
 Thou tamer of the human breſt,
 Whoſe iron ſcourge and torturing hour,
 The bad affright, afflict the beſt!
 Bound in thy adamantinè chain,
 The proud are taught to taſte of pain,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan
 With pangs unſelt before, unpitied, and alone.
 When firſt thy Sire to ſend on earth
 Virtue, his darling child, deſign’d,
 To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
 And bade thee form her infant mind.

Stern, rugged Nurse! thy rigid lore,
 With patience, many a year she bore:
 What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
 And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' wo:
 Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
 Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
 And Melancholy, silent maid,
 With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
 Still on thy solemn steps attend:
 Warm Charity, the general friend;
 With Justice, to herself severe;
 And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.
 Thy form benign, O Goddess! wear;
 Thy milder influence impart;
 Thy philosophic train be there,
 To soften, not to wound my heart.
 The generous spark, extinct, revive;
 Teach me to love and to forgive;
 Exact my own defects to scan;
 What others are, to feel; and know myself a man.

37. *Against Immoderate Wishes.*—COTTON.

REGARD the world with cautious eye,
 Nor raise your expectation high;
 See that the balanc'd scales be such,
 You neither fear nor hope too much.
 For disappointment's not the thing;
 'Tis pride and passion point the sting.
 Life is a sea, where storms must rise,
 'Tis Folly talks of cloudless skies.
 He who contracts his swelling sail
 Eludes the fury of the gale.

38. *Laughter and Mirth.*—MILTON.

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 unreprieved pleasures free.
 To hear the lark begin his flight,
 And, singing, startle the dull Night,
 From his watch-tower in the skies,
 Till the dappl'd dawn doth rise;
 Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
 And, at my window, bid good-morrow,
 Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
 Or the twisted eglantine:
 While the cock, with lively din,
 Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
 And to the stack, or the barn-door,
 Stoutly struts his dames before:
 Oft listening how the hounds and horn
 Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
 From the side of some hoar hill,
 Through the high wood echoing shrill:
 Some time walking not unseen,
 By hedge-row elms, or 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.

39. *The Cameleon.*—MERRICK.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 Returning from his finish'd tour,
 Grown ten times penter than before:
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travel'd fool your mouth will stop—
 “ Sir, if my judgement you'll allow—
 I've seen—and sure I ought to know.”—
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travelers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talk'd of this, and then of that;
 Discours'd awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the Cameleon's form and nature.

“ A stranger animal,” cries one,
 “ Sure never liv'd beneath the sun:
 “ A lizard's body, lean and long,
 “ A fish's head, a serpent's tongue.
 “ Its tooth with triple claw disjoin'd;
 “ And what a length of tail behind!
 “ How slow its pace! and then its hue—
 “ Who ever saw so fine a *blue!*”

“ Hold there,” the other quick replies,
 “ 'Tis *green*; I saw it with these eyes,
 “ As late with open mouth it lay,
 “ And warm'd it in the sunny ray:
 “ Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
 “ And saw it eat the air for food.”

“ I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
 “ And must again affirm it *blue*.
 “ At leisure I the beast survey'd,
 “ Extended in the cooling shade.”

“ 'Tis *green*, 'tis *green*, Sir, I assure you.”—
 “ *Green!*” cries the other in a fury—

“ Why, Sir, d’ye think I’ve lost my eyes?”
 “ ’Twere no great loss,” the friend replies;
 “ For if they always serve you thus,
 “ You’ll find them but of little use.”

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

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

40. *Music*.—POPE.

SHE said. In air the trembling music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
 So soft, though high; so loud, and yet so clear:
 Even listening angels lean from heaven to hear:
 To farthest shores the ambrosial spirit flies,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

39. *The Cameleon.*—MERRICK.

Oft has it been my lot to mark
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,
 Returning from his finish'd tour,
 Grown ten times penter than before:
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travel'd fool your mouth will stop—
 “ Sir, if my judgement you'll allow—
 I've seen—and sure I ought to know.”—
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travelers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talk'd of this, and then of that;
 Discours'd awhile, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the Cameleon's form and nature.

“ A stranger animal,” cries one,
 “ Sure never liv'd beneath the sun:
 “ A lizard's body, lean and long,
 “ A fish's head, a serpent's tongue.
 “ Its tooth with triple claw disjoin'd;
 “ And what a length of tail behind!
 “ How slow its pace! and then its hue—
 “ Who ever saw so fine a *blue!*”

“ Hold there,” the other quick replies,
 “ 'Tis *green*; I saw it with these eyes,
 “ As late with open mouth it lay,
 “ And warm'd it in the sunny ray:
 “ Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
 “ And saw it eat the air for food.”

“ I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
 “ And must again affirm it *blue*.
 “ At leisure I the beast survey'd,
 “ Extended in the cooling shade.”

“ 'Tis *green*, 'tis *green*, Sir, I assure you.”—
 “ *Green!*” cries the other in a fury—

“ Why, Sir, d’ye think I’ve lost my eyes?”
 “ ’Twere no great loss,” the friend replies;
 “ For if they always serve you thus,
 “ You’ll find them but of little use.”

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

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

40. *Music*.—POPE.

SHE said. In air the trembling music floats,
 And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
 So soft, though high; so loud, and yet so clear:
 Even listening angels lean from heaven to hear:
 To farthest shores the ambrosial spirit flies,
 Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

41. *Address to Liberty.*—COWPER.

OH! could I worship aught beneath the skies
 That earth hath seen, or fancy can devise,
 Thine altar, sacred Liberty! should stand,
 Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
 With fragrant turf, and flowers as wild and fair
 As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air.
 Duly, as ever on the mountain's height
 The peep of Morning shed a dawning light;
 Again, when Evening, in her sober vest,
 Drew the grey curtain of the fading west;
 My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise
 For the chief blessings of my fairest days:
 But that were sacrilege;—praise is not thine,
 But His who gave thee, and preserves thee mine.

42. *Different Ages.*—POPE.

BEHOLD the child, by Nature's kindly law,
 Pleas'd with a rattle, tickl'd with a straw:
 Some livelier play=thing gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite:
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage;
 And cards and counters are the toys of age.

43. *Cheerfulness in Retirement.*—SHAKESPEARE.

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 fang
 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 counselors
 "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.

"As You Like It."

44. *Paris challenging the Grecians.*—HOMER.

Now front to front the hostile armies stand,
 Eager of fight, impatient of command;
 When to the van, before the sons of fame,
 Whom Troy sent forth, the beauteous Paris came;
 In form a god! the panther's speckl'd hide
 Flow'd o'er his armour with an easy pride.
 His bended bow across his shoulders flung;
 His sword beside him negligently hung:
 Two pointed spears he shook with gallant grace,
 And dar'd the bravest of the Grecian race.

45. *Versification.*—POPE.

TRUE ease in writing comes from art, not chance;
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
 Soft is the strain, when zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows.
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line, too, labours, and the words move slow:
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the
 main.

46. *Speech of Calista's Father.*—ROWE.

LET Mirth go on: let Pleasure know no pause,
 But fill up every minute of this day.
 'Tis yours, my children, sacred to your loves:
 The glorious Sun himself for you looks gay;
 He shines for Altamont and for Calista.—
 Take care my gates be open. Bid all welcome:
 All who rejoice with me to-day are friends.
 Let each indulge his genius; each be glad,
 Jocund, and free, and swell the feast with mirth.
 The sprightly bowl shall cheerfully go round;
 None shall be grave, or too severely wise:
 Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
 The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,
 In wine shall be forgotten all!

47. *Rational Pleasure.*—YOUNG.

PLEASURE, we all agree, is man's chief good;
 Our only contest, what deserves the name.
 Give pleasure's name to nought but what hath pass'd
 The authentic seal of reason, and defies
 The tooth of time; when pass'd, a pleasure still;
 Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
 And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
 Our future, while it forms our present joy.

48. *Courage.*—HOME.

THOU speak'st a woman's; hear a warrior's wish:
 Right from their native land, the stormy north,
 May the wind blow, till every keel is fix'd
 Immovable in Caledonia's strand!
 Then shall our foes repent their bold invasion,
 And roving armies shun the fatal shore.

49. *Norval's Account of himself.*—HOME.

MY name is Norval: on the Grampian hills
 My father feeds his flock, a frugal swain,

Whose constant cares were to increase his store,
 And keep his only son, myself, at home:
 For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
 To follow to the field some warlike lord;
 And heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
 This moon, which rose last night, round as my shield,
 Had not yet fill'd her horns, when, by her light,
 A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,
 Rush'd, like a torrent, down upon the vale,
 Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
 For safety and for succour. I alone,
 With bended bow and quiver full of arrows,
 Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
 The road they took: then hasted to my friends;
 Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
 I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
 We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
 An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chief,
 Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
 The shepherd's slothful life; and, having heard
 That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
 I left my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps—
 Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
 Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers;
 And, heaven-directed, came, this day, to do
 The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

50. *Norval's Account of the Hermit of whom
 he learned the art of War.*—HOME.

BENEATH a mountain's brow, the most remote
 And inaccessible by shepherds trod,
 In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
 A hermit liv'd; a melancholy man,

Who was the wonder of our wandering swains.
 Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
 Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,
 Water his drink, his food the shepherds' alms.
 I went to see him, and my heart was touch'd
 With reverence and with pity. Mild he spoke,
 And entering on discourse, such stories told,
 As made me oft revisit his sad cell;
 For he had been a soldier in his youth,
 And fought in famous battles, when the peers
 Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
 Against the usurping Infidel display'd
 The blessed cross, and won the Holy Land.
 Pleas'd with my admiration, and the fire
 His speech struck from me, the old man would shake
 His years away, and act his young encounters:
 Then, having show'd his wounds, he'd sit him down,
 And all the live-long day discourse of war.
 To help my fancy, in the smooth green turf
 He cut the figures of the marshal'd hosts;
 Describ'd the motions, and explain'd the use
 Of the deep column, and the lengthen'd line,
 The square, the crescent, and the phalanx firm.
 For all that Saracen or Christian knew
 Of war's vast art, was to this hermit known.

51. *The Affectionate Heart.*—COTTLE.

AFFECTION! thou soother of care,
 Without thee unfriended we rove;
 Thou canst make even the desert look fair,
 And thy voice is the voice of the dove.
 'Mid the anguish that preys on the breast,
 And the storms of mortality's state;
 What shall lull the afflicted to rest,
 But the joys that on Sympathy wait?

What is Fame, bidding Envy defiance,
 The idol and bane of mankind;
 What is Wit, what is Learning, or Science,
 To the heart that is steadfast and kind?

Even Genius may weary the sight,
 By too fierce and too constant a blaze;
 But Affection, mild planet of night!
 Grows lovelier the longer we gaze.

It shall thrive when the flattering forms
 Which encircle Creation decay;
It shall live 'mid the wide-wasting storms,
 That bear all, undistinguish'd, away.

When Time, at the end of his race,
 Shall expire with expiring mankind;
It shall stand on its permanent base,
It shall last till the wreck of the mind.



52. *Folly of trusting to Futurity.*—YOUNG.

IN human hearts what bolder thought can rise
 Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?
 Where is to-morrow? In another world.
 To numbers this is certain; the reverse
 Is sure to none; and yet, on this Perhaps,
 This Peradventure, infamous for lies,
 As on a rock of adamant, we build
 Our mountain-hopes; spin out eternal schemes,
 And, big with life's futurities, expire.



53. *Complaint of Unkindness in a Friend.*—
 SHAKESPEARE.

Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,—
 The sister-vows, the hours that we have spent,
 When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us;—Oh! and is all forgot!

All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence!
 We, Hermia! like two artificial gods,
 Created with our needles both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
 Had been incorporate. So we grew together;
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet a union in partition.
 And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
 And join with men in scorning your poor friend?

54. *Richard II.'s Reception, on being led a Prisoner
 into London.*—SHAKESPEARE.

As, in a theatre, the eyes of men,
 After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
 Are idly bent on him that enters next,
 Thinking his prattle to be tedious;—
 Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
 Did scowl on Richard. No man cried, God save him!
 No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
 But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
 Which, with such gentle sorrow, he shook off,
 (His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience,)
 That had not God, for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
 And barbarism itself have pitied him.

55. *Incitements to Fortitude.*—JOHNSON.

SINK not beneath imaginary sorrows;
 Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom:
 Think on the sudden change of human scenes;
 Think on the various accidents of war;
 Think on the mighty power of awful virtue;
 Think on that Providence that guards the good.

56. *Speech of Calista's Father.*—ROWE.

LET Mirth go on: let Pleasure know no pause,
 But fill up every minute of this day.
 'Tis yours, my children, sacred to your loves:
 The glorious Sun himself for you looks gay;
 He shines for Altamont, and for Calista.—
 Take care my gates be open. Bid all welcome:
 All who rejoice with me to-day are friends.
 Let each indulge his genius; each be glad,
 Jocund, and free, and swell the feast with mirth.
 The sprightly bowl shall cheerfully go round;
 None shall be grave, or too severely wise:
 Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,
 The rich man's insolence, and great man's scorn,
 In wine shall be forgotten all!

57. *Rational Pleasure.*—YOUNG.

PLEASURE, we all agree, is man's chief good;
 Our only contest—What deserves the name?
 Give Pleasure's name to nought but what hath pass'd
 The authentic seal of reason, and defies
 The tooth of time; when pass'd, a pleasure still;
 Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
 And doubly to be priz'd, as it promotes
 Our future, while it forms our present, joy.

58. *Alexander boasting his passing the Granicus.*—LEE.

My arm a nobler victory ne'er gain'd;
 And I am prouder to have pass'd that stream,
 Than that I drove a million o'er the plain.
 Can none remember? Yes, I know all must:
 When Glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood
 Perch'd on my beaver in the Granic flood;
 When Fortune's self my standard, trembling, bore,
 And the pale Fates stood frighten'd on the shore;

When all the Immortals on the billows rode,
And I myself appear'd the leading god.

59. *Midnight.*—YOUNG.

NIGHT, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence, how dead! and Darkness, how profound!
Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds:
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,
An awful pause, prophetic of her end.

60. *Mirth.*—RICHARDSON.

HASTE thee, Mirth, enlivening power,
Parent of the genial hour,
Sportive god, without delay,
Animate our festal day.

Here, when dewy roses glow,
And the hawthorn-blossoms blow;
And the lively linnets sing,—
Wave thy pleasure-breathing wing.

Come, inspire the festive strain;
Come, with all thy happy train,—
Jovial sports, alluring wiles,
Laughter, and the dimpling smiles!

61. *Contentment, Joy, and Peace.*—DYER.

OH! may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
For, while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, even now, my joys run high,
 As on the mountain-turf I lye;
 While the wanton Zephyr sings,
 And in the vale perfumes his wings;
 While the waters murmur deep,
 While the shepherd charms his sheep;
 While the birds unbounded fly,
 And with music fill the sky,
 Now, even now, my joys run high.

Be full, ye Courts! be great who will;
 Search for Peace with all your skill;
 Open wide the lofty door;
 Seek her on the marble floor:
 In vain ye search, she is not there;
 In vain ye search the domes of care!
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads
 On the meads and mountain-heads,
 Along with Pleasure close allied,
 Ever by each other's side;
 And often, by the murmuring rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

62. *On Nelson.*—CARNEGIE.

WHY in grief is BRITANNIA? ah! why that sad tear?
 For NELSON I mourn, for that warrior so brave;
 A name that will still to my bosom be dear,
 For how oft did my foes he o'erwhelm on the wave.
 For Nelson I mourn, for that brave British tar,
 The hero of Nile, and of fam'd Trafalgar.
 Still memory recalls, when at Calvi he bled,
 And St. Vincent, sad day of despair unto Spain,
 When, desperate the conflict, to victory he led,
 And my Empire thus fix'd more secure on the main.
 At Teneriffe, next, was his courage display'd,
 Where the loss of his arm he with fortitude bore;

And, ardent for conquest, withheld not his aid,
 But panted to bleed for his country still more.
 At Nile, Gallia's fleet he most nobly o'ercame;
 Copenhagen his wisdom and bravery own'd;
 And Trafalgar's proud victory made deathless his fame;
 There he fell, and with glory immortal was crown'd.

63. *On the Death of an amiable Young Lady.*—

CARNEGIE.

AH me! how many griefs, ere life decay,
 Must man encounter in this mortal coil!
 What boots it that he sees a lengthen'd day,
 If sorrow pierce his heart so oft the while?
 What serves his early toil, and anxious care,
 To raise a bed of flowerets sweet and gay,
 If, when they bud and bloom with fragrance rare,
 Fell blasts destroy, and low their beauty lay?
 So Heaven ordains; and faded is the rose;
 The loveliest floweret that adorn'd the vale
 Is now no more; no more that beauty blows;
 No more that mind where goodness did prevail.
 No more that hand shall wretched penury rear;
 No more that voice dispel pale sorrow's tear;
 Her spirit's fled to where the angelic train
 With love and joy, in endless pleasures, reign.

64. *On Mary, Queen of Scots.*—CARNEGIE.

O THOU pre-eminent! whose charms display
 Beauty refulgent as the orient day,
 Fairer than glowing fancy can define,
 Each charm of youth, of form, of mind, was thine.
 Who can unmov'd behold that graceful mien,
 Where captivating elegance is seen;
 Or view regardless that attractive face,
 Where beauty's loveliest lineaments we trace;

Or see those eyes that blissful rays impart,
 Without soft passion kindling in the heart?
 At once those qualities we most desire
 In thee combine,—those talents we admire.
 Thy thoughts impassion'd breathe, and flow with ease
 In various tongues; in each alike to please:
 Gay and accomplish'd, affable, polite,
 Fitted to charm the eye,—the soul delight;
 An object that can every heart engage;
 The love and admiration of thy age.
 O thou! who dost such sovereign charms display,
 Our beauteous Queen, we bless thy gentle sway.

65. *Remembrance of Passed Scenes.*—CARNEGIE.

ALAS! fond Memory, dost thou still pourtray
 Those scenes where Pleasure held her jocund reign!
 Scenes once so fair, so happy, and so gay,
 But ne'er, alas! doom'd to return again!
 As o'er each much-lov'd spot I seem to trace,
 I feel my heart by grief's sad pangs oppress'd;
 And fain the dear remembrance would erase
 And shut for ever from my aching breast.
 But still, when o'er my mind her shady wings,
 Reflection spreads, then memory anew,
 Painting those long-pass'd prospects to my view,
 Creates a joy that lasting sorrow brings.
 But now, for ever, from these pleasures torn,
 I trace them but to weep, remember but to mourn.

66. *The Solar System.*—CHATTERTON.

THE *Sun* revolving on his axis turns,
 And with creative fire intensely burns;
 Impell'd the forcive air, our *Earth* supreme
 Rolls with the Planets round the solar gleam:
 First *Mercury* completes his transient year,
 Glowing refulgent, with reflected glare;

Bright *Venus* occupies a wider way,
 The early harbinger of night and day;
 More distant still our *Globe Terraqueous* turns,
 Nor chills intense, nor fiercely-heated burns,
 Around her rolls the *Lunar Orb of light*,
 Trailing her silver glories through the night;
 Beyond our globe the sanguine *Mars* displays
 A strong reflection of primeval rays;
 Next, belted *Jupiter* far distant gleams,
 Scarcely enlighten'd with the solar beams;
 With *four* unfix'd receptacles of light,
 He towers majestic through the spacious height;
 But farther yet the tardy *Saturn* lags,
 And *seven* attendant luminaries drags;
 Investing with a double ring his pace,
 He circles through the immensity of space.

67. *The Moon.*—BROOME.

By thy command, the Moon, as day-light fades,
 Lifts her broad circle in the deepening shades;
 Array'd in glory, and enthron'd in light,
 She breaks the solemn terrors of the night;
 Sweetly inconstant in her varying flame,
 She changes, still another—yet the same!
 Now in decrease, by slow degrees she shrouds
 Her fading lustre in a veil of clouds;
 Now of increase, her gathering beams display
 A blaze of light, and give a paler day;
 Ten thousand stars adorn her glittering train,
 Fall when she falls, and rise with her again;
 And o'er the deserts of the sky unfold
 Their burning spangles of sidereal gold;
 Through the wide heavens she moves serenely bright,
 Queen of the gay attendants of the night;
 Orb above orb in sweet confusion lyes,
 And, with a bright disorder, paints the skies.

68. *Hope.*

HOPE is the first chief blessing here below,
 The only balm to heal corroding wo:
 It is the staff of age, the sick man's health,
 The prisoner's freedom, and the poor man's wealth:
 The sailor's safety; lasting as our breath,
 It stills holds on, nor quits us even in death.

69. *How d'ye do, and Good-bye.*

ONE day, *Good-bye* met *How d'ye do*,
 Too close to shun saluting,
 But soon the rival sisters flew
 From kissing to disputing.

“ Away,” says *How d'ye do*, “ your mien
 Appals my cheerful nature;
 No name so sad as yours is seen
 In sorrow's nomenclature.

“ Where'er I give one sun-shine hour,
 Your cloud comes in to shade it;
 Where'er I plant one bosom flower,
 Your mildew drops to fade it.

“ Ere *How d'ye do* has tun'd each tongue,
 To ‘ Hope's delighted measure,’
Good-bye in Friendship's ear has rung
 The knell of parting pleasure!

“ From sorrows pass'd my chymic skill
 Draws smiles of consolation,
 While you from present joys distil
 The tears of separation.”

Good-bye replied, “ Your statement's true,
 And well your cause you've pleaded;
 But pray, who'd think of *How d'ye do*,
 Unless *Good-bye* preceded?”

“ Without my prior influence,
 Could yours have ever flourish'd?
 And can your hand one flower dispense,
 But those my tears have nourish'd?

“ From Love and Friendship's kindred source,
 We both derive existence;
 And they would both lose half their force,
 Without our joint assistance.

“ 'Tis well the world our merit knows,
 Since time, there's no denying,
 One half in *How d'ye doing* goes,
 And t'other in *Good-byeing*.”

70. *December*.—SOUTHEY.

- 1 THOUGH now no more the musing ear
 Delights to listen to the breeze
 That lingers o'er the green-wood shade,
 I love thee, Winter! well.
- 2 Sweet are the harmonies of Spring,
 Sweet is the Summer's evening gale,
 And sweet the Autumnal winds that shake
 The many-colour'd grove.
- 3 And pleasant to the sober'd soul
 The silence of the wintry scene,
 When Nature shrouds her in her trance
 In deep tranquillity.
- 4 Not undelightful now, to roam
 The wild heath, sparkling on the sight;
 Not undelightful now, to pace
 The forest's ample rounds;
- 5 And see the spangl'd branches shine,
 And mark the moss of many a hue,
 That varies the old tree's brown bark,
 Or o'er the grey stone spreads.

- 6 And mark the cluster'd berries bright,
Amid the holly's gay-green leaves;
The ivy round the leafless oak
That clasps its foliage close.
- 7 So Virtue, diffident of strength,
Clings to Religion's firmer aid,
And, by Religion's aid upheld,
Endures calamity.
- 8 Nor void of beauties now the Spring,
Whose waters, hid from summer-sun,
Have sooth'd the thirsty pilgrim's ear
With more than melody.
- 9 The green moss shines with icy glare;
The long grass bends its spear-like form,
And lovely is the silvery scene
When faint the sun-beams smile.
- 10 Reflection too may love the hour
When Nature, hid in Winter's grave,
No more expands the bursting bud,
Or bids the floweret bloom.
- 11 For Nature soon, in Spring's best charms,
Shall rise reviv'd from Winter's grave,
Again expand the bursting bud,
And bid the floweret bloom.

71. *Consequence of Petulance.*

LET no unguarded action wound repose;
From trifling causes sorrow often flows:
An unkind word may wound the tender heart;
A hasty deed may plant a barbed dart.
Ne'er, then, let passion give to peace alloy,
Nor wound that breast thou ought'st to fill with joy!

72. *Happiness attainable by Content.*

How vain the hope, in change of scene, to find
 That calm content which centres in the mind!
 Though every state thou fruitlessly hast tried,
 In every state, did not thyself reside?
 Did not ill-humour still thy breast invade,
 Or when thou sought'st the crowd, or when the shade?
 Know, then, thy heart alone the thorn contains
 Which wounds repose, and wakens all thy pains;
 Disturbs thy peace alike in splendid halls,
 Or in the lowly cot's poor clay-built walls.
 Let Virtue, then, alone thy search employ,
 For she alone can give unmixed joy;
 Alone bestows those sweets that ne'er decay,
 That find increase with each increasing day.

73. *Benevolence recommended.*

OH! ne'er with harden'd heart behold distress,
 But freely give what richly you possess!
 Be kind, be liberal! Fate awaits on all:
 Oft those who soar to-day, to-morrow fall.
 Then, ne'er refuse the boon to want or pain;
 So, when you ask, you may not ask in vain.
 Oh! let not selfish views thy mind employ,
 Which rob the soul of every purer joy!
 Riches are lent—and, well employ'd, impart
 The first of pleasures to a generous heart.
 These joys be thine—nor think of self alone,
 But learn in others' bliss to find thy own.

74. *Selfishness annihilated.*

WHATE'ER thy lot, thankful for what is sent,
 If rich, be liberal; if poor, content:
 With firm submission, learn each wo to bear,
 For all who taste of life must taste of care.

 75. *Advantages of Early Acquirements.*

TRUST not to Fortune, nor a titl'd name,
 To lead thee to the avenues of fame!
 But let some nobler aim thy mind engage,
 And sow in youth, what thou may'st reap in age.
 Let Virtue guide thee to her blissful seat,
 Which firm remains, and braves each shock of fate;
 When fairest laurels grace the victor's brow,
 She sits secure, and sees the storm below.

 76. *The Poor merit Compassion.*

AH! pity those who in pale misery groan,
 Allow for others' faults, not for thine own.
 Ne'er with reproach the humble suppliant load,
 Doom'd by stern fate to tread the thorny road
 Of rugged poverty. Ah! learn to feel,
 And, with kind hand, the festering wound to heal!
 Perhaps from guilt thou may'st the wanderer lead,
 And his untutor'd soul with justice feed.
 Reason may end what charity began,
 And give to Virtue a repentant son.

 77. *The Folly of Lying.*

THEN radiant Truth, celestial form! appear'd,
 By angels honour'd, and by men rever'd.
 The goddess spoke: "Hear this my fix'd decree,
 All who, as constant votaries, bow to me
 My smile shall bless, my aid be ever nigh;
 Respected shall they live, lamented die:
 But those who scorn my sway shall taste of wo,
 And only pain and sad repentance know."

78. *Pain to others, merits not the Name of Pleasure.*

AND canst thou pleasure call what causes pain?
 Ah! pause a moment, and thy mirth restrain!
 Know, that what robs another of his ease,
 Nor can, nor ought, the generous mind to please;
 Ne'er, then, indulge a wish to purchase joy
 By those base means which others' peace destroy!

79. *Affection.*

HAIL, Sweet Affection! hail, thou Sacred Power!
 Thine the pure pleasures of the social hour!
 In every state, thy charms, by all confess'd,
 Can soothe the aged, warm the youthful, breast;
 Wake the fir'd soul to ecstasy of bliss,
 And bid a better state begin in this.

80. *Verses on a Certain Lady at Court.*—POPE.

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon;
 (Envy! be silent, and attend;)
 I know a reasonable woman,
 Handsome and witty, yet a friend!
 Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour;
 Not grave through pride, nor gay through folly;
 An equal mixture of good-humour,
 And sensible soft melancholy.
 "Has she no faults, then, (Envy says,) Sir!"
 "Yes she has one, I must aver:—
 "When all the world conspires to praise her,
 "The woman's deaf, and does not hear."

81. *To a Snow-Drop.*

I POETS still in graceful numbers,
 May the glowing roses choose;
 But the Snow-drop's simple beauty
 Better suits an humble Muse.

- 2 Earliest bud that decks the garden,
 Fairest of the fragrant race,
 First-born child of vernal Flora,
 Seeking, mild, thy lowly place.
- 3 Though no warm, or murmuring zephyr,
 Fan thy leaves with balmy wing;
 Pleas'd, we hail thee, spotless blossom,
 Herald of the infant Spring.
- 4 Through the cold and cheerless season,
 Soft thy tender form expands,
 Safe in un aspiring graces,
 Foremost of the bloomy bands.
- 5 White-rob'd flower, in lonely beauty,
 Rising from a wintery bed;
 Chilling winds and blasts ungenial
 Rudely threatening round thy head.
- 6 Silvery bud, thy pensile foliage
 Seems the angry blast to fear;
 Yet, secure, thy tender texture
 Ornaments the rising year.
- 7 No warm tints, or vivid colouring,
 Paints thy bells with gaudy pride;
 Mildly charm'd, we seek thy fragrance
 Where no thorns insidious hide.
- 8 'Tis not thine, with flaunting beauty,
 To attract the roving sight;
 Nature, from her varied wardrobe,
 Chose thy vest of purest white.
- 9 White, as falls the fleecy shower,
 Thy soft form in sweetness grows;
 Not more fair the valley's treasure,
 Not more sweet, her lily blows.
- 10 Drooping harbinger of Flora,
 Simply are thy blossoms dress'd;
 Artless, as the gentle virtues,
 Mansion'd in the blameless breast.

- 11 When to pure and timid virtue,
 Friendship twines a votive wreath,
 O'er the fair selected garland,
 Thou thy perfume soft shall breathe.



82. *The Boy and the Rainbow.*—WILKIE.

ONE evening, as a simple swain
 His flock attended on the plain,
 The shining *bow* he chanc'd to spy,
 Which warns us when a shower is nigh;
 With brightest rays it seem'd to glow,
 Its distance eighty yards or so.

This bumpkin had, it seems, been told
 The story of the cup of gold,
 Which Fame reports is to be found
 Just where the Rainbow meets the ground;
 He, therefore, felt a sudden itch
 To seize the goblet, and be rich;
 Hoping, (yet hopes are oft but vain,)
 No more to toil through wind and rain,
 But sit indulgent by the fire,
 'Midst ease and plenty, like a 'squire!

He mark'd the very spot of land
 On which the Rainbow seem'd to stand,
 And stepping forwards at his leisure,
 Expected to have found the treasure.

But, as he mov'd, the colour'd ray
 Still chang'd its place, and slipp'd away,
 As seeming his approach to shun.
 From walking, he began to run;
 But all in vain; it still withdrew
 As nimbly as he could pursue.

At last, through many a bog and lake,
 Rough craggy rock, and thorny brake,

It led the easy fool, till night
 Approach'd, then vanish'd in his sight,
 And left him to compute his gains,
 With nought but labour for his pains.

83. *Ossian's Hymn to the Sun.*—LOGAN.

O THOU whose beams the sea-girt Earth array,
 King of the sky, and father of the day!
 O Sun! what fountain, hid from human eyes,
 Supplies thy circle round the radiant skies,
 For ever burning, and for ever bright,
 With heaven's pure fire, and everlasting light?
 What awful beauty in thy face appears!
 Immortal youth beyond the power of years!

When gloomy Darkness to thy reign resigns,
 And from the gates of Morn thy glory shines,
 The conscious Stars are put to sudden flight,
 And all the Planets hide their heads in night;
 The Queen of heaven forsakes the ethereal plain,
 To sink inglorious in the western main.
 The clouds refulgent deck thy golden throne,
 High in the heavens, immortal and alone!
 Who can abide the brightness of thy face!
 Or who attend thee in thy rapid race?

The Mountain-oaks, like their own leaves, decay;
 Themselves the Mountains wear with age away;
 The boundless Main, that rolls from land to land,
 Lessens at times, and leaves a waste of sand;
 The silver Moon, refulgent lamp of night,
 Is lost in heaven, and emptied of her light:
 But Thou for ever shalt endure the same,
 Thy light eternal, and unspent thy flame.

When tempests with their train impend on high,
 Darken the day, and load the labouring sky;

When heaven's wide convex glows with lightnings dire,
 All ether flaming, and all earth on fire;
 When loud and long the deep-mouth'd thunder rolls,
 And peals on peals redoubl'd rend the poles;
 If from the opening clouds thy form appears,
 Her wonted charm the face of Nature wears;
 Thy beauteous orb restores departed day,
 Looks from the sky, and laughs the storm away.



84. *Ode against Suspicion.*—AKENSIDE.

- 1 OH, fly! 'tis dire Suspicion's mien;
 And, meditating plagues unseen,
 The Sorceress hither bends:
 Behold her torch, in gall imbru'd:
 Behold, her garment drops with blood
 Of lovers and of friends.
- 2 Fly far! already in your eyes
 I see a pale suffusion rise;
 And soon through every vein,
 Soon will her secret venom spread,
 And all your heart, and all your head,
 Imbibe the potent stain.
- 3 Then many a demon will she raise,
 To vex your sleep, to haunt your ways;
 While gleams of lost delight
 Raise the dark tempest of the brain,
 As lightning shines across the main
 Through whirlwinds, and through night.
- 4 No more can Faith or Candour move:
 But each ingenuous deed of love,
 Which Reason would applaud,
 Now, smiling o'er her dark distress,
 Fancy malignant, strives to dress
 Like Injury and Fraud.

- 5 Farewell to Virtue's peaceful times:
 Soon will you stoop to act the crimes,
 Which thus you stoop to fear;
 Guilt follows guilt: and where the train,
 Begins with wrongs of such a stain,
 What horrors form the rear!
- 6 'Tis thus, to work her baleful power,
 Suspicion waits the sullen hour
 Of fretfulness and strife,
 When Care the weaker bosom wrings,
 Or Eurus waves his murky wings
 To damp the seats of life.
- 7 But come, forsake the scene unblest'd,
 Which first beheld your faithful breast
 To groundless fears a prey;
 Come, where, with my prevailing lyre,
 The skies, the streams, the groves conspire
 To charm your doubts away.
- 8 Thron'd in the Sun's descending car,
 What Power unseen diffuseth far,
 This tenderness of mind?
 What Genius smiles on yonder flood?
 What God, in whispers from the wood,
 Bids every thought be kind?
- 9 O Thou, whate'er thy awful name,
 Whose wisdom our untoward frame,
 With social love restrains;
 Thou who, by fair Affection's ties,
 Giv'st us to double all our joys,
 And half disarm our pains:
- 10 Let Universal Candour still,
 Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,
 Preserve my open mind;
 And never let man's crooked ways,
 One sordid doubt within me raise
 To injure human kind.

85. *Morning*.—CUNNINGHAM.

- 1 IN the barn the tenant cock,
Close to Partlet perch'd on high,
Briskly crows, (the shepherd's clock,)
Jocund that the morning's nigh.
- 2 Swiftly from the mountain's brow,
Shadows, nurs'd by Night, retire;
And the peeping sun-beam now
Paints with gold the village spire.
- 3 Philomel forsakes the thorn,
Plaintive where she prates at night;
And the lark, to meet the morn,
Soars beyond the shepherd's sight.
- 4 From the low-roof'd cottage ridge,
See the chattering swallow spring;
Darting through the one-arch'd bridge,
Quick she dips her dappl'd wing.
- 5 Now the pine-tree's waving top
Gently greets the morning gale!
Kidlings now begin to crop
Daisies in the dewy vale.
- 6 From the balmy sweets, uncloy'd,
(Restless till her task be done,)
Now the busy bee's employ'd
Sipping dew before the sun.
- 7 Trickling through the crevic'd rock,
Where the limpid stream distils,
Sweet refreshment waits the flock
When 'tis sun-driven from the hills.
- 8 Colin, for the promis'd corn,
(Ere the harvest hopes are ripe,)
Anxious hears the huntsman's horn,
Boldly sounding, drown his pipe.

- 9 Sweet, Oh! sweet, the warbling throng,
 On the white emblossom'd spray!
 Nature's universal song
 Echoes to the rising day.



86. *Noon.*—CUNNINGHAM.

- 1 FERVID on the glittering flood,
 Now the noon-tide radiance glows,
 Dropping o'er its infant bud,
 Not a dew-drop's left the rose.
- 2 By the brook the shepherd dines;
 From the fierce meridian heat,
 Shelter'd by the branching pines,
 Pendent o'er his grassy seat.
- 3 Now the flock forsakes the glade,
 Where, uncheck'd, the sun-beams fall,
 Sure to find a pleasing shade
 By the ivied abbey-wall.
- 4 Echo in her airy round,
 O'er the river, rock, and hill,
 Cannot catch a single sound,
 Save the clack of yonder mill.
- 5 Cattle court the zephyrs bland,
 Where the streamlet wanders cool;
 Or, with languid silence, stand
 Midway in the marshy pool.
- 6 But from mountain, dell, or stream,
 Not a fluttering zephyr springs;
 Fearful lest the noon-tide beam
 Scorch its soft, its silken wings.
- 7 Not a leaf has leave to stir,
 Nature's lull'd, serene, and still!
 Quiet even the shepherd's cur,
 Sleeping on the heath-clad hill.

- 8 Languid is the landscape round,
 'Till the fresh descending shower,
 Grateful to the thirsty ground,
 Raises every fainting flower.
- 9 Now the hill,—the hedge, is green;
 Now are the warblers' throats in tune!
 Blithesome is the verdant scene,
 Brighten'd by the beams of noon!



87. *Evening.*—CUNNINGHAM.

- 1 O'ER the heath the heifer strays
 Free—(the furrow'd task is done.)
 Now the village windows blaze,
 Burnish'd by the setting sun.
- 2 Now he hides behind the hill,
 Sinking from a golden sky:
 Can the pencil's mimic skill
 Copy the refulgent dye?
- 3 Trudging as the ploughmen go,
 (To the smoking hamlet bound,)
 Giant-like their shadows grow,
 Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.
- 4 Where the rising forest spreads
 Shelter for the lordly dome!
 To their high-built airy beds,
 See the rooks returning home!
- 5 As the lark, with varied tune,
 Carols to the evening loud,
 Mark the mild resplendent moon,
 Breaking through a parted cloud!
- 6 Now the hermit owlet peeps
 From the barn or twisted brake;
 And the blue mist slowly creeps,
 Curling on the silver lake.

- 7 As the trout, in speckl'd pride,
 Playful from its bosom springs,
 To the banks, a ruff'd tide
 Verges in successive rings.
- 8 Tripping through the silken grass,
 O'er the path-divided dale,
 Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,
 With her well-pois'd milking-pail.
- 9 Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
 And the cuckoo-bird with two,
 Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
 Bid the setting sun adieu.

88. *On Autumn.*—RICHARDSON.

- 1 TIME flies, how unperceiv'd! away.
 Erewhile, the rosy-blossom'd May
 Adorn'd the woods and plains:
 Now May's enlivening smiles are fled,
 And jolly Autumn, in their stead,
 In yellow vesture reigns.
- 2 And soon will Autumn disappear,
 Stern Winter desolate the year,
 And storms invade the skies:
 So Man, the pageant of an hour,
 Shines, for a time, in pomp and power,
 And then unheard-of dies.
- 3 Nor beauty's bloom, nor regal state,
 Nor the vain glory of the Great,
 Nor gold in Lydian streams,
 Can purchase life;—not even a mind,
 Warm with the love of all mankind,
 The parting breath redeems.
- 4 Yet for the few, in Virtue's cause,
 Who, spite of custom's tyrant laws,
 Contemn low-minded care,

A radiant wreath, of power to save
 Beyond oblivion and the grave,
 Celestial hands prepare.

89. *On Winter.*—RICHARDSON.

THE autumnal breezes haste away;
 The yellow leaves fall and decay;
 And pale and weak the shifting beam,
 That glances on the rippling stream.
 And soon in icy chariot roll'd,
 Discharging previous shafts of cold;
 Shall Winter, from his northern realm;
 Rush, unresisted, and o'erwhelm,
 With drifting snows and rattling hail,
 The forest and the furrow'd vale.

Around him kindred tempests crowd,
 And sweeping whirlwinds howl aloud:
 And often, as they intermit,
 Before him screaming curlews flit.—

Now, with preluding blasts, that roar
 Tremendous from the sea-beat shore,
 While dreary Darkness spreads her veil
 Of thickest gloom, on hill and dale,
 On lofty hall and turret high,
 And not a star illumines the sky;
 When darkness and the tempests fly,
 If frosts unveil the azure sky,
 Along the southern lea, the Muse
 Her sweetly-pensive walk pursues;
 Or by the brown forsaken wood,
 Or by the icy-fetter'd flood.

Though May her glowing tints refuse,
 The rural scene invites the Muse;
 Even though wild meteors fire the pole,
 Though storms descend, and thunders roll,

The soul, alive to Nature's charms,
Rejoices in her dread alarms.

Now, 'mid the waste of wintery skies,
Beauty salutes poetic eyes;
For see, what gems of various ray,
Sparkle on the leafless spray,
As bright, I ween, as those that shine
In the Indian or Brazilian mine:
And where projecting rocks distil
Through mossy chinks, the living rill.
These, Winter! these delights are thine,
For these before thy icy shrine
I bend me, and devoutly pay
The tribute of a grateful lay.

90. *To Solitude.*—RICHARDSON.

O SOLITUDE! of soul serene,
Of thoughtful eye and modest mien;
Lovely, philosophic maid,
Guide me to thy silent shade.
Often in thy woody dell,
The Muses tune the charming shell,
That fills the soul with heavenly fires;
Undaunted fortitude inspires,
Inspires magnanimous designs,
The groveling appetites refines;
The silken bands of pleasure breaks,
And Vice's wide dominion shakes.
From thee arose the Samian song,
From thee the laws of Numa sprung:
In latter times, by thee reveal'd,
Luther the beam of truth beheld;
And, fearless, bade the powerful light
Confound the spectres of the night:
Night fled, with Superstition's train,—
The scourge, the rack, the galling chain.

91. *The Cottage of the Western Moor.*—THELWAL.

So white was the cottage, the thatch was so neat,
 And the eglantine porch form'd so shady a seat,
 That I gaz'd, and I sigh'd, as I pass'd on the road—
 "Oh! that mine were so tranquil and sweet an abode!"
 Though small was the garden that compass'd it round,
 And no gaudy exotic embellish'd the ground,
 Smoothly spread the green turf, and the wild flowers
 were sweet,
 That breath'd their perfume round the tranquil retreat.
 'Twas a home for a Poet—Philosopher—Sage;
 'Twas a cradle for youth—an asylum for age,
 Where the world's 'wilderings cares, and its sorrows
 might cease,
 For all was humility, comfort, and peace.

 92. *To Health.*—RICHARDSON.

OH! by the gentle gales that blow,
 Refreshing from the mountain's brow,
 By the vermilion bloom of morn,
 By the dew-drop on the thorn,
 By the sky-lark's matin lay,
 By the flowers that blooming May
 Sprinkles on the meads and hills,
 By the brooks and fuming rills,
 Come, smiling Health, and deign to be,
 Our Queen of rural sports and glee.

What sudden radiance gilds the skies?
 What warblings from the groves arise?
 The breeze more odoriferous blows!
 The stream more musically flows!
 A brighter smile the valley cheers!
 And, lo! the lovely Queen appears!—
 O Health! I know thy blue-bright eye,
 Thy dewy lip, thy rosy dye,

Thy dimpl'd cheek, thy lively air,
 That wins a smile from pining care.
 See the nymphs, and every swain,
 Mingle in thy festive train;
 Goddess! ever blithe and fair,
 Ever mild and debonair,
 Stay with us, and deign to be
 Our Queen of rural sports and glee.

93. *On Happiness.*—POPE.

KNOW then this truth, (enough for man to know,)
 “Virtue alone is happiness below;”
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
 Where only merit constant pay receives,
 Is bless'd in what it takes, and what it gives;
 The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain,
 And, if it lose, attended with no pain:
 Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
 And but more relish'd, as the more distress'd;
 The broadest Mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:
 Good from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd;
 Never dejected, while another's bless'd;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

94. *Written at Midnight, in a Thunder Storm.*—

CARTER.

1 LET coward Guilt, with pallid Fear,
 To sheltering caverns fly,
 And justly dread the vengeful fate
 That thunders through the sky.

- 2 Protected by that Hand whose law
The threatening storms obey,
Intrepid Virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.
- 3 In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
Or lightning's livid glare,
It views the same all-gracious Power,
That breathes the vernal air.
- 4 Through Nature's ever-varying scene,
By different ways pursu'd,
The one eternal end of heaven,
Is Universal Good.
- 5 With like beneficent effect,
O'er flaming ether glows,
As when it tunes the linnets voice,
Or blushes in the rose.
- 6 Our life may all the tenderest care
Of Providence defend;
And delegated angels round
Their guardian wings extend.
- 7 When through Creation's vast expanse,
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the rising soul,
- 8 Unmov'd, may we the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day!



95. *Hymn to Virtue.*—RICHARDSON.

EVER lovely and benign,
Endow'd with energy divine,
Hail Virtue! hail! from thee proceed
The great design, the noble deed,

The heart that melts for human woes,—
Valour, and truth, and calm repose.

Though Fortune frown, though Fate prepare
Her shafts, and wake corroding care;
Though wrathful clouds involve the skies,
Though lightnings glare, and storms arise,
In vain to shake the guiltless soul,
Chang'd Fortune frowns, and thunders roll.

To me thy sovereign gift impart,—
The resolute unshaken heart,
To guide me from the flowery way
Where Pleasure tunes her siren lay:
Deceitful maze! where shame and care
Conceal'd, the poisonous shaft prepare.

And shield me with thy generous pride
When Fashion scoffs, and fools deride;
Ne'er let *Ambition's* meteor-gleam
Mislead my reason; or the dream
Of wealth and power my feet entice
To tread the downward path of vice:

But let my soul, consenting, flow
Compassionate of others' wo.
Teach me the kind endearing art
To ease the mourner's broken heart;
To heal the rankling wounds of care,
And soothe the frenzy of despair.

So, lovely Virgin, may I gain
Admission to thy hallow'd fane;
Where *Peace of mind*, of eye serene,
Of heavenly hue, and placid mien,
Leads, smiling, thy celestial choir,
And strikes the consecrated lyre.

Oh! may that minstrelsy, whose charm
Can rage, and grief, and care, disarm;
Can passion's lawless force control,
Soothe, melt, and elevate, my soul!

96. *Hope.*—YOUNG.

THIS Hope is earth's most estimable prize;
 This is man's portion, while no more than man.
 Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here:
 Passions of prouder name befriend us less;
 Joy has her tears; and Transport has her death:
 Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,
 Man's heart, at once, inspirits and serenes;
 Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys:
 'Tis all our present state can safely bear,
 Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
 A joy attemper'd! a chastis'd delight!
 Like the fair summer evening, mild and sweet,
 'Tis man's full cup; his paradise below!

97. *Elegy, written in Harvest.*—SCOTT.

- 1 FAREWELL the pleasant violet-scented shade,
 The primros'd hill, and daisy-mantl'd mead;
 The furrow'd land, with springing corn array'd;
 The sunny wall, with blooming branches spread:
- 2 Farewell the bower with blushing roses gay;
 Farewell the fragrant trefoil-purpl'd field;
 Farewell the walk through rows of new-mown hay,
 When evening breezes mingl'd odours yield:
- 3 Of these no more—now round the lonely farms
 Where jocund Plenty deigns to fix her seat,
 The autumnal landscape, opening all its charms,
 Declares kind Nature's annual work complete.
- 4 In different parts what different views delight,
 Where, on neat ridges, waves the golden grain;
 Or where the bearded barley, dazzling white,
 Spreads o'er the steepy slope or wide champaign.
- 5 The smile of Morning gleams along the hills,
 And wakeful Labour calls her sons abroad;

They leave with cheerful look their lowly vills,
And bid the fields resign their ripen'd load.

- 6 In various tasks engage the rustic bands,
And here the scythe, and there the sickle, wield;
Or rear the new-bound sheaves along the lands,
Or range in heaps the swarths upon the field.
- 7 Some build the shocks, some load the spacious
wains,
Some lead to sheltering barns the fragrant corn;
Some form tall ricks, that, towering o'er the plains
For many a mile, the homestead *yards* adorn.
- 8 The rattling car with verdant branches crown'd,
The joyful swains, that raise the clamorous song,
The inclosure-gates thrown open all around,
The stubble peopl'd by the gleaning throng,
Soon mark glad harvest o'er.—Ye rural lords,
Whose wide domains o'er Albion's isle extend;
Think whose kind hand your annual wealth affords,
And bid to Heaven your grateful praise ascend!
- 10 For though no gift spontaneous of the ground
Rose these fair crops that made your valleys smile,
Though the blithe youth of every hamlet round
Pursu'd for these, through many a day, their toil;
- 11 Yet what avail your labours or your cares?
Can all your labours, all your cares, supply
Bright suns, or softening showers, or tepid airs,
Or one indulgent influence of the sky?
- 12 For Providence decrees, that we obtain
With toil each blessing destin'd to our use;
But means to teach us, that our toil is vain
If He the bounty of his hand refuse.
- 13 Yet, Albion, blame not what thy crime demands,
While this sad truth the blushing Muse betrays,
More frequent echoes o'er thy harvest lands
The voice of Riot than the voice of Praise.

- 14 Prolific though thy fields, and mild thy clime,
 Realms fam'd for fields as rich, for climes as fair,
 Have fallen the prey of Famine, War, and Time,
 And now no mark of their pass'd glory bear.
- 15 O Albion! would'st thou shun their mournful fate,
 To shun their follies and their crimes be thine;
 And woo to linger in thy fair retreat,
 The radiant Virtues,—progeny divine!
- 16 Fair Truth, with dauntless eye and aspect bland;
 Sweet Peace, whose brow no angry frown
 deforms;
 Soft Charity, with ever-open hand;
 And Courage, calm amid surrounding storms.
- 17 O lovely train! Oh! haste to grace our isle!
 So may the Power who every blessing yields,
 Bid on our clime serenest seasons smile,
 And crown with annual wealth our far-fam'd
 fields.



98. *School-Boy returning Home, by Moonlight, through
 the Church-Yard.*—BLAIR.

OFt in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
 By glimpse of moonshine checkering through the trees,
 The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
 Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
 And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones,
 (With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown,)
 That tell in homely phrase who lye below.
 Sudden he starts, and hears, or thinks he hears,
 The sound of something purring at his heels;
 Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
 Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
 Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
 Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,

That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
 O'er some new-open'd grave; and (strange to tell!)
 Evanishes at crowing of the cock.



99. *Elegy written in Hot Weather.*—SCOTT.

- 1 THREE hours from noon the passing shadow shows,
 The sultry breeze glides faintly o'er the plains,
 The dazzling ether fierce and fiercer glows,
 And human nature scarce its rage sustains.
- 2 Now still and vacant is the dusty street,
 And still and vacant all yon fields extend,
 Save where those swains, oppress'd with toil and
 heat,
 The grassy harvest of the mead attend.
- 3 Lost is the lively aspect of the ground,
 Low are the springs, the reedy ditches dry;
 No verdant spot in all the vale is found,
 Save what yon stream's unfailing stores supply.
- 4 Where are the flowers, the garden's rich array?
 Where is their beauty, where their fragrance-
 fled?
 Their stems relax, fast fall their leaves away,
 They fade and mingle with their dusty bed:
- 5 All but the natives of the torrid zone,
 What Afric's wilds or Peru's fields display,
 Pleas'd with a clime that imitates their own,
 They lovelier bloom beneath the parching ray.
- 6 Where is wild Nature's heart-reviving song,
 That fill'd in genial Spring the verdant bowers?
 Silent in gloomy woods the feather'd throng
 Pine through this long, long course of sultry hours.
- 7 Where is the dream of bliss by Summer brought?
 The walk along the rivulet-water'd vale?

The field with verdure clad, with fragrance fraught!
The sun mild-beaming, and the fanning gale?

8 The weary soul Imagination cheers,
Her pleasing colours paint the future gay:
Time passes on, the truth itself appears,
The pleasing colours instant fade away.

9 In different seasons different joys we place,
And those will Spring supply, and Summer
these;
Yet frequent storms the bloom of Spring deface,
And Summer scarcely brings a day to please.

10 Oh! for some secret, shady, cool, recess,
Some Gothic dome o'erhung with darksome
trees,
Where thick damp walls this raging heat repress,
Where the long aisle invites the lazy breeze!

11 But why these 'plaints?—reflect, nor murmur
more—
Far worse the fate of many in foreign land,
The Indian tribes on Darien's swampy shore,
The Arabs wandering wild o'er Mecca's sand.

12 Lest Man should sink beneath the present pain;
Lest Man should triumph in the present joy;
For him the unvarying laws of Heaven ordain,
Hope in his ills, and to his bliss alloy.

13 Fierce and oppressive is the heat we bear,
Yet not unuseful to our humid soil;
Thence shall our fruits a richer flavour share,
Thence shall our plains with riper harvests smile.

14 Reflect, nor murmur more—for, good in all,
Heaven gives the due degrees of drought or rain;
Perhaps ere morn refreshing showers may fall,
Nor soon yon sun rise blazing fierce again:

15 Even now behold the grateful change at hand!
Hark, in the East loud blustering gales arise;

Wide and more wide the darkening clouds expand,
And distant lightnings flash along the skies!

- 16 Oh! in the awful concert of the storm,
While hail, and rain, and wind, and thunder,
 join;
May deep-felt gratitude my soul inform,
May joyful songs of reverent praise be mine!

100. *The Hermit.*—GOLDSMITH.

- 1 "TURN, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.
- 2 For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow;
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go."
- 3 "Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.
- 4 Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good will.
- 5 Then turn to-night, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.
- 6 No flocks that range the valley free,
To slaughter I condemn:
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them;

- 7 But from the mountain's grassy side
 A guiltless feast I bring;
 A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
 And water from the spring.
- 8 Then, Pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
 All earth-born cares are wrong:
 Man wants but little here below,
 Nor wants that little long."
- 9 Soft as the dew from heaven descends,
 His gentle accents fell;
 The modest stranger lowly bends,
 And follows to the cell.
- 10 Far in a wilderness obscure
 The lonely mansion lay;
 A refuge to the neighbouring poor,
 And strangers led astray.
- 11 No stores beneath its humble thatch
 Requir'd a master's care;
 The wicket, opening with a latch,
 Receiv'd the harmless pair.
- 12 And now, when busy crowds retire
 To take their evening rest,
 The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
 And cheer'd his pensive guest:
- 13 And spread his vegetable store,
 And gayly press'd, and smil'd;
 And, skill'd in legendary lore,
 The lingering hours beguil'd.
- 14 Around, in sympathetic mirth,
 Its tricks the kitten tries;
 The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
 The crackling fagot flies.
- 15 But nothing could a charm impart
 To soothe the stranger's wo;
 For grief was heavy at his heart,
 And tears began to flow.

- 16 His rising cares the Hermit spied,
 With answering care oppress'd:
 "And whence, unhappy youth!" he cried,
 "The sorrows of thy breast?"
- 17 From better habitations spurn'd,
 Reluctant dost thou rove?
 Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd?
 Or unregarded love?
- 18 Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
 Are trifling and decay;
 And those who prize the paltry things,
 More trifling still than they.
- 19 And what is friendship but a name,
 A charm that lulls to sleep;
 A shade that follows wealth or fame,
 And leaves the wretch to weep?
- 20 And love is still an emptier sound,
 The modern fair one's jest:
 On earth unseen, or only found
 To warm the turtle's nest.
- 21 For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
 And spurn the sex," he said:
 But while he spoke, a rising blush
 His love-lorn guest betray'd.
- 22 Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
 Swift mantling to the view;
 Like colours o'er the morning skies,
 As bright, as transient too.
- 23 The bashful look, the rising breast,
 Alternate spread alarms:
 The lovely stranger stands confess'd
 A maid in all her charms!
- 24 "And, ah! forgive a stranger rude,
 A wretch forlorn," she cried;
 "Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
 Where heaven and you reside.

- 25 But let a maid thy pity share,
 Whom love has taught to stray;
 Who seeks for rest, but finds despair
 Companion of her way.
- 26 My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
 A wealthy lord was he;
 And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
 He had but only me.
- 27 To win me from his tender arms,
 Unnumber'd suiters came;
 Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
 And felt, or feign'd, a flame.
- 28 Each hour a mercenary crowd,
 With richest proffers, strove:
 Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
 But never talk'd of love.
- 29 In humble, simplest, habit clad,
 No wealth nor power had he:
 Wisdom and worth were all he had,
 But these were all to me.
- 30 The blossom opening to the day,
 The dews of heaven refin'd
 Could nought of purity display,
 To emulate his mind.
- 31 The dew, the blossoms of the tree,
 With charms inconstant shine;
 Their charms were his, but, wo to me,
 Their constancy was mine.
- 32 For still I tried each fickle art,
 Importunate and vain:
 And while his passion touch'd my heart,
 I triumph'd in his pain.
- 33 Till quite dejected with my scorn,
 He left me to my pride;
 And sought a solitude forlorn
 In secret, where he died.

- 34 But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
 And well my life shall pay;
 I'll seek the solitude he sought,
 And stretch me where he lay.
- 35 And there, forlorn, despairing, hid,
 I'll lay me down and die:
 'Twas so for me that Edwin did;
 And so for him will I."
- 36 "Forbid it, Heaven!" the Hermit cried,
 And clasp'd her to his breast:
 The wandering fair one turn'd to chide—
 'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.
- 37 "Turn, Angelina! ever dear,
 My charmer! turn to see
 Thy own, thy long-lost Edwin here,
 Restor'd to love and thee.
- 38 Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
 And every care resign:—
 And shall we never, never part,
 My life—my all that's mine?
- 39 No, never from this hour to part,
 We'll live and love so true:
 The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
 Shall break thy Edwin's too."



101. *The Fakenham Ghost.*

- 1 THE lawns were dry in Euston-park,
 (Here truth inspires my tale,)
 The lonely footpath, still and dark,
 Led over hill and dale.
- 2 Benighted was an ancient dame,
 And fearful haste she made
 To gain the vale of Fakenham,
 And hail its willow shade.

- 3 Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
 But follow'd faster still;
 And echo'd to the darksome copse
 That whisper'd on the hill:
- 4 Where clamorous rooks, yet scarcely hush'd,
 Bespoke a peopl'd shade;
 And many a wing the foliage brush'd,
 And hovering circuits made.
- 5 The dappl'd herd of grazing deer,
 That sought the shades by day,
 Now started from her path with fear,
 And gave the stranger way.
- 6 Darker it grew, and darker fears
 Came o'er her troubl'd mind;
 When now, a short quick step she hears
 Come patting close behind.
- 7 She turn'd—it stopp'd—nought could she see
 Upon the gloomy plain!
 But, as she strove the Sprite to flee,
 She heard the same again.
- 8 Now terror seiz'd her quaking frame;
 For, where the path was bare,
 The trotting Ghost kept on the same!
 She mutter'd many a prayer.
- 9 Yet once again, amidst her fright,
 She tried what sight could do;
 When, through the cheating glooms of night,
 A monster stood in view.
- 10 Regardless of whate'er she felt,
 It follow'd down the plain!
 She own'd her sins, and down she kneel'd,
 And said her prayers again.
- 11 Then on she sped, and hope grew strong,
 The white park gate in view;
 Which pushing hard, so long it swung
 That Ghost and all pass'd through.

- 12 Loud fell the gate against the post!
 Her heart-strings like to crack;
 For much she fear'd the grisly ghost
 Would leap upon her back.
- 13 Still on, pat, pat, the Goblin went,
 As it had done before—
 Her strength and resolution spent,
 She fainted at the door.
- 14 Out came her husband, much surpris'd;
 Out came her daughter dear:
 Good-natur'd souls! all unadvis'd
 Of what they had to fear.
- 15 The candle's gleam pierc'd through the night,
 Some short space o'er the green;
 And there the little trotting Sprite
 Distinctly might be seen.
- 16 An *ass's foal* had lost its dam:
 Within the spacious park;
 And, simple as the playful lamb,
 Had follow'd in the dark.
- 17 No Goblin he; no imp of sin;
 No crimes had he e'er known:
 They took the shaggy stranger in,
 And rear'd him as their own.
- 18 His little hoofs would rattle round
 Upon the cottage floor:
 The matron learn'd to love the sound
 That frighten'd her before.
- 19 The Ghost a favourite soon became;
 And 'twas his fate to thrive:
 And long he liv'd, and spread his fame,
 And kept the joke alive.
- 20 For many a laugh went through the vale,
 And some conviction too:
 Each thought some other Goblin tale,
 Perhaps was just as true.

FROM THOMSON'S SEASONS.

 Spring.
1. *In Praise of Agriculture.*

YE generous BRITONS! venerate the plough;
 And o'er your hills, and long-withdrawing vales,
 Let Autumn spread his treasures to the sun,
 Luxuriant and unbounded. As the sea,
 Far through his azure, turbulent, domain,
 Your empire owns, and, from a thousand shores,
 Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;—
 So, with superior boon, may your rich soil,
 Exuberant, Nature's better blessings pour
 O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
 And be the exhaustless granary of a world!

 2. *The Rainbow.*

MEAN time refracted from yon eastern cloud,
 Bestriding earth, the grand ethereal Bow
 Shoots up immense; and every hue unfolds,
 In fair proportion running from the red
 To where the violet fades into the sky.
 Here, awful NEWTON, the dissolving clouds
 Form, fronting on the sun, thy showery prism;
 And to the sage-instructed eye unfold
 The various twine of light, by thee disclos'd
 From the white mingling maze. Not so the boy;
 He, wondering, views the bright enchantment bend,
 Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
 To catch the falling glory; but, amaz'd,
 Beholds the amusive arch before him fly,
 Then vanish quite away.

3. *Vernal Flowers.*

FAIR-HANDED Spring unbosoms every grace;
 Throws out the *Snow-drop* and the *Crocus* first;
 The *Daisy*, *Primrose*, *Violet* darkly blue,
 And *Polyanthos* of unnumber'd dyes;
 The yellow *Wall-flower*, stain'd with iron brown;
 And lavish *Stock*, that scents the garden round:
 From the soft wing of vernal breezes shed,
Anemones; *Auriculas*, enrich'd
 With shining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
 And full *Ranunculus*, of glowing red.
 Then comes the *Tulip race*, where Beauty plays
 Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
 To family, as flies the father-dust,
 The varied colours run; and, while they break
 On the charm'd eye, the exulting florist marks,
 With secret pride, the wonders of his hand.
 No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
 First-born of Spring, to Summer's musky tribes:
 Nor *Hyacinths*, of purest virgin white,
 Low bent, and blushing inward; nor *Jonquilles*,
 Of potent fragrance; nor *Narcissus* fair,
 As o'er the fabl'd fountain hanging still;
 Nor, broad *Carnations*, nor gay-spotted *Pinks*;
 Nor, shower'd from every bush, the damask *Rose*.
 Infinite numbers, delicacies, smells,
 With hues on hues expression cannot paint,
 The breath of Nature, and her endless bloom.

 4. *Rural Objects.*

SHOULD I my steps turn to the rural seat,
 Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
 Invite the rook, who, high, amid the boughs,
 In early Spring, his airy city builds,
 And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well pleas'd,
 I might the various polity survey
 Of the mix'd household kind. The careful *Hens*

Calls all her chirping family around,
 Fed and defended by the fearless *Cock*;
 Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,
 Graceful, and crows defiance. In the pond,
 The finely-checker'd *Duck*, before her train,
 Rows garrulous. The stately-sailing *Swan*
 Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale,
 And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
 Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier isle,
 Protective of his young. The *Turkey* nigh,
 Loud threatening, reddens; while the *Peacock* spreads
 His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
 And swims, in radiant majesty, along.
 O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing *Dove*
 Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
 The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

5. *Domestic Happiness.*

DELIGHTFUL task! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
 To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
 The generous purpose in the glowing breast.
 Oh! speak the joy! ye, whom the sudden tear
 Surprises often, while you look around,
 And nothing strikes your eye but sights of bliss,
 All various Nature pressing on the heart;—
 An elegant sufficiency, content,
 Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,
 Ease, and alternate labour, useful life,
 Progressive virtue, and approving HEAVEN.—
 These are the matchless joys of virtuous love;
 And thus their moments fly. The Seasons thus,
 As, ceaseless, round a jarring world they roll,
 Still find them happy; and consenting SPRING
 Sheds her own rosy garland on their heads:
 Till evening comes at last, serene and mild;

When, after the long vernal day of life,
 Enamour'd more, as more remembrance swells
 With many a proof of recollected love,
 Together down they sink in social sleep;
 Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
 To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.

6. *Incitement to Early Rising.*

'FALSELY luxurious, will not man awake;
 And, springing from the bed of sloth, enjoy
 The cool, the fragrant, and the silent, hour,
 To meditation due, and sacred song?
 For is their aught in sleep can charm the wise?
 To lye in dead oblivion, losing half
 The fleeting moments of too short a life;
 Total extinction of the enliven'd soul!
 Or else, to feverish vanity alive,
 'Wilder'd, and tossing through distemper'd dreams,
 Who would in such a gloomy state remain
 Longer than Nature craves; when every muse,
 And every blooming pleasure, wait without,
 To bless the wildly-deviuous morning-walk?

Summer.

7. *A Summer Noon.*

'Tis raging Noon; and vertical the SUN,
 Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
 O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
 Can sweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all,
 From pole to pole, is undistinguish'd blaze.
 In vain, the sight, dejected to the ground,
 Stoops for relief; thence, hot ascending steams,
 And keen reflexion, pain. Deep to the root
 Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields,

And slippery lawn, an arid hue disclose,
 Blast Fancy's bloom, and wither even the soul.
 Echo no more returns the cheerful sound
 Of sharpening scythe: the mower, sinking, heaps
 O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
 And scarce a chirping grasshopper is heard
 Through the dumb mead. Distressful Nature pants.
 The very Streams look languid from afar;
 Or, through the unshelter'd glade, impatient, seem
 To hurl into the covert of the grove.

8. *The Elephant.*

PEACEFUL, beneath primeval trees, that cast
 Their ample shade o'er *Niger's* yellow stream,
 And where the *Ganges* rolls his sacred wave;
 Or 'mid the central depth of blackening woods,
 High-rais'd, in solemn theatre, around,
 Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes!
 Oh! truly wise! with gentle might endu'd,
 Though powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
 Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
 And empires rise and fall; regardless he
 Of what the never-resting race of Men
 Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile;
 Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
 Or, with his towery grandeur, swell their state,—
 The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
 And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
 Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

9. *Tropical Birds.*

WIDE o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
 Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,
 Thick swarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
 That, with a sportive vanity, has deck'd

The plummy nations, there her gayest hues
 Profusely pours. But, if she bids them shine;
 Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
 Yet, frugal still, she humbles them in song.
 Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
 Proud *Montezuma's* realm, whose legions cast
 A boundless radiance waving on the sun,
 While Philomel is ours; while, in our shades,
 Through the soft silence of the listening night,
 The sober-suited songstress trills her lay.

10. *The Miseries of Solitude.*

UNHAPPY he! who from the first of joys,
 Society, cut off, is left alone,
 Amid this world of death. Day after day,
 Sad, on the jutting eminence, he sits,
 And views the main, that ever toils below;
 Still fondly forming in the farthest verge,
 Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
 Ships, dim-discover'd, dropping from the clouds;
 At evening, to the setting sun he turns
 A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
 Sinks helpless; while the wonted roar is up,
 And hiss continual through the tedious night.

11. *Character of the British.*

BOLD, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youths,
 By hardship sinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
 Scattering the nations where they go; and first,
 Or on the listed plain, or stormy seas.
 Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
 Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside;
 In genius, and substantial learning, high;
 For every virtue, every worth, renown'd;

Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind;
 Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provok'd,
 The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource
 Of those that under grim oppression groan.

12. *Great Britain.*

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

13. *Invocation to the DEITY, in behalf of Great Britain.*

O THOU! by whose almighty nod the scale
 Of empire rises, or alternate falls,
 Send forth the saving VIRTUES round the land,
 In bright patrol:—white *Peace*, and social *Love*;
 The tender-looking *Charity*, intent
 On gentle deeds, and shedding tears through smiles;
 Undaunted *Truth*, and *Dignity of mind*;
Courage compos'd and keen; sound *Temperance*,
 Healthful in heart and look; clear *Chastity*,
 With blushes reddening, as she moves along,
 Disorder'd at the deep regard she draws;
 Rough *Industry*; *Activity* untir'd,
 With copious life inform'd, and all awake;
 While in the radiant front, superior shines
 That first paternal virtue, *Public Zeal*;
 Who throws o'er all an equal, wide, survey,
 And, ever-musing on the common weal,
 Still labours glorious with some great design.

Autumn.

14. *Advantages of Commerce.*

THEN COMMERCE brought into the public walk
 The busy merchant; the big warehouse built;
 Rais'd the strong crane; chok'd up the loaded street
 With foreign plenty; and thy stream, O THAMES!
 Large, gentle, deep, majestic, king of floods,
 Chose for his grand resort. On either hand,
 Like a long wintery forest, groves of masts
 Shot up their spires; the bellying sheet between
 Possess'd the breezy void; the sooty hulk
 Steer'd sluggish on; the splendid barge along
 Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
 The boat, light-skimming, stretch'd its oary wings;
 While deep the various voice of fervent toil,
 From bank to bank increas'd; whence, ribb'd with oak,
 To bear the BRITISH THUNDER, black and bold,
 The roaring vessel rush'd into the main.

15. *Lavinia.*

THE lovely young LAVINIA once had friends;
 And Fortune smil'd, deceitful, on her birth;
 For, in her helpless years, depriv'd of all,
 Of every stay, save INNOCENCE and HEAVEN,
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
 And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
 Among the windings of a woody vale;
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades,
 But more by bashful modesty, conceal'd.
 Together, thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet
 From giddy passion and low-minded pride;

Almost on Nature's common bounty fed;
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,
 Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare.
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
 When the dew wets its leaves; unstain'd and pure,
 As is the lily, or the mountain-snow.
 The modest virtues mingl'd in her eyes,
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
 Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
 Of what her faithless fortune promis'd once,
 Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace
 Sat, fair-proportion'd, on her polish'd limbs,
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,
 Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
 But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the most.
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.
 As in the hollow breast of Appenine,
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
 So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,
 The sweet LAVINIA.

16. *Female Dignity.*

IN them 'tis graceful to dissolve at wo;
 With every motion, every word, to wave,
 Quick, o'er the kindling cheek, the ready blush;
 And from the smallest violence to shrink
 Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
 And by this silent adulation soft,
 To their protection more engaging Man.
 Oh! may their eyes no miserable sight,

Save weeping lovers, see! a nobler game,
 Through Love's enchanting wiles pursu'd, yet fled,
 In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
 Float in the loose simplicity of dress!
 And fashion'd all to harmony, alone
 Know they to seize the captivated soul,
 In rapture warbl'd from love-breathing lips;
 To teach the lute to languish; with smooth step,
 Disclosing motion in its every charm,
 To swim along, and swell the mazy dance;
 To train the foliage o'er the snowy lawn;
 To guide the pencil; turn the tuneful page;
 To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
 And heighten Nature's dainties! in their race
 To rear their graces into second life;
 To give society its highest taste;
 Well-order'd Home man's best delight to make;
 And, by submissive wisdom, modest skill,
 With every gentle care-eluding art,
 To raise the virtues, animate the bliss,
 And sweeten all the toils of human life:—
 This be the female dignity and praise.

17. *Swallows.*

WHEN Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
 Warn'd of approaching winter, gather'd, play
 The swallow-people; and, toss'd wide around,
 O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
 The feather'd eddy floats: rejoicing once,
 Ere to their wintery slumbers they retire;
 In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
 And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats.
 Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
 With other kindred birds of season, there
 They twitter cheerful, till the vernal months
 Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, then
 Innumerable wings are in commotion all.

18. *Storks.*

WHERE the Rhine loses his majestic force
 In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
 By diligence amazing, and the strong
 Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
 The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
 Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
 Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
 And now their route design'd, their leaders chose,
 Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
 And many a circle, many a short essay,
 Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full,
 The figur'd flight ascends, and, riding high
 The aerial billows, mixes with the clouds.

19. *The Singing Birds, in Autumn.*

THUS, solitary, and in pensive guise,
 Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
 And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
 One dying strain, to cheer the woodman's toil.
 Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint
 Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse,
 While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
 And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
 Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
 Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit
 On the dead tree, a dull despondent flock;
 With not a brightness waving o'er their plumes,
 And nought, save chattering discord, in their note.

20. *Philosophic Melancholy.*

O'ER all the soul his sacred influence breathes;
 Inflames Imagination; through the breast
 Infuses every tenderness; and, far
 Beyond dim earth, exalts the swelling thought.

Ten thousand thousand fleet ideas, such
 As never mingl'd with the vulgar dream,
 Crowd fast into the mind's creative eye.
 As fast the correspondent passions rise,
 As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd
 To rapture and divine astonishment;
 The love of Nature unconfin'd, and, chief
 Of human race, the large ambitious wish
 To make them bless'd; the sigh for suffering worth
 Lost in obscurity; the noble scorn
 Of tyrant-pride; the fearless great resolve;
 The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
 Inspiring glory through remotest time;
 The awaken'd throb for virtue and for fame;
 The sympathies of love, and friendship dear;
 With all the *social offspring of the heart.*

21. *False Meteors.*

Now, black and deep, the night begins to fall,
 A shade immense. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
 Magnificent and vast, are heaven and earth.
 Order confounded lyes; all beauty void;
 Distinction lost; and gay variety
 One universal blot: such the fair power
 Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
 Dread is the state of the benighted wretch,
 Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,
 Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
 Nor visited by one directive ray,
 From cottage streaming, or from airy hall.
 Perhaps impatient as he stumbles on,
 Struck from the root of slimy rushes, blue,
 The wild-fire scatters round, or gather'd trails
 A length of flame deceitful o'er the moss:
 Whither decoy'd by the fantastic blaze,
 Now lost, and now renew'd, he sinks absorpt,
 Rider and horse, amid the miry gulf:

While still, from day to day, his pining wife
 And plaintive children his return await,
 In wild conjecture lost.

22. *The Method generally practised to obtain the
 Honey from a Hive.*

AH! see, where robb'd and murder'd, in that pit
 Eyes the still-heaving hive! at evening snatch'd,
 Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
 And fix'd o'er sulphur: while, not dreaming ill,
 The happy people, in their waxen cells,
 Sat, tending public cares, and planning schemes
 Of temperance, for winter poor; rejoic'd
 To mark, full-flowing round, their copious stores.
 Sudden the dark oppressive steam ascends;
 And, us'd to milder scents, the tender race,
 By thousands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
 Convolv'd and agonising in the dust.
 See, where the stony bottom of their town
 Looks desolate and wild; with here and there
 A helpless number, who the ruin'd state
 Survive, lamenting weak, cast out to death.

23. *Harvest-Home.*

.....THE harvest-treasures all
 Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of storms,
 Sure to the swain; the circling fence shut up;
 And instant Winter's utmost rage defied.
 While, loose to festive joy, the country round
 Laughs with the loud sincerity of mirth,
 Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-strung youth,
 By the quick sense of music taught alone,
 Leaps, wildly-graceful, in the lively dance.
 Her every charm abroad, the village toast,
 Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
 Darts not-unmeaning looks; and, where her eye

Points an approving smile, with double force,
 The cudgel rattles, and the wrestler twines.
 Age, too, shines out; and, garrulous, recounts
 The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
 That, with to-morrow's sun, their annual toil
 Begins again the never-ceasing round.

24. AN ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

O NATURE! all-sufficient! over all!
 Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
 Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
 World beyond world, in infinite extent,
 Profusely scatter'd o'er the blue immense,
 Show me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
 Give me to scan; through the disclosing deep
 Light my blind way: the mineral *strata* there
 Thrust, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
 O'er that the rising system, more complex,
 Of animals; and, higher still, the mind,
 The varied scene of quick-compounded thought,
 And where the mixing passions endless shift;
 These ever open to my ravish'd eye;
 A search, the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
 But if to that unequal; if the blood,
 In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
 That best ambition; under closing shades,
 Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
 And whisper to me dreams. From THEE begin,
 Dwell all on THEE, with THEE conclude my song;
 And let me never—never stray from THEE!

25. Winter.

SEE! WINTER comes, to rule the varied year,
 Sullen and sad, with all his rising train;
 Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme;
 These, that exalt the soul to solemn thought

And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
 Congenial horrors, hail! With frequent foot,
 Pleas'd, have I, in my cheerful morn of life,
 When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
 And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
 Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domain,
 Trod the pure virgin=snows, myself as pure;
 Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
 Or seen the deep=fermenting tempest brew'd
 In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
 Till through the lucid chambers of the South
 Look'd out the joyous SPRING, look'd out, and smil'd.

26. *A Winter Storm.*

THEN comes the Father of the tempest forth,
 Wrapp'd in black glooms. First, joyless rains obscure
 Drive through the mingling skies with vapour foul;
 Dash on the mountain's brow, and shake the woods,
 That grumbling wave below. The unsightly plain,
 Lyes a brown deluge; as the low=bent clouds
 Pour flood on flood, yet unexhausted still
 Combine, and, deepening, into night shut up
 The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
 Each to his home retires; save those that love
 To take their pastime in the troubl'd air,
 Or, skimming, flutter round the dimply pool.
 The cattle, from the untasted fields, return,
 And ask, with meaning lowe, their wonted stalls,
 Or ruminat in the contiguous shade.
 Thither the household feathery people crowd;
 The crested cock, with all his female train,
 Pensive, and dripping; while the cottage=hind
 Hangs o'er the enlivening blaze, and, taleful, there
 Recounts his simple frolic: much he talks,
 And much he laughs, nor recks the storm that blows
 Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

27. *A Winter Flood.*

WIDE o'er the brim, with many a torrent swell'd,
 And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erspread,
 At last the rous'd-up river pours along:
 Resistless, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
 From the rude mountain, and the mossy wild,
 Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and sounding far;
 Then, o'er the sanded valley, floating, spreads,
 Calm, sluggish, silent; till again, constrain'd
 Between two meeting hills, it bursts away,
 Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid stream;
 There, gathering triple force, rapid and deep,
 It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

28. *A Storm at Sea.*

.....ON the passive main
 Descends the ethereal force, and, with strong gust,
 Turns from its bottom the discolour'd deep.
 Through the black night, that sits immense around,
 Lash'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
 Seems, o'er a thousand raging waves, to burn:
 Mean-time, the mountain-billows, to the clouds,
 In dreadful tumult, swell'd, surge above surge,
 Burst into chaos with tremendous roar,
 And anchor'd navies from their stations drive,
 Wild as the winds across the howling waste
 Of mighty waters. Now the inflated wave
 Straining they scale, and, now, impetuous shoot
 Into the secret chambers of the deep,
 The wintery Baltic thundering o'er their head.
 Emerging thence again, before the breath
 Of full exerted heaven, they wing their course,
 And dart on distant coasts, if some sharp rock,
 Or shoal insidious break not their career,
 And, in loose fragments, fling them, floating, round.

29. *A Storm at Land.*

THE Mountain thunders; and its sturdy sons
 Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they shade.
 Lone, on the midnight steep, and all aghast,
 The dark way-faring stranger breathless toils,
 And, often falling, climbs against the blast.
 Low waves the rooted Forest, vex'd, and sheds
 What of its tarnish'd honours yet remain;
 Dash'd down, and scatter'd, by the tearing wind's
 Assiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
 Thus, struggling through the dissipated grove,
 The whirling Tempest raves along the plain;
 And, on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
 Keen-fastening, shakes them to the solid base.
 Sleep, frightened, flies; and round the rocking dome,
 For entrance eager, howls the savage Blast.

30. *The Brute Creation during a Storm of Snow*

.....DROOPING, the labourer-ox
 Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tam'd by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which PROVIDENCE assigns them. One alone,
 The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted Man
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first,
 Against the window beats; then, brisk alights
 On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
 Till, more familiar grown, the table crumbs
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,

Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more un pitying Men, the garden seeks,
 Urg'd on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and, next, the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair; then, sad-dispers'd,
 Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow.

31. *A Panegyric on Peter the Great.*

IMMORTAL PETER! first of monarchs! He
 His stubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
 Her floods, her seas, her ill-submitting sons;
 And, while the fierce Barbarian he subdu'd,
 To more exalted soul he rais'd the Man.
 Who left his native throne, where reign'd, till then,
 A mighty shadow of unreal power;
 Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts;
 And, roaming every land, in every port
 His sceptre laid aside, with glorious hand,
 Unwearied, plying the mechanic tool;
 Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
 Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.
 Charg'd with the stores of Europe, home he goes:
 Then, cities rise amid the illumin'd waste;
 O'er joyless deserts smiles the rural reign;
 Far-distant flood to flood is social join'd;
 The astonish'd Euxine hears the Baltic roar;
 Proud navies ride on seas that never foam'd
 With daring keel before; and armies stretch
 Each way their dazzling files, repressing here
 The frantic Alexander of the north,
 And awing there stern Othman's shrinking sons.
 Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,
 Of old dishonour proud; it glows around,
 Taught by the ROYAL HAND that rous'd the whole,
 One scene of arts, of arms, of rising trade:
 For what his wisdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
 More potent still, his great example show'd.

32. *The Change of Seasons.*

THESE, as they change, ALMIGHTY FATHER! these,
 Are but the varied GOD. The rolling year
 Is full of THEE. Forth in the pleasing *Spring*
 THY beauty walks, THY tenderness and love.
 Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
 Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
 And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
 Then comes THY glory in the *Summer*-months,
 With light and heat refulgent. Then THY sun
 Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
 And oft THY voice, in dreadful thunder, speaks;
 And oft, at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
 By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
 THY bounty shines in *Autumn* unconfin'd,
 And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
 In *Winter*, awful THOU! with clouds and storms
 Around THEE thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd.
 Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing,
 Riding sublime, THOU bidd'st the world adore;
 And humblest Nature with THY northern blast.

33. *God's Omnipresence.*

SHOULD Fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song, where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on the Atlantic isles; 'tis nought to me:
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where HE vital breathes, there must be joy.
 When even, at last, the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
 Where UNIVERSAL LOVE not smiles around,

Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their sons;
 From *seeming evil* still educing *good*,
 And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
 In infinite progression. But I lose
 Myself in him, in LIGHT INEFFABLE!
 Come then, expressive Silence, *muse* His praise.

FROM

Graham's British Georgics,

AND

Rural Calendar.

JANUARY.

THE wintery sun shoots forth a feeble glimpse,
 Then yields his short-liv'd empire to the Night.
 Hail! Night! pavilion'd 'neath the rayless cope,
 I love thy solemn state, profoundly dark;
 Thy sable pall; thy lurid throne of clouds,
 Viewless, save by the lightning's flash, thy crown,
 That boasts no starry gem, thy various voice
 That to the heart, with eloquence divine,
 Now in soft whispers, now in thunder speaks.
 Not undelightful is thy reign to him
 Who wakeful gilds, with reveries bright, thy gloom,
 Or listens to the music of the storm,
 And meditates on Him who sways its course:
 Thy solemn state I love, yet joyful greet
 The long-expected dawn's ambiguous light,
 That faintly pencils out the horizon's verge.

COLD blows the north wind o'er the dreary waste.—
 O ye that shiver by your blazing fires,
 Think of the inmates of yon hut, half sunk
 Beneath the drift; from it no smoke ascends;
 The broken straw-fill'd pane excludes the light,
 But ill excludes the blast. The red-breast there

For shelter seeks, but short, ah! very short
 His stay; no crumbs strown careless on the floor,
 Attract his wistful glance;—to warmer roofs
 He flies; a welcome,—soon a fearless guest,
 He cheers the winter day with summer songs.

FEBRUARY.

THE long-pil'd mountain-snows at last dissolve,
 Bursting the roaring river's brittle bonds.
 Ponderous the fragments down the cataract shoot,
 And, buried in the boiling gulf below,
 Emerging, re-appear, then roll along,
 Tracing their height upon the half-sunk trees.
 But slower, by degrees, the obstructed wave
 Accumulated, crashing, scarcely seems
 To move, pouring at times, untill, upheav'd
 In masses huge, the lower sheet gives way.

Now to the icy plain the city swarms,
 In giddy circles, whirling variously,
 The *skater* fleetly thrids the mazy throng,
 While smaller wights the *sliding* pastime ply.
 Unhappy he, of poverty the child!
 Who, barefoot standing, eyes his merry mates,
 And, shivering, weeps, not for the biting cold,
 But that he cannot join their slippery sport.

MARCH.

RAIS'D by the coming plough, the merry lark
 Up springs, and, soaring, joins the high-pois'd choirs
 That carol far and near, in spiral flight
 Some rising, some descending, some beyond
 The visual ken, making the vaulted sky
 One vast orchestra, full of joyful songs,
 Of melodies, to which the heart of man
 Buoyant with praise, in unison responds.

WITH shoulder'd spade, the labourer to the field
 Hies, joyful that the soften'd glebe gives leave

To toil. No more his children cry for bread,
 Or, shivering, crowd around the scanty fire;
 No more he's doom'd, reluctant, to receive
 The pittance which the rich man proudly gives,
 Who, when he gives, thinks Heaven itself oblig'd.
 Vain man! think not there's merit in the boon,
 If, quitting not one comfort, not one joy,
 The sparkling wine still circles round thy board,
 Thy hearth still blazes, and the sounding strings
 Blent with the voice symphonious charm thine ear.

APRIL.

THROUGH boughs still leafless, or through foliage thin,
 The sloping primrose beds lye fair expos'd,
 Begemm'd with simple flowers, gladdening the sight.
 Hail! month of buds and blooms, of shooting blades
 That spread the fallow fields with vivid green!
 Hail! Nature's birth-time! hail! ye gentle showers,
 That, in the opening blossoms, lye like tears
 In infant eyes, soon giving place to smiles,
 To sunny smiles of peace, of joy serene.
 How calm the woods! as if they all had still'd
 Their waving branches, listening to the songs
 Of love-tun'd ditties, warbl'd sweet from thorns,
 Inwreath'd with forming flowers.

LIGHT now the western gale sweeps o'er the plain;
 Gently it waves the rivulet's cascade;
 Gently it parts the lock on Beauty's brow,
 And lifts the tresses from the snowy neck,
 And bends the flowers, and makes the lily stoop,
 As if to kiss its image in the wave;
 Or curls, with softest breath, the glassy pool,
 Aiding the treachery of the mimic fly;
 While, warily, behind the half-leav'd bush,
 The angler screen'd, with keenest eye intent,
 Awaits the sudden rising of the trout;
 Down dips the feathery lure; the quivering rod

Bends low; in vain the cheated captive strives
 To break the yielding line; exhausted soon,
 Ashore he's drawn, and, on the mossy bank,
 Weltering, he dyes the primrose with his blood.

MAY.

SWEET month! thy locks with bursting buds begemm'd,
 With opening hyacinths and hawthorn flowers,
 Fair still thou art, though showers bedim thy eye,
 The cloud soon leaves thy brow, and mild the sun
 Looks out with watery beam, looks out and smiles.

Now from the wild-flower bank, the little bird
 Picks the soft moss, and to the thicket flies;
 And oft returns, and oft the work renews,
 Till all the curious fabric hangs complete:
 Alas! but ill-conceal'd from school-boy's eye,
 Who, heedless of the warbler's saddest plaint,
 Tears from the bush the toil of many an hour;
 Then, thoughtless wretch! pursues the devious bee,
 Buzzing from flower to flower: She wings her flight
 Far from his following eye, to wall'd parterres,
 Where, undisturb'd, she revels 'mid the buds
 Of full-blown lilies, doom'd to die uncull'd,
 Save when the stooping Fair (more beauteous flower!)
 The bosom's rival brightness half betrays,
 While, choosing 'mong the gently-bending stalks,
 The snowy hand a sister-blossom seems.

JUNE.

BENEATH the fervour of the noon-tide beam,
 All nature's works, in placid stillness, pause,—
 Save man, and his joint labourer the horse,
 The bee, and all the idly-busy insect tribes;
 Even 'mid the deepest groves, the merry bird
 Sits drowsily, with head beneath its wing;
 Each woodland note is hush'd, save when the plaint
 Of cooing ring-dove steals upon the ear.

.....To Scotia's peaceful glens I turn,
 And rest my eyes upon her waving fields,
 Where now the scythe lays low the mingl'd flowers.
 Ah! spare, thou pitying swain! a ridge-breadth round
 The partridge nest; so shall no new-come lord
 Thy cottage rase; but, when the toilsome day
 Is done, still shall the turf-laid seat invite
 Thy weary limbs; there peace and health shall bless
 Thy frugal fare, serv'd by the unhir'd hand,
 That seeks no wages save a parent's smile.

JULY.

No more at dewy dawn, or setting sun,
 The blackbird's song floats mellow down the dale.
 Mute is the lark, or soars a shorter flight,
 With carol briefly trill'd, and soon descends.
 In full luxuriance cloth'd, of various green,
 The laughing fields and meadows, far and wide,
 Gladden the eye: all-beauteous now,
 The face of Nature smiles serenely gay;
 And even the motley race of weeds enhance
 Her rural charms.

THE pool transparent to its pebbly bed,
 With here and there a slowly-gliding trout,
 Invites the throbbing, half-reluctant, breast
 To plunge: The dash re-echoes from the rocks,
 And smooth in sinuous course, the swimmer winds.
 Now, with extended arms, rowing his way,
 And now, with sunward face, he floating lyes;
 Till, blinded by the dazzling beam, he turns;
 Then to the bottom dives, emerging soon
 With stone, as trophy, in his waving hand.—

AUGUST.

INTENSE the viewless flood of heat descends
 On hill, and dale, and wood, and tangled brake,
 Where, to the chirping grasshopper, the broom,

With crackling pod responds; the fields imbrown'd,
 Begin to rustle in the autumn breeze.
 While, from the waving shelter, bolder grown,
 The leveret, at the misty hour of morn,
 Forth venturing, limps to nip the dewy grass.
 The partridge, too, and her light-footed brood,
 As yet half-fledg'd, now haunt the corn-field skirts,
 Or on new-weeded turnip fields are spied,
 Running, in lengthen'd file, between the drills.

FAREWELL, sweet Summer, and thy fading flowers!
 Farewell, sweet Summer, and thy woodland songs!
 No woodland note is heard, save where the hawk,
 High from her aery, skims in circling flight,
 With all her clamorous young, first venturing forth
 On untried wing. At distance far, the sound
 Alarms the barn-door flock; the fearful dam
 Calls in her brood beneath her ruffling plumes;
 With crowding feet they stand, and frequent peep
 Through the half-open'd wing. The partridge quakes
 Among the rustling corn. Ye gentle tribes,
 Think not your deadliest foe is now at hand.
 To man, bird, beast, *man* is the deadliest foe,
 'Tis he who wages universal war.

SEPTEMBER.

CLEAR is the sky, and temperate the air,
 That scarcely-stirring, wafts, with gentlest breath,
 The gossamer light-glittering in the sun.
 And now, the wheat and barley harvest o'er,
 Blithesome the reapers to the lighter work
 Of oaten-field repair, and gayly stoop,
 Grasping the lusty handfuls, while they draw
 Close to the ground the sickle, saving thus
 The useful straw for fodder, or for lair.—
 The fields are swept: a tranquil silence reigns,
 And pause of rural labour, far and near.
 Deep is the morning's hush; from grange to grange

Responsive cock=crows, in the distance heard
 Distinct, is if at hand, soothe the pleas'd ear;
 And oft, at intervals, the flail, remote,
 Sends, faintly, through the air, its deafen'd sound.

AT sultry hour of noon, the reaper=band
 Rest from their toil, and in the lusty shock
 Their sickles hang. Around their simple fare,
 Upon the stubble spread, blithesome they form
 A circling group, while humbly waits behind
 The wistful dog, and with expressive look,
 And pawing foot, implores his little share.

OCTOBER.

FAIR shines the sun, but with a meeken'd smile
 Regretful, on the variegated woods
 And glittering streams, where floats the hazel spray,
 The yellow leaf, or *rowan's* ruby bunch.
 Hush'd are the groves; each woodland pipe is mute,
 Save when the red-breast mourns the falling leaf.
 How plaintively, in interrupted trills,
 He sings the dirge of the departed year!
 Of various plume and chirp, the flocking birds
 Alight on hedge or bush, where, late conceal'd,
 Their nests now hang apparent to the view.

THE happy school=boy, whom the swollen streams
 Perilous to wight so small, give holiday,
 Forth roaming, now wild berries pulls, now paints,
 Artless, his rosy cheek with purple hue;
 Now wonders that the nest, hung in the leafless thorn
 So full in view, escap'd erewhile his search;
 On tiptoe rais'd,—ah! disappointment dire!
 His eager hand finds nought but wither'd leaves.

NOVEMBER.

WHILE wind and rain drive through the half-stripp'd
trees,

Fanners and flails go swiftly in the barn,
Each brook and river sweeps along deep-ting'd,
While down the glen, louder and quicker, sounds
The busy mill-clack. On the woodland paths
Rustle the leaves no more, but matted lye,
All drench'd and soil'd; the foliage of the oak,
Mix'd with the lowliest leaves that deck'd the brier,
Or creeping bramble, mouldering to decay.

ON the haw-cluster'd thorns, a motley flock
Of birds, of various plume, and various note,
Discordant chirp;—the linnet, and the thrush
With speckl'd breast, the blackbird yellow-beak'd,
The goldfinch, fieldfare, with the sparrow, pert
And clamorous above his shivering mates,
While, on the house-top faint the redbreast 'plains.

DECEMBER.

LOUD raves the blast, and snell; the sleety showers
Drive over hill and dale, with hurrying sweep.
The leafless boughs all to one point are bent,
And the lithe beach-top's horizontal stream,
Like shiver'd pendant from some dipping mast.
Dismal the wind howls through yon thatchless roof,
The cottage skeleton, from whence exil'd,
The inmates pine in some dark city-lane,
Thinking of that dear desolated home,
Where many a summer sun they saw go down;
Where many a winter night around the fire,
They heard the storm rave o'er the lowly roof.—
Oft now a whirlwind, eddying down the vale,
Uncovers stacks, or on the cottage roof
Seizing amain, sweeps many a wisp aloft,
High vanishing, amid the hurrying clouds:

New-year's Day Morning.

LONG ere the lingering dawn of that blithe morn
 Which ushers in the year, the roosting cock,
 Flapping his wings, repeats his larum shrill;
 But, on that morn, no busy flail obeys
 His rousing call; no sounds but sounds of joy
 Salute the year,—the *first-foot's* entering step,
 That sudden on the floor is welcome heard,
 Ere blushing maids have braided up their hair;
 The laugh, the hearty kiss, the *Good new year!*
 Pronounc'd with honest warmth. In village, grange,
 And borough town, the steaming flagon, borne
 From house to house, elates the poor man's heart,
 And makes him feel that life has yet its joys.
 The aged and the young,—man, woman, child,
 Unite in social glee; even stranger dogs,
 Meeting with bristling back, soon lay aside
 Their snarling aspect, and in sportive chace,
 Excursive scour, or wallow in the snow.
 With sober cheerfulness, the grandam eyes
 Her offspring round her, all in health and peace;
 And, thankful that she's spar'd to see this day
 Return once more, breathes low a secret prayer,
 That God would shed a blessing on their heads.



*Parochial Schools—and the Advantages of Public
 Instruction.*

BESIDE the church-yard path, is heard,
 From lowly dwelling, rise the noise confus'd
 Of many tongues; of some who con, or seem
 To con, with look intent, their little task;
 There, still the village master and the priest,
 Unite to spread instruction o'er the land.
 And let not him who ploughs a wide domain,
 Ask, with contemptuous sneer, what *that* avails
 In making fruitful fields. Are fields alone

Worthy the culture of a fostering state?
 What is a country, rich in waving grain,
 In sweeping herds and flocks, barren of men,
 Or, fruitful of a race degenerate, sunk
 In gloomy ignorance, without a ray
 Of useful, or of pleasing lore, to cheer
 The listless hours, when labour folds his arms?
 What heart so base, so sordid, as engross,
 Not only all the luxuries and joys
 Which affluence can minister to man,
 But would, from common use, lock up the fount
 Of knowledge pure, lest man should be too wise!
 What sacrilegious tongue dares to arraign
 The glorious work, by which the Sacred Page
 Was patent made to every eye that looks
 Upon the light of heaven, and blesses God
 That yet a brighter light illumines his soul!
 Who dares with brow of adamant, maintain,
 That Britain's sons, who sent him to defend
 Their rights,—whose delegated voice derives
 Its power from them,—dares, with a cynic jest,
 Deny the right of Englishmen to read!

Shepherd out with his Flock in a Winter Night.

BUT not with night's approach the shepherd's toils
 Are ended; through the deep and dreary glooms,
 Without one guiding star, he struggling wades
 The rising wreath; till, quite o'erspent, compell'd
 To leave his flock to time and chance, he turns
 Homeward his weary and uncertain steps,
 Much doubting of his way, foreboding much.
 In vain he tries to find his wonted marks,—
 The hill-side fountain, with its little plat
 Of verdant sward around; the well-known *cairn*;
 The blasted branchless oak; the ancient stone,
 Where murder'd martyrs fell, and where they lye:
 In vain he lists to hear the rushing stream,

Whose winding course would lead him to his home.
 O'ercome at last, yielding to treacherous rest,
 He sits him down, and folds within his plaid,
 In fond embrace, the sharer of his toils,
 The partner of his children's infant sports.
 His children! thought of them wakes new resolves
 To make one last despairing effort more.
 Meanwhile they, crouching round the blazing hearth,
 Oft ask their mother when he will return.
 She on her rocking infant looks the while,
 Or, starting, thinks she hears the lifted latch;
 And oft the drift comes sweeping o'er the floor,
 While anxiously she looks into the storm,
 Returning soon to stir the dying embers,
 That with their blaze her sinking hopes revive;
 Alas! her hopes are transient as that blaze,
 And direful images her fancy crowd,—
 The dog returning, masterless; the search
 By friends and kinsmen wandering far o'er moss
 And moor; the sad success—his body found
 Half-buried in a wreath; the opening door
 To let the bearers in!—The door *is* opened:
 Shook from poor Yarrow's fur, a sleety mist
 Is scatter'd round, and *in* his master steps.
 What joy! what silent tearful joy pervades
 The late despairing group! Round him they cling:
 One doffs his stiffen'd plaid, and one his shoes;
 Kneeling, one chafes his hands and feet benumb'd:
 The sleeping babe is rous'd to kiss its sire,
 Restor'd past hope; and supper, long forgot,
 Crowns the glad board: nor is their evening prayer
 This night omitted; fervent, full of thanks,
 From glowing hearts, in artless phrase, it flows!
 Then, simply chanted by the parent pair,
 And by the lisping choir, the song of praise,
 Beneath the heath-roof'd cottage in the wild,
 Ascends more grateful to the heavenly throne,
 Than pealing diapason.

DIALOGUES, &c.

Addison and Johnson.—J. H. BEATTIE.

Add. I AM happy in this opportunity of expressing my thankfulness for a work, which makes every friend of learning greatly indebted to you; as it gives additional strength and perspicuity to the best language now spoken upon earth.

John. No, Sir; if any thanks are to be bestowed on this occasion, it is my business to bestow them. Additional strength that cannot receive, which is not already strong; and more perspicuous that cannot be rendered, which is not already clear. The student may inquire, and the dictionary may retain: but, without the previous efforts of the author, in smoothing the rugged paths of grammatical literature, vain were the researches of the studious, and vain the industry of the lexicographer.

Add. But mankind have another cause of gratitude to you. You have endeavoured, and with success, to instruct them in morality, as well as in criticism.
Your *Rambler*—

John. And how do you like the *Rambler*?

Add. I am sorry to say the style of it is not such as I can highly approve: it is more exceptionable than that of your later works,—your *Lives of the Poets* in particular. Yet even these have too many of the *dulcia vitia*, which some old critics objected to in Seneca, whom I think you resemble in more respects than one. But the matter of the *Rambler* is, in general, excellent; if it be not in some places rather too misanthropical.

John. Aye, aye, misanthropical! So of me says every one who has viewed the tumults of the human soul only from a distance; who has perceived the more violent effects of prejudice and passion, without seeing from what causes they might have originated. You,

Sir, passed your time in affluence, prosperity, and ease; supported by the applause of literature, and the patronage of Greatness. You were kind to others; for others were kind to you. My genius bloomed in a desert; and from that desert it was not drawn, till the winter of life had repressed its vigour, and tarnished its beauty. My days were spent in sickness and in sorrow; agitated by fruitless hope, and chilled by unforeseen disappointment. That from this severity of external circumstances I might acquire a severity of external behaviour, why is it to be wondered? All men have their infirmities; and I had mine. Yet these consequences of adversity did not contaminate my heart; which was ever a friend to the best interests of mankind, and ever true to the cause of religion and virtue.

Add. I am not ignorant, that the manners of every man are affected by his condition, even as the fruit of a tree receives a tincture from the soil that produces it. Nor am I ignorant of your many virtues, which have secured my esteem and reverence, and will preserve to you the esteem and reverence of all good men, let petty critics nibble at your character as they please. I know too, that, if there was a little peevishness in your writings and conversation, it must be attributed to bad fortune, and to no badness of heart; which made me speak slightly of those passages in the *Rambler* with which I am dissatisfied.

John. But you threatened to object to my style: did you not?

Add. I did: I think it has too unwieldy and too uniform a dignity. In composition, even excellence itself will tire, if continued without variety. And your very best performances, from too free a use of uncommon words, and from a constant endeavour at quaintness, antithesis, and wit, are destitute of that simplicity, without which there can be no true elegance.

John. A very delicate observation indeed! and from one at whose hands I had a right to expect it! On whom have I lavished the honours of literary applause more liberally than on you? Have I not said, that “whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison?”

Add. You have indeed bestowed on me greater praise than I deserve. But I can hardly think your praises of my style come from the heart, when I see you so unwilling to practise yourself what you recommend to others.

John. Sir, I am not accustomed to speak but from the heart; nor will I ever recommend to others what I myself would not practise. I have laboured my style with the greatest attention: I have endeavoured to make it, as I wish it to be, close without obtenebration, perspicuous without languor, and strong without impetuosity.

Add. And my greatest objection to it is, that you have laboured it too much; or at least that its elaborateness is too apparent. It savours more of art than of nature; more of the midnight lamp than of the pure radiance of noon; and in your readers either produces inattention to the sense, while they are occupied in considering the words by which it is expressed; or makes them doubt the sincerity of one who seems less concerned what he shall say than how he shall say it.

John. Your remarks are specious, Sir; they are specious; but they are specious only. They are the remarks of a man adapting rectitude to his own practice, not forming his practice by the rule of rectitude. And I will now declare, since you have driven me to it, that though I think your composition light and lively, and therefore recommend it as a model to ordinary writers, I cannot help observing in it a colloquial imbecility, to the standard of which a man of energetic thought

could not, without danger of enervation, subject himself. A man of genius, Sir, will display the coruscations, or rather the steady lustre, of that genius, equally by the manner and by the matter, equally in his sentiments and in his diction.

Add. To this I object not: but, at the same time, I beg leave to say, that genius may be as much shown in simple as in pompous writing. *Artis est celare artem.* And, if you would hear me with patience and impartiality, I might perhaps convince you, that it would not have been hurtful to your compositions, if you had softened their oratorical rigour with a little of that *colloquial imbecility* which you censure in mine.

John. Well, well; you shall be heard with patience. I must allow that you possess a facility of expression which is not unpleasant. You have a mind well furnished with the stores subservient to elegance and utility; but your thoughts are in energy deficient, because you are too little ambitious of adding ornament to elucidation. You have in you, Sir, too much of the playful and pliant companion, and too little of the dignity of an author.

Add. That I take to be a great compliment. And perhaps our present contrariety of opinion might make us mutually desire the conversation of each other; since you are as willing to object, as I am to be praised; and since I receive as commendation what you speak as censure.—However, you have allowed me to examine your notions of style, and I will not defer that topic any longer. You will doubtless agree with me, that speech was intended to convey the sentiments of men from one to another; and that, therefore, its first and most essential quality is, to be understood.

John. Yes: I admit that language must be intelligible; and that it was fabricated as a vehicle for human cogitation.

Add. Since, then, we agree in this, you will also allow, that, of two words having the same signification, an author ought to prefer the more intelligible.

John. I might perhaps agree with you in general upon that point. But are there not words, sullied by the mouth of the multitude, which, from meanness, or vulgarity, become unsuitable to the majesty of composition?

Add. If a word, conveying an idea with meanness either inherent in itself or acquired by association, be compared with another word which conveys the same idea without meanness, the significations of those words are in some degree different, and therefore they are not included in my proposition.

John. Perhaps you may be right. But are there not words whose venerable magnitude gives them an elegance and a dignity superior to that of the more diminutive parts of speech? Cant words, and vulgar words in general, are short. Your friend Swift will tell you so.

Add. Yes: but he will not tell me, that short words are always either cant or vulgar.—I allow, that, in certain circumstances, even in prose, one word may be preferable to another for the sound only. But I can never admit, that sound is more valuable than sense; or believe, that a reader, when he meets with a word he does not understand, will think his ignorance compensated by his discovering that the word in question consists of six or seven syllables, and ends with *-ation*, or *-osity*. If it were to be established as a rule, that one expression should be preferred to another for the sound merely, without its being considered whether common readers could understand it or not; we might soon expect to see the words *answering* and *noisy* banished from our language, that their place might be supplied by the Greek *poluphloisboio* and *apameibomenos*. I must therefore maintain, that one word is to be chosen in preference to another for the sake of the

sound, only when the sense is in both exactly the same, and in both equally perspicuous.

John. And I must, I think, give my assent to your former proposition thus limited and explained. But surely you do not mean to insinuate, that an author must use no word which cannot by the vulgar be understood?

Add. By no means. I know that an author may have occasion to mention many things that the common people do not understand, and therefore have not language to express. But I still think, that he ought to prefer a word which the vulgar can understand to one which they cannot, if it convey the same meaning with equal elegance.

John. I see that you adhere to your rule, and will oblige me to agree with you.

Add. Do you then renounce *fragility*, *detruncation*, and other unwieldy things, whose sense may be expressed in plain English with equal elegance and much greater perspicuity?

John. Sir, Sir, you have a puerile mode of argumentation, which you must have learned by conversing with the *rabble* of London in your diurnal papers: my periodical lucubrations had a loftier aim. Make me a speech to confirm your doctrine, and I will confute it; write me a system, and it shall be overturned; but do not harass me with the assiduous importunity of question and inference, as if you were putting interrogatories to a school-boy. I never intended that every word to be found in my dictionary should be considered as a good word.

Add. If my arguments are just, do not reject them as childish; and remember your promise, that you would hear me with impartiality and patience.

John. Well: perhaps I may be inclined to allow, that my diction might have been improved in intelligibility, by the removal of such words as those you object to. But where then would have been the cadence of

my periods, the pomp of my sonorous phraseology, the—

Add. You agreed with me, that, in style, perspicuity is the first thing to be considered; and that it is to be embellished by attention to the sound, only when that can be done without injury to the sense. But, even with regard to sound,—do you think that Virgil would have been accounted an harmonious poet, if he had continued through the whole Eneid that strain of versification, however elegant and sublime, in which he describes the storm in his first book; or that Homer would have been, in your opinion, to be commended, if he had related the meeting of Penelope and Ulysses, or the parting of Hector and Andromache, with the same thundering impetuosity of numbers, which he employs upon the stone of Sisyphus, or the horses and chariot of Neptune?

John. No: I allow, that harmony of style is merely relative, and deserves praise only when it suits the subject: and that the same strain of eloquence, if too long continued, induces languor from its want of diversification, as well as displacency from the appearance of excessive art.

Add. Is it your opinion, then, that the pompous uniformity of diction which we find in the *Rambler*, can please by its variety; or that it can be adapted to each different subject, when it is equally applied to all: to the trifling as well as the magnificent, to praise and to censure, to argument and to narrative? Do you not think, that the same objections may be made to the structure of your style, as to the sound; if both ought to possess, what you have given to neither, variety suited to the subject? And would not one be apt to imagine that an author, who, by the sound and composition of his language, elevates equally sublime and familiar ideas, might run some risk of falling under the imputation of bombast?

John. Sir, you grow intolerable; but when were whigs otherwise? You still forget that you are not now engaged in disquisition with one of the populace of London. Yet I would not have you imagine, that such arguments can affect or change my mind. No, Sir, if I cease to answer, it is more from lassitude than from conviction*.

Add. And yet my arguments are not, in my judgement, either tedious or inconclusive. But you promised not to be angry or partial; and I know you too well to entertain any *serious* doubt of your sincerity. A little irony now and then is a good seasoning to conversation. Tell me now, my good Sir, your real opinion, and let us then amuse ourselves with some topic more suitable to the tranquillity of elysium.

John. Why, Sir, if you will have it, I may possibly allow, that you are partly in the right. If I had my style to form anew, I should perhaps make it, in a greater degree, elegant without constraint, dignified without ambitious ornament, strong without rigidity, and harmonious without elaboration.

2. *Wolsey and Cromwell.*—SHAKESPEARE.

Wol. FAREWELL, a long farewell to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
 The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
 And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a-ripening, nips his shoot;
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,

* Though Johnson appears to some disadvantage in this Dialogue, it is but just to remark, that the Author held in high veneration the genius, virtues, and learning of that great man; with whom he had the honour to be acquainted.

Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 These many summers, in a sea of glory;
 But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate you!
 I feel my heart now 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 regard of princes, and his ruin,
 More pangs and fears than war or women have;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

Why, how now, Cromwell?

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What! amaz'd

At my misfortunes? Can thy spirit wonder
 A great man should decline? Nay, if you weep,
 I'm fallen indeed.

Crom. How does Your Grace?

Wol. Why, well;

Never so truly happy, my good Cromwell.
 I know myself now, and I feel within me
 A peace above all earthly dignities;
 A still and quiet conscience. The king has cur'd me,
 I humbly thank his Grace; and from these shoulders,
 These ruin'd pillars, out of pity, taken
 A load would sink a navy,—too much honour.
 Oh! 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
 Too heavy for a man that hopes for heaven!

Crom. I'm glad your Grace has made that right use
 of it.

Wol. I hope I have: I'm able now, methinks,
 Out of that fortitude of soul I feel,
 To endure more miseries, and greater far,
 Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
 What news abroad?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God bless him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir Thomas More is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden——

But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice,
For truth's sake and his conscience'; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him!
What more?

Crom. That Cramner is return'd with welcome;
Install'd Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.

Wol. That's news indeed.

Crom. Last, that the Lady Anne,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in public as his Queen,
Going to chapel; and the voice is now
Only about her coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down:

O Cromwell,

The King has gone beyond me: all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, Cromwell,
I'm a poor fallen man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King,
(That sun I pray may never set,) I've told him,
What and how true thou art; he will advance thee:
Some little memory of me will stir him,
(I know his noble nature,) not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good Cromwell,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

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 how much 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 depths 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,
 (Though the image of his Maker,) hope to win by it?
 Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that wait thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle Peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at, be thy Country's,
 Thy God's, and Truth's; then if thou fall'st,

O Cromwell,
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King—
 And pr'ythee lead me in——
 There take an inventory of all I have,
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all
 I dare now call my own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewell
 The hopes of court! My hopes in heaven now dwell.

3. *The Story of Le Fevre.*—STERNE.

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 fortified 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 vial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack: 'Tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house four days ago, and has never held up his head since, 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!—said my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe and smoked about a dozen whiffs.—Trim came in front of his master and made his bow;—my uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.—Corporal! said my uncle Toby—the corporal made his bow.—My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finished his pipe.

Trim! said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.—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 side. I fear so, replied my uncle Toby: but I am

not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given.—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 tennail a straight line, as a crooked one,—he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked 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 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 learned it.—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy 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 despaired at first, said the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your Honour about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked,—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an't please your Honour, that he had no servant with him;—that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment,) he had dismissed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.—But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;—and when he dies, the youth, his son, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already.

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

—I never, in the longest march, said the corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an't 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 mightest have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby,) he was heartily welcome to it:—He made a very low bow, (which was meant to your Honour,) but no answer—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast;—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking 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 to 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 bed-side, 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't 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 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 I, an't 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 shouldest 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 his duty 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 show 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 duty in it, it will never be inquired into, whether we have done it 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 lyeing in his bed, with his head raised upon his hand, 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 the book 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 Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus'—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 riband 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 finished already, said the corporal, for I could stay no

longer,—so wished his Honour a good night; young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs, and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders—But alas! said the corporal, the lieutenant's last day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

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 lodgement 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 to 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 offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and traveling 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 shouldest have offered him my house too:—A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us,—we could tend and look to him: thou art an excellent nurse, thyself, Trim,—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling,—he might march.—He will never march, an't please your Honour, in this world, said the corporal:—He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed, with one shoe off:—An't please your Honour, said the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:—He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot that 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;—Ah! well-a-day,—do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point, the poor soul will die:—He shall not die, cried my uncle Toby.

—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 Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eye-lids,—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle,—when, my uncle Toby, who had risen 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 bedside, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done, 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 his 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 Fevre, 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 Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity—but the cause of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and showed 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, the son had 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 Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart,—rallied back, the film forsook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then cast a look upon his boy,—and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebbed again,—the film returned to its place—the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped—shall I go on? No.—

4. *Hamlet and Horatio.*—SHAKESPEARE.

Hor. HAIL to your Lordship!

Ham. I am glad to see you well,
Horatio,——or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my Lord, and your poor servant
 ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name
 with you.

And what brings you from Wittenberg, *Horatio*?

Hor. A truant disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy say so;
 Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
 'To make it truster of your own report
 Against yourself. I know you are no truant;
 But what is your affair in *Elsineur*?

We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your father's funeral.

Ham. I pry'thee do not mock me, fellow-student;
 I think it was to see my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it follow'd hard upon it.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*; the funeral-bak'd
 meats

Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Would I had met my direst foe in heaven,

Than I had seen that day, *Horatio*!

My father,—methinks I see my father.

Hor. Oh! where, my Lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio*.

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
 I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My Lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My Lord, the King your father.

Ham. The King my father!

Hor. Season your admiration but awhile,
 With an attentive ear; till I deliver,

Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For Heaven's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waste and middle of the night,
Been thus encounter'd: A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-a-pie,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd
By their oppress'd and fear-astonish'd eyes,
With his truncheon's length; whilst they (distill'd
Almost to jelly with the effect of fear)
Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me,
In dreadful secrecy, impart they did;
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Hor. My Lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it?

Hor. My Lord, I did;

But answer made it none. Yet once methought
It lifted up its head, and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak,
But even then the morning cock crew loud;
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
And vanish'd from our sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd Lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sir, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

Hor. We do, my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you?

Hor. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

Hor. My Lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his face?

Hor. Oh! yes, my Lord; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. Fix'd he his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there!

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like. Staid it long?

Hor. While one, with moderate haste, might tell a hundred.

Ham. His beard was gris'l'd?—no—

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.

Ham. I'll watch to night; perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assumes my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, whoe'er should interfere,
Or bid me hold my peace. I pray you,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be kept within your bosom still:
And whatsoever shall befall to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your love: so fare you well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.

5. *Henry and Lord Chief Justice.*—SHAKESPEARE.

Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

Hen. No! might a prince of my great hopes
Forget so great indignities you put upon me?

What! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison
 The immediate heir of England! Was this easy?
 May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

Just. I then did use the person of your father;
 The image of his power was then in me:
 And, in the administration of his law,
 While I was busy for the commonwealth,
 Your Highness pleas'd then to forget my place,
 The majesty and power of law and justice,
 The image of the king whom I 'presented;
 And struck me in the very seat of judgement:
 Whereon, as an offender to your father,
 I gave bold way to my authority,
 And did commit you. If the deed was ill,
 Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
 To have a son set your decrees at nought;
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench,
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword
 That guards the peace and safety of your person?
 Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,
 And mock your working in a second body?
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;
 Be now the father, and propose a son;
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd;
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted;
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd:
 And then imagine me taking your part,
 And in your power so silencing your son.
 After this cold considerance, sentence me;
 And, as you are a King, speak in your state,
 What I have done that misbecame my place,
 My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

Hen. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well;
 Therefore, still bear the balance and the sword:
 And I do wish your honours may increase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine
 Offend you, and obey you, as I did:
 So shall I live to speak my father's words:

Happy am I, that have a man so bold
 That dares do justice on my proper son;
 And no less happy, having such a son,
 That would deliver up his greatness so
 Into the hand of justice.—You committed me;
 For which I do commit into your hand
 The unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bear;
 With this remembrance, that you use the same
 With a like bold, just, and impartial spirit,
 As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand,
 You shall be as a father to my youth:
 My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear;
 And I will stoop and humble my intents
 To your well-practis'd wise directions.
 And, princes all, believe me I beseech you;
 My father is gone wild into his grave;
 For in his tomb lye my affections;
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,
 To mock the expectations of the world;
 To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, which hath writ me down
 After my seeming. Though my tide of blood
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now;
 Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our High Court of Parliament;
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation;
 That war or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us,
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
 Our coronation done, we will accite
 (As I before remember'd) all our state,
 And (Heaven consigning to my good intents)
 No prince, nor peer, shall have just cause to say,
 Heaven shorten Harry's happy life one day.

6. *On Criticism.*—STERNE.

—AND how did Garrick speak the soliloquy last night? Oh! against all rule, my lord, most ungrammatically! betwixt the substantive and the adjective, (which should agree together in number, case, and gender,) he made a breach thus,—stopping as if the point wanted settling;—and betwixt the nominative case, (which your lordship knows should govern the verb,) he suspended his voice in the epilogue a dozen times, three seconds and three fifths, by a stop-watch, my lord, each time.—Admirable grammarian!—But in suspending his voice—was the sense suspended likewise? did no expression of attitude or countenance fill up the chasm?—Was the eye silent? Did you narrowly look?—I looked only at the stop-watch, my lord.—Excellent observer.

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

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

—And did you step in, to take a look at the grand picture in your way back?—'Tis a melancholy daub! my lord; not one principle of the pyramid in any one group!—and what a price!—for there is nothing of the colouring of Titian—the expression of Rubens—the grace of Raphael—the purity of Dominichino—the corregiescity of Corregio—the learning of Poussin—the airs of Guido—the taste of the Carrachis—or the grand countour of Angelo.

Grant me patience!—Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hy-

pocrisy, may be the worst—the cant of criticism is the most tormenting.

I would go fifty miles on foot, to kiss the hand of that man whose generous heart will give up the reins of his imagination into his author's hands—be pleased he knows not why,—and cares not wherefor.

ANECDOTES, &c.

THE following curious dialogue appeared some years ago in one of the foreign gazettes: A young man arrived from Nice at Marseilles, who wished to go through France: he was asked for his passport: he had none.—“You must go to the municipality.”—He did so.—“Sir,” said he to the clerk, “I want a passport.”—“What is your name!”—“My name is Augustus Frederick.”—“No other name?”—“No.”—“To whom do you belong?”—“To my father and mother.”—“Are they of the department of the Mouth of the Rhone?”—“No, Sir.”—“Of what department are they?”—“Of the department of the Thames.”—“What is your father's name?”—“George.”—“What trade does he follow?”—“He is King of England.”—The clerk, who had not attended to the name of the department, was a little roused when he heard the quality of the youth's father, and, with all the gravity in the world, delivered the passport, “To Mr. Augustus Frederick, son of Mr. George, of the department of the Thames;” saying, “Here is your passport, Sir. I wish you well through the kingdom.”

2. WHEN Pope was one evening at Button's coffee-house, with Swift, Arbuthnot, and some others, poring over a Greek manuscript, they met with a sentence which they could not comprehend. As they

talked pretty loud, a young officer, who stood by the fire, heard their conference, and begged permission to look at the passage. "Oh!" says Pope, sarcastically, "by all means; pray let the young gentleman look at it." Upon which the officer took up the book, and, considering awhile, said there wanted only a note of interrogation to make the whole intelligible. "And pray, master," says Pope, piqued perhaps at being outdone by a red coat, "what is a note of interrogation?" "A note of interrogation," replied the youth, with a look of the utmost contempt, "is a *little crooked thing that asks questions!*"

3. On a trial at the Admiralty Sessions for shooting a seaman, the counsel for the crown asked one of the witnesses, *which* he was for,—plaintiff or defendant. "Plaintiff or defendant!" says the sailor, scratching his head, "why, I don't know what you mean by plaintiff or defendant. I come to speak for that there;" pointing to the prisoner. "You are a pretty fellow for a witness," says the counsel, "not to know what plaintiff or defendant means!" Some time after, being asked by the same counsel, what part of the ship he was in at that time? "Abaft the binocle," my lord, says the sailor. "Abaft the binocle!" replied the barrister, "what part of the ship is that?" "Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled the sailor, "are not you a pretty fellow of a counselor (pointing to him archly with his finger) not to know what abaft the binocle is!"

4. An English stock-jobber, well known upon 'change as a man of unexampled parsimony, although possessed of an immense fortune, one day met a very poor man, one of his relations. "Come hither, George," said the miser. "Do you know I have just made my will, and remembered you handsomely, my boy?" "God bless your honour," said the grateful man; "you will be rewarded for so charitable an action; for you could not have thought of a more distressed family." "Are

you indeed so very poor, George?" "Sir, my family's starving!" said the man, almost crying. "Hark ye, then, George; if you will allow me a good *discount*, I will pay your legacy immediately." We need not add, that the terms were accepted of; and that they parted both equally well pleased with the bargain.

5. A master of a ship walking about on deck, called into the hold, "Who's there?" A boy answered, "Will, Sir." "What are you doing, Will?" "Nothing, Sir." "Is Tom there?" "Yes," says Tom. "What are you doing, Tom?" "Helping Will, Sir."

6. Two comedians having a wager about which of them sung best, agreed to refer the matter to Kelly, who undertook to be the arbitrator on this occasion. A day was accordingly agreed on, and both parties executed, to the best of their abilities, before him. As soon as they had finished, he proceeded to give judgment in the following manner: "As for you, Sir," addressing himself to the first "you are the *worst* singer I ever heard in my life."—"Ah!" said the other, exulting, "I knew I should win the wager." "Stop, Sir," says the arbitrator, "I have a word to say to you before you go, which is this,—*that as for you, Sir, you cannot sing at all.*"

7. Bannister, that well-known punster, coming into a coffee-room one stormy night, said, "I never saw such a wind in my life." "Saw a wind!" says a friend; "I never before heard of such a thing as seeing a wind: pray, what was it like?" "*Like,*" answered Bannister, "*like to have blown my hat off.*"

8. The Temple Corps, which was distinguished, at a late review, by its plain elegant dress and steady order, was inspected by the Earl of Harrington. As he rode along the line, before the review, his Lordship stopped to salute its commander, and said, "This is the *Law Association*, Sir?" "Yes, my Lord." To

which the Earl rejoined, "I do not find any one that speaks a word. I never knew lawyers so *silent!*" "We have *no pay!* my Lord," replied Colonel Erskine.

9. An American being at dinner in company with some Scotchmen, about the conclusion of the American war, took occasion to say, soon after the cloth was removed, that he had an unfortunate propensity, when he happened to take a glass too much, to pour every sort of abuse on the Scotch; and therefore, should any thing of that kind happen, he hoped they would excuse him. "By all means," said a young Scotch officer; "we have all our failings, especially when in liquor. I myself have a very disagreeable propensity, when that is the case, to take the first thing I can lay hold of, and knock down any man that abuses my country: I hope, therefore, the company will excuse me if any such thing should happen." The American, after this declaration, did not think fit to indulge his propensity.

10. A gentleman having occasion to call on his attorney, found him at home in his writing-chamber. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said, "It was as hot as an oven." "So it ought," replied the attorney; "for 'tis here I *make my bread.*"

11. A very considerable living falling in the gift of lord chancellor Talbot, who was a man of a noble and generous spirit, Sir Robert Walpole took the freedom to recommend to his lordship's notice a friend of his whom he wished to oblige. His lordship having no objection to the gentleman's character, very frankly told Sir Robert that his friend should be obliged. While the matter thus rested as determined, though the necessary forms of induction were yet unpassed, the curate, who had served the former incumbent for many years, and had an unexceptionable character, applied to his lordship, with letters of recommendation

from the best people in the parish, setting forth the hardships he laboured under by reason of his numerous family, and the inconveniences he must suffer, should he be constrained to move; and therefore intreating his lordship's interest with the next incumbent, to continue him in his curacy. The chancellor received the curate with his wonted goodness, and entering into conversation with him, found him to be an excellent scholar, and of lively parts; and, on asking him what his curacy might be worth, was told, about 40*l.* a-year. "Well, Sir," said he, "I'll not only grant your suit, but endeavour to raise your income." Accordingly, when the clergyman, to whom the living was promised, came to press forward his presentment, his lordship took occasion to speak to him in favour of the old curate, and to intimate also, that the salary, considering the man's family and abilities, (which he assured him were none of the meanest) was too small for him to live upon; and therefore wished him to make it up to sixty pounds a-year, which, with the bounty of his parishioners, would afford him a comfortable subsistence. The clergyman paused a little at such an unexpected request; but soon recollecting himself, said, "I am exceedingly sorry that I cannot oblige your lordship in the choice of the gentleman you recommend, having already engaged a near relation, whom I cannot dismiss with honour." "What!" said his lordship, "have you engaged a curate before you are possessed of the living?" He said, "He had." "Then, Sir," replied the chancellor, with some warmth, "I shall furnish you with the best excuse in the world to dismiss him, for I shall dispose of the living to another;" and without staying to hear him reply, left him. In a few days, the old curate took the liberty to wait upon his lordship, to learn the success of his interposition with the designed incumbent. My lord told him frankly, he had used the most pressing arguments in his favour he was

master of, but was unable to succeed. Here the tears began to flow involuntarily from the old man's eyes, who was going to retire to vent his grief, when the chancellor calling him back, said, "Sir, I perceive your distress, and I really pity you; the curacy I cannot give you, but the living I can. So you may write to your family and friends by the next post, that though you only applied for the Curacy, your modesty and merit have gained you the Rectorship." He blessed the chancellor, and, unable to utter a word more, left him.

12. The late King of Prussia was remarkable over all Europe for an extravagant humour of supporting, at a vast expense, a regiment of the tallest men that could be picked up throughout the world; and would give a fellow of six feet and a half or more high, to list, perhaps eighty or a hundred guineas advance, besides the charge of bringing him from the most distant part of the globe, if it so happened. One day, when his Majesty was reviewing that regiment, attended by all the foreign ambassadors, and most of the great officers of rank, both of the court and army, he took occasion to ask the French minister, who stood near him, if he thought his master had an equal number of troops in his service able to engage these gallant men. The Frenchman, who was no soldier, said, "He believed not." The King pleased with such a reply from a native of the vainest nation in the world, asked the Emperor's ambassador the same question. The German frankly declared his opinion, that he did not believe there was such another regiment in the world. "Well, my Lord Hyndford," said his Majesty to the British ambassador, "I know you have brave troops in England; but would an equal number of your countrymen, do you think, beat these?" "I will not take it upon me absolutely to say that," replied his Excellency; "but I dare be bold to say, that half their number would try."

13. Mr. Dryden happening to pass an evening in company with the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Rochester, Lord Dorset, and some others of the first distinction and reputation for genius, the conversation turned upon literary subjects; such as the fineness of composition, the harmony of numbers, the beauties of invention, the smoothness and elegance of style, &c. After some debate, it was finally agreed, that each person present should write something upon whatever subject chanced to strike his imagination, and place it under the candlestick. Mr. Dryden was excluded from the honour of being a candidate, but was unanimously appointed to the office of judge. Most of the company were at more than ordinary pains to outrival each other. The person most tranquil and unconcerned was Lord Dorset; who, with much ease and composure, very coolly wrote two or three lines, and carelessly threw them into the place agreed upon; and when the rest had finished theirs, the arbiter opened the leaves of their destiny. In going through the whole, he discovered strong marks of pleasure and satisfaction: but at one in particular he discovered the most boundless rapture. "I must acknowledge," says Dryden, "that there are abundance of fine things in my hands, and such as do honour to the personages who have written them; but I am under an indispensable necessity of giving the preference to Lord Dorset. I must request you will hear it yourselves, gentlemen, and I believe each and every one of you will approve of my judgement. *I promise to pay to John Dryden, Esquire, or order, on demand, the sum of FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS.*

DORSET.'

"I must confess," continued Dryden, "that I am equally charmed with the style and the subject; and I flatter myself, gentlemen, that I stand in need of no arguments to induce you to join with me in opinion against yourselves. This kind of writing exceeds any other, whether ancient or modern. It is not the essence,

but the quintessence of language; and is, in fact, reason and argument surpassing every thing." The company all readily concurred with the bard, and each person present was forward to express the admiration due to his Lordship's penetration, solid judgement, and superior abilities; with which, it is probable, Mr. Dryden, that great judge upon such occasions, was still more satisfied than any of the company.

14. When Sir Richard Steele was fitting up his great room in York-building, which he intended for public orations, he happened at times to be pretty much behind-hand with his workmen. Coming one day among them, to see how they went forward, he ordered one of them to get into the *Rostrum*, and make a speech, that he might observe how it would be heard: the fellow, after mounting, and scratching his pate, told him, he knew not what to say, for in truth he was no orator. "Oh!" said the Knight, "no matter for that; speak any thing that comes uppermost." "Why, here, Sir Richard," says the fellow, "we have been working for you these six weeks, and cannot get one penny of money: Pray, when do you design to pay us?" "Very well, very well," said Sir Richard; "pray come down, I have heard enough; and cannot but own you speak very distinctly, though I do not admire your subject."

15. When the *Essay on Man* was first published, it came out in parts, and without a name. Soon after the appearance of the first part, Mr. Morris, who attempted some things in the poetical way, particularly a piece for music, which was performed in private before some of the Royal Family, accidentally paid a visit to Mr. Pope, who, after the first civilities were over, inquired what news there was in the learned world; and what new pieces were brought to light. Morris replied, that there was little or nothing; or at least little or nothing worth notice: that there was

indeed a *thing* come out, called "An Essay on Man," the first epistle, threatening more, which he had read, and it was a most abominable piece of stuff, shocking poetry, insufferable philosophy, no coherence,—no connection at all. If I had thought, continued he, that you had not seen it, I should have brought it with me. Upon this, Mr. Pope very frankly told him, he had seen it before it went to press, for it was his own writing; a work of years, and the poetry such as he thought proper for the expression of the subject. On that side, he did not imagine it would ever have been attacked, especially by any pretending to have knowledge in the harmony of numbers. This was like a clap of thunder to the mistaken bard: he reached his hat, and with a blush and a bow, took his leave of Mr. Pope, and never more ventured to show his unlucky face there again.

16 The Mareschal Turenne being one day alone in a box of the theatre, some provincial nobles came in, who, not knowing him, would oblige him to yield his seat in the first row. They had the insolence, upon his refusal, to throw his hat and gloves upon the stage. The Mareschal, without being moved, desired a lord of the first quality to hand them up to him. The gentlemen, finding who he was, blushed, and would have retired; but he, with much good humour, intreated them to stay, saying, "*That, if they would sit close, there was room enough for them all!*"

17 Sir Isaac Newton, one evening in winter, feeling it extremely cold, instinctively drew his chair very close to the grate, in which a large fire had been recently lighted. By degrees the fire having completely kindled, Sir Isaac felt the heat intolerably intense, and rung his bell with unusual violence. John was not at hand; he at last made his appearance; by this time Sir Isaac was almost literally roasted. "Remove the grate, you lazy rascal!" exclaims Sir Isaac, in a tone of irritation very

uncommon with that amiable and placid philosopher, “remove the grate, ere I be burned to death!” “Please your honour, might you not rather *draw back your chair!*” said John, a little waggishly. “Upon my word,” said Sir Isaac, smiling, “I never thought of that.”

18 On completing the first edition of Dr. Johnson’s Dictionary, Mr. Millar the bookseller wrote the Doctor the following card: “Andrew Millar presents compliments to Dr. Johnson, incloses fifty pounds, being the balance due to Dr. Johnson, and thanks God he has done with him.” Dr. Johnson immediately wrote the following answer: “Samuel Johnson presents compliments to Mr. Millar, received his card, and is glad to find that Mr. Millar has the grace to thank God for any thing.”

19. A friend of Dean Swift’s one day sent him a turbot, as a present, by a servant who had frequently been on similar errands, but who had never yet received the most trifling mark of the Dean’s generosity. Having gained admission, he opened the door of the study, and abruptly laying down the fish, cried very rudely, “Master has sent you a turbot.” “Heyday! young man,” said the Dean, rising from his easy chair, “is that the way you deliver your message? Let me teach you better manners: sit down on my chair. We will change situations; and I will show you how to behave in future.” The boy sat down, and the Dean going to the door, came up to the table, with a respectful pace, and making a low bow, said, “Sir, my master presents his kind compliments, hopes you are well, and requests your acceptance of a small present.” “Does he?” replied the boy. “Return my best thanks to him; and there’s half a crown for *yourself.*” The Dean, thus surprised into an act of generosity, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a crown for his wit.

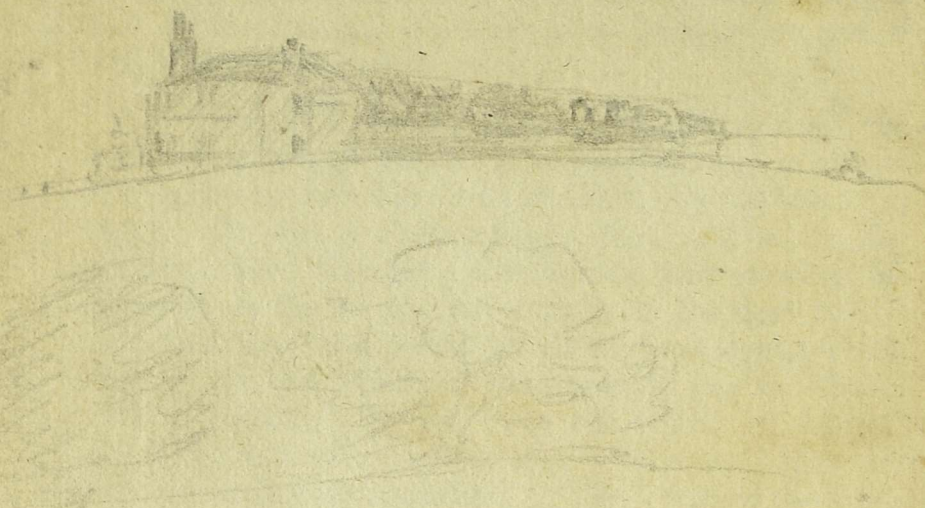
20. A Persian Emperor, when hunting, perceived a very old man planting a walnut tree, and advancing towards him, asked him his age. The peasant replied, "I am four years old." An attendant rebuked him for uttering such absurdity in the presence of the Emperor. "You censure me without cause," replied the peasant. "I did not speak without reflection; for the wise do not reckon the time which has been lost in folly and the cares of the world: I therefore consider that to be my real age which has been passed in serving the Deity, and discharging my duty to society." The Emperor, struck with the singularity of the remark, observed, "Thou canst not hope to see the trees thou art planting come to perfection." "True," answered the sage; "but since others have planted that we might eat, it is right that we should plant for the benefit of others." "Excellent!" exclaimed the Emperor; upon which, as was the custom, whenever any one was honoured with the applause of the sovereign, a purse-bearer presented the old man with a thousand pieces of gold. On receiving them, the shrewd peasant made a low obeisance, and added, "O King! other men's trees come to perfection in the space of forty years, but mine have produced fruit as soon as they were planted." "Bravo!!" said the monarch; and a second purse of gold was presented; on which the old man exclaimed, "The trees of others bear fruit only once a-year, but mine have yielded two crops in one day." "Delightful!!!" exclaimed the Emperor; and a third purse of gold was given; after which, putting spurs to his horse, the monarch departed, saying, "Reverend father, I dare not stay longer, lest thy wit should exhaust my treasury."

21. A young lady being in company with some gentlemen that were viewing and considering something which they called a Chinese shoe, and disputing earnestly about the method of wearing it, and how it could possibly be put on, said modestly, *Gentlemen, are you sure that it is a shoe? Should not that be settled first?*

22. A lady desired Dr. Johnson to give his opinion of a new work she had just written; adding, that if it would not do, she begged him to tell her, for she had other *irons in the fire*, and in case of its not being likely to succeed, she could bring out something else. "Then, (said the Doctor, after having turned over a few of the leaves,) I advise you, Madam, to put it where your *irons* are."

23. George I. having frequently experienced the rapacity of the Dutch at Helvoetsluys, was, in one of his journeys, determined to avoid it, by not stopping there. It was a fine summer day, and while the servants were changing the horses, and stowing his baggage in the coach, he stopped at the door of the principal inn, and asked for three fresh eggs, which having ate, he inquired what was to pay for them? "Two hundred florins," was the reply. "How!" cried the astonished Monarch, "why so! eggs are not scarce at Helvoetsluys." "No," replied the landlord, "eggs are not scarce here, but *kings* are."

24. As Louis XIV. was one severe frosty day, going from Versailles to Paris, he saw a young man, very lightly clothed, tripping along in as much seeming comfort as if it had been the middle of summer. He called him. "How is it," said the king, "that, dressed as you are, you seem to feel no inconvenience from the cold; while I, with all the warm clothes I have on, am nearly perishing?" "Sire," replied the other, "If your Majesty will follow my example, I engage you shall be the warmest king in Europe." "How so?" said the king. "Your Majesty needs only, like me, *carry all your wardrobe on your back.*"



Handwritten scribbles or initials in the top left corner.

Small handwritten marks or numbers in the top right corner.

