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Joseph Dale Stevenson
aged 8 1844

THE

SPEAKER:

OR,

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES,

SELECTED FROM THE

BEST ENGLISH WRITERS,

AND DISPOSED UNDER PROPER HEADS,

WITH A VIEW TO FACILITATE THE

IMPROVEMENT OF YOUTH

IN

READING AND SPEAKING.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

AN ESSAY ON

ELOCUTION.

By WILLIAM ENFIELD, LL.D.

LECTURER ON THE BELLES LETTRES IN THE ACADEMY AT WARRINGTON.

THE FIFTH EDITION, CORRECTED.

------- Oculos, paulum tellure moratos,
Sustulit ad proceres; expectatoque resolvit
Ora sono; nec abest facundis gratia dictis.

OVID.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR JOSEPH JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

MDCCLXXX.

TO

JOHN CARILL WORSLEY, Esq.

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ACADEMY IN WARRINGTON.

SIR,

THIS work having been undertaken principally with the design of assisting the Students at *Warrington* in acquiring a just and graceful Elocution, I feel a peculiar propriety in addressing it to you, as a public acknowledgment of the steady support which you have given to this Institution, and the important services which you have rendered it.

IN this Seminary, which was at first established, and has been uniformly conducted, on the extensive plan of providing a proper course of Instruction for young men in the most useful branches of Science and Literature, you have seen many respectable characters formed, who are now filling up their stations in society with re-

putation to themſelves and advantage to the Public. And, while the ſame great object continues to be purſued, by faithful endeavours to cultivate the underſtandings of youth, and by a ſteady attention to diſcipline, it is hoped, that you will have the ſatisfaction to obſerve the ſame effects produced, and that the ſcene will be realized, which OUR POETESS has ſo beautifully deſcribed:

WHEN this, this little group their country calls
From academic ſhades and learned halls,
To fix her laws, her ſpirit to ſuſtain,
And light up glory thro' her wide domain;
Their various taſtes in different arts diſplay'd,
Like temper'd harmony of light and ſhade,
With friendly union in one maſs ſhall blend,
And this adorn the ſtate, and that defend.

I am,

With ſincere Reſpect and Gratitude,

DEAR SIR,

Your much obliged,

and moſt obedient Servant,

WILLIAM ENFIELD.

AN

ESSAY

ON

ELOCUTION.

MUCH declamation has been employed to convince the world of a very plain truth, that to be able to ſpeak well is an ornamental and uſeful accompliſhment. Without the laboured panegyrics of ancient or modern orators, the importance of a good elocution is ſufficiently obvious. Every one will acknowledge it to be of ſome conſequence, that what a man has hourly occaſion to do, ſhould be done well. Every private company, and almoſt every public aſſembly affords opportunities of remarking the difference between a juſt and graceful, and a

faulty and unnatural elocution; and there are few perſons who do not daily experience the advantages of the former, or the inconveniences of the latter. The great difficulty is, not to prove that it is a deſirable thing to be able to read and ſpeak with propriety, but to point out a practicable and eaſy method by which this accompliſhment may be acquired.

FOLLOW NATURE, is certainly the fundamental law of Oratory; without a regard to which, all other rules will only produce affected declamation, not juſt elocution. And ſome accurate obſervers, judging, perhaps, from a few unlucky ſpecimens of modern eloquence, have concluded that this is the only law which ought to be preſcribed; that all artificial rules are uſeleſs; and that good ſenſe, and a cultivated taſte, are the only requiſites to form a good public ſpeaker. But it is true in the art of ſpeaking, as well as in the art of living, that general precepts are of little uſe till they are unfolded, and applied to particular caſes. To obſerve the various ways by which nature expreſſes the ſeveral perceptions, emotions and paſſions of the human mind, and to diſtinguiſh theſe from the mere effect of arbitrary cuſtom or falſe taſte;

to

to diſcover and correct thoſe tones, and habits of ſpeaking, which are groſs deviations from nature, and as far as they prevail muſt deſtroy all propriety and grace of utterance; and to make choice of ſuch a courſe of practical leſſons, as ſhall give the ſpeaker an opportunity of exerciſing himſelf in each branch of elocution; all this muſt be the effect of attention and labour: and in all this, much aſſiſtance may certainly be derived from inſtruction. What are rules or leſſons for acquiring this or any other art, but the obſervations of others, collected into a narrow compaſs, and digeſted in a natural order, for the direction of the unexperienced and unpractiſed learner? And what is there in the art of ſpeaking, which ſhould render it incapable of receiving aid from precepts?

PRESUMING then, that the acquiſition of the art of ſpeaking, like all other practical arts, may be facilitated by rules, I proceed to lay before my readers, in a plain didactic form, ſuch Rules reſpecting elocution, as appear beſt adapted to form a correct and graceful Speaker.

RULE I.

Let your Articulation be diſtinct and deliberate.

A GOOD Articulation conſiſts in giving a a clear and full utterance to the ſeveral ſimple and complex ſounds. The nature of theſe ſounds, therefore, ought to be well underſtood; and much pains ſhould be taken to diſcover and correct thoſe faults in articulation, which, though often aſcribed to ſome defect in the organs of ſpeech, are generally the conſequence of inattention or bad example. Many of theſe reſpect the ſounding of the conſonants. Some cannot pronounce the letter *l*, and others the ſimple ſounds *r*, *s*, *th*, *ſh*; others generally omit the aſpirate *h*. Theſe faults may be corrected, by reading ſentences, ſo contrived as often to repeat the faulty ſounds; and by guarding againſt them in familiar converſation.

OTHER defects in articulation regard the complex ſounds, and conſiſt in a confuſed and cluttering pronunciation of words. The moſt effectual methods of conquering this habit, are, to read aloud paſſages choſen for that purpoſe (ſuch for inſtance

inſtance as abound with long and unuſual words, or in which many ſhort ſyllables come together) and to read, at certain ſtated times, much ſlower than the ſenſe and juſt ſpeaking would require. Almoſt all perſons, who have not ſtudied the art of ſpeaking, have a habit of uttering their words ſo rapidly, that this latter exerciſe ought generally to be made uſe of for a conſiderable time at firſt: for where there is a uniformly rapid utterance, it is abſolutely impoſſible that there ſhould be ſtrong emphaſis, natural tones, or any juſt elocution.

AIM at nothing higher, till you can read diſtinctly and deliberately.

Learn to ſpeak ſlow, all other graces
Will follow in their proper places.

RULE II.

Let your Pronunciation be bold and forcible.

AN inſipid flatneſs and langour is an almoſt univerſal fault in reading; and even public ſpeakers often ſuffer their words to drop from their

their lips with ſuch a faint and feeble utterance, that they appear, neither to underſtand or feel what they ſay themſelves, nor to have any deſire that it ſhould be underſtood or felt by their audience. This is a fundamental fault: a ſpeaker without energy, is a lifeleſs ſtatue.

In order to acquire a forcible manner of pronouncing your words, inure yourſelf while reading to draw in as much air as your lungs can contain with eaſe, and to expel it with vehemence, in uttering thoſe ſounds which require an emphatical pronunciation; read aloud in the open air, and with all the exertion you can command; preſerve your body in an erect attitude while you are ſpeaking; let all the conſonant ſounds be expreſſed with a full impulſe or percuſſion of the breath, and a forcible action of the organs employed in forming them; and let all the vowel ſounds have a full and bold utterance. Practiſe theſe rules with perſeverance, till you have acquired ſtrength and energy of ſpeech.

But in obſerving this rule, beware of running into the extreme of vociferation. We find this fault chiefly among thoſe, who, in contempt and

deſpite

deſpite of all rule and propriety, are determined to command the attention of the vulgar. Theſe are the ſpeakers, who, in Shakeſpear's phraſe, "offend the judicious hearer to the ſoul, by tearing a paſſion to rags, to very tatters, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings." Cicero compares ſuch ſpeakers to cripples who get on horſe-back becauſe they cannot walk: they bellow, becauſe they cannot ſpeak.

RULE III.

Acquire a compaſs and variety in the height of your Voice.

THE monotony ſo much complained of in public ſpeakers, is chiefly owing to the neglect of this rule. They generally content themſelves with one certain key, which they employ on all occaſions, and on every ſubject: or if they attempt variety, it is only in proportion to the number of their hearers, and the extent of the place in which they ſpeak; imagining, that ſpeaking in a high key is the ſame thing as ſpeaking loud; and not obſerving, that whether a ſpeaker ſhall be heard or not, depends more upon the diſtinctneſs

diſtinctneſs and force with which he utters his words, than upon the height at which he pitches his voice.

But it is an eſſential qualification of a good ſpeaker, to be able to alter the height, as well as the ſtrength and the tone of his voice, as occaſion requires. Different ſpecies of ſpeaking require different heights of voice. Nature inſtructs us to relate a ſtory, to ſupport an argument, to command a ſervant, to utter exclamations of anger or rage, and to pour forth lamentations and ſorrows, not only with different tones, but different elevations of voice. Men at different ages of life, and in different ſituations, ſpeak in very different keys. The vagrant, when he begs—the ſoldier, when he gives the word of command—the watchman, when he announces the hour of the night—the ſovereign, when he iſſues his edict—the ſenator, when he harangues—the lover, when he whiſpers his tender tale—do not differ more in the tones which they uſe, than in the key in which they ſpeak. Reading and ſpeaking, therefore, in which all the variations of expreſſion in real life are copied, muſt have continual variations in the height of the voice.

To acquire the power of changing the key on which you ſpeak at pleaſure, accuſtom yourſelf to pitch your voice in different keys, from the loweſt to the higheſt notes you can command. Many of theſe would neither be proper nor agreeable in ſpeaking; but the exerciſe will give you ſuch a command of voice, as is ſcarcely to be acquired by any other method. Having repeated this experiment till you can ſpeak with eaſe at ſeveral heights of the voice; read, as exerciſes on this rule, ſuch compoſitions as have a variety of ſpeakers, or ſuch as relate dialogues, obſerving the height of voice which is proper to each, and endeavouring to change them as nature directs.

In the ſame compoſition there may be frequent occaſion to alter the height of the voice, in paſſing from one part to another, without any change of perſon. Shakeſpear's "All the world's a ſtage," &c. and his deſcription of the Queen of the Fairies, afford examples of this. Indeed, every ſentence which is read or ſpoken will admit of different elevations of the voice in different parts of it; and on this chiefly, perhaps entirely, depends the *melody* of pronunciation.

RULE

RULE IV.

Pronounce your words with propriety and elegance.

IT is not eaſy to fix upon any ſtandard, by which the propriety of pronunciation is to be determined. Mere men of learning, in attempting to make the etymology of words the rule of pronunciation, often pronounce words in a manner, which brings upon them the charge of affectation and pedantry. Mere men of the world, notwithſtanding all their politeneſs, often retain ſo much of their provincial dialect, or commit ſuch errors both in ſpeaking and writing, as to exclude them from the honour of being the ſtandard of accurate pronunciation. We ſhould perhaps look for this ſtandard only among thoſe who unite theſe two characters, and with the correctneſs and preciſion of true learning combine the eaſe and elegance of genteel life. An attention to ſuch models, and a free intercourſe with the polite world, are the beſt guards againſt the peculiarities and vulgariſms of provincial dialects. Thoſe which reſpect the pronunciation of words are innumerable. Some of the principal of them are:

are—omitting the aſpirate *h* where it ought to be uſed, and inſerting it where there ſhould be none—confounding and interchanging the *v* and *w*—pronouncing the diphthong *ou* like *au* or like *oo*, and the vowel *i* like *oi* or *e*—and cluttering many conſonants together without regarding the vowels. Theſe faults, and all others of the ſame nature, muſt be corrected in the pronunciation of a gentleman, who is ſuppoſed to have ſeen too much of the world, to retain the peculiarities of the diſtrict in which he was born.

RULE V.

Pronounce every word conſiſting of more than one ſyllable with its proper ACCENT.

THERE is a neceſſity for this direction, becauſe many ſpeakers have affected an unuſual and pedantic mode of accenting words, laying it down as a rule, that the accent ſhould be caſt as far backwards as poſſible; a rule which has no foundation in the conſtruction of the Engliſh language, or in the laws of harmony. In accenting words, the general cuſtom and a good ear are the beſt guides: only it may be obſerved, that accent

accent ſhould be regulated, not by any arbitrary rules of quantity, but by the number and nature of the ſimple ſounds.

RULE VI.

In every ſentence, diſtinguiſh the more ſignificant words by a natural, forcible, and varied EMPHASIS.

EMPHASIS points out the preciſe meaning of a ſentence, ſhews in what manner one idea is connected with, and riſes out of another, marks the ſeveral clauſes of a ſentence, gives to every part its proper ſound, and thus conveys to the mind of the reader the full import of the whole. It is in the power of emphaſis to make long and complex ſentences appear intelligible and perſpicuous. But for this purpoſe it is neceſſary, that the reader ſhould be perfectly acquainted with the exact conſtruction and full meaning of every ſentence which he recites. Without this, it is impoſſible to give thoſe inflexions and variations to the voice, which nature requires: and it is for want of this previous ſtudy, more perhaps than from any other cauſe, that we ſo often hear

perſons

perſons read with an improper emphaſis, or with no emphaſis at all, that is, with a ſtupid monotony. Much ſtudy and pains are neceſſary in acquiring the habit of juſt and forcible pronunciation; and it can only be the effect of cloſe attention and long practice, to be able, with a mere glance of the eye, to read any piece with *good emphaſis* and *good diſcretion*.

It is another office of emphaſis to expreſs the oppoſition between the ſeveral parts of a ſentence, where the ſtyle is pointed and antithetical. Pope's Eſſay on Man, and his Moral Eſſays, and the Proverbs of Solomon, will furniſh many proper exerciſes in this ſpecies of ſpeaking. In ſome ſentences the antitheſis is double, and even treble; theſe muſt be expreſſed in reading, by a very diſtinct emphaſis on each part of the oppoſition. The following inſtances are of this kind:

Anger may glance into the breaſt of a wiſe man; but reſts only in the boſom of fools.

An angry man who ſuppreſſes his paſſion, thinks worſe than he ſpeaks: and an angry man that will chide, ſpeaks worſe than he thinks.

Better to reign in hell, than ſerve in heaven,
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She brought an angel down.

EMPHASIS likewiſe ſerves to expreſs ſome particular meaning not immediately ariſing from the words, but depending upon the intention of the ſpeaker, or ſome incidental circumſtance. The following ſhort ſentence may have three different meanings, according to the different place of the emphaſis: Do *you* intend to go to *London this ſummer?*

IN order to acquire a habit of ſpeaking with a juſt and forcible emphaſis, nothing more is neceſſary, than previouſly to ſtudy the conſtruction, meaning, and ſpirit of every ſentence, and to adhere as nearly as poſſible to the manner in which we diſtinguiſh one word from another in converſation; for in familiar diſcourſe we ſcarcely ever fail to expreſs ourſelves emphatically, and ſeldom place the emphaſis improperly. With reſpect to artificial helps, ſuch as diſtinguiſhing words or clauſes of ſentences by particular characters or marks; I believe it will always be found, upon trial, that they miſlead inſtead of aſſiſting the reader, by not leaving him at full liberty to follow his own underſtanding and feelings.

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THE moſt common faults reſpecting emphaſis are—laying ſo ſtrong an emphaſis on one word, as to leave no power of giving a particular force to other words, which, though not equally, are in a certain degree emphatical—and placing the greateſt ſtreſs on conjunctive particles, and other words of ſecondary importance. Theſe faults are ſtrongly characteriſed in Churchill's cenſure of Moſſop.

WITH ſtudied improprieties of ſpeech
He ſoars beyond the hackney critic's reach,
To epithets allots emphatic ſtate,
Whilſt principals, ungrac'd, like lacquies wait;
In ways firſt trodden by himſelf excels,
And ſtands alone in indeclinables;
Conjunction, prepoſition, adverb, join
To ſtamp new vigour on the nervous line:
In monoſyllables his thunders roll,
HE, SHE, IT, AND, WE, YE, THEY, fright the ſoul.

EMPHASIS is often deſtroyed by an injudicious attempt to read melodiouſly. Agreeable inflexions and eaſy variations of the voice, as far as they ariſe from, or are conſiſtent with juſt ſpeaking, are deſerving of attention. But to ſubſtitute one unmeaning tune, in the room of all the proprieties and graces of good elocution, and then to applaud

this manner, under the appellation of *muſical* ſpeaking, can only be the effect of great ignorance and inattention, or of a depraved taſte. If public ſpeaking muſt be muſical, let the words be ſet to muſic in recitative, that theſe melodious ſpeakers may no longer lie open to the ſarcaſm; *Do you read or ſing? If you ſing, you ſing very ill.* Seriouſly, it is much to be wondered at, that this kind of reading, which has ſo little merit conſidered as muſic, and none at all conſidered as ſpeaking, ſhould be ſo ſtudiouſly practiſed by many ſpeakers, and ſo much admired by many hearers. Can a method of reading, which is ſo entirely different from the uſual manner of converſation, be natural and right? Is it poſſible that all the varieties of ſentiment, which a public ſpeaker has occaſion to introduce, ſhould be properly expreſſed by one melodious tone and cadence, employed alike on all occaſions and for all purpoſes?

RULE VII.

Acquire a juſt variety of Pauſe and Cadence.

ONE of the worſt faults a ſpeaker can have, is to make no other pauſes than what he finds barely neceſſary for breathing. I know of nothing

nothing that ſuch a ſpeaker can ſo properly be compared to, as an alarum-bell, which, when once ſet a-going, clatters on till the weight that moves it is run down. Without pauſes, the ſenſe muſt always appear confuſed and obſcure, and often be miſunderſtood; and the ſpirit and energy of the piece muſt be wholly loſt.

In executing this part of the office of a ſpeaker, it will by no means be ſufficient to attend to the points uſed in printing; for theſe are far from marking all the pauſes which ought to be made in ſpeaking. A mechanical attention to theſe reſting places has perhaps been one chief cauſe of monotony, by leading the reader to a uniform ſound at every imperfect break, and a uniform cadence at every full period. The uſe of points is to aſſiſt the reader in diſcerning the grammatical conſtruction, not to direct his pronunciation. In reading, it may often be proper to make a pauſe where the printer has made none. Nay, it is very allowable for the ſake of pointing out the ſenſe more ſtrongly, preparing the audience for what is to follow, or enabling the ſpeaker to alter the tone or height of the voice, ſometimes to make a very conſiderable pauſe, where the grammatical

conſtruction requires none at all. In doing this, however, it is neceſſary that in the word immediately preceding the pauſe, the voice be kept up in ſuch a manner as to intimate to the hearer that the ſenſe is not compleated. Mr. GARRICK often obſerved this rule with great ſucceſs. This particular excellence Mr. Sterne has deſcribed in his uſual ſprightly manner. See the following Work, Book VI. Chap. III.

BEFORE a full pauſe, it has been cuſtomary in reading to drop the voice in a uniform manner; and this has been called the *cadence*. But ſurely nothing can be more deſtructive of all propriety and energy than this habit. The tones and heights at the cloſe of a ſentence ought to be infinitely diverſified, according to the general nature of the diſcourſe, and the particular conſtruction and meaning of the ſentence. In plain narrative, and eſpecially in argumentation, the leaſt attention to the manner in which we relate a ſtory, or ſupport an argument in converſation, will ſhew, that it is more frequently proper to raiſe the voice than to fall it at the end of a ſentence. Interrogatives, where the ſpeaker ſeems to expect an anſwer, ſhould almoſt

moſt always be elevated at the cloſe, with a peculiar tone, to indicate that a queſtion is aſked. Some ſentences are ſo conſtructed, that the laſt word requires a ſtronger emphaſis than any of the preceding; whilſt others admit of being cloſed with a ſoft and gentle ſound. Where there is nothing in the ſenſe which requires the laſt ſound to be elevated or emphatical, an eaſy fall, ſufficient to ſhew that the ſenſe is finiſhed, will be proper. And in pathetic pieces, eſpecially thoſe of the plaintive, tender, or ſolemn kind, the tone of the paſſion will often require a ſtill lower cadence of the voice. But before a ſpeaker can be able to fall his voice with propriety and judgment at the cloſe of a ſentence, he muſt be able to keep it from falling, and to raiſe it with all the variation which the ſenſe requires. The beſt method of correcting a uniform cadence, is frequently to read *ſelect ſentences*, in which the ſtyle is pointed and frequent *antitheſes* are introduced; and argumentative pieces, or ſuch as abound with interrogatives.

RULE VIII.

Accompany the Emotions and Paſſions which your words expreſs, by correſpondent tones, looks, and geſtures.

THERE is the language of emotions and paſſions, as well as of ideas. To expreſs the latter is the peculiar province of words; to expreſs the former, nature teaches us to make uſe of tones, looks, and geſtures. When anger, fear, joy, grief, love, or any other active paſſion ariſes in our minds, we naturally diſcover it by the particular manner in which we utter our words; by the features of the countenance, and by other well-known ſigns. And even when we ſpeak without any of the more violent emotions, ſome kind of feeling uſually accompanies our words, and this, whatever it be, hath its proper external expreſſion. Expreſſion hath indeed been ſo little ſtudied in public ſpeaking, that we ſeem almoſt to have forgotten the language of nature, and are ready to conſider every attempt to recover it, as the laboured and affected effort of art. But Nature is always the ſame; and every judicious imitation of it, will always be pleaſing. Nor

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can any one deſerve the appellation of a good ſpeaker, much leſs of a compleat orator, till with diſtinct articulation, a good command of voice, and juſt emphaſis, he is able to unite the various expreſſions of emotion and paſſion.

To enumerate theſe expreſſions, and deſcribe them in all their variations, is impracticable. Attempts have been made with ſome ſucceſs to analiſe the language of ideas; but the language of ſentiment and emotion has never yet been analiſed; and perhaps it is not within the reach of human ability, to write a Philoſophical Grammar of the Paſſions. Or, if it were poſſible in any degree to execute this deſign, I cannot think, that from ſuch a grammar it would be poſſible for any one to inſtruct himſelf in the uſe of the language. All endeavours therefore to make men Orators, by deſcribing to them in words the manner in which their voice, countenance, and hands are to be employed, in expreſſing the paſſions, muſt be weak and ineffectual. Perhaps, the only inſtruction which can be given with advantage on this head, is this general one: Obſerve in what manner the ſeveral emotions or paſſions are expreſſed in real life, or by

by thoſe who have with great labour and taſte acquired a power of imitating nature; and accuſtom yourſelf either to follow the great original itſelf, or the beſt copies you meet with, always however, "with this ſpecial obſervance, that you O'ERSTEP NOT THE MODESTY OF NATURE."

In the application of theſe rules to practice, in order to acquire a juſt and graceful elocution, it will be neceſſary to go through a regular courſe of exerciſes; beginning with ſuch as are moſt eaſy, and proceeding by ſlow ſteps to ſuch as are more difficult. In the choice of theſe, the practitioner ſhould pay a particular attention to his prevailing defects, whether they regard articulation, command of voice, emphaſis, or cadence: and he ſhould content himſelf with reading and ſpeaking with an immediate view to the correcting of his fundamental faults, before he aims at any thing higher. This may be irkſome and diſagreeable; it may require much patience and reſolution; but it is the only way to ſucceed. For, if a man cannot read ſimple ſentences, or plain narrative or didactic pieces, with diſtinct articulation, juſt emphaſis, and proper tones, how can he

he expect to do juſtice to the ſublime deſcriptions of poetry, or the animated language of the paſſions?

In performing theſe exerciſes, the learner ſhould daily read aloud by himſelf, and, as often as he has opportunity, under the correction of an inſtructor or friend. He ſhould alſo frequently recite compoſitions *memoriter*. This method has ſeveral advantages: it obliges the ſpeaker to dwell upon the ideas which he is to expreſs, and hereby enables him to diſcern their particular meaning and force, and gives him a previous knowledge of the ſeveral inflexions, *emphaſes*, and tones which the words require. And by taking off his eye from the book, it in part relieves him from the influence of the ſchool-boy habit of reading in a different key and tone from that of converſation; and gives him greater liberty to attempt the expreſſion of the countenance and geſture.

It were much to be wiſhed, that all public ſpeakers would deliver their thoughts and ſentiments, either from memory or immediate conception; for, beſides that there is an artificial uniformity, which almoſt always diſtinguiſhes reading from ſpeaking, the fixed poſture, and the bending

bending of the head which reading requires, are inconſiſtent with the freedom, eaſe, and variety of juſt elocution. But, if this is too much to be expected, eſpecially from Preachers, who have ſo much to compoſe, and are ſo often called upon to ſpeak in public; it is however extremely deſirable, that they ſhould make themſelves ſo well acquainted with their diſcourſe, as to be able, with a ſingle glance of the eye, to take in ſeveral clauſes, or the whole, of a ſentence.*

After the utmoſt pains have been taken to acquire a juſt elocution, and this with the greateſt ſucceſs; there is ſome difficulty in carrying the art of ſpeaking out of the ſchool, or chamber, to the bar, the ſenate, or the pulpit. A young man who has been accuſtomed to perform frequent exerciſes in this art in private, cannot eaſily perſuade himſelf, when he appears before the public, to conſider the buſineſs he has to perform in any other light, than as a trial of ſkill, and a diſplay of oratory. Hence it is, that the character of an Orator has of late often been treated with ridicule, ſometimes with

* See Dean Swift's advice on this head in his Letter to a young Clergyman.

contempt.

contempt. We are pleaſed with the eaſy and graceful movements which the true gentleman has acquired by having learned to dance; but we are offended by the coxcomb, who is always exhibiting his formal dancing-bow, and minuet-ſtep. So, we admire the manly eloquence and noble ardour of a Britiſh Legiſlator, riſing up in defence of the rights of his country; the quick recollection, the forcible reaſoning, and the ready utterance of the accompliſhed Barriſter; and the ſublime devotion, genuine dignity, and unaffected earneſtneſs of the ſacred Orator: but when a man, in either of theſe capacities, ſo far forgets the ends, and degrades the conſequence of his profeſſion, as to ſet himſelf forth to public view under the character of a Spouter, and to parade it in the ears of the vulgar with all the pomp of artificial eloquence, though the unſkilful may gaze and applaud, the judicious cannot but be grieved and diſguſted. Avail yourſelf, then, of your ſkill in the Art of Speaking, but always employ your powers of elocution with caution and modeſty; remembering, that though it be deſirable to be admired as an eminent Orator, it is of much more importance to be reſpected, as a wiſe Stateſman, an able Lawyer, or a uſeful Preacher.

THE

CONTENTS.

BOOK I.

SELECT SENTENCES.

Page 1 to 18.

BOOK II.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

Chap.			Page
I.	The Derviſe.	*Spectator.*	19
II.	Turkiſh Tale.	*ibid.*	20
III.	Avarice and Luxury.	*ibid.*	21
IV.	Pleaſure and Pain.	*ibid.*	23
V.	Labour.	*World.*	25
VI.	The old Man and his Aſs.	*ibid.*	26
VII.	Hercules's Choice.	*Tatler.*	27
VIII.	Pity.	Mrs. *Barbauld.*	30
IX.	The Dead Aſs.	*Sterne.*	32
X.	The Sword.	*ibid.*	34
XI.	Maria.	*ibid.*	36
XII.	The Camelion.	*Merrick.*	41
XIII.	The Youth and the Philoſopher.	*Whitehead.*	44
XIV.	Sir Balaam.	*Pope.*	46
XV.	Edwin and Emma.	*Mallet.*	48
XVI.	Celadon and Amelia.	*Thomſon.*	51
XVII.	Junio and Theana.	*Grainger.*	54
XVIII.	Douglas to Lord Randolph.	*Home.*	58
XIX.	Othello's Apology.	*Shakeſpear.*	59

BOOK III.

DIDACTIC PIECES.

I.	On Modeſty.	*Spectator.*	62
II.	On Cheerfulneſs.	*ibid.*	65

III. On

CHAP.			Page
III.	On Sincerity.	*Tillotſon.*	68
IV.	On Honour.	*Guardian.*	171
V.	On Good Humour.	*Rambler.*	74
VI.	On the Knowledge of the World.	*ibid.*	78
VII.	On the Advantages of uniting Gentleneſs of Manners with Firmneſs of Mind.	Lord *Cheſterfield.*	80
VIII.	On Good Senſe.	*Melmoth.*	83
IX.	On Study.	*Bacon.*	84
X.	On Satirical Wit.	*Sterne.*	85
XI.	Hamlet's Inſtructions to the Players.	*Shakeſpear.*	87
XII.	The preſent Condition of Man vindicated.	*Pope.*	88
XIII.	On the Order of Nature.	*ibid.*	90
XIV.	The Origin of Superſtition and Tyranny.	*ibid.*	92
XV.	On Happineſs.	*ibid.*	95
XVI.	On Virtue.	*ibid.*	97
XVII.	On Verſification.	*ibid.*	100
XVIII.	Leſſons of Wiſdom.	*Armſtrong.*	101
XIX.	Againſt Indolence; an Epiſtle.		104
XX.	Elegy to a young Nobleman.	*Maſon.*	107
XXI.	On the Miſeries of Human Life.	*Thomſon.*	109
XXII.	Reflections on a Future State.	*ibid.*	110
XXIII.	On Procraſtination.	*Young.*	112
XXIV.	The Pain ariſing from Virtuous Emotions attended with Pleaſure.	*Akenſide.*	113
XXV.	On Taſte.	*ibid.*	117
XXVI.	The Pleaſures ariſing from a Cultivated Imagination.	*ibid.*	119

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENTATIVE PIECES.

I.	On Anger.	*Holland.*	122
II.	Virtue our Higheſt Intereſt.	*Harris.*	128
III.	The ſame Subject.	*ibid.*	130
IV.	On the Immortality of the Soul.	*Spectator.*	131
V.	On the Being of a God.	*Young.*	134

BOOK V.

ORATIONS AND HARANGUES.

I.	Junius Brutus over the dead Body of Lucretia.	*Livy.*	136
II.	Hannibal to his Soldiers.	*ibid.*	138
III.	C. Marius to the Romans, on their heſitating to appoint him General in the Expedition againſt Jugurtha merely on Account of his Extraction	*Salluſt.*	141

IV. Califthenes's

CHAP.			Page
IV.	Caliſthenes's Reproof of Cleon's Flattery to Alexander.	*Quintus Curtius.*	145
V.	The Scythian Ambaſſadors to Alexander.	*ibid.*	146
VI.	Galgacus the General of the Caledonii to his Army, to incite them to Action againſt the Romans.	*Tacitus.*	149
VII.	The Earl of Arundel's Speech propoſing an Accommodation between Henry II. and Stephen.	Lord *Lyttelton.*	152
VIII.	Mr. Pulteney's Speech on the Motion for reducing the Army.		158
IX.	Sir John St. Aubin's Speech for repealing the Septennial Act.		161
X.	Sir Robert Walpole's Reply.		168
XI.	Lord Lyttelton's Speech on the Repeal of the Act called the Jew Bill, in the Year 1753.		174
XII.	In Praiſe of Virtue.	*Price.*	178
XIII.	The Speech of Brutus on the Death of Cæſar.	*Shakeſpear.*	179
XIV.	Gloceſter's Speech to the Nobles.	*ibid.*	180

BOOK VI.

DIALOGUES.

I.	On Happineſs.	*Harris.*	182
II.	The ſame Subject.	*ibid.*	188
III.	On Criticiſm.	*Sterne.*	193
IV.	On Negroes.	*ibid.*	195
V.	Rivers and Sir Harry.	*Falſe Delicacy.*	196
VI.	Sir John Melvil and Sterling.	*Clandeſtine Marriage.*	198
VII.	Belcour and Stockwell.	*Weſt Indian.*	203
VIII.	Lord Euſtace and Frampton.	*School for Rakes.*	206
IX.	Duke and Lord.	*Shakeſpear.*	210
X.	Duke and Jaques.	*ibid.*	212
XI.	Henry and Lord Chief Juſtice.	*ibid.*	215
XII.	Archbiſhop of Canterbury and Biſhop of Ely.	*ibid.*	217
XIII.	Hamlet and Horatio.	*ibid.*	220
XIV.	Brutus and Caſſius.	*ibid.*	223
XV.	Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.	*ibid.*	228

BOOK VII.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

I.	Senſibility.	*Sterne.*	232
II.	Liberty and Slavery.	*ibid.*	233
III.	Corporal Trim's Eloquence.	*ibid.*	235
IV.	The Man of Roſs.	*Pope.*	236

CHAP.			Page
V.	The Country Clergyman.	*Goldſmith.*	238
VI.	The Wiſh.	*Green.*	240
VII.	Grongar Hill.	*Dyer.*	243
VIII.	Hymn to Adverſity.	*Gray.*	248
IX.	Ode on a diſtant Proſpect of Eton College.	*ibid.*	250
X.	Elegy written in a Country Church-Yard.	*ibid.*	254
XI.	Warrington Academy.	Mrs. *Barbauld.*	259
XII.	Ode to Content.	*ibid.*	262
XIII.	Ode to Fear.	*Collins.*	264
XIV.	Ode to Truth.	*Maſon.*	266
XV.	Ode to Fancy.	*Warton.*	268
XVI.	L'Allegro.	*Milton.*	273
XVII.	Il Penſeroſo.	*ibid.*	278
XVIII.	The Progreſs of Life.	*Shakeſpear.*	284
XIX.	The Entry of Bolingbroke and Richard into London.	*ibid.*	285
XX.	Life.	*ibid.*	286
XXI.	Hotſpur's Deſcription of a Fop.	*ibid.*	287
XXII.	Clarence's Dream.	*ibid.*	289
XXIII.	Queen Mab.	*ibid.*	291
XXIV.	Apothecary.	*ibid.*	292
XXV.	Ode to Evening.	*Collins.*	293
XXVI.	Ode to Spring.	Mrs. *Barbauld.*	295
XXVII.	Domeſtic Love and Happineſs.	*Thomſon.*	297
XXVIII.	The Pleaſures of Retirement.	*ibid.*	299
XXIX.	Genius.	*Akenſide.*	302
XXX.	Greatneſs.	*ibid.*	304
XXXI.	Novelty.	*ibid.*	307

BOOK VIII.

PATHETIC PIECES.

I.	The Story of Le Fever.	*Sterne.*	309
II.	Yorick's Death.	*ibid.*	320
III.	The Beggar's Petition.		323
IV.	Elegy on the Death of an unfortunate Lady.	*Pope.*	324
V.	Morning Hymn.	*Milton.*	327
VI.	Satan's Soliloquy.	*ibid.*	329
VII.	Juba and Syphax.	*Cato.*	332
VIII.	Cato's Soliloquy.	*ibid.*	337
IX.	Southampton and Eſſex.	*Earl of Eſſex.*	338
X.	Jaffier and Pierre.	*Venice Preſerved.*	340
XI.	Edward and Warwick.	*Earl of Warwick.*	344
XII.	Orlando and Adam.	*Shakeſpear.*	349
XIII.	Scroop and Richard.	*ibid.*	351
XIV.	Hotſpur and Glendower.	*ibid.*	354
XV.	Hotſpur reading a Letter.	*ibid.*	356

CHAP.			Page
XVI.	Henry IV.'s Soliloquy on Sleep.	*Shakeſpear.*	357
XVII.	Henry IV. and Prince Henry.	*ibid.*	358
XVIII.	Henry V. to his Soldiers.	*ibid.*	363
XIX.	Henry VI. Warwick, and Cardinal Beaufort.	*ibid.*	364
XX.	Wolſey and Cromwell.	*ibid.*	366
XXI.	Lear.	*ibid.*	370
XXII.	Macbeth's Soliloquy.	*ibid.*	371
XXIII.	Macduff, Malcolm, and Roſſe.	*ibid.*	372
XXIV.	Antony's Soliloquy over Cæſar's Body.	*ibid.*	375
XXV.	Antony's Funeral Oration over Cæſar's Body.	*ibid.*	376
XXVI.	The Quarrel of Brutus and Caſſius.	*ibid.*	379
XXVII.	Othello and Iago.	*ibid.*	383
XXVIII.	Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage.	*ibid.*	389
XXIX.	Hamlet and Ghoſt.	*ibid.*	390
XXX.	Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death.	*ibid.*	394
XXXI.	Soliloquy of the King in Hamlet.	*ibid.*	395
XXXII.	Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.	*Pope.*	396
XXXIII.	Alexander's Feaſt.	*Dryden.*	401

BOOK I.

SELECT SENTENCES.

CHAP. I.

TO be ever active in laudable purſuits, is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a man of merit.

THERE is an heroic innocence, as well as an heroic courage.

THERE is a mean in all things. Even virtue itſelf hath its ſtated limits; which not being ſtrictly obſerved, it ceaſes to be virtue.

IT is wiſer to prevent a quarrel beforehand, than to revenge it afterwards.

IT is much better to reprove, than to be angry ſecretly.

No revenge is more heroic, than that which torments envy, by doing good.

THE diſcretion of a man deferreth his anger, and it is his glory to paſs over a tranſgreſſion.

MONEY, like manure, does no good till it is ſpread. There is no real uſe of riches, except in the diſtribution; the reſt is all conceit.

A wise man will desire no more than what he may get justly, use soberly, distribute chearfully, and live upon contentedly.

A contented mind, and a good conscience, will make a man happy in all conditions. He knows not how to fear, who dares to die.

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

Philosophy is then only valuable, when it serves for the law of life, and not for the ostentation of science.

CHAP. II.

WITHOUT a friend, the world is but a wilderness.

A man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them all. If you have one friend, think yourself happy.

When once you profess yourself a friend, endeavour to be always such. He can never have any true friends, that will be often changing them.

Prosperity gains friends, and adversity tries them.

Nothing more engages the affections of men, than a handsome address, and graceful conversation.

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

Excess of ceremony shews want of breeeding. That civility is best, which excludes all superfluous formality.

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

Truth

TRUTH is born with us; and we muſt do violence to nature, to ſhake off our veracity.

THERE cannot be a greater treachery, than firſt to raiſe a confidence, and then deceive it.

BY others' faults, wiſe men correct their own.

NO man hath a thorough taſte of proſperity, to whom adverſity never happened.

WHEN our vices leave us, we flatter ourſelves that we leave them.

IT is as great a point of wiſdom to hide ignorance, as to diſcover knowledge.

PITCH upon that courſe of life which is the moſt excellent; and habit will render it the moſt delightful.

CHAP. III.

CUSTOM is the plague of wiſe men, and the idol of fools.

AS, to be perfectly juſt, is an attribute of the Divine nature; to be ſo to the utmoſt of our abilities, is the glory of man.

NO man was ever caſt down with the injuries of fortune, unleſs he had before ſuffered himſelf to be deceived by her favours.

ANGER may glance into the breaſt of a wiſe man, but reſts only in the boſom of fools.

NONE more impatiently ſuffer injuries, than thoſe that are moſt forward in doing them.

BY taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in paſſing it over, he is ſuperior.

TO err is human; to forgive, divine.

A more glorious victory cannot be gained over another man, than this, that when the injury began on his part, the kindneſs ſhould begin on ours.

The prodigal robs his heir, the miſer robs himſelf.

We ſhould take a prudent care for the future, but ſo as to enjoy the preſent. It is no part of wiſdom, to be miſerable to-day, becauſe we may happen to be ſo to-morrow.

To mourn without meaſure, is folly; not to mourn at all, inſenſibility.

Some would be thought to do great things, who are but tools and inſtruments; like the fool who fancied he played upon the organ, when he only drew the bellows.

Though a man may become learned by another's learning; he can never be wiſe, but by his own wiſdom.

He who wants good ſenſe is unhappy in having learning; for he has thereby more ways of expoſing himſelf.

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

No object is more pleaſing to the eye, than the ſight of a man whom you have obliged; nor any muſic ſo agreeable to the ear, as the voice of one that owns you for his benefactor.

The coin that is moſt current among mankind is flattery; the only benefit of which is, that by hearing what we are not, we may be inſtructed what we ought to be.

The character of the perſon who commends you, is to be conſidered before you ſet a value on his eſteem. The wiſe man applauds him whom he thinks moſt virtuous, the reſt of the world him who is moſt wealthy.

The temperate man's pleaſures are durable, becauſe they are regular; and all his life is calm and ſerene, becauſe it is innocent.

A good

A GOOD man will love himſelf too well to loſe, and his neighbour too well to win, an eſtate by gaming. The love of gaming will corrupt the beſt principles in the world.

CHAP. IV.

AN angry man who ſuppreſſes his paſſions, thinks worſe than he ſpeaks; and an angry man that will chide, ſpeaks worſe than he thinks.

A GOOD word is an eaſy obligation; but not to ſpeak ill, requires only our ſilence, which coſts us nothing.

IT is to affectation the world owes its whole race f coxcombs. Nature in her whole drama never drew ſuch a part; ſhe has ſometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of his own making.

IT is the infirmity of little minds, to be taken with every appearance, and dazzled with every thing that ſparkles; but great minds have but little admiration, becauſe few things appear new to them.

IT happens to men of learning, as to ears of corn; they ſhoot up, and raiſe their heads high, while they are empty; but when full and ſwelled with grain, they begin to flag and droop.

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

THE failings of good men are commonly more publiſhed in the world than their good deeds; and one fault of a deſerving man, ſhall meet with more reproaches, than all his virtues, praiſe: ſuch is the force of ill will, and ill nature.

IT is harder to avoid cenſure, than to gain applauſe; for this may be done by one great or wiſe action in an age; but

to eſcape cenſure, a man muſt paſs his whole life without ſaying or doing one ill or fooliſh thing.

When Darius offered Alexander ten thouſand talents to divide Aſia equally with him, he anſwered, The earth cannot bear two ſuns, nor Aſia two kings. Parmenio, a friend of Alexander's, hearing the great offers Darius had made, ſaid, Were I Alexander I would accept them. So would I, replied Alexander, were I Parmenio.

Nobility is to be conſidered only as an imaginary diſtinction, unleſs accompanied with the practice of thoſe generous virtues by which it ought to be obtained. Titles of honour conferred upon ſuch as have no perſonal merit, are at beſt but the royal ſtamp ſet upon baſe metal.

Though an honourable title may be conveyed to poſterity, yet the ennobling qualities which are the ſoul of greatneſs are a ſort of incommunicable perfections, and cannot be transferred. If a man could bequeath his virtues by will, and ſettle his ſenſe and learning upon his heirs, as certainly as he can his lands, a noble deſcent would then indeed be a valuable privilege.

Truth is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and needs nothing to help it out. It is always near at hand, and ſits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware: whereas a lie is troubleſome, and ſets a man's invention upon the rack; and one trick needs a great many more to make it good.

The pleaſure which affects the human mind with the moſt lively and tranſporting touches, is the ſenſe that we act in the eye of infinite wiſdom, power, and goodneſs, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here with a happineſs hereafter, large as our deſires, and laſting as our immortal ſouls; without this the higheſt ſtate of life is inſipid, and with it the loweſt is a paradiſe.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

HONOURABLE age is not that which ſtandeth in length of time, nor that is meaſured by number of years; but wiſdom is the grey hair unto man, and unſpotted life is old age.

WICKEDNESS, condemned by her own witneſs, is very timorous, and being preſſed with conſcience, always forecaſteth evil things: for fear is nothing elſe, but a betraying of the ſuccours which reaſon offereth.

A WISE man will fear in every thing. He that contemneth ſmall things, ſhall fall by little and little.

A RICH man beginning to fall is held up of his friends; but a poor man being down is thruſt away by his friends: when a rich man is fallen he hath many helpers; he ſpeaketh things not to be ſpoken, and yet men juſtify him: the poor man ſlipt and they rebuked him; he ſpoke wiſely, and could have no place. When a rich man ſpeaketh, every man holdeth his tongue, and, look, what he ſaith they extol it to the clouds; but if a poor man ſpeak, they ſay, What fellow is this?

MANY have fallen by the edge of the ſword, but not ſo many as have fallen by the tongue. Well is he that is defended from it, and hath not paſſed through the venom thereof; who hath not drawn the yoke thereof, nor been bound in her bonds; for the yoke thereof is a yoke of iron, and the bands thereof are bands of braſs; the death thereof is an evil death.

MY ſon, blemiſh not thy good deeds, neither uſe uncomfortable words, when thou giveſt any thing. Shall not the dew aſſuage the heat? ſo is a word better than a gift. Lo,

is not a word better than a gift? but both are with a gracious man.

Blame not, before thou haſt examined the truth; underſtand firſt, and then rebuke.

If thou wouldeſt get a friend, prove him firſt, and be not haſty to credit him; for ſome men are friends for their own occaſions, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble.

Forsake not an old friend, for the new is not comparable to him: a new friend is as new wine; when it is old, thou ſhalt drink it with pleaſure.

A friend cannot be known in proſperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden in adverſity.

Admonish thy friend; it may be, he hath not done it; and if he have, that he do it no more. Admoniſh thy friend; it may be, he hath not ſaid it, or if he have, that he ſpeak it not again. Admoniſh a friend; for many times it is a ſlander; and believe not every tale. There is one that ſlippeth in his ſpeech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not offended with his tongue?

Whoso diſcovereth ſecrets loſeth his credit, and ſhall never find a friend to his mind.

Honour thy father with thy whole heart, and forget not the ſorrows of thy mother: how canſt thou recompenſe them the things that they have done for thee?

There is nothing ſo much worth as a mind well inſtructed.

The lips of talkers will be telling ſuch things as pertain not unto them; but the words of ſuch as have underſtanding are weighed in the balance. The heart of fools is in their mouth, but the tongue of the wiſe is in their heart.

To labour, and to be content with that a man hath, is a ſweet life.

BE in peace with many; nevertheleſs, have but one counſellor of a thouſand.

BE not confident in a plain way.

LET reaſon go before every enterpriſe, and counſel before every action.

CHAP. VI.

THE latter part of a wiſe man's life is taken up in curing the follies, prejudices, and falſe opinions he had contracted in the former.

CENSURE is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.

VERY few men properly ſpeaking live at preſent, but are providing to live another time.

PARTY is the madneſs of many, for the gain of a few.

TO endeavour to work upon the vulgar with fine ſenſe, is like attempting to hew blocks of marble with a razor.

SUPERSTITION is the ſpleen of the ſoul.

HE who tells a lye is not ſenſible how great a taſk he undertakes; for he muſt be forced to invent twenty more to maintain that one.

SOME people will never learn any thing, for this reaſon, becauſe they underſtand every thing too ſoon.

THERE is nothing wanting to make all rational and diſintereſted people in the world of one religion, but that they ſhould talk together every day.

MEN are grateful, in the ſame degree that they are reſentful.

YOUNG men are ſubtle arguers; the cloak of honour covers all their faults, as that of paſſion, all their follies.

Œconomy is no diſgrace; it is better living on a little, than out-living a great deal.

Next to the ſatisfaction I receive in the proſperity of an honeſt man, I am beſt pleaſed with the confuſion of a raſcal.

What is often termed ſhyneſs, is nothing more than refined ſenſe, and an indifference to common obſervations.

The higher character a perſon ſupports, the more he ſhould regard his minuteſt actions.

Every perſon inſenſibly fixes upon ſome degree of refinement in his diſcourſe, ſome meaſure of thought which he thinks worth exhibiting. It is wiſe to fix this pretty high, although it occaſions one to talk the leſs.

To endeavour all one's days to fortify our minds with learning and philoſophy, is to ſpend ſo much in armour, that one has nothing left to defend.

Deference often ſhrinks and withers as much upon the approach of intimacy, as the ſenſitive plant does upon the touch of one's finger.

Men are ſometimes accuſed of pride, merely becauſe their accuſers would be proud themſelves if they were in their places.

People frequently uſe this expreſſion, I am inclined to think ſo and ſo, not conſidering that they are then ſpeaking the moſt literal of all truths.

Modesty makes large amends for the pain it gives the perſons who labour under it, by the prejudice it affords every worthy perſon in their favour.

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

A liar

A LIAR begins with making falſehood appear like truth, and ends with making truth itſelf appear like falſehood.

VIRTUE ſhould be conſidered as a part of taſte; and we ſhould as much avoid deceit, or ſiniſter meanings in diſcourſe, as we would puns, bad language, or falſe grammar.

CHAP. VII.

DEFERENCE is the moſt complicate, the moſt indirect, and the moſt elegant of all compliments.

HE that lies in bed all a ſummer's morning, loſes the chief pleaſure of the day: he that gives up his youth to indolence, undergoes a loſs of the ſame kind.

SHINING characters are not always the moſt agreeable ones. The mild radiance of an emerald, is by no means leſs pleaſing than the glare of the ruby.

To be at once a rake, and to glory in the character, diſcovers at the ſame time a bad diſpoſition, and a bad taſte.

How is it poſſible to expect that mankind will take advice, when they will not ſo much as take warning?

ALTHOUGH men are accuſed for not knowing their own weakneſs, yet perhaps as few know their own ſtrength. It is in men as in ſoils, where ſometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.

FINE ſenſe, and exalted ſenſe, are not half ſo valuable as common ſenſe. There are forty men of wit for one man of ſenſe; and he that will carry nothing about him but gold, will be every day at a loſs for want of ready change.

LEARNING is like mercury, one of the moſt powerful and excellent things in the world in ſkilful hands; in unſkilful, moſt miſchievous.

A MAN

A man ſhould never be aſhamed to own he has been in the wrong; which is but ſaying, in other words, that he is wiſer to-day than he was yeſterday.

Wherever I find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, I take it for granted there would be as much generoſity if he were a rich man.

Flowers of rhetoric in ſermons or ſerious diſcourſes, are like the blue and red flowers in corn, pleaſing to thoſe who come only for amuſement, but prejudicial to him who would reap the profit.

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

The eye of a critic is often like a microſcope, made ſo very fine and nice, that it diſcovers the atoms, grains, and minuteſt articles, without ever comprehending the whole, comparing the parts, or ſeeing all at once the harmony.

Men's zeal for religion is much of the ſame kind as that which they ſhew for a foot-ball; whenever it is conteſted for, every one is ready to venture their lives and limbs in the diſpute; but when that is once at an end, it is no more thought on, but ſleeps in oblivion, buried in rubbiſh, which no one thinks it worth his pains to rake into, much leſs to remove.

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

Persons of great delicacy ſhould know the certainty of the following truth: there are abundance of caſes which occaſion ſuſpenſe, in which whatever they determine they will repent of their determination; and this through a pro-

penſity

penſity of human nature to fancy happineſs in thoſe ſchemes which it does not purſue.

THE chief advantage that ancient writers can boaſt over modern ones, ſeems owing to ſimplicity. Every noble truth and ſentiment was expreſſed by the former in a natural manner, in word and phraſe ſimple, perſpicuous, and incapable of improvement. What then remained for later writers, but affectation, witticiſm, and conceit?

CHAP. VIII.

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

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

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

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

THE ſenſe of death is moſt in apprehenſion;
And the poor beetle that we tread upon,

In

In corporal ſufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

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

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

The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The ſolemn temples, the great globe itſelf,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolve;
And, like the baſeleſs fabric of th' air viſions,
Leave not a wreck behind! We are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep.

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

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

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

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

CHAP. IX.

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

——— So it falls out,
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and loſt,

Why

Why then we wreak the value; then we find
The virtue, that poſſeſſion would not ſhew us
Whilſt it was ours.

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

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

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

——— Who ſhall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the ſtamp of merit? Let none preſume
To wear an undeſerved dignity.
O that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
Were not derived corruptly, that clear honour

Were

Were purchaſed by the merit of the wearer!
How many then ſhould cover that ſtand bare!
How many be commanded, that command!

OH, who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the froſty Caucaſus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feaſt?
Or wallow naked in December ſnow,
By thinking on fantaſtic ſummer's heat?
Oh, no! the apprehenſion of the good,
Gives but the greater feeling to the worſe;
Fell ſorrow's tooth doth never rankle more,
Than when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.

——— 'Tis ſlander;
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword; whoſe tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and ſtates,
Maids, matrons, nay the ſecrets of the grave,
This viperous ſlander enters.

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

TO-MORROW, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty ſpace from day to day,
To the laſt ſyllable of recorded time;
And all our yeſterdays have lighted fools

The way to dusky death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more! It is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

BOOK II.

NARRATIVE PIECES.

CHAP. I.

The DERVISE.

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

jeſty a queſtion or two. Who were the perſons that lodged in this houſe when it was firſt built? The king replied, His anceſtors. And who, ſays the Derviſe, was the laſt perſon that lodged here? The king replied, His father. And who is it, ſays the Derviſe, that lodges here at preſent? The king told him, That it was he himſelf. And who, ſays the Derviſe, will be here after you? The king anſwered, The young prince his ſon. "Ah, ſir," ſaid the Derviſe, "a houſe that changes its inhabitants ſo often, and re-"ceives ſuch a perpetual ſucceſſion of gueſts, is not a palace "but a caravanſary."

SPECTATOR.

CHAP. II.

TURKISH TALE.

WE are told that the Sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and deſolation, and half unpeopled the Perſian empire. The Viſier to this great Sultan (whether an humouriſt or an enthuſiaſt, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain Derviſe to underſtand the language of birds, ſo that there was not a bird that could open his mouth, but the Viſier knew what it was he ſaid. As he was one evening with the emperor, in their return from hunting, they ſaw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of a heap of rubbiſh. I would fain know, ſays the Sultan, what thoſe two owls are ſaying to one another; liſten to their diſcourſe and give me an account of it. The Viſier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the Sultan, Sir, ſays he, I have heard part of their converſation, but

but dare not tell you what it is. The Sultan would not be ſatisfied with ſuch an anſwer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the owls had ſaid. You muſt know then, ſaid the Viſier, that one of theſe owls has a ſon, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the ſon ſaid to the father of the daughter, in my hearing, Brother, I conſent to this marriage, provided you will ſettle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion. To which the father of the daughter replied, Inſtead of fifty I will give her five hundred, if you pleaſe. God grant a long life to Sultan Mahmoud; whilſt he reigns over us, we ſhall never want ruined villages.

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

SPECTATOR.

CHAP. III.

AVARICE AND LUXURY.

THERE were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war againſt each other: the name of the firſt was Luxury, and of the ſecond Avarice. The aim of each of them was no leſs than univerſal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. Luxury had many generals under him, who did him great ſervice, as Pleaſure, Mirth, Pomp, and Faſhion. Avarice was likewiſe very ſtrong in his officers, being faithfully ſerved by Hunger, Induſtry, Care, and Watchfulneſs: he had likewiſe a privy-counſellor who was always at his elbow, and whiſpering ſomething or other in his ear: the name of this privy-counſellor was Poverty. As Avarice con-

ducted himself by the counsels of Poverty, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of Plenty, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various. Luxury got possession of one heart, and Avarice of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of Avarice, and the son under those of Luxury. The wife and husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed the wise men of the world stood neuter; but, alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counsellors were to be present. It is said that Luxury began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of Poverty, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this Avarice replied, that he looked upon Plenty (the first minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive counsellor than Poverty, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of Avarice was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary; that each of them should immediately dismiss his privy-counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other

other differences were ſoon accommodated; inſomuch that for the future they reſolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to ſhare between them whatever conqueſts were made on either ſide. For this reaſon, we now find Luxury and Avarice taking poſſeſſion of the ſame heart, and dividing the ſame perſon between them. To which I ſhall only add, that ſince the diſcarding of the counſellors above-mentioned, Avarice ſupplies Luxury in the room of Plenty, as Luxury prompts Avarice in the place of Poverty.

SPECTATOR.

CHAP. IV.

PLEASURE AND PAIN.

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

THE middle ſtation of nature between theſe two oppoſite extremes was the earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither ſo virtuous as the one, nor ſo vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of theſe two oppoſite families. Jupiter, conſidering that this ſpecies, commonly called man, was too virtuous to be miſerable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a diſ-

tinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngeſt of the above-mentioned families, Pleaſure who was the daughter of Happineſs, and Pain who was the ſon of Miſery, to meet one another upon this part of nature which lay in the half-way between them, having promiſed to ſettle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the diviſion of it, ſo as to ſhare mankind between them.

Pleasure and Pain were no ſooner met in their new habitation, but they immediately agreed upon this point, that Pleaſure ſhould take poſſeſſion of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious part of that ſpecies which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had ſeen in their old places of reſidence, there was no perſon ſo vicious who had not ſome good in him, nor any perſon ſo virtuous who had not in him ſome evil. The truth of it is, they generally found upon ſearch, that in the moſt vicious man Pleaſure might lay a claim to an hundredth part, and that in the moſt virtuous man Pain might come in for at leaſt two thirds. This they ſaw would occaſion endleſs diſputes between them, unleſs they could come to ſome accommodation. To this end there was a marriage propoſed beeween them, and at length concluded: by this means it is, that we find Pleaſure and Pain are ſuch conſtant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their viſits together, or are never far aſunder. If Pain comes into a heart, he is quickly followed by Pleaſure; and if Pleaſure enters, you may be ſure Pain is not far off.

But notwithſtanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not ſeem to anſwer the intention of Jupiter in ſending them among mankind. To remedy therefore

therefore this inconvenience, it was ſtipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the conſent of each family, that notwithſtanding they here poſſeſſed the ſpecies indifferently; upon the death of every ſingle perſon, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he ſhould be diſpatched into the infernal regions by a paſſport from Pain, there to dwell with Miſery, Vice, and the Furies. Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he ſhould be diſpatched into heaven by a paſſport from Pleaſure, there to dwell with Happineſs, Virtue, and the Gods.

SPECTATOR.

CHAP. V.

LABOUR.

LABOUR, the offspring of Want, and the mother of Health and Contentment, lived with her two daughters in a little cottage, by the ſide of a hill, at a great diſtance from town. They were totally unacquainted with the great, and had kept no better company than the neighbouring villagers; but having a deſire of ſeeing the world, they forſook their companions and habitation, and determined to travel. Labour went ſoberly along the road with Health on her right hand, who by the ſprightlineſs of her converſation, and ſongs of cheerfulneſs and joy, ſoftened the toils of the way; while Contentment went ſmiling on the left, ſupporting the ſteps of her mother, and by her perpetual good humour increaſing the vivacity of her ſiſter.

IN this manner they travelled over foreſts, and through towns and villages, till at laſt they arrived at the capital of the kingdom. At their entrance into the great city, the mother

ther conjured her daughters, never to loſe ſight of her; for it was the will of Jupiter, ſhe ſaid, that their ſeparation ſhould be attended with the utter ruin of all three. But Health was of too gay a diſpoſition to regard the counſels of Labour: ſhe ſuffered herſelf to be debauched by Intemperance, and at laſt died in child-birth of Diſeaſe. Contentment, in the abſence of her ſiſter, gave herſelf up to the enticements of Sloth, and was never heard of after: while Labour, who could have no enjoyment without her daughters, went every where in ſearch of them, till ſhe was at laſt ſeized by Laſſitude in her way, and died in miſery.

World.

CHAP. VI.

The old MAN and his ASS.

AN old man and a little boy were driving an aſs to the next market to ſell. What a fool is this fellow (ſays a man upon the road) to be trudging it on foot with his ſon, that his aſs may go light! The old man, hearing this, ſet his boy upon the aſs, and went whiſtling by the ſide of him. Why, ſirrah! (cries a ſecond man to the boy) is it fit for you to be riding, while your poor old father is walking on foot? The father, upon this rebuke, took down his boy from the aſs, and mounted himſelf. Do you ſee (ſays a third) how the lazy old knave rides along upon his beaſt, while his poor little boy is almoſt crippled with walking? The old man no ſooner heard this, than he took up his ſon behind him. Pray, honeſt friend (ſays a fourth) is that aſs your own? Yes, ſays the man. One would not have thought ſo, replied the other, by your loading him ſo unmercifully: you and your ſon are better able to carry the poor beaſt, than

he

he you. Any thing to pleaſe, ſays the owner; and alighting with his ſon, they tied the legs of the aſs together, and by the help of a pole, endeavoured to carry him upon their ſhoulders over the bridge that led to the town. This was ſo entertaining a ſight, that the people ran in crowds to laugh at it; till the aſs, conceiving a diſlike to the over-complaiſance of his maſter, burſt aſunder the cords that tied him, ſlipt from the pole, and tumbled into the river. The poor old man made the beſt of his way home; aſhamed and vexed, that by endeavouring to pleaſe every body, he had pleaſed no body, and loſt his aſs into the bargain.

WORLD.

CHAP. VII.

HERCULES's CHOICE.

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

mixture of affectation in all her geſtures. She had a wonderful confidence and aſſurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dreſs that ſhe thought were the moſt proper to ſhew her complexion to advantage. She caſt her eyes upon herſelf, then turned them on thoſe that were preſent, to ſee how they liked her; and often looked on the figure ſhe made in her own ſhadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, ſhe ſtepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular compoſed carriage, and running up to him, accoſted him after the following manner.

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

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

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

Hercules, ſays ſhe, I offer myſelf to you, becauſe I know you are deſcended from the Gods, and give proofs of that

deſcent

deſcent by your love to virtue, and application to the ſtudies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain, both for yourſelf and me, an immortal reputation. But, before I invite you into my ſociety and friendſhip, I will be open and ſincere with you, and muſt lay down this as an eſtabliſhed truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchaſed without pains and labour. The Gods have ſet a price upon every real and noble pleaſure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you muſt be at the pains of worſhipping him; if the friendſhip of good men, you muſt ſtudy to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you muſt take care to ſerve it. In ſhort, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you muſt become maſter of all the qualifications that can make you ſo. Theſe are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propoſe happineſs. The Goddeſs of Pleaſure here broke in upon her diſcourſe: You ſee, ſaid ſhe, Hercules, by her own confeſſion, the way to her pleaſures is long and difficult; whereas that which I propoſe is ſhort and eaſy. Alas! ſaid the other lady, whoſe viſage glowed with paſſion, made up of ſcorn and pity, what are the pleaſures you propoſe? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are athirſt, ſleep before you are tired; to gratify appetites before they are raiſed, and raiſe ſuch appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the moſt delicious muſic, which is the praiſe of one's ſelf; nor ſaw the moſt beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries paſs away their youth in a dream of miſtaken pleaſures, while they are hoarding up anguiſh, torment, and remorſe, for old age.

As for me, I am the friend of Gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artizan, an houſehold guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and protector of ſervants,

an

an aſſociate in all true and generous friendſhips. The banquets of my votaries are never coſtly, but always delicious; for none eat and drink at them who are not invited by hunger and thirſt. Their ſlumbers are ſound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleaſure of hearing themſelves praiſed by thoſe who are in years; and thoſe who are in years, of being honoured by thoſe who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the Gods, beloved by their acquaintance, eſteemed by their country, and, after the cloſe of their labours, honoured by poſterity.

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

Tatler.

CHAP. VIII.

PITY.

IN the happy period of the golden age, when all the celeſtial inhabitants deſcended to the earth, and converſed familiarly with mortals, among the moſt cheriſhed of the heavenly powers, were twins, the offſpring of Jupiter, Love and Joy. Wherever they appeared, the flowers ſprung up beneath their feet, the ſun ſhone with a brighter radiance, and all nature ſeemed embelliſhed by their preſence. They were inſeparable companions; and their growing attachment was favoured by Jupiter, who had decreed that a laſting union ſhould be ſolemnized between them ſo ſoon as they were arrived at maturer years. But in the mean time the ſons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin over-ran the earth with giant ſtrides; and Aſtrea, with her

her train of celeſtial viſitants, forſook their polluted abodes. Love alone remained, having been ſtolen away by Hope, who was his nurſe, and conveyed by her to the foreſts of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the ſhepherds. But Jupiter aſſigned him a different partner, and commanded him to eſpouſe SORROW, the daughter of Atè. He complied with reluctance; for her features were harſh and diſagreeable, her eyes ſunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypreſs and wormwood. From this union ſprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a ſtrong reſemblance to both her parents; but the ſullen and unamiable features of her mother were ſo mixed and blended with the ſweetneſs of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleaſing. The maids and ſhepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her PITY. A redbreaſt was obſerved to build in the cabin where ſhe was born; and while ſhe was yet an infant, a dove purſued by a hawk flew into her boſom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but ſo ſoft and gentle a mien, that ſhe was beloved to a degree of enthuſiaſm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpreſſibly ſweet; and ſhe loved to lie for hours together on the banks of ſome wild and melancholy ſtream, ſinging to her lute. She taught men to weep, for ſhe took a ſtrange delight in tears; and often, when the virgins of the hamlet were aſſembled at their evening ſports, ſhe would ſteal in amongſt them, and captivate their hearts by her tales full of a charming ſadneſs. She wore on her head a garland, compoſed of her father's myrtles twiſted with her mother's cypreſs.

ONE day, as ſhe ſat muſing by the waters of Helicon, her tears by chance fell into the fountain; and ever ſince, the

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

MRS. BARBAULD.

CHAP. IX.

THE DEAD ASS.

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

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

bridle—looked wiſtfully at the little arrangement he had made—and then gave a ſigh.

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

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

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

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

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

EVERY body who ſtood about, heard the poor fellow with concern—La Fleur offered him money—The mourner ſaid he did not want it—it was not the value of the aſs—but the loſs of him—The aſs, he ſaid, he was aſſured, loved him—and upon this, told them a long ſtory of a miſchance upon their paſſage over the Pyrenean mountains, which had ſeparated them from each other three days; during which

time the aſs had ſought him as much as he had ſought the aſs, and that they had neither ſcarce eat or drank till they met.

Thou haſt one comfort, friend, ſaid I, at leaſt, in the loſs of thy poor beaſt; I am ſure thou haſt been a merciful maſter to him.—Alas! ſaid the mourner, I thought ſo when he was alive—but now he is dead I think otherwiſe—I fear the weight of myſelf and my afflictions together, have been too much for him—they have ſhortened the poor creature's days, and I fear I have them to anſwer for.—Shame on the world! ſaid I to myſelf—Did we love each other, as this poor ſoul but loved his aſs—t'would be ſomething.—

Sterne.

CHAP. X.

The SWORD.

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

In any other province in France, ſave Britany, this was ſmiting the root for ever of the little tree his pride and affection

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

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

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

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

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

THERE was a dead ſilence. When the Marquis had approached within ſix paces of the tribunal, he gave the Marchioneſs to his youngeſt ſon, and advancing three ſteps before his family—he reclaimed his ſword.—His ſword was given him; and the moment he got it into his hand, he drew it almoſt out of the ſcabbard—it was the ſhining face of a friend he had once given up. He looked attentively a long

time at it, beginning at the hilt, as if to ſee whether it was the ſame—when obſerving a little ruſt which it had contracted near the point, he brought it near his eye, and bending his head down over it—I think I ſaw a tear fall upon the place: I could not be deceived, by what followed:

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

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

O how I envied him his feelings!

Sterne.

CHAP. XI.

MARIA.

FIRST PART.

—THEY were the ſweeteſt notes I ever heard; and I inſtantly let down the foreglaſs to hear them more diſtinctly——'Tis Maria; ſaid the poſtillion, obſerving I was liſtening——Poor Maria, continued he, (leaning his body on one ſide to let me ſee her, for he was in a line betwixt us) is ſitting upon a bank playing her veſpers upon her pipe, with her little goat beſide her.

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look ſo perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I inſtantly made a vow, I would give him a four and twenty ſous piece, when I got to Moulines——

——And who is poor Maria? ſaid I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us; ſaid the poſtillion——it is but three years ago, that the ſun did not

ſhine

ſhine upon ſo fair, ſo quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deſerve, than to have her banns forbid, by the intrigues of the curate of the pariſh who publiſhed them——

HE was going on, when Maria, who had made a ſhort pauſe, put the pipe to her mouth and begin the air again—they were the ſame notes—yet were ten times ſweeter. It is the evening ſervice to the Virgin, ſaid the young man—— but who has taught her to play it—or how ſhe came by her pipe, no one knows: we think that Heaven has aſſiſted her in both; for ever ſince ſhe has been unſettled in her mind, it ſeems her only conſolation—ſhe has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that ſervice upon it almoſt night and day.

THE poſtillion delivered this with ſo much diſcretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering ſomething in his face above his condition, and ſhould have ſifted out his hiſtory, had not poor Maria's taken ſuch full poſſeſſion of me.

WE had got up by this time almoſt to the bank where Maria was ſitting: ſhe was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two treſſes, drawn up into a ſilk net, with a few olive leaves twiſted a little fantaſtically on one ſide—— ſhe was beautiful; and if ever I felt the full force of an honeſt heart-ach, it was the moment I ſaw her——

—GOD help her! poor damſel! above a hundred maſſes, ſaid the poſtillion, have been ſaid, in the ſeveral pariſh churches and convents around, for her——but without effect; we have ſtill hopes, as ſhe is ſenſible for ſhort intervals, that the Virgin at laſt will reſtore her to herſelf; but her parents, who know her beſt, are hopeleſs upon that ſcore, and think her ſenſes are loſt for ever.

As the poſtillion ſpoke this, Maria made a cadence ſo melancholy, ſo tender and querulous, that I ſprung out of the chaiſe to help her, and found myſelf ſitting betwixt her and her goat before I relapſed from my enthuſiaſm.

Maria looked wiſhfully for ſometime at me, and then at her goat—and then at me—and then at her goat again; and ſo on, alternately——

——Well, Maria, ſaid I ſoftly—What reſemblance do you find?

I do intreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humbleſt conviction of what a beaſt man is, that I aſked the queſtion; and that I would not have let fallen an unſeaſonable pleaſantry in the venerable preſence of Miſery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais ſcattered.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor hapleſs damſel!——ſome time, but not now, I may hear thy ſorrows from thy own lips——but I was deceived; for that moment ſhe took her pipe and told me ſuch a tale of woe with it, that I roſe up, and with broken and irregular ſteps walked ſoftly to my chaiſe.

SECOND PART.

WHEN we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I diſcovered poor Maria ſitting under a poplar—ſhe was ſitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one ſide within her hand—a ſmall brook ran at the foot of the tree.

I bade the poſtillion go on with the chaiſe to Moulines—and La Fleur to beſpeak my ſupper—and that I would walk after him.

See

SHE was dreſſed in white, and much as my friend deſcribed her, except that her hair hung looſe, which before was twiſted within a ſilk net. She had, ſuperadded likewiſe to her jacket, a pale green ribband which fell acroſs her ſhoulder to the waiſt; at the end of which hung her pipe. Her goat had been as faithleſs as her lover; and ſhe had got a little dog in lieu of him, which ſhe had kept tied by a ſtring to her girdle; as I looked at her dog, ſhe drew him towards her with the ſtring—"Thou ſhalt not leave me, Sylvio," ſaid ſhe. I looked in Maria's eyes, and ſaw ſhe was thinking more of her father, than of her lover or her little goat; for as ſhe uttered them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I SAT down cloſe by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief. I then ſteeped it in my own—and then in hers—and then in mine—and then I wiped hers again—and as I did it, I felt ſuch undeſcribable emotions within me, as I am ſure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion.

I AM poſitive I have a ſoul; nor can all the books with which materialiſts have peſtered the world ever convince me of the contrary.

WHEN Maria had come a little to herſelf, I aſked her if ſhe remembered a pale thin perſon of a man who had ſat down betwixt her and her goat about two years before? She ſaid, ſhe was unſettled much at that time, but remembered it upon two accounts—that ill as ſhe was, ſhe ſaw the perſon pitied her; and next, that her goat had ſtolen his handkerchief, and ſhe had beat him for the theft—ſhe had waſhed it, ſhe ſaid, in the brook, and kept it ever ſince in her pocket to reſtore it to him in caſe ſhe ſhould ever ſee him again, which, ſhe added, he had half promiſed her. As ſhe told me this, ſhe took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let

me ſee it: ſhe had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I ſaw an S marked in one of the corners.

She had ſince that, ſhe told me, ſtrayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back—that ſhe found her way alone acroſs the Apennines—had travelled over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without ſhoes: how ſhe had borne it, and how ſhe had got ſupported, ſhe could not tell——but God tempers the wind, ſaid Maria, to the ſhorn lamb.

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, ſaid I; and waſt thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and ſhelter thee; thou ſhouldſt eat of my own bread, and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in all thy weakneſſes and wanderings I would ſeek after thee, and bring thee back—when the ſun went down I would ſay my prayers, and when I had done, thou ſhouldſt play thy evening ſong upon thy pipe; nor would the incenſe of my ſacrifice be worſe accepted for entering heaven along with that of a broken heart.

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria obſerving, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was ſteeped too much already to be of uſe, would needs go waſh it in the ſtream.—And where will you dry it, Maria? ſaid I—I will dry it in my boſom, ſaid ſhe—it will do me good.

And is your heart ſtill ſo warm, Maria? ſaid I.

I touched upon the ſtring on which hung all her ſorrows—ſhe looked with wiſtful diſorder for ſome time in my face; and then, without ſaying any thing, took her pipe, and played her ſervice to the Virgin—The ſtring I had touched ceaſed to vibrate—in a moment or two Maria returned to herſelf—let her pipe fall—and roſe up.

And

AND where are you going, Maria? ſaid I.—She ſaid, to Moulines.—Let us go, ſaid I, together.—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the ſtring, to let the dog follow—in that order we entered Moulines.

THOUGH I hate ſalutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I ſtopped to take my laſt look and laſt farewel of Maria.

MARIA, though not tall, was nevertheleſs of the firſt order of fine forms——affliction had touched her looks with ſomething that was ſcarce earthly—ſtill ſhe was feminine;—and ſo much was there about her of all that the heart wiſhes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and thoſe of Eliza's out of mine, ſhe ſhould not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup, but Maria ſhould lie in my boſom, and be unto me as a daughter.

ADIEU, poor luckleſs maiden!—imbibe the oil and wine which the compaſſion of a ſtranger, as he journieth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruiſed thee, can only bind them up for ever.

STERNE.

CHAP. XII.

THE CAMELION.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
A proud, conceited, talking ſpark,
With eyes, that hardly ſerv'd at moſt
To guard their maſter 'gainſt a poſt;
Yet round the world the blade has been
To ſee whatever could be ſeen.

Returning

Returning from his finiſh'd tour,
Grown ten times perter than before,
Whatever word you chance to drop,
The travell'd fool your mouth will ſtop;
" Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
" I've ſeen—and ſure I ought to know"—
So begs you'd pay a due ſubmiſſion,
And acquieſce in his deciſion.

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

" 'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I aſſure ye—
" Green! cries the other in a fury—
" Why, Sir—d'ye think I've loſt my eyes?"
" 'Twere no great loſs, the friend replies,
" For, if they always ſerve you thus,
" You'll find 'em but of little uſe."
So high at laſt the conteſt roſe,
From words they almoſt came to blows:
When luckily came by a third;
To him the queſtion they referr'd;
And begg'd he'd tell 'em, if he knew,
Whether the thing was green or blue.
" Sirs, cries the umpire, ceaſe your pother—
" The creature's neither one nor t'other.
" I caught the animal laſt night,
" And view'd it o'er by candle light:
" I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
" You ſtare—but Sirs, I've got it yet,
" And can produce it."—" Pray, Sir, do:
" I'll lay my life, the thing is blue."—
" And I'll be ſworn, that when you've ſeen
" The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
" Well then, at once to eaſe the doubt,
" Replies the man, I'll turn him out:
" And when before your eyes I've ſet him,
" If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
He ſaid; then full before their ſight
Produc'd the beaſt, and lo!——'twas white.
Both ſtar'd, the man look'd wond'rous wiſe—
" My children," the Camelion cries,
(Then firſt the creature found a tongue)
" You all are right, and all are wrong:

" When

" When next you talk of what you view,
" Think others ſee, as well as you:
" Nor wonder, if you find that none
" Prefers your eye-ſight to his own."

MERRICK.

CHAP. XIII.

THE YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

A GRECIAN Youth, of talents rare,
Whom Plato's philoſophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boaſt his matchleſs ſkill,
To curb the ſteed, and guide the wheel.
And as he paſs'd the gazing throng,
With graceful eaſe, and ſmack'd the thong,
The ideot wonder they expreſs'd
Was praiſe and tranſport to his breaſt.

At length quite vain, he needs would ſhew
His maſter what his art could do;
And bade his ſlaves the chariot lead
To Academus' ſacred ſhade.
The trembling grove confeſs'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs ſtarted at the ſight;
The Muſes drop the learned lyre,
And to their inmoſt ſhades retire!

Howe'er, the youth with forward air,
Bows to the ſage, and mounts the car,
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ſpring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring;

And

And gath'ring crowds with eager eyes,
And ſhouts, purſue him as he flies.
Triumphant to the gaol return'd,
With nobler thirſt his boſom burn'd:
And now along th' indented plain,
The ſelf-ſame track he marks again,
Purſues with care the nice deſign,
Nor ever deviates from the line.
Amazement ſeiz'd the circling crowd;
The youths with emulation glow'd;
Ev'n bearded ſages hail'd the boy,
And all, but Plato, gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep-judging ſage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field:
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, fluſh'd with hope, had caught his eye,
Alas! unhappy youth, he cry'd,
Expect no praiſe from me, (and ſigh'd)
With indignation I ſurvey
Such ſkill and judgment thrown away.
The time profuſely ſquander'd there,
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well emyloyed, at leſs expence,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, ſenſe,
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate
To govern men, and guide the ſtate.

WHITEHEAD.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Sir BALAAM.

WHERE London's column, pointing at the ſkies
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a Citizen of ſober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;
Religious, punctual, frugal, and ſo forth;
His word would paſs for more than he was worth.
One ſolid diſh his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding ſolemniz'd the Lord's:
Conſtant at Church, and 'Change; his gains were ſure,
His givings rare, ſave farthings to the poor.

The Devil was piqu'd ſuch ſaintſhip to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiſer than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Rouz'd by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds ſweep
The ſurge, and plunge his Father in the deep;
Then full againſt his Corniſh lands they roar,
And two rich ſhipwrecks bleſs the lucky ſhore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
"Live like yourſelf," was ſoon my Lady's word;
And lo! two puddings ſmoak'd upon the board.

Aſleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honeſt factor ſtole a Gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the Diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some ſcruple roſe, but thus he eas'd his thought,
"I'll now give ſix-pence where I gave a groat;

"Where

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

POPE.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

EDWIN AND EMMA.

FAR in the windings of a vale,
Faſt by a ſheltering wood,
The ſafe retreat of health and peace,
A humble cottage ſtood.

There beauteous EMMA flouriſh'd fair
Beneath a mother's eye,
Whoſe only wiſh on earth was now
To ſee her bleſt, and die.

The ſofteſt bluſh that nature ſpreads,
Gave colour to her cheek;
Such orient colour ſmiles thro' heav'n
When May's ſweet mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones ſcorn
This charmer of the plain;
That ſun which bids their diamond blaze,
To deck our lily deigns.

Long had ſhe fir'd each youth with love,
Each maiden with deſpair;
And tho' by all a wonder own'd,
Yet knew not ſhe was fair.

Till EDWIN came, the pride of ſwains,
A ſoul that knew no art,
And from whoſe eyes ſerenely mild,
Shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
Was quickly too reveal'd;
For neither boſom lodg'd a wiſh,
Which virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of heart-felt bliſs,
Did love on both beſtow!
But bliſs too mighty long to laſt,
Where fortune proves a foe.

His ſiſter, who like envy form'd,
Like her in miſchief joy'd,
To work them harm, with wicked ſkill
Each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a ſordid man,
Who love nor pity knew,
Was all unfeeling, as the rock
From whence his riches grew.

Long had he ſeen their mutual flame,
And ſeen it long unmov'd;
Then with a father's frown at laſt,
He ſternly diſapprov'd.

In EDWIN'S gentle heart, a war
Of differing paſſions ſtrove;
His heart, which durſt not diſobey,
Yet could not ceaſe to love.

Deny'd her ſight, he oft behind
The ſpreading hawthorn crept,

To ſnatch a glance, to mark the ſpot
Where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft too in Stanemore's wintry waſte,
Beneath the moonlight ſhade,
In ſighs to pour his ſoften'd ſoul,
The midnight mourner ſtray'd.

His cheeks, where love with beauty glow'd,
A deadly pale o'ercaſt;
So fades the freſh roſe in its prime,
Before the northern blaſt.

The parents now, with late remorſe,
Hung o'er his dying bed,
And weary'd Heav'n with fruitleſs pray'rs,
And fruitleſs ſorrows ſhed.

'Tis paſt, he cry'd; but if your ſouls
Sweet mercy yet can move,
Let theſe dim eyes once more behold
What they muſt ever love.

She came; his cold hand ſoftly touch'd,
And bath'd with many a tear;
Faſt falling o'er the primroſe pale
So morning dews appear.

But oh! his ſiſter's jealous care
(A cruel ſiſter ſhe!)
Forbad what Emma came to ſay,
My Edwin, live for me.

Now

Now homeward as ſhe hopeleſs went,
The church-yard path along,
The blaſt blew cold, the dark owl ſcream'd
Her lover's fun'ral ſong.

Amid the falling gloom of night,
Her ſtartling fancy found,
In ev'ry buſh, his hovering ſhade,
His groan in every ſound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had ſhe paſs'd
The viſionary vale,
When lo! the death-bell ſmote her ear,
Sad ſounding in the gale.

Juſt then ſhe reach'd, with trembling ſteps,
Her aged mother's door;
He's gone! ſhe cry'd, and I ſhall ſee
That angel face no more!

I feel, I feel this breaking heart
Beat high againſt my ſide:
From her white arm down ſunk her head;
She ſhiver'd, ſigh'd, and died.

MALLET.

CHAP. XVI.

CELADON AND AMELIA.

'TIS liſtening fear, and dumb amazement all:
When to the ſtartled eye the ſudden glance
Appears far ſouth, eruptive thro' the cloud;

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

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

Speechleſs, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint reſemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well-diſſembled mourner ſtooping ſtands,
For ever ſilent, and for ever ſad.

THOMSON.

CHAP. XVII.

JUNIO AND THEANA.

SOON as young reaſon dawn'd in Junio's breaſt,
His father ſent him from theſe genial iſles,
To where old Thames with conſcious pride ſurveys
Green Eton, ſoft abode of every Muſe.
Each claſſic beauty ſoon he made his own;
And ſoon fam'd Iſis ſaw him woo the Nine,
On her inſpiring banks. Love tun'd his ſong;
For fair Theana was his only theme,
Acaſto's daughter, whom in early youth,
He oft diſtinguiſh'd; and for whom he oft
Had climb'd the bending cocoa's airy height,
To rob it of its nectar; which the maid,
When he preſented, more nectareous deem'd.
The ſweeteſt ſappadillas oft he brought;
From him more ſweet ripe ſappadillas ſeem'd.
Nor had long abſence yet effac'd her form;
Her charms ſtill triumph'd o'er Britannia's fair.
One morn he met her in Sheen's royal walks;
Nor knew, till then, ſweet Sheen contain'd his all.
His taſte mature approv'd his infant choice.
In colour, form, expreſſion, and in grace,
She ſhone all-perfect; while each pleaſing art,
And each ſoft virtue that the ſex adorns,

Adorn'd

Adorn'd the woman. My imperfect ſtrain
Can ill deſcribe the tranſports Junio felt
At this diſcovery: he declar'd his love;
She own'd his merit, nor refus'd his hand.
And ſhall not Hymen light his brighteſt torch,
For this delighted pair? Ah, Junio knew,
His ſire deteſted his Theana's houſe!—
Thus duty, reverence, gratitude, conſpir'd
To check their happy union. He reſolv'd
(And many a ſigh that reſolution coſt)
To paſs the time, till death his ſire remov'd,
In viſiting old Europe's letter'd climes:
While ſhe (and many a tear that parting drew)
Embark'd, reluctant, for her native iſle.
Tho' learned, curious, and tho' nobly bent
With each rare talent to adorn his mind,
His native land to ſerve; no joys he found.
Yet ſprightly Gaul; yet Belgium, Saturn's reign;
Yet Greece, of old the ſeat of every Muſe,
Of freedom, courage; yet Auſonia's clime,
His ſteps explor'd; where painting, muſic's ſtrains;
Where arts, where laws, (philoſophy's beſt child)
With rival beauties, his attention claim'd.
To his juſt-judging, his inſtructed eye,
The all-perfect Medicean Venus ſeem'd
A perfect ſemblance of his Indian fair:
But, when ſhe ſpoke of love, her voice ſurpaſs'd
The harmonious warblings of Italian ſong.
Twice one long year elaps'd, when letters came,
Which briefly told him of his father's death.
Afflicted, filial, yet to Heaven reſign'd,

Soon he reach'd Albion, and as ſoon embark'd,
Eager to claſp the object of his love.
Blow, proſperous breezes; ſwiftly ſail, thou Po;
Swift ſail'd the Po, and happy breezes blew.
In Biſcay's ſtormy ſeas an armed ſhip,
Of force ſuperior, from loud Charente's wave
Clapt them on board. The frighted flying crew
Their colours ſtrike; when dauntleſs Junio fir'd
With noble indignation, kill'd the chief,
Who on the bloody deck dealt ſlaughter round.
The Gauls retreat; the Britons loud huzza;
And touch'd with ſhame, with emulation ſtung,
So plied their cannon, plied their miſſile fires,
That ſoon in air the hapleſs Thunderer blew.
Blow, proſperous breezes; ſwiftly ſail, thou Po:
May no more dangerous fights retard thy way!
Soon Porto Santo's rocky heights they 'ſpy,
Like clouds dim riſing in the diſtant ſky.
Glad Eurus whiſtles; laugh the ſportive crew;
Each ſail is ſet to catch the favouring gale,
While on the yard-arm the harpooner ſits,
Strikes the boneta, or the ſhark inſnares:
The little nautilus with purple pride
Expands his ſails, and dances o'er the waves:
Small winged fiſhes on the ſhrouds alight;
And beauteous dolphins gently play'd around.
Tho' faſter than the tropic-bird they flew,
Oft Junio cried, Ah! when ſhall we ſee land?
Soon land they made: and now in thought he claſp'd
His Indian bride, and deem'd his toils o'erpaid.

She,

She, no leſs anxious, every evening walk'd
On the cool margin of the purple main,
Intent her Junio's veſſel to deſcry.
One eve (faint calms for many a day had rag'd)
The winged Dæmons of the tempeſt roſe;
Thunder, and rain, and lightning's awful power.
She fled: could innocence, could beauty claim
Exemption from the grave; the ethereal bolt,
That ſtretch'd her ſpeechleſs, o'er her lovely head
Had innocently roll'd.
Mean while, impatient Junio leap'd aſhore,
Regardleſs of the Dæmons of the ſtorm.
Ah, youth! what woes, too great for man to bear,
Are ready to burſt on thee? Urge not ſo
Thy flying courſer. Soon Theana's porch
Receiv'd him: at his ſight, the ancient ſlaves
Affrighted ſkriek, and to the chamber point:
Confounded, yet unknowing what they meant.
He entered haſty ——
Ah! what a ſight for one who lov'd ſo well!
All pale and cold, in every feature death,
Theana lay; and yet a glimpſe of joy
Played on her face, while with faint, faultering voice,
She thus addreſs'd the youth, whom yet ſhe knew.
" Welcome, my Junio, to thy native ſhore!
" Thy ſight repays this ſummons of my fate:
" Live, and live happy; ſometimes think of me:
" By night, by day, you ſtill engag'd my care;
" And next to God, you now my thoughts employ:
" Accept of this——My little all I give;
" Would it were larger."——Nature could no more;
She look'd, embrac'd him, with a groan expir'd.

But

But ſay, what ſtrains, what language can expreſs
The thouſand pangs, which tore the lover's breaſt?
Upon her breathleſs corſe himſelf he threw,
And to her clay-cold lips, with trembling haſte,
Ten thouſand kiſſes gave. He ſtrove to ſpeak;
Nor words he found: he claſpt her in his arms;
He ſigh'd, he ſwoon'd, look'd up, and died away.
One grave contains this hapleſs, faithful pair;
And ſtill the Cane-iſles tell their matchleſs love!

GRAINGER.

CHAP. XVIII.

DOUGLAS to Lord RANDOLPH.

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

We

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.

HOME.

CHAP. XIX.

OTHELLO's APOLOGY.

MOST potent, grave, and reverend Signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good maſters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſet phraſe of peace;
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years' pith,
Till now ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for myſelf. Yet, by your patience,

I will

I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver,
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with. ———

Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life,
From year to year; the battles, ſieges, fortunes,
That I have paſt.
I ran it through, ev'n from my boyiſh days,
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it.
Wherein I ſpake of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents by blood and field:
Of hair-breadth 'ſcapes in th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the inſolent foe,
And ſold to ſlavery; of my redemption thence,
And with it all my travel's hiſtory:
Wherein of antres vaſt, and deſarts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills, whoſe heads touch heav'n,
It was my hent to ſpeak.—All theſe to hear
Would Deſdemona ſeriouſly incline.
But ſtill the houſe-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe: which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my prilgrimage dilate;
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not diſtinctively. I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke

That

That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs:
She ſwore, in faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wond'rous pitiful——
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it——yet ſhe wiſh'd
That Heav'n had made her ſuch a man:—ſhe thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. On this hint I ſpake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt;
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them:
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.

SHAKESPEAR.

BOOK III.

DIDACTIC PIECES.

CHAP. I.

On MODESTY.

I KNOW no two words that have been more abuſed by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them, than theſe two, Modeſty and Aſſurance. To ſay, ſuch a one is a modeſt man, ſometimes indeed paſſes for a good character; but at preſent is very often uſed to ſignify a ſheepiſh aukward fellow, who has neither good breeding, politeneſs, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, A man of aſſurance, though at firſt it only denoted a perſon of a free and open carriage, is now very uſually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a bluſh.

I shall endeavour therefore in this eſſay to reſtore theſe words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of Modeſty from being confounded with that of Sheepiſhneſs, and to hinder Impudence from paſſing for Aſſurance.

If

IF I was put to define Modeſty, I would call it, The reflection of an ingenuous mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he cenſures himſelf, or fancies that he is expoſed to the cenſure of others.

FOR this reaſon a man truly modeſt, is as much ſo when he is alone as in company, and as ſubject to a bluſh in his cloſet, as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I DO not remember to have met with any inſtance of modeſty with which I am ſo well pleaſed, as that celebrated one of the young Prince, whoſe father, being a tributary king to the Romans, had ſeveral complaints laid againſt him before the ſenate, as a tyrant and oppreſſor of his ſubjects. The Prince went to Rome to defend his father, but coming into the ſenate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was ſo oppreſſed when it came to his turn to ſpeak, that he was unable to utter a word. The ſtory tells us, that the fathers were more moved at this inſtance of modeſty and ingenuity, than they could have been by the moſt pathetic oration; and, in ſhort, pardoned the guilty father for this early promiſe of virtue in the ſon.

I TAKE Aſſurance to be, The faculty of poſſeſſing a man's ſelf, or of ſaying and doing indifferent things without any uneaſineſs or emotion in the mind. That which generally gives a man aſſurance, is a moderate knowledge of the world, but above all, a mind fixed and determined in itſelf to do nothing againſt the rules of honour and decency. An open and aſſured behaviour is the natural conſequence of ſuch a reſolution. A man thus armed, if his words or actions are at any time miſinterpreted, retires within himſelf, and from a conſciouſneſs of his own integrity, aſſumes force enough to deſpiſe the little cenſures of ignorance or malice.

EVERY

Every one ought to cheriſh and encourage in himſelf the modeſty and aſſurance I have here mentioned.

A man without aſſurance is liable to be made uneaſy by the folly or ill-nature of every one he converſes with. A man without modeſty is loſt to all ſenſe of honour and virtue.

It is more than probable, that the Prince above-mentioned poſſeſſed both theſe qualifications in a very eminent degree. Without aſſurance, he would never have undertaken to ſpeak before the moſt auguſt aſſembly in the world; without modeſty, he would have pleaded the cauſe he had taken upon him, though it had appeared ever ſo ſcandalous.

From what has been ſaid, it is plain, that modeſty and aſſurance are both amiable, and may very well meet in the ſame perſon. When they are thus mixed and blended together, they compoſe what we endeavour to expreſs when we ſay a modeſt aſſurance; by which we underſtand the juſt mean between baſhfulneſs and impudence.

I shall conclude with obſerving, that as the ſame man may be both modeſt and aſſured, ſo it is alſo poſſible for the ſame perſon to be both impudent and baſhful.

We have frequent inſtances of this odd kind of mixture in people of depraved minds and mean education; who, though they are not able to meet a man's eyes, or pronounce a ſentence without confuſion, can voluntarily commit the greateſt villainies, or moſt indecent actions.

Such a perſon ſeems to have made a reſolution to do ill even in ſpite of himſelf, and in defiance of all thoſe checks and reſtraints his temper and complexion ſeem to have laid in his way.

Upon the whole, I would endeavour to eſtabliſh this maxim, That the practice of virtue is the moſt proper method to give a man a becoming aſſurance in his words and actions.

actions. Guilt always ſeeks to ſhelter itſelf in one of the extremes, and is ſometimes attended with both.

SPECTATOR.

CHAP. II.

ON CHEERFULNESS.

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

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

CHEERFULNESS of mind is not liable to any of theſe exceptions: it is of a ſerious and compoſed nature; it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the preſent ſtate of humanity, and is very conſpicuous in the characters of thoſe who are looked upon as the greateſt philoſophers among the Heathens, as well as among thoſe who have been

deſervedly eſteemed as ſaints and holy men among Chriſtians.

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

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

When I conſider this cheerful ſtate of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a conſtant habitual gratitude to the Author of nature. An inward cheerfulneſs is an implicit praiſe and thankſgiving to Providence under all its diſpenſations. It is a kind of acquieſcence in the ſtate wherein

wherein we are placed, and a ſecret approbation of the Divine will in his conduct towards man.

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

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

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

Spectator.

CHAP. III.

On SINCERITY.

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

It is hard to perſonate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will betray herſelf at one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to ſeem good, let him

him be ſo indeed, and then his goodneſs will appear to every one's ſatisfaction; for truth is convincing, and carries its own light and evidence along with it, and will not only commend us to every man's conſcience, but, which is much more, to God, who ſearcheth our hearts. So that upon all accounts, ſincerity is true wiſdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the artificial modes of diſſimulation and deceit. It is much the plainer and eaſier, much the ſafer and more ſecure way of dealing in the world: it hath leſs of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it: it is the ſhorteſt and neareſt way to our end, carrying us thither in a ſtraight line, and will hold out and laſt longeſt. The arts of deceit and cunning continually grow weaker, and leſs effectual and ſerviceable to thoſe that practiſe them; whereas integrity gains ſtrength by uſe, and the more and longer any man practiſeth it, the greater ſervice it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging thoſe with whom he hath to do, to repoſe the greateſt confidence in him, which is an unſpeakable advantage in buſineſs and the affairs of life.

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

BUT inſincerity is very troubleſome to manage; a hypocrite hath ſo many things to attend to, as make his life a

very perplexed and intricate thing. A liar hath need of a good memory, leſt he contradict at one time what he ſaid at another; but truth is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and ſits upon our lips: whereas a lie is troubleſome, and needs a great many more to make it good.

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

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and ſhould never have occaſion to converſe more with mankind, never more need their good opinion, or good word, it were then no great matter (as far as reſpects the affairs of this world) if he ſpent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw. But if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of reputation whilſt he is in it, let him make uſe of truth and ſincerity in all his words and actions, for nothing but this will hold out

to

to the end. All other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the laſt.

TILLOTSON.

CHAP. IV.

ON HONOUR.

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

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

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

IN the firſt place, true honour, though it be a different principle from religion, is that which produces the ſame effects. The lines of action, though drawn from different parts, terminate in the ſame point. Religion embraces virtue as it is enjoined by the laws of God; honour, as it is graceful and ornamental to human nature. The religious man

fears, the man of honour ſcorns to do an ill action. The latter conſiders vice as ſomething that is beneath him, the other as ſomething that is offenſive to the Divine Being; the one as what is unbecoming, the other as what is forbidden. Thus Seneca ſpeaks in the natural and genuine language of a man of honour, when he declares that were there no God to ſee or puniſh vice, he would not commit it, becauſe it is of ſo mean, ſo baſe, and ſo vile a nature.

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

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

Cato.

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

have called themſelves men of honour, that would have been a diſgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who ſacrifices any duty of a reaſonable creature to a prevailing mode or faſhion, who looks upon any thing as honourable that is diſpleaſing to his Maker, or deſtructive to ſociety, who thinks himſelf obliged by this principle to the practiſe of ſome virtues, and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

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

IN the third place, we are to conſider thoſe perſons, who treat this principle as chimerical, and turn it into ridicule. Men who are profeſſedly of no honour, are of a more profligate and abandoned nature than even thoſe who are actuated by falſe notions of it, as there is more hope of a heretic than of an atheiſt. Theſe ſons of infamy conſider honour with old Syphax, in the play before-mentioned, as a fine imaginary notion that leads aſtray young unexperienced men, and draws them into real miſchiefs, while they are engaged in

in the purſuits of a ſhadow. Theſe are generally perſons who, in Shakeſpear's phraſe, "are worn and hackneyed in the ways of men;" whoſe imaginations are grown callous, and have loſt all thoſe delicate ſentiments which are natural to minds that are innocent and undepraved. Such old battered miſcreants ridicule every thing as romantic that comes in competition with their preſent intereſt, and treat thoſe perſons as viſionaries, who dare ſtand up in a corrupt age, for what has not its immediate reward joined to it. The talents, intereſt, or experience of ſuch men, make them very often uſeful in all parties, and at all times. But whatever wealth and dignities they may arrive at, they ought to conſider, that every one ſtands as a blot in the annals of his country, who arrives at the temple of honour by any other way than through that of virtue.

GUARDIAN.

CHAP. V.

ON GOOD HUMOUR.

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

IT is imagined by many, that whenever they aſpire to pleaſe, they are required to be merry, and to ſhew the gladneſs of their ſouls by flights of pleaſantry, and burſts of laughter.

laughter. But though theſe men may be for a time heard with applauſe and admiration, they ſeldom delight us long. We enjoy them a little, and then retire to eaſineſs and good humour, as the eye gazes awhile on eminences glittering with the ſun, but ſoon turns aching away to verdure and to flowers.

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

IT is well known that the moſt certain way to give any man pleaſure, is to perſuade him that you receive pleaſure from him, to encourage him to freedom and confidence, and to avoid any ſuch appearance of ſuperiority as may overbear and depreſs him. We ſee many that by this art only, ſpend their days in the midſt of careſſes, invitations, and civilities; and without any extraordinary qualities or attainments, are the univerſal favourites of both ſexes, and certainly find a friend in every place. The darlings of the world will, indeed, be generally found ſuch as excite neither jealouſy nor fear, and are not conſidered as candidates for any eminent degree of reputation, but content themſelves with common accompliſhments, and endeavour rather to ſolicit kindneſs than to raiſe eſteem. Therefore in aſſemblies and places of reſort it ſeldom fails to happen, that though at the entrance of ſome particular perſon every face brightens with gladneſs, and every hand is extended in ſalutation; yet if you purſue him beyond the firſt exchange of civilities, you will find him

of

of very ſmall importance, and only welcome to the company, as one by whom all conceive themſelves admired, and with whom any one is at liberty to amuſe himſelf when he can find no other auditor or companion; as one with whom all are at eaſe, who will hear a jeſt without criticiſm, and a narrative without contradiction, who laughs with every wit, and yields to every diſputer.

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

It is remarked by prince Henry, when he ſees Falſtaff lying on the ground, "that he could have better ſpared a better man." He was well acquainted with the vices and follies of him whom he lamented, but while his conviction compelled him to do juſtice to ſuperior qualities, his tenderneſs ſtill broke out at the remembrance of Falſtaff, of the cheerful companion, the loud buffoon, with whom he had paſſed his time in all the luxury of idleneſs, who had gladdened him with unenvied merriment, and whom he could at once enjoy and deſpiſe.

You

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

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

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

admire his excellencies, or ſolicit his favours; for admiration ceaſes with novelty, and intereſt gains its end and retires. A man whoſe great qualities want the ornament of ſuperficial attractions, is like a naked mountain with mines of gold, which will be frequented only till the treaſure is exhauſted.

RAMBLER.

CHAP. VI.

ON THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

NOTHING has ſo much expoſed men of learning to contempt and ridicule, as their ignorance of things which are known to all but themſelves. Thoſe who have been taught to conſider the inſtitutions of the ſchools, as giving the laſt perfection to human abilities, are ſurpriſed to ſee men wrinkled with ſtudy, yet wanting to be inſtructed in the minute circumſtances of propriety, or the neceſſary forms of daily tranſaction; and quickly ſhake off their reverence for modes of education, which they find to produce no ability above the reſt of mankind.

BOOKS, ſays Bacon, can never teach the uſe of books. The ſtudent muſt learn by commerce with mankind to reduce his ſpeculations to practice, and accommodate his knowledge to the purpoſes of life.

IT is too common for thoſe who have been bred to ſcholaſtic profeſſions, and paſſed much of their time in academies, where nothing but learning confers honours, to diſregard every other qualification, and to imagine that they ſhall find mankind ready to pay homage to their knowledge, and to crowd about them for inſtruction. They therefore ſtep out from their cells into the open world, with all the confidence

of

of authority and dignity of importance; they look round about them, at once with ignorance and ſcorn, on a race of beings to whom they are equally unknown and equally contemptible, but whoſe manners they muſt imitate, and with whoſe opinions they muſt comply, if they deſire to paſs their time happily among them.

To leſſen that diſdain with which ſcholars are inclined to look on the common buſineſs of the world, and the unwillingneſs with which they condeſcend to learn what is not to be found in any ſyſtem of philoſophy, it may be neceſſary to conſider, that though admiration is excited by abſtruſe reſearches and remote diſcoveries, yet pleaſure is not given, nor affection conciliated, but by ſofter accompliſhments, and qualities more eaſily communicable to thoſe about us. He that can only converſe upon queſtions, about which only a ſmall part of mankind has knowledge ſufficient to make them curious, muſt loſe his days in unſocial ſilence, and live in the crowd of life without a companion. He that can only be uſeful on great occaſions, may die without exerting his abilities, and ſtand a helpleſs ſpectator of a thouſand vexations which fret away happineſs, and which nothing is required to remove but a little dexterity of conduct and readineſs of expedients.

No degrees of knowledge attainable by man is able to ſet him above the want of hourly aſſiſtance, or to extinguiſh the deſire of fond endearments, and tender officiouſneſs; and therefore, no one ſhould think it unneceſſary to learn thoſe arts by which friendſhip may be gained. Kindneſs is preſerved by a conſtant reciprocation of benefits, or interchange of pleaſures; but ſuch benefits only can be beſtowed, as others are capable of receiving, and ſuch pleaſures only imparted, as others are qualified to enjoy.

By this deſcent from the pinnacles of art no honour will be loſt; for the condeſcenſions of learning are always overpaid by gratitude. An elevated genius employed in little things, appears, to uſe the ſimile of Longinus, like the ſun in his evening declination, he remits his ſplendor but retains his magnitude, and pleaſes more though he dazzles leſs.

Rambler.

CHAP. VII.

On the ADVANTAGES of uniting GENTLENESS of MANNERS with FIRMNESS of MIND.

I Mentioned to you, ſome time ago, a ſentence, which I would moſt earneſtly wiſh you always to retain in your thoughts, and obſerve in your conduct. It is, *ſuaviter in modo, fortiter in re.* I do not know any one rule ſo unexceptionably uſeful and neceſſary in every part of life.

The *ſuaviter in modo* alone would degenerate and ſink into a mean, timid complaiſance, and paſſiveneſs, if not ſupported and dignified by the *fortiter in re*; which would alſo run into impetuoſity and brutality, if not tempered and ſoftened by the *ſuaviter in modo:* however, they are ſeldom united. The warm, choleric man, with ſtrong animal ſpirits, deſpiſes the *ſuaviter in modo*, and thinks to carry all before him by the *fortiter in re.* He may poſſibly, by great accident, now and then ſucceed, when he has only weak and timid people to deal with; but his general fate will be, to ſhock, offend, be hated, and fail. On the other hand, the cunning, crafty man, thinks to gain all his ends by the *ſuaviter in modo* only: he becomes all things to all men; he ſeems to have no opinion of his own, and ſervilely adopts the preſent opinion of the preſent perſon; he inſinuates himſelf

ſelf only into the eſteem of fools, but is ſoon detected, and ſurely deſpiſed by every body elſe. The wiſe man (who differs as much from the cunning, as from the choleric man) alone joins the *ſuavitèr in modo* with the *fortitèr in re*.

IF you are in authority, and have a right to command, your commands delivered *ſuavitèr in modo* will be willingly, cheerfully, and conſequently well obeyed; whereas if given only *fortitèr*, that is brutally, they will rather, as Tacitus ſays, be interpreted than executed. For my own part, if I bid my footman bring me a glaſs of wine, in a rough inſulting manner, I ſhould expect that in obeying me, he would contrive to ſpill ſome of it upon me; and I am ſure I ſhould deſerve it. A cool ſteady reſolution ſhould ſhow, that where you have a right to command, you will be obeyed; but, at the ſame time, a gentleneſs in the manner of enforcing that obedience, ſhould make it a cheerful one, and ſoften, as much as poſſible, the mortifying conſciouſneſs of inferiority. If you are to aſk a favour, or even to ſolicit your due, you muſt do it *ſuavitèr in modo*, or you will give thoſe, who have a mind to refuſe you either, a pretence to do it, by reſenting the manner; but, on the other hand, you muſt by a ſteady perſeverance and decent tenaciouſneſs, ſhow the *fortitèr in re*. In ſhort, This precept is the only way I know in the world, of being loved without being deſpiſed, and feared without being hated. It conſtitutes the dignity of character, which every wiſe man muſt endeavour to eſtabliſh.

IF therefore you find that you have a haſtineſs in your temper, which unguardedly breaks out into indiſcreet ſallies, or rough expreſſions, to either your ſuperiors, your equals, or your inferiors, watch it narrowly, check it carefully, and call the *ſuavitèr in modo* to your aſſiſtance: at the firſt im-

pulſe of paſſion be ſilent, till you can be ſoft. Labour even to get the command of your countenance ſo well, that thoſe emotions may not be read in it: a moſt unſpeakable advantage in buſineſs! On the other hand, let no complaiſance, no gentleneſs of temper, no weak deſire of pleaſing on your part, no weedling, coaxing, nor flattery, on other people's, make you recede one jot from any point that reaſon and prudence have bid you purſue; but return to the charge, perſiſt, perſevere, and you will find moſt things attainable that are poſſible. A yielding, timid meekneſs is always abuſed and inſulted by the unjuſt and the unfeeling; but meekneſs when ſuſtained by the *fortiter in re*, is always reſpected, commonly ſucceſsful. In your friendſhips and connexions, as well as in your enmities, this rule is particularly uſeful; let your firmneſs and vigour, preſerve and invite attachments to you; but, at the ſame time, let your manner hinder the enemies of your friends and dependents from becoming yours: let your enemies be diſarmed by the gentleneſs of your manner, but let them feel at the ſame time, the ſteadineſs of your juſt reſentment; for there is great difference between bearing malice, which is always ungenerous, and a reſolute ſelf-defence, which is always prudent and juſtifiable.

I CONCLUDE with this obſervation, That gentleneſs of manners, with firmneſs of mind, is a ſhort, but full deſcription of human perfection, on this ſide of religious and moral duties.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

ON GOOD SENSE.

WERE I to explain what I underſtand by good ſenſe, I ſhould call it right reaſon; but right reaſon that ariſes, not from formal and logical deductions, but from a ſort of intuitive faculty in the ſoul, which diſtinguiſhes by immediate perception: a kind of innate ſagacity, that in many of its properties ſeems very much to reſemble inſtinct. It would be improper, therefore, to ſay, that Sir Iſaac Newton ſhewed his good ſenſe, by thoſe amazing diſcoveries which he made in natural philoſophy: the operations of this gift of heaven are rather inſtantaneous, than the reſult of any tedious proceſs. Like Diomed, after Minerva had endued him with the power of diſcerning gods from mortals, the man of good ſenſe diſcovers at once the truth of thoſe objects he is moſt concerned to diſtinguiſh; and conducts himſelf with ſuitable caution and ſecurity.

IT is for this reaſon, poſſibly, that this quality of the mind is not ſo often found united with learning as one could wiſh: for good ſenſe being accuſtomed to receive her diſcoveries without labour or ſtudy, ſhe cannot ſo eaſily wait for thoſe truths, which being placed at a diſtance, and lying concealed under numberleſs covers, require much pains and application to unfold.

BUT though good ſenſe is not in the number, nor always, it muſt be owned, in the company of the ſciences; yet is it (as the moſt ſenſible of poets has juſtly obſerved)

fairly worth the ſeven.

Rectitude of underſtanding is indeed the moſt uſeful, as well as the moſt noble of human endowments, as it is the ſove-

reign guide and director in every branch of civil and ſocial intercourſe.

Upon whatever occaſion this enlightening faculty is exerted, it is always ſure to act with diſtinguiſhed eminence; but its chief and peculiar province ſeems to lie in the commerce of the world. Accordingly we may obſerve, that thoſe who have converſed more with men than with books; whoſe wiſdom is derived rather from experience than contemplation; generally poſſeſs this happy talent with ſuperior perfection. For good ſenſe, though it cannot be acquired, may be improved; and the world, I believe, will ever be found to afford the moſt kindly ſoil for its cultivation.

Melmoth.

CHAP. IX.

On STUDY.

STUDIES ſerve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief uſe for delight, is in privateneſs and retiring; for ornament, is in diſcourſe; and for ability, is in the judgment and diſpoſition of buſineſs. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars one by one; but the general counſels, and the plots, and marſhalling of affairs, come beſt from thoſe that are learned. To ſpend too much time in ſtudies, is ſloth; to uſe them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a ſcholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by ſtudy, and ſtudies themſelves do give forth directions too much at large, unleſs they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn ſtudies, ſimple men admire them, and wiſe men uſe them; for

for they teach not their own uſe; but that is a wiſdom without them, and above them, won by obſervation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and diſcourſe, but to weigh and conſider. Some books are to be taſted, others to be ſwallowed, and ſome few to be chewed and digeſted; that is, ſome books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiouſly; and ſome few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books alſo may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others: but that ſhould be only in the leſs important arguments, and the meaner ſort of books; elſe diſtilled books are like common diſtilled waters, flaſhy things. Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man. And therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a preſent wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to ſeem to know that he doth not.

BACON.

CHAP. X.

ON SATIRICAL WIT.

—TRUST me, this unwary pleaſantry of thine will ſooner or later bring thee into ſcrapes and difficulties, which no after wit can extricate thee out of. In theſe ſallies, too oft, I ſee, it happens, that the perſon laughed at, conſiders himſelf in the light of a perſon injured, with all the rights of ſuch a ſituation belonging to him; and when thou vieweſt him in that light too, and reckon'ſt upon his friends, his family, his kindred and allies, and muſtereſt up with them the many recruits which will liſt under him

from a ſenſe of common danger; 'tis no extravagant arithmetic to ſay, that for every ten jokes, thou haſt got an hundred enemies; and till thou haſt gone on, and raiſed a ſwarm of waſps about thine ears, and art half ſtung to death by them, thou wilt never be convinced it is ſo.

I CANNOT ſuſpect it in the man whom I eſteem, that there is the leaſt ſpur from ſpleen or malevolence of intent in theſe ſallies. I believe and know them to be truly honeſt and ſportive: but conſider, that fools cannot diſtinguiſh this, and that knaves will not; and thou knoweſt not what it is, either to provoke the one, or to make merry with the other: whenever they aſſociate for mutual defence, depend upon it, they will carry on the war in ſuch a manner againſt thee, my dear friend, as to make thee heartily ſick of it, and of thy life too.

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

STERNE.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

HAMLET's INSTRUCTIONS TO THE PLAYERS.

SPEAK the ſpeech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier had ſpoke my lines. And do not ſaw the air too much with your hand thus; but uſe all gently; for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and, as I may ſay, whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it ſmoothneſs. Oh! it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſteous periwig-pated fellow tear a paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings; who (for the moſt part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb ſhews and noiſe: I could have ſuch a fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing termagant; it out-herods Herod. Pray you, avoid it.

BE not too tame neither; but let your own diſcretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this ſpecial obſervance, that you o'erſtep not the modeſty of nature: for any thing ſo overdone is from the purpoſe of playing; whoſe end, both at the firſt and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to ſhew virtue her own feature, ſcorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and preſſure. Now, this overdone, or come tardy of, though it make the unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the cenſure of one of which muſt in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. Oh! there be players that I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly (not to

ſpeak it profanely) that, neither having the accent of Chriſtian, nor the gait of Chriſtian, Pagan, nor man, have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I have thought ſome of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

And let thoſe that play your clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them: for there be of them that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered:—that's villainous, and ſhews a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it.

Shakespear.

CHAP. XII.

The PRESENT CONDITION of MAN vindicated.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page preſcrib'd, their preſent ſtate:
From brutes what men, from men what ſpirits know:
Or who could ſuffer Being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy Reaſon, would he ſkip and play?
Pleas'd to the laſt, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand juſt rais'd to ſhed his blood.
Oh blindneſs to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n,
Who ſees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero periſh, or a ſparrow fall,
Atoms, or ſyſtems, into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burſt, and now, a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions ſoar;
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.

What

What future bliſs, he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy bleſſing now.
Hope ſprings eternal in the human breaſt;
Man never Is, but always To be bleſt:
The ſoul, uneaſy and confin'd from home,
Reſts and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whoſe untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His ſoul proud Science never taught to ſtray
Far as the ſolar walk, or milky way;
Yet ſimple Nature to his hope has given,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some ſafer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier iſland in the wat'ry waſte,
Where ſlaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Chriſtians thirſt for gold.
To Be, contents his natural deſire,
He aſks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire:
But thinks, admitted to that equal ſky,
His faithful dog ſhall bear him company.

Go, wiſer thou! and in thy ſcale of ſenſe,
Weigh thy Opinion againſt Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fancieſt ſuch,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much:
Deſtroy all creatures for thy ſport or guſt,
Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjuſt:
If man alone engroſs not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there;
Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his juſtice, be the GOD of GOD.
In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their ſphere, and ruſh into the ſkies.

Pride

Pride ſtill is aiming at the bleſt abodes,
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods.
Aſpiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aſpiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wiſhes to invert the laws
Of Order, ſins againſt th' Eternal Cauſe.

Pope.

CHAP. XIII.

On the ORDER of NATURE.

SEE, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and burſting into birth.
Above, how high, progreſſive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of Being! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human; angel, man;
Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's deſtroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.
And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th' amazing Whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the whole muſt fall.
Let Earth, unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and Suns run lawleſs thro' the ſky;

Let

Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread ORDER break—for whom? for thee?
Vile worm!—oh Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!
What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame:
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains,
The great directing MIND of ALL ordains.
All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul:
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame,
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame,
Warms in the ſun, refreſhes in the breeze,
Glows in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees,
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.
Ceaſe then, nor ORDER Imperfection name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.

Submit.

Submit.—In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All Nature, is but Art unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction which thou canſt not ſee;
All Diſcord, Harmony not underſtood;
All partial Evil, univerſal Good:
And, ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

POPE.

CHAP. XIV.

THE ORIGIN OF SUPERSTITION AND TYRANNY.

WHO firſt taught ſouls enſlav'd, and realms undone,
Th' enormous faith of many made for one;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T' invert the world, and counter-work its Cauſe?
Force firſt made Conqueſt, and that conqueſt, Law;
'Till Superſtition taught the tyrant awe,
Then ſhar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conqu'rors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She 'midſt the light'ning's blaze, and thunder's ſound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unſeen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth and burſting ſkies,
Saw Gods deſcend, and fiends infernal riſe:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bleſt abodes;
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;

Gods

Gods partial, changeful, paſſionate, unjuſt,
Whoſe attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Luſt;
Such as the ſouls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide;
And hell was built on ſpite, and heav'n on pride.
Then ſacred ſeem'd th' ethereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then firſt the Flamen taſted living food;
Next his grim idol ſmear'd with human blood;
With Heav'n's own thunders ſhook the world below,
And play'd the God an engine on his foe.
So drives Self-love, thro' juſt and thro' unjuſt,
To one Man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, luſt:
The ſame Self-love, in all, becomes the cauſe
Of what reſtrains him, Government and Laws.
For, what one likes if others like as well,
What ſerves one will, when many wills rebel?
How ſhall he keep, what, ſleeping or awake,
A weaker may ſurpriſe, a ſtronger take?
His ſafety muſt his liberty reſtrain:
All join to guard what each deſires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus by Self-defence,
Ev'n Kings learn'd juſtice and benevolence:
Self-love forſook the path it firſt purſu'd,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then, the ſtudious head or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God or friend of human kind,
Poet or patriot, roſe but to reſtore
The Faith and Moral, Nature gave before;
Re-lum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his ſhadow drew:

Taught

Taught Pow'r's due uſe to People and to Kings,
Taught nor to ſlack, nor ſtrain its tender ſtrings,
The leſs, or greater, ſet ſo juſtly true,
That touching one muſt ſtrike the other too;
'Till jarring int'reſts, of themſelves create
Th' according muſic of a well-mix'd State.
Such is the World's great harmony, that ſprings
From Order, Union, full Conſent of things:
Where ſmall and great, where weak and mighty, made
To ſerve, not ſuffer, ſtrengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each, as needful to the reſt,
And, in proportion as it bleſſes, bleſt;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beaſt, Man, or Angel, Servant, Lord, or King.

For Forms of Government let fools conteſt;
Whate'er is beſt adminiſter'd is beſt:
For Modes of Faith let graceleſs zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whoſe life is in the right:
In Faith and Hope the world will diſagree,
But all Mankind's concern is Charity:
All muſt be falſe that thwart this One great End;
And all of God, that bleſs Mankind or mend.

Man, like the gen'rous vine, ſupported lives;
The ſtrength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
On their own Axis as the Planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the Sun;
So two conſiſtent motions act the Soul;
And one regards Itſelf, and one the Whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade Self-love and Social be the ſame.

POPE.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

ON HAPPINESS.

OH HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleaſure, Eaſe, Content! whate'er thy name:
That ſomething ſtill which prompts th' eternal ſigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which ſtill ſo near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlook'd, ſeen double, by the fool, and wiſe.
Plant of celeſtial ſeed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal ſoil thou deign'ſt to grow?
Fair op'ning to ſome Court's propitious ſhine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnaſſian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harveſts of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the ſoil:
Fix'd to no ſpot is Happineſs ſincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, ST. JOHN! dwells with thee.
Aſk of the Learn'd the way? The Learn'd are blind;
This bids to ſerve, and that to ſhun mankind;
Some place the bliſs in action, ſome in eaſe,
Thoſe call it Pleaſure, and Contentment theſe;
Some ſunk to beaſts, find pleaſure end in pain;
Some ſwell'd to Gods, confeſs ev'n Virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To truſt in every thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, ſay they more or leſs
Than this, that Happineſs is Happineſs?

Take

Take Nature's path, and mad Opinions leave;
All ſtates can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we pleaſe,
Equal is Common Senſe, and Common Eaſe.
Remember, Man, "the Univerſal Cauſe
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happineſs we juſtly call
Subſiſt not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a bleſſing individuals find,
But ſome way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No Bandit fierce, no Tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd Hermit, reſts ſelf-ſatisfy'd:
Who moſt to ſhun or hate Mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abſtract what others feel, what others think,
All pleaſures ſicken, and all glories ſink:
Each has his ſhare; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleaſure pays not half the pain.
Order is Heav'ns firſt law; and this confeſt,
Some are, and muſt be, greater than the reſt,
More rich, more wiſe; but who infers from hence
That ſuch are happier, ſhocks all common ſenſe.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confeſs,
If all are equal in their Happineſs:
But mutual wants this Happineſs increaſe;
All Nature's diff'rence keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumſtance is not the thing;
Bliſs is the ſame in ſubject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:

Heav'n

Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
One common bleſſing, as one common ſoul,
But Fortune's gifts if each alike poſſeſt,
And each were equal, muſt not all conteſt?
If then to all men Happineſs was meant,
God in Externals could not place Content.
Fortune her gifts may variouſly diſpoſe,
And theſe be happy call'd, unhappy thoſe;
But Heav'n's juſt balance equal will appear,
While thoſe are plac'd in Hope, and theſe in Fear:
Not preſent good or ill, the joy or curſe,
But future views of better, or of worſe.
Oh ſons of earth! attempt ye ſtill to riſe,
By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the ſkies?
Heav'n ſtill with laughter the vain toil ſurveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raiſe.
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reaſon's whole pleaſure, all the joys of Senſe,
Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence.

POPE.

CHAP. XVI.

ON VIRTUE.

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

The 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.
See the ſole bliſs Heav'n could on all beſtow!
Which who but feels, can taſte, but thinks, can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad muſt miſs; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no ſect, who takes no private road,
But looks thro' Nature, up to Nature's God;
Purſues that Chain which links th' immenſe deſign,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
Sees, that no Being any bliſs can know,
But touches ſome above, and ſome below;
Learns, from this union of the riſing Whole,
The firſt, laſt purpoſe of the human ſoul;
And knows where Faith, Law, Morals, all began,
All end, in Love of God, and Love of Man.
For him alone, Hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens ſtill, and opens on his ſoul;
'Till lengthen'd on to Faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliſs that fills up all the mind.
He ſees, why Nature plants in Man alone
Hope of known bliſs, and Faith in bliſs unknown:

(Nature

(Nature, whoſe dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they ſeek they find)
Wiſe is her preſent; ſhe connects in this
His greateſt Virtue with his greateſt Bliſs;
At once his own bright proſpect to be bleſt,
And ſtrongeſt motive to aſſiſt the reſt.
Self-love thus puſh'd to ſocial, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's bleſſing thine.
Is this too little for the boundleſs heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Graſp the whole worlds of Reaſon, Life, and Senſe,
In one cloſe ſyſtem of Benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliſs but height of Charity.
God loves from Whole to Parts: But human ſoul
Muſt riſe from Individual to the Whole.
Self-love but ſerves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the ſmall pebble ſtirs the peaceful lake;
The centre mov'd, a circle ſtrait ſucceeds,
Another ſtill, and ſtill another ſpreads;
Friend, parent, neighbour, firſt it will embrace;
His country next; and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth ſmiles around, with boundleſs bounty bleſt,
And Heav'n beholds its image in his breaſt.

POPE.

CHAP. XVII.

On VERSIFICATION.

MANY by numbers judge a Poet's ſong;
And ſmooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright Muſe tho' thouſand charms conſpire,
Her voice is all theſe tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnaſſus but to pleaſe their ear,
Not mend their minds; as ſome to Church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the muſic there.
Theſe equal ſyllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire:
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the ſame unvary'd chimes,
With ſure returns of ſtill expected rhimes;
Where'er you find "the cooling weſtern breeze,"
In the next line, it "whiſpers thro' the trees:"
If cryſtal ſtreams "with pleaſing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "ſleep:"
Then, at the laſt and only couplet fraught
With ſome unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needleſs Alexandrine ends the ſong,
That, like a wounded ſnake, drags its ſlow length along.
Leave ſuch to tune their own dull rhimes, and know
What's roundly ſmooth, or languiſhingly ſlow;
And praiſe the eaſy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's ſtrength, and Waller's ſweetneſs join.
True eaſe in writing comes from art, not chance,
As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance.

'Tis

'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 ſhoar,
The hoarſe, rough verſe ſhould like the torrent roar:
When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the words move ſlow;
Not ſo, when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and ſkims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus vary'd lays ſurpriſe,
And bid alternate paſſions fall and riſe!
While, at each change, the ſon of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with ſparkling fury glow,
Now ſighs ſteal out, and tears begin to flow:
Perſians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the World's victor ſtood ſubdued by ſound!

POPE.

CHAP. XVIII.

LESSONS OF WISDOM.

HOW to live happieſt; how avoid the pains,
The diſappointments, and diſguſts of thoſe
Who would in pleaſure all their hours employ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Tho' old, he ſtill retain'd
His manly ſenſe, and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wiſe he was, but not ſevere;
He ſtill remember'd that he once was young;
His eaſy preſence check'd no decent joy.
Him even the diſſolute admir'd; for he

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

Of

Of life oppreſs, whom ſober Senſe conducts,
And Virtue thro' this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and Senſe I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Senſe are one: and truſt me, he
Who has not virtue is not truly wiſe.
Virtue (for mere good-nature is a fool)
Is ſenſe and ſpirit, with humanity:
'Tis ſometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis even vindictive, but in vengeance juſt.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; ſome great ones dare;
But at his heart the moſt undaunted ſon
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To nobleſt uſes this determines wealth:
This is the ſolid pomp of proſperous days;
The peace and ſhelter of adverſity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the ſecret ſhock
Defies of Envy and all-ſapping Time.
The gaudy gloſs of Fortune only ſtrikes
The vulgar eye: the ſuffrage of the wiſe,
The praiſe that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By ſenſe alone, and dignity of mind.
Virtue, the ſtrength and beauty of the ſoul,
Is the beſt gift of Heaven: a happineſs
That even above the ſmiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baſer hands
Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
Man juſtly boaſts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baſeneſs earn'd;
Or dealt by chance, to ſhield a lucky knave,

Or throw a cruel ſun-ſhine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected uſe,
Are riches worth your care (for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence ſupplied)
This noble end is, to produce the Soul:
To ſhew the virtues in their faireſt light;
To make Humanity the Miniſter
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breaſt
That generous luxury the Gods enjoy.
Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly Sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of Right and Wrong he taught
Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (ſtrange to tell!) he practis'd what he preach'd.

ARMSTRONG.

CHAP. XIX.

AGAINST INDOLENCE; AN EPISTLE.

IN frolick's hour, ere ſerious thought had birth,
There was a time, my dear CORNWALLIS, when
The Muſe would take me on her airy wing,
And waft to views romantic; there preſent
Some motley viſion, ſhade and ſun: the cliff
O'erhanging, ſparkling brooks, and ruins grey;
Bade me meanders trace, and catch the form
Of varying clouds, and rainbows learn to paint.
Sometimes Ambition, bruſhing by, would twitch
My mantle, and with winning look ſublime
Allure to follow. What tho' ſteep the track,
Her mountain's top would overpay, when climb'd,
The ſcaler's toil; her temple there was fine,

And

And lovely thence the proſpects. She cou'd tell
Where laurels grew, whence many a wreath antique;
But more advis'd to ſhun the barren twig,
(What is immortal verdure without fruit?)
And woo ſome thriving art: her num'rous mines
Were open to the ſearcher's ſkill and pains.
Caught by th' harangue, heart beat, and flutt'ring pulſe
Sounded irregular marches to be gone——
What! pauſe a moment when Ambition calls?
No, the blood gallops to the diſtant goal,
And throbs to reach it. Let the lame ſit ſtill.
When Fortune gentle, at the hill's verge extreme,
Array'd in decent garb, but ſomewhat thin,
Smiling approach'd; and what occaſion, aſk'd,
Of climbing? She already provident
Had cater'd well, if ſtomach cou'd digeſt
Her viands, and a palate not too nice:
Unfit, ſhe ſaid, for perilous attempt;
That manly limb requir'd, and ſinew tough.
She took, and laid me in a vale remote,
Amid the gloomy ſcene of fir and yew,
On poppy beds, where Morpheus ſtrew'd the ground:
Obſcurity her curtain round me drew,
And ſyren Sloth a dull *quietus* ſung.
Sithence no fairy lights, no quick'ning ray,
Nor ſtir of pulſe, nor objects to entice
Abroad the ſpirits; but the cloiſter'd heart
Sits ſquat at home, like pagod in a nitch
Obſcure, or grandees with nod-watching eye,
And folded arms, in preſence of the throne,
Turk, or Indoſtan.—Cities, forums, courts
And prating ſanhedrims, and drumming wars,

Affect

Affect no more than ſtories told to bed
Lethargic, which at intervals the ſick
Hears and forgets, and wakes to doze again.
Inſtead of converſe and variety,
The ſame trite round, the ſame ſtale ſilent ſcene:
Such are thy comforts, bleſſed Solitude!—
But Innocence is there, but Peace all kind,
And ſimple Quiet with her downy couch,
Meads lowing, tune of birds, and lapſe of ſtreams,
And Saunter with a book, and warbling Muſe,
In praiſe of hawthorns.—Life's whole buſineſs this!
Is it to baſk i'th' ſun? if ſo, a ſnail
Were happy crawling on a ſouthern wall.
Why ſits Content upon a cottage-ſill
At eventide, and bleſſeth the coarſe meal
In ſooty corner? why ſweet ſlumbers wait
Th' hard pallet? not becauſe from haunt remote
Sequeſter'd in a dingle's buſhy lap:
'Tis labour makes the peaſant's ſav'ry fare,
And works out his repoſe: for eaſe muſt aſk
The leave of diligence to be enjoy'd.
Oh! liſten not to that enchantreſs Eaſe
With ſeeming ſmile; her palatable cup
By ſtanding grows inſipid; and beware
The bottom, for there's poiſon in the lees.
What health impair'd, and crowds inactive maim'd!
What daily martyrs to her ſluggiſh cauſe!
Leſs ſtrict devoir the Ruſs and Perſian claim
Deſpotic; and as ſubjects long inur'd
To ſervile burden, grow ſupine and tame,
So fares it with our ſov'reign and her train.
What tho' with lure fallacious ſhe pretend
From worldly bondage to ſet free, what gain

Her

Her votaries? What avails from iron chains
Exempt, if roſy fetters bind as faſt?
Beſtir, and anſwer your creation's end.
Think we that man with vig'rous pow'r endow'd,
And room to ſtretch, was deſtin'd to ſit ſtill?
Sluggards are Nature's rebels, ſlight her laws,
Nor live up to the terms on which they hold
Their vital leaſe. Laborious terms and hard;
But ſuch the tenure of our earthly ſtate!
Riches and fame are Induſtry's reward;
The nimble runner courſes Fortune down,
And then he banquets, for ſhe feeds the bold.
Think what you owe your country, what yourſelf,
If ſplendor charm not, yet avoid the ſcorn
That treads on lowly ſtations. Think of ſome
Aſſiduous booby mounting o'er your head,
And thence with ſaucy grandeur looking down:
Think of (Reflection's ſtab!) the pitying friend
With ſhoulder ſhrugg'd and ſorry. Think that Time
Has golden minutes, if diſcreetly ſeiz'd:
And if ſome ſad example, indolent,
To warn and ſcare be wanting —— think of me.

CHAP. XX.

ELEGY TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN LEAVING THE UNIVERSITY.

ERE yet, ingenuous Youth, thy ſteps retire
From Cam's ſmooth margin, and the peaceful vale,
Where Science call'd thee to her ſtudious quire,
And met thee muſing in her cloiſters pale;
O! let thy friend (and may he boaſt the name)
Breathe from his artleſs reed one parting lay;

A lay

A lay like this thy early Virtues claim,
And this let voluntary Friendſhip pay.
Yet know, the time arrives, the dangerous time,
When all thoſe Virtues, opening now ſo fair,
Tranſplanted to the world's tempeſtuous clime,
Muſt learn each Paſſion's boiſt'rous breath to bear.
There, if Ambition peſtilent and pale,
Or Luxury ſhould taint their vernal glow;
If cold Self-intereſt, with her chilling gale,
Should blaſt th' unfolding bloſſoms ere they blow;
If mimic hues, by Art, or Faſhion ſpread,
Their genuine, ſimple colouring ſhould ſupply;
O! with them may theſe laureate honours fade;
And with them (if it can) my Friendſhip die.
—— And do not blame, if, tho' thyſelf inſpire,
Cautious I ſtrike the panegyric ſtring;
The Muſe full oft purſues a meteor fire,
And, vainly ventrous, ſoars on waxen wing.
Too actively awake at Friendſhip's voice,
The Poet's boſom pours the fervent ſtrain,
Till ſad Reflection blames the haſty choice,
And oft invokes Oblivion's aid in vain.
Go then, my Friend, nor let thy candid breaſt
Condemn me, if I check the plauſive ſtring;
Go to the wayward world; compleat the reſt;
Be, what the pureſt Muſe would wiſh to ſing.
Be ſtill thyſelf; that open path of Truth,
Which led thee here, let Manhood firm purſue;
Retain the ſweet ſimplicity of Youth,
And all thy virtue dictates, dare to do.
Still ſcorn, with conſcious pride, the maſk of Art;
On vice's front let fearful caution lour;

And teach the diffident, diſcreeter part
Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for power.
So, round thy brow when Age's honours ſpread,
When Death's cold hand unſtrings thy MASON's lyre,
When the green turf lies lightly on his head,
Thy worth ſhall ſome ſuperior bard inſpire:
He, to the ampleſt bounds of Time's domain,
On Rapture's plume ſhall give thy Name to fly;
For truſt, with rev'rence truſt this Sabine ſtrain:
"The Muſe forbids the virtuous Man to die."

MASON.

CHAP. XXI.

ON THE MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

AH! little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround;
They, who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,
And wanton, often cruel, riot waſte;
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the ſad variety of pain:
How many ſink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame: how many bleed,
By ſhameful variance betwixt Man and Man:
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs: how many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of miſery: ſore pierc'd by wintry winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs poverty: how many ſhake

With

With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded paſſion, madneſs, guilt, remorſe;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furniſh matter for the tragic muſe:
Even in the vale, where wiſdom loves to dwell,
With friendſhip, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many rack'd, with honeſt paſſions, droop
In deep retir'd diſtreſs: how many ſtand
Around the death-bed of their deareſt friends,
And point the parting anguiſh. —— Thought fond Man
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills,
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life,
One ſcene of toil, of ſuffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rambling Impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wiſh Benevolence dilate;
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the ſocial paſſions work.

THOMSON.

CHAP. XXII.

REFLECTIONS ON A FUTURE STATE

'TIS done!—dread WINTER ſpreads his lateſt glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His deſolate domain. Behold, fond Man!
See here thy pictur'd life, paſs ſome few years:
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent ſtrength,

Thy

Thy ſober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene. Ah! whither now are fled
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs? thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs? thoſe longings after fame?
Thoſe reſtleſs cares? thoſe buſy buſtling days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent feſtive nights? thoſe veering thoughts
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
All now are vaniſh'd! VIRTUE ſole ſurvives,
Immortal never-failing friend of Man,
His guide to happineſs on high. — And ſee!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the ſecond birth
Of heaven, and earth! awakening Nature hears
The new creating word, and ſtarts to life,
In every heightened form, from pain and death
For ever free. The great eternal ſcheme
Involving all, and in a perfect whole
Uniting, as the proſpect wider ſpreads,
To reaſon's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wiſe! ye blind preſumptuous! now,
Confounded in the duſt, adore that POWER,
And WISDOM oft arraign'd: ſee now the cauſe,
Why unaſſuming worth in ſecret liv'd,
And dy'd, neglected: why the good Man's ſhare
In life was gall and bitterneſs of ſoul:
Why the lone widow, and her orphans pin'd,
In ſtarving ſolitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay ſtraining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born truth,
And moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of ſuperſtition's ſcourge: why licens'd pain,
That cruel ſpoiler, that emboſom'd foe,

Imbitter'd

Imbitter'd all our bliſs. Ye good diſtreſt!
Ye noble few! who here unbending ſtand
Beneath life's preſſure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only ſaw
A little part, deem'd Evil, is no more.
The ſtorms of Wintry Time will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

Thomson.

CHAP. XXIII.

On PROCRASTINATION.

BE wiſe to day; 'tis madneſs to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wiſdom is puſh'd out of life.
Procraſtination is the thief of time;
Year after year it ſteals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vaſt concerns of an eternal ſcene.
Of man's miraculous miſtakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themſelves the compliment to think
They, one day, ſhall not drivel; and their pride
On this reverſion takes up ready praiſe,
At leaſt their own; their future ſelves applauds:
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails,
That lodg'd in Fate's, to Wiſdom they conſign:
The thing they can't but purpoſe, they poſtpone:
'Tis not in Folly, not to ſcorn a fool,
And ſcarce in human Wiſdom to do more.

All

All Promiſe is poor dilatory man,
And that thro' ev'ry ſtage. When young, indeed,
In full content we, ſometimes, nobly reſt,
Un-anxious for ourſelves; and only wiſh,
As duteous ſons, our fathers were more wiſe.
At thirty man ſuſpects himſelf a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Puſhes his prudent purpoſe to Reſolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought,
Reſolves, and re-reſolves; then dies the ſame.
And why? Becauſe he thinks himſelf immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themſelves;
Themſelves, when ſome alarming ſhock of fate
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the ſudden dread;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon cloſe; where paſt the ſhaft, no trace is found.
As from the wing no ſcar the ſky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature ſheds
O'er thoſe we love, we drop it in their grave.

YOUNG.

CHAP. XXIV.

THE PAIN ARISING FROM VIRTUOUS EMOTIONS ATTENDED WITH PLEASURE.

——— BEHOLD the ways
Of Heav'n's eternal deſtiny to man,
For ever juſt, benevolent and wiſe:
That VIRTUE's awful ſteps, howe'er purſued

By vexing fortune and intruſive Pain,
Should never be divided from her chaſte,
Her fair attendant, Pleasure. Need I urge
Thy tardy thought through all the various round
Of this exiſtence, that thy ſoft'ning ſoul
At length may learn what energy the hand
Of virtue mingles in the bitter tide
Of paſſion ſwelling with diſtreſs and pain,
To mitigate the ſharp with gracious drops
Of cordial pleaſure? Aſk the faithful youth,
While the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arms; ſo often draws
His lonely footſteps at the ſilent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears?
O; he will tell thee, that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er ſeduce his boſom to forego
That ſacred hour, when ſtealing from the noiſe
Of care and envy, ſweet remembrance ſooths
With virtue's kindeſt looks his aching breaſt,
And turns his tears to rapture? — Aſk the crowd
Which flies impatient from the village-walk
To climb the neighb'ring cliffs, when far below
The cruel winds have hurl'd upon the coaſt
Some hapleſs bark; while ſacred pity melts
The gen'ral eye, or terror's icy hand
Smites their diſtorted limbs and horrent air;
While every mother cloſer to her breaſt
Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
Foam thro' the ſhatter'd veſſel, ſhrieks aloud,
As one poor wretch that ſpreads his piteous arms
For ſuccour, ſwallow'd by the roaring ſurge,
As now another, daſh'd againſt the rock,

Drops

Drops lifeleſs down. O deemeſt thou indeed
No kind endearment here by nature giv'n
To mutual terror and compaſſion's tears?
No ſweetly-melting ſoftneſs which attracts,
O'er all that edge of pain, the ſocial pow'rs
To this their proper action and their end?—
Aſk thy own heart; when at the midnight hour,
Slow thro' that ſtudious gloom thy pauſing eye
Led by the glimm'ring taper moves around
The ſacred volumes of the dead, the ſongs
Of Grecian bards, and records writ by fame
For Grecian heroes, where the preſent pow'r
Of heaven and earth ſurveys th' immortal page,
E'en as a father bleſſing, while he reads
The praiſes of his ſon; if then thy ſoul,
Spurning the yoke of theſe inglorious days,
Mix in their deeds and kindle with their flame;
Say, when the proſpect blackens on thy view,
When rooted from the baſe, heroic ſtates
Mourn in the duſt, and tremble at the frown
Of curſt ambition;—when the pious band
Of youths that fought for freedom and their ſires
Lie ſide by ſide in gore;—when ruffian-pride
Uſurps the throne of juſtice, turns the pomp
Of public pow'r, the majeſty of rule,
The ſword, the laurel, and the purple robe,
To ſlaviſh empty pageants, to adorn
A tyrant's walk, and glitter in the eyes
Of ſuch as bow the knee;—when honour'd urns
Of patriots and of chiefs, the awful buſt
And ſtoried arch, to glut the coward-rage
Of regal envy, ſtrew the public way

With hallow'd ruins!—when the muſe's haunt,
The marble porch where wiſdom wont to talk
With Socrates or Tully, hears no more,
Save the hoarſe jargon of contentious monks,
Of female ſuperſtition's midnight pray'r;—
When ruthleſs rapine from the hand of time
Tears the deſtroying ſcythe, with ſurer blow
To ſweep the works of glory from their baſe;
Till deſolation o'er the graſs-grown ſtreet
Expands his raven-wings, and up the wall,
Where ſenates once the pride of monarch's doom'd,
Hiſſes the gliding ſnake thro' hoary weeds
That claſp the mould'ring column;—thus defac'd,
Thus widely mournful when the proſpect thrills
Thy beating boſom, when the patriot's tear
Starts from thine eye, and thy extended arm
In fancy hurls the thunderbolt of Jove
To fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow,
Or daſh Octavius from the trophied car;—
Say, does thy ſecret ſoul repine to taſte
The big diſtreſs? Or would'ſt thou then exchange
Thoſe heart-enobling ſorrows, for the lot
Of him who ſits amid the gaudy herd
Of mute barbarians bending to his nod,
And bears aloft his gold-inveſted front,
And ſays within himſelf, "I am a king,
"And wherefore ſhould the clam'rous voice of woe
"Intrude upon mine ear?"—The baleful dregs
Of theſe late ages, this inglorious draught
Of ſervitude and folly, have not yet,
Bleſt be th' Eternal Ruler of the world!
Defil'd to ſuch a depth of ſordid ſhame

The

The native honours of the human ſoul,
Nor ſo effac'd the image of its ſire.

AKENSIDE.

CHAP. XXV.

ON TASTE.

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

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

Akenside.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXVI.

THE PLEASURES ARISING FROM A CULTIVATED IMAGINATION.

O BLEST of heav'n, whom not the languid ſongs
Of luxury, the Siren! not the bribes
Of ſordid wealth, nor all the gaudy ſpoils
Of pageant honour, can ſeduce to leave
Thoſe ever-blooming ſweets, which from the ſtore
Of nature, fair imagination culls
To charm th' enliven'd ſoul! What tho' not all
Of mortal offſpring can attain the height
Of envied life; tho' only few poſſeſs
Patrician treaſures or imperial ſtate;
Yet nature's care, to all her children juſt,
With richer treaſures, and an ampler ſtate,
Indows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to uſe them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honours his. Whate'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The breathing marbles and the ſculptur'd gold,
Beyond the proud poſſeſſor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breaſt enjoys. For him, the ſpring
Diſtils her dews, and from the ſilken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him, the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold, and bluſhes like the morn.
Each paſſing hour ſheds tribute from her wings;
And ſtill new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes

The ſetting ſun's effulgence, not a ſtrain
From all the tenants of the warbling ſhade
Aſcends, but whence his boſom can partake
Freſh pleaſure, unreprov'd. Nor thence partakes
Freſh pleaſure only: for th' attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her pow'rs,
Becomes herſelf harmonious: wont ſo oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of ſacred order, ſoon ſhe ſeeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herſelf this elegance of love,
This fair-inſpir'd delight: her temper'd pow'rs
Refine at length, and every paſſion wears
A chaſter, milder, more attractive mien.
But if to ampler proſpects, if to gaze
On nature's form where negligent of all
Theſe leſſer graces, ſhe aſſumes the port
Of that eternal majeſty that weigh'd
The world's foundations, if to theſe the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of ſervile cuſtom cramp her gen'rous pow'rs?
Would ſordid policies, the barb'rous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame purſuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! ſhe appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the ſun's unwearied courſe,
The elements and ſeaſons: all declare
For what th' eternal Maker has ordain'd
The pow'rs of man: we feel within ourſelves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love

What

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

AKENSIDE.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENTATIVE PIECES.

CHAP. I.

ON ANGER.

QUESTION. *WHETHER Anger ought to be ſuppreſſed entirely, or only to be confined within the bounds of moderation?*

THOSE who maintain that reſentment is blameable only in the exceſs, ſupport their opinion with ſuch arguments as theſe:

SINCE Anger is natural and uſeful to man, entirely to baniſh it from our breaſt, would be an equally fooliſh and vain attempt: for as it is difficult, and next to impoſſible, to oppoſe nature with ſucceſs, ſo it were imprudent, if we had it in our power, to caſt away the weapons, with which ſhe has furniſhed us for our defence. The beſt armour againſt injuſtice is a proper degree of ſpirit, to repel the wrongs that are done, or deſigned againſt us: but if we diveſt ourſelves of all reſentment, we ſhall perhaps prove too irreſolute

and

and languid, both in reſiſting the attacks of injuſtice, and inflicting puniſhment upon thoſe, who have committed it. We ſhall therefore ſink into contempt, and by the tameneſs of our ſpirit, ſhall invite the malicious to abuſe and affront us. Nor will others fail to deny us the regard, which is due from them, if once they think us incapable of reſentment. To remain unmoved at groſs injuries, has the appearance of ſtupidity, and will make us deſpicable and mean, in the eyes of many who are not to be influenced by any thing but their fears.

AND as a moderate ſhare of reſentment is uſeful in its effects, ſo it is innocent in itſelf, nay often commendable. The virtue of mildneſs is no leſs remote from inſenſibility, on the one hand, than from fury, on the other. It implies, that we are angry only upon proper occaſions, and in a due degree; that we are never tranſported beyond the bounds of decency, or indulge a deep and laſting reſentment; that we do not follow, but lead our paſſion, governing it as our ſervant, nor ſubmitting ourſelves to it as our maſter. Under theſe regulations it is certainly excuſable, when moved only by private wrongs: and being excited by the injuries, which others ſuffer, it beſpeaks a generous mind, and deſerves commendation. Shall a good man feel no indignation againſt injuſtice and barbarity? not even when he is witneſs to ſhocking inſtances of them? When he ſees a friend baſely and cruelly treated; when he obſerves

Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;

ſhall he ſtill enjoy himſelf in perfect tranquillity? Will it be a crime, if he conceives the leaſt reſentment? Will it not rather be ſomewhat criminal, if he is deſtitute of it? In

ſuch

ſuch caſes we are commonly ſo far from being aſhamed of our anger, as of ſomething mean, that we are proud of it, and confeſs it openly, as what we count laudable and meritorious.

The truth is, there ſeems to be ſomething manly, and we are bold to ſay, ſomething virtuous in a juſt and well-conducted reſentment. In the mean time, let us not be ſuſpected of endeavouring to vindicate rage, and peeviſhneſs, and implacable reſentment. No; ſuch is their deformity, ſo horrid and ſo manifeſt are the evils they produce, that they do not admit of any defence or juſtification. We condemn, we deteſt them, as unnatural, brutiſh, unmanly and monſtrous. All we contend for, is, that it is better to be moderate in our reſentment, than to ſuppreſs it altogether. Let us therefore keep it under a ſtrict diſcipline, and carefully reſtrain it within the bounds which reaſon preſcribes, with regard to the occaſion, degree and continuance of it. But let us not preſume to extirpate any of thoſe affections, which the wiſdom of God has implanted in us, which are ſo nicely balanced, and ſo well adjuſted to each other, that by deſtroying one of them, we may perhaps diſorder and blemiſh the whole frame of our nature.

TO theſe arguments, thoſe who adopt the opinion that anger ſhould be entirely ſuppreſſed, reply:

You tell us, Anger is natural to man; but nothing is more natural to man, than reaſon, mildneſs and benevolence. Now with what propriety can we call that natural to any creature, which impairs and oppoſes the moſt eſſential and diſtinguiſhing parts of its conſtitution? Sometimes indeed we may call that natural to a ſpecies, which being found in moſt of them, is not produced by art or cuſtom. That anger

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is in this ſenſe natural, we readily grant; but deny that we therefore cannot, or may not lawfully extinguiſh it. Nature has committed to our management the faculties of the mind, as well as the members of the body: and as, when any of the latter become pernicious to the whole, we cut them off and caſt them away; in like manner, when any of our affections are become hurtful and uſeleſs in our frame, by cutting them off, we do not in the leaſt counteract the intention of nature. Now ſuch is anger to a wiſe man. To fools and cowards it is a neceſſary evil; but to a perſon of moderate ſenſe and virtue, it is an evil, which has no advantage attending it. The harm it muſt do him is very apparent. It muſt ruffle his temper, make him leſs agreeable to his friends, diſturb his reaſon, and unfit him for diſcharging the duties of life in a becoming manner. By only diminiſhing his paſſion, he may leſſen, but cannot remove the evil; for the only way to get clear of the one, is by entirely diſmiſſing the other.

How then will anger be ſo uſeful to him, as to make it worth his while to retain it in any degree? He may defend his own rights; aſſiſt an injured friend; proſecute and puniſh a villain; I ſay his prudence and friendſhip, his public ſpirit and calm reſolution will enable him to do all this, and to do it in a much more ſafe, proper, and effectual manner, without the aſſiſtance of anger, than with it. He will be deſpiſed and neglected, you ſay, if he appears to have no reſentment. You ſhould rather ſay, if he appears to have no ſedate wiſdom and courage; for theſe qualities will be ſufficient of themſelves to ſecure him from contempt, and maintain him in the poſſeſſion of his juſt authority. Nor does any thing commonly leſſen us more in the eyes of others, than our own paſſion. It often expoſeth us to the contempt and deriſion of thoſe, who are not in our power; and if it makes

us feared, it alſo makes us proportionably hated, by our inferiors and dependants. Let the influence it gives us be ever ſo great, that man muſt pay very dear for his power, who procures it at the expence of his own tranquillity and peace.

Besides, the imitation of anger, which is eaſily formed, will produce the ſame effect upon others, as if the paſſion was real. If therefore to quicken the ſlow, to rouſe the inattentive, and reſtrain the fierce, it is ſometimes expedient, that they believe you are moved, you may put on the outward appearance of reſentment. Thus you may obtain the end of anger, without the danger and vexation that attends it; and may preſerve your authority, without forfeiting the peace of your mind.

However manly and vigorous anger may be thought, it is in fact, but a weak principle, compared with the ſedate reſolution of a wiſe and virtuous man. The one is uniform and permanent, like the ſtrength of a perſon in perfect health; the other like a force, which proceedeth from a fever, is violent for a time, but it ſoon leaves the mind more feeble than before. To him therefore who is armed with a proper firmneſs of ſoul, no degree of paſſion can be uſeful in any reſpect. And to ſay it can ever be laudable and virtuous, is indeed a ſufficiently bold aſſertion. For the moſt part we blame it in others, and though we are apt to be indulgent enough to our own faults, we are often aſhamed of it in ourſelves. Hence it is common to hear men excuſing themſelves, and ſeriouſly declaring, they were not angry, when they have given unqueſtionable proofs to the contrary. But do we not commend him, who reſents the injuries done to a friend or innocent perſon? Yes, we commend him; yet not for his paſſion, but for that generoſity and friendſhip,

of

of which it is the evidence. For let any one impartially conſider, which of theſe characters he eſteems the better; his, who intereſts himſelf in the injuries of his friend, and zealouſly defends him with perfect calmneſs and ſerenity of temper; or his, who purſues the ſame conduct under the influence of reſentment.

IF anger then is neither uſeful nor commendable, it is certainly the part of wiſdom, to ſuppreſs it entirely. We ſhould rather confine it, you tell us, within certain bounds. But how ſhall we aſcertain the limits, to which it may, and beyond which it ought not to paſs? When we receive a manifeſt injury, it ſeems we may reſent it, provided we do it with moderation. When we ſuffer a worſe abuſe, our anger, I ſuppoſe, may riſe ſomewhat higher. Now as the degrees of injuſtice are infinite, if our anger muſt always be proportioned to the occaſion, it may poſſibly proceed to the utmoſt extravagance. Shall we ſet bounds to our reſentment, while we are yet calm? How can we be aſſured, that being once let looſe, it will not carry us beyond them? Or ſhall we give paſſion the reins, imagining we can reſume them at pleaſure, or truſting it will tire or ſtop itſelf, as ſoon as it has run to its proper length? As well might we think of giving laws to a tempeſt; as well might we endeavour to run mad by rule and method.

IN reality, it is much eaſier to keep ourſelves void of reſentment, than to reſtrain it from exceſs, when it has gained admiſſion; for if reaſon, while her ſtrength is yet entire, is not able to preſerve her dominion, what can ſhe do when her enemy has in part prevailed and weakened her force? To uſe the illuſtration of an excellent author, we can prevent the beginnings of ſome things, whoſe progreſs afterwards we cannot hinder. We can forbear to caſt ourſelves down from a pre-

a precipice, but if once we have taken the fatal leap, we muſt deſcend, whether we will, or no. Thus the mind, if duly cautious, may ſtand firm upon the rock of tranquillity; but if ſhe raſhly forſakes the ſummit, ſhe can ſcarce recover herſelf, but is hurried away downwards by her own paſſion, with increaſing violence.

Do not ſay, that we exhort you to attempt that which is impoſſible. Nature has put it in our power to reſiſt the motions of anger. We only plead inability, when we want an excuſe for our own negligence. Was a paſſionate man to forfeit a hundred pounds, as often as he was angry, or was he ſure he muſt die the next moment after the firſt ſally of his paſſion, we ſhould find, he had a great command of his temper, whenever he could prevail upon himſelf to exerciſe a proper attention about it. And ſhall we not eſteem it worthy of equal attention; worthy of our utmoſt care and pains to obtain that immoveable tranquillity of mind, without which we cannot reliſh, either life itſelf, or any of its enjoyments?——Upon the whole then, we both may and ought, not merely to reſtrain, but extirpate anger. It is impatient of rule; in proportion as it prevails, it will diſquiet our minds; it has nothing commendable in itſelf, nor will it anſwer any valuable purpoſe in life.

Holland.

CHAP. II.

VIRTUE our HIGHEST INTEREST.

I FIND myſelf exiſting upon a little ſpot, ſurrounded every way by an immenſe unknown expanſion.—Where am I? What ſort of place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated, in every inſtance, to my convenience? Is there

there no excefs of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals, either of my own kind, or a different? Is every thing fubfervient to me, as though I had ordered all myfelf? — No — nothing like it — the fartheft from it poffible. —— The world appears not then originally made for the private convenience of me alone? — It does not. — But is it not poffible fo to accommodate it, by my own particular induftry? —— If to accommodate man and beaft, heaven and earth; if this be beyond me, 'tis not poffible — What confequence then follows? Or can there be any other than this — If I feek an intereft of my own, detached from that of others, I feek an intereft which is chimerical, and can never have exiftence?

How then muft I determine? Have I no intereft at all? — If I have not, I am a fool for ftaying here. 'Tis a fmoaky houfe, and the fooner out of it the better. — But why no intereft? — Can I be contented with none, but one feparate and detached? — Is a focial intereft joined with others fuch an abfurdity, as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enough to convince me, that the thing is, fomewhere at leaft, poffible. How then am I affured, that 'tis not equally true of man? —— Admit it; and what follows? — If fo, then Honour and Juftice are my intereft — then the whole train of Moral Virtues are my intereft; without fome portion of which, not even thieves can maintain fociety.

BUT farther ftill — I ftop not here — I purfue this focial intereft, as far as I can trace my feveral relations. I pafs from my own ftock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as difperfed throughout the earth. — Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce; by the general intercourfe of arts and

letters; by that common nature, of which we all participate? —— Again, I muſt have food and clothing. Without a proper genial warmth, I inſtantly periſh. — Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itſelf? To the diſtant ſun, from whoſe beams I derive vigour? To that ſtupendous courſe and order of the infinite hoſt of heaven, by which the times and ſeaſons ever uniformly paſs on? — Were this order once confounded, I could not probably ſurvive a moment; ſo abſolutely do I depend on this common general welfare.

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

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

Harris.

CHAP. III.

The same subject.

All men purſue Good, and would be happy, if they knew how; not happy for minutes, and miſerable for hours,

hours, but happy, if poſſible, through every part of their exiſtence. Either therefore there is a good of this ſteady durable kind, or there is none. If none, then all good muſt be tranſient and uncertain; and if ſo, an object of loweſt value, which can little deſerve either our attention, or inquiry. But if there be a better good, ſuch a good as we are ſeeking; like every other thing, it muſt be derived from ſome cauſe; and that cauſe muſt be either external, internal, or mixed, in as much as except theſe three, there is no other poſſible. Now a ſteady, durable good, cannot be derived from an external cauſe, by reaſon all derived from externals muſt fluctuate, as they fluctuate. By the ſame rule, not from a mixture of the two; becauſe the part which is external will proportionably deſtroy its eſſence. What then remains but the cauſe internal; the very cauſe which we have ſuppoſed, when we place the Sovereign Good in Mind—in Rectitude of Conduct?

HARRIS.

CHAP. IV.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

AMONG other excellent arguments for the immortality of the Soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progreſs of the ſoul to its perfection, without a poſſibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have ſeen opened and improved by others who have written on this ſubject, though it ſeems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the ſoul, which is capable of ſuch immenſe perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, ſhall fall away into nothing almoſt as ſoon as it is created! Are ſuch

abilities made for no purpoſe? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never paſs: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thouſand more, would be the ſame thing he is at preſent. Were a human ſoul thus at a ſtand in her accompliſhments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away inſenſibly, and drop at once into a ſtate of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progreſs of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having juſt looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few diſcoveries of his infinite goodneſs, wiſdom and power, muſt periſh at her firſt ſetting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

Man, conſidered in his preſent ſtate, ſeems only ſent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himſelf with a ſucceſſor, and immediately quits his poſt to make room for him.

He does not ſeem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not ſurpriſing to conſider, in animals, which are formed for our uſe, and can finiſh their buſineſs in a ſhort life. The ſilk-worm, after having ſpun her taſk, lays her eggs and dies. But in this life man can never take in his full meaſure of knowledge; nor has he time to ſubdue his paſſions, eſtabliſh his ſoul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the ſtage. Would an infinitely wiſe Being make ſuch glorious creatures for ſo mean a purpoſe? Can he delight in the production of ſuch abortive intelligences, ſuch ſhort-lived reaſonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wiſdom which ſhines through all his works,

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in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nurſery for the next, and believing that the ſeveral generations of rational creatures, which riſe up and diſappear in ſuch quick ſucceſſions, are only to receive their firſt rudiments of exiſtence here, and afterwards to be tranſplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may ſpread and flouriſh to all eternity.

THERE is not, in my opinion, a more pleaſing and triumphant conſideration in religion than this of the perpetual progreſs which the ſoul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the ſoul as going on from ſtrength to ſtrength, to conſider that ſhe is to ſhine for ever, with new acceſſions of glory, to all eternity; that ſhe will be ſtill adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it ſomething wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it muſt be a proſpect pleaſing to God himſelf, to ſee his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of reſemblance.

METHINKS this ſingle conſideration, of the progreſs of a finite ſpirit to perfection, will be ſufficient to extinguiſh all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in ſuperior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human ſoul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human ſoul ſhall be as perfect as he himſelf now is: nay, when ſhe ſhall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as ſhe now falls ſhort of it. It is true the higher nature ſtill advances, and by that means preſerves his diſtance and ſuperiority in the ſcale of being; but he knows that, how high ſoever the ſtation is of which he ſtands poſ-

ſeſſed at preſent, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and ſhine forth in the ſame degree of glory.

With what aſtoniſhment and veneration may we look into our ſouls, where there are ſuch hidden ſtores of virtue and knowledge, ſuch inexhauſted ſources of perfection! We know not yet what we ſhall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reſerve for him. The ſoul, conſidered in relation to its Creator, is like one of thoſe mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity, without a poſſibility of touching it: and can there be a thought ſo tranſporting, as to conſider ourſelves in theſe perpetual approaches to Him, who is not only the ſtandard of perfection, but of happineſs?

Spectator.

CHAP. V.

On the BEING of a GOD.

RETIRE;——The world ſhut out;——Thy thoughts call home;—
Imagination's airy wing repreſs;—
Lock up thy ſenſes;—Let no paſſion ſtir;—
Wake all to reaſon;—Let her reign alone;—
Then, in thy Soul's deep ſilence, and the depth
Of Nature's ſilence, midnight, thus inquire:
What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know,
But that I am; and, ſince I am, conclude
Something eternal: had there e'er been nought,
Nought ſtill had been: Eternal there muſt be.—
But what eternal?—Why not human race?
And Adam's anceſtors without an end?
That's hard to be conceiv'd: ſince every link

Of

Of that long-chain'd ſucceſſion is ſo frail,
Can ev'ry part depend, and not the whole?
Yet grant it true, new difficulties riſe;
I'm ſtill quite out at ſea, nor ſee the ſhore.
Whence earth, and theſe bright orbs? — Eternal too? —
Grant matter was eternal; ſtill theſe orbs
Would want ſome other Father: — Much deſign
Is ſeen in all their motions, all their makes;
Deſign implies intelligence, and art:
That can't be from themſelves — or man; that art
Man ſcarce can comprehend, could man beſtow?
And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than man. —
Who, motion, foreign to the ſmalleſt grain,
Shot thro' vaſt maſſes of enormous weight?
Who bid brute matter's reſtive lump aſſume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? Then each atom,
Aſſerting its indiſputable right
To dance, would form an univerſe of duſt:
Has matter none? Then whence theſe glorious forms,
And boundleſs flights, from ſhapeleſs, and repos'd?
Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd
In Mathematics? Has it fram'd ſuch laws,
Which, but to gueſs, a NEWTON made immortal? —
If art, to form; and counſel, to conduct;
And that with greater far, than human ſkill,
Reſides not in each block; — a GODHEAD reigns. —
And, if a GOD there is, that GOD how great!

YOUNG.

BOOK V.

ORATIONS AND HARANGUES.

CHAP. I.

JUNIUS BRUTUS OVER THE DEAD BODY OF LUCRETIA.

YES, noble lady, I ſwear by this blood, which was once ſo pure, and which nothing but royal villainy could have polluted, that I will purſue Lucius Tarquinius the proud, his wicked wife, and their children, with fire and ſword; nor will I ever ſuffer any of that family, or of any other whatſoever, to be King in Rome: Ye Gods, I call you to witneſs this my oath!—There, Romans, turn your eyes to that ſad ſpectacle—the daughter of Lucretius, Collatinus's wife—ſhe died by her own hand. See there a noble lady, whom the luſt of a Tarquin reduced to the neceſſity of being her own executioner, to atteſt her innocence. Hoſpitably entertained by her as a kinſman of her huſband's, Sextus, the perfidious gueſt, became her brutal raviſher. The chaſte, the generous Lucretia could not ſurvive the inſult. Glorious woman!

woman! But once only treated as a ſlave, ſhe thought life no longer to be endured. Lucretia, a woman, diſdained a life that depended on a tyrant's will; and ſhall we—ſhall men, with ſuch an example before our eyes, and after five and twenty years of ignominious ſervitude, ſhall we, through a fear of dying, defer one ſingle inſtant to aſſert our liberty? No, Romans, now is the time; the favourable moment we have ſo long waited for is come. Tarquin is not at Rome. The Patricians are at the head of the enterpriſe. The city is abundantly provided with men, arms, and all things neceſſary. There is nothing wanting to ſecure the ſucceſs, if our own courage does not fail us. And ſhall thoſe warriors, who have ever been ſo brave when foreign enemies were to be ſubdued, or when conqueſts were to be made to gratify the ambition and avarice of Tarquin, be then only cowards, when they are to deliver themſeves from ſlavery? Some of you are perhaps intimidated by the army which Tarquin now commands. The ſoldiers, you imagine, will take the part of their general. Baniſh ſo groundleſs a fear. The love of liberty is natural to all men. Your fellow-citizens in the camp feel the weight of oppreſſion with as quick a ſenſe as you that are in Rome: they will as eagerly ſeize the occaſion of throwing off the yoke. But let us grant there may be ſome among them, who, through baſeneſs of ſpirit or a bad education, will be diſpoſed to favour the tyrant. The number of theſe can be but ſmall, and we have means ſufficient in our hands to reduce them to reaſon. They have left us hoſtages more dear to them than life. Their wives, their children, their fathers, their mothers, are here in the city. Courage, Romans, the Gods are for us; thoſe Gods, whoſe temples and altars the impious Tarquin has profaned by ſacrifices and libations made with polluted hands, polluted

with

with blood, and with numberleſs unexpiated crimes committed againſt his ſubjects. Ye Gods, who protected our forefathers, ye Genii, who watch for the preſervation and glory of Rome, do you inſpire us with courage and unanimity in this glorious cauſe, and we will to our laſt breath defend your worſhip from all profanation.

LIVY.

CHAP. II.

HANNIBAL TO HIS SOLDIERS.

I KNOW not, ſoldiers, whether you or your priſoners be encompaſſed by fortune with the ſtricter bonds and neceſſities. Two ſeas encloſe you on the right and left;—not a ſhip to flee to for eſcaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone; behind you are the Alps, over which, even when your numbers were undiminiſhed, you were hardly able to force a paſſage. Here then, ſoldiers, you muſt either conquer or die, the very firſt hour you meet the enemy. But the ſame fortune which has thus laid you under the neceſſity of fighting, has ſet before your eyes rewards of victory, the moſt glorious which the immortal Gods can beſtow. Should we by our valour recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were raviſh'd from our fathers, thoſe would be no inconſiderable prizes. Yet, what are theſe? The wealth of Rome, whatever riches ſhe has heaped together in the ſpoils of nations, all theſe, with the maſters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vaſt mountains of Luſitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone.

gone. The time is now come to reap the full recompenſe of your toilſome marches over ſo many mountains and rivers, and through ſo many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place which fortune has appointed to be the limits of your labours; it is here that you will finiſh your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompenſe of your compleated ſervice. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult, as the name of a Roman war is great and ſounding. It has often happened, that a deſpiſed enemy has given a bloody battle, and the moſt renowned kings and nations have by a ſmall force been overthrown. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there, wherein they may ſtand in competition with you? For—to ſay nothing of your ſervice in war for twenty years together with ſo much valour and ſucceſs—from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmoſt bounds of the earth, through ſo many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious?—And with whom are you now to fight? With raw ſoldiers, an undiſciplined army, beaten, vanquiſhed, beſieged by the Gauls the very laſt ſummer, an army unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

OR ſhall I, who was born I might almoſt ſay, but certainly brought up in the tent of my father, that moſt excellent general, ſhall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater yet, of the Alps themſelves, ſhall I compare myſelf with this half-year captain? A captain before whom ſhould one place the two armies without their enſigns, I am perſuaded he would not know to which of them he is conſul? I eſteem it no ſmall advantage, ſoldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye-witneſs of my exploits

in

in war; not one of whoſe valour I myſelf have not been a ſpectator, ſo as to be able to name the times and places of his noble atchievements; that with ſoldiers, whom I have a thouſand times praiſed and rewarded, and whoſe pupil I was before I became their general, I ſhall march againſt an army of men, ſtrangers to one another.

On which ſide ſoever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and ſtrength; a veteran infantry; a moſt gallant cavalry; you, my allies, moſt faithful and valiant; you Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cauſe, but the juſteſt anger impels to battle. The hope, the courage of aſſailants, is always greater than of thoſe who act upon the defenſive. With hoſtile banners diſplayed, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities fire your minds, and ſpur you forward to revenge. —Firſt they demanded me; that I, your general ſhould be delivered up to them; next, all of you, who had fought at the ſiege of Saguntum; and we were to be put to death by the extremeſt tortures. Proud and cruel nation! Every thing muſt be yours, and at your diſpoſal! You are to preſcribe to us with whom we ſhall make war, with whom we ſhall make peace! You are to ſet us bounds; to ſhut us up within hills and rivers: but you—you, are not to obſerve the limits which yourſelves have fixed! Paſs not the Iberus. What next? Touch not the Saguntines; Saguntum is upon the Iberus, move not a ſtep towards that city. Is it a ſmall matter then, that you have deprived us of our ancient poſſeſſions, Sicily and Sardinia; you would have Spain too? Well, we ſhall yield Spain; and then—you will paſs into Africa. Will paſs, did I ſay?—This very year they ordered one of their conſuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, ſoldiers, there is nothing left for us but what we can

vindicate

vindicate with our ſwords. Come on then. Be men. The Romans may with more ſafety be cowards; they have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to flee to, and are ſecure from danger in the road thither; but for you there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again, I ſay, you are conquerors.

LIVY.

CHAP. III.

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

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

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

himſelf equal? Thus, your Patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; ſo that, the acting commander would ſtill be a Plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have myſelf known thoſe, who have been choſen conſuls, begin then to read the hiſtory of their own country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they firſt obtained the employment, and then bethought themſelves of the qualifications neceſſary for the proper diſcharge of it. I ſubmit to your judgment, Romans, on which ſide the advantage lies, when a compariſon is made between Patrician haughtineſs, and Plebeian experience. The very actions which they have only read, I have partly ſeen, and partly myſelf atchieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleaſed to ſlight my mean birth: I deſpiſe their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection againſt me: want of perſonal worth againſt them. But are not all men of the ſame ſpecies? What can make a difference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I ſhall always look upon the braveſt man as the nobleſt man. Suppoſe it were inquired of the fathers of ſuch Patricians as Albinus and Beſtia, whether, if they had their choice, they would deſire ſons of their character, or of mine; what would they anſwer, but that they ſhould wiſh the worthieſt to be their ſons? If the Patricians have reaſon to deſpiſe me, let them likewiſe deſpiſe their anceſtors, whoſe nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours beſtowed upon me? Let them envy likewiſe my labours, my abſtinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country; by which I have acquired them. But thoſe worthleſs men lead ſuch a life of inactivity, as if they deſpiſed any honours you can beſtow; whilſt they aſpire to honours,

nours, as if they had deſerved them by the moſt induſtrious virtue. They arrogate the rewards of activity for their having enjoyed the pleaſures of luxury. Yet none can be more laviſh than they are, in praiſe of their anceſtors. And they imagine they honour themſelves by celebrating their forefathers. Whereas they do the very contrary. For, as much as their anceſtors were diſtinguiſhed for their virtues, ſo much are they diſgraced by their vices. The glory of anceſtors caſts a light, indeed, upon their poſterity: but it only ſerves to ſhew what the deſcendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy, and their worth. I own, I cannot boaſt of the deeds of my forefathers: but I hope I may anſwer the cavils of the Patricians by ſtanding up in defence of what I have myſelf done. Obſerve, now, my countrymen, the injuſtice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themſelves honours on account of the exploits done by their forefathers, whilſt they will not allow me the due praiſe for performing the very ſame ſort of actions in my own perſon. He has no ſtatues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of anceſtors.—What then! Is it matter of more praiſe to diſgrace one's illuſtrious anceſtors, than to become illuſtrious by his own good behaviour? What if I can ſhew no ſtatues of my family? I can ſhew the ſtandards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myſelf taken from the vanquiſhed: I can ſhew the ſcars of thoſe wounds, which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. Theſe are my ſtatues. Theſe are the honours I boaſt of; not left me by inheritance, as theirs; but earned by toil, by abſtinence, by valour, amidſt clouds of duſt, and ſeas of blood; ſcenes of action, where thoſe effeminate Patricians, who endeavour, by indirect means, to depreciate me in your eſteem, have never dared to ſhew their faces.

SALLUST.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

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

IF the king were preſent, Cleon, there would be no need of my anſwering to what you have juſt propoſed. He would himſelf reprove you for endeavouring to draw him into an imitation of foreign abſurdities, and for bringing envy upon him by ſuch unmanly flattery. As he is abſent, I take upon me to tell you in his name, that no praiſe is laſting, but what is rational; and that you do what you can to leſſen his glory, inſtead of adding to it. Heroes have never, among us, been deified, till after their death. And, whatever may be your way of thinking, Cleon, for my part, I wiſh the king may not, for many years to come, obtain that honour. You have mentioned, as precedents of what you propoſe, Hercules, and Bacchus. Do you imagine, Cleon, that they were deified over a cup of wine? And are you and I qualified to make gods? Is the king, our ſovereign, to receive his divinity from you and me, who are his ſubjects? Firſt try your power, whether you can make a king. It is, ſurely, eaſier to make a king, than a god; to give an earthly dominion, than a throne in heaven. I only wiſh, that the gods may have heard, without offence, the arrogant propoſal you have made, of adding one to their number; and that they may ſtill be ſo propitious to us, as to grant the continuance of that ſucceſs to our affairs, with which they have hitherto favoured us. For my part, I am not aſhamed of my country; nor do I approve of our adopting the rites of foreign nations, or learning from them how

we ought to reverence our kings. To receive laws, or rules of conduct, from them, what is it, but to confeſs ourſelves inferior to them?

QUINTUS CURTIUS.

CHAP. V.

THE SCYTHIAN AMBASSADORS TO ALEXANDER.

IF your perſon were as gigantic as your deſires, the world would not contain you. Your right hand would touch the eaſt, and your left the weſt, at the ſame time. You graſp at more than you are equal to. From Europe you reach Aſia: from Aſia you lay hold on Europe. And if you ſhould conquer all mankind, you ſeem diſpoſed to wage war with woods and ſnows, with rivers and wild beaſts, and to attempt to ſubdue nature. But have you conſidered the uſual courſe of things? Have you reflected, that great trees are many years in growing to their height, and are cut down in an hour? It is fooliſh to think of the fruit only, without conſidering the height you have to climb, to come at it. Take care leſt, while you ſtrive to reach the top, you fall to the ground with the branches you have laid hold on. The lion when dead, is devoured by ravens; and ruſt conſumes the hardneſs of iron. There is nothing ſo ſtrong, but it is in danger from what is weak. It will, therefore, be your wiſdom, to take care how you venture beyond your reach. Beſides, what have you to do with the Scythians, or the Scythians with you? We have never invaded Macedon: why ſhould you attack Scythia? We inhabit vaſt deſarts, and pathleſs woods, where we do not want to hear of the name of Alexander. We are not diſpoſed to ſubmit to ſlavery; and

and we have no ambition to tyrannize over any nation. That you may underſtand the genius of the Scythians, we preſent you with a yoke of oxen, an arrow, and a goblet. We uſe theſe reſpectively in our commerce with friends, and with foes. We give to our friends the corn, which we raiſe by the labour of our oxen. With the goblet we join with them in pouring drink-offerings to the gods; and with arrows we attack our enemies. We have conquered thoſe who have attempted to tyrannize over us in our own country, and likewiſe the kings of the Medes and Perſians, when they made unjuſt war upon us; and we have opened to ourſelves a way into Egypt. You pretend to be the puniſher of robbers; and are yourſelf the general robber of mankind. You have taken Lydia: you have ſeized Syria: you are maſter of Perſia: you have ſubdued the Bactrians; and attacked India. All this will not ſatisfy you, unleſs you lay your greedy and inſatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct! You graſp at riches, the poſſeſſion of which only increaſes your avarice. You increaſe your hunger by what ſhould produce ſatiety; ſo that the more you have, the more you deſire. But have you forgot how long the conqueſt of the Bactrians detained you? While you were ſubduing them, the Sogdians revolted. Your victories ſerve no other purpoſe, than to find you employment by producing new wars. For the buſineſs of every conqueſt is twofold—to win, and to preſerve. And though you may be the greateſt of warriors, you muſt expect, that the nations you conquer will endeavour to ſhake off the yoke as faſt as poſſible. For what people chuſes to be under foreign dominion? If you will croſs the Tanais, you may travel over Scythia, and obſerve how extenſive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us, is quite another buſineſs. Your army is loaded

with the cumbrous ſpoils of many nations. You will find the poverty of the Scythians, at one time, too nimble for your purſuit; and, at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us ſurpriſe you in your camp. For the Scythians attack with no leſs vigour than they fly. Why ſhould we put you in mind of the vaſtneſs of the country you will have to conquer? The deſarts of Scythia are commonly talked of in Greece; and all the world knows, that our delight is to dwell at large, and not in towns, or plantations. It will therefore be your wiſdom to keep with ſtrict attention, what you have gained. Catching at more, you may loſe what you have. We have a proverbial ſaying in Scythia, That fortune has no feet, and is furniſhed only with hands, to diſtribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the graſp of thoſe, to whom ſhe has been bountiful. You give yourſelf out to be a god, the ſon of Jupiter Hammon. It ſuits the character of a god, to beſtow favours on mortals, not to deprive them of what they have. But if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus ſhew more wiſdom, than by dwelling on thoſe ſubjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourſelf. You ſee how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conqueſt of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you pleaſe, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Aſia. There is nothing between us and Bactria, but the river Tanais: and our territory extends to Thrace, which, as we have heard, borders on Macedon. If you decline attacking us in a hoſtile manner, you may have our friendſhip. Nations, which have never been at war, are on an equal footing. But it is in vain, that confidence is repoſed in a conquered people. There can be no ſincere friendſhip

friendſhip between the oppreſſors and the oppreſſed. Even in peace, the latter think themſelves entitled to the rights of war againſt the former. We will, if you think good, enter into a treaty with you, according to our manner, which is, not by ſigning, ſealing, and taking the gods to witneſs, as is the Grecian cuſtom, but by doing actual ſervices. The Scythians are not uſed to promiſe, but to perform without promiſing. And they think an appeal to the gods ſuperfluous; for that thoſe, who have no regard for the eſteem of men, will not heſitate to offend the gods, by perjury. You may therefore conſider with yourſelf, whether you had better have a people of ſuch a character, and ſo ſituated as to have it in their power either to ſerve you, or to annoy you, according as you treat them—for allies, or for enemies.

QUINTUS CURTIUS.

CHAP. VI.

GALGACUS THE GENERAL OF THE CALEDONII TO HIS ARMY, TO INCITE THEM TO ACTION AGAINST THE ROMANS.

WHEN I reflect on the cauſes of the war, and the circumſtances of our ſituation, I feel a ſtrong perſuaſion that our united efforts on the preſent day will prove the beginning of univerſal liberty to Britain. For none of us are hitherto debaſed by ſlavery; and we have no proſpect of a ſecure retreat behind us, either by land or ſea, whilſt the Roman fleet hovers around. Thus the uſe of arms, which is at all times honourable to the brave, here offers the only ſafety even to cowards. In all the battles which have yet been fought with various ſucceſs againſt the Romans, the reſources of hope and aid were in our hands; for we, the

nobleſt inhabitants of Britain, and therefore ſtationed in its deepeſt receſſes, far from the view of ſervile ſhores, have preſerved even our eyes unpolluted by the contact of ſubjection. We, at the fartheſt limits both of land and liberty, have been defended to this day by the obſcurity of our ſituation and of our fame. The extremity of Britain is now diſcloſed; and whatever is unknown becomes an object of importance. But there is no nation beyond us; nothing but waves and rocks; and the Romans are before us. The arrogance of theſe invaders it will be in vain to encounter by obſequiouſneſs and ſubmiſſion. Theſe plunderers of the world, after exhauſting the land by their devaſtations, are rifling the ocean: ſtimulated by avarice, if their enemy be rich; by ambition, if poor; unſatiated by the Eaſt and by the Weſt; the only people who behold wealth and indigence with equal avidity. To ravage, to ſlaughter, to uſurp under falſe titles, they call empire; and when they make a deſart, they call it peace.

Our children and relations are by the appointment of nature rendered the deareſt of all things to us. Theſe are torn away by levies to foreign ſervitude. Our wives and ſiſters, though they ſhould eſcape the violation of hoſtile force, are polluted under the names of friendſhip and hoſpitality. Our eſtates and poſſeſſions are conſumed in tributes; our grain in contributions. Even the powers of our bodies are worn down amidſt ſtripes and inſults in clearing woods and draining marſhes. Wretches born to ſlavery are firſt bought, and afterwards fed by their maſters: Britain continually buys, continually feeds her own ſervitude. And as among domeſtic ſlaves, every new comer ſerves for the ſcorn and deriſion of his fellows; ſo, in this ancient houſehold of the world, we, as the laſt and vileſt, are ſought

out

out to deſtruction. For we have neither cultivated lands, nor mines, nor harbours, which can induce them to preſerve us for our labours; and our valour and unſubmitting ſpirit will only render us more obnoxious to our imperious maſters; while the very remoteneſs and ſecrecy of our ſituation, in proportion as it conduces to ſecurity, will tend to inſpire ſuſpicion. Since then all hopes of forgiveneſs are vain, let thoſe at length aſſume courage, to whom glory, to whom ſafety is dear. The Brigantines, even under a female leader, had force enough to burn the enemy's ſettlements, to ſtorm their camps; and, if ſucceſs had not introduced negligence and inactivity, would have been able entirely to throw off the yoke: and ſhall not we, untouched, unſubdued, and ſtruggling not for the acquiſition, but the continuance of liberty, declare at the very firſt onſet what kind of men Caledonia has reſerved for her defence?

CAN you imagine that the Romans are as brave in war as they are inſolent in peace? Acquiring renown from our diſcords and diſſentions, they convert the errors of their enemies to the glory of their own army; an army compounded of the moſt different nations, which, as ſucceſs alone has kept together, misfortune will certainly diſſipate. Unleſs, indeed, you can ſuppoſe that Gauls, and Germans, and (I bluſh to ſay it) even Britons, laviſhing their blood for a foreign ſtate, to which they have been longer foes than ſubjects, will be retained by loyalty and affection! Terror and dread alone, weak bonds of attachment, are the ties by which they are reſtrained; and when theſe are once broken, thoſe who ceaſe to fear will begin to hate. Every incitement to victory is on our ſide. The Romans have no wives to animate them; no parents to upbraid their flight. Moſt of them have either no habitation, or a diſtant one.

Few in number, ignorant of the country, looking around in ſilent horror at the woods, ſeas, and a haven itſelf unknown to them, they are delivered by the gods, as it were impriſoned and bound, into our hands. Be not terrified with an idle ſhew, and the glitter of ſilver and gold, which can neither protect nor wound. In the very ranks of the enemy we ſhall find our own bands. The Britons will acknowledge their own cauſe. The Gauls will recollect their former liberty. The Germans will deſert them, as the Uſipii have lately done. Nor is there any thing formidable behind them: Ungarriſoned forts; colonies of invalids; municipal towns diſtempered and diſtracted between unjuſt maſters, and ill-obeying ſubjects. Here is your general; here your army. There, tributes, mines, and all the train of ſervile puniſhments; which whether to bear eternally, or inſtantly to revenge, this field muſt determine. March then to battle, and think of your anceſtors and your poſterity.

CHAP. VII.

THE EARL OF ARUNDEL'S SPEECH, PROPOSING AN ACCOMMODATION BETWEEN HENRY II. AND STEPHEN.

IN the midſt of a wide and open plain, Henry found Stephen encamped, and pitched his own tents within a quarter of a mile of him, preparing for a battle with all the eagerneſs, that the deſire of empire and glory could excite, in a brave and youthful heart, elate with ſucceſs. Stephen alſo much wiſhed to bring the conteſt between them to a ſpeedy deciſion: but, while he and Euſtace were conſulting with William of Ipres, in whoſe affection they moſt confided, and by whoſe private advice they took all their meaſures,

meaſures, the earl of Arundel, having aſſembled the Engliſh nobility, and principal officers, ſpoke to this effect:

IT is now above ſixteen years, that on a doubtful and diſputed claim to the crown, the rage of civil war has almoſt continually infeſted this kingdom. During this melancholy period, how much blood has been ſhed! What devaſtations and miſery have been brought on the people! The laws have loſt their force, the crown its authority: licentiouſneſs and impunity have ſhaken all the foundations of public ſecurity. This great and noble nation has been delivered a prey to the baſeſt of foreigners, the abominable ſcum of Flanders, Brabant, and Bretagne, robbers rather than ſoldiers, reſtrained by no laws, divine or human, tied to no country, ſubject to no prince, inſtruments of all tyranny, violence, and oppreſſion. At the ſame time, our cruel neighbours, the Welch and the Scotch, calling themſelves allies or auxiliaries to the Empreſs, but in reality enemies and deſtroyers of England, have broken their bounds, ravaged our borders, and taken from us whole provinces, which we never can hope to recover, while, inſtead of employing our united force againſt them, we continue thus madly, without any care of our public ſafety or national honour, to turn our ſwords againſt our own boſoms. What benefits have we gained, to compenſate all theſe loſſes, or what do we expect? When Matilda was miſtreſs of the kingdom, though her power was not yet confirmed, in what manner did ſhe govern? Did ſhe not make even thoſe of her own faction and court regret the king? Was not her pride more intolerable ſtill than his levity, her rapine than his profuſeneſs? Were any years of his reign ſo grievous to the people, ſo offenſive to the nobles, as the firſt days of hers? When ſhe was driven out, did

Stephen

Stephen correct his former bad conduct? Did he diſmiſs his odious foreign favourite? Did he diſcharge his lawleſs foreign hirelings, who had been ſo long the ſcourge and the reproach of England? Have they not lived ever ſince upon free quarter, by plundering our houſes and burning our cities? And now to compleat our miſeries, a new army of foreigners, Angevins, Gaſcons, Poictevins, I know not who, are come over with Henry Plantagenet, the ſon of Matilda: and many more, no doubt, will be called to aſſiſt him, as ſoon as ever his affairs abroad will permit; by whoſe help, if he be victorious, England muſt pay the price of their ſervices: our lands, our honours, muſt be the hire of theſe rapacious invaders. But ſuppoſe we ſhould have the fortune to conquer for Stephen, what will be the conſequence? Will victory teach him moderation? Will he learn from ſecurity that regard to our liberties, which he could not learn from danger? Alas! the only fruit of our good ſucceſs will be this; the eſtates of the earl of Leiceſter and others of our countrymen, who have now quitted the party of the king, will be forfeited; and new confiſcations will accrue to William of Ipres.

BUT let us not hope, that, be our victory ever ſo compleat, it will give any laſting peace to this kingdom. Should Henry fall in this battle, there are two other brothers, to ſucceed to his claim, and ſupport his faction, perhaps with leſs merit, but certainly with as much ambition as he. What ſhall we do then to free ourſelves from all theſe misfortunes? —Let us prefer the intereſt of our country to that of our party, and to all thoſe paſſions, which are apt, in civil diſſenſions, to inflame zeal into madneſs, and render men the blind inſtruments of thoſe very evils, which they fight to avoid. Let us prevent all the crimes and all the horrors

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that attend a war of this kind, in which conqueſt itſelf is full of calamity, and our moſt happy victories deſerve to be celebrated only by tears. Nature herſelf is diſmayed, and ſhrinks back from a combat, where every blow that we ſtrike may murder a friend, a relation, a parent. Let us hearken to her voice, which commands us to refrain from that guilt. Is there one of us here, who would not think it a happy and glorious act, to ſave the life of one of his countrymen? What a felicity then, and what a glory, muſt it be to us all, if we ſave the lives of thouſands of Engliſhmen, that muſt otherwiſe fall in this battle, and in many other battles, which, hereafter, may be fought in this quarrel! It is in our power to do ſo—It is in our power to end the controverſy, both ſafely and honourably; by an amicable agreement; not by the ſword. Stephen may enjoy the royal dignity for his life, and the ſucceſſion may be ſecured to the young duke of Normandy with ſuch a preſent rank in the ſtate, as befits the heir of the crown. Even the bittereſt enemies of the king muſt acknowledge, that he is valiant, generous, and good-natured: his warmeſt friends cannot deny, that he has a great deal of raſhneſs and indiſcretion. Both may therefore conclude, that he ſhould not be deprived of the royal authority, but that he ought to be reſtrained from a further abuſe of it; which can be done by no means, ſo certain and effectual, as what I propoſe: for thus his power will be tempered, by the preſence, the counſels, and influence of Prince Henry; who from his own intereſt in the weal of the kingdom, which he is to inherit, will always have a right to interpoſe his advice, and even his authority, if it be neceſſary, againſt any future violations of our liberties; and to procure an effectual redreſs of our grievances, which we have hitherto ſought in vain. If all the Engliſh in both armies unite, as

I hope

I hope that they may, in this plan of pacification, they will be able to give the law to the foreigners, and oblige both the king and the duke to conſent to it. This will ſecure the public tranquillity, and leave no ſecret ſtings of reſentment, to rankle in the hearts of a ſuffering party, and produce future diſturbances. As there will be no triumph, no inſolence, no excluſive right to favour, on either ſide, there can be no ſhame, no anger, no uneaſy deſire of change. It will be the work of the whole nation; and all muſt wiſh to ſupport what all have eſtabliſhed. The ſons of Stephen indeed may endeavour to oppoſe it: but their efforts will be fruitleſs, and muſt end very ſoon, either in their ſubmiſſion, or their ruin. Nor have they any reaſonable cauſe to complain. Their father himſelf did not come to the crown by hereditary right. He was elected in preference to a woman and an infant, who were deemed not to be capable of ruling a kingdom. By that election our allegiance is bound to him during his life: but neither that bond, nor the reaſon for which we choſe him, will hold, as to the choice of a ſucceſſor. Henry Plantagenet is now grown up to an age of maturity, and every way qualified to ſucceed to the crown. He is the grandſon of a king whoſe memory is dear to us, and the neareſt heir male to him in the courſe of deſcent: he appears to reſemble him in all his good qualities, and to be worthy to reign over the Normans and Engliſh, whoſe nobleſt blood, united, enriches his veins. Normandy has already ſubmitted to him with pleaſure. Why ſhould we now divide that dutchy from England, when it is ſo greatly the intereſt of our nobility to keep them always connected? If we had no other inducement to make us deſire a reconciliation between him and Stephen, this would be ſufficient. Our eſtates in both countries will by that means be ſecured, which otherwiſe

otherwiſe we muſt forfeit, in the one, or the other, while Henry remains poſſeſſed of Normandy: and it will not be an eaſy matter to drive them from thence, even though we ſhould compel him to retire from England. But, by amicably compounding his quarrel with Stephen, we ſhall maintain all our intereſts, private and public. His greatneſs abroad will increaſe the power of this kingdom; it will make us reſpectable and formidable to France: England will be the head of all thoſe ample dominions, which extend from the Britiſh ocean to the Pyrenean mountains. By governing, in his youth, ſo many different ſtates, he will learn to govern us, and come to the crown, after the deceaſe of king Stephen, accompliſhed in all the arts of good policy. His mother has willingly reſigned to him her pretenſions, or rather ſhe acknowledges that his are ſuperior: we therefore can have nothing to apprehend on that ſide. In every view, our peace, our ſafety, the repoſe of our conſciences, the quiet and happineſs of our poſterity will be firmly eſtabliſhed by the means I propoſe. Let Stephen continue to wear the crown that we give him, as long as he lives; but after his death let it deſcend to that prince, who alone can put an end to our unhappy diviſions. If you approve my advice, and will empower me to treat in your names, I will immediately convey your deſires to the king and the duke.

LORD LYTTELTON.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

MR. PULTENEY'S SPEECH ON THE MOTION FOR REDUCING THE ARMY.

SIR,

WE have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year; I have always been, Sir, and always ſhall be againſt a ſtanding army of any kind. To me it is a terrible thing, whether under that of parliamentary or any other deſignation; a ſtanding army is ſtill a ſtanding army, whatever name it be called by: they are a body of men diſtinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws, and blind obedience, and an entire ſubmiſſion to the orders of their commanding officer is their only principle. The nations around us, Sir, are already enſlaved, and have been enſlaved by thoſe very means: by means of their ſtanding armies they have every one loſt their liberties: it is indeed impoſſible that the liberties of the people can be preſerved in any country where a numerous ſtanding army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our meaſures from the examples of our neighbours? No, Sir, on the contrary, from their miſfortunes we ought to learn to avoid thoſe rocks upon which they have ſplit.

IT ſignifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by ſuch gentlemen as cannot be ſuppoſed to join in any meaſures for enſlaving their country. It may be ſo; I hope it is ſo; I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army; I believe they would not join in any ſuch meaſures: but their lives are uncertain, nor can we be ſure how

how long they may be continued in command; they may be all diſmiſſed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Beſides, Sir, we know the paſſions of men, we know how dangerous it is to truſt the beſt of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Cæſar? Where was there ever an army that had ſerved their country more faithfully? That army was commanded generally by the beſt citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country; yet that army enſlaved their country. The affections of the ſoldiers towards their country, the honour and integrity of the under officers, are not to be depended on: by the military law, the adminiſtration of juſtice is ſo quick, and the puniſhments ſo ſevere, that neither officer nor ſoldier dares offer to diſpute the orders of his ſupreme commander; he muſt not conſult his own inclinations: if an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this houſe, he muſt do it; he dares not diſobey; immediate death would be the ſure conſequence of the leaſt grumbling. And if an officer were ſent into the court of requeſts, accompanied by a body of muſketeers with ſcrewed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote, I know what would be the duty of this houſe; I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby: but, Sir, I doubt much if ſuch a ſpirit could be found in the houſe, or in any houſe of Commons that will ever be in England.

SIR, I talk not of imaginary things; I talk of what has happened to an Engliſh houſe of Commons, and from an Engliſh army; not only from an Engliſh army, but an army that was raiſed by that very houſe of Commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded

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by generals appointed by them. Therefore do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raiſed and maintained by authority of Parliament, will always be ſubmiſſive to them: if an army be ſo numerous as to have it in their power to over-awe the Parliament, they will be ſubmiſſive as long as the Parliament does nothing to diſoblige their favourite general; but when that caſe happens, I am afraid that in place of the Parliament's diſmiſſing the army, the army will diſmiſs the Parliament, as they have done heretofore. Nor does the legality or illegality of that Parliament, or of that army, alter the caſe; for with reſpect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the Parliament diſmiſſed by them was a legal Parliament; they were an army raiſed and maintained according to law, and at firſt they were raiſed, as they imagined, for the preſervation of thoſe liberties which they afterwards deſtroyed.

It has been urged, Sir, that whoever is for the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, muſt be for continuing the army: for that very reaſon, Sir, I am againſt continuing the army. I know that neither the Proteſtant ſucceſſion in his Majeſty's moſt illuſtrious houſe, nor any ſucceſſion, can ever be ſafe as long as there is a ſtanding army in the country. Armies, Sir, have no regard to hereditary ſucceſſions. The firſt two Cæſars at Rome did pretty well, and found means to keep their armies in tolerable ſubjection, becauſe the generals and officers were all their own creatures. But how did it fare with their ſucceſſors? Was not every one of them named by the army without any regard to hereditary right, or to any right? A cobler, a gardener, or any man who happened to raiſe himſelf in the army, and could gain their affections, was made emperor of the world. Was not every ſucceeding emperor raiſed to the throne, or tumbled headlong into the duſt,

duſt, according to the mere whim or mad frenzy of the ſoldiers?

WE are told this army is deſired to be continued but for one year longer, or for a limited term of years. How abſurd is this diſtinction? Is there any army in the world continued for any term of years? Does the moſt abſolute monarch tell his army, that he is to continue them for any number of years, or any number of months? How long have we already continued our army from year to year? And if it thus continues, wherein will it differ from the ſtanding armies of thoſe countries which have already ſubmitted their necks to the yoke? We are now come to the Rubicon; our army is now to be reduced, or it never will; from his Majeſty's own mouth we are aſſured of a profound tranquillity abroad, we know there is one at home. If this is not a proper time, if theſe circumſtances do not afford us a ſafe opportunity for reducing at leaſt a part of our regular forces, we never can expect to ſee any reduction; and this nation, already overburdened with debts and taxes, muſt be loaded with the heavy charge of perpetually ſupporting a numerous ſtanding army; and remain for ever expoſed to the danger of having its liberties and privileges trampled upon by any future King or Miniſtry, who ſhall take it in their heads to do ſo, and ſhall take a proper care to model the army for that purpoſe.

CHAP. IX.

SIR JOHN ST. AUBIN'S SPEECH FOR REPEALING THE SEPTENNIAL ACT.

MR. SPEAKER,

THE ſubject matter of this debate is of ſuch importance, that I ſhould be aſhamed to return to my electors, without endeavouring, in the beſt manner I am able, to declare

publicly the reaſons which induced me to give my moſt ready aſſent to this queſtion.

THE people have an unqueſtionable right to frequent new Parliaments by ancient uſage; and this uſage has been confirmed by ſeveral laws, which have been progreſſively made by our anceſtors, as often as they found it neceſſary to inſiſt on this eſſential privilege.

PARLIAMENTS were generally annual, but never continued longer than three years, till the remarkable reign of Henry VIII. He, Sir, was a prince of unruly appetites, and of an arbitrary will; he was impatient of every reſtraint; the laws of God and man fell equally a ſacrifice, as they ſtood in the way of his avarice, or diſappointed his ambition: he therefore introduced long Parliaments, becauſe he very well knew, that they would become the proper inſtruments of both; and what a ſlaviſh obedience they paid to all his meaſures is ſufficiently known.

IF we come to the reign of King Charles the Firſt, we muſt acknowledge him to be a prince of a contrary temper; he had certainly an innate love for religion and virtue. But here lay the misfortune; he was led from his natural diſpoſition by ſycophants and flatterers; they adviſed him to neglect the calling of frequent new Parliaments, and therefore by not taking the conſtant ſenſe of his people in what he did, he was worked up into ſo high a notion of prerogative, that the Commons, in order to reſtrain it, obtained that independent fatal power, which at laſt unhappily brought him to his moſt tragical end, and at the ſame time ſubverted the whole conſtitution. And I hope we ſhall learn this leſſon from it, never to compliment the crown with any new or extravagant powers, nor to deny the people thoſe rights,

which

which by ancient uſage they are entitled to; but to preſerve the juſt and equal balance, from which they will both derive mutual ſecurity, and which, if duly obſerved, will render our conſtitution the envy and admiration of all the world.

KING CHARLES the Second naturally took a ſurfeit of Parliaments in his father's time, and was therefore extremely deſirous to lay them aſide. But this was a ſcheme impracticable. However, in effect, he did ſo: for he obtained a Parliament, which, by its long duration, like an army of veterans, became ſo exactly diſciplined to his own meaſures, that they knew no other command but from that perſon who gave them their pay.

THIS was a ſafe and moſt ingenious way of enſlaving a nation. It was very well known, that arbitrary power, if it was open and avowed, would never prevail here. The people were therefore amuſed with the ſpecious form of their ancient conſtitution: it exiſted, indeed, in their fancy; but, like a mere phantom, had no ſubſtance nor reality in it; for the power, the authority, the dignity of Parliaments were wholly loſt. This was that remarkable Parliament which ſo juſtly obtained the opprobrious name of the PENSION PARLIAMENT; and was the model from which, I believe, ſome later Parliaments have been exactly copied.

AT the time of the Revolution, the people made a freſh claim of their ancient privileges; and as they had ſo lately experienced the misfortune of long and ſervile Parliaments, it was then declared, that they ſhould be held frequently. But, it ſeems, their full meaning was not underſtood by this declaration; and therefore, as in every new ſettlement the intention of all parties ſhould be ſpecifically manifeſted, the Parliament never ceaſed ſtruggling with the Crown, till the triennial law was obtained: the preamble of it is extremely

full and ſtrong; and in the body of the bill you will find the word *declared* before *enacted*, by which I apprehend, that though this law did not immediately take place at the time of the Revolution, it was certainly intended as declaratory of their firſt meaning, and therefore ſtands a part of that original contract under which the conſtitution was then ſettled. His Majeſty's title to the crown, is primarily derived from that contract; and if, upon a review, there ſhall appear to be any deviations from it, we ought to treat them as ſo many injuries done to that title. And I dare ſay, that this houſe, which has gone through ſo long a ſeries of ſervices to his Majeſty, will at laſt be willing to revert to thoſe original ſtated meaſures of government, to renew and ſtrengthen that title.

But, Sir, I think the manner in which the ſeptennial law was firſt introduced, is a very ſtrong reaſon why it ſhould be repealed. People, in their fears, have very often recourſe to deſperate expedients, which, if not cancelled in ſeaſon, will themſelves prove fatal to that conſtitution, which they were meant to ſecure. Such is the nature of the ſeptennial law; it was intended only as a preſervative againſt a temporary inconvenience: the inconvenience is removed, but the miſchievous effects ſtill continue; for it not only altered the conſtitution of Parliaments, but it extended that ſame Parliament beyond its natural duration; and therefore carries this moſt unjuſt implication with it, That you may at any time uſurp the moſt indubitable, the moſt eſſential privilege of the people, I mean that of chuſing their own repreſentatives. A precedent of ſuch a dangerous conſequence, of ſo fatal a tendency, that I think it would be a reproach to our ſtatute-book, if that law was any longer to ſubſiſt, which might record it to poſterity.

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THIS is a ſeaſon of virtue and public ſpirit. Let us take advantage of it to repeal thoſe laws which infringe our liberties, and introduce ſuch as may reſtore the vigour of our ancient conſtitution.

HUMAN nature is ſo very corrupt, that all obligations loſe their force, unleſs they are frequently renewed. Long Parliaments become therefore independent of the people, and when they do ſo, there always happens a moſt dangerous dependence elſewhere.

LONG Parliaments give the miniſter an opportunity of getting acquaintance with members, of practiſing his ſeveral arts to win them into his ſchemes. This muſt be the work of time. Corruption is of ſo baſe a nature, that at firſt ſight it is extremely ſhocking; hardly any one has ſubmitted to it all at once; his diſpoſition muſt be previouſly underſtood, the particular bait muſt be found out with which he is to be allured, and after all, it is not without many ſtruggles that he ſurrenders his virtue. Indeed, there are ſome, who will at once plunge themſelves into any baſe action; but the generality of mankind are of a more cautious nature, and will proceed only by leiſurely degrees. One or two perhaps have deſerted their colours the firſt campaign, ſome have done it a ſecond; but a great many, who have not that eager diſpoſition to vice, will wait till a third.

FOR this reaſon, ſhort Parliaments have been leſs corrupt than long ones; they are obſerved, like ſtreams of water, always to grow more impure the greater diſtance they run from the fountain-head.

I AM aware it may be ſaid, that frequent new Parliaments will produce frequent new expences; but I think quite the contrary; I am really of opinion, that it will be a

proper remedy againſt the evil of bribery at elections, eſpecially as you have provided ſo wholeſome a law to cooperate upon theſe occaſions.

Bribery at elections, whence did it ariſe? Not from country gentlemen, for they are ſure of being choſen without it; it was, Sir, the invention of wicked and corrupt miniſters, who have, from time to time, led weak princes into ſuch deſtructive meaſures, that they did not dare to rely upon the natural repreſentation of the people. Long Parliaments, Sir, firſt introduced bribery, becauſe they were worth purchaſing at any rate. Country gentlemen, who have only their private fortunes to rely upon, and have no mercenary ends to ſerve, are unable to oppoſe it, eſpecially if at any time the public treaſure ſhall be unfaithfully ſquandered away to corrupt their boroughs. Country gentlemen, indeed, may make ſome weak efforts; but as they generally prove unſucceſsful, and the time of a freſh ſtruggle is at ſo great a diſtance, they at laſt grow faint in the diſpute, give up their country for loſt, and retire in deſpair. Deſpair naturally produces indolence, and that is the proper diſpoſition for ſlavery. Miniſters of ſtate underſtand this very well, and are therefore unwilling to awaken the nation out of its lethargy, by frequent elections. They know that the ſpirit of liberty, like every other virtue of the mind, is to be kept alive only by conſtant action; that it is impoſſible to enſlave this nation, while it is perpetually upon its guard.—— Let country gentlemen then, by having frequent opportunities of exerting themſelves, be kept warm and active in their contention for the public good: this will raiſe that zeal and ſpirit, which will at laſt get the better of thoſe undue influences, by which the officers of the crown, though unknown to the ſeveral boroughs, have been

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able to ſupplant country gentlemen of great characters and fortune, who live in their neighbourhood.——I do not ſay this upon idle ſpeculation only. I live in a country where it is too well known, and I appeal to many gentlemen in the houſe, to more out of it (and who are ſo for this very reaſon) for the truth of my aſſertion. Sir, it is a ſore, which has been long eating into the moſt vital part of our conſtitution, and I hope the time will come when you will probe it to the bottom. For if a miniſter ſhould ever gain a corrupt familiarity with our boroughs, if he ſhould keep a regiſter of them in his cloſet, and, by ſending down his treaſury-mandates, ſhould procure a ſpurious repreſentative of the people, the offspring of his corruption, who will be at all times ready to reconcile and juſtify the moſt contradictory meaſures of his adminiſtration, and even to vote every crude indigeſted dream of their patron into a law; if the maintenance of his power ſhould become the ſole object of their attention, and they ſhould be guilty of the moſt violent breach of Parliamentary truſt, by giving the King a diſcretionary liberty of taxing the people without limitation or controul; the laſt fatal compliment they can pay to the crown:——if this ſhould ever be the unhappy condition of this nation, the people indeed may complain; but the doors of that place where their complaints ſhould be heard, will for ever be ſhut againſt them.

OUR diſeaſe, I fear, is of a complicated nature, and I think that this motion is wiſely intended to remove the firſt and principal diſorder. Give the people their ancient right of frequent new elections; that will reſtore the decayed authority of parliaments, and will put our conſtitution into a natural condition of working out her own cure.

SIR, upon the whole, I am of opinion, that I cannot expreſs a greater zeal for his Majeſty, for the liberties of the people, or the honour and dignity of this houſe, than by ſeconding the motion which the honourable gentleman has made you.

CHAP. X.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE'S REPLY.

MR. CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER,

THOUGH the queſtion has been already ſo fully oppoſed, that there is no great occaſion to ſay any thing farther againſt it, yet, I hope, the houſe will indulge me the liberty of giving ſome of thoſe reaſons, which induce me to be againſt the motion. In general I muſt take notice, that the nature of our conſtitution ſeems to be very much miſtaken by the gentlemen who have ſpoken in favour of this motion. It is certain, that ours is a mixt government, and the perfection of our conſtitution conſiſts in this, that the monarchical, ariſtocratical, and democratical form of government, are mixt and interwoven in ours, ſo as to give us all the advantages of each, without ſubjecting us to the dangers and inconveniences of either. The democratical form of government, which is the only one I have now occaſion to take notice of, is liable to theſe inconveniences; — that they are generally too tedious in their coming to any reſolution, and ſeldom briſk and expeditious enough in carrying their reſolutions into execution: that they are always wavering in their reſolutions, and never ſteady in any of the meaſures they reſolve to purſue; and that they are often involved in factions, ſeditions and inſurrections, which expoſes them to be made the tools, if not the prey of their neighbours: therefore

fore in all the regulations we make, with reſpect to our conſtitution, we are to guard againſt running too much into that form of government which is properly called democratical: this was, in my opinion, the effect of the triennial law, and will again be the effect, if ever it ſhould be reſtored.

THAT triennial elections would make our government too tedious in all their reſolves, is evident; becauſe, in ſuch caſe, no prudent adminiſtration would ever reſolve upon any meaſure of conſequence, till they had felt not only the pulſe of the parliament, but the pulſe of the people; and the miniſters of ſtate would always labour under this diſadvantage, that, as ſecrets of ſtate muſt not be immediately divulged, their enemies (and enemies they will always have) would have a handle for expoſing their meaſures, and rendering them diſagreeable to the people, and thereby carrying perhaps a new election againſt them, before they could have an opportunity of juſtifying their meaſures, by divulging thoſe facts and circumſtances, from whence the juſtice and the wiſdom of their meaſures would clearly appear.

THEN, Sir, it is by experience well known, that what is called the populace of every country, are apt to be too much elated with ſucceſs, and too much dejected with every misfortune; this makes them wavering in their opinions about affairs of ſtate, and never long of the ſame mind; and as this houſe is choſen by the free and unbiaſſed voice of the people in general, if this choice were ſo often renewed, we might expect, that this houſe would be as wavering, and as unſteady as the people uſually are; and it being impoſſible to carry on the public affairs of the nation, without the concurrence of this houſe, the miniſters would always be obliged to comply, and conſequently, would be obliged to change their meaſures, as often as the people changed their minds.

WITH

With ſeptennial Parliaments, Sir, we are not expoſed to either of theſe misfortunes, becauſe, if the miniſters, after having felt the pulſe of the parliament, which they can always ſoon do, reſolve upon any meaſures, they have generally time enough before the new elections come on, to give the people a proper information, in order to ſhew them the juſtice and the wiſdom of the meaſures they have purſued; and if the people ſhould at any time be too much elated, or too much dejected, or ſhould without a cauſe change their minds, thoſe at the helm of affairs have time to ſet them right before a new election comes on.

As to faction and ſedition, Sir, I will grant, that in monarchical and ariſtocratical governments, it generally ariſes from violence and oppreſſion; but in democratical governments, it always ariſes from the people's having too great a ſhare in the government. For in all countries, and in all governments, there always will be many factious and unquiet ſpirits, who can never be at reſt either in power or out of power: when in power, they are never eaſy, unleſs every man ſubmits entirely to their direction; and when out of power, they are always working and intriguing againſt thoſe that are in, without any regard to juſtice, or to the intereſt of their country. In popular governments ſuch men have too much game, they have too many opportunities for working upon and corrupting the minds of the people, in order to give them a bad impreſſion of, and to raiſe diſcontents againſt, thoſe that have the management of the public affairs for the time; and theſe diſcontents often break out into ſeditions and inſurrections. This, Sir, would in my opinion be our misfortune, if our Parliaments were either annual or triennial: by ſuch frequent elections, there would be ſo much power thrown into the hands of the people, as would deſtroy

that

that equal mixture, which is the beauty of our conſtitution: in ſhort, our government would really become a democratical government, and might from thence very probably diverge into a tyrannical. Therefore, in order to preſerve our conſtitution, in order to prevent our falling under tyranny and arbitrary power, we ought to preſerve that law, which I really think has brought our conſtitution to a more equal mixture, and conſequently to a greater perfection, than it was ever in before that law took place.

As to bribery and corruption, Sir, if it were poſſible to influence, by ſuch baſe means, the majority of the electors of Great Britain, to chuſe ſuch men as would probably give up their liberties; if it were poſſible to influence by ſuch means, a majority of the members of this houſe, to conſent to the eſtabliſhment of arbitrary power, I would readily allow, that the calculations made by the gentlemen of the other ſide were juſt, and their inference true; but I am perſuaded that neither of theſe is poſſible. As the members of this houſe generally are, and muſt always be gentlemen of fortune and figure in their country; is it poſſible to ſuppoſe, that any of them could, by a penſion, or a poſt, be influenced to conſent to the overthrow of our conſtitution; by which the enjoyment, not only of what he got, but of what he before had, would be rendered altogether precarious? I will allow, Sir, that with reſpect to bribery, the price muſt be higher or lower, generally in proportion to the virtue of the man who is to be bribed; but it muſt likewiſe be granted, that the humour he happens to be in at the time, the ſpirit he happens to be endowed with, adds a great deal to his virtue. When no encroachments are made upon the rights of the people, when the people do not think themſelves in any danger, there may be many of the electors, who by a bribe

of

of ten guineas, might be induced to vote for one candidate rather than another; but if the court were making any encroachments upon the rights of the people, a proper ſpirit would, without doubt, ariſe in the nation; and in ſuch a caſe, I am perſuaded, that none, or very few, even of ſuch electors, could be induced to vote for a court candidate, no, not for ten times the ſum.

THERE may, Sir, be ſome bribery and corruption in the nation; I am afraid there will always be ſome: but it is no proof of it, that ſtrangers are ſometimes choſen; for a gentleman may have ſo much natural influence over a borough in his neighbourhood, as to be able to prevail with them to chuſe any perſon he pleaſes to recommend; and if upon ſuch recommendation they chuſe one or two of his friends, who are perhaps ſtrangers to them, it is not from thence to be inferred that the two ſtrangers were choſen their repreſentatives by the means of bribery and corruption.

To inſinuate, Sir, that money may be iſſued from the public treaſury for bribing elections, is really ſomething very extraordinary, eſpecially in thoſe gentlemen who know how many checks are upon every ſhilling that can be iſſued from thence; and how regularly the money granted in one year for the public ſervice of the nation, muſt always be accounted for, the very next ſeſſion, in this houſe, and likewiſe in the other, if they have a mind to call for any ſuch account. And as to the gentlemen in offices, if they have any advantage over country gentlemen, in having ſomething elſe to depend on beſides their own private fortunes, they have likewiſe many diſadvantages: they are obliged to live here at London with their families, by which they are put to a much greater expence, than gentlemen of equal fortunes who live in the country: this lays them under a very great diſadvantage,

diſadvantage, with reſpect to the ſupporting their intereſt in the country. The country gentleman, by living among the electors, and purchaſing the neceſſaries for his family from them, keeps up an acquaintance and correſpondence with them, without putting himſelf to any extraordinary charge; whereas a gentleman who lives in London, has no other way of keeping up an acquaintance or correſpondence among his friends in the country, but by going down once or twice a year at a very extraordinary charge, and often without any other buſineſs: ſo that we may conclude, a gentleman in office cannot, even in ſeven years, ſave much for diſtributing in ready money, at the time of an election; and I really believe, if the fact were narrowly inquired into, it would appear, that the gentlemen in office are as little guilty of bribing their electors with ready money, as any other ſet of gentlemen in the kingdom.

THAT there are ferments often raiſing among the people without any juſt cauſe, is what I am ſurpriſed to hear controverted, ſince very late experience may convince us of the contrary. Do not we know what a ferment was raiſed in the nation, towards the latter end of the late Queen's reign? And it is well known, what a fatal change in the affairs of this nation was introduced, or at leaſt confirmed, by an election's coming on while the nation was in that ferment. Do not we know what a ferment was raiſed in the nation, ſoon after his late Majeſty's acceſſion? And if an election had then been allowed to come on, while the nation was in that ferment, it might perhaps have had as fatal effects as the former; but, thank God, this was wiſely provided againſt by the very law which is now wanted to be repealed.

As ſuch ferments may hereafter often happen, I muſt think that frequent elections will always be dangerous; for which

which reaſon, as far as I can ſee at preſent, I ſhall, I believe, at all times, think it a very dangerous experiment to repeal the ſeptennial bill.

CHAP. XI.

LORD LYTTELTON'S SPEECH ON THE REPEAL OF THE ACT CALLED THE JEW BILL, IN THE YEAR 1753.

MR. SPEAKER,

I SEE no occaſion to enter at preſent into the merits of the bill we paſt the laſt ſeſſion for the naturalization of Jews; becauſe I am convinced, that in the preſent temper of the nation, not a ſingle foreign Jew will think it expedient to take the benefit of that act; and therefore, the repealing of it is giving up nothing. I aſſented to it laſt year, in hopes it might induce ſome wealthy Jews to come and ſettle among us: in that light I ſaw enough of utility in it, to make me incline rather to approve than diſlike it; but, that any man alive could be zealous, either for or againſt it, I confeſs I had no idea. What affects our religion, is indeed of the higheſt and moſt ſerious importance. God forbid we ſhould be ever indifferent about that! But, I thought this had no more to do with religion, than any turnpike act we paſt in that ſeſſion; and, after all the divinity that has been preached on the ſubject, I think ſo ſtill.

RESOLUTION and ſteadineſs are excellent qualities; but, it is the application of them upon which their value depends. A wiſe government, Mr. Speaker, will know where to yield, as well as where to reſiſt: and, there is no ſurer mark of littleneſs of mind in an adminiſtration, than obſtinacy in trifles.

trifles. Public wiſdom on ſome occaſions muſt condeſcend to give way to popular folly, eſpecially in a free country, where the humour of the people muſt be conſidered as attentively, as the humour of a king in an abſolute monarchy. Under both forms of government, a prudent and honeſt miniſtry will indulge a ſmall folly, and will reſiſt a great one. Not to vouchſafe now and then a kind indulgence to the former, would diſcover an ignorance in human nature: not to reſiſt the latter at all times, would be meanneſs and ſervility.

SIR, I look on the bill we are at preſent debating, not as a ſacrifice made to popularity (for it ſacrifices nothing) but as a prudent regard to ſome conſequences ariſing from the nature of the clamour raiſed againſt the late act for naturalizing Jews, which ſeem to require a particular conſideration.

IT has been hitherto the rare and envied felicity of his Majeſty's reign, that his ſubjects have enjoyed ſuch a ſettled tranquillity, ſuch a freedom from angry religious diſputes, as is not to be paralleled in any former times. The true Chriſtian ſpirit of moderation, of charity, of univerſal benevolence, has prevailed in the people, has prevailed in the clergy of all ranks and degrees, inſtead of thoſe narrow principles, thoſe bigoted prejudices, that furious, that implacable, that ignorant zeal, which had often done ſo much hurt both to the church and the ſtate. But from the ill-underſtood, inſignificant act of parliament you are now moved to repeal, occaſion has been taken to deprive us of this ineſtimable advantage. It is a pretence to diſturb the peace of the church, to infuſe idle fears into the minds of the people, and make religion itſelf an engine of ſedition. It behoves the piety, as well as the wiſdom of parliament, to diſappoint

diſappoint thoſe endeavours. Sir, the very worſt miſchief that can be done to religion, is to pervert it to the purpoſes of faction. Heaven and hell are not more diſtant, than the benevolent ſpirit of the Goſpel, and the malignant ſpirit of party. The moſt impious wars ever made were thoſe called holy wars. He, who hates another man for not being a Chriſtian, is himſelf not a Chriſtian. Chriſtianity, Sir, breathes love, and peace, and good-will to man. A temper conformable to the dictates of that holy religion has lately diſtinguiſhed this nation; and a glorious diſtinction it was! But there is latent, at all times, in the minds of the vulgar, a ſpark of enthuſiaſm; which, if blown by the breath of a party, may, even when it ſeems quite extinguiſhed, be ſuddenly revived and raiſed to a flame. The act of laſt ſeſſion for naturalizing Jews, has very unexpectedly adminiſtered fuel to feed that flame. To what a height it may riſe, if it ſhould continue much longer, one cannot eaſily tell; but, take away the fuel, and it will die of itſelf.

It is the misfortune of all the Roman Catholic countries, that there the church and the ſtate, the civil power and the hierarchy, have ſeparate intereſts; and are continually at variance one with the other. It is our happineſs, that here they form but one ſyſtem. While this harmony laſts, whatever hurts the church, hurts the ſtate: whatever weakens the credit of the governors of the church, takes away from the civil power a part of its ſtrength, and ſhakes the whole conſtitution.

Sir, I truſt and believe, that, by ſpeedily paſſing this bill, we ſhall ſilence that obloquy, which has ſo unjuſtly been caſt upon our reverend prelates (ſome of the moſt reſpectable that ever adorned our church) for the part they took in the act which this repeals. And it greatly concerns the whole community,

community, that they ſhould not loſe that reſpect, which is ſo juſtly due to them, by a popular clamour kept up in oppoſition to a meaſure of no importance in itſelf. But if the departing from that meaſure ſhould not remove the prejudice ſo maliciouſly raiſed, I am certain that no further ſtep you can take will be able to remove it; and therefore, I hope you will ſtop here. This appears to be a reaſonable and ſafe condeſcenſion, by which no body will be hurt; but all beyond this, would be dangerous weakneſs in government. It might open a door to the wildeſt enthuſiaſm, and to the moſt miſchievous attacks of political diſaffection working upon that enthuſiaſm. If you encourage and authoriſe it to fall on the ſynagogue, it will go from thence to the meeting-houſe, and in the end to the palace. But let us be careful to check its further progreſs. The more zealous we are to ſupport Chriſtianity, the more vigilant ſhould we be in maintaining toleration. If we bring back perſecution, we bring back the Anti-chriſtian ſpirit of popery; and when the ſpirit is here, the whole ſyſtem will ſoon follow. Toleration is the baſis of all public quiet. It is a character of freedom given to the mind, more valuable, I think, than that which ſecures our perſons and eſtates. Indeed, they are inſeparably connected together: for, where the mind is not free, where the conſcience is enthralled, there is no freedom. Spiritual tyranny puts on the galling chains; but civil tyranny is called in, to rivet and fix them. We ſee it in Spain, and many other countries; we have formerly both ſeen and felt it in England. By the bleſſings of God, we are now delivered from all kinds of oppreſſion. Let us take care, that they may never return.

CHAP. XII.

In PRAISE of VIRTUE.

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

our

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

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

PRICE.

CHAP. XIII.

THE SPEECH OF BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cauſe; and be ſilent, that you may hear. Believe me for mine honour, and have reſpect to mine honour, that you may believe. Cenſure me in your wiſdom, and awake your ſenſes, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this aſſembly, any dear friend of Cæſar's, to him I ſay, that

Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar? this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who's here so base, that would be a bond-man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. —— I pause for a reply ——

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

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Shakespear.

CHAP. XIV.

GLOCESTER's SPEECH to the NOBLES.

BRAVE Peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphry must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.

What!

What! did my brother Henry ſpend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people in the wars,
Did he ſo often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and ſummer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourſelves, Somerſet, Buckingham,
Brave York, and Saliſbury, victorious Warwick,
Receiv'd deep ſcars in France and Normandy?
Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myſelf,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied ſo long, ſat in the council-houſe,
Early and late, debating to and fro,
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe?
And was his Highneſs in his infancy
Crowned in Paris, in deſpight of foes?
And ſhall theſe labours and theſe honours die?
Shall Henry's conqueſt, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counſel, die?
O Peers of England! ſhameful is this league,
Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
Blotting your names from books of memory;
Razing the characters of your renown,
Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,
Undoing all, as all had never been.

SHAKESPEAR.

BOOK VI.

DIALOGUES.

CHAP. I.

ON HAPPINESS.

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

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

So true is it, that our ſentiments ever vary with the ſeaſon; and that in adverſity we are of one mind, in proſperity, of another. As for his mean opinion, ſaid I, of human happineſs, it is a truth, which ſmall reflection might have taught him long before. There ſeems little need of diſtreſs to inform us of this. I rather commend the ſeeming wiſdom of that eaſtern monarch, who in the affluence of proſperity, when he was proving every pleaſure, was yet ſo ſenſible of their emptineſs,

neſs, their inſufficiency to make him happy, that he proclaimed a reward to the man, who ſhould invent a new delight. The reward indeed was proclaimed, but the delight was not to be found. If by delight, ſaid he, you mean ſome good; ſomething conducing to real happineſs; it might have been found perhaps, and yet not hit the monarch's fancy. Is that, ſaid I, poſſible? It is poſſible, replied he, though it had been the ſovereign good itſelf. And indeed what wonder? Is it probable, that ſuch a mortal as an eaſtern monarch—ſuch a pampered, flattered, idle mortal, ſhould have attention, or capacity for a ſubject ſo delicate? A ſubject, enough to exerciſe the ſubtleſt and moſt acute?

WHAT then is it you eſteem, ſaid I, the ſovereign good to be? It ſhould ſeem, by your repreſentation, to be ſomething very uncommon. Aſk me not the queſtion, ſaid he, you know not where it will carry us. Its general idea indeed is eaſy and plain; but the detail of particulars is perplexed and long; paſſions, and opinions for ever thwart us; a paradox appears in almoſt every advance. Beſides, did our inquiries ſucceed ever ſo happily, the very ſubject itſelf is always enough to give me pain. That, replied I, ſeems a paradox indeed. It is not, ſaid he, from any prejudice, which I have conceived againſt it; for to man I eſteem it the nobleſt in the world. Nor is it for being a ſubject, to which my genius does not lead me; for no ſubject has at all times more employed my attention. But the truth is, I can ſcarce ever think of it, but an unlucky ſtory ſtill occurs to my mind. "A certain ſtar-gazer, with his teleſcope, was "once viewing the moon; and deſcribing her ſeas, her moun-"tains, and her territories. Says a clown to his companion, "Let him ſpy what he pleaſes; we are as near to the "moon, as he and all his brethren." So fares it, alas!

with theſe our moral ſpeculations. Practice too often creeps, where theory can ſoar. The philoſopher proves as weak, as thoſe whom he moſt contemns. A mortifying thought to ſuch as well attend it. Too mortifying, replied I, to be long dwelt on. Give us rather your general idea of the Sovereign Good. This is eaſy from your own account, however intricate the detail.

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

He anſwered me by aſking, what if it ſhould appear, that there were certain original characteriſtics and preconceptions of good, which were natural, uniform and common to all men; which all recognized in their various purſuits; and that the difference lay only in the applying them to particulars?

ticulars? This requires, ſaid I, to be illuſtrated. As if, continued he, a company of travellers, in ſome wide foreſt, were all intending for one city, but each by a rout peculiar to himſelf. The roads indeed would be various, and many perhaps falſe; but all who travelled, would have one end in view. It is evident, ſaid I, they would. So fares it then, added he, with mankind in the purſuit of good. The ways indeed are many, but what they ſeek is one.

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

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

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

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

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

depend

depend on their caprice for all that we enjoy? It is true, ſaid I, this ſeems a reaſon.

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

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

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

THERE

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

Harris.

CHAP. II.

The same subject.

Brutus periſhed untimely, and Cæſar did no more—Theſe words I was repeating the next day to myſelf, when my friend appeared, and cheerfully bade me good-morrow. I could not return his compliment with an equal gaiety, being intent, ſomewhat more than uſual, on what had paſſed the day before. Seeing this, he propoſed a walk into the fields. The face of nature, ſaid he, will perhaps diſpel theſe glooms. No aſſiſtance, on my part, ſhall be wanting, you may be aſſured. I accepted his propoſal; the walk began; and our former converſation inſenſibly renewed.

Brutus, ſaid he, periſhed untimely, and Cæſar did no more.—It was thus, as I remember, not long ſince you were expreſſing yourſelf. And yet, ſuppoſe their fortunes to have been exactly parallel; which would you have preferred? Would you have been Cæſar, or Brutus? Brutus, replied I, beyond all controverſy. He aſked me, Why? Where was the difference, when their fortunes, as we now ſuppoſed them, were conſidered as the ſame? There ſeems, ſaid I, abſtract from their fortunes, ſomething, I know not what,

what, intrinſically preferable in the life and character of Brutus. If that, ſaid he, be true, then muſt we derive it, not from the ſucceſs of his endeavours, but from their truth and rectitude. He had the comfort to be conſcious, that his cauſe was a juſt one. It was impoſſible the other ſhould have any ſuch feeling. I believe, ſaid I, you have explained it.

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

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

BUT

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

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

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

All

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

THUS then, continued he—The end in other arts is ever diſtant and removed. It conſiſts not in the mere conduct, much leſs in a ſingle energy; but is the juſt reſult of many energies, each of which are eſſential to it. Hence, by obſtacles unavoidable, it may often be retarded: nay more, may be ſo embarraſſed, as never poſſibly to be attained. But in the moral art of life, the very conduct is the End; the very conduct, I ſay, itſelf, throughout every its minuteſt energy; becauſe each of theſe, however minute, partake as truly of rectitude, as the largeſt combination of them, when conſidered collectively. Hence, of all arts this is the only one perpetually compleat in every inſtant, becauſe it needs not, like other arts, time to arrive at that perfection, at which in every inſtant it is arrived already. Hence by duration it is not rendered either more or leſs perfect; completion, like truth, admitting of no degrees, and being in no ſenſe capable of either intention or remiſſion. And hence too by neceſſary connection (which is a greater paradox than all) even that Happineſs of Sovereign Good, the end of this moral

moral art, is itſelf too, in every inſtant, conſummate and complete; is neither heightened nor diminiſhed by the quantity of its duration, but is the ſame to its enjoyers, for a moment, or a century.

Upon this I ſmiled. He aſked me the reaſon. It is only to obſerve, ſaid I, the courſe of our inquiries. A new hypotheſis has been advanced: appearing ſomewhat ſtrange, it is deſired to be explained. You comply with the requeſt, and in purſuit of the explanation, make it ten times more obſcure and unintelligible, than before. It is but too often the fate, ſaid he, of us commentators. But you known in ſuch caſes what is uſually done. When the comment will not explain the text, we try whether the text will not explain itſelf. This method, it is poſſible, may aſſiſt us here. The hypotheſis, which we would have illuſtrated, was no more than this: That the Sovereign Good lay in rectitude of Conduct; and that this Good correſponded to all our pre-conceptions. Let us examine then, whether, upon trial, this correſpondence will appear to hold; and, for all that we have advanced ſince, ſuffer it to paſs, and not perplex us. Agreed, ſaid I, willingly, for now I hope to comprehend you.

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

And

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

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

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

HARRIS.

CHAP. III.

ON CRITICISM.

—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 look'd 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, &c. my lord, in my pocket.—Excellent critic!

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

——And did you ſtep in, to take a look at the grand picture in your way back?—'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 Dominicino——the correggieſcity of Corregio——the learning of Pouſſin——the airs of Guido——the taſte of the Carracci's——or the grand contour of Angelo.

Grant me patience, juſt Heaven!—Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—though the cant of hypocrites may be the worſt—the cant of criticiſm is the moſt tormenting!

I would

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

STERNE.

CHAP. IV.

ON NEGROES.

WHEN Tom, an' pleaſe your honour, got to the ſhop, there was nobody in it, but a poor negro girl, with a bunch of white feathers ſlightly tied to the end of a long cane, flapping away flies — not killing them. —— 'Tis a pretty picture! ſaid my uncle Toby — ſhe had ſuffered perſecution, Trim, and had learnt mercy ——

—— SHE was good, an' pleaſe your honour, from nature as well as from hardſhips; and there are circumſtances in the ſtory of that poor friendleſs ſlut that would melt a heart of ſtone, ſaid Trim; and ſome diſmal winter's evening, when your honour is in the humour, they ſhall be told you with the reſt of Trim's ſtory, for it makes a part of it ——

THEN do not forget, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.

A NEGRO has a ſoul? an' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal (doubtingly).

I AM not much verſed, corporal, quoth my uncle Toby, in things of that kind; but I ſuppoſe, God would not leave him without one, any more than thee or me ——

—— IT would be putting one ſadly over the head of another, quoth the corporal.

IT would ſo; ſaid my uncle Toby. Why then, an' pleaſe your honour, is a black wench to be uſed worſe than a white one?

I can give no reaſon, ſaid my uncle Toby ———

—— Only, cried the corporal, ſhaking his head, becauſe ſhe has no one to ſtand up for her ———

—— 'Tis that very thing, Trim, quoth my uncle Toby, which recommends her to protection, and her brethren with her; —— 'tis the fortune of war which has put the whip into our hands now —— where it may be hereafter, Heaven knows! — but be it where it will, the brave, Trim, will not uſe it unkindly.

—— God forbid, ſaid the corporal.

Amen, reſponded my uncle Toby, laying his hand upon his heart.

Sterne.

CHAP. V.

RIVERS and Sir HARRY.

Sir Har. COLONEL, your moſt obedient: I am come upon the old buſineſs; for unleſs I am allowed to entertain hopes of Miſs Rivers, I ſhall be the moſt miſerable of all human beings.

Riv. Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you perſonally, I cannot liſten to your propoſals.

Sir Har. No, Sir?

Riv. No, Sir, I have promiſed my daughter to Mr. Sidney; do you know that, Sir?

Sir Har. I do; but what then! Engagements of this kind, you know —

Riv. So then, you do know I have promiſed her to Mr. Sidney?

Sir Har. I do; but I alſo know that matters are not finally ſettled between Mr. Sidney and you, and I moreover know,

know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine, therefore —

RIV. Sir Harry, let me aſk you one queſtion before you make your conſequence.

SIR HAR. A thouſand if you pleaſe, Sir.

RIV. Why then, Sir, let me aſk you, what you have ever obſerved in me or my conduct, that you deſire me ſo familiarly to break my word? I thought, Sir, you conſidered me as a man of honour.

SIR HAR. And ſo I do, Sir, a man of the niceſt honour.

RIV. And yet, Sir, you aſk me to violate the ſanctity of my word; and tell me directly, that it is my intereſt to be a raſcal. —

SIR HAR. I really don't underſtand you, Colonel: I thought when I was talking to you, I was talking to a man who knew the world; and as you have not yet ſigned —

RIV. Why, this is mending matters with a witneſs! And ſo you think, becauſe I am not legally bound, I am under no neceſſity of keeping my word! Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honour; they want no bond but the rectitude of their own ſentiments; and laws are of no uſe but to bind the villains of ſociety.

SIR HAR. Well! but my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, ſhew ſome little regard for your daughter.

RIV. I ſhew the greateſt regard for my daughter by giving her to a man of honour; and I muſt not be inſulted with any farther repetition of your propoſals.

SIR HAR. Inſult you, Colonel! Is the offer of my alliance an inſult? Is my readineſs to make what ſettlements you think proper —

Riv. Sir Harry, I ſhould conſider the offer of a kingdom an inſult, if it was to be purchaſed by the violation of my word: Beſides, though my daughter ſhall never go a beggar to the arms of her huſband, I would rather ſee her happy than rich; and if ſhe has enough to provide handſomely for a young family, and ſomething to ſpare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I ſhall think her as affluent as if ſhe was miſtreſs of Mexico.

Sir Har. Well, Colonel, I have done; but I believe—

Riv. Well, Sir Harry, and as our conference is done, we will, if you pleaſe, retire to the ladies: I ſhall be always glad of your acquaintance, though I cannot receive you as a ſon-in-law; for an union of intereſt I look upon as an union of diſhonour, and conſider a marriage for money, at beſt, but a legal proſtitution.

False Delicacy.

CHAP. VI.

Sir JOHN MELVIL and STERLING.

Sterl. WHAT are your commands with me, Sir John?

Sir John. After having carried the negociation between our families to ſo great a length, after having aſſented ſo readily to all your propoſals, as well as received ſo many inſtances of your cheerful compliance with the demands made on our part, I am extremely concerned, Mr. Sterling, to be the involuntary cauſe of any uneaſineſs.

Sterl. Uneaſineſs! what uneaſineſs? Where buſineſs is tranſacted as it ought to be, and the parties underſtand one another, there can be no uneaſineſs. You agree, on ſuch and ſuch conditions, to receive my daughter for a wife; on the ſame conditions I agree to receive you as a ſon-in-law; and as

as to all the reſt, it follows of courſe, you know, as regularly as the payment of a bill after acceptance.

SIR JOHN. Pardon me, Sir; more uneaſineſs has ariſen than you are aware of. I am myſelf, at this inſtant, in a ſtate of inexpreſſible embarraſſment; Miſs Sterling, I know, is extremely diſconcerted too; and unleſs you will oblige me with the aſſiſtance of your friendſhip, I foreſee the ſpeedy progreſs of diſcontent and animoſity through the whole family.

STERL. What the deuce is all this? I do not underſtand a ſingle ſyllable.

SIR JOHN. In one word then, it will be abſolutely impoſſible for me to fulfil my engagements in regard to Miſs Sterling.

STERL. How, Sir John? Do you mean to put an affront upon my family? What! refuſe to —

SIR JOHN. Be aſſured, Sir, that I neither mean to affront, nor forſake your family. My only fear is, that you ſhould deſert me; for the whole happineſs of my life depends on my being connected with your family by the neareſt and tendereſt ties in the world.

STERL. Why, did not you tell me, but a moment ago, it was abſolutely impoſſible for you to marry my daughter?

SIR JOHN. True; But you have another daughter, Sir—

STERL. Well?

SIR JOHN. Who has obtained the moſt abſolute dominion over my heart. I have already declared my paſſion to her; nay, Miſs Sterling herſelf is alſo appriſed of it; and if you will but give a ſanction to my preſent addreſſes, the uncommon merit of Miſs Sterling will no doubt recommend her to a perſon of equal, if not ſuperior rank to myſelf, and our families may ſtill be allied by my union with Miſs Fanny.

Sterl. Mighty fine, truly! Why, what the plague do you make of us, Sir John? Do you come to market for my daughters, like ſervants at a ſtatute-fair? Do you think that I will ſuffer you or any man in the world to come into my houſe, like the Grand Signior, and throw the handkerchief firſt to one, and then to t'other, juſt as he pleaſes? Do you think I drive a kind of African ſlave-trade with them? and——

Sir John. A moment's patience, Sir! Nothing but the exceſs of my paſſion for Miſs Fanny ſhould have induced me to take any ſtep that had the leaſt appearance of diſreſpect to any part of your family; and even now I am deſirous to atone for my tranſgreſſion, by making the moſt adequate compenſation that lies in my power.

Sterl. Compenſation! what compenſation can you poſſibly make in ſuch a caſe as this, Sir John?

Sir John. Come, come Mr. Sterling; I know you to be a man of ſenſe, and a man of buſineſs, a man of the world. I will deal frankly with you; and you ſhall ſee that I do not deſire a change of meaſures for my own gratification, without endeavouring to make it advantageous to you.

Sterl. What advantage can your inconſtancy be to me, Sir John?

Sir John. I will tell you, Sir. You know that by the articles at preſent ſubſiſting between us, on the day of my marriage with Miſs Sterling, you agree to pay down the groſs ſum of eighty thouſand pounds.

Sterl. Well?

Sir John. Now if you will but conſent to my waving that marriage—

Sterl. I agree to your waving that marriage? Impoſſible, Sir John!

Sir

SIR JOHN. I hope not, Sir; as on my part, I will agree to wave my right to thirty thouſand pounds of the fortune I was to receive with her.

STERL. Thirty thouſand, do you ſay?

SIR JOHN. Yes, Sir; and accept of Miſs Fanny with fifty thouſand, inſtead of fourſcore.

STERL. Fifty thouſand —

SIR JOHN. Inſtead of fourſcore.

STERL. Why, why, there may be ſomething in that. Let me ſee; Fanny with fifty thouſand inſtead of Betſey with fourſcore. But how can this be, Sir John? For you know I am to pay this money into the hands of my Lord Ogleby; who, I believe, betwixt you and me, Sir John, is not overſtocked with ready money at preſent; and threeſcore thouſand of it, you know, is to go to pay off the preſent incumbrances on the eſtate, Sir John.

SIR JOHN. That objection is eaſily obviated. Ten of the twenty thouſand, which would remain as a ſurplus of the fourſcore, after paying off the mortgage, was intended by his Lordſhip for my uſe, that we might ſet off with ſome little eclat on our marriage; and the other ten for his own. Ten thouſand pounds therefore I ſhall be able to pay you immediately; and for the remaining twenty thouſand you ſhall have a mortgage on that part of the eſtate which is to be made over to me, with whatever ſecurity you ſhall require for the regular payment of the intereſt, till the principal is duly diſcharged.

STERL. Why to do you juſtice, Sir John, there is ſomething fair and open in your propoſal; and ſince I find you do not mean to put an affront upon the family —

SIR JOHN. Nothing was ever farther from my thoughts, Mr. Sterling. And after all, the whole affair is nothing extraordinary;

traordinary; ſuch things happen every day; and as the world has only heard generally of a treaty between the families, when this marriage takes place, no body will be the wiſer, if we have but diſcretion enough to keep our own counſel.

Sterl. True, true; and ſince you only transfer from one girl to the other, it is no more than transferring ſo much ſtock, you know.

Sir John. The very thing.

Sterl. Odſo! I had quite forgot. We are reckoning without our hoſt here. There is another difficulty —

Sir John. You alarm me. What can that be?

Sterl. I cannot ſtir a ſtep in this buſineſs without conſulting my ſiſter Heidelberg. The family has very great expectations from her, and we muſt not give her any offence.

Sir John. But if you come into this meaſure, ſurely ſhe will be ſo kind as to conſent —

Sterl. I do not know that. Betſey is her darling, and I cannot tell how far ſhe may reſent any ſlight that ſeems to be offered to her favourite niece. However, I will do the beſt I can for you. You ſhall go and break the matter to her firſt, and by the time that I may ſuppoſe that your rhetoric has prevailed on her to liſten to reaſon, I will ſtep in to reinforce your arguments.

Sir John. I will fly to her immediately: you promiſe me your aſſiſtance?

Sterl. I do.

Sir John. Ten thouſand thanks for it! and now ſucceſs attend me!

Sterl. Harkee, Sir John! —— Not a word of the thirty thouſand to my ſiſter, Sir John.

Sir John. Oh, I am dumb, I am dumb, Sir.

Sterl. You remember it is thirty thouſand.

Sir

SIR JOHN. To be ſure I do.

STERL. But Sir John! one thing more. My Lord muſt know nothing of this ſtroke of friendſhip between us.

SIR JOHN. Not for the world. Let me alone! let me alone!

STERL. And when every thing is agreed, we muſt give each other a bond to be held faſt to the bargain.

SIR JOHN. To be ſure. A bond by all means! a bond, or whatever you pleaſe.

STERL. I ſhould have thought of more conditions, he is in a humour to give me every thing. Why, what mere children are your fellows of quality; that cry for a plaything one minute, and throw it by the next! as changeable as the weather, and as uncertain as the ſtocks. Special fellows to drive a bargain! and yet they are to take care of the intereſt of the nation truly! Here does this whirligig man of faſhion offer to give up thirty thouſand pounds in hard money, with as much indifference as if it was a China orange. By this mortgage, I ſhall have a hold on his Terra Firma; and if he wants more money (as he certainly will, let him have children by my daughter or no) I ſhall have his whole eſtate in a net for the benefit of my family. Well; thus it is, that the children of citizens, who have acquired fortunes, prove perſons of faſhion; and thus it is, that perſons of faſhion, who have ruined their fortunes, reduce the next generation to cits.

CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

CHAP. VII.

BELCOUR AND STOCKWELL.

STOCK. MR. Belcour, I am rejoiced to ſee you; you are welcome to England.

BEL.

Bel. I thank you heartily, good Mr. Stockwell; you and I have long converſed at a diſtance; now we are met, and the pleaſure this meeting gives me, amply compenſates for the perils I have run through in accompliſhing it.

Stock. What perils, Mr. Belcour? I could not have thought you would have met a bad paſſage at this time o'year.

Bel. Nor did we: courier like, we came poſting to your ſhores; upon the pinions of the ſwifteſt gales that ever blew; it is upon Engliſh ground all my difficulties have ariſen; it is the paſſage from the river-ſide I complain of.

Stock. Ay, indeed! What obſtructions can you have met between this and the river-ſide?

Bel. Innumerable! Your town's as full of defiles as the iſland of Corſica; and, I believe, they are as obſtinately defended; ſo much hurry, buſtle, and confuſion, on your quays; ſo many ſugar-caſks, porter-buts, and common council-men, in your ſtreets; that unleſs a man marched with artillery in his front, it is more than the labour of a Hercules can effect, to make any tolerable way through your town.

Stock. I am ſorry you have been ſo incommoded.

Bel. Why, faith it was all my own fault; accuſtomed to a land of ſlaves, and out of patience with the whole tribe of cuſtom-houſe extortioners, boat-men, tide-waiters, and water-bailiffs, that beſet me on all ſides, worſe than a ſwarm of muſquetoes, I proceeded a little too roughly to bruſh them away with my rattan; the ſturdy rogues took this in dudgeon, and beginning to rebel, the mob choſe different ſides, and a furious ſcuffle enſued; in the courſe of which, my perſon and apparel ſuffered ſo much, that I was

obliged

obliged to ſtep into the firſt tavern to refit, before I could make my approaches in any decent trim.

STOCK. Well, Mr. Belcour, it is a rough ſample you have had of my countrymen's ſpirit; but, I truſt, you will not think the worſe of them for it.

BEL. Not at all, not at all; I like them the better; was I only a viſitor, I might, perhaps, wiſh them a little more tractable; but as a fellow-ſubject, and a ſharer in their freedom, I applauded their ſpirit, though I feel the effects of it in every bone in my ſkin.—Well, Mr. Stockwell, for the firſt time in my life, here am I in England; at the fountain-head of pleaſure, in the land of beauty, of arts and elegancies. My happy ſtars have given me a good eſtate, and the conſpiring winds have blown me hither to ſpend it.

STOCK. To uſe it, not to waſte it, I ſhould hope; to treat it, Mr. Belcour, not as a vaſſal, over whom you have a wanton deſpotic power, but as a ſubject, which you are bound to govern with a temperate and reſtrained authority.

BEL. True, Sir; moſt truly ſaid. Mine's a commiſſion, not a right: I am the offspring of diſtreſs, and every child of ſorrow is my brother; while I have hands to hold, therefore, I will hold them open to mankind. But, Sir, my paſſions are my maſters; they take me where they will; and oftentimes they leave to reaſon and virtue nothing but my wiſhes and my ſighs.

STOCK. Come, come, the man who can accuſe, corrects himſelf.

BEL. Ah! that is an office I am weary of; I wiſh a friend would take it up: I would to Heaven you had leiſure for the employ; but, did you drive a trade to the four corners of the world, you would not find the taſk ſo toilſome as to keep me free from fault.

STOCK.

Stock. Well, I am not diſcouraged; this candour tells me I ſhould not have the fault of ſelf-conceit to combat; that, at leaſt, is not amongſt the number.

Bel. No; if I knew that man on earth who thought more humbly of me than I do of myſelf, I would take up his opinion and forego my own.

Stock. And, was I to chuſe a pupil, it ſhould be one of your complexion; ſo if you will come along with me, we will agree upon your admiſſion, and enter upon a courſe of lectures directly.

Bel. With all my heart.

West Indian.

CHAP. VIII.

LORD EUSTACE and FRAMPTON.

Ld. Eust. WELL, my dear Frampton, have you ſecured the letters?

Fram. Yes, my lord, for their rightful owners.

Ld. Eust. As to the matter of property, Frampton, we will not diſpute much about that. Neceſſity, you know, may ſometimes render a treſpaſs excuſable.

Fram. I am not caſuiſt ſufficient to anſwer you, upon that ſubject; but this I know, that you have already treſpaſſed againſt the laws of hoſpitality and honour, in your conduct towards Sir William Evans, and his daughter—And as your friend and counſellor, both, I would adviſe you to think ſeriouſly, of repairing the injuries you have committed, and not increaſe your offence, by a farther violation.

Ld. Eust. It is actually a pity you were not bred to the bar, Ned; but I have only a moment to ſtay, and am all impatience

impatience to know, if there be a letter from Langwood, and what he ſays.

FRAM. I ſhall never be able to afford you the leaſt information, upon that ſubject, my lord.

LD. EUST. Surely, I do not underſtand you. You ſaid you had ſecured the letters—Have you not read them?

FRAM. You have a right, and none but you, to aſk me ſuch a queſtion. My weak compliance with your firſt propoſal relative to theſe letters, warrants your thinking ſo meanly of me. But know, my lord, that though my perſonal affection for you, joined to my unhappy circumſtances, may have betrayed me to actions unworthy of myſelf, I never can forget, that there is a barrier fixed before the extreme of baſeneſs, which honour will not let me paſs.

LD. EUST. You will give me leave to tell you, Mr. Frampton, that where I lead, I think you need not halt.

FRAM. You will pardon me, my lord; the conſciouſneſs of another man's errors, can never be a juſtification for our own; and poor indeed muſt that wretch be, who can be ſatisfied with the negative merit of not being the worſt man he knows.

LD. EUST. If this diſcourſe were uttered in a conventicle, it might have its effect, by ſetting the congregation to ſleep.

FRAM. It is rather meant to rouſe, than lull your lordſhip.

LD. EUST. No matter what it is meant for; give me the letters, Mr. Frampton.

FRAM. Yet, excuſe me. I could as ſoon think of arming a madman's hand, againſt my own life, as ſuffer you to be guilty of a crime that will, for ever, wound your honour.

LD.

Ld. Eust. I ſhall not come to you, to heal the wound: your medicines are too rough and coarſe for me.

Fram. The ſoft poiſon of flattery might, perhaps, pleaſe you better.

Ld. Eust. Your conſcience may, probably, have as much need of palliatives, as mine, Mr. Frampton; as I am pretty well convinced, that your courſe of life has not been more regular, than my own.

Fram. With true contrition, my lord, I confeſs part of your ſarcaſm to be juſt. Pleaſure was the object of my purſuit; and pleaſure I obtained, at the expence, both of health, and fortune: but yet, my lord, I broke not in upon the peace of others; the laws of hoſpitality, I never violated; nor did I ever ſeek to injure, or ſeduce, the wife or daughter of my friend.

Ld. Eust. I care not what you did; give me the letters.

Fram. I have no right to keep, and therefore ſhall ſurrender them, though with the utmoſt reluctance; but, by our former friendſhip, I intreat you not to open them.

Ld. Eust. That you have forfeited.

Fram. Since it is not in my power to prevent your committing an error, which you ought, for ever, to repent of, I will not be a witneſs of it. There are the letters.

Ld. Eust. You may, perhaps, have cauſe to repent your preſent conduct, Mr. Frampton, as much as I do our paſt attachment.

Fram. Rather than hold your friendſhip upon ſuch terms, I reſign it for ever. Farewel, my lord.

Re-enter Frampton.

Fram. Ill treated as I have been, my lord, I find it impoſſible to leave you ſurrounded by difficulties.

Ld.

LD. EUST. That ſentiment ſhould have operated ſooner, Mr. Frampton. Recollection is ſeldom of uſe to our friends, though it may ſometimes be ſerviceable to ourſelves.

FRAM. Take advantage of your own expreſſion, my lord, and recollect yourſelf. Born and educated as I have been, a gentleman, how have you injured both yourſelf and me, by admitting and uniting in the ſame confidence, your raſcally ſervant!

LD. EUST. The exigency of my ſituation is a ſufficient excuſe to myſelf, and ought to have been ſo to the man who called himſelf my friend.

FRAM. Have a care, my lord, of uttering the leaſt doubt upon that ſubject; for could I think you once mean enough to ſuſpect the ſincerity of my attachment to you, it muſt vaniſh at that inſtant.

LD. EUST. The proofs of your regard have been rather painful of late, Mr. Frampton.

FRAM. When I ſee my friend upon the verge of a precipice, is that a time for compliment? Shall I not rudely ruſh forward, and drag him from it? Juſt in that ſtate you are at preſent, and I will ſtrive to ſave you. Virtue may languiſh in a noble heart, and ſuffer her rival, vice, to uſurp her power; but baſeneſs muſt not enter, or ſhe flies for ever. The man who has forfeited his own eſteem, thinks all the world has the ſame conſciouſneſs, and therefore is what he deſerves to be, a wretch.

LD. EUST. Oh, Frampton! you have lodged a dagger in my heart.

FRAM. No, my dear Euſtace, I have ſaved you from one, from your own reproaches, by preventing your being guilty of a meanneſs, which you could never have forgiven yourſelf.

Ld. Eust. Can you forgive me, and be ſtill my friend?

Fram. As firmly as I have ever been, my lord.——But let us, at preſent, haſten to get rid of the mean buſineſs we are engaged in, and forward the letters we have no right to detain.

School for Rakes.

CHAP. IX.

DUKE and LORD.

Duke. NOW, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old cuſtom made this life more ſweet
Than that of painted pomp? are not theſe woods
More free from peril, than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The ſeaſon's difference; as the icy phang,
And churliſh chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I ſhrink with cold, I ſmile, and ſay,
This is no flattery; theſe are counſellors,
That feelingly perſuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uſes of adverſity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
And this our life exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in every thing.
——Come, ſhall we go, and kill us veniſon?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this deſart city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.

Lord.

LORD. Indeed, my Lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And in that kind ſwears you do more uſurp
Than doth your brother, that hath baniſh'd you.
To day my Lord of Amiens, and myſelf,
Did ſteal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whoſe antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;
To the which place a poor ſequeſtered ſtag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languiſh; and, indeed, my Lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth ſuch groans,
That their diſcharge did ſtretch his leathern coat
Almoſt to burſting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent noſe
In piteous chaſe; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on th' extremeſt verge of the ſwift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

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

LORD. O yes, into a thouſand ſimiles,
Firſt, for his weeping in the needleſs ſtream;
Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'ſt a teſtament
As worldlings do, giving thy ſum of more
To that which had too much. Then being alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends;
'Tis right, quoth he, thus miſery doth part
The flux of company. Anon a careleſs herd,
Full of the paſture, jumps along by him,
And never ſtays to greet him: Ay, quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greaſy citizens,

'Tis juſt the faſhion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus moſt invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; ſwearing, that we
Are mere uſurpers, tyrants, and what's worſe,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up
In their aſſign'd and native dwelling-place.

Duke. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

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

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

Lord. I'll bring you to him ſtraight.

Shakespear.

CHAP. X.

DUKE and JAQUES.

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

Jaq. A fool, a fool;——I met a fool i' th' foreſt,
A motley fool; a miſerable varlet!
As I do live by food, I met a fool,
Who laid him down and baſk'd him in the ſun,
And rail'd on Lady Fortune in good terms,
In good ſet terms, and yet a motley fool.
Good morrow, fool, quoth I; No, Sir, quoth he,
Call me not fool, till Heaven hath ſent me fortune;
And then he drew a dial from his poak,

And

And looking on it with lack-luſtre eye,
Says very wiſely, It is ten o'clock:
Thus may we ſee, quoth he, how the world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago ſince it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And ſo from hour to hour we ripe and ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools ſhould be ſo deep contemplative:
And I did laugh, ſans intermiſſion,
An hour by his dial. O noble fool,
A worthy fool! motley's the only wear.

DUKE. What fool is this?

JAQ. O worthy fool! one that hath been a courtier,
And ſays, if ladies be but young and fair,
They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder-biſket
After a voyage, he hath ſtrange places cramm'd
With obſervations, the which he vents,
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat.

DUKE. Thou ſhalt have one.

JAQ. It is my only ſuit:
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion, that grows rank in them,
That I am wiſe. I muſt have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I pleaſe; for ſo fools have,
And they that are moſt galled with my folly,
They moſt muſt laugh. And why, Sir, muſt they ſo?

The why is plain, as way to pariſh-church;
He whom a fool does very wiſely hit,
Doth very fooliſhly, although he ſmart,
Not to ſeem ſenſeleſs of the bob. If not,
The wiſe man's folly is anatomiz'd
Even by the ſquand'ring glances of a fool.
Inveſt me in thy motley, give me leave
To ſpeak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanſe the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

DUKE. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou would'ſt do.

JAQ. What, for a counter, would I do but good?

DUKE. Moſt miſchievous foul ſin, in chiding ſin,
For thou thyſelf haſt been a libertine,
And all th' emboſſed ſores and headed evils,
That thou with licence of free foot haſt caught,
Would'ſt thou diſgorge into the general world.

JAQ. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the ſea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I ſay, the city-woman bears
The coſt of princes on unworthy ſhoulders?
Who can come in, and ſay, that I mean her;
When ſuch a one as ſhe, ſuch is her neighbour?
Or what is he of baſeſt function,
That ſays, his bravery is not on my coſt;
Thinking, that I mean him, but therein ſuits
His folly to the metal of my ſpeech?
There then; how then? what then? let me ſee wherein
My tongue has wrong'd him; if it do him right,

Then

Then he hath wrong'd himſelf; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing, like a wild gooſe, flies
Unclaim'd of any man.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XI.

HENRY AND LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

CH. JUST. I AM aſſur'd, if I be meaſur'd rightly,
Your Majeſty hath no juſt cauſe to hate me.

P. HENRY. No! might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me?
What! rate, rebuke, and roughly ſend to priſon
Th' immediate heir of England! was this eaſy?
May this be waſh'd in Lethe, and forgotten?

CH. JUST. I then did uſe the perſon of your father;
The image of his power lay then in me:
And in th' adminiſtration of his law,
While I was buſy for the commonwealth,
Your Highneſs pleaſed to forget my place,
The majeſty and pow'r of law and juſtice,
The image of the King whom I preſented;
And ſtruck me in my very ſeat of judgment:
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a ſon ſet your decrees at naught:
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 pow'r ſo ſilencing your ſon.
After this cold conſid'rance, 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.

P. Henry. 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 me, 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
Th' unſtained 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 lie my affections;
And with his ſpirit ſadly I ſurvive,
To mock the expectations of the world;
To fruſtrate prophecies, and to raſe 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 chuſe 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 (Heav'n conſigning to my good intents)
No prince, nor peer, ſhall have juſt cauſe to ſay,
Heav'n ſhorten Harry's happy life one day.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XII.

ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY AND BISHOP OF ELY.

CANT. MY Lord, I'll tell you; that ſelf bill is urg'd,
Which, in th' eleventh year o'th' laſt King's reign,

Was

Was like, and had indeed againſt us paſs'd,
But that the ſcrambling and unquiet time
Did puſh it out of further queſtion.

ELY. But how, my lord, ſhall we reſiſt it now?

CANT. It muſt be thought on. If it paſs againſt us,
We loſe the better half of our poſſeſſion:
For all the temporal lands which men devout
By teſtament have given to the church,
Would they ſtrip from us; being valu'd thus:
As much as would maintain, to the King's honour,
Full fifteen earls, and fifteen hundred knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good eſquires;
And to relief of lazars, and weak age
Of indigent faint ſouls, paſt corporal toil,
A hundred alms-houſes, right well ſupply'd;
And to the coffers of the king, beſide,
A thouſand pounds by th' year. Thus runs the bill.

ELY. This would drink deep.

CANT. 'Twould drink the cup and all.

ELY. But what prevention?

CANT. The King is full of grace and fair regard.

ELY. And a true lover of the holy church.

CANT. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not;
The breath no ſooner left his father's body,
But that his wildneſs, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to die too; yea, at that very moment,
Conſideration, like an angel, came,
And whipp'd th' offending Adam out of him;
Leaving his body as a paradiſe,
T' invelope and contain celeſtial ſpirits.
Never was ſuch a ſudden ſcholar made:
Never came reformation in a flood

With

With ſuch a heady current, ſcowering faults:
Nor ever Hydra-headed wilfulneſs
So ſoon did loſe his ſeat, and all at once,
As in this King.

ELY. We're bleſſed in the change.

CANT. Hear him but reaſon in divinity,
And, all-admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would deſire, the King were made a Prelate.
Hear him debate of commonwealth affairs,
You'd ſay, it had been all in all his ſtudy.
Liſt his diſcourſe of war, and you ſhall hear
A fearful battle render'd you in muſic.
Turn him to any cauſe of policy,
The Gordian knot of it he will unlooſe,
Familiar as his garter. When he ſpeaks,
The air, a charter'd libertine, is ſtill;
And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
To ſteal his ſweet and honeyed ſentences:
So that the act, and practic part of life,
Muſt be the miſtreſs to this theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace ſhould glean it,
Since his addiction was to courſes vain;
His companies unletter'd, rude, and ſhallow;
His hours fill'd up with riots, banquets, ſports;
And never noted in him any ſtudy,
Any retirement, any ſequeſtration,
From open haunts and popularity.

ELY. The ſtrawberry grows underneath the nettle,
And wholeſome berries thrive, and ripen beſt,
Neighbour'd by fruit of baſer quality:
And ſo the Prince obſcur'd his contemplation
Under the veil of wildneſs; which, no doubt,

Grew

Grew like the ſummer-graſs, faſteſt by night,
Unſeen, yet creſcive in his faculty.

Cant. It muſt be ſo: for miracles are ceas'd;
And therefore we muſt needs admit the means,
How things are perfected.

Shakespear.

CHAP. XIII.

HAMLET and HORATIO.

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 makes 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 Elſinoor?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.

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

Ham. I pr'ythee 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.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio; the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage-tables.
Would I had met my deareſt foe in heav'n,

Or

Or ever 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 a while,
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 encountered: a figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, cap-a-pee,
Appears before them, and with ſolemn march
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them. Thrice he walk'd
By their oppreſs'd and fear-ſurpriſed eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilſt they (diſtill'd
Almoſt to jelly with th' 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

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 count'nance more in ſorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Moſt conſtantly.

Ham. I would I had been there!

Hor.

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 griſl'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 aſſume my noble father's perſon,
I'll ſpeak to it, tho' hell itſelf ſhould gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this ſight,
Let it be tenible in your ſilence ſtill:
And whatſoever ſhall befal to night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your love: ſo fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll viſit you.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XIV.

BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

CAS. WILL you go ſee the order of the courſe?
BRU. Not I.
CAS. I pray you, do.
BRU. I am not gameſome; I do lack ſome part
Of that quick ſpirit that is in Antony:
Let me not hinder, Caſſius, your deſires;
I'll leave you.
CAS. Brutus, I do obſerve you now of late;
I have not from your eyes that gentleneſs

And

And ſhow of love as I was wont to have;
You bear too ſtubborn and too ſtrange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Caſſius,
Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myſelf. Vexed I am
Of late with paſſions of ſome difference,
Conceptions only proper to myſelf;
Which give ſome ſoil perhaps to my behaviour:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
Among which number, Caſſius, be you one;
Nor conſtrue any farther my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himſelf at war,
Forgets the ſhews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much miſtook your paſſion;
By means whereof, this breaſt of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you ſee your face?

Bru. No, Caſſius; for the eye ſees not itſelf,
But by reflection from ſome other thing.

Cas. 'Tis juſt.
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no ſuch mirror as will turn
Your hidden worthineſs into your eye,
That you might ſee your ſhadow. I have heard,
Where many of the beſt reſpect in Rome,
(Except immortal Cæſar) ſpeaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wiſh'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru.

BRU. Into what dangers would you lead me, Caſſius,
That you would have me ſeek into myſelf
For that which is not in me?

CAS. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And ſince you know you cannot ſee yourſelf
So well as by reflexion, I, your glaſs,
Will modeſtly diſcover to yourſelf
That of yourſelf which yet you know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did uſe
To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new proteſtor; if you know,
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after ſcandal them; or if you know,
That I profeſs myſelf in banqueting
To all the rout; then hold me dangerous.

BRU. What means this ſhouting? I do fear the people
Chuſe Cæſar for their king.

CAS. Ay, do you fear it?
Then muſt I think you would not have it ſo.

BRU. I would not, Caſſius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you hold me here ſo long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set Honour in one eye, and Death i' th' other,
And I will look on Death indifferently:
For let the gods ſo ſpeed me, as I love
The name of Honour more than I fear Death.

CAS. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, Honour is the ſubject of my ſtory.——
I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life; but for my ſingle ſelf,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of ſuch a thing as I myſelf.
I was born free as Cæſar; ſo were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once upon a raw and guſty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his ſhores,
Cæſar ſays to me, Dar'ſt thou, Caſſius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And ſwim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bid him follow; ſo indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With luſty ſinews; throwing it aſide,
And ſtemming it with hearts of controverſy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæſar cry'd, Help me, Caſſius, or I ſink.
I, as Æneas, our great anceſtor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his ſhoulder
The old Anchiſes bear; ſo from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæſar: and this man
Is now become a god; and Caſſius is
A wretched creature, and muſt bend his body,
If Cæſar careleſsly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake. 'Tis true, this god did ſhake;
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that ſame eye whoſe bend does awe the world,
Did loſe its luſtre; I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans

Mark

Mark him, and write his ſpeeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd—Give me ſome drink, Titinius——
As a ſick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of the majeſtic world,
And bear the palm alone.

BRU. Another general ſhout!
I do believe, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new honours that are heap'd on Cæſar.

CAS. Why man, he doth beſtride the narrow world
Like a Coloſſus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourſelves diſhonourable graves.
Men at ſometimes are maſters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our ſtars,
But in ourſelves, that we are underlings.
Brutus—and Cæſar—what ſhould be in that Cæſar?
Why ſhould that name be ſounded, more than yours?
Write them together; yours is as fair a name:
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will ſtart a ſpirit as ſoon as Cæſar.
Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meats does this our Cæſar feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd;
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, ſince the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls incompaſs'd but one man?
Oh! you and I have heard our fathers ſay,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd

Th' eternal devil to keep his ſtate in Rome
As eaſily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
What you would work me to, I have ſome aim:
How I have thought of this, and of theſe times,
I ſhall recount hereafter: for this preſent,
I would not (ſo with love I might intreat you)
Be any further mov'd. What you have ſaid,
I will conſider; what you have to ſay,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
Both meet to hear, and anſwer ſuch high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himſelf a ſon of Rome
Under ſuch hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
Have ſtruck but thus much ſhew of fire from Brutus.

Shakespear.

CHAP. XV.

BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. A GOODLY day! not to keep houſe, with ſuch
Whoſe roof's as low as ours: ſee, boys! this gate
Inſtructs you how t' adore the heav'ns; and bows you
To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
Are arch'd ſo high, that giants may jet through,
And keep their impious turbands on, without
Good morrow to the ſun. Hail, thou fair Heav'n!
We houſe i' th' rock, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly
As prouder livers do.

Guid.

GUID. Hail, Heav'n!

ARV. Hail, Heav'n!

BEL. Now for our mountain ſport, up to yond hill,
Your legs are young. I'll tread theſe flats. Conſider,
When you, above, perceive me like a crow,
That it is place which leſſens and ſets off:
And you may then revolve what tales I told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war;
That ſervice is not ſervice, ſo being done,
But being ſo allow'd. To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we ſee;
And often, to our comfort, ſhall we find
The ſharded beetle in a ſafer hold,
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life
Is nobler than attending for a check;
Richer than doing nothing for a bauble;
Prouder, than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk.
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncroſs'd;—no life to ours.

GUID. Out of your proof you ſpeak; we, poor, unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o' th' neſt; nor know
What air's from home. Haply this life is beſt,
If quiet life is beſt; ſweeter to you,
That have a ſharper known; well correſponding
With your ſtiff age: but unto us, it is
A cell of ign'rance; travelling a bed;
A priſon, for a debtor that not dares
To ſtride a limit.

ARV. What ſhould we ſpeak of,
When we are old as you? When we ſhall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December? how
In this our pinching cave, ſhall we diſcourſe

The freezing hours away? We have ſeen nothing;
We're beaſtly; ſubtle as the fox for prey,
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat.
Our valour is to chaſe what flies; our cage
We make a choir, as doth the priſon'd bird,
And ſing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you ſpeak!
Did you but know the city's uſuries,
And felt them knowingly; the art o' th' court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whoſe top to climb,
Is certain falling; or ſo ſlipp'ry, that
The fear's as bad as falling; the toil of war;
A pain, that only ſeems to ſeek out danger
I' th' name of fame and honour; which dies i' th' ſearch,
And hath as oft a ſland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many time,
Doth ill deſerve, by doing well: what's worſe,
Muſt curt'ſy at the cenſure.—Oh, boys, this ſtory
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman ſwords; and my report was once
Firſt with the beſt of note. Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a ſoldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit. But, in one night,
A ſtorm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves;
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you oft,
But that two villains (whoſe falſe oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour) ſwore to Cymbeline,
I was confed'rate with the Romans: ſo

Follow'd

Follow'd my baniſhment: and, this twenty years,
This rock and theſe demeſnes have been my world;
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to th' mountains!
This is not hunter's language; he that ſtrikes
The veniſon firſt, ſhall be the lord o' th' feaſt;
To him the other two ſhall miniſter,
And we will fear no poiſon, which attends
In place of greater ſtate.
I'll meet you in the valleys.

SHAKESPEAR.

BOOK VII.

DESCRIPTIVE PIECES.

CHAP. I.

SENSIBILITY.

DEAR Senſibility! ſource inexhauſted of all that's precious in our joys, or coſtly in our ſorrows! thou chaineſt thy martyr down upon his bed of ſtraw, and it is thou who lifteſt him up to Heaven. Eternal Fountain of our feelings! It is here I trace thee, and this is thy divinity which ſtirs within me: not, that in ſome ſad and ſickening moments, "my ſoul ſhrinks back upon herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction"—mere pomp of words!—but that I feel ſome generous joys and generous cares beyond myſelf—all comes from thee, great, great Senſorium of the world! which vibrates, if a hair of our head but falls upon the ground, in the remoteſt deſart of thy creation. Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languiſh; hears my tale of ſymptoms, and blames the weather for the diſorder of his nerves. Thou giveſt a portion of it ſometimes to the roughe-

eſt

eſt peaſant who traverſes the bleakeſt mountains.—He finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock. This moment I beheld him leaning with his head againſt his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it.—Oh! had I come one moment ſooner!—it bleeds to death—his gentle heart bleeds with it.

PEACE to thee, generous ſwain! I ſee thou walkeſt off with anguiſh—but thy joys ſhall balance it; for happy is thy cottage, and happy is the ſharer of it, and happy are the lambs which ſport about you.

STERNE.

CHAP. II.

LIBERTY AND SLAVERY.

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

PURSUING theſe ideas, I ſat down cloſe by my table, and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myſelf the

the miſeries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and ſo I gave full ſcope to my imagination.

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

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

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

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

He was ſitting upon the ground upon a little ſtraw, in the furtheſt corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed: a little calendar of ſmall ſticks were laid at the head, notched all over with the diſmal days and nights he had paſſed there—he had one of theſe little ſticks in his hand, and with a ruſty nail he was etching another day of miſery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeleſs eye towards the door, then caſt it down—ſhook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little ſtick upon the bundle—He gave a deep ſigh—I ſaw the iron enter into his ſoul—I burſt into tears—

tears—I could not ſuſtain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

STERNE.

CHAP. III.

CORPORAL TRIM'S ELOQUENCE.

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

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

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

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

"ARE we not here now,—and gone in a moment?"—There was nothing in the ſentence—it was one of your ſelf-

ſelf-evident truths we have the advantage of hearing every day; and if Trim had not truſted more to his hat than his head, he had made nothing at all of it.

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

Sterne.

CHAP. IV.

The MAN of ROSS.

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

Behold

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

POPE.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

The COUNTRY CLERGYMAN.

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

But

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

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

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

GOLDSMITH.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The WISH.

CONTENTMENT, parent of delight,
So much a ſtranger to our ſight,
Say, goddeſs, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;
Thy gracious auſpices impart,
And for thy temple chooſe my heart.
They, whom thou deigneſt to inſpire,
Thy ſcience learn, to bound deſire;
By happy alchymy of mind
They turn to pleaſure all they find;
They both diſdain in outward mien
The grave and ſolemn garb of Spleen,
And meretricious arts of dreſs,
To feign a joy, and hide diſtreſs:
Unmov'd when the rude tempeſt blows,
Without an opiate they repoſe;
And cover'd by your ſhield, defy
The whizzing ſhafts, that round them fly:
Nor meddling with the gods' affairs,
Concern themſelves with diſtant cares;
But place their bliſs in mental reſt,
And feaſt upon the good poſſeſs'd.
Forc'd by ſoft violence of pray'r,
The blithſome goddeſs ſooths my care;
I feel the deity inſpire,
And thus ſhe models my deſire.
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity ſecurely made,

A farm

A farm ſome twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, ſalubrious, and my own;
Two maids, that never ſaw the town,
A ſerving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t' other holds the plough;
A chief of temper form'd to pleaſe,
Fit to converſe, and keep the keys;
And better to preſerve the peace,
Commiſſion'd by the name of niece;
With underſtandings of a ſize
To think their maſter very wiſe.
May heav'n (it's all I wiſh for) ſend
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cup-board, little plate,
Diſplay benevolence, not ſtate.
And may my humble dwelling ſtand
Upon ſome choſen ſpot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geeſe may ſwim:
Behind, a green like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
Where od'rous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambroſial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenc'd by a ſlope with buſhes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a ſong;
With op'ning views of hill and dale,
Which ſenſe and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which viſion bounds,
Like amphitheatre ſurrounds:

And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in duſk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here ſtillneſs, height, and ſolemn ſhade
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate,
And dreams beneath the ſpreading beech
Inſpire, and docile fancy teach;
While ſoft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulſes ruſtle through the mind:
Here Dryads ſcorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In meaſur'd motions friſk about,
'Till old Silenus puts them out.
There ſee the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Freſh paſtures ſpeckled o'er with ſheep,
Brown fields their fallow ſabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden treſſes wear,
And poppy-top-nots deck her hair,
And ſilver-ſtreams through meadows ſtray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And leſſer nymphs on ſide of hills
From play-thing urns pour down the rills.
Thus ſhelter'd, free from care and ſtrife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction, ſafe in low degree,
As men at land ſee ſtorms at ſea,
And laugh at miſerable elves,
Not kind, ſo much as to themſelves,

Curs'd

Curs'd with ſuch ſouls of baſe alloy,
As can poſſeſs, but not enjoy;
Debarr'd the pleaſure to impart
By av'rice ſphincter of the heart,
Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty-cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankleſs heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing Virtue's liv'ry ſmile,
Prone the diſtreſſed to relieve,
And little treſpaſſes forgive,
With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
And ſkill to make a buſy hour,
With trips to town life to amuſe,
To purchaſe books, and hear the news,
To ſee old friends, bruſh off the clown,
And quicken taſte at coming down,
Unhurt by ſickneſs' blaſting rage,
And ſlowly mellowing into age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
Quit a worn being without pain,
In hope to bloſſom ſoon again.

GREEN.

CHAP. VII.

GRONGAR HILL.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple ev'ning, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noiſe of buſy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet ſings;

Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the foreſt with her tale;
Come with all thy various hues,
Come and aid thy ſiſter Muſe:
Now while Phœbus riding high,
Gives luſtre to the land and ſky!
Grongar Hill invites my ſong;
Draw the landſkip bright and ſtrong;
Grongar, in whoſe moſſy cells
Sweetly muſing Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whoſe ſilent ſhade,
For the modeſt Muſes made,
So oft I have, the evening ſtill,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While ſtray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From houſe to houſe, from hill to hill,
'Till contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd ſides I wind
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves and grottoes where I lay,
And viſtas ſhooting beams of day:
Wide and wider ſpreads the vale;
As circles on a ſmooth canal;
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their ſummits from the ſkies,
And leſſen as the others riſe;
Still the proſpect wider ſpreads,
Adds a thouſand woods and meads,

Still

Still it widens, widens ſtill,
And ſinks the newly-riſen hill.
Now, I gain the mountain's brow;
What a landſkip lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open ſcene
Does the face of nature ſhow,
In all the hues of heaven's bow!
And, ſwelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the ſight.
Old caſtles on the cliffs ariſe,
Proudly tow'ring in the ſkies!
Ruſhing from the woods, the ſpires
Seem from hence aſcending fires!
Half his beams Apollo ſheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!
Below me trees unnumber'd riſe,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the ſable yew,
The ſlender fir, that taper grows,
The ſturdy oak, with broad-ſpread boughs,
And beyond, the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, ſteep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye;
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His ſides are cloath'd with waving wood,

And ancient towers crown his brow,
That caſt an awful look below;
Whoſe ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a ſafety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox ſecurely feeds;
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moſs and weeds:
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has been, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has ſeen this broken pile compleat,
Big with the vanity of ſtate;
But tranſient is the ſmile of fate:
A little rule, a little ſway,
A ſun beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And ſee the rivers how they run,
Through woods and meads, in ſhade and ſun,
Sometimes ſwift, ſometimes ſlow,
Wave ſucceeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endleſs ſleep!
Thus is nature's veſture wrought,
To inſtruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus ſhe dreſſes green and gay,
To diſperſe our cares away.

Ever

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landſkip tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy ſummit, wild and high,
Roughly ruſhing on the ſky;
The pleaſant ſeat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the ſhady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
See on the mountain's ſouthern ſide,
Where the proſpect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How cloſe and ſmall the hedges lie!
What ſtreaks of meadows croſs the eye!
A ſtep methinks may paſs the ſtream;
So little diſtant dangers ſeem;
So we miſtake the future's face,
Eyed through hope's deluding glaſs:
As yon ſummits ſoft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to thoſe who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the ſame coarſe way,
The preſent's ſtill a cloudy day.
O may I with myſelf agree,
And never covet what I ſee!
Content me with a 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, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
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, ev'n 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 you 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 ally'd
Ever by each other's ſide:
And often, by the murm'ring rill,
Hears the thruſh, while all is ſtill,
Within the groves of Grongar hill.

Dyer.

CHAP. VIII.

HYMN to ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentleſs power,
Thou Tamer of the human breaſt,
Whoſe iron ſcourge and tort'ring hour,

The

The bad affright, afflict the beſt!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taſte of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When firſt thy fire to ſend on earth
Virtue, his darling child, deſign'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade thee form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurſe! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year ſhe bore:
What ſorrow was, thou bad'ſt her know,
And from her own ſhe learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleaſing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noiſe, and thoughtleſs Joy,
And leave us leiſure to be good.
Light they diſperſe, and with them go
The ſummer Friend, the flatt'ring Foe;
By vain Proſperity deceiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

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

Oh,

Oh, gently on thy ſuppliant's head,
Dread Goddeſs, lay thy chaſt'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art ſeen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With ſcreaming Horror's funeral cry,
Deſpair, and fell Diſeaſe, and ghaſtly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddeſs, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philoſophic train be there
To ſoften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous ſpark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to ſcan,
What others are, to feel, and know myſelf a man.

GRAY.

CHAP. IX.

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE.

YE diſtant ſpires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science ſtill adores
Her HENRY's holy ſhade;
And ye, that from the ſtately brow
Of WINDSOR's heights, th' expanſe below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead ſurvey,
Whoſe turf, whoſe ſhade, whoſe flowers among
Wanders the hoary THAMES along
His ſilver-winding way.

Ah

Ah happy hills, ah pleaſing ſhade,
Ah fields belov'd in vain,
Where once my careleſs childhood ſtray'd,
A ſtranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliſs beſtow,
As waving freſh their gladſome wing,
My weary ſoul they ſeem to ſooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a ſecond ſpring.

Say, Father THAMES (for thou haſt ſeen
Full many a ſprightly race,
Diſporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleaſure trace)
Who foremoſt now delight to cleave
With pliant arm thy glaſſy wave?
The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny ſucceed
To chaſe the rolling circle's ſpeed,
Or urge the flying ball?

While ſome, on earneſt buſineſs bent,
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainſt graver hours, that bring conſtraint
To ſweeten liberty:
Some bold adventurers diſdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare deſcry:
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And ſnatch a fearful joy.

Gay

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Leſs pleaſing when poſſeſt;
The tear forgot as ſoon as ſhed,
The ſunſhine of the breaſt:
Theirs buxom health of roſy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtleſs day, the eaſy night,
The ſpirits pure, the ſlumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas, regardleſs of their doom,
The little victims play!
No ſenſe have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to day:
Yet ſee how all around them wait,
The Miniſters of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train!
Ah, ſhew them where in ambuſh ſtand
To ſeize their prey the murth'rous band!
Ah, tell them, they are men!

Theſe ſhall the fury Paſſions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Diſdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that ſculks behind;
Or pining Love ſhall waſte their youth,
Or Jealouſy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the ſecret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-viſag'd comfortleſs Deſpair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition

Ambition this ſhall tempt to riſe;
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a ſacrifice,
And grinning Infamy.
The ſtings of Falſehood thoſe ſhall try,
And hard Unkindneſs' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen Remorſe with blood defil'd,
And moody Madneſs laughing wild
Amid ſevereſt woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griſly troop are ſeen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring ſinew ſtrains,
Thoſe in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the ſoul with icy hand,
And ſlow-conſuming Age.

To each his ſuff'rings: all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet ah! why ſhould they know their fate?
Since ſorrow never comes too late,
And happineſs too ſwiftly flies:
Thought would deſtroy their paradiſe.
No more; where ignorance is bliſs,
'Tis folly to be wiſe.

GRAY.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

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

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

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

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

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

For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her evening care:

No

No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.

Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
The furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!

Let not Ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys, and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.

The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to theſe the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.

Can ſtoried urn, or animated buſt,
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.

But

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.

Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſart air.

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

Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbade to wade thro' ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;

Along

Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect,
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.

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

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

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

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

Haply ſome hoary-headed Swain may ſay;
'Oft have we ſeen him, at the peep of dawn,
'Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dew away,
'To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.

'There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech
'That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
'His liſtleſs length at noontide would he ſtretch,
'And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
'Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
'Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.

'One morn I miſs'd him on th' accuſtom'd hill,
'Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
'Another came; not yet beſide the rill,
'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.

'The next, with dirges due in ſad array
'Slow through the church-way path we ſaw him borne.
'Approach and read (for thou can'ſt read) the lay,
'Grav'd on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn.'

The EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of Earth,
A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.

No

No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

GRAY.

CHAP. XI.

WARRINGTON ACADEMY.

MARK where its ſimple front yon manſion rears,
The nurſery of men for future years!
Here callow chiefs and embryo ſtateſmen lie,
And unfledg'd poets ſhort excurſions try:
While Merſey's gentle current, which too long
By fame neglected, and unknown to ſong,
Between his ruſhy banks, (no poet's theme)
Had crept inglorious, like a vulgar ſtream,
Reflects th' aſcending ſeats with conſcious pride,
And dares to emulate a claſſic tide.
Soft muſic breaths along each op'ning ſhade,
And ſooths the daſhing of his rough caſcade:
With myſtic lines his ſands are figur'd o'er,
And circles trac'd upon the letter'd ſhore:
Beneath his willows rove th' inquiring youth,
And court the fair majeſtic form of truth.
Here nature opens all her ſecret ſprings,
And heav'n-born ſcience plumes her eagle-wings:
Too long had bigot rage, with malice ſwell'd,
Cruſh'd her ſtrong pinions, and her flight witheld;
Too long to check her ardent progreſs ſtrove:
So writhes the ſerpent round the bird of Jove;

Hangs on her flight, reſtrains her tow'ring wing,
Twiſts its dark folds, and points its venom'd ſting.
Yet ſtill (if aught aright the Muſe divine)
Her riſing pride ſhall mock the vain deſign;
On ſounding pinions yet aloft ſhall ſoar,
And thro' the azure deep untravell'd paths explore.
Where ſcience ſmiles, the Muſes join the train;
And gentleſt arts and pureſt manners reign.

Ye generous youth who love this ſtudious ſhade,
How rich a field is to your hopes diſplay'd!
Knowledge to you unlocks the claſſic page;
And virtue bloſſoms for a better age.
Oh golden days! oh bright unvalued hours;
What bliſs (did ye but know that bliſs) were yours!
With richeſt ſtores your glowing boſoms fraught,
Perception quick, and luxury of thought;
The high deſigns that heave the labouring ſoul,
Panting for fame, impatient of control;
And fond enthuſiaſtic thought, that feeds
On pictur'd tales of vaſt heroic deeds;
And quick affections, kindling into flame
At virtue's or their country's honour'd name;
And ſpirits light, to every joy in tune;
And friendſhip, ardent as a ſummer's noon;
And generous ſcorn of vice's venal tribe;
And proud diſdain of intereſt's ſordid bribe;
And conſcious honour's quick inſtinctive ſenſe;
And ſmiles unforc'd; and eaſy confidence;
And vivid fancy; and clear ſimple truth;
And all the mental bloom of vernal youth.

How bright the ſcene to fancy's eye appears,
Thro' the long perſpective of diſtant years,

When

When this, this little group their country calls
From academic ſhades and learned halls,
To fix her laws, her ſpirit to ſuſtain,
And light up glory thro' her wide domain!
Their various taſtes in different arts diſplay'd,
Like temper'd harmony of light and ſhade,
With friendly union in one maſs ſhall blend,
And this adorn the ſtate, and that defend.
Theſe the ſequeſter'd ſhade ſhall cheaply pleaſe,
With learned labour, and inglorious eaſe:
While thoſe, impell'd by ſome reſiſtleſs force,
O'er ſeas and rocks ſhall urge their vent'rous courſe;
Rich fruits matur'd by glowing ſuns behold,
And China's groves of vegetable gold;
From every land the various harveſt ſpoil,
And bear the tribute to their native ſoil:
But tell each land (while every toil they ſhare,
Firm to ſuſtain, and reſolute to dare)
MAN is the nobler growth our realms ſupply,
And SOULS are ripen'd in our northern ſky.
Some penſive creep along the ſhelly ſhore;
Unfold the ſilky texture of a flower;
With ſharpen'd eyes inſpect an hornet's ſting,
And all the wonders of an inſect's wing.
Some trace with curious ſearch the hidden cauſe
Of nature's changes and her various laws:
Untwiſt her beauteous web, diſrobe her charms,
And hunt her to her elemental forms:
Or prove what hidden powers in herbs are found
To quench diſeaſe and cool the burning wound;
With cordial drops the fainting head ſuſtain,
Call back the flitting ſoul, and ſtill the throbs of pain.

The patriot paſſion this ſhall ſtrongly feel,
Ardent, and glowing with undaunted zeal;
With lips of fire ſhall plead his country's cauſe,
And vindicate the majeſty of laws.
This, cloath'd with Britain's thunder, ſpread alarms
Thro' the wide earth, and ſhake the pole with arms.
That, to the ſounding lyre his deeds rehearſe,
Enſhrine his name in ſome immortal verſe,
To long poſterity his praiſe conſign,
And pay a life of hardſhips by a line.
While others, conſecrate to higher aims,
Whoſe hallow'd boſoms glow with purer flames,
Love in their heart, perſuaſion in their tongue,
With words of peace ſhall charm the liſt'ning throng,
Draw the dread veil that wraps th' eternal throne,
And launch our ſouls into the bright unknown.

Mrs. Barbauld.

CHAP. XII.

ODE to CONTENT.

O THOU, the nymph with placid eye!
O ſeldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temperate vow:
Not all the ſtorms that ſhake the pole
Can e'er diſturb thy halcyon ſoul,
And ſmooth unalter'd brow.

O come, in ſimpleſt veſt array'd,
With all thy ſober cheer diſplay'd
To bleſs my longing ſight;

Thy

Thy mien compos'd, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
And chaſte ſubdued delight.

No more by varying paſſions beat,
O gently guide my Pilgrim feet
To find thy hermit cell:
Where in ſome pure and equal ſky
Beneath thy ſoft indulgent eye
The modeſt virtues dwell.

Simplicity in attic veſt,
And innocence with candid breaſt,
And clear undaunted eye;
And hope, who points to diſtant years,
Fair opening through this vale of tears
A viſta to the ſky.

Their Health, thro' whoſe calm boſom glide
The temperate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy ſiſter meek,
Preſents her mild, unvarying cheek
To meet the offer'd blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian ſage
A tyrant maſter's wanton rage
With ſettled ſmiles to meet:
Inur'd to toil and bitter bread
He bow'd his meek ſubmitted head,
And kiſs'd thy ſainted feet.

But thou, oh Nymph retir'd and coy!
In what brown hamlet doſt thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?
The lowlieſt children of the ground,
Moſs-roſe and violet bloſſom round,
And lily of the vale.

O ſay what ſoft propitious hour
I beſt may chuſe to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle ſway?
When Autumn, friendly to the Muſe,
Shall thy own modeſt tints diffuſe,
And ſhed thy milder day:

When Eve, her dewy ſtar beneath,
Thy balmy ſpirit loves to breathe,
And every ſtorm is laid;
If ſuch an hour was e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy ſoothing voice,
Low whiſpering thro' the ſhade.

Mrs. Barbauld.

CHAP. XIII.

ODE to FEAR.

THOU, to whom the world unknown
With all its ſhadowy ſhapes is ſhewn;
Who ſeeſt appall'd th' unreal ſcene,
While Fancy lifts the veil between:
Ah Fear! ah frantic Fear!
I ſee, I ſee thee near.

I know

I know thy hurried ſtep, thy haggard eye !
Like thee I ſtart, like thee diſorder'd fly;
For, lo what monſters in thy train appear!
Danger, whoſe limbs of giant mold
What mortal eye can fix'd behold?
Who ſtalks his round, an hideous form,
Howling amidſt the midnight ſtorm,
Or throws him on the ridgy ſteep
Of ſome looſe hanging rock to ſleep:
And with him thouſand phantoms join'd,
Who prompt to deeds accurs'd the mind:
And thoſe, the fiends, who near allied,
O'er Nature's wounds and wrecks preſide;
While Vengeance, in the lurid air,
Lifts her red arm, expos'd and bare:
On whom that ravening Brood of fate,
Who lap the blood of Sorrow, wait:
Who, Fear, this ghaſtly train can ſee,
And look not madly wild, like thee?

Thou who ſuch weary lengths has paſt,
Where wilt thou reſt, mad Nymph, at laſt?
Say, wilt thou ſhroud in haunted cell,
Where gloomy Rape and Murder dwell?
Or in ſome hollow'd ſeat,
'Gainſt which the big waves beat,
Hear drowning ſeamen's cries in tempeſts brought?
Dark power, with ſhuddering meek ſubmitted thought,
Be mine, to read the viſions old,
Which thy awakening bards have told:
And, leſt thou meet my blaſted view,
Hold each ſtrange tale devoutly true:

Ne'er

Ne'er be I found, by thee o'er-aw'd,
In that thrice hallow'd eve abroad,
When ghoſts, as cottage-maids believe,
Their pebbled beds permitted leave,
And goblins haunt, from fire, or fen,
Or mine, or flood, the walks of men!
O thou whoſe ſpirit moſt poſſeſt
The ſacred ſeat of Shakeſpear's breaſt!
By all that from thy prophet broke,
In thy divine emotions ſpoke;
Hither again thy fury deal,
Teach me but once like him to feel:
His cypreſs wreath my meed decree,
And I, O Fear! will dwell with thee!

COLLINS.

CHAP. XIV.

ODE TO TRUTH.

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

'Tis

'Tis ſilence all. No Son of Light
Darts ſwiftly from his heav'nly height:
No train of radiant Saints deſcend.
" Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,
" If guilt, if fraud has ſtain'd your mind,
" Or Saint to hear, or Angel to defend."
So TRUTH proclaims. I hear the ſacred ſound
Burſt from the centre of her burning throne:
Where aye ſhe ſits with ſtar-wreath'd luſtre crown'd:
A bright Sun claſps her adamantine zone.
So TRUTH proclaims: her awful voice I hear:
With many a ſolemn pauſe it ſlowly meets my ear.

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

Know,

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

Laſt, Man aroſe, erect in youthful grace,
Heav'n's hallow'd image ſtamp'd upon his face,
And, as he roſe, the high beheſt was giv'n,
'That I alone, of all the hoſt of heav'n,
'Should reign Protectreſs of the godlike Youth:'
Thus the Almighty ſpake: he ſpake and call'd me Truth."

Mason.

CHAP. XV.

ODE to FANCY.

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

O Nymph

O Nymph, with looſely-flowing hair,
With buſkin'd leg, and boſom bare,
Thy waiſt with myrtle girdle bound,
Thy brows with Indian feathers crown'd,
Waving in thy ſnowy hand
An all-commanding magic wand,
Of pow'r to bid freſh gardens grow
'Mid cheerleſs Lapland's barren ſnow,
Whoſe rapid wings thy flight convey
Thro' air, and over earth and ſea,
While the various landſkip lies
Conſpicuous to thy piercing eyes!
O lover of the deſart, hail!
Say, in what deep and pathleſs vale,
Or on what hoary mountain's ſide,
'Midſt falls of water you reſide,
'Midſt broken rocks, a rugged ſcene,
With green and graſſy dales between,
'Midſt foreſt dark of aged oak,
Ne'er echoing with the woodman's ſtroke,
Where never human art appear'd,
Nor e'en one ſtraw-roof'd cot was rear'd,
Where Nature ſeems to ſit alone,
Majeſtic on a craggy throne;
Tell me the path, ſweet wand'rer, tell,
To thy unknown ſequeſter'd cell,
Where woodbines cluſter round the door,
Where ſhells and moſs o'erlay the floor,
And on whoſe top an hawthorn blows,
Amid whoſe thickly-woven boughs
Some nightingale ſtill builds her neſt,
Each evening warbling thee to reſt:

Then

Then lay me by the haunted ſtream,
Wrapt in ſome wild, poetic dream,
In converſe while methinks I rove
With Spenſer thro' a fairy grove;
Till ſuddenly awak'd, I hear
Strange whiſper'd muſic in my ear,
And my glad ſoul in bliſs is drown'd,
By the ſweetly-ſoothing ſound!
Me, Goddeſs, by the right-hand lead,
Sometimes thro' the yellow mead,
Where Joy and white-rob'd Peace reſort,
And Venus keeps her feſtive court;
Where Mirth and Youth each evening meet,
And lightly trip with nimble feet,
Nodding their lily-crowned heads;
Where Laughter roſe-lip'd Hebe leads;
Where Echo walks ſteep hills among,
Liſt'ning to the ſhepherd's ſong.
Yet not theſe flow'ry fields of joy
Can long my penſive mind employ:
Haſte, Fancy, from theſe ſcenes of folly,
To meet the matron Melancholy,
Goddeſs of the tearful eye,
That loves to fold her arms and ſigh!
Let us with ſilent footſteps go
To charnels and the houſe of woe,
To Gothic churches, vaults and tombs,
Where each ſad night ſome Virgin comes,
With throbbing breaſt, and faded cheek,
Her promis'd bridegroom's urn to ſeek;
Or to ſome Abby's mould'ring tow'rs,
Where to avoid cold winter's ſhow'rs,

The

The naked beggar ſhiv'ring lies,
While whiſtling tempeſts round her riſe,
And trembles leſt the tottering wall
Should on her ſleeping infants fall.
Now let us louder ſtrike the lyre,
For my heart glows with martial fire:
I feel, I feel, with ſudden heat,
My big tumultuous boſom beat;
The trumpet's clangors pierce mine ear,
A thouſand widows' ſhrieks I hear;
Give me another horſe, I cry,
Lo! the baſe Gallic ſquadrons fly;
Whence is this rage?——What ſpirit, ſay,
To battle hurries me away?
'Tis Fancy, in her fiery car,
Tranſports me to the thickeſt war,
There whirls me o'er the hills of ſlain,
Where Tumult and Deſtruction reign;
Where mad with pain, the wounded ſteed
Tramples the dying and the dead:
Where giant Terror ſtalks around,
With ſullen joy ſurveys the ground,
And pointing to th' enſanguin'd field,
Shakes his dreadful Gorgon ſhield!
O guide me from this horrid ſcene
To high-arch'd walks and alleys green,
Which lovely Laura ſeeks, to ſhun
The fervours of the mid-day ſun;
The pangs of abſence, O remove,
For thou canſt place me near my love,
Canſt fold in viſionary bliſs,
And let me think I ſteal a kiſs,

When

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

O warm, enthuſiaſtic maid,
Without thy pow'rful, vital aid,
That breathes an energy divine,
That gives a ſoul to ev'ry line;
Ne'er may I ſtrive with lips profane
To utter an unhallow'd ſtrain,
Nor dare to touch the ſacred ſtring,
Save when with ſmiles thou bidſt me ſing.

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

O deign

O deign t' attend his evening walk,
With him in groves and grottos talk:
Teach him to ſcorn with frigid art
Feebly to touch th' unraptur'd heart;
Like lightning let his mighty verſe
The boſom's inmoſt foldings pierce:
With native beauties win applauſe,
Beyond cold critics' ſtudied laws:
O let each Muſe's fame increaſe,
O bid Britannia rival Greece!

WARTON.

CHAP. XVI.

L' ALLEGRO.

HENCE loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus, and blackeſt midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongſt horrid ſhapes, and ſhrieks, and ſights unholy;
Find out ſome uncouth cell,
Where brooding darkneſs ſpreads his jealous wings,
And the night raven ſings;
There under ebon ſhades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian deſart ever dwell.
But come thou Goddeſs fair and free,
In heav'n yclep'd Euphroſyne,
And by men heart-eaſing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two ſiſter Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore:

Or whether (as ſome ſager ſing)
The frolic wind that breathes the ſpring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And freſh blown roſes waſh'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haſte thee nymph, and bring with thee
Jeſt and youthful jollity,
Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed ſmiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple ſleek;
Sport that wrinkled care derides,
And Laughter holding both his ſides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantaſtic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph ſweet Liberty;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleaſures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the ſkies,
Till the dappled dawn doth riſe;
Then to come in ſpite of ſorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the ſweet briar, or the vine,
Or the twiſted eglantine:

While

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 liſt'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouſe the ſlumb'ring morn,
From the ſide of ſome hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing ſhrill:
Some time walking not unſeen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right againſt the eaſtern gate,
Where the great ſun begins his ſtate,
Rob'd in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thouſand liveries dight:
While the plough-man near at hand,
Whiſtles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid ſingeth blithe,
And the mower whets his ſcythe,
And every ſhepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleaſures,
Whilſt the landſkip round it meaſures;
Ruſſet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do ſtray;
Mountains on whoſe barren breaſt
The labouring clouds do often reſt;
Meadows trim with daiſies pied;
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it ſees
Boſom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps ſome beauty lies,
The Cynoſure of neighbouring eyes.

Hard by a cottage chimney ſmokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrſis met,
Are at their ſavoury dinner ſet
Of herbs, and other country meſſes,
Which the neat-handed Phyllis dreſſes;
And then in haſte her bower ſhe leaves,
With Theſtylis to bind his ſheaves;
Or if the earlier ſeaſon lead
To the tann'd hay-cock in the mead.
Sometimes with ſecure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks ſound
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd ſhade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a ſunſhine holiday,
Till the live-long day-light fail;
Then to the ſpicy nut-brown ale,
With ſtories told of many a feat,
How Fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pincht, and pull'd, ſhe ſaid,
And he by friar's lanthorn led;
Tells how the drudging Goblin ſweat,
To earn his cream-bowl duly ſet,
When in one night, ere glimpſe of morn
His ſhadowy flail hath threſh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end,
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend,
And ſtretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Baſks at the fire his hairy ſtrength;

And

And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the firſt cock his mattin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whiſpering winds ſoon lull'd aſleep.
  Tow'red cities pleaſe us then,
And the buſy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With ſtores of ladies, whoſe bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In ſaffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feaſt, and revelry,
With maſk, and antique pageantry,
Such ſights as youthful poets dream
On ſummer eves by haunted ſtream.
Then to the well-trod ſtage anon,
If Johnſon's learned ſock be on,
Or ſweeteſt Shakeſpear, fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
  And ever againſt eating cares,
Lap me in ſoft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verſe,
Such as the meeting ſoul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linked ſweetneſs long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice thro' mazes running;
Untwiſting all the chains that tie
The hidden ſoul of Harmony:

That Orpheus' ſelf may heave his head
From golden ſlumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elyſian flowers, and hear
Such ſtrains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite ſet free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
  Theſe delights if thou canſt give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

MILTON.

CHAP. XVII.

IL PENSEROSO.

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

Or

Or that ſtarr'd Ethiop queen that ſtrove
To ſet her beauty's praiſe above
The ſea-nymphs, and their powers offended:
Yet thou art higher far deſcended;
Thee bright-hair'd Veſta long of yore
To ſolitary Saturn bore;
His daughter ſhe (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a ſtain)
Oft in glimmering bowers, and glades
He met her, and in ſecret ſhades
Of woody Ida's inmoſt grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, penſive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, ſteadfaſt, and demure,
All in a robe of darkeſt grain,
Flowing with majeſtic train,
And ſable ſtole of cypreſs lawn,
Over thy decent ſhoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted ſtate,
With even ſtep and muſing gait,
And looks commercing with the ſkies,
Thy wrapt ſoul ſitting in thine eyes:
There, held in holy paſſion ſtill,
Forget thyſelf to marble, till
With a ſad leaden downward caſt,
Thou fix them on the earth as faſt.
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Faſt, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muſes in a ring,
Aye round about Jove's altar ſing:
And add to theſe retired Leiſure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleaſure;

But firſt, and chiefeſt, with thee bring,
Him that yon ſoars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation:
And the mute ſilence hiſt along,
'Leſs Philomel will deign a ſong,
In her ſweeteſt, ſaddeſt plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke,
Gently o'er the accuſtom'd oak;
Sweet bird that ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee, chauntreſs, oft the woods among,
I woo to hear thy ev'ning ſong:
And miſſing thee, I walk unſeen
On the dry ſmooth-ſhaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her higheſt noon,
Like one that had been led aſtray
Thro' the heav'n's wide pathleſs way;
And oft as if her head ſhe bow'd,
Stooping thro' a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of riſing ground,
I hear the far-off curfew ſound,
Over ſome wide-water'd ſhore,
Swinging ſlow with ſullen roar.
Or if the air will not permit,
Some ſtill removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,
Far from all reſort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,

Or

Or the belman's drowſy charm,
To bleſs the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be ſeen in ſome high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unſphere
The ſpirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vaſt regions hold
Th' immortal mind that hath forſook
Her manſion in this fleſhly nook:
And of thoſe Dæmons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whoſe power hath a true conſent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In ſcepter'd pall come ſweeping by,
Preſenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age,
Ennobl'd hath the buſkin'd ſtage.
But, O ſad virgin, that thy power
Might raiſe Muſæus from his bower,
Or bid the ſoul of Orpheus ſing
Such notes as warbled to the ſtring,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did ſeek.
Or call up him that left half-told
The ſtory of Cambuſcan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarſife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glaſs,
And of the wondrous horſe of braſs,

On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught elſe, great bards beſide,
In ſage and ſolemn tunes have ſung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of foreſts, and enchantments drear
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus Night oft ſee me in thy pale career,
Till civil-ſuited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and flounc'd as ſhe was wont,
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or uſher'd with a ſhower ſtill,
When the guſt hath blown his fill,
Ending on the ruſtling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the ſun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddeſs, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And ſhadows brown that Sylvan loves
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heaved ſtroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in cloſe covert by ſome brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's gariſh eye,
While the bee with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth ſing,
And the waters murmuring,
With ſuch concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd ſleep:

And

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

MILTON.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

The PROGRESS of LIFE.

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

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIX.

THE ENTRY OF BOLINGBROKE AND RICHARD INTO LONDON.

DUKE AND DUTCHESS OF YORK.

DUTCH. MY lord, you told me, you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you break the ſtory off,
Of our two couſins coming into London.
YORK. Where did I leave?
DUTCH. At that ſad ſtop, my lord,
Where rude miſgovern'd hands, from window-tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on king Richard's head.
YORK. Then, as I ſaid, the duke, great Bolingbroke!
Mounted upon a hot and fiery ſteed,
Which his aſpiring rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe;
While all tongues cry'd, God ſave thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows ſpake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Upon his viſage; and that all the walls
With painted imag'ry had ſaid at once,
Jeſu preſerve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud ſteed's neck,
Beſpoke them thus: I thank you, countrymen;
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſs'd along.
DUTCH. Alas! poor Richard, where rides he the while?
YORK. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the ſtage,

Are

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 cry'd, 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.
But Heaven hath a hand in theſe events,
To whoſe high will we bound our calm contents.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XX.

LIFE.

——REASON thus with life:
If I do loſe thee, I do loſe a thing
That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the ſkiey influences,
That do this habitation, where thou keep'ſt,
Hourly afflict; merely thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'ſt by thy flight to ſhun,
And yet runn'ſt tow'rd him ſtill. Thou art not noble;
For all th' accommodations, that thou bear'ſt,
Are nurs'd by baſeneſs: thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou doſt fear the ſoft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy beſt of reſt is ſleep,
And that thou oft provok'ſt; yet groſsly fear'ſt

Thy

Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyſelf;
For thou exiſt'ſt on many a thouſand grains,
That iſſue out of duſt. Happy thou art not;
For what thou haſt not, ſtill thou ſtriv'ſt to get;
And what thou haſt, forget'ſt. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion ſhifts to ſtrange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
For, like an aſs, whoſe back with ingots bows,
Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou haſt none;
For thy own bowels, which do call thee ſire,
The mere effuſion of thy proper loins,
Do curſe the Gout, Serpïgo, and the Rheum,
For ending thee no ſooner. Thou haſt nor youth nor age;
But as it were an after-dinner's ſleep,
Dreaming on both; for pall'd, thy blazed youth
Becomes aſſuaged, and doth beg thee alms
Of palſied Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
Thou haſt neither heat, affection, limb, nor bounty,
To make thy riches pleaſant. What's yet in this
That bears the name of life? yet in this life
Lie hid more thouſand deaths; yet death we fear,
That makes theſe odds all even.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXI.

HOTSPUR's DESCRIPTION OF A FOP.

I REMEMBER, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
Breathleſs and faint, leaning upon my ſword;

Came

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

So

So cowardly: and but for theſe vile guns,
He would himſelf have been a ſoldier.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXII.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

CLARENCE AND BRAKENBURY.

BRAK. WHY looks your Grace ſo heavily to-day?

CLAR. O, I have paſs'd a miſerable night,
So full of ugly ſights, of ghaſtly dreams,
That, as I am a Chriſtian faithful man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days;
So full of diſmal terror was the time.

BRAK. What was your dream, my Lord? I pray you tell me.

CLAR. Methought that I had broken from the Tow'r,
And was embark'd to croſs to Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Glo'ſter;
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd England,
And cited up a thouſand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaſter,
That had befall'n us. As we paſs'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Glo'ſter ſtumbled, and in falling
Struck me (that ſought to ſtay him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noiſe of waters in my ears!
What ſights of ugly death within mine eyes!
I thought I ſaw a thouſand fearful wrecks;

A thouſand men, that fiſhes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Ineſtimable ſtones, unvalued jewels;
Some lay in dead men's ſkulls; and in thoſe holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in ſcorn of eyes, reflecting gems;
That woo'd the ſlimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay ſcatter'd by.

Brak. Had you ſuch leiſure in the time of death,
To gaze upon the ſecrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I ſtrive
To yield the ghoſt; but ſtill the envious flood
Kept in my ſoul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring air;
But ſmother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almoſt burſt to belch it in the ſea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this ſore agony?

Clar. No, no; my dream was lengthen'd after life.
O then began the tempeſt to my ſoul:
I paſs'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The firſt that there did greet my ſtranger-ſoul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick,
Who cry'd aloud; "What ſcourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford falſe Clarence?"
And ſo he vaniſh'd. Then came wand'ring by
A ſhadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he ſhriek'd out aloud;
"Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,
That ſtabb'd me in the field by Tewkſbury;
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments!"——

With

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noiſe
I trembling wak'd; and for a ſeaſon after
Could not believe but that I was in hell:
Such terrible impreſſion made my dream.

BRAK. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

CLAR. Ah! Brakenbury, I have done thoſe things
That now give evidence againſt my ſoul,
For Edward's ſake; and ſee how he requites me!
O God! if my deep prayers cannot appeaſe thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my miſdeeds;
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone:
O ſpare my guitleſs wife, and my poor children!
I pr'ythee, Brakenbury, ſtay by me;
My ſoul is heavy, and I fain would ſleep.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXIII.

QUEEN MAB.

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

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

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXIV.

APOTHECARY.

I DO remember an apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,

Culling

Culling of ſimples; meagre were his looks;
Sharp Miſery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy ſhop a tortoiſe hung,
An alligator ſtuff'd, and other ſkins
Of ill-ſhap'd fiſhes; and about his ſhelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and muſty ſeeds,
Remnants of pack-thread, and old cakes of roſes
Were thinly ſcatter'd to make up a ſhow.
Noting this penury, to myſelf I ſaid,
An' if a man did need a poiſon now,
Whoſe ſale is preſent death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would ſell it him.
Oh, this ſame thought did but fore-run my need,
And this ſame needy man muſt ſell it me.
As I remember, this ſhould be the houſe.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXV.

ODE TO EVENING.

IF aught of oaten ſtop, or paſtoral ſong,
May hope, chaſte Eve, to ſooth thy modeſt ear,
Like thy own ſolemn ſprings,
Thy ſprings, and dying gales,
O Nymph reſerv'd, while now the bright-hair'd ſun
Sits on yon weſtern tent, whoſe cloudy ſkirts
With brede ethereal wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:
Now air is huſh'd, ſave where the weak-eyed bat,
With ſhort ſhrill ſhrieks flits by on leathern wing,

Or where the beetle winds
His ſmall but ſullen horn,
As oft he riſes 'midſt the twilight path,
Againſt the pilgrim borne in heedleſs hum.
Now teach me, maid compos'd,
To breathe ſome ſoften'd ſtrain,
Whoſe numbers ſtealing through thy dark'ning vale,
May not unſeemly with its ſtillneſs ſuit,
As muſing ſlow, I hail
Thy genial love return!
For when thy folding ſtar ariſing ſhews
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who ſlept in flow'rs the day,
And many a Nymph who wreaths her brows with ſedge,
And ſheds the freſh'ning dew, and lovelier ſtill,
The penſive Pleaſures ſweet
Prepare thy ſhadowy car.
Then laid, calm Vot'reſs, where ſome ſheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or ſome time-hallow'd pile,
Or up-land fallows grey
Reflect its laſt cool gleam.
But when chill bluſt'ring winds, or driving rain,
Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's ſide,
Views wilds, and ſwelling floods,
And hamlets brown, and dim-diſcover'd ſpires,
And hears their ſimple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual duſky veil.
While Spring ſhall pour his ſhow'rs, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing treſſes, meekeſt Eve!

While

While Summer loves to ſport
Beneath thy ling'ring light;
While ſallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy ſhrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;
So long, ſure-found beneath the Sylvan ſhade,
Shall Fancy, Friendſhip, Science, roſe-lip'd Health,
Thy gentleſt influence own,
And hymn thy fav'rite name!

COLLINS.

CHAP. XXVI.

ODE TO SPRING.

SWEET daughter of a rough and ſtormy ſire,
Hoar winter's blooming child; delightful Spring!
Whoſe unſhorn locks with leaves
And ſwelling buds are crown'd;

From the green iſlands of eternal youth,
(Crown'd with freſh blooms, and ever-ſpringing ſhade)
Turn, hither turn thy ſtep,
O thou, whoſe powerful voice,

More ſweet than ſofteſt touch of Doric reed,
Or Lydian flute, can ſooth the madding winds,
And thro' the ſtormy deep
Breathe thy own tender calm.

Thee, beſt belov'd! the virgin train await
With ſongs and feſtal rites, and joy to rove

Thy blooming wilds among,
And vales and dewy lawns,

With untir'd feet; and cull thy earlieſt ſweets,
To weave freſh garlands for the glowing brow
Of him the favour'd youth
That prompts their whiſper'd ſigh.

Unlock thy copious ſtores; thoſe tender ſhowers
That drop their ſweetneſs on the infant buds,
And ſilent dews that ſwell
The milky ear's green ſtem,

And feed the flowering oſier's early ſhoots;
And call thoſe winds which thro' the whiſpering boughs
With warm and pleaſant breath
Salute the blowing flowers.

Now let me ſit beneath the whitening thorn,
And mark thy ſpreading tints ſteal o'er the dale;
And watch with patient eye
Thy fair unfolding charms.

O Nymph approach! while yet the temperate ſun
With baſhful forehead, thro' the cool moiſt air
Throws his young maiden beams,
And with chaſte kiſſes wooes

The earth's fair boſom; while the ſtreaming veil
Of lucid clouds with kind and frequent ſhade
Protects thy modeſt blooms
From his ſeverer blaze.

Sweet

Sweet is thy reign, but ſhort: the red dog-ſtar
Shall ſcorch thy treſſes, and the mower's ſcythe
Thy greens, thy flow'rets all,
Remorſeleſs ſhall deſtroy.

Reluctant ſhall I bid thee then farewel;
For O, not all that Autumn's lap contains,
Nor Summer's ruddieſt fruits,
Can aught for thee atone,

Fair Spring! whoſe ſimpleſt promiſe more delights
Than all their largeſt wealth, and thro' the heart
Each joy and new-born hope
With ſofteſt influence breathes.

MRS. BARBAULD.

CHAP. XXVII.

DOMESTIC LOVE AND HAPPINESS.

O HAPPY they! the happieſt of their kind!
Whom gentler ſtars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the coarſer tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itſelf,
Attuning all their paſſions into love;
Where friendſhip full-exerts her ſofteſt power,
Perfect eſteem enliven'd by deſire
Ineffable, and ſympathy of ſoul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundleſs confidence: for nought but love
Can anſwer love, and render bliſs ſecure.

Let

Let him, ungenerous, who alone, intent
To bleſs himſelf, from ſordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, conſume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whoſe inhuman love
Is wild deſire, fierce as the ſuns they feel;
Let eaſtern tyrants from the light of Heaven
Seclude their boſom-ſlaves, meanly poſſeſs'd
Of a mere lifeleſs, violated form:
While thoſe whom love cements in holy faith,
And equal tranſport, free as nature live,
Diſdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleaſure, and its nonſenſe all?
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and laviſh hearts can wiſh;
Something than beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodneſs, honour, harmony and love,
The richeſt bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Mean-time a ſmiling offspring riſes round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human bloſſom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, ſhews ſome new charm,
The father's luſtre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an aſſiduous care.
Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
Oh ſpeak the joy! ye, whom the ſudden tear

Surpriſes

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.

THOMSON.

CHAP. XXVIII.

THE PLEASURES OF RETIREMENT.

O, KNEW he but his happineſs, of men
The happieſt he, who far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a choice few retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleaſures of the rural life.
What tho' the dome be wanting, whoſe proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the ſneaking croud
Of flatterers falſe, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourſe! What tho' the glittering robe,

Of

Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating loose, or stiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools, oppress him not?
What tho', from utmost land and sea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life
Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury, and death? What tho' his bowl
Flames not with costly juice; nor sunk in beds
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What though he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment, and fallacious hope.
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintry glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap;
These are not wanting: nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountain clear.
Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,

Patient

Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic eaſe.
The rage of nations, and the cruſh of ſtates,
Move not the man, who, from the world eſcap'd,
In ſtill retreats, and flowery ſolitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, thro' the revolving year;
Admiring, ſees her in her every ſhape;
Feels all her ſweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what ſhe liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the burſting gems,
Marks the firſt bud, and ſucks the healthful gale
Into his freſhen'd ſoul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening bloſſom breathes, in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living ſhade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muſe, of theſe
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers ſung;
Or what ſhe dictates writes: and, oft an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow luſtre gilds the world,
And tempts the ſickled ſwain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart diſtends
With gentle throws; and, thro' the tepid gleams
Deep muſing, then he beſt exerts his ſong.
Even Winter wild to him is full of bliſs:
The mighty tempeſt, and the hoary waſte,
Abrupt, and deep, ſtretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to ſolemn thought. At night the ſkies,
Diſcloſed, and kindled, by refining froſt,

Pour

Pour every luſtre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the ſtealing hours ſecure,
And mark them down for wiſdom. With ſwift wing,
O'er land and ſea th' imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;
Or in his breaſt heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too, and love, he feels;
The modeſt eye, whoſe beams on his alone
Extatic ſhine; the little ſtrong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to pleaſe him, calling forth
The fond parental ſoul. Nor purpoſe gay,
Amuſement, dance, or ſong, he ſternly ſcorns;
For happineſs and true philoſophy
Are of the ſocial, ſtill, and ſmiling kind.
This is the life which thoſe who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When Angels dwelt, and God himſelf, with Man!

THOMSON.

CHAP. XXIX.

GENIUS.

FROM heav'n my ſtrains begin; from heav'n deſcends
The flame of genius to the human breaſt,
And love and beauty, and poetic joy
And inſpiration. Ere the radiant ſun
Sprang from the eaſt, or 'mid the vault of night
The moon ſuſpended her ſerener lamp;
Ere mountains, woods, or ſtreams adorn'd the globe,

Or

Or wiſdom taught the ſons of men her lore;
Then liv'd th' almighty ONE: then deep retir'd
In his unfathom'd eſſence, view'd the forms,
The forms eternal of created things;
The radiant ſun, the moon's nocturnal lamp,
The mountains, woods and ſtreams, the rolling globe,
And wiſdom's mien celeſtial. From the firſt
Of days, on them his love divine he fix'd,
His admiration: till in time compleat,
What he admir'd and lov'd, his vital ſmile
Unfolded into being. Hence the breath
Of life informing each organic frame,
Hence the green earth, and wild reſounding waves;
Hence light and ſhade alternate; warmth and cold;
And clear autumnal ſkies, and vernal ſhow'rs,
And all the fair variety of things.

But not alike to every mortal eye
Is this great ſcene unveil'd. For ſince the claims
Of ſocial life, to diff'rent labours urge
The active pow'rs of man; with wiſe intent
The hand of nature on peculiar minds
Imprints a different bias, and to each
Decrees its province in the common toil.
To ſome ſhe taught the fabric of the ſphere,
The changeful moon, the circuit of the ſtars,
The golden zones of heav'n: to ſome ſhe gave
To weigh the moment of eternal things,
Of time, and ſpace, and fate's unbroken chain,
And will's quick impulſe: others by the hand
She led o'er vales and mountains, to explore
What healing virtue ſwells the tender veins

Of

Of herbs and flowr's ; or what the beams of morn
Draw forth, diſtilling from the clifted rind
In balmy tears. But ſome, to higher hopes
Were deſtin'd ; ſome within a finer mould
She wrought, and temper'd with a purer flame.
To theſe the Sire Omnipotent unfolds
The world's harmonious volume, there to read
The tranſcript of himſelf. On every part
They trace the bright impreſſions of his hand :
In earth or air, the meadow's purple ſtores,
The moon's mild radiance, or the virgin's form
Blooming with roſy ſmiles, they ſee portray'd
That uncreated beauty, which delights
The Mind Supreme. They alſo feel her charms,
Enamour'd ; they partake th' eternal joy.

AKENSIDE.

CHAP. XXX.

GREATNESS.

SAY, why was man ſo eminently rais'd
Amid the vaſt creation ; why ordain'd
Thro' life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame ;
But that th' Omnipotent might ſend him forth,
In ſight of mortal and immortal pow'rs,
As on a boundleſs theatre, to run
The great career of juſtice ; to exalt
His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds ;
To chaſe each partial purpoſe from his breaſt ;
And thro' the miſts of paſſion and of ſenſe,
And thro' the toſſing tide of chance and pain,

To

To hold his courſe unfault'ring, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the ſteep aſcent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
Th' applauding ſmile of Heav'n. Elſe wherefore burns
In mortal boſoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day ſublimer things,
And mocks poſſeſſion? Wherefore darts the mind,
With ſuch reſiſtleſs ardour to embrace
Majeſtic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the groſs controul of wilful might;
Proud of the ſtrong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring? Who but rather turns
To Heav'n's broad fire his unconſtrained view,
Than to the glimmering of a waxen flame?
Who that, from Alpine heights, his lab'ring eye
Shoots round the wide horizon, to ſurvey
Nilus or Ganges rolling his bright wave
Thro' mountains, plains, thro' empires black with ſhade,
And continents of ſand; will turn his gaze
To mark the windings of a ſcanty rill
That murmurs at his feet? The high-born ſoul
Diſdains to reſt her heav'n-aſpiring wing
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth
And this diurnal ſcene, ſhe ſprings aloft
Thro' fields of air; purſues the flying ſtorm;
Rides on the volley'd lightning thro' the heav'ns;
Or yok'd with whirlwinds and the northern blaſt,
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high ſhe ſoars
The blue profound, and hovering round the ſun,
Beholds him pouring the redundant ſtream
Of light; beholds his unrelenting ſway
Bend the reluctant planets to abſolve

The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd
She darts her ſwiftneſs up the long career
Of devious comets; thro' its burning ſigns
Exulting meaſures the perennial wheel
Of nature, and looks back on all the ſtars,
Whoſe blended light, as with a milky zone,
Inveſts the orient. Now amaz'd ſhe views
Th' empyreal waſte, where happy ſpirits hold,
Beyond this concave heav'n, their calm abode;
And fields of radiance, whoſe unfading light
Has travell'd the profound ſix thouſand years,
Nor yet arrives in ſight of mortal things.
Ev'n on the barriers of the world untir'd
She meditates th' eternal depth below;
Till, half recoiling, down the headlong ſteep
She plunges: ſoon o'erwhelm'd and ſwallow'd up
In that immenſe of being. There her hopes
Reſt at the fated goal. For from the birth
Of mortal man, the ſovereign Maker ſaid,
That not in humble nor in brief delight,
Not in the fading echoes of renown,
Pow'r's purple robes, nor pleaſure's flow'ry lap,
The ſoul ſhould find enjoyment: but from theſe
Turning diſdainful to an equal good,
Thro' all th' aſcent of things enlarge her view,
Till every bound at length ſhould diſappear,
And infinite perfection cloſe the ſcene.

Akenside.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXXI.

NOVELTY.

CALL now to mind what high capacious pow'rs
Lie folded up in man; how far beyond
The praiſe of mortals, may th' eternal growth
Of nature to perfection half divine,
Expand the blooming ſoul. What pity then
Should ſloth's unkindly fogs depreſs to earth
Her tender bloſſom, choak the ſtreams of life,
And blaſt her ſpring! Far otherwiſe deſign'd
Almighty wiſdom; nature's happy cares
Th' obedient heart far otherwiſe incline.
Witneſs the ſprightly joy when aught unknown
Strikes the quick ſenſe, and wakes each active pow'r
To briſker meaſures: witneſs the neglect
Of all familiar proſpects, tho' beheld
With tranſport once; the fond attentive gaze
Of young aſtoniſhment; the ſober zeal
Of age, commenting on prodigious things.
For ſuch the bounteous providence of Heav'n,
In every breaſt implanting this deſire
Of objects new and ſtrange, to urge us on
With unremitted labour to purſue
Thoſe ſacred ſtores that wait the ripening ſoul,
In truth's exhauſtleſs boſom. What need words
To paint its pow'r? For this, the daring youth
Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
In foreign climes to rove; the penſive ſage
Heedleſs of ſleep, or midnight's harmful damp,
Hangs o'er the ſickly taper; and untir'd

The virgin follows, with inchanted ſtep,
The mazes of ſome wiſe and wondrous tale,
From morn to eve; unmindful of her form,
Unmindful of the happy dreſs that ſtole
The wiſhes of the youth, when every maid
With envy pin'd. Hence finally by night
The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,
Suſpends the infant-audience with her tales,
Breathing aſtoniſhment! of witching rhimes,
And evil ſpirits; of the death-bed call
Of him who robb'd the widow, and devour'd
The orphan's portion; of unquiet ſouls
Ris'n from the grave to eaſe the heavy guilt
Of deeds in life conceal'd; of ſhapes that walk
At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
The torch of hell around the murd'rer's bed.
At every ſolemn pauſe the croud recoil,
Gazing each other ſpeechleſs, and congeal'd
With ſhiv'ring ſighs: till eager for th' event,
Around the beldame all arreſt they hang,
Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

AKENSIDE.

BOOK

BOOK VIII.

PATHETIC PIECES.

CHAP. I.

THE STORY OF LE FEVER.

IT was ſome time in the ſummer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about ſeven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many, after the time, that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's houſe in town, in order to lay ſome of the fineſt ſieges to ſome of the fineſt 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 phial 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, nor 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-natured 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;

count; 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 groin. I fear ſo, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at reſt in my mind, Trim, ſince the account the landlord has given me.——I wiſh I had not known ſo much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it:——How ſhall we manage it? Leave it, an't pleaſe your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;——I'll take my hat and ſtick, and go to the houſe and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.——Thou ſhalt go, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, and here's a ſhilling for thee to drink with his ſervant.——I ſhall get it all out of him, ſaid the corporal, ſhutting the door.

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

ment) 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' pleaſe your honour? Nothing in the world, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, blowing his noſe, — but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

WHEN I gave him the toaſt, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was captain Shandy's ſervant, and that your honour (though a ſtranger) was extremely concerned for his father; — and that if there was any thing in your houſe or cellar — (and thou might'ſt have added

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 into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he ſhould be glad if I would ſtep up ſtairs. —— I believe, ſaid the landlord, he is going to ſay his prayers, —— for there was a book laid upon the chair by his 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' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parſon; —— and when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the moſt reaſon to pray to God of any one in the whole world. — 'Twas well ſaid of thee, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby. — But when a ſoldier, ſaid I, an' pleaſe your reverence, has been ſtanding for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, ſaid I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—haraſſed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—haraſſing others to-morrow; detached here;—countermanded there;

—reſting

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

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

ſame

ſame time. —— Let it remain there, my dear, ſaid the lieutenant.

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

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

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

I remember, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſighing again, the ſtory of the enſign and his wife, with a circumſtance his modeſty

modeſty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as ſhe, upon ſome account or other, (I forget what) was univerſally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finiſh the ſtory thou art upon:—'Tis finiſh'd already, ſaid the corporal,—for I could ſtay no longer,—ſo wiſhed his honour a good night; young Le Fever roſe from off the bed, and ſaw me to the bottom of the ſtairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their 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 lodgment upon the counterſcarp; and bent his whole thoughts towards the private diſtreſſes at the inn; and, except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be ſaid to have turned the ſiege of Dendermond into a blockade,—he left Dendermond 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

Thou haſt left this matter ſhort, ſaid my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed,—and I will tell thee in what, Trim.——In the firſt place, when thou madeſt an offer of my ſervices to Le Fever,—as ſickneſs and travelling are both expenſive, and thou 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 the corporal, I had no orders;—— True, quoth my uncle Toby,——thou didſt very right, Trim, as a ſoldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man.

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

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, ſmiling—he might march,—He will never march, an' pleaſe your honour, in this world, ſaid the corporal:—— He will march, ſaid my uncle Toby, riſing up from the ſide of the bed, with one ſhoe off:——An' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:——He ſhall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a ſhoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he ſhall march to his regiment.——He cannot ſtand it, ſaid the corporal,——He ſhall be ſupported, ſaid my uncle Toby;——He'll drop at laſt, ſaid the corporal,

poral, and what will become of his boy?——He ſhall not drop, ſaid my uncle Toby, firmly.——A-well-o'day,—do what we can for him, ſaid Trim, maintaining his point,—the poor ſoul will die:———He ſhall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

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

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

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

—YOU ſhall go home directly, Le Fever, ſaid my uncle Toby, to my houſe,—and we'll ſend for a doctor to ſee what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the

the corporal ſhall be your nurſe;—and I'll be your ſervant, Le Fever.

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

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

Sterne.

CHAP. II.

YORICK's DEATH.

A FEW hours before Yorick breathed his laſt, Eugenius ſtept in with an intent to take his laſt ſight and laſt farewel of him. Upon his drawing Yorick's curtain, and aſking how he felt himſelf, Yorick looking up in his face, took hold of his hand,——and, after thanking him for the many

many tokens of his friendſhip to him, for which, he ſaid, if it was their fate to meet hereafter, he would thank him again and again; he told him, he was within a few hours of giving his enemies the ſlip for ever. — I hope not, anſwered Eugenius, with tears trickling down his cheeks, and with the tendereſt tone that ever man ſpoke, — I hope not, Yorick, ſaid he. —— Yorick replied, with a look up, and gentle ſqueeze of Eugenius's hand, — and that was all, — but it cut Eugenius to his heart. — Come, come, Yorick, quoth Eugenius, wiping his eyes, and ſummoning up the man within him, —— my dear lad, be comforted, — let not all thy ſpirits and fortitude forſake thee at this criſis when thou moſt wanteſt them; —— who knows what reſources are in ſtore, and what the power of GOD may yet do for thee? — Yorick laid his hand upon his heart, and gently ſhook his head; for my part, continued Eugenius, crying bitterly as he uttered the words, — I declare I know not, Yorick, how to part with thee, and would gladly flatter my hopes, added Eugenius, cheering up his voice, that there is ſtill enough left of thee to make a biſhop, — and that I may live to ſee it. — I beſeech thee, Eugenius, quoth Yorick, taking off his night cap as well as he could with his left hand, —— his right being ſtill graſped cloſe in that of Eugenius, —— I beſeech thee to take a view of my head. — I ſee nothing that ails it, replied Eugenius. Then, alas! my friend, ſaid Yorick, let me tell you, that it is ſo bruiſed and miſ-ſhapened with the blows which have been ſo unhandſomely given me in the dark, that I might ſay with Sancho Panca, that ſhould I recover, and "mitres thereupon be "ſuffered to rain down from heaven as thick as hail, not "one of them would fit it." —— Yorick's laſt breath was hanging upon his trembling lips ready to depart as he utter-

ed this; —— yet ſtill it was uttered with ſomething of a Cervantic tone; —— and as he ſpoke it, Eugenius could percieve a ſtream of lambent fire lighted up for a moment in his eyes; —— faint picture of thoſe flaſhes of his ſpirit, which (as Shakeſpear ſaid of his anceſtor) were wont to ſet the table in a roar!

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

He lies buried in a corner of his church-yard, under a plain marble ſlab, which his friend Eugenius, by leave of his executors, laid upon his grave, with no more than theſe three words of inſcription, ſerving both for his epitaph, and elegy ——

Alas, poor YORICK!

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

Alas, poor YORICK!

Sterne.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan,
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bleſs your ſtore.

Theſe tatter'd cloaths my poverty beſpeak,
Theſe hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon houſe, erected on the riſing ground,
With tempting aſpect drew me from my road;
For Plenty there a reſidence has found,
And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!
Here, as I crav'd a morſel of their bread,
A pamper'd menial drove me from the door
To ſeek a ſhelter in an humbler ſhed.

Oh! take me to your hoſpitable dome;
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my paſſage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor and miſerably old.

Should I reveal the ſources of my grief,
If ſoft humanity e'r touch'd your breaſt
Your hands would not withold the kind relief,
And tears of pity would not be repreſt.

Heaven ſends misfortunes; why ſhould we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the ſtate you ſee;
And your condition may be ſoon like mine,
The child of Sorrow and of Miſery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then like the lark I ſprightly hail'd the morn;
But ah! oppreſſion forc'd me from my cot,
My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
Is caſt abandon'd on the world's wide ſtage,
And doom'd in ſcanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, ſweet ſoother of my care!
Struck with ſad anguiſh at the ſtern decree,
Fell, ling'ring fell a victim to deſpair,
And left the world to wretchedneſs and me.

Pity the ſorrows of a poor old man,
Whoſe trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whoſe days are dwindled to the ſhorteſt ſpan,
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bleſs your ſtore.

CHAP. IV.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghoſt, along the Moon-light ſhade
Invites my ſteps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis ſhe!---but why that bleeding boſom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the viſionary ſword?

Oh

Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reverſion in the ſky,
For thoſe who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye elſe, ye pow'rs! her ſoul aſpire
Above the vulgar flight of low deſire?
Ambition firſt ſprung from your bleſt abodes;
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breaſts of Kings and Heroes glows.
Moſt ſouls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull ſullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Uſeleſs, unſeen, as lamps in ſepulchres;
Like Eaſtern Kings a lazy ſtate they keep,
And cloſe confin'd to their own palace, ſleep.
From theſe perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate ſnatch'd her early to the pitying ſky.
As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
And ſep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the ſoul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, falſe guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deſerter of thy brother's blood!
See on theſe ruby lips the trembling breath,
Theſe cheeks, now fading at the blaſt of death;
Cold is that breaſt which warm'd the world before,
And thoſe love-darting eyes muſt roll no more.
Thus, if Eternal Juſtice rules the ball,
Thus ſhall your wives, and thus your children fall:

On all the line a ſudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearſes ſhall beſiege your gates.
There paſſengers ſhall ſtand, and pointing ſay,
(While the long fun'rals blacken all the way)
Lo theſe were they, whoſe ſouls the Furies ſteel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented paſs the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So periſh all, whoſe breaſt ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd ſhade!)
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domeſtic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghoſt, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By ſtrangers honour'd, and by ſtrangers mourn'd.
What though no friends in ſable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances, and the public ſhow?
What though no weeping Loves thy aſhes grace,
Nor poliſh'd marble emulate thy face?
What though no ſacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet ſhall thy grave with riſing flow'rs be dreſt,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breaſt:
There ſhall the morn her earlieſt tears beſtow,
There the firſt roſes of the year ſhall blow;
While Angels with their ſilver wings o'erſhade
The ground, now ſacred by thy reliques made.

So

So peaceful reſts, without a ſtone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of duſt alone remains of thee,
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud ſhall be!
Poets themſelves muſt fall, like thoſe they ſung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whoſe ſoul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall ſhortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his cloſing eyes thy form ſhall part,
And the laſt pang ſhall tear thee from his heart,
Life's idle buſineſs at one gaſp be o'er,
The Muſe forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

POPE.

CHAP. V.

MORNING HYMN.

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

Faireſt of ſtars, laſt in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praiſe him in thy ſphere,
While day ariſes, that ſweet hour of prime.
Thou ſun, of this great world both eye and ſoul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; ſound his praiſe
In thy eternal courſe, both when thou climb'ſt,
And when high noon haſt gain'd, and when thou fall'ſt.
Moon that now meets the orient ſun, now fly'ſt
With the fix'd ſtars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In myſtic dance not without ſong, reſound
His praiſe, who out of darkneſs call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldeſt birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,
And nouriſh all things; let your ceaſeleſs change
Vary to our great Maker ſtill new praiſe.
Ye miſts and exhalations, that now riſe
From hill or ſtreaming lake, duſky or gray,
Till the ſun paint your fleecy ſkirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author riſe,
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd ſky,
Or wet the thirſty earth with falling ſhowers,
Riſing or falling ſtill advance his praiſe.
His praiſe, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in ſign of worſhip wave.
Fountains, and ye, that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe.
Join voices all ye living ſouls; ye birds,

That

That ſinging up to heaven-gate aſcend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes his praiſe.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep;
Witne if I be ſilent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or freſh ſhade,
Made vocal by my ſong, and taught his praiſe.
Hail univerſal Lord, be bounteous ſtill
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Diſperſe it, as now light diſpels the dark.

MILTON.

CHAP. VI.

SATAN's SOLILOQUY.

O THOU that, with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whoſe ſight all the ſtars
Hide their diminiſh'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O ſun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams;
That bring to my remembrance from what ſtate
I fell, how glorious once above thy ſphere;
Till pride, and worſe ambition threw me down,
Warring in heav'n againſt heav'n's matchleſs King.
Ah wherefore? he deſerv'd no ſuch return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his ſervice hard.
What could be leſs, than to afford him praiſe,
The eaſieſt recompence, and pay him thanks,

How

How due! yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice: lifted up ſo high
I 'ſdain'd ſubjection, and thought one ſtep higher
Would ſet me high'ſt, and in a moment quit
The debt immenſe of endleſs gratitude,
So burdenſome, ſtill paying, ſtill to owe;
Forgetful what from him I ſtill receiv'd;
And underſtood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but ſtill pays, at once
Indebted and diſcharged; what burden then?
O had his pow'rful deſtiny ordain'd
Me ſome inferior angel, I had ſtood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition. Yet why not? ſome other power
As great might have aſpir'd, and me though mean
Drawn to his part; but other pow'rs as great
Fell not, but ſtand unſhaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadſt thou the ſame free will and pow'r to ſtand?
Thou hadſt. Whom haſt thou then, or what t' accuſe,
But Heav'n's free love, dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurs'd, ſince love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.
Nay curs'd be thou; ſince againſt his thy will
Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues.
Me miſerable! which way ſhall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite deſpair?
Which way I fly is hell; myſelf am hell;
And, in the loweſt deep, a lower deep
Still threat'ning to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I ſuffer ſeems a heaven.
O then at laſt relent: is there no place

Left

Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by ſubmiſſion; and that word
Diſdain forbids me, and my dread of ſhame
Among the ſpirits beneath, whom I ſeduc'd
With other promiſes, and other vaunts,
Than to ſubmit, boaſting I could ſubdue
Th' Omnipotent. Ah me, they little know
How dearly I abide that boaſt ſo vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell:
With diadem and ſceptre high advanc'd,
The lower ſtill I fall, only ſupreme
In miſery: ſuch joy ambition finds,
But ſay I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former ſtate; how ſoon
Would height recall high thoughts, how ſoon unſay
What feign'd ſubmiſſion ſwore! eaſe would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void;
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd ſo deep;
Which would but lead us to a worſe relapſe,
And heavier fall: ſo ſhould I purchaſe dear
Short intermiſſion bought with double ſmart,
This knows my puniſher: therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace.
All hope excluded thus, behold inſtead
Of us outcaſt, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewel hope, and with hope farewel fear,
Farewel remorſe; all good to me is loſt;
Evil be thou my good: by thee at leaſt
Divided empire with heav'n's King I hold,

By

By thee and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long, and this new world, ſhall know.

MILTON.

CHAP. VII.

JUBA AND SYPHAX.

JUB. SYPHAX, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have obſerv'd of late thy looks are fall'n,
O'ercaſt with gloomy cares and diſcontent;
Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee tell me,
What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frowns,
And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

SYPH. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry ſmiles and ſun-ſhine in my face,
When diſcontent ſits heavy at my heart:
I have not yet ſo much the Roman in me.

JUB. Why doſt thou caſt out ſuch ungen'rous terms
Againſt the lords and ſov'reigns of the world?
Doſt thou not ſee mankind fall down before them,
And own the force of their ſuperior virtue?
Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
Amidſt our barren rocks, and burning ſands,
That does not tremble at the Roman name?

SYPH. Gods! where's the worth that ſets this people up
Above your own Numidia's tawny ſons?
Do they with tougher ſinews bend the bow?
Or flies the jav'lin ſwifter to its mark,
Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
Who like our active African inſtructs
The fiery ſteed, and trains him to his hand?
Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,

Loaden

Loaden with war? Theſe, theſe are arts, my prince,
In which your Zama does not ſtoop to Rome.

JUB. Theſe all are virtues of a meaner rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves.
A Roman ſoul is bent on higher views:
To civilize the rude unpoliſh'd world,
To lay it under the reſtraint of laws;
To make man mild, and ſociable to man;
To cultivate the wild licentious ſavage
With wiſdom, diſcipline, and lib'ral arts;
Th' embelliſhments of life: virtues like theſe,
Make human nature ſhine, reform the ſoul,
And break our fierce barbarians into men.

SYPH. Patience, juſt Heav'ns!—Excuſe an old man's warmth.
What are theſe wondrous civilizing arts,
This Roman poliſh, and this ſmooth behaviour,
That render man thus tractable and tame?
Are they not only to diſguiſe our paſſions,
To ſet our looks at variance with our thoughts,
To check the ſtarts and ſallies of the ſoul,
And break off all its commerce with the tongue?
In ſhort, to change us into other creatures,
Than what our nature and the gods deſign'd us?

JUB. To ſtrike thee dumb: turn up thy eyes to Cato!
There may'ſt thou ſee to what a godlike height
The Roman virtues lift up mortal man.
While good, and juſt, and anxious for his friends,
He's ſtill ſeverely bent againſt himſelf;
Renouncing ſleep, and reſt, and food, and eaſe,
He ſtrives with thirſt and hunger, toil and heat:
And when his fortune ſets before him all

The

The pomps and pleaſures that his ſoul can wiſh,
His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an African
That traverſes our vaſt Numidian deſarts
In queſt of prey, and lives upon his bow,
But better practiſes theſe boaſted virtues.
Coarſe are his meals, the fortune of the chaſe;
Amidſt the running ſtream he ſlakes his thirſt,
Toils all the day, and at th' approach of night
On the firſt friendly bank he throws him down,
Or reſts his head upon a rock till morn:
Then riſes freſh, purſues his wonted game,
And if the following day he chance to find
A new repaſt, or an untaſted ſpring,
Bleſſes his ſtars, and thinks it luxury.

Jub. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't diſcern
What virtues grow from ignorance, and choice,
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.
But grant that others could with equal glory
Look down on pleaſures, and the baits of ſenſe;
Where ſhall we find the man that bears affliction,
Great and majeſtic in his griefs, like Cato?
Heav'ns! with what ſtrength, what ſteadineſs of mind,
He triumphs in the midſt of all his ſuff'rings!
How does he riſe againſt a load of woes,
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him!

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtineſs of ſoul:
I think the Romans call it Stoiciſm.
Had not your royal father thought ſo highly
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cauſe,
He had not fallen by a ſlave's hand, inglorious:
Nor would his ſlaughter'd army now have lain

On Afric ſands disfigur'd with their wounds,
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.
JUB. Why doſt thou call my ſorrows up afreſh?
My father's name brings tears into mine eyes.
SYPH. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills!
JUB. What would'ſt thou have me do?
SYPH. Abandon Cato.
JUB. Syphax, I ſhould be more than twice an orphan
By ſuch a loſs.
SYPH. Ay, there's the tie that binds you!
You long to call him father. Marcia's charms
Work in your heart unſeen, and plead for Cato.
No wonder you are deaf to all I ſay.
JUB. Syphax, your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Leſt it ſhould take more freedom than I'll give it.
SYPH. Sir, your great father never us'd me thus.
Alas, he's dead! but can you e'er forget
The tender ſorrows and the pangs of nature,
The fond embraces, and repeated bleſſings,
Which you drew from him in your laſt farewel?
Still muſt I cheriſh the dear, ſad remembrance,
At once to torture, and to pleaſe my ſoul.
The good old King at parting wrung my hand,
(His eyes brim full of tears) then ſighing cry'd,
Pr'ythee be careful of my ſon! —— His grief
Swell'd up ſo high, he could not utter more.
JUB. Alas, the ſtory melts away my ſoul.
That beſt of fathers! how ſhall I diſcharge
The gratitude and duty which I owe him?
SYPH. By laying up his counſels in your heart

JUB.

Jub. His counſels bade me yield to thy directions:
Then, Syphax, chide me in ſevereſt terms,
Vent all thy paſſion, and I'll ſtand its ſhock,
Calm and unruffled as a ſummer ſea,
When not a breath of wind flies o'er its ſurface.

Syph. Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your ſafety!

Jub. I do believe thou wouldſt; but tell me how?

Syph. Fly from the fate that follows Cæſar's foes.

Jub. My father ſcorn'd to do it.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

Jub. Better to die ten thouſand deaths,
Than wound my honour.

Syph. Rather ſay your love.

Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preſerve my temper;
Why wilt thou urge me to confeſs a flame
I long have ſtifled, and would fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me, prince, tho' hard to conquer love,
'Tis eaſy to divert and break its force:
Abſence might cure it, or a ſecond miſtreſs
Light up another flame, and put out this.
The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
Have faces fluſh'd with more exalted charms;
The ſun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads,
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:
Were you with theſe, my prince, you'd ſoon forget
The pale, unripen'd beauties of the North.

Jub. 'Tis not a ſet of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a ſkin that I admire:
Beauty ſoon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the ſenſe:
The virtuous Marcia tow'rs above her ſex:
True, ſhe is fair (oh, how divinely fair!)

But

But ſtill the lovely maid improves her charms,
With inward greatneſs, unaffected wiſdom,
And ſanctity of manners. Cato's ſoul
Shines out in ev'ry thing ſhe acts or ſpeaks,
While winning mildneſs and attractive ſmiles
Dwell in her looks, and with becoming grace
Soften the rigour of her father's virtues.

SYPH. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praiſe!

CATO.

CHAP. VIII.

CATO's SOLILOQUY.

IT muſt be ſo—Plato, thou reaſon'ſt well—
Elſe whence this pleaſing hope, this fond deſire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this ſacred dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? Why ſhrinks the ſoul
Back on herſelf, and ſtartles at deſtruction?
'Tis the Divinity that ſtirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itſelf that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleaſing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untry'd being,
Thro' what new ſcenes and changes muſt we paſs!
The wide, th' unbounded proſpect lies before me;
But ſhadows, clouds, and darkneſs, reſt upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Pow'r above us,
(And that there is, all Nature cries aloud
Thro' all her works) he muſt delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in, muſt be happy.

But when? or where?—This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end 'em.
Thus am I doubly arm'd. My death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point:
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

Cato.

CHAP. IX.

SOUTHAMPTON and ESSEX.

Officer. My Lord,
We bring an order for your execution,
And hope you are prepar'd; for you must die
This very hour.

South. Indeed! the time is sudden!

Ess. Is death th' event of all my flatter'd hope?
False Sex! and Queen more perjur'd than them all!
But die I will without the least complaint;
My soul shall vanish silent as the dew
Attracted by the sun from verdant fields,
And leaves of weeping flowers—Come, my dear friend,
Partner in fate, give me thy body in
These faithful arms, and O now let me tell thee,
And you, my Lords, and Heaven my witness too,

I have

I have no weight, no heavineſs on my ſoul,
But that I've loſt my deareſt friend his life.

SOUTH. And I proteſt by the ſame powers divine,
And to the world, 'tis all my happineſs,
The greateſt bliſs my mind yet e'er enjoy'd,
Since we muſt die, my lord, to die together.

OFFICER. The queen, my lord Southampton, has been pleas'd
To grant particular mercy to your perſon;
And has by us ſent you a reprieve from death,
With pardon of your treaſons, and commands
You to depart immediately from hence.

SOUTH. O my unguarded ſoul! Sure never was
A man with mercy wounded ſo before!

ESS. Then I am looſe to ſteer my wand'ring voyage;
Like a bad veſſel that has long been croſt,
And bound by adverſe winds, at laſt gets liberty,
And joyfully makes all the ſail ſhe can,
To reach its wiſh'd-for port—— Angels protect
The queen, for her my chiefeſt prayers ſhall be,
That as in time ſhe has ſpar'd my noble friend,
And owns his crimes worth mercy, may ſhe ne'er
Think ſo of me too late when I am dead——
Again, Southampton, let me hold thee faſt,
For 'tis my laſt embrace.

SOUTH. O be leſs kind, my friend, or move leſs pity,
Or I ſhall ſink beneath the weight of ſadneſs!
I weep that I am doom'd to live without you,
And ſhould have ſmil'd to ſhare the death of Eſſex.

ESS. O ſpare this tenderneſs for one that needs it,
For her that I commit to thee, 'tis all that I
Can claim of my Southampton—— O my wife!

Methinks that very name ſhould ſtop thy pity,
And make thee covetous of all as loſt
That is not meant to her—be a kind friend
To her, as we have been to one another;
Name not the dying Eſſex to thy queen,
Leſt it ſhould coſt a tear, nor e'er offend her.

South. O ſtay, my lord, let me have one word more:
One laſt farewel, before the greedy axe
Shall part my friend, my only friend from me,
And Eſſex from himſelf—I know not what
Are call'd the pangs of death, but ſure I am
I feel an agony that's worſe than death——
Farewel.

Ess. Why, that's well ſaid——Farewel to thee——
Then let us part, juſt like two travellers,
Take diſtant paths, only this difference is,
Thine is the longeſt, mine the ſhorteſt way——
Now let me go——if there's a throne in heaven
For the moſt brave of men and beſt of friends,
I will beſpeak it for Southampton.

South. And I, while I have life, will hoard thy memory:
When I am dead, we then ſhall meet again.

Ess. Till then, Farewel.

South. Till then, Farewel.

Earl of Essex.

CHAP. X.

JAFFIER and PIERRE.

Jaff. BY Heav'n, you ſtir not,
I muſt be heard, I muſt have leave to ſpeak:
Thou haſt diſgrac'd me, Pierre, by a vile blow:

Had

Had not a dagger done thee nobler juſtice?
But uſe me as thou wilt, thou can'ſt not wrong me,
For I am fallen beneath the baſeſt injuries:
Yet look upon me with an eye of mercy,
With pity and with charity behold me;
Shut not thy heart againſt a friend's repentance;
But, as there dwells a godlike nature in thee,
Liſten with mildneſs to my ſupplications.

PIER. What wining monk art thou? what holy cheat,
That would'ſt incroach upon my credulous ears,
And cant'ſt thus vilely? Hence! I know thee not.

JAFF. Not know me, Pierre?

PIER. No, know thee not; what art thou?

JAFF. Jaffier, thy friend, thy once lov'd valu'd friend!
Tho' now deſerv'dly ſcorn'd, and us'd moſt hardly.

PIER. Thou Jaffier! thou my once lov'd valu'd friend!
By Heav'ns thou ly'ſt; the man ſo call'd my friend,
Was generous, honeſt, faithful, juſt, and valiant,
Noble in mind, and in his perſon lovely,
Dear to my eyes, and tender to my heart:
But thou a wretched, baſe, falſe, worthleſs coward,
Poor even in ſoul, and loathſome in thy aſpect:
All eyes muſt ſhun thee, and all hearts deteſt thee.
Prithee avoid, nor longer cling thus round me,
Like ſomething baneful, that my nature's chill'd at.

JAFF. I have not wrong'd thee, by theſe tears I have not,
But ſtill am honeſt, true, and hope too, valiant;
My mind ſtill full of thee, therefore ſtill noble.
Let not thy eyes then ſhun me, nor thy heart
Deteſt me utterly: Oh! look upon me,
Look back and ſee my ſad, ſincere ſubmiſſion!
How my heart ſwells, as e'en 'twould burſt my boſom;

Fond of its goal, and labouring to be at thee;
What ſhall I do? what ſay to make thee hear me?

Pier. Haſt thou not wrong'd me? dar'ſt thou call thyſelf
That once lov'd valu'd friend of mine,
And ſwear thou haſt not wrong'd me? Whence theſe chains?
Whence the vile death, which I may meet this moment?
Whence this diſhonour, but from thee, thou falſe one?

Jaff. All's true; yet grant one thing, and I've done aſking.

Pier. What's that?

Jaff. To take thy life on ſuch conditions
The council have propos'd: thou and thy friend
May yet live long, and to be better treated.

Pier. Life! aſk my life! confeſs! record myſelf
A villain for the privilege to breathe,
And carry up and down this curſed city
A diſcontented and repining ſpirit,
Burdenſome to itſelf, a few years longer,
To loſe it, may be at laſt, in a lewd quarrel
For ſome new friend, treacherous and falſe as thou art!
No, this vile world and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better terms than now,
When only men like thee are fit to live in't.

Jaff. By all that's juſt——

Pier. Swear by ſome other powers,
For thou haſt broken that ſacred oath too lately.

Jaff. Then by that hell I merit, I'll not leave thee,
Till to thyſelf at leaſt thou'rt reconcil'd,
However thy reſentment deal with me.

Pier. Not leave me!

Jaff. No; thou ſhalt not force me from thee;
Uſe me reproachfully, and like a ſlave;

Tread

Tread on me, buffet me, heap wrongs on wrongs
On my poor head; I'll bear it all with patience;
I'll weary out thy moſt friendly cruelty;
Lie at thy feet and kiſs 'em, tho' they ſpurn me,
Till wounded by my ſufferings thou relent,
And raiſe me to thy arms with dear forgiveneſs.

PIER. Art thou not——

JAFF. What?

PIER. A traitor?

JAFF. Yes.

PIER. A villain?

JAFF. Granted.

PIER. A coward, a moſt ſcandalous coward,
Spiritleſs, void of honour, one who has ſold
Thy everlaſting fame for ſhameleſs life?

JAFF. All, all, and more, much more: my faults are numberleſs.

PIER. And would'ſt thou have me live on terms like thine?
Baſe as thou'rt falſe——

JAFF. No; 'tis to me that's granted:
The ſafety of thy life was all I aim'd at,
In recompence for faith and truſt ſo broken.

PIER. I ſcorn it more, becauſe preſerv'd by thee;
And as when firſt my fooliſh heart took pity
On thy misfortunes, ſought thee in thy miſeries,
Reliev'd thy wants, and rais'd thee from thy ſtate
Of wretchedneſs, in which thy fate had plung'd thee,
To rank thee in my liſt of noble friends;
All I receiv'd, in ſurety for thy truth,
Were unregarded oaths, and this, this dagger,
Given with a worthleſs pledge thou ſince haſt ſtol'n:
So I reſtore it back to thee again;

Swearing by all thoſe powers which thou haſt violated,
Never from this curs'd hour to hold communion,
Friendſhip, or intereſt with thee, tho' our years
Were to exceed thoſe limited the world.
Take it——Farewel, for now I owe thee nothing.

JAFF. Say thou wilt live then.

PIER. For my life, diſpoſe of it
Juſt as thou wilt, becauſe 'tis what I'm tir'd with.

JAFF. Oh Pierre!

PIER. No more.

JAFF. My eyes won't looſe the ſight of thee,
But languiſh after thine, and ache with gazing.

PIER. Leave me—Nay, then thus, thus I throw thee from me;
And curſes great as is thy falſehood catch thee.

VENICE PRESERVED.

CHAP. XI.

EDWARD AND WARWICK.

EDW. LET me have no intruders; above all,
Keep Warwick from my ſight——

Enter WARWICK.

WAR. Behold him here;
No welcome gueſt, it ſeems, unleſs I aſk
My lord of Suffolk's leave—there was a time
When Warwick wanted not his aid to gain
Admiſſion here.

EDW. There was a time perhaps,
When Warwick more deſir'd and more—deſerv'd it.

WAR. Never; I've been a fooliſh faithful ſlave;
All my beſt years, the morning of my life,

Hath

Hath been devoted to your ſervice: what
Are now the fruits? Diſgrace and infamy;
My ſpotleſs name, which never yet the breath
Of calumny had tainted, made the mock
For foreign fools to carp at: but 'tis fit
Who truſt in princes, ſhould be thus rewarded.

EDW. I thought, my lord, I had full well repay'd
Your ſervices with honours, wealth, and pow'r
Unlimited: thy all-directing hand
Guided in ſecret ev'ry latent wheel
Of government, and mov'd the whole machine:
Warwick was all in all, and pow'rleſs Edward
Stood like a cypher in the great account.

WAR. Who gave that cypher worth, and ſeated thee
On England's throne? Thy undiſtinguiſh'd name
Had rotted in the duſt from whence it ſprang,
And moulder'd in oblivion, had not Warwick
Dug from its ſordid mine the uſeleſs ore,
And ſtamp'd it with a diadem. Thou know'ſt,
This wretched country, doom'd, perhaps, like Rome,
To fall by its own ſelf-deſtroying hand,
Toſt for ſo many years in the rough ſea
Of civil diſcord, but for me had periſh'd.
In that diſtreſsful hour I ſeiz'd the helm,
Bade the rough waves ſubſide in peace, and ſteer'd
Your ſhatter'd veſſel ſafe into the harbour.

You may deſpiſe, perhaps, that uſeleſs aid
Which you no longer want; but know, proud youth,
He who forgets a friend, deſerves a foe.

EDW. Know too, reproach for benefits receiv'd
Pays ev'ry debt, and cancels obligation.

WAR.

War. Why, that indeed is frugal honeſty,
A thrifty ſaving knowledge: when the debt
Grows burdenſome, and cannot be diſcharg'd,
A ſpunge will wipe out all, and coſt you nothing.

Edw. When you have counted o'er the numerous train
Of mighty gifts your bounty laviſh'd on me,
You may remember next the injuries
Which I have done you; let me know them all,
And I will make you ample ſatisfaction.

War. Thou can'ſt not; thou haſt robb'd me of a jewel
It is not in thy power to reſtore:
I was the firſt, ſhall future annals ſay,
That broke the ſacred bond of public truſt
And mutual confidence; ambaſſadors,
In after times, mere inſtruments, perhaps,
Of venal ſtateſmen, ſhall recal my name
To witneſs, that they want not an example,
And plead my guilt, to ſanctify their own.
Amidſt the herd of mercenary ſlaves
That haunt your court, cou'd none be found but Warwick,
To be the ſhameleſs herald of a lie?

Edw. And would'ſt thou turn the vile reproach on me?
If I have broke my faith, and ſtain'd the name
Of England, thank thy own pernicious counſels
That urg'd me to it, and extorted from me
A cold conſent to what my heart abhorr'd.

War. I've been abus'd, inſulted, and betray'd;
My injur'd honour cries aloud for vengeance,
Her wounds will never cloſe!

Edw. Theſe guſts of paſſion
Will but inflame them; if I have been right
Inform'd, my lord, beſides theſe dang'rous ſcars

Of

Of bleeding honour, you have other wounds
As deep, tho' not ſo fatal: ſuch perhaps
As none but fair Elizabeth can cure.
WAR. Elizabeth!
EDW. Nay, ſtart not, I have cauſe
To wonder moſt: I little thought indeed
When Warwick told me I might learn to love,
He was himſelf ſo able to inſtruct me:
But I've diſcover'd all.——
WAR. And ſo have I;
Too well I know thy breach of friendſhip there,
Thy fruitleſs baſe endeavours to ſupplant me.
EDW. I ſcorn it, Sir, — Elizabeth hath charms,
And I have equal right with you to admire them:
Nor ſee I ought ſo godlike in the form,
So all-commanding in the name of Warwick,
That he alone ſhould revel in the charms
Of beauty, and monopolize perfection.
I knew not of your love.
WAR. By Heav'n 'tis falſe!
You knew it all, and meanly took occaſion,
Whilſt I was buſy'd in the noble office,
Your grace thought fit to honour me withal,
To tamper with a weak unguarded woman,
To bribe her paſſions high, and baſely ſteal
A treaſure which your kingdom could not purchaſe.
EDW. How know you that? But be it as it may,
I had a right, nor will I tamely yield
My claim to happineſs, the privilege
To chooſe the partner of my throne and bed:
It is a branch of my prerogative.

WAR.

War. Prerogative! what's that? the boaſt of tyrants;
A borrow'd jewel, glitt'ring in the crown
With ſpecious luſtre, lent but to betray:
You had it, ſir, and hold it—from the people.

Edw. And therefore do I prize it; I wou'd guard
Their liberties, and they ſhall ſtrengthen mine:
But when proud faction and her rebel crew
Inſult their ſov'reign, trample on his laws,
And bid defiance to his pow'r, the people
In juſtice to themſelves, will then defend
His cauſe, and vindicate the rights they gave.

War. Go to your darling people then; for ſoon,
If I miſtake not, 'twill be needful; try
Their boaſted zeal, and ſee if one of them
Will dare to lift his arm up in your cauſe,
If I forbid them.

Edw. Is it ſo, my lord?
Then mark my words: I've been your ſlave too long,
And you have rul'd me with a rod of iron;
But henceforth know, proud peer, I am thy maſter,
And will be ſo: the king, who delegates
His pow'r to other's hands, but ill deſerves
The crown he wears.

War. Look well then to your own;
It ſits but looſely on your head; for know,
The man who injur'd Warwick never paſs'd
Unpuniſh'd yet.

Edw. Nor he who threat'n'd Edward—
You may repent it, Sir,—my guards there—ſeize
This traitor, and convey him to the Tow'r,
There let him learn obedience.

Earl of Warwick.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

ORLANDO AND ADAM.

ORLA. WHO's there?

ADAM. What! my young maſter? Oh, my gentle maſter,
Oh, my ſweet maſter, O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! Why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, ſtrong, and valiant?
Why would you be ſo fond to overcome
The bony priſer of the humorous Duke;
Your praiſe is come too ſwiftly home before you.
Know you not, maſter, to ſome kind of men
Their graces ſerve them but as enemies?
No more do yours; your virtues, gentle maſter,
Are ſanctified and holy traitors to you.
Oh, what a world is this, when what is comely
Invenoms him that bears it!

ORLA. Why, what's the matter?

ADAM. O unhappy youth,
Come not within theſe doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother —— (no; no brother; yet the ſon, ——
Yet not the ſon; I will not call him ſon
Of him I was about to call his father)
Hath heard your praiſes, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you uſe to lie,
And you within it; if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off;
I overheard him, and his practices:

This

This is no palace, this houſe is but a butchery;
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orla. Why, whither, Adam, wouldſt thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, ſo you come not here.

Orla. What, wouldſt thou have me go and beg my food?
Or with a baſe and boiſterous ſword enforce
A thieviſh living on the common road?
This I muſt do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will ſubject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not ſo; I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I ſav'd under your father,
Which I did ſtore, to be my foſter-nurſe
When ſervice ſhould in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the ſparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold,
All this I give you, let me be your ſervant;
Though I look old, yet I am ſtrong and luſty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood;
Nor did I with unbaſhful forehead woo
The means of weakneſs and debility;
Therefore my age is as a luſty winter,
Froſty, but kindly; let me go with you;
I'll do the ſervice of a younger man
In all your buſineſs and neceſſities.

Orla. Oh! good old man, how well in thee appears
The conſtant ſervice of the antique world?
When ſervice ſweat for duty, not for meed!

Thou

Thou art not for the faſhion of theſe times,
Where none will ſweat, but for promotion;
And having that, do choak their ſervice up
Even with the having; it is not ſo with thee;
But, poor old man, thou prun'ſt a rotten tree,
That cannot ſo much as a bloſſom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and huſbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together;
And ere we have thy youthful wages ſpent,
We'll light upon ſome ſettled low content.

ADAM. Maſter, go on; and I will follow thee
To the laſt gaſp, with truth and loyalty.
From ſeventeen years till now, almoſt fourſcore,
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At ſeventeen years, many their fortunes ſeek;
But at fourſcore, it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompence me better
Than to die well, and not my maſter's debtor.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XIII.

SCROOP AND RICHARD.

SCROOP. MORE health and happineſs betide my Liege,
Than can my care-tun'd tongue deliver him!

K. RICH. Mine ear is open, and my heart prepar'd;
The worſt is worldly loſs thou canſt unfold.
Say, is my kingdom loſt? Why, 'twas my care;
And what loſs is it, to be rid of care?
Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as we?
Greater he ſhall not be; if he ſerve God,
We'll ſerve him too, and be his fellow ſo.

Revolt

Revolt our ſubjects? That we cannot mend;
They break their faith to God, as well as us.
Cry, woe, deſtruction, ruin, loſs, decay;
The worſt is death, and death will have his day.

Scroop. Glad am I that your highneſs is ſo arm'd
To bear the tidings of calamity.
Like an unſeaſonable ſtormy day,
Which makes the ſilver rivers drown their ſhores,
As if the world were all diſſolv'd to tears;
So high above his limits ſwells the rage
Of Bolingbroke, cov'ring your fearful land
With hard bright ſteel, and hearts more hard than ſteel.
White beards have arm'd their thin and hairleſs ſcalps
Againſt thy Majeſty; boys with women's voices
Strive to ſpeak big, and claſp their female joints
In ſtiff unwieldy arms, againſt thy crown.
Thy very beadſmen learn to bend their bows
Of double-fatal yew, againſt thy ſtate:
Yea, diſtaff-women manage ruſty bills.
Againſt thy ſeat both young and old rebel,
And all goes worſe than I have pow'r to tell.

K. Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'ſt a tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earl of Wiltſhire? where is Bagot?
What is become of Buſhy? where is Green?
—No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeak.
Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,
Make duſt our paper, and with rainy eyes
Write ſorrow on the boſom of the earth!
Let's chuſe executors, and talk of wills;
And yet not ſo——for what can we bequeath,
Save our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,

And

And nothing can we call our own, but death ;
And that ſmall model of the barren earth,
Which ſerves as paſte and cover to our bones.
For heav'n's ſake, let us ſit upon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of kings ;
How ſome have been depos'd, ſome ſlain in war ;
Some haunted by the ghoſts they diſpoſſeſs'd ;
Some poiſon'd by their wives, ſome ſleeping kill'd ;
All murder'd.——For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court ; and there the antic ſits,
Scoffing his ſtate, and grinning at his pomp ;
Allowing him a breath, a little ſcene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
Infuſing him with ſelf and vain conceit,
As if this fleſh which walls about our life,
Were braſs impregnable ; and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little pin
Bores through his caſtle walls, and farewel king !
Cover your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemn rev'rence : throw away reſpect,
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty,
For you have but miſtook me all this while.
I live on bread like you, feel want like you ;
Taſte grief, need friends, like you ; ſubjected thus,
How can you ſay to me I am a king ?

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XIV.

HOTSPUR and GLENDOWER.

GLEND. SIT, couſin Percy; ſit, good couſin Hotſpur;
For, by that name, as oft as Lancaſter
Doth ſpeak of you, his cheek looks pale; and with
A riſing ſigh, he wiſheth you in heav'n.
HOT. And you in hell, as often as he hears
Owen Glendower ſpoke of.
GLEND. I blame him not: at my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery ſhapes,
Of burning creſſets: know that, at my birth,
The frame and the foundation of the earth
Shook like a coward.
HOT. So it would have done
At the ſame ſeaſon if your mother's cat
Had kitten'd, though yourſelf had ne'er been born.
GLEND. I ſay, the earth did ſhake when I was born.
HOT. I ſay, the earth then was not of my mind;
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhook.
GLEND. The heav'ns were all on fire, the earth did tremble.
HOT. O, then the earth ſhook to ſee the heav'ns on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breaks forth
In ſtrange eruptions: and the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colic pinch'd and vex'd,
By the impriſoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which for enlargement ſtriving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
High tow'rs and moſs-grown ſteeples. At your birth,

Our

Our grandam earth, with this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhook.

GLEND. Couſin, of many men
I do not bear theſe croſſings: give me leave
To tell you once again, that at my birth
The front of heav'n was full of fiery ſhapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were ſtrangely clam'rous in the frighted fields:
Theſe ſigns have marked me extraordinary;
And all the courſes of my life do ſhew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipt in with the ſea
That chides the banks of England, Wales, or Scotland,
Who calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's ſon,
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
Or hold me pace in deep experiments.

HOT. I think there is no man ſpeaks better Welch.

GLEND. I can ſpeak Engliſh, lord, as well as you,
For I was train'd up in the Engliſh court:
Where, being young, I fram'd to the harp,
Many an Engliſh ditty, lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never ſeen in you.

HOT. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten and cry, Mew!
Than one of theſe ſame metre-ballad mongers;
I'd rather hear a brazen candleſtick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree,
And that would nothing ſet my teeth on edge,
Nothing ſo much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a ſhuffling nag.——

Glend. And I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deep.
Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come when you do call for them?
Glend. Why, I can teach thee to command the devil.
Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to ſhame the devil,
By telling truth; *Tell truth and ſhame the devil.*——
If thou haſt pow'r to raiſe him, bring him hither,
And I'll be ſworn, I've pow'r to ſhame him hence.
Oh, while you live, *Tell truth and ſhame the devil.*

Shakespear.

CHAP. XV.

HOTSPUR reading a LETTER.

"BUT for mine own part, my lord, I could be well "contented to be there, in reſpect of the love I bear "your houſe." He could be contented to be there; why is he not then? "In reſpect of the love he bears our houſe!" He ſhews in this, he loves his own barn better than he loves our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more. "The purpoſe you undertake is dangerous." Why, that is certain: it is dangerous to take a cold, to ſleep, to drink: but I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, ſafety. "The purpoſe you undertake is dangerous, the "friends you have named uncertain, the time itſelf un-"ſorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoiſe "of ſo great an oppoſition." Say you ſo, ſay you ſo? I ſay unto you again, you are a ſhallow cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? By the Lord, our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and conſtant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a froſty-ſpirited rogue this

this is? Why, my lord of York commends the plot, and the general courſe of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this raſcal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myſelf, lord Edmund Mortimer, my lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not, beſides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters, to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month? and are there not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a Pagan raſcal is this? an infidel. Ha! you ſhall ſee now, in very ſincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could divide myſelf, and go to buffets, for moving ſuch a diſh of ſkimmed milk with ſo honourable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King. We are prepared, I will ſet forward to-night.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XVI.

HENRY IV.'s SOLILOQUY ON SLEEP.

HOW many thouſands of my pooreſt ſubjects
Are at this hour aſleep! O gentle Sleep,
Nature's ſoft nurſe, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
And ſteep my ſenſes in forgetfulneſs!
Why rather, Sleep, ly'ſt thou in ſmoky cribs,
Upon uneaſy pallets ſtretching thee,
And huſh'd with buzzing night-flies to thy ſlumber;
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of coſtly ſtate,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt melody?
O thou dull god, why ly'ſt thou with the vile
In loathſome beds, and leav'ſt the kingly couch,

A watch-caſe to a common larum bell?
Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy maſt,
Seal up the ſhip-boy's eyes, and rock his brains,
In cradle of the rude imperious ſurge;
And in the viſitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaf'ning clamours in the ſlipp'ry ſhrouds,
That, with the hurly, death itſelf awakes:
Can'ſt thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repoſe
To the wet ſea-boy in an hour ſo rude;
And, in the calmeſt and the ſtilleſt night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low! lie down;
Uneaſy lies the head that wears a crown.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XVII.

HENRY IV. AND PRINCE HENRY.

P. HENRY. I NEVER thought to hear you ſpeak again.
K. HENRY. Thy wiſh was father, Harry, to that thought.
I ſtay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Doſt thou ſo hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs inveſt thee with my honours,
Before thy hour be ripe? O fooliſh youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the greatneſs that will o'erwhelm thee,
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with ſo weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop; my day is dim.
Thou haſt ſtol'n that, which after ſome few hours,

Were

Were thine without offence; and at my death
Thou haſt ſealed up my expectation;
Thy life did manifeſt, thou lovd'ſt me not;
And thou wilt have me die aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt wetted on thy ſtony heart,
To ſtab at half an hour of my frail life.
What! can'ſt thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyſelf,
And bid the merry bells ring to thy ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears that ſhould bedew my hearſe,
Be drops of balm to ſanctify thy head;
Only compound me with forgotten duſt,
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form;
Henry the Fifth is crown'd: up, Vanity!
Down, Royal ſtate! All you ſage counſellors, hence!
And to the Engliſh court aſſemble now,
From every region, apes of idleneſs:
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your ſcum;
Have you a ruffian that will ſwear? drink? dance?
Revel the night? rob? murder? and commit
The oldeſt ſins the neweſt kind of ways?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England ſhall give him office, honour, might:
For the Fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of reſtraint! and the wild dog
Shall fleſh his tooth on every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, ſick with civil blows!
When that my care could not with-hold thy riots,

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderneſs again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants.

P. Henry. O pardon me, my Liege! but for my tears,
(The moiſt impediments unto my ſpeech)
I had foreſtall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo far. There is your crown;
And he that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience riſe,
Which my moſt true and inward-duteous ſpirit
Teacheth this proſtrate and exterior bending.
Heav'n witneſs with me, when I here came in,
And found no courſe of breath within your Majeſty,
How cold it ſtruck my heart! If I do feign,
O let me in my preſent wildneſs die,
And never live to ſhew th' incredulous world
The noble change that I have purpoſed.
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt, my Liege, to think you were)
I ſpake unto the crown, as having ſenſe,
And thus upbraided it. The care on thee depending
Hath fed upon the body of my father,
Therefore thou beſt of gold art worſt of gold;
Other, leſs fine in carrat, is more precious,
Preſerving life in med'cine potable:
But thou, moſt fine, moſt honour'd, moſt renown'd,
Haſt eat thy bearer up. Thus, Royal Liege,
Accuſing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it (as with an enemy,

That

That had before my face murder'd my father)
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or ſwell my thoughts to any ſtrain of pride;
If any rebel or vain ſpirit of mine
Did with the leaſt affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it;
Let Heav'n for ever keep it from my head,
And make me as the pooreſt vaſſal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it.

K. HENRY. O my ſon!
Heav'n put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt win the more thy father's love,
Pleading ſo wiſely in excuſe of it.
Come hither, Harry, ſit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very lateſt counſel
That ever I ſhall breathe. Heav'n knows, my ſon,
By what by-paths, and indirect crook'd ways
I met this crown; and I myſelf know well,
How troubleſome it ſat upon my head.
To thee it ſhall deſcend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation:
For all the ſoil of the achievement goes
With me into the earth. It ſeem'd in me
But as an honour ſnatch'd with boiſt'rous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their aſſiſtances;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed peace. All their bold feats,
Thou ſeeſt, with peril I have anſwered.
For all my reign hath been but as a ſcene
Acting that argument: and now my death

Changes

Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd,
Falls upon thee in a much fairer ſort;
For thou the garland wear'ſt ſucceſſively.
Yet though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure than I could do,
Thou art not firm enough, ſince griefs are green;
And all my friends, which thou muſt make thy friends,
Have but their ſtings and teeth newly ta'en out;
By whoſe fell working I was firſt advanc'd,
And by whoſe pow'r I well might lodge a fear,
To be again diſplac'd; which to avoid,
I cut them off, and had a purpoſe now
To lead out many to the holy land;
Leſt reſt and lying ſtill might make them look
Too near into my ſtate. Therefore, my Harry,
Be it thy courſe to buſy giddy minds
With foreign quarrels; that action, hence, borne out,
May waſte the memory of former days.
More would I, but my lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of ſpeech is utterly denied me.
How I came by the crown, O God, forgive!
And grant it may with thee in true peace live!

P. Henry. My gracious Liege,
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;
Then plain and right muſt my poſſeſſion be;
Which I with more than with a common pain,
'Gainſt all the world will rightfully maintain.

Shakespear.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVIII.

HENRY V. TO HIS SOLDIERS.

WHAT's he that wiſhes for more men from England?
My couſin Weſtmoreland? No, my fair couſin,
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loſs; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour,
God's will! I pray thee wiſh not one man more.
By Jove, I am not covetous of gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my coſt;
It yearns me not if men my garments wear;
Such outward things dwell not in my deſires:
But if it be a ſin to covet honour,
I am the moſt offending ſoul alive.
No, 'faith, my Lord, wiſh not a man from England:
God's peace, I would not loſe ſo great an honour,
As one man more, methinks, would ſhare from me,
For the beſt hopes I have. Don't wiſh one more:
Rather proclaim it (Weſtmoreland) through my hoſt,
That he which hath no ſtomach to this fight,
Let him depart; his paſſport ſhall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purſe:
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowſhip to die with us.
This day is call'd the feaſt of Criſpian:
He that outlives this day, and comes ſafe home,
Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouſe him at the name of Criſpian:
He that outlives this day, and ſees old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feaſt his neighbours,

And ſay, To-morrow is Saint Criſpian:
Then will he ſtrip his ſleeve, and ſhew his ſcars.
Old men forget; yet ſhall not all forget,
But they'll remember, with advantages,
The feats they did that day. Then ſhall our names,
Familiar in their mouth as houſhold words,
Harry the King, Bedford, and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Saliſbury and Glo'ſter,
Be in their flowing cups freſhly remember'd.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſon:
And Criſpin Criſpian ſhall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it ſhall be remembered;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to-day that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother; be he e'er ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his condition:
And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
Shall think themſelves accurs'd they were not here;
And hold their manhoods cheap, while any ſpeaks,
That fought with us upon St. Criſpian's day.

Shakespear.

CHAP. XIX.

HENRY VI. WARWICK, and CARDINAL BEAUFORT.

K. Henry. HOW fares my Lord? Speak, Beaufort, to thy Sovereign.

Car. If thou be'ſt Death, Ill give thee England's treaſure,

Enough

Enough to purchaſe ſuch another iſland,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
K. HENRY. Ah, what a ſign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is ſeen ſo terrible!
WAR. Beaufort, it is thy ſovereign ſpeaks to thee.
CAR. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed? Where ſhould he die?
Can I make men live whether they will or no?
Oh, torture me no more, I will confeſs———
Alive again? Then ſhew me where he is:
I'll give a thouſand pound to look upon him——
He hath no eyes, the duſt hath blinded them:
Comb down his hair; look! look! it ſtands upright,
Like lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged ſoul.
Give me ſome drink, and bid th' apothecary
Bring the ſtrong poiſon that I bought of him.
K. HENRY. O thou eternal Mover of the heav'ns,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;
Oh, beat away the buſy, meddling fiend,
That lays ſtrong ſiege unto this wretch's ſoul,
And from his boſom purge this black deſpair.
—Peace to his ſoul, if God's good pleaſure be!
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'ſt on heaven's bliſs,
Hold up thy hand, make ſignal of thy hope.
He dies, and makes no ſign! O God, forgive him.
WAR. So bad a death argues a monſtrous life.
K. HENRY. Forbear to judge, for we are ſinners all.
Cloſe up his eyes, and draw the curtain cloſe,
And let us all to meditation.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP.

CHAP. XX.

WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

WOL. FAREWEL, a long farewell to all my greatneſs!
This is the ſtate of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; To-morrow bloſſoms,
And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt,
And when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
His greatneſs is a-ripening, nips his ſhoot;
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that ſwim on bladders,
Theſe many ſummers in a ſea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary, and old with ſervice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtream, that muſt for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that ſmile he would aſpire to,
That ſweet aſpect of princes, and his ruin,
More pangs and fears than war or women have;
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.
Why, how now, Cromwell?

CROM. I have no power to ſpeak, Sir.

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

CROM.

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.
O, 'tis a burden, Cromwell, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n!

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 a fortitude of ſoul I feel,
T' 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 Cranmer 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 viewed in open 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 am a poor fall'n 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 what a ſorrow Cromwell leaves his Lord.
The King ſhall have my ſervice; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, ſhall be yours.

Wol. Cromwell, I did not think to ſhed a tear
In all my miſeries, but thou haſt forc'd me,
Out of thy honeſt truth, to play the woman ——

Let's

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
(Tho' th' image of his Maker) hope to win by't?
Love thyſelf laſt; cheriſh thoſe hearts that wait thee!
Corruption wins not more than honeſty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To ſilence envious tongues. Be juſt, and fear not.
Let all the ends thou aim'ſt at, be thy Country's,
Thy God's, and Truth's; then if thou fall'ſt, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed martyr. Serve the King——
And pr'ythee lead me in——
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the laſt penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
And my integrity to Heav'n, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
Had I but ſerv'd my God with half the zeal
I ſerv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

CROM. Good Sir, have patience.

WOL. So I have. Farewel
The hopes of court! My hopes in heaven do dwell.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXI.

LEAR.

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

Rive

Rive your concealing continents, and aſk
Thoſe dreadful ſummoners grace! —— I am a man,
More ſinn'd againſt, than ſinning.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXII.

MACBETH's SOLILOQUY.

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

Hear not my ſteps, which way they walk, for fear
The very ſtones prate of my where-about;
And take the preſent horror from the time,
Which now ſuits with it.—Whilſt I threat, he lives—
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That ſummons thee to heaven or to hell.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXIII.

MACDUFF, MALCOLM, AND ROSSE.

MACD. SEE who comes here!

MAL. My countryman; but yet I know him not.

MACD. My ever-gentle couſin, welcome hither.

MAL. I know him now. Good God betimes remove
The means that makes us ſtrangers!

ROSSE. Sir, Amen.

MACD. Stands Scotland where it did?

ROSSE. Alas, poor country,
Almoſt afraid to know itſelf. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once ſeen to ſmile;
Where ſighs and groans, and ſkrieks that rend the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent ſorrow ſeems
A modern ecſtacy; the dead man's knell
Is there ſcarce aſk'd, for whom: and good mens' lives
Expire before the flowers in their caps;
Dying or e'er they ſicken.

MACD. Oh, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!

MAL. What's the neweſt grief?

ROSSE.

ROSSE. That of an hour's age doth hiſs the ſpeaker,
Each minute teems a new one.
MACD. How does my wife?
ROSSE. Why, well, —
MACD. And all my children?
ROSSE. Well too.
MACD. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
ROSSE. No; they were at peace when I did leave 'em.
MACD. Be not a niggard of your ſpeech: how goes it?
ROSSE. When I came hither to tranſport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out,
Which was to my belief witneſs'd the rather,
For that I ſaw the tyrant's power a-foot.
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create ſoldiers, and make women fight,
To doff their dire diſtreſſes.
MAL. Be't their comfort
We're coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward and ten thouſand men;
An older, and a better ſoldier, none
That Chriſtendom gives out.
ROSSE. Would I could anſwer
This comfort with the like; But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the deſart air,
Where hearing ſhould not catch them.
MACD. What concern they?
The gen'ral cauſe? or is it a free-grief,
Due to ſome ſingle breaſt?
ROSSE. No mind that's honeſt,
But in it ſhare ſome woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.

Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Rosse. Let not your ears deſpiſe my tongue for ever,
Which ſhall poſſeſs them with the heavieſt ſound,
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I gueſs at it.
Rosse. Your caſtle is ſurpris'd, your wife and babes
Savagely ſlaughter'd; to relate the manner,
Were on the quarry of theſe murther'd deer
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful Heav'n!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon brows,
Give ſorrow words; the grief that does not ſpeak,
Whiſper's the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break.
Macd. My children too! ——
Rosse. Wife, children, ſervants, all that could be found.
Macd. And I muſt be from thence! My wife kill'd too!
Rosse. I've ſaid.
Mal. Be comforted.
Let's make us med'cines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.—All my pretty ones;
Did you ſay, all? what, all? oh, hell-kite! all?
Mal. Endure it like a man.
Macd. I ſhall do ſo;
But I muſt alſo feel it as a man.
I cannot but remember ſuch things were,
That were moſt precious to me.—Did Heav'n look on,
And would not take their part? ſinful Macduff,
They were all ſtruck for thee? naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell ſlaughter on their ſouls. Heav'n reſt them now!

Mal.

MAL. Be this the whet-ſtone of your ſword, let grief
Convert to wrath; blunt not the heart, enrage it.
MACD. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes,
And braggart with my tongue. But, gentle Heav'n!
Cut ſhort all intermiſſion: front to front,
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myſelf;
Within my ſword's length ſet him, if he 'ſcape,
Then Heav'n forgive him too!
MAL. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the King, our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave. Macbeth
Is ripe for ſhaking, and the powers above
Put on their inſtruments. Receive what cheer you may;
The night is long that never finds the day.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXIV.

ANTONY's SOLILOQUY OVER CÆSAR's BODY.

O PARDON me, thou bleeding piece of earth!
That I am meek and gentle with theſe butchers.
Thou art the ruins of the nobleſt man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that ſhed this coſtly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I propheſy,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curſe ſhall light upon the line of men;
Domeſtic fury, and fierce civil ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful objects ſo familiar,

That mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd by the hands of war:
All pity chok'd with cuſtom of fell deeds;
And Cæſar's ſpirit, ranging for revenge,
With *Até* by his ſide come hot from hell,
Shall in theſe confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry, *Havock*, and let ſlip the dogs of war.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXV.

ANTONY's FUNERAL ORATION over CÆSAR's BODY.

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæſar, not to praiſe him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæſar! Noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæſar was ambitious;
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault;
And grievouſly hath Cæſar anſwer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the reſt,
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men)
Come I to ſpeak in Cæſar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me;
But Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæſar ſeem ambitious?
When that the poor hath cry'd, Cæſar hath wept;

Ambition

Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff.
Yet Brutus ſays he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did ſee, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice preſented him a kingly crown:
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus ſays he was ambitious;
And, ſure, he is an honourable man.
I ſpake not to diſprove what Brutus ſpoke,
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cauſe.
What cauſe with-holds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
And men have loſt their reaſon—Bear with me.——
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæſar,
And I muſt pauſe till it come back to me.
If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this mantle; I remember,
The firſt time ever Cæſar put it on,
'Twas on a ſummer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii——
Look! in this place ran Caſſius' dagger through;—
See what a rent the envious Caſca made.—
Through this the well-beloved Brutus ſtabb'd:
And as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæſar followed it!
As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd,
If Brutus ſo unkindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæſar's angel.
Judge, oh ye gods! how dearly Cæſar lov'd him;
This, this was the unkindeſt cut of all;
For when the noble Cæſar ſaw him ſtab,

Ingratitude

Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him; then burſt his mighty heart:
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæſar fell,
Even at the baſe of Pompey's ſtatue.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; theſe are gracious drops.
Kind ſouls! what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæſar's veſture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himſelf, marr'd, as you ſee, by traitors. ——
Good friends, ſweet friends, let me not ſtir you up
To any ſudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable.
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wiſe and honourable;
And will, no doubt, with reaſon anſwer you.
I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That give me public leave to ſpeak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of ſpeech,
To ſtir men's blood; I only ſpeak right on:
I tell you that which you yourſelves do know;
Shew you ſweet Cæſars's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
And bid them ſpeak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a tongue

In

In every wound of Cæſar, that ſhould move
The ſtones of Rome to riſe and mutiny.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXVI.

The QUARREL of BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

CAS. THAT you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this,
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter (praying on his ſide,
Becauſe I knew the man) was ſlighted of.

BRU. You wrong'd yourſelf to write in ſuch a caſe.

CAS. In ſuch a time as this it is not meet
That ev'ry nice offence ſhould bear its comment.

BRU. Yet let me tell you, Caſſius, you yourſelf
Are much condemned to have an itching palm,
To ſell and mart your offices for gold,
To undeſervers.

CAS. I an itching palm?
You know, that you are Brutus that ſpake this,
Or, by the gods, this ſpeech were elſe your laſt.

BRU. The name of Caſſius honours this corruption,
And chaſtiſement doth therefore hide its head.

CAS. Chaſtiſement!——

BRU. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for Juſtice ſake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did ſtab,
And not for juſtice? What, ſhall one of us,
That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
But for ſupporting robbers; ſhall we now
Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes?

And

And ſell the mighty meed of our large honours
For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than ſuch a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; you forget yourſelf,
To hedge me in; I am a ſoldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourſelf
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Caſſius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I ſay, you are not.

Cas. Urge me no more, I ſhall forget myſelf——
Have mind upon your health—tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, ſlight man!

Cas. Is't poſſible?——

Bru. Hear me, for I will ſpeak.
Muſt I give way and room to your raſh choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman ſtares?

Cas. O gods! ye gods! muſt I endure all this?

Bru. All this? ay more. Fret till your proud heart break;
Go, tell your ſlaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Muſt I budge?
Muſt I obſerve you? Muſt I ſtand and crouch
Under your teſty humour? By the gods,
You ſhall digeſt the venom of your ſpleen,
Tho' it do ſplit you: for from this day forth,
I'll uſe you for my mirth, yea for my laughter,
When you are waſpiſh.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You ſay, you are a better ſoldier;

Let

Let it appear ſo; make your vaunting true,
And it ſhall pleaſe me well. For mine own part,
I ſhall be glad to learn of noble men.

CAS. You wrong me every way —— you wrong me, Brutus;
I ſaid, an elder ſoldier, not a better:
Did I ſay better?

BRU. If you did, I care not.

CAS. When Cæſar liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd me.

BRU. Peace, peace, you durſt not ſo have tempted me.

CAS. I durſt not!

BRU. No.

CAS. What? Durſt not tempt him?

BRU. For your life you durſt not.

CAS. Do not preſume too much upon my love;
I may do what I ſhall be ſorry for.

BRU. You have done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no terror, Caſſius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
That they paſs by me, as the idle wind,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain ſums of gold which you deny'd me;
For I can raiſe no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh,
By any indirection. I did ſend
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me; was that done like Caſſius?
Should I have anſwer'd Caius Caſſius ſo?
When Marcus Brutus grows ſo covetous,
To lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends,

Be

Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Daſh him to pieces.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not—he was but a fool
That brought my anſwer back.—Brutus hath riv'd my heart.
A friend ſhould bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not. Still you practiſe them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never ſee ſuch faults.

Bru. A flatt'rer's would not, tho' they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come!
Revenge yourſelves alone on Caſſius,
For Caſſius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother:
Check'd by a bondman; all his faults obſerv'd;
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To caſt into my teeth. O I could weep
My ſpirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breaſt—within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold;
If that thou need'ſt a Roman's, take it forth.
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart;
Strike as thou did'ſt at Cæſar; for I know,
When thou did'ſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
Than ever thou lov'dſt Caſſius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger;
Be angry when you will, it ſhall have ſcope;

Do what you will, diſhonour ſhall be humour,
O Caſſius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire;
Which much inforced, ſhews a haſty ſpark,
And ſtraight is cold again.

CAS. Hath Caſſius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him?

BRU. When I ſpoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

CAS. Do you confeſs ſo much? Give me your hand.

BRU. And my heart too.

CAS. O Brutus!

BRU. What's the matter?

CAS. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that raſh humour which my mother gave me,
Makes me forgetful?

BRU. Yes, Caſſius, and from henceforth
When you are over-earneſt with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you ſo.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXVII.

OTHELLO AND IAGO.

IAGO. MY noble Lord, ——

OTH. What doſt thou ſay, Iago?

IAGO. Did Michael Caſſio, when you woo'd my Lady,
Know of your love?

OTH. He did from firſt to laſt: why doſt thou aſk?

IAGO. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought,
No farther harm.

OTH. Why of thy thought, Iago?

IAGO.

Iago. I did not think he'd been acquainted with it.

Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.

Iago. Indeed!

Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Diſcern'ſt thou aught in that? Is he not honeſt?

Iago. Honeſt, my lord?

Oth. Honeſt? ay, honeſt.

Iago. My lord, for aught I know.

Oth. What doſt thou think?

Iago. Think, my lord! ——

Oth. Think, my lord! Why by Heav'n thou echo'ſt me?
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought,
Too hideous to be ſhewn. Thou doſt mean ſomething:
I heard thee ſay but now, "thou lik'ſt not that," ——
When Caſſio left my wife. What didſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counſel,
In my whole courſe of wooing! thou cryd'ſt, "indeed!"
And didſt contract and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou doſt love me,
Shew me thy thought.

Iago. My lord, you know I love you.

Oth. I think thou doſt:
And for I know, thou art full of love and honeſty,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more:
For ſuch things, in a falſe diſloyal knave,
Are tricks of cuſtom; but in a man that's juſt,
They're cold dilations working from the heart,
That paſſion cannot rule.

Iago.

IAGO. For Michael Caſſio,
I dare be ſworn, I think, that he is honeſt.
OTH. I think ſo too.
IAGO. Men ſhould be what they ſeem;
Or, thoſe that be not, would they might ſeem knaves!
OTH. Certain! men ſhould be what they ſeem.
IAGO. Why, then I think Caſſio's an honeſt man.
OTH. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee ſpeak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate; and give thy worſt of thoughts
The worſt of words.
IAGO. Good my lord, pardon me.
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all ſlaves are free to;
Utter my thoughts!—Why, ſay, they're vile and falſe;
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions
Keep leets and law-days, and in ſeſſions ſit
With meditations lawful?
OTH. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.
IAGO. I do beſeech you,
Think I, perchance, am vicious in my gueſs,
(As, I confeſs, it is my nature's plague
To 'ſpy into abuſe; and oft my jealouſy
Shapes faults that are not) I intreat you then,
From one that ſo imperfectly conjects,
Your wiſdom would not build yourſelf a trouble
Out of my ſcattered and unſure obſervance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,

Nor for my manhood, honeſty, and wiſdom,
To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What doſt thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls.
Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh; 'tis ſomething—nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been ſlave to thouſands:
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts——

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor ſhall not, whilſt 'tis in my cuſtody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my Lord, of jealouſy;
It is a green-ey'd monſter, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliſs,
Who certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!

Oth. O miſery!

Iago. Poor and content, is rich and rich enough;
But riches endleſs, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor.
Good Heaven! the ſouls of all my tribe defend
From jealouſy!

Oth. Why, why is this?
Think'ſt thou I'd make a life of jealouſy?
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon
With freſh ſuſpicions?—'Tis not to make me jealous,
To ſay, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well:

Where

Where virtue is, theſe make more virtuous.
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt,
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No, Iago,
I'll ſee, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealouſy.

IAGO. I'm glad of this; for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I ſpeak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, obſerve her well with Caſſio;
Wear your eye, thus; not jealous, nor ſecure;
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of ſelf-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country-diſpoſition well;
In Venice they do let Heav'n ſee the pranks
They dare not ſhew their huſbands.

OTH. Doſt thou ſay ſo?

IAGO. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them moſt.

OTH. And ſo ſhe did.

IAGO. Go to then;
She, that, ſo young, could give out ſuch a ſeeming
To ſeal her father's eyes up, cloſe as oak——
He thought 'twas witchcraft—but I'm much to blame:
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon,
For too much loving you.

OTH. I am bound to you for ever.

IAGO. I ſee this hath a little daſh'd your ſpirits.

OTH. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Truſt me, I fear it has:
I hope you will conſider what is ſpoke
Comes from my love. But I do ſee you're mov'd—
I am to pray you, not to ſtrain my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Than to ſuſpicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do ſo, my lord,
My ſpeech would fall into ſuch vile ſucceſs,
Which my thoughts aim not at. Caſſio's my worthy friend,
My lord, I ſee you're mov'd——

Oth. No, not much mov'd——
I do not think but Deſdemona's honeſt.

Iago. Long live ſhe ſo! and long live you to think ſo!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from itſelf——

Iago. Ay, there's the point;—as (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propoſed matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things nature tends:
Foh! one may ſmell, in ſuch, a will moſt rank,
Foul diſproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her; though I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country-forms,
And, haply, ſo repent.

Oth. Farewel, farewel;
If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife t' obſerve. Leave me, Iago.

Iago. My lord, I take my leave.

Oth. Why did I marry?——
This honeſt creature, doubtleſs,
Sees, and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

Iago.

IAGO. My lord, I would I might intreat your honour
To ſcan this thing no further; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit that Caſſio have his place,
For, ſure, he fills it up with great ability;
Yet if you pleaſe to hold him off a while,
You ſhall by that perceive him and his means;
Note, if your lady ſtrain his entertainment
With any ſtrong or vehement importunity;
Much will be ſeen in that. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſy in my fears,
(As worthy cauſe I have to fear I am)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your honour.

OTH. Fear not my government.

IAGO. I once more take my leave.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXVIII.

HAMLET's SOLILOQUY ON HIS MOTHER's MARRIAGE.

OH that this too too ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve itſelf into a dew!
Or that the Everlaſting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable,
Seem to me all the uſes of this world!
Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to ſeed; things rank, and groſs in nature,
Poſſeſs it merely. That it ſhould come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not ſo much; not two:—
So excellent a king, that was, to this,

Hyperion to a ſatyr: ſo loving to my mother,
That he permitted not the winds of heav'n
Viſit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
Muſt I remember?——why, ſhe would hang on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet, within a month,——
Let me not think——Frailty, thy name is Woman!
A little month! or ere thoſe ſhoes were old,
With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears——Why, ſhe, ev'n ſhe——
(O Heav'n! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer——) married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules. Within a month!——
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears
Had left the fluſhing in her gauled eyes,
She married——Oh, moſt wicked ſpeed, to poſt
With ſuch dexterity to inceſtuous ſheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to good.
But break, my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXIX.

HAMLET AND GHOST.

HAM. ANGELS and miniſters of grace defend us!
Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy advent wicked or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane; oh! anſwer me;

Let

Let me not burſt in ignorance; but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in earth,
Have burſt their cearments? why the ſepulchre,
Wherein we ſaw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To caſt thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou, dead corſe, again in compleat ſteel,
Reviſit'ſt thus the glimpſes of the moon,
Making night hideous, and us fools of nature
So horribly to ſhake our diſpoſition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our ſouls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what ſhould we do?

GHOST. Mark me.——

HAM. I will.

GHOST. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up myſelf.

HAM. Alas, poor ghoſt!

GHOST. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.

HAM. Speak, I am bound to hear.

GHOST. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.

HAM. What?

GHOST. I am thy father's ſpirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to faſt in fire;
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their ſpheres,

Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand on end,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood; liſt, liſt, oh liſt!
If thou did'ſt ever thy dear father love——

HAM. O Heav'n!

GHOST. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murther.

HAM. Murther?

GHOST. Murther moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange and unnatural.

HAM. Haſte me to know it, that I, with wings as ſwift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May fly to my revenge.

GHOST. I find thee apt;
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be, than the fat weed
That roots itſelf in eaſe on Lethe's wharf,
Would'ſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that, ſleeping in my orchard,
A ſerpent ſtung me. So the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The ſerpent that did ſting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

HAM. Oh, my prophetic ſoul! my uncle!

GHOST. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to ſeduce!) won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming-virtuous Queen.
Oh Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
But ſoft! methinks I ſcent the morning air——

Brief

Brief let me be: Sleeping within mine orchard,
My cuſtom always in the afternoon,
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole
With juice of curſed hebenon in a phial,
And in the porches of mine ear did pour
The leperous diſtilment.——
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once bereft;
Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin;
No reck'ning made! but ſent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head!

HAM. Oh horrible! oh horrible! moſt horrible!

GHOST. If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not;
But howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to Heav'n,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm ſhews the matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu: remember me.

HAM. Oh, all you hoſt of heav'n! oh earth! what elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell? oh fie! hold my heart!
And you, my ſinews, grow not inſtant old;
But bear me ſtiffly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe; remember thee!
Yea, from the table of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All ſaws of books, all forms, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone ſhall live

Within

Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baſer matter.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXX.

HAMLET's SOLILOQUY on DEATH.

TO be, or not to be?—that is the queſtion.—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to ſuffer
The ſtings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them?—To die,—to ſleep—
No more; and by a ſleep, to ſay, we end
The heart ache, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to;—'Tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die—to ſleep—
To ſleep? perchance to dream;——ay, there's the rub:
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
Muſt give us pauſe.—There's the reſpect
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of th' time,
Th' oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pang of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
When he himſelf might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and ſweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of ſomething after death
(That undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourne
No traveller returns) puzzles the will;

And

And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all:
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterpriſes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And loſe the name of action.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXXI.

SOLILOQUY OF THE KING IN HAMLET.

OH! my offence is rank, it ſmells to heav'n,
It hath the primal, eldeſt curſe upon't;
A brother's murder——Pray I cannot:
Though inclination be as ſharp as 'twill,
My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent;
And like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heav'ns
To waſh it white as ſnow? Whereto ſerves mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
To be foreſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down?——Then I'll look up;
My fault is paſt.——But oh, what form of prayer
Can ſerve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſs'd
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murder,

My

My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize itſelf
Buys out the laws. But 'tis not ſo above.
There is no ſhuffling; there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourſelves compell'd,
Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched ſtate! oh boſom black as death!
Oh limed ſoul, that, ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels! make aſſay!
Bow, ſtubborn knees; and, heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well.

SHAKESPEAR.

CHAP. XXXII.

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

DESCEND, ye Nine! deſcend and ſing;
The breathing inſtruments inſpire,
Wake into voice each ſilent ſtring,
And ſweep the ſounding lyre!
In a ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain
Let the warbling lute complain:
Let the loud trumpet ſound,
'Till the roofs all around
The ſhrill echoes rebound;

While

While in more lengthen'd notes and ſlow,
The deep, majeſtic, ſolemn organs blow.
Hark! the numbers ſoft and clear,
Gently ſteal upon the ear;
Now louder, and yet louder riſe,
And fill with ſpreading ſounds the ſkies;
Exulting in triumph now ſwell the bold notes,
In broken air, trembling, the wild muſic floats;
'Till, by degrees, remote and ſmall,
The ſtrains decay,
And melt away
In a dying, dying fall.

By Muſic, minds an equal temper know,
Nor ſwell too high, nor ſink too low.
If in the breaſt tumultuous joys ariſe,
Muſic her ſoft, aſſuaſive voice applies;
Or, when the ſoul is preſs'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors ſhe fires with animated ſounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouzes from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Liſt'ning Envy drops her ſnakes;
Inteſtine war no more our paſſions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

But when our country's cauſe provokes to arms,
How martial muſic every boſom warms!
So when the firſt bold veſſel dar'd the ſeas,
High on the ſtern the Thracian rais'd his ſtrain,

While

While Argo ſaw her kindred trees
Deſcend from Pelion to the main.
Tranſported demi-gods ſtood round,
And men grew heroes at the ſound,
Enflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his ſev'nfold ſhield diſplay'd,
And half unſheath'd the ſhining blade:
And ſeas, and rocks, and ſkies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton ſurrounds,
Love, ſtrong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,
What ſounds were heard,
What ſcenes appear'd,
O'er all the dreary coaſts;
Dreadful gleams,
Diſmal ſcreams,
Fires that glow,
Shrieks of woe,
Sullen moans,
Hollow groans,
And cries of tortur'd ghoſts!
But hark! he ſtrikes the golden lyre;
And ſee! the tortur'd ghoſts reſpire,
See, ſhady forms advance!
Thy ſtone, O Syſiphus, ſtands ſtill,
Ixion reſts upon his wheel,
And the pale ſpectres dance!
The furies ſink upon their iron beds,
And ſnakes uncurl'd hang liſt'ning round their heads.

By

By the ſtreams that ever flow,
By the flagrant winds that blow
O'er th' Elyſian flow'rs;
By thoſe happy ſouls who dwell
In yellow meads of Aſphodel,
Or Amaranthine bow'rs;
By the hero's armed ſhades,
Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;
By the youths that dy'd for love,
Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,
Reſtore, reſtore Eurydice to life:
Oh take the huſband, or return the wife!
He ſung, and hell conſented
To hear the poet's prayer:
Stern Proſerpine relented,
And gave him back the fair.
Thus ſong could prevail
O'er death, and o'er hell;
A conqueſt how hard, and how glorious!
Tho' fate had faſt bound her
With Styx nine times round her,
Yet muſic and love were victorious.

But ſoon, too ſoon, the lover turns his eyes:
Again ſhe falls, again ſhe dies, ſhe dies!
How wilt thou now the fatal ſiſters move?
No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.
Now under hanging mountains,
Beſide the falls of fountains,
Or where Hebrus wanders,
Rolling in meanders,
All alone,

Unheard,

Unheard, unknown,
He makes his moan;
And calls her ghoſt,
For ever, ever, ever loſt!
Now with Furies ſurrounded,
Deſpairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidſt Rhodope's ſnows:
See, wild as the winds, o'er the deſart he flies;
Hark! Hæmus reſounds with the Bacchanal's cries—
Ah ſee, he dies!
Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he ſung,
Eurydice ſtill trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

Muſic the fierceſt grief can charm,
And fate's ſevereſt rage diſarm:
Muſic can ſoften pain to eaſe,
And make deſpair and madneſs pleaſe:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliſs above.
This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praiſe confin'd the ſound.
When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear:
Borne on the ſwelling notes our ſouls aſpire,
While ſolemn airs improve the ſacred fire;
And angels lean from heav'n to hear.
Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,
To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n;

His

His numbers rais'd a ſhade from hell,
Hers lift the ſoul to heav'n.

POPE.

CHAP. XXXIII.

ALEXANDER's FEAST.

'TWAS at the royal feaſt, for Perſia won,
By Philip's warlike ſon:
Aloft in awful ſtate
The god-like hero ſate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around;
Their brows with roſes and with myrtle bound:
So ſhould deſert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thais by his ſide
Sat, like a blooming eaſtern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deſerves the fair.

Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes aſcend the ſky,
And heav'nly joys inſpire.
The ſong began from Jove;
Who left his bliſsful ſeats above,
Such is the pow'r of mighty love!

A dragon's fiery form bely'd the God:
Sublime on radiant ſpheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia preſs'd,
And ſtamp'd an image of himſelf, a ſov'reign of the world.—
The liſt'ning crowd admire the lofty ſound;
A preſent deity, they ſhout around:
A preſent deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With raviſh'd ears
The monarch hears,
Aſſumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And ſeems to ſhake the ſpheres.

The praiſe of Bacchus then, the ſweet muſician ſung;
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Fluſh'd with a purple grace,
He ſhews his honeſt face.
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did firſt ordain:
Bacchus' bleſſings are a treaſure,
Drinking is the ſoldiers' pleaſure;
Rich the treaſure,
Sweet the pleaſure;
Sweet is pleaſure after pain.

Sooth'd with the ſound the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he ſlew the ſlain.—
The maſter ſaw the madneſs riſe;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;

And

And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand and check'd his pride.
He choſe a mournful muſe
Soft pity to infuſe:
He ſung Darius great and good,
By too ſevere a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high eſtate,
And welt'ring in his blood:
Deſerted at his utmoſt need,
By thoſe his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to cloſe his eyes.
With downcaſt look the joyleſs victor ſate,
Revolving in his alter'd ſoul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a ſigh he ſtole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty maſter ſmil'd, to ſee
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred ſound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly ſweet in Lydian meaſures,
Soon he ſooth'd his ſoul to pleaſures:
War he ſung is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, ſtill beginning,
Fighting ſtill, and ſtill deſtroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O, think it worth enjoying!

Lovely Thais ſits beſide thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.—
The many rend the ſkies with loud applauſe;
So Love was crown'd, but Muſic won the cauſe.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And ſigh'd and look'd, ſigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and ſigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppreſs'd,
The vanquiſh'd victor ſunk upon her breaſt.

Now ſtrike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet, a louder ſtrain.
Break his bands of ſleep aſunder,
And rouze him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark the horrid ſound
Has rais'd up his head;
As awak'd from the dead,
And amaz'd, he ſtares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies ariſe,
See the ſnakes that they rear,
How they hiſs in their hair,
And the ſparkles that flaſh from their eyes!
Behold a ghaſtly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
Theſe are Grecian ghoſts, that in battle were ſlain,
And unbury'd remain
Inglorious on the plain;
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:

Behold

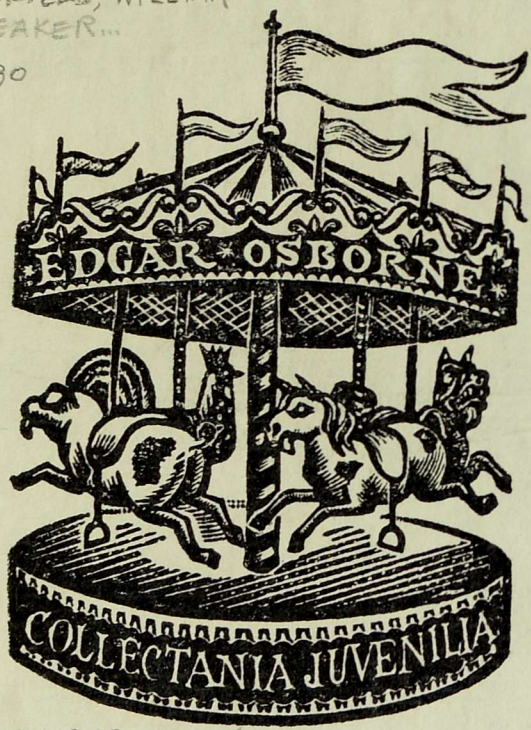
Behold how they toſs their torches on high,
How they point to the Perſian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of the hoſtile gods!—
The princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king ſeiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to deſtroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And ſounding lyre,
Could ſwell the ſoul to rage, or kindle ſoft deſire.
At laſt divine Cecilia came,
Inventreſs of the vocal frame;
The ſweet enthuſiaſt, from her ſacred ſtore,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to ſolemn ſounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He rais'd a mortal to the ſkies;
She drew an angel down.

DRYDEN.

THE END.

BI
ENFIELD, WILLIAM
SPEAKER...
1780



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