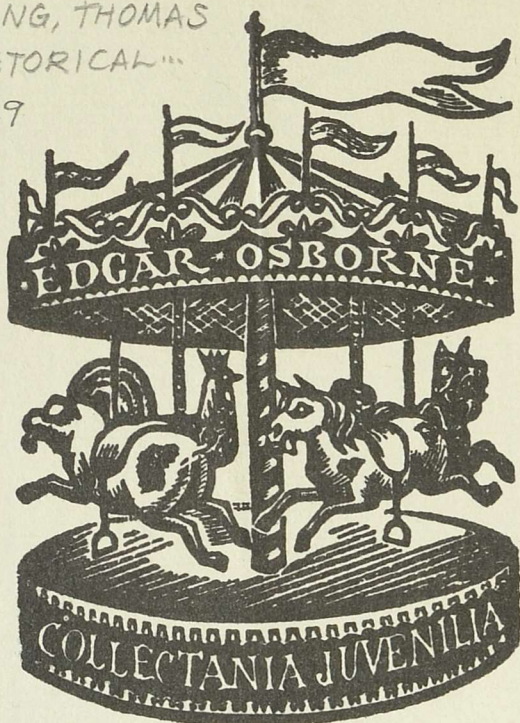




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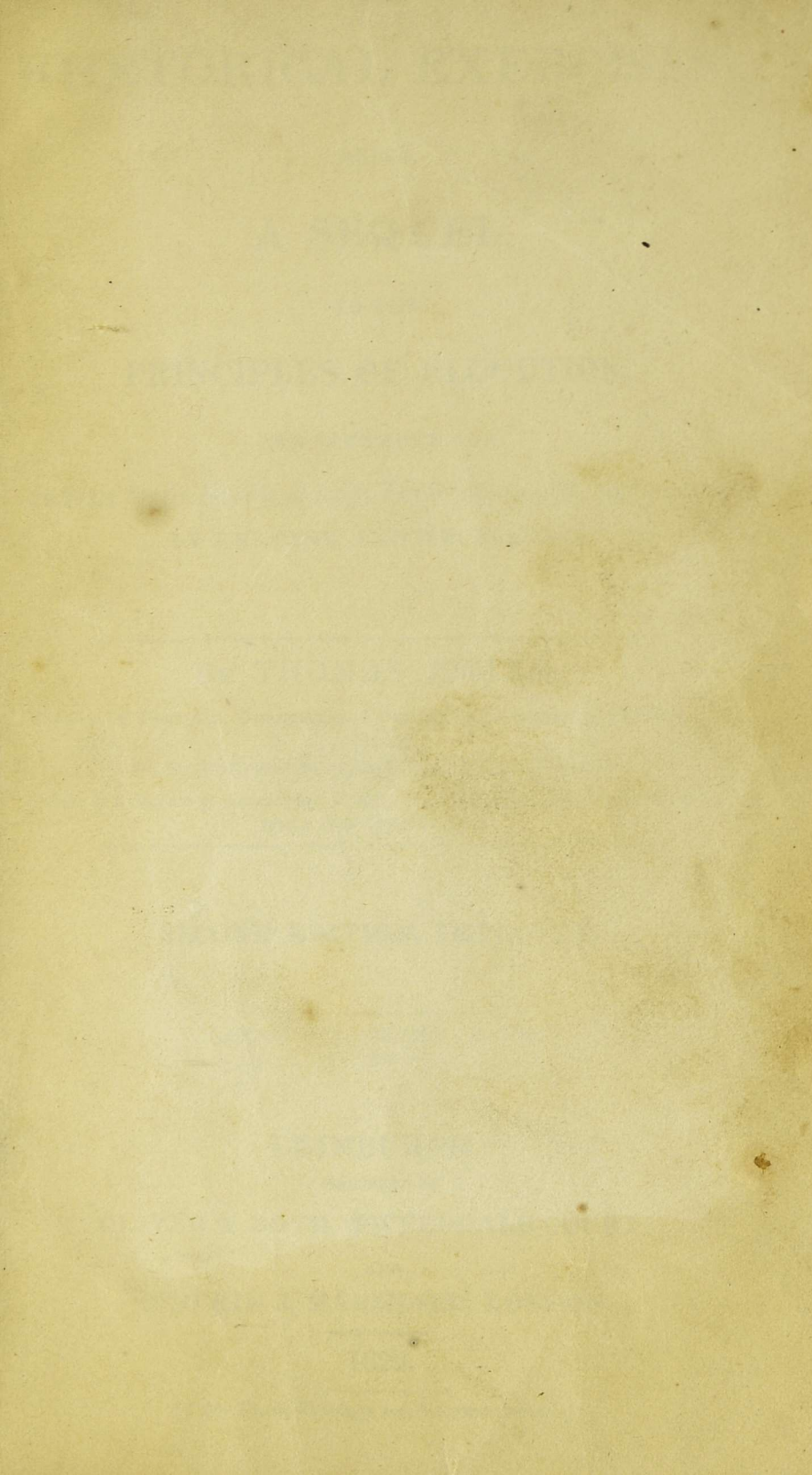
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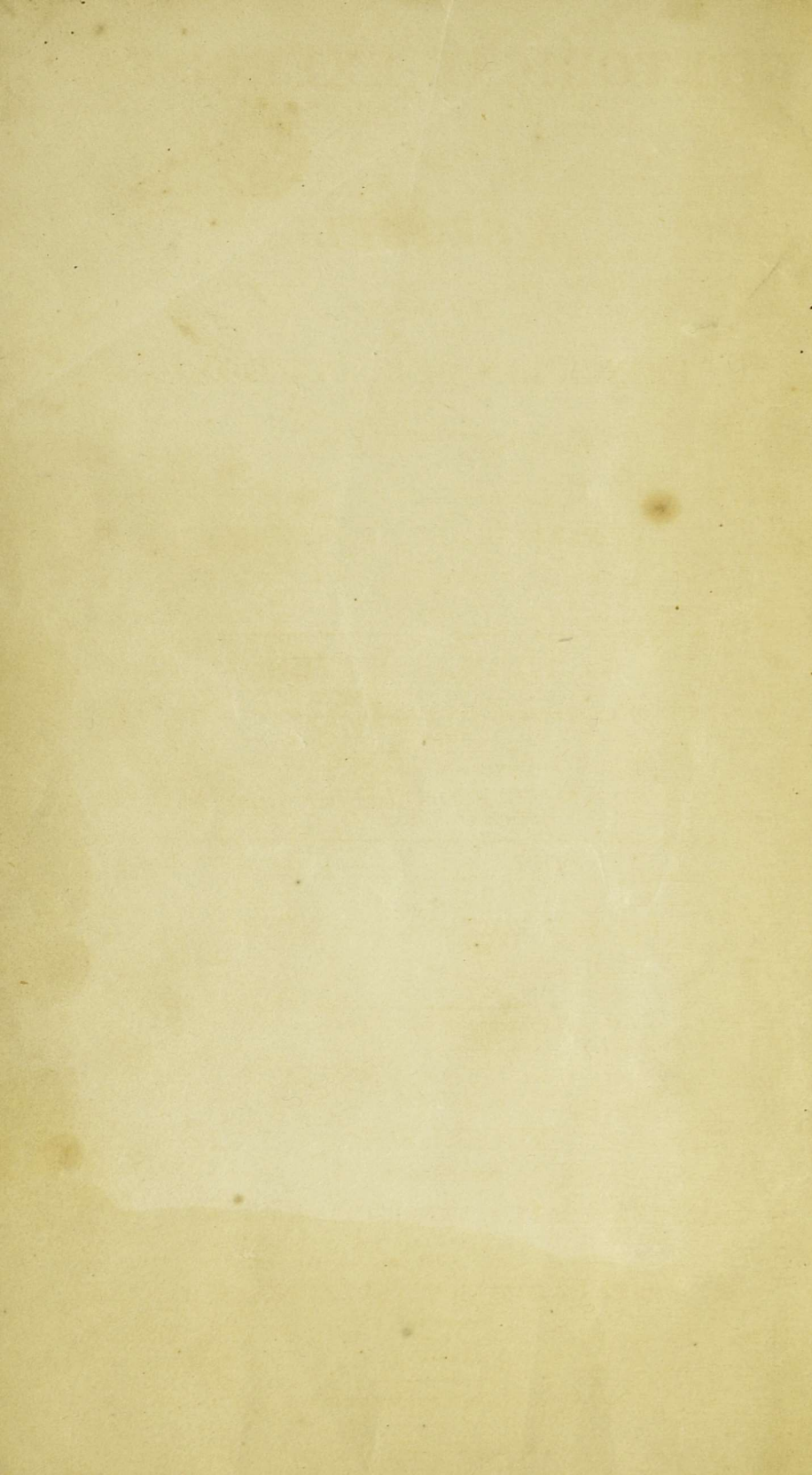
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# RHETORICAL EXERCISES;

BEING

## A SEQUEL

TO THE

### PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION,

AND INTENDED FOR

PUPILS WHO HAVE MADE CONSIDERABLE PROGRESS  
IN READING AND RECITATION.

---

By THOMAS EWING,

Teacher of Elocution, Grammar, and Composition, Geography, History, and  
Astronomy,

No 59, South Bridge, opposite the College, Edinburgh;

*Author of a System of Geography, Principles of Elocution, the English Learner,  
and a New General Atlas.*

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SECOND EDITION, IMPROVED.

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“ARTIS EST CELARE ARTEM.”

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AND

SIMPKIN & MARSHALL, LONDON.

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1829.

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[Price Three Shillings and Sixpence bound.]

THEOLOGICAL EXPERIENCE

A MANUAL

PRINCIPLES OF THEOLOGY

AND PRACTICE

---

ENTERED IN STATIONERS' HALL.

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SECOND EDITION

REVISED BY THE AUTHOR

LONDON

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Oliver & Boyd, Printers.



## PREFACE.

FROM a conviction that excellence in any art is not to be attained *without* art, the Author was induced, some years ago, to publish his *Principles of Elocution*, containing Rules for acquiring a correct Pronunciation, for inflecting the Voice, and for exemplifying the Passions. Though his plan has in almost every instance been crowned with success, it appeared to him that something more remained to be done in order to complete the student in Elocution. In the present Volume this is attempted.

However elegant the pronunciation ; however forcible and correct the tones and inflections of the voice ;—still, as the ear is to be charmed only by a just modulation, Rules and Examples for acquiring this (taken from the late Mr WALKER'S Rhetorical Grammar) form the introductory part of the Volume: these are followed by Directions for reading the most common figures of Rhetoric: Next succeed such Promiscuous, Elocutionary, and Rhetorical Extracts, as will serve to exercise the pupil in reducing to practice his previous instructions. The great variety of specimens of the different kinds of composition, which occupy the body of the Work, cannot fail to remove any stiffness or formality of manner which the student may be in danger of contracting, while endeavouring to adhere too strictly to rules. For, it must be remarked, that, though there is a great deal of art necessary to enable any one to arrive at correctness and elegance in Reading and Speaking, every appearance of art must be carefully concealed.—To enable the student to acquire this art in as great perfection as possible—to *hide* all appearance of art—and to be *gracefully natural*,—is the object of the present publication. Its success must depend very much on the abilities and assiduity of both Teacher and Pupil.—Respecting Attitude and Action, those indispensable accompaniments to Delivery, the Author has said nothing:—not because the task would be troublesome ; but experience has taught him, that they are to be acquired only from the instructions and examples of a living monitor.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

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THIS Volume completes the Series which Mr EWING's plan embraced, of Elementary Books on Elocution, adapted to the various stages of the pupil's progress. In the *Learner*, he has confined himself to a few of the most obvious and simple rules; and, in the arrangement of the lessons, he has studied a natural and an easy gradation. In the *Principles of Elocution* he has given, in pretty full detail, the best directions for pronunciation, pauses, inflections, and the various modulations of the voice; illustrated by appropriate examples, and accompanied with a suitable variety of exercises. The rapid and extensive sale of these Works, and their introduction into many of the most respectable seminaries in the kingdom, afford the most gratifying proof of their utility, and of the estimation in which they are held.

To form an accomplished reader or speaker, however, many other directions appeared necessary; some of which are of a nature so refined and complicated, that to understand and to follow them, requires considerable maturity of judgment, as well as a certain proficiency in the knowledge and practice of Elocution. These directions are contained in the present Volume; and though much must still remain to be learned from the voice of a teacher, and from the study of the best living models, the Publishers would gladly flatter themselves, that, from the rules laid down in these several publications, with the diligent practice of the accompanying exercises, they who are desirous of acquiring this necessary accomplishment, may derive all the benefit which written instruction can impart.

The Publishers entertain the hope, that these will be found the most *useful* works which have yet been published, in a similar form, for both the teacher and the student of Elocution. They contain all the most valuable rules, that the ingenuity or experience of preceding rhetoricians has suggested. These rules are exemplified in a very copious selection of extracts from the most approved authors. As the extracts are, with a few exceptions, different from those which have appeared in all former collections of this nature, they possess, in some degree, the charm of novelty: as they are selected from our more recent, as well as our older classical writers, they exhibit an interesting comparison of the literature of our own times with that of our fathers: and as they are, in general, alike admirable in their tendency and their style, it is hoped, that, while they will be found the most improving exercises in the art of reading and speaking, they will serve, at the same time, in no small degree, to refine the taste, and to improve the morals of the student.

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# EXERCISES

ON THE

## MODULATION OF THE VOICE.

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**RULE I.**—To gain a habit of lowering the voice, it will be necessary to drop the voice to a lower key upon the end of one sentence, and to commence the next sentence in the same low key with which we concluded the former.

### EXAMPLES.

1. Our sight is the most perfect and most delightful of all our senses. It fills the mind with the largest variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the greatest distance, and continues the longest in action without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments. The sense of feeling can indeed give us a notion of extension, shape, and all other ideas that enter at the eye, except colours; but at the same time it is very much straitened and confined in its operations to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular objects. *Spectator.*

2. I shall first consider those pleasures of the imagination which arise from the actual view of outward objects; and these, I think, all proceed from the sight of what is great, uncommon, or beautiful. There may indeed be something so terrible or offensive, that the horror or loathsomeness of the object may overbear the pleasure which results from its greatness, novelty, or beauty; but still there will be such a mixture of delight in the very disgust it gives us, as any of these three qualifications are most conspicuous and prevailing. *Spectator.*

Similes in poetry form proper examples for gaining a habit of lowering the voice.

3. He above the rest,  
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tow'r. His form had not yet lost  
All its original brightness, nor appear'd  
Less than archangel ruined, and th' excess  
Of glory obscur'd; as when the sun, new ris'n,  
Looks through the horizontal misty air  
Shorn of his beams: or, from behind the moon,  
In dim eclipse, disast'rous twilight sheds  
On half the nations, and with fear of change  
Perplexes monarchs. *Milton.*

This lowering of the voice will be greatly facilitated, if we begin the words we wish to lower the voice upon in a monotone, or sameness of sound, approaching to that produced by repeatedly striking the same key of a harpsichord.

4. With what attractive charms this goodly frame  
 Of nature touches the consenting hearts  
 Of mortal men ; and what the pleasing stores  
 Which beauteous imitation thence derives,  
 To deck the poet's or the painter's toil,  
 My verse unfolds. Attend, ye gentle pow'rs  
 Of musical delight ! and while I sing  
 Your gifts, your honours, dance around my strain.  
 Thou, smiling queen of every tuneful breast,  
 Indulgent Fancy ; from the fruitful banks  
 Of Avon, whence thy rosy fingers cull  
 Fresh flow'rs and dews, to sprinkle on the turf  
 Where Shakspeare lies, be present : and with thee  
 Let Fiction come upon her vagrant wing,  
 Wafting ten thousand colours through the air ;  
 And by the glances of her magic eye,  
 Combining each in endless fairy forms  
 Her wild creation. Goddess of the lyre,  
 Which rules the accents of the moving sphere,  
 Wilt thou, eternal Harmony, descend,  
 And join this festive train ? for with thee comes  
 The guide, the guardian of their lovely sports,  
 Majestic Truth ; and where Truth deigns to come,  
 Her sister Liberty will not be far.  
 Be present, all ye Genii, who conduct  
 The wandering footsteps of the youthful bard,  
 New to your springs and shades ; who touch his ear  
 With finer sounds ; who heighten to his eye  
 The bloom of nature, and before him turn  
 The gayest, happiest attitudes of things. *Akenside.*

RULE II.—If we want to gain a good bottom of voice, we ought to practise speeches which require exertion, a little below the common pitch ; when we can do this with ease, we may practise them on a little lower note, and so on till we are as low as we desire.

## EXAMPLE.

*King John.* Come hither, Hubert. O, my gentle Hubert,  
 We owe thee much ; within this wall of flesh  
 There is a soul counts thee her creditor,  
 And with advantage means to pay thy love.  
 And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath  
 Lives in this bosom, dearly cherished.  
 Give me thy hand—I had a thing to say—  
 But I will fit it with some better time.  
 By Heav'n, Hubert, I'm almost asham'd  
 To say what good respect I have of thee.

*Hubert.* I am much bounden to your majesty.

*K. John.* Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,  
 But thou shalt have—and creep time ne'er so slow,



Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.  
 I had a thing to say,—but let it go;  
 The sun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,  
 Attended with the pleasures of the world,  
 Is all too wanton and too full of gaudes  
 To give me audience. If the midnight bell  
 Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth  
 Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;  
 If this same were a churchyard where we stand,  
 And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;  
 Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,  
 Hear me without thine ears, and make reply  
 Without a tongue, using conceit alone,  
 Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words,  
 Then, in despite of broad-ey'd watchful day,  
 I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts:  
 But, ah! I will not—yet I love thee well,  
 And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

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

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

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

*K. John.* Death.

*Hub.* My lord!

*K. John.* A grave.

*Hub.* He shall not live.

*K. John.* Enough.

I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;  
 Well, I'll not say what I intend for thee:  
 Remember.

*Shakspeare's King John.*

RULE III.—When we would strengthen the voice in a higher note, it will be necessary to practise such passages as require a high tone of voice; and if we find the voice grow thin, or approach to a squeak upon the high note, it will be proper to swell the voice a little below this high note, and to give it force and audibility, by throwing it into a sameness of tone approaching the monotone.

EXAMPLE.

When you are to contend with us, you can seize the Aventine Hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer. The enemy is at our gates, the Æsquiline is near being taken, and nobody stirs to hinder it. But against us you are valiant, against us

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

*Titus Quintius.*

No exercise will be so proper to inure the voice to high notes, as frequently to pronounce a succession of questions, which require the rising inflection of voice at the end.

EXAMPLE.

What was the part of a faithful citizen? Of a prudent, an active, and honest minister? Was he not to secure Eubœa, as our defence against all attacks by sea? Was he not to make Bœotia our barrier on the midland side? The cities bordering on Peloponnesus our bulwark on that quarter? Was he not to attend with due precaution to the importation of corn, that this trade might be protected through all its process up to our own harbours? Was he not to cover those districts, which we commanded, by seasonable detachments, as the Proconesus, the Chersonesus, and Tenedos? To exert himself in the assembly for this purpose; while with equal zeal he laboured to gain others to our interest and alliance, as Byzantium, Abydos, and Eubœa? Was he not to cut off the best, and most important resources of our enemies, and to supply those in which our country was defective?—And all this you gained by my counsels and my administration.

*Demosthenes.*

RULE IV.—When we would strengthen the voice in the middle tone, it will be necessary to exercise the voice on very passionate speeches by pronouncing them in a loud tone, without suffering the voice to rise with the force, but preserving all the energy and loudness we are able, in the middle tone of voice.

EXAMPLE.

What man dare I dare:

Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,  
The arm'd rhinoceros, or Hyrcanian tiger;  
Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves

Shall never tremble. Be alive again,  
 And dare me to the desert with thy sword ;  
 If trembling I inhibit, then protest me  
 The baby of a girl. Hence, horrible shadow !  
 Unreal mockery, hence ! *Shakspeare's Macbeth.*

RULE V.—When we have exerted the voice to the highest pitch, it will be necessary to bring it down to a lower, by beginning the succeeding sentence in a lower tone of voice, if the nature of the sentence will permit.

EXAMPLE.

*Jachimo.* This Posthumus—methinks I see him now—  
*Posthumus.* Ay, so thou dost,  
 Italian fiend ! ah me, most credulous fool,  
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing,  
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,  
 To come—oh give me cord, or knife, or poison,  
 Some upright justicer ! Thou king, send out  
 For torturers ingenious ; it is I  
 That all th' abhorred things o' th' earth amend  
 By being worse than they. I am Posthumus  
 That kill'd thy daughter ; villain-like I lie,  
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,  
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't. The temple  
 Of virtue was she, yea, and she herself—  
 Spit and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set  
 The dogs o' th' street to bait me : every villain  
 Be call'd Posthumus Leonatus, and  
 Be villany less than 'twas. Oh ! Imogen,  
 My queen, my life, my wife ! Oh, Imogen !  
 Imogen ! Imogen !

---

## FIGURES OF RHETORIC.

### I. IRONY.

IRONY is a figure, in which one extreme is signified by its opposite extreme ; or when we speak of one thing and design another, in order to give the greater force and poignancy to our meaning.

RULE.—Irony is sometimes applied in the way of jest and banter ; at other times by way of insult and derision.—The following example must begin by an affected surprise, and proceed with a seriousness and seeming sincerity till the ninth line, when the word *for* is to have an emphasis with the rising inflection, and to be pronounced with an air of uncertainty whether it were a dance or not. A sneer commences at *perhaps*, which must be pronounced with a sly arch tone, as if perfectly secure of the consequences of another onset.

EXAMPLE.

Satan beheld their plight,  
 And to his mates thus in derision call'd :  
 O friends, why come not on these victors proud ?

Erewhile they fierce were coming, and when we  
**T**o entertain them fair with open front  
 And breast (what could we more?) propounded terms  
 Of composition, straight they chang'd their minds,  
 Flew off, and into strange vagaries fell  
 As they would dance; yet for a dance they seem'd  
 Somewhat extravagant and wild: perhaps  
 For joy of offer'd peace; but, I suppose,  
 If our proposals once again were heard,  
 We should compel them to a quick result.

*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

## II. EROTESIS.

Erotésis, or Interrogation, is a figure by which we express the emotion of our mind, and infuse an ardour and energy into our discourse by proposing questions.

**RULE.**—If this figure is formed by the verb only, and without the interrogative words, it frequently commences and continues with a monotone, and ends with an inflection of voice, which not only pleases the ear by the striking variety it produces, but raises the attention by its more immediate address to the understanding. But when to these marking properties we annex emotion or passion, this figure becomes the most powerful engine in the whole arsenal of oratory. How does Cicero press and bear down his adversary by the force of interrogations, when, pleading for his client, he addresses himself to his accuser, as in the 1st example.—The beauty of the 2d example depends much upon the pronunciation of the word *you*: for, as it is in opposition to the question beginning with a verb, like that it ought to have the rising inflection; but this inflection ought to be pronounced with a large scope of sound, beginning low and ending high, the voice dwelling a considerable time on the pronunciation: this will in some measure express that surprise and indignation with which the questions are charged; and if the second *you* is made more emphatical than the first, and the third than the second, the force and variety of the passage will be considerably augmented.

### EXAMPLES.

1. I will make you this offer, Plancius; choose any one tribe you please, and show, as you ought, by whom it was bribed: but if you cannot, and, in my opinion, will not even attempt to do this, I will show you how he gained it. Is this a fair contest? Will you engage on this ground? It is an open, honourable challenge to you. Why are you silent? Why do you dissemble? Why do you prevaricate? I repeatedly insist upon this point, I urge you to it, press it, require it; nay, I demand it of you.

*Cicero.*

2. What is there in these days that you have not attempted? what have you not profaned? What name shall I give to this assembly? Shall I call you soldiers? you, who have besieged with your arms, and surrounded with a trench, the son of your emperor? Shall I call you citizens? you, who have so shamefully trampled upon the authority of the senate? you, who have violated the justice due to enemies, the sanctity of embassy, and the rights of nations?

*Tacitus.*

III. EPANAPHORA.

Epanáphora, or Repetition, is a figure which gracefully or emphatically repeats either the same words, or the same sense in different words.

RULE.—The repeated words must be pronounced with a sameness of inflection, but with an increasing force and elevation of voice upon each. This expresses that force, uniformity, and diversity, which constitute the beauty of this figure.—The first part of the following example forms a kind of dialogue, where both the question and answer require the same inflection, but in different pitches of voice. Thus, *You mourn, O Romans ! that three of your armies have been slaughtered*, must be pronounced in an open middle tone of voice, without much force ; but, *they were slaughtered by Antony*, in a lower, louder, and more energetic tone : the two succeeding portions ought to be pronounced in the same manner, with an increasing force, and a higher tone on the word *Antony* : the last two members are of a different structure from the former, and must be pronounced somewhat differently ; that is, *Antony* must be pronounced in a lower tone than in the former members, but with increasing force to the last. In pronouncing this passage in this manner, it has the effect of a climax ; every part has a relation to every part ; and all the parts belong to each other, and form a striking and harmonious whole.

EXAMPLE.

As trees and plants necessarily arise from seeds, so are you, Antony, the seed of this most calamitous war. You mourn, O Romans ! that three of your armies have been slaughtered—they were slaughtered by Antony ; you lament the loss of your most illustrious citizens—they were torn from you by Antony : the authority of this order is deeply wounded—it is wounded by Antony : in short, all the calamities we have ever since beheld, (and what calamities have we not beheld ?) if we reason rightly, have been entirely owing to Antony. As Helen was of Troy, so the bane, the misery, the destruction of this state—is Antony.

*Cicero.*

IV. SYNCHORESIS.

Synchorésis, or Concession, is a figure by which we grant or yield up something, in order to gain a point, which we could not so well secure without it.

RULE.—We must pronounce the concessive part of this figure in a low, light tone, as if what we allowed an adversary was of no great importance, and then assume the argument in a strong elevated tone, as if we had acquired a double force from the concession we had made.—The first part of the following passage, which forms the concession, should be spoken in a slight easy manner, and in a tone rather below that of common conversation ; but the assertion in the latter part should rise into a somewhat higher tone, and assume a strength and firmness expressive of the force of the argument. It may not be improper to remark, that the several members of the concession seem to require the rising inflection.

EXAMPLE.

This, however, I say concerning all the Greeks—I grant them learning, the knowledge of many sciences ; I do not deny that they have wit, fine genius, and eloquence ; nay, if they lay claim

to many other excellencies, I shall not contest their title: but this I must say, that nation never paid a proper regard to the religious sanctity of public evidence, and are total strangers to the obligation, authority, and importance, of truth. *Cicero.*

### V. EPANORTHOSIS.

Epanorthósis, or Correction, is a figure by which we retract or recall what we have spoken, for the sake of substituting something stronger, or more suitable, in its place.

**RULE.**—What we correct should be so pronounced as to seem the immediate effusion of the moment; for which purpose it does not only require a separation from the rest of the sentence, by an alteration of the voice into a lower tone, but an abrupt discontinuance of the member immediately preceding.—A pause at *but* and *word*, in the latter part of the following sentence, will mark the correction more strongly. It may be remarked also, that though this figure must be pronounced in a lower tone of voice than the former part of the sentence, it ought to have much more force and dignity.

#### EXAMPLE.

Octavius Cæsar, though but a youth, nay, rather a boy, inspired with an incredible and divine spirit of courage, at that very time when the fury of Antony was at its height, and when his cruel and pernicious return was so much dreaded, when we neither solicited, nor imagined, nor desired it, because it seemed utterly impracticable, raised a most powerful army of invincible veterans; for which service he threw away his own estate; but—I have used an improper word—he did not throw it away, he bestowed it for the salvation of the commonwealth. *Cicero.*

### VI. APOSTROPHE.

Apóstrophe, or Occasional Address, is a figure in which we interrupt the current of our discourse, and turn to another person, or to some other object different from that to which our address was first directed.

**RULE.**—The tone of voice to be employed in pronouncing this figure, is as various as the passions it assumes; but as these passions are generally very vehement, a higher and louder tone of voice is generally more necessary in the apostrophe than in the part of the oration that precedes it. When we address inanimate things, especially as they are supposed to be distant, the voice must rise in height and loudness, as if the speaker were resolved to make them hear him.—In pronouncing the following passage, it is evident that the speaker must raise his voice at *I appeal*, &c., and, with a force and rapidity bordering on enthusiasm, continue the voice in this pitch till the invocation of *Jupiter*; who being too sacred to be addressed with the same violence as inanimate objects, the speaker must lower his tone into a solemn monotone, and continue in his lower tone with increasing force to the end.

#### EXAMPLE.

O ye judges! it was not by human counsel, nor by any thing less than the immediate care of the immortal gods, that this event has taken place. The very divinities themselves, who beheld that monster fall, seemed to be moved, and to have inflicted their vengeance upon him. I appeal to, I call to witness, you,

O ye hills and groves of Alba ! you, the demolished Alban altars ! even accounted holy by the Romans, and coeval with our religion, but which Clodius, in his mad fury, having first cut down and levelled the most sacred groves, had sunk under heaps of common buildings ; I appeal to you, I call you to witness, whether your altars, your divinities, your powers, which he had polluted with all kinds of wickedness, did not avenge themselves when this wretch was extirpated ? And thou, O holy Jupiter ! from the height of thy sacred mount, whose lakes, groves, and boundaries, he had so often contaminated with his detestable impurities :—and you, the other deities, whom he had insulted, at length opened your eyes to punish this enormous offender. By you, by you, and in your sight, was the slow, but the righteous and merited vengeance executed upon him. *Cicero.*

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### VII. PARALEPSIS.

Paralépsis, or Omission, is a figure by which the orator pretends to conceal or pass by what he really means to declare and strongly to enforce.

**RULE.**—Whatever we seem to give up, as a matter of small consequence, we generally pronounce in a higher and softer tone of voice than the rest : this is accompanied with an air of indifference that seems to make light of what we mention, and this indifference generally leads us to end the particulars with the suspension of voice properly called the rising inflection.—Every member of the subjoined example, where there is a pause, must be pronounced with the rising inflection, commonly called a suspension of the voice ; the whole must have an air of indifference, except the last two or three members, where the voice must fall into a lower and firmer tone *at and reserve them*, and continue in this tone to the end.

#### EXAMPLE.

I do not complain of the diminution of our revenues, and the woful effects of this loss and damage. I omit what may give every one occasion for a very grievous and just complaint, that we could not preserve the principal estates of the public, the finest possession of the Roman people, the fund of our provisions, the granary of our wants, a revenue intrusted with the state ; but that we must give up those lands to Rullus, which, after the power of Sylla, and the largesses of the Gracchi, are yet left us ; I do not say, this is now the only revenue of the state, which continues when others cease, is an ornament in peace, fails us not in war, supports the army, and does not fear an enemy. I pass over all these things, and reserve them for my discourse to the people, and only speak at present of the danger of our peace and liberties. *Cicero.*

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### VIII. ANACOENOSIS.

Anacoenosis, or Communication, is a figure by which the speaker applies to his hearers or opponents for their opinion upon the point in debate.

RULE.—This figure ought to be pronounced in an easy familiar middle tone of voice; without passion, and with such a frankness and openness of manner, as if we were fully satisfied of the justice of our cause, and venture it to be decided on the common principles of reason and equity.—The pronunciation of the following speech will derive its greatest beauty from an attention to the Anacoenosis, beginning at the eleventh line. The preceding lines must paint the dignity of the office, the atrocity of the blow, and the courage and resolution of the commitment; but the succeeding lines must assume a different style: they must begin by a frankness of manner, approaching to indifference, but gradually assume a dignity, as they begin to describe objects of power, authority, and grandeur. An easy and almost indifferent manner takes place again at *Question your royal thoughts*; but this manner, as in the preceding part, naturally slides into one more dignified at *Hear your own dignity so much profan'd, &c.*; but at the lines, *And then imagine me, &c.*, the voice again assumes the plain, open, frank, indifferent tone, till the concluding lines, *After this cold consid'rance, &c.*, when the voice assumes a firmer tone, to indicate a consciousness of the justice of the cause, and a confidence in the uprightness of the determination.

## EXAMPLE.

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 the 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 nought,  
 To pluck down justice from your awful bench,  
 To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword  
 That guards the peace and safety of your person,—  
 Nay more, to spurn at your most royal image,  
 And mock your working in a second body.  
 Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours;  
 Be now the father, and propose a son;  
 Hear your own dignity so much profan'd;  
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted;  
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd;  
 And then imagine me taking your part,  
 And in your 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.

Shakspeare.



## IX. HYPOTYPOSIS.

Hypotypósis, or Lively Description, is a representation of things in such strong and glowing colours, as to make them seem painted or translated to the hearer's imagination.

RULE.—Where the objects described are common, and the subject without passion, the pronunciation ought to be plain, simple, and narrative; but where the objects are grand, sublime, and terrific, the delivery ought to assume those emotions which the objects naturally excite. Where we describe passion, our pronunciation must be impassioned, and thus we shall paint or draw a picture, as it were, of the objects or transactions we delineate. Great care must be taken in the delivery of description, that we do not become actors instead of describers, and mimics instead of relaters.—The passage which follows requires no great variety of voice, but admits of considerable variety of expression; and, as the style is mock-heroic, this expression may be much stronger than if the composition were simple and unaffected. A dignity, solemnity, and importance of voice and manner, must describe the toilet and the nymph's approach to it, in the first six lines; but the fourth couplet must be expressive of the dread and caution with which a timid servant assists a haughty beauty. The succeeding couplet must have all the splendour of pronunciation intimated by its objects, and the next two lines must abate of this splendour, to express the curious toil with which each is cull'd. The next four lines are to be as splendid and glowing as possible. The files of pins must shine with great dignity and importance, while the several articles of the next line must be pronounced simply, and without ornament; but the succeeding couplet has an awfulness and dignity approaching to devotion: the next four lines abate of this dignity, to express rapture and surprise at such sudden and increasing flashes of beauty; while the last four lines descend to an expression of alertness and activity, concluding with a complacency and satisfaction at having so well performed the important task.

## EXAMPLE.

And now unveil'd the toilet stands display'd,  
 Each silver vase in mystic order laid.  
 First rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,  
 With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers:  
 A heav'nly image in the glass appears,  
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears.  
 Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,  
 Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.  
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here,  
 The various offerings of the world appear.  
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,  
 And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil;  
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,  
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box;  
 The tortoise here and elephant unite,  
 Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.  
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,  
 Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billets-doux.  
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms,  
 The fair each moment rises in her charms,

Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,  
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face!  
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,  
 And keener lightning quicken in her eyes.  
 The busy sylphs surround their darling care:  
 These set the head, and those divide the hair;  
 Some fold the sleeve, while others plait the gown;  
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

Pope.

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### X. SIMILE.

This figure may be justly esteemed one of the most useful lights and greatest ornaments of composition. In prose it greatly clears and enforces a thought, and in poetry wonderfully enlivens and embellishes it.

**RULE.**—Little can be said respecting the pronunciation of this figure when in prose; only it may be remarked, that it generally admits of a longer pause than ordinary before it, that the reader may be prepared for the transition. In poetry this figure always admits of being pronounced in a lower tone of voice than the preceding lines; and this tone generally falls into the plaintive, and approaches to a monotone. Not that this monotone is to be continued through the whole simile: if it does but commence with a monotone, it may slide gradually into such a diversity of inflection as the sense seems to require.—In reading the following simile, the voice should fall into a plaintive monotone at *So when a smooth expanse*, and continue this tone till the words *wat'ry breast*, the first of which must have the falling, and the last the rising, inflection. The next couplet must be pronounced differently, that is, the rising inflection on *grow*, and the falling on *glow*, to express the portion of perfect sense it concludes. The rest of the simile must be pronounced with considerable variety: the voice must assume a brisker, swifter tone, and the inflections must be various, to express the variety of objects thrown together on a sudden.

#### EXAMPLE.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,  
 Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose,—  
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;—  
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway.  
 So when a smooth expanse receives impress'd  
 Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,  
 Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,  
 And skies beneath with answering colours glow;  
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,  
 Swift ruffling circles curl on ev'ry side;  
 And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun,  
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

Parnel's Hermit.

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### XI. PROSOPOPEIA.

Prosopopéia, or Personification, is the investing of qualities or things inanimate with the character of persons, or the introducing of dead or absent persons as if they were alive and present. This is at once one of the boldest and finest figures in rhetoric.

**RULE.**—The general rule for pronouncing this species of figure will

be easily conceived, when we recollect that, wherever we give language to a character, we must give that language such a pronunciation as is suitable to that character.—The following passage admits of a certain splendour in the pronunciation, expressive of the ostentation of the speaker, and the riches and grandeur of the objects introduced.

## EXAMPLE.

Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,  
 Earth for whose use? Pride answers, "'Tis for mine.  
 " For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,  
 " Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r ;  
 " Annual for me the grape, the rose renew  
 " The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ;  
 " For me the mine a thousand treasures brings,  
 " For me health gushes from a thousand springs ;  
 " Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise,  
 " My footstool earth, my canopy the skies." *Pope.*

PROMISCUOUS, ELOCUTIONARY, AND RHETORICAL  
EXERCISES.

1. To be good is to be happy. Angels  
 Are happier than men, because they're better.  
 Guilt is the source of sorrow ; 'tis the fiend,  
 Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind  
 With whips and stings : the blest know none of this,  
 But dwell in everlasting peace of mind,  
 And find the height of all their Heav'n is goodness.

2. And is there a last day? and must there come  
 A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom?  
 Ambition, swell ; and, thy proud sails to show,  
 Take all the winds that vanity can blow :  
 Wealth, on a golden mountain blazing stand,  
 And hold an India forth in either hand :  
 Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting Vine,  
 And thou, more dreaded foe, bright Beauty, shine :  
 Shine all, in all your charms together rise,  
 That all, in all your charms, I may despise.

3. ————— Good name in man or woman  
 Is the immediate jewel of their souls.  
 Who steals my purse steals trash, 'tis something—nothing ;  
 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands :  
 But he, who filches from me my good name,  
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,  
 And makes me poor indeed. *Shakspeare.*

4. Dreams are but interludes, which Fancy makes !  
 When monarch Reason sleeps, this phantom wakes,  
 Compounds a medley of disjointed things ;  
 A court of cobblers, and a mob of kings.  
 Light fumes are merry ; grosser fumes are sad :  
 Both are the reasonable soul run mad :  
 And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,  
 Which never were, nor are, nor e'er can be.

5. Let Newton (pure intelligence, whom God  
 To mortals lent to trace his boundless works  
 From laws sublimely simple) speak thy fame  
 In all philosophy. For lofty sense,  
 Creative fancy, and inspection keen,  
 Through the deep windings of the human heart,  
 Is not wild Shakspeare thine and Nature's boast ?  
 Is not each great, each amiable Muse  
 Of classic ages, in thy Milton met ?  
 A genius, universal as his theme,  
 Astonishing as chaos, as the bloom  
 Of blowing Eden fair, as heaven sublime.

*Thomson.*

6. Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call ;  
 She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.  
 But, if the purchase cost so dear a price  
 As soothing folly, or exalting Vice ;  
 And, if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,  
 And follow still where fortune leads the way ;  
 Or, if no basis bear my rising name  
 But the fallen ruins of another's fame ;—  
 Then teach me, Heav'n, to scorn the guilty bays ;  
 Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise.  
 Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown :  
 O, grant me honest fame, or grant me none.

*Pope.*

7. Dread o'er the scene the ghost of Hamlet stalks ;  
 Othello rages ; poor Monimia mourns ;  
 And Belvidera pours her soul in love.  
 Terror alarms the breast ; the comely tear  
 Steals o'er the cheek. Or else, the comic Muse,  
 Holds to the world a picture of itself,  
 And raises, sly, the fair impartial laugh.  
 Sometimes she lifts her strain, and paints the scenes  
 Of beauteous life, whate'er can deck mankind,  
 Or charm the heart, in generous Bevil show'd.

*Thomson.*

8. 'Tis education forms the common mind ;  
 Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd.  
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a squire ;  
 The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar.  
 Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave ;  
 Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave.  
 Is he a churchman?—then he's fond of pow'r :  
 A Quaker?—sly : a Presbyterian?—sour :  
 A smart Free-thinker?—all things in an hour.

}  
*Pope.*

9. Hear me, rash man ; on thy allegiance hear me.  
 Since thou hast striven to make us break our vow  
 (Which nor our nature nor our place can bear),  
 We banish thee for ever from our sight  
 And kingdom. If, when three days are expir'd,  
 Thy hated trunk be found in our dominions,  
 That moment is thy death.—Away !  
 By Jupiter this shall not be revok'd.

*Shakspeare.*

10. Alive ! in triumph ! and Mercutio slain !  
 Away to heaven respective lenity,  
 And fire-eyed Fury be my conduct now !—  
 Now, Tybalt, take the villain back again  
 That late thou gav'st me : for Mercutio's soul  
 Is but a little way above our heads,  
 Staying for thine to keep him company ;  
 And thou, or I, or both, shall follow him.

*Ib.*

11. The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,  
 Reigns more or less, and glows, in ev'ry heart.  
 The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure ;  
 The modest shun it, but to make it sure.  
 O'er globes and sceptres, now on thrones it swells ;  
 Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells ;  
 'Tis tory, whig ; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,  
 Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades :  
 It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,  
 And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead :  
 Nor ends with life, but nods in sable plumes,  
 Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

*Young.*

12. O, blest retirement ! friend to life's decline !  
 Retreats from care—that never must be mine !  
 How bless'd is he, who crowns, in shades like these,  
 A youth of labour, with an age of ease ;

Who quits a world where strong temptations try,  
 And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly.  
 For him no wretches born to work and weep,  
 Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep ;  
 No surly porter stands, in gilded state,  
 To spurn imploring famine from his gate :  
 But on he moves to meet his latter end,  
 Angels around befriending virtue's friend ;  
 Sinks to the grave, with unperceiv'd decay,  
 While resignation gently slopes the way ;  
 And, all his prospects brightening to the last,  
 His heaven commences ere the world be past. *Goldsmith.*

13. 'Tis not for mortals always to be blest :  
 But him the least the dull or painful hours  
 Of life oppress, whom sober sense conducts,  
 And virtue, through 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.  
 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. *Armstrong.*

14. What does not fate ? The tower that long had stood  
 The crash of thunder and the warring winds,  
 Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,  
 Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base ;  
 And flinty pyramids, and walls of brass,  
 Descend : the Babylonian spires are sunk :  
 Achaia, Rome, and Egypt, moulder down.  
 Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones ;  
 And tottering empires rush by their own weight.  
 This huge rotundity we tread grows old ;  
 And all those worlds that roll around the sun :  
 The sun himself shall die ; and ancient night  
 Again involve the desolate abyss :  
 Till the great FATHER, through the lifeless gloom,

Extend his arm to light another sun,  
And bid new planets roll by other laws. *Armstrong.*

15. As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night !  
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light,  
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,  
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene ;  
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,  
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole,  
O'er the dark trees a yellow verdure shed,  
And tip with silver every mountain's head ;  
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,  
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies :  
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,  
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light. *Homer.*

16. That tongue, which set the table on a roar,  
And charm'd the public ear, is heard no more !  
Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,  
Which spoke, before the tongue, what Shakspeare writ.  
Cold are those hands, which, living, were stretch'd forth,  
At friendship's call, to succour modest worth.  
Here lies James Quin !—Deign, reader, to be taught :  
Whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,  
In nature's happiest mould however cast,  
To this complexion thou must come at last. *Garrick.*

17. ————— Now storming fury rose,  
And clamour, such as heard in heaven till now  
Was never. Arms on armour clashing bray'd  
Horrible discord, and the madding wheels  
Of brazen chariots rag'd. Dire was the noise  
Of conflict : overhead the dismal hiss  
Of fiery darts in flaming volleys flew,  
And flying, vaulted either host with fire.  
So under fiery cope together rush'd  
Both battles main, with ruinous assault  
And unextinguishable rage : all heaven  
Resounded ; and, had earth been then, all earth  
Had to her centre shook. *Milton.*

18. 'Tis pleasant, by the cheerful hearth, to hear  
Of tempests and the dangers of the deep,  
And pause at times, and feel that we are safe ;  
Then listen to the perilous tale again,  
And, with an eager and suspended soul,  
Woo terror to delight us.—But to hear

The roaring of the raging elements ;  
 To know all human skill, all human strength,  
 Avail not ; to look round, and only see  
 The mountain-wave incumbent, with its weight  
 Of bursting waters o'er the reeling bark—  
 Oh God ! this is, indeed, a dreadful thing !  
 And he who hath endur'd the horror, once,  
 Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm  
 Howl round his home, but he remembers it,  
 And thinks upon the suffering mariner. *Southey's Madoc.*

19. No, Ormisinda, I perceive no change,  
 That in the least impairs thy lovely form.  
 The beam that gilds the early morn of youth,  
 Yields to the splendour of a riper hour :  
 The rose, that was so fair in bud, is blown ;  
 And grief and care, though they have dwelt with thee,  
 Have left no traces of their visitation ;  
 But an impression sweet of melancholy,  
 Which captivates the soul. Unskilful they,  
 Who dress the queen of love in wanton smiles :  
 Brightest she shines, amidst a shower of tears :  
 The graces that adorn her beauty most,  
 Are softness, sensibility, and pity. *Alonzo.*

20. Though Britain's Genius slumber in the calm,  
 He rears his front to the congenial storm.  
 The voice of Freedom's not a still small voice,  
 'Tis in the fire, the thunder, and the storm,  
 The goddess Liberty delights to dwell.  
 If rightly I foresee Britannia's fate,  
 The hour of peril is the halcyon hour ;  
 The shock of parties brings her best repose :  
 Like her wild waves, when working in a storm,  
 That foam and roar, and mingle earth and heaven,  
 Yet guard the island which they seem to shake. *Logan.*

21. My meaning's plain :  
 We have detected his designs. We know him.  
 Go tell your master—instant to depart,  
 And waft his army to the coast of France.  
 Tell him, that Britain never will become  
 The province of a foreign kingdom. Tell him,  
 That when he wields the thunder, and gives law  
 To the wild ocean and the wind of heaven,—  
 Then let him think on Britain. *Ib.*



22. Show me what thou wilt do.

Wilt weep? Wilt fight? Wilt fast? Wilt tear thyself?  
 Wilt drink up Eisel? Eat a crocodile?  
 I'll do't. Dost thou come hither, but to whine?  
 To outface me with leaping in her grave?  
 Be buried quick with her, and so will I.  
 And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw  
 Millions of acres on us, till our ground,  
 Singeing his pate against the burning zone,  
 Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, if thou'lt mouth,  
 I'll rant as well as thou.

*Shakspeare.*

23. To Albion's view what mental glories rise!

Though winter rudely revels in her skies;  
 Though fogs engender there, and frosts deform  
 The agu'ish clime, an intermitting storm;  
 The orb of genius cheers her hardy sons,  
 And bright through every sign of science runs;  
 Pervades with rip'ning ray each art refined,  
 And glows thro' all her atmosphere of mind.

*Shee.*

24. 'Tis night, dead night; and weary Nature lies

So fast as if she never were to rise:  
 No breath of wind now whispers thro' the trees;  
 No noise at land, nor murmur in the seas;  
 Lean wolves forget to howl at night's pale noon,  
 No wakeful dogs bark at the silent moon,  
 Nor bay the ghosts that glide with horror by  
 To view the caverns where their bodies lie:  
 The ravens perch, and no presages give,  
 Nor to the windows of the dying cleave:  
 The owls forget to scream; no midnight sound  
 Calls drowsy Echo from the hollow ground:  
 In vaults, the waking fires extinguish'd lie;  
 The stars, heaven's sentry, wink, and seem to die.

*Lee.*

25. You that are skill'd so well in the sad story

Of my unhappy parents, and with tears  
 Bewail their destiny, now have compassion  
 Upon the offspring of the friends you lov'd!  
 Oh! tell me who, and where my mother is!  
 Oppress'd by a base world, perhaps she bends  
 Beneath the weight of other ills than grief;  
 And, desolate, implores of Heav'n the aid  
 Her son should give. It is, it must be so——  
 Your countenance confesses that she's wretched.

Oh! tell me her condition! Can the sword—  
Who shall resist me in a parent's cause?

*Home.*

26. Oh, thou hast fir'd me! my soul is up in arms,  
And mans each part about me. Once again  
That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me,  
That eagerness with which I darted upward  
To Cassius' camp: in vain the steepy hill  
Oppos'd my way, in vain a war of spears  
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;  
I won the trenches, while my foremost men  
Lagg'd on the plain below.

Our hearts and arms are still the same; I long  
Once more to meet our foes, that thou and I,  
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,  
May taste fate to 'em, mow 'em out a passage,  
And ent'ring where the foremost squadrons yield,  
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

*Dryden.*

27. Thus with the year  
Seasons return; but not to me returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine;  
But cloud instead, and ever-during dark  
Surround me; from the cheerful ways of men  
Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,  
Presented with an universal blank  
Of Nature's works, to me expung'd and raz'd:  
And wisdom, at one entrance, quite shut out.

*Milton.*

28. Barons of England, hear my dying words.  
A virgin, bold in conscious innocence,  
Will never stand a suppliant in your sight,  
To move your pity by her prayers and tears,  
Nor will she tremble at a human bar,  
Who, greatly confident in him who made  
Her guiltless heart, will, on the moment's wing,  
Ascend a spirit to the throne of heaven.  
—Barons, you gave a husband to my hand;  
My heart was wedded to another lord.  
From all unnatural rule the soul revolts:  
The law of nature is the law of love.  
The noble mind determines its own deeds;  
Appeals to no tribunal upon earth,  
But answers to itself: she sits the judge,

And the high counsellor who cannot err.  
 Vile fetters you may throw on noble hands,  
 And as a prison'd criminal confine  
 The daughter of illustrious Albemarle ;  
 But the high mind, free and invincible,  
 Spurns at the chain, the prison, and the axe.  
 Here I avow it, dying I avow  
 My love unalter'd to that noble youth ;  
 And glory in the flame, which makes me fall  
 A virgin martyr to the man I lov'd.

*Logan.*

29. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?  
 You have among you many a purchas'd slave,  
 Which, like your asses, and your dogs and mules,  
 You use in abject and in slavish parts,  
 Because you bought them : shall I say to you,  
 Let them be free, marry them to your heirs ;  
 Why sweat they under burthens ? let their beds  
 Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates  
 Be season'd with such viands : you will answer,  
 The slaves are yours. So do I answer you :  
 The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,  
 Is dearly bought, is mine, and I will have it :  
 If you deny me, fie upon your law !  
 There is no force in the decrees of Venice :  
 I stand for judgment : answer ; shall I have it ?

*Shakspeare.*

30. You may as well go stand upon the beach,  
 And bid the main flood bate its usual height ;  
 You may as well use questions with the wolf,  
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;  
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
 To wag their high tops, and to make no noise  
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;  
 You may as well do any thing most hard,  
 As seek to soften that (than which what's harder ?)  
 His Jewish heart.

*Ib.*

31. ————— Some strange commotion  
 Is in his brain : he bites his lip, and starts ;  
 Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,  
 Then lays his finger on his temple : straight  
 Springs out into fast gait ; then stops again,  
 Strikes his breast hard ; and anon he casts  
 His eye against the moon : in most strange postures  
 We've seen him set himself.

*Ib.*

32. I tell thee, then, whoe'er amidst her sons,  
 Of reason, valour, liberty, and virtue,  
 Displays distinguish'd merit, is a noble  
 Of Nature's own creating. Such have risen,  
 Sprung from the dust, or where had been our honours?  
 And such, in radiant bands, will rise again  
 In yon immortal city; that, when most  
 Deprest by fate, and near apparent ruin,  
 Returns, as with an energy divine,  
 On her astonish'd foes, and shakes them from her.

*Thomson.*

33. Learn hence, ye Romans! on how sure a base  
 The patriot builds his happiness; no stroke,  
 No keenest, deadliest shaft of adverse fate,  
 Can make his generous bosom quite despair,  
 But that alone by which his country falls.  
 Grief may to grief in endless round succeed,  
 And nature suffer when our children bleed:  
 Yet still superior must that hero prove,  
 Whose first, best passion, is his country's love.

*W. Whitehead.*

34. ———— Philosophy consists not  
 In airy schemes or idle speculations.  
 The rule and conduct of all social life  
 Is her great province. Not in lonely cells  
 Obscure she lurks, but holds her heavenly light  
 To senates and to kings, to guide their counsels,  
 And teach them to reform and bless mankind.  
 All policy but hers is false and rotten;  
 All valour not conducted by her precepts,  
 Is a destroying fury sent from hell,  
 To plague unhappy man, and ruin nations.

*Thomson.*

35. ———— There is a Pow'r  
 Unseen, that rules th' illimitable world,  
 That guides its motions from the brightest star  
 To the least dust of this sin-tainted mould;  
 While man, who madly deems himself the lord  
 Of all, is nought but weakness and dependence.  
 This sacred truth, by sure experience taught,  
 Thou must have learned when wandering all alone,  
 Each bird, each insect, flitting through the sky,  
 Was more sufficient for itself than thou.

*Ib.*

36. Th'unbusied shepherd, stretch'd beneath the hawthorn,  
 His careless limbs thrown out in wanton ease,

With thoughtless gaze perusing the arch'd heavens,  
 And idly whistling while his sheep feed round him,  
 Enjoys a sweeter shade than that of canopies  
 Hemm'd in with cares, and shook by storms of treason. *Hill.*

37. Be thou blest, Bertram, and succeed thy father  
 In manners as in shape ; thy blood and virtue  
 Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodness  
 Share with thy birthright ! Love all, trust a few,  
 Do wrong to none : be able for thine enemy  
 Rather in power than use ; and keep thy friend  
 Under thy own life's key : be check'd for silence,  
 But never tax'd for speech. *Shakspeare.*

38. I do remember an apothecary,  
 And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted  
 In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,  
 Culling of simples ; meagre were his looks,  
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :  
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,  
 An alligator stuff'd, and other skins  
 Of ill-shaped fishes ; and about his shelves  
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,  
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds ;  
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,  
 Were thinly scatter'd, to make up a 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.  
 O, this same thought did but forerun my need ;  
 And this same needy man must sell it me. *Ib.*

39. \_\_\_\_\_ Could great men thunder  
 As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet ;  
 For every pelting, petty officer,  
 Would use his heaven for thunder ; nothing but thunder.  
 Merciful Heaven !

Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,  
 Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak  
 Than the soft myrtle. O, but man ! proud man !  
 Drest in a little brief authority,  
 Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,  
 His glassy essence, like an angry ape,  
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high Heaven,  
 As make the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,  
 Would all themselves laugh mortal. *Ib.*

40. All places that the eye of Heaven visits  
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.  
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus :  
 There is no virtue like necessity.  
 Think not, the king did banish thee ;  
 But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,  
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.  
 Go, say,—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,  
 And not—the king exil'd thee : or, suppose  
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,  
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.  
 Look what thy soul holds dear, imagine it  
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st.  
 Suppose the singing birds, musicians ;  
 The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence floor ;  
 The flowers, fair ladies ; and thy steps, no more  
 Than a delightful measure, or a dance :  
 For gnarled sorrow hath less power to bite  
 The man that mocks at it, and sets it light. *Shakspeare.*

41. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,  
 I shot his fellow of the self-same flight  
 The self-same way, with more advised watch,  
 To find the other forth ; and by advent'ring both,  
 I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,  
 Because what follows is pure innocence.  
 I owe you much ; and, like a wilful youth,  
 That which I owe is lost : but if you please  
 To shoot another arrow that self-same way  
 Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
 As I will watch the aim, or to find both,  
 Or bring your latter hazard back again,  
 And thankfully rest debtor for the first. *Ib.*

42. ————— So work the honey bees ;  
 Creatures, that by a rule in nature teach  
 The art of order to a peopled kingdom.  
 They have a king, and officers of sorts ;  
 Where some, like magistrates, correct at home ;  
 Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad ;  
 Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,  
 Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds ;  
 Which pillage they with merry march bring home  
 To the tent-royal of their emperor ;  
 Who, busied in his majesty, surveys

The singing masons building roofs of gold ;  
 The civil citizens kneading up the honey ;  
 The poor mechanic porters crowding in  
 Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate ;  
 The sad-eyed justice, with his surly hum,  
 Delivering o'er to executors pale  
 The lazy yawning drone.

*Shakspeare.*

43. The course of true love never did run smooth ;  
 Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,  
 War, death, or sickness, did lay siege to it,  
 Making it momentary as a sound,  
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;  
 Brief as the lightning in the collied night,  
 That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth ;  
 And ere a man hath power to say,—Behold !  
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up :  
 So quick bright things come to confusion.

*Ib.*

44. 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.

*Ib.*

45. I have liv'd long enough ; my way of life  
 Is fall'n into the sere, the yellow leaf :  
 And that which should accompany old age,  
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
 I must not look to have ; but, in their stead,  
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, but dare not.

*Ib.*

46. This England never did, (nor never shall,)  
 Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,  
 But when it first did help to wound itself.  
 Now these her princes are come home again,  
 Come the three corners of the world in arms,  
 And we shall shock them !—Nought shall make us rue,  
 If England to itself do rest but true.

*Ib.*

47. This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle,  
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,  
 This other Eden, demi-Paradise ;  
 This fortress, built by Nature for herself,  
 Against infection, and the hand of War :

This happy breed of men, this little world ;  
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,  
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,  
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,  
 Against the envy of less happier lands ;  
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,  
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,  
 Fear'd by their breed, and famous by their birth,  
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,  
 (For Christian service, and true chivalry,)  
 As is the sepulchre, in stubborn Jewry,  
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son :  
 This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,  
 Dear for her reputation through the world,  
 Is now leas'd out, (I die pronouncing it,)  
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm :  
 England bound in with the triumphant sea,  
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege  
 Of wat'ry Neptune, is now bound in with shame,  
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds ;  
 That England, that was wont to conquer others,  
 Hath made a shameful conquest of itself. *Shakspeare.*

48. ——— Brave Percy : Fare thee well !——  
 Ill-weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk !  
 When that this body did contain a spirit,  
 A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;  
 But now, two paces of the vilest earth  
 Is room enough :—This earth, that bears thee dead,  
 Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.  
 If thou wert sensible of courtesy,  
 I should not make so great a show of zeal :—  
 But let my favours hide thy mangled face ;  
 And e'en in thy behalf, I'll thank myself  
 For doing these fair rites of tenderness.  
 Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven !  
 Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the grave,  
 But not remember'd in thy epitaph !— *Ib.*

49. 'Would he were fatter :—but I fear him not :  
 Yet, if my name were liable to fear,  
 I do not know the man I should avoid  
 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;  
 He is a great observer, and he looks  
 Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no plays,



As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :  
Seldom he smiles ; and smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease,  
While they behold a greater than themselves ;  
And therefore are they very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,  
Than what I fear ; for always I am Cæsar. *Shakspeare.*

50. Will Fortune never come with both hands full,  
But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?  
She either gives a stomach, and no food,—  
Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,  
And takes away the stomach ;—such are the rich,  
That have abundance, and enjoy it not. *Ib.*

51. ————— Then let's say, you are sad,  
Because you are not merry ; and 'twere as easy  
For you to laugh, and leap, and say, you're merry,  
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,  
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time ;  
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,  
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper ;  
And others of such vinegar aspect,  
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,  
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable. *Ib.*

52. ————— What would you have, you curs,  
That like not peace, nor war ? The one affrights you,  
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,  
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares ;  
Where foxes, geese : You are no surer, no,  
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,  
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,  
To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,  
And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,  
Deserves your hate ; and your affections are  
A sick man's appetite, who desires most that  
Which would increase his evil. He that depends  
Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,  
And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye ! Trust ye ?  
With every minute do you change a mind ;  
And call him noble, that was now your hate ;  
Him vile, that was your garland. *Ib.*

53. I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,

The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,  
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;  
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,  
 Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste  
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)  
 Told of a many thousand warlike French,  
 That were embattled and rank'd in Kent:  
 Another lean unwash'd artificer  
 Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

*Shakspeare.*

54. 'Tis now the very witching time of night,  
 When churchyards yawn, and hell itself breathes out  
 Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,  
 And do such business as the better day  
 Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.—  
 O, heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever  
 The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom:  
 Let me be cruel, not unnatural:  
 I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

*Ib.*

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

*Ib.*

56. —————Ever note, Lucilius,  
 When love begins to sicken and decay,  
 It useth an enforced ceremony.  
 There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:  
 But hollow men, like horses, hot at hand,  
 Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:  
 But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
 They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
 Sink in the trial.

*Ib.*

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

*Ib.*

58. The purest treasure mortal time affords,

Is, spotless reputation ; that away,  
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.  
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest  
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast.

Mine honour is my life ; both grow in one ;  
Take honour from me, and my life is done. *Shakspeare.*

59. 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 an axle-tree ;  
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,  
Nothing so much as mincing poetry ;  
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

*Ib.*

60. Princes have but their titles for their glories,  
An outward honour, for an inward toil ;  
And, for unfelt imaginations,  
They often feel a world of restless cares :  
So that between their titles, and low name,  
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

*Ib.*

61. Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears ?  
Have I not, in my time, heard lions roar ?  
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,  
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat ?  
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,  
And Heaven's artillery thunder in the skies ?  
Have I not in a pitched battle heard  
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets' clang ?  
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue ;  
That gives not half so great a blow to th' ear,  
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire ?

*Ib.*

62. —————'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.

*Ib.*

63. Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,  
That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks ;  
Small have continual plodders ever won,  
Save base authority from others' books.  
These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,  
That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights,  
 Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.

*Shakspeare.*

64. ————— Know'st thou not,  
 That when the searching eye of heaven is hid  
 Behind the globe, and lights the lower world,  
 Then thieves and robbers range abroad unseen,  
 In murders, and in outrage, bloody, here ;  
 But when, from under this terrestrial ball,  
 He fires the proud tops of the eastern pines,  
 And darts his light through every guilty hole,  
 Then murders, treasons, and detested sins,  
 The cloak of night being pluck'd from off their backs,  
 Stand bare and naked, trembling at themselves ?

*Ib.*

65. Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
 And the first motion, all the interim is  
 Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream :  
 The genius, and the mortal instruments,  
 Are then in council ; and the state of man,  
 Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
 The nature of an insurrection.

*Ib.*

66. O, 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 of fantastic summer's heat ?  
 O, 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.

*Ib.*

67. ————— I'll hold thee any wager,  
 When we are both accoutred like young men,  
 I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,  
 And wear my dagger with a braver grace ;  
 And speak, between the change of man and boy,  
 With a reed voice ; and turn two mincing steps  
 Into a manly stride ; and speak of frays,  
 Like a fine bragging youth : and tell quaint lies,  
 How honourable ladies sought my love,  
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died ;  
 I could not do with all ;—then I'll repent,  
 And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them :

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,  
 That men shall swear, I've discontinued school.  
 Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind  
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,  
 Which I will practise. *Shakspeare.*

68. O, world, thy turns are slippery ! 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  
 Unseparable, 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. *Ib.*

## EXERCISES IN PROSE.

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### I. THE PERFECT SPEAKER.

IMAGINE to yourselves a Demosthenes addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended.—How awful such a meeting! How vast the subject!—Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion? Adequate—yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator; and the importance of the subject for a while superseded, by the admiration of his talents.—With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man, and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions!—To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature.—Not a faculty that he possesses is here unemployed; not a faculty that he possesses but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work; all his external testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy; without, every muscle, every nerve, is exerted: not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously, and as it were with an electrical spirit, vibrate those energies from soul to soul.—Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude, by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass—the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice. The universal cry is—Let us march against Philip—let us fight for our liberties—let us conquer—or die.

## II. OSSIAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O! THOU that rollest above, round as the shield of my Fathers! whence are thy beams, O Sun! thy everlasting light? Thou comest forth in thy awful beauty; the stars hide themselves in the sky; the moon, cold and pale, sinks in the western wave. But thou thyself movest alone: who can be a companion of thy course? The oaks of the mountains fall: the mountains themselves decay with years: the ocean shrinks and grows again: the moon herself is lost in the heavens: but thou art for ever the same, rejoicing in the brightness of thy course. When the world is dark with tempests, when thunder rolls, and lightning flies, thou lookest in thy beauty from the clouds, and laughest at the storm.—But to Ossian thou lookest in vain; for he beholds thy beams no more, whether thy yellow hair flows on the eastern clouds, or thou tremblest at the gates of the west. But thou art, perhaps, like me, for a season; thy years will have an end. Thou shalt sleep in thy clouds, careless of the voice of the morning. Exult then, O sun! in the strength of thy youth.—Age is dark and unlovely: it is like the glimmering light of the moon, when it shines through broken clouds, and the mist is on the hills; when the blast of the north is on the plain, and the traveller shrinks in the midst of his journey.

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 III. PLEASANT SCENE OF ANGER, AND THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF IT.

THERE came into a bookseller's shop a very learned man, with an erect solemn air: who, though a person of great parts otherwise, is slow in understanding any thing which makes against himself. After he had turned over many volumes, said the seller to him,—Sir, you know I have long asked you to send me back the first volume of French Sermons I formerly lent you. Sir, said the chapman, I have often looked for it, but cannot find it; it is certainly lost; and I know not to whom I lent it, it is so many years ago. Then, Sir, here is the other volume;

I'll send you home that, and please to pay for both. My friend, replied he, canst thou be so senseless, as not to know, that one volume is as imperfect in my library as in your shop? Yes, Sir, but it is you have lost the first volume: and, to be short, I will be paid. Sir, answered the chapman, you are a young man, your book is lost; and learn, by this little loss, to bear much greater adversities, which you must expect to meet with. Yes, Sir, I'll bear when I must; but I have not lost now, for I say you have it, and shall pay me. Friend, you grow warm; I tell you, the book is lost; and I foresee, in the course even of a prosperous life, that you will meet afflictions to make you mad, if you cannot bear this trifle. Sir, there is, in this case, no need of bearing, for you have the book. I say, Sir, I have not the book; but your passion will not let you hear enough to be informed that I have it not. Learn resignation betimes to the distresses of this life: nay, do not fret and fume; it is my duty to tell you that you are of an impatient spirit; and an impatient spirit is never without woe. Was ever any thing like this?— Yes, Sir, there have been many things like this. The loss is but a trifle; but your temper is wanton, and incapable of the least pain; therefore, let me advise you, be patient: the book is lost, but do not you, for that reason, lose yourself.

*Spectator.*

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#### IV. ANECDOTE OF GARRICK.

THE opinion that many people conceive of players, being in private life the characters they represent on the stage, is very strong.—A grocer in the town of Litchfield, a neighbour of Peter Garrick's, having occasion to go to London, Peter gave him a letter, recommending him to his brother David. The man came to town in the evening; and, seeing Garrick's name up in the bills for Abel Druggier, he went to the two-shilling gallery, and then waited in anxious expectation of seeing, in the person of his countryman, the greatest actor on the stage. On Garrick's appearance, he was for some time in doubt whether it could be him or not; at last, being convinced



of it by the people around him, he felt himself so disgusted with the mean appearance and mercenary conduct of the character, which, by a foolish combination, he attached to the player, that he went out of town without delivering his letter. On his arrival in Litchfield, Peter Garrick asked him, "how he was received by his brother, and how he liked him?" "To tell you the truth," says the man, "I never delivered your letter." "Not delivered my letter!" says Peter,— "how came that about?" "Why, the fact is, I saw enough of him on the stage to make that unnecessary. He may be rich, as I dare say any man who lives like him must be; but though he is your brother, Mr Garrick, he is one of the meanest and most pitiful fellows I ever saw in my life." *Johnson.*

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## V. ON SOLITUDE.

I FIND no other difference than this, betwixt the common town wits and the downright country fools; that the first are pertly in the wrong, with a little more flourish and gaiety; and the last neither in the right nor the wrong, but confirmed in a stupid settled medium betwixt both. However, methinks, these are most in the right, who quietly and easily resign themselves over to the gentle reign of dulness, which the wits must do at last, though after a great deal of noise and resistance. Ours are a sort of modest, inoffensive people, who neither have sense, nor pretend to any, but enjoy a jovial sort of dulness: they are commonly known in the world by the name of Honest, Civil Gentlemen: they live, much as they ride, at random; a kind of hunting life, pursuing with earnestness and hazard something not worth the catching; never in the way, nor out of it. I cannot but prefer solitude to the company of all these: for though a man's self may possibly be the worst fellow to converse with in the world, yet one would think the company of a person whom we have the greatest regard to and affection for, could not be very unpleasant. Besides, if the truest and most useful knowledge be the knowledge of ourselves, solitude, conducing most to make us look into

ourselves, should be the most instructive state of life. We see nothing more commonly, than men who, for the sake of the circumstantial part, and mere outside of life, have been half their days rambling out of their nature, and ought to be sent into solitude to study themselves over again. People are usually spoiled, instead of being taught, at their coming into the world: whereas, by being more conversant with obscurity, without any pains, they would naturally follow what they are meant for. In a word, if a man be a coxcomb, solitude is his best school; and if he be a fool, it is his best sanctuary. *Pope.*

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#### VI. JUSTICE, ITS NATURE, AND REAL IMPORT DESCRIBED.

MANKIND, in general, are not sufficiently acquainted with the import of the word justice: it is commonly believed to consist only in a performance of those duties to which the laws of society can oblige us. This, I allow, is sometimes the import of the word, and in this sense justice is distinguished from equity; but there is a justice still more extensive, and which can be shown to embrace all the virtues united.

Justice may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give to every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully answered, if we give them what we owe them. Thus justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it.

The qualities of candour, fortitude, charity, and generosity, for instance, are not in their own nature virtues; and, if ever they deserve the title, it is owing only to justice, which impels and directs them. Without such a moderator, candour might become indiscretion, fortitude obstinacy, charity imprudence, and generosity mistaken profusion.

A disinterested action, if it be not conducted by justice, is, at best, indifferent in its nature, and not unfre-

quently even turns to vice. The expenses of society, of presents, of entertainments, and the other helps to cheerfulness, are actions merely indifferent, when not repugnant to a better method of disposing of our superfluities; but they become vicious when they obstruct or exhaust our abilities from a more virtuous disposition of our circumstances.

True generosity is a duty as indispensably necessary as those imposed upon us by law. It is a rule imposed on us by reason, which should be the sovereign law of a rational being. But this generosity does not consist in obeying every impulse of humanity, in following blind passion for our guide, and impairing our circumstances by present benefactions, so as to render us incapable of future ones.

*Goldsmith.*

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#### VII. 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,—why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house!—he shows 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's certain; 'tis 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 unsorted; 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! our plot is a good plot as ever was laid; our friends true and constant: an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! 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 they 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. Oh, 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.

*Shakspeare.*

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VIII. REMARKS UPON THE SECOND-SIGHT, AND OTHER SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS.

I HAVE been told, that the inhabitants of some parts of the Alps do also lay claim to a sort of second-sight: and I believe the same superstition, or something like it, may be found in many other countries, where the face of nature, and the solitary life of the natives, tend to impress the imagination with melancholy. The Highlands of Scotland are a picturesque, but gloomy region. Long tracts of solitary mountains covered with heath and rocks, and often obscured by mist; narrow valleys, thinly inhabited, and bounded by precipices that resound for ever with the fall of torrents; a soil so rugged, and a climate so dreary, as to admit neither the amusements of pasturage, nor the cheerful toils of agriculture; the mournful dashing of waves along the friths and lakes that every where intersect this country; the portentous sounds which every change of the wind and every increase and diminution of the waters, is apt to raise in a region full of rocks and hollow cliffs and caverns; the grotesque and ghastly appearance of such a landscape, especially by the light of the moon;—objects like these diffuse an habitual gloom over the fancy, and give it that romantic cast, that disposes to invention, and that melancholy, which inclines one to the fear of unseen things and unknown events. It is observable, too, that the ancient Scottish Highlanders had scarce any other way of supporting themselves, than

by hunting, fishing, or war; professions, that are continually exposed to the most fatal accidents. Thus, almost every circumstance in their lot tended to rouse and terrify the imagination. Accordingly, their poetry is uniformly mournful; their music melancholy and dreadful, and their superstitions are all of the gloomy kind. The fairies confined their gambols to the Lowlands: the mountains were haunted with giants and angry ghosts, and funeral processions, and other prodigies of direful import. That a people, beset with such real and imaginary bugbears, should fancy themselves dreaming even when awake, of corpses, and graves, and coffins, and other terrible things, seems natural enough; but that their visions ever tended to any real or useful discovery, I am much inclined to doubt.

*Forbes.*

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

*Sterne.*

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#### X. THE STARLING.

—BESHREW the *sombre* pencil! said I vauntingly—for I envy not its powers, which paints the evils of life with so hard and deadly a colouring. The mind sits terrified at the objects she has magnified herself and blackened; reduce them to their proper size and hue, she overlooks them.—’Tis true, said I, correcting the proposition—the *Bastille* is not an evil to be despised—but strip it of its towers—fill up the *fosse*—unbarricade the doors—call it simply a confinement, and suppose ’tis some tyrant of a distemper—and not a man which holds you in it—the evil vanishes, and you bear the other half without complaint.

I was interrupted in the hey-day of this soliloquy, with a voice, which I took to be that of a child, which complained “It could not get out.”—I looked up and down the passage, and seeing neither man, woman, nor child, I went out without farther attention.

In my return back through the passage, I heard the same words repeated twice over; and looking up, I saw

it was a starling, hung in a little cage—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I stood looking at the bird: and to every person who came through the passage it ran fluttering to the side towards which they approached it, with the same lamentation of its captivity—"I can't get out," said the starling.—"God help thee," said I; "but I will let thee out, cost what it will;" so I turned about the cage to get at the door; it was twisted and double twisted so fast with wire, there was no getting it open, without pulling it to pieces—I took both hands to it.

The bird flew to the place where I was attempting his deliverance, and thrusting his head through the trellis, pressed his breast against it, as if impatient.—"I fear, poor creature!" said I, "I cannot set thee at liberty."—"No," said the starling—"I can't get out—I can't get out," said the starling.

I vow I never had my affections more tenderly awakened: nor do I remember an incident in my life, where the dissipated spirits, to which my reason had been a bubble, were so suddenly called home. Mechanical as the notes were, yet so true in tune to nature were they chanted, that in one moment they overthrew all my systematic reasonings upon the *Bastille*; and I heavily walked up stairs, unsaying every word I had said in going down them.

"Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery!" said I—"still thou art a bitter draft! and though thousands in all ages have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account.—'Tis thou, thrice sweet and gracious goddess!" addressing myself to *Liberty*, "whom all in public and 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 chemic 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!" cried I, kneeling down upon the last step but one in my ascent—"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.”

*Sterne.*

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## XI. THE CAPTIVE.

THE bird in his cage pursued me into my room ; I sat down close by my table, and, leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures born to no inheritance but slavery ; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it 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 deferr'd. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish : in thirty years the western breeze had not once fann'd his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice ;—his children—

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

He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw, in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed : a little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notch'd all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there—he had one of those little sticks in his hand, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down—shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little



stick upon the bundle.—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn.

*Sterne.*

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## XII. ON PIETY.

WHAT I shall first recommend is piety to God. With this I begin, both as a foundation of good morals, and as a disposition particularly graceful and becoming in youth. To be void of it, argues a cold heart, destitute of some of the best affections which belong to that age. Youth is the season of warm and generous emotions. The heart should then, spontaneously, rise into the admiration of what is great, glow with the love of what is fair and excellent, and melt at the discovery of tenderness and goodness. Where can any object be found, so proper to kindle those affections, as the Father of the universe, and the Author of all felicity? Unmoved by veneration, can you contemplate that grandeur and majesty, which his works every where display? Untouched by gratitude, can you view that profusion of good, which, in this pleasing season of life, his beneficent hand pours around you? Happy in the love and affection of those with whom you are connected, look up to the Supreme Being, as the inspirer of all the friendship which has ever been shown you by others; himself, your best and your first friend; formerly, the supporter of your infancy, and the guide of your childhood; now, the guardian of your youth, and the hope of your coming years. View religious homage, as a natural expression of gratitude to him for all his goodness. Consider it as the service of the *God of your fathers*; of him, to whom your parents devoted you; of him, whom in former ages your ancestors honoured; and by whom they are now rewarded, and blessed in heaven. Connected with so many tender sensibilities of soul, let religion be with you, not the cold and barren offspring of speculation, but the warm and vigorous dictate of the heart.

*Blair.*

### XIII. ON THE UNCHANGEABLENESS OF THE DIVINE NATURE.

WERE you to unhinge this great article of faith ; were you either to *say with the fool*, that there is *no God*, or to suppose with the superstitious, that the God who rules is variable and capricious ; you would, indeed, *lay the axe to the root of the tree*, and cut down, with one blow, the hope and security of mankind. For you would then leave nothing in the whole compass of nature, but a round of casual and transitory being ; no foundation of trust, no protection to the righteous, no steadfast principle to uphold and to regulate the succession of existence. Instead of that magnificent spectacle which the world now exhibits, when beheld in connexion with the divine government, it would then only present to view a multitude of short-lived creatures, springing out of the dust, wandering on the face of the earth without guide or protector, struggling for a few years against the torrent of uncertainty and change ; and then sinking into utter oblivion, and vanishing like visions of the night. Mysterious obscurity would involve the beginning of things ; disorder would mark their progress ; and the blackness of darkness would cover their final result. Whereas, when Faith enables us to discover an universal Sovereign, whose power never fails, and whose wisdom and goodness never change, the prospect clears up on every side. A ray from the great source of light seems to illuminate the whole creation. Good men discover a parent and a friend. They attain a fortress in every danger ; a refuge amidst all storms ; *a dwelling-place in all generations*. They are no longer *afraid of evil tidings*. *Their heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.*

Blair.

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### XIV. THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

TURN hither, I beseech you, for a moment. Behold a dead man ready to be carried out, the only son of his mother, and she a widow ! Perhaps a more affecting spec-

tacle, a kind and indulgent father of a numerous family, lies breathless—snatched away in the strength of his age—torn in an evil hour from his children and the bosom of a disconsolate wife! Behold much people of the city gathered together to mix their tears, with settled sorrow in their looks, going heavily along to the house of mourning, to perform the last melancholy office, which, when the debt of nature is paid, we are called upon to pay each other! If this sad occasion which leads him there, has not done it already, take notice to what a serious and devout frame of mind every man is reduced, the moment he enters this gate of affliction. The busy and fluttering spirits, which, in the house of mirth, were wont to transport him from one diverting object to another—see how they are fallen! how peaceably they are laid! In this gloomy mansion full of shades and uncomfortable damps to seize the soul,—see, the light and easy heart, which never knew what it was to think before, how pensive it is now, how soft, how susceptible, how full of religious impressions, how deeply it is smitten with a sense and with a love of virtue! Could we, in this crisis, whilst the empire of reason and religion lasts, and the heart is thus exercised with wisdom, and busied with heavenly contemplations—could we see it naked as it is—stripped of its passions, unspotted by the world, and regardless of its pleasures—we might then safely rest our cause upon this single evidence, and appeal to the most sensual, whether *Solomon* has not made a just determination here in favour of the house of mourning? not for its own sake, but as it is fruitful in virtue, and becomes the occasion of so much good. Without this end, sorrow, I own, has no use but to shorten a man's days—nor can gravity, with all its studied solemnity of look and carriage, serve any end but to make one half of the world merry, and impose upon the other.

*Sterne.*

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#### XV. THE CONTRAST.

THINGS are carried on in this world, sometimes so contrary to all our reasonings, and the seeming proba-

bility of success—that even the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong ;—nay, what is stranger still, nor yet bread to the wise, who should least stand in need of it,—nor yet riches to the men of understanding, whom you would think best qualified to acquire them,—nor yet favour to men of skill, whose merit and pretences bid the fairest for it,—but that there are some secret and unseen workings in human affairs, which baffle all our endeavours, and turn aside the course of things in such a manner,—that the most likely causes disappoint and fail of producing for us the effect which we wish and naturally expected from them.

You will see a man, who, were you to form a conjecture from the appearance of things in his favour,—you would say, was setting out in the world with the fairest prospect of making his fortune in it ;—with all the advantages of birth to recommend him, of personal merit to speak for him,—and of friends to push him forwards ; you will behold him, notwithstanding this, disappointed in every effect you might naturally have looked for, from them ; every step he takes towards his advancement, something invisible shall pull him back, some unforeseen obstacle shall rise up perpetually in his way, and keep him there.—In every application he makes—some untoward circumstance shall blast it.—He shall rise early,—late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness,—yet some happier man shall rise up, and ever step in before him, and leave him struggling to the end of his life, in the very same place in which he first began.

The history of a second shall, in all respects, be the contrast to this. He shall come into the world with the most unpromising appearance,—shall set forward without fortune, without friends—without talents to procure him either the one or the other. Nevertheless you will see this clouded prospect brighten up insensibly, unaccountably before him ; every thing presented in his way shall turn out beyond his expectations, in spite of that chain of unsurmountable difficulties which first threatened him,—time and chance shall open him a way,—a series of successful occurrences shall lead him by the hand to the

summit of honour and fortune ; and, in a word, without giving him the pains of thinking, or the credit of projecting, it shall place him in a safe possession of all that ambition could wish for.

*Sterne.*

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#### XVI. ON THE CREDIT DUE TO VOYAGERS REPORTING MARVELLOUS FACTS, AS TO CHARACTER AND MANNERS.

WHEN a European arrives in any remote part of the globe, the natives, if they know any thing of his country, will be apt to form no favourable opinion of his intentions, with regard to their liberties ; if they know nothing of him they will yet keep aloof, on account of his strange language, complexion, and accoutrements. In either case he has little chance of understanding their laws, manners, and principles of action, except by a long residence in the country, which would not suit the views of one traveller in five thousand. He therefore picks up a few strange plants and animals, which he may do with little trouble or danger ; and, at his return to Europe, is welcomed by the literati, as a philosophic traveller of most accurate observation, and unquestionable veracity. He describes, perhaps with tolerable exactness, the soils, plants, and other irrational curiosities of the new country, which procures credit to what he has to say of the people ; though his accuracy in describing the material phenomena, is no proof of his capacity to explain the moral. One can easily dig to the root of a plant, but it is not so easy to penetrate the motive of an action ; and till the motive of an action be known, we are no competent judges of its morality ; and in many cases the motive of an action is not to be known without a most intimate knowledge of the language and manners of the agent. Our traveller then delivers a few facts of the moral kind, which perhaps he does not understand, and from them draws some inferences suitable to the taste of the times, or to a favourite hypothesis. He tells us of a Californian, who sold his bed in a morning, and came with tears in his eyes to beg it back at night ; whence, he very wisely infers, that the poor Californians are hardly one

degree above the brutes in understanding, for they have neither foresight nor memory sufficient to direct their conduct on the most common occasions of life. In a word, they are quite a different species of animal from the European; and it is a gross mistake to think that all mankind are descended from the same first parents. But one needs not go so far as to California in quest of men who sacrifice a future good to a present gratification. In the metropolis of Great Britain, one may meet with many reputed Christians, who would act the same part for the pleasure of carousing half-a-day in a gin-shop. Again, to illustrate the same important truth, that man is a beast, or very little better, we are told of another nation, on the banks of the Orellana, so wonderfully stupid, that they cannot reckon beyond the number three, but point to the hair of their head whenever they would signify a greater number; as if four, and four thousand, were to them equally inconceivable. But, whence it comes to pass, that these people are capable of speech, or of reckoning at all, even so far as to three, is a difficulty, of which our historian attempts not the solution. But till he shall solve it, I must beg leave to tell him, that the one half of his tale contradicts the other as effectually, as if he had told us of a people who were so weak as to be incapable of bodily exertion, and yet, that he had seen one of them lift a stone of a hundred weight. *Forbes.*

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### XVII. CRITICISM.

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 noise 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 *Domenichino*—the *correggiescity* of *Correggio*—the learning of *Poussin*—the airs of *Guido*—the taste of *Carracci*—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 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.*

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### XVIII. ON SICKNESS AND DEATH.

You formerly observed to me, that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life, than the disparity we often find in him sick and well: thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views; and, I hope, have received some advantage by it. If what Waller says be true, that

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,  
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age: it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength, and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our outworks. Youth, at the very best, is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: it is like a stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this empty tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, "What care I for the house! I am only a lodger." I fancy it is the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought, that many men whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its own course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast as they were used to do. The memory of man (as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom) passeth away as the remembrance of a



guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death. "For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair to men, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul." *Pope.*

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### XIX. ON THE DANGEROUS CONSEQUENCES OF BIGOTRY AND SUPERSTITION.

IT is indeed a melancholy consideration, that the Gospel, whose direct tendency is to promote the happiness of mankind, in the present, as well as in the life to come, and which so effectually answers the design of its Author, whenever it is well understood and sincerely believed, should, through the ignorance, the bigotry, the superstition of its professors, and the ambition of popes, and princes, the tools of popes, have produced incidentally so much mischief; only furnishing the world with a plausible excuse to worry each other, while they sanctified the worst cause with the specious pretext of zeal for the furtherance of the best.

Angels descend from heaven to publish peace between man and his Maker—the Prince of Peace himself comes to confirm and establish it; and war, hatred, and desolation, are the consequence. Thousands quarrel about the interpretation of a book, which none of them understand. He that is slain, dies firmly persuaded that the crown of martyrdom expects him; and he that slew him, is equally convinced that he has done God service. In reality, they are both mistaken, and equally unentitled to the honour they arrogate to themselves. If a multitude of blind men should set out for a certain city, and dispute about the right road till a battle ensued between them, the probable effect would be that none of them would ever reach it; and such a fray, preposterous and shocking in the extreme, would exhibit a picture in some degree resembling the original of which we have been

speaking. And why is not the world thus occupied at present? even because they have exchanged a zeal that was no better than madness, for an indifference equally pitiable and absurd. The holy sepulchre has lost its importance in the eyes of nations called Christian, not because the light of true wisdom has delivered them from a superstitious attachment to the spot, but because he that was buried in it is no longer regarded by them as the Saviour of the world. The exercise of reason, enlightened by philosophy, has cured them indeed of the misery of an abused understanding; but together with the delusion they have lost the substance, and for the sake of the lies that were grafted upon it, have quarrelled with the truth itself. Here then we see the *ne plus ultra* of human wisdom, at least in affairs of religion. It enlightens the mind with respect to non-essentials, but with respect to that in which the essence of Christianity consists, leaves it perfectly in the dark. It can discover many errors that in different ages have disgraced the faith; but it is only to make way for the admission of one more fatal than them all, which represents that faith itself as a delusion. Why those evils have been permitted, shall be known hereafter. One thing in the mean time is certain; that the folly and frenzy of the professed disciples of the Gospel, have been more dangerous to its interests, than all the avowed hostilities of its adversaries; and perhaps for this cause these mischiefs might be suffered to prevail for a season, that its divine original and nature might be the more illustrated, when it should appear that it was able to stand its ground for ages against that most formidable of all attacks, the indiscretion of its friends. The outrages that have followed this perversion of the truth, have proved indeed a stumbling-block to individuals; the wise of this world, with all their wisdom, have not been able to distinguish between the blessing and abuse of it. Voltaire was offended, and Gibbon has turned his back; but the flock of Christ is still nourished, and still increases, notwithstanding the unbelief of a philosopher is able to convert bread into a stone, and a fish into a serpent.

*Cowper.*

## XX. LOVE AND JOY ; A TALE.

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. Where 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 meantime the sons of men deviated from their native innocence; vice and ruin overran the earth with giant strides; and Astrea, with her train of celestial visitants, forsook their polluted abodes: Love alone remained, having been stolen away by Hope, who was his nurse, and conveyed by her to the forests of Arcadia, where he was brought up among the shepherds. But Jupiter assigned him a different partner, and commanded him to espouse Sorrow, the daughter of Atè: he complied with reluctance; for her features were harsh and disagreeable: her eyes sunk, her forehead contracted into perpetual wrinkles, and her temples were covered with a wreath of cypress and wormwood. From this union sprung a virgin, in whom might be traced a strong resemblance to both her parents; but the sullen and unamiable features of her mother were so mixed and blended with the sweetness of her father, that her countenance, though mournful, was highly pleasing. The maids and shepherds of the neighbouring plains gathered round, and called her Pity. A red-breast was observed to build in the cabin where she was born; and while she was yet an infant, a dove pursued by a hawk flew into her bosom. This nymph had a dejected appearance, but so soft and gentle a mien, that she was beloved to a degree of enthusiasm. Her voice was low and plaintive, but inexpressibly sweet; and she loved to lie for hours together on the banks of some wild and melancholy stream, singing to her

lute. She taught 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 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 briers, 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. *Aikin.*

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### XXI.—ON TAXING AMERICA.

CONFIDENCE is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom : youth is the season of credulity. By comparing events with each other, reasoning from effects to causes, methinks I plainly discover the traces of an over-ruling influence. I have had the honour to serve the crown, and could I have submitted to influence, I might still have continued to serve ; but I would not be responsible for others. I have no local attachments. It is indifferent to me whether a man was rocked in his cradle on this side or that side of the Tweed. I countenanced and protected merit wherever it was to be found. It is my boast that I was the first minister who sought for it in the mountains of the north. I called it forth, and drew into your service, a hardy, an intrepid race of men, who were once dreaded as the inveterate enemies of the state. When I ceased to serve his Majesty as a minister, it was

not the country of the man, by which I was moved, but the man of that country who held principles incompatible with freedom. It is a long time, Mr Speaker, since I have attended in Parliament. When the resolution was taken in this House to tax America, I was ill in bed. If I could have endured to have been carried in my bed, so great was the agitation of my mind for the consequences, I would have solicited some kind hand to have laid me down on this floor, to have borne my testimony against it. It is my opinion that this kingdom has no right to lay a tax upon the colonies. At the same time, I assert the authority of this kingdom to be sovereign and supreme in every circumstance of government and legislation whatsoever. Taxation is no part of the government or legislative power: the taxes are a voluntary gift and grant of the Commons alone. The concurrence of the Peers and of the Crown is necessary only as a form of law. This House represents the Commons of Great Britain. When in this House we give and grant, therefore, we give and grant what is our own; but can we give and grant the property of the Commons of America? It is an absurdity in terms. There is an idea in some, that the colonies are virtually represented in this House. I would fain know by whom? The idea of virtual representation is the most contemptible that ever entered into the head of man: it does not deserve a serious refutation. The Commons in America, represented in their several assemblies, have invariably exercised this constitutional right of giving and granting their own money: they would have been slaves, if they had not enjoyed it. At the same time this kingdom has ever possessed the power of legislative and commercial control. The colonies acknowledge your authority in all things, with the sole exception that you shall not take their money out of their pockets without their consent.

*Chatham.*

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XXII. ON THE BILL FOR QUARTERING SOLDIERS IN AMERICA.

IF, my lords, we take a transient view of those motives which induced the ancestors of our fellow-subjects in

America to leave their native country, to encounter the innumerable difficulties of the unexplored regions of the western world, our astonishment at the present conduct of their descendants will naturally subside. There was no corner of the globe to which they would not have fled, rather than submit to the slavish and tyrannical spirit which prevailed at that period in their native country; and, viewing them in their originally forlorn and now flourishing state, they may be cited as illustrious instances to instruct the world, what great exertions mankind will naturally make, when left to the free exercise of their own powers. Notwithstanding my intention to give my hearty negative to the question now before you, I condemn, my lords, in the severest manner, the turbulent and unwarrantable conduct of the Americans in some instances, particularly in the late riots at Boston; but, my lords, the mode which has been pursued to bring them back to a sense of their duty, is so diametrically opposite to every principle of sound policy, as to excite my utmost astonishment. You have involved the guilty and the innocent in one common punishment, and avenge the crimes of a few lawless depredators upon the whole body of the inhabitants. My lords, the different provinces of America, in the excess of their gratitude for the repeal of the Stamp Act, seemed to vie with each other in expressions of loyalty and duty; but the moment they perceived your intention to tax them was renewed under a pretence of serving the East India Company, their resentment got the ascendant of their moderation, and hurried them into actions which their cooler reason would abhor. But, my lords, from the whole complexion of the late proceedings, I cannot but incline to think that administration has purposely irritated them into these violent acts, in order to gratify their own malice and revenge. What else could induce them to dress taxation, the father of American sedition, in the robes of an East India Director, but to break in upon that mutual peace and harmony, which then so happily subsisted between the colonies and the mother country? My lords, it has always been my fixed and unalterable opinion, and I will carry it with me to the grave, that this country had no right

under heaven to tax America. It is contrary to all the principles of justice and civil policy : it is contrary to that essential, that unalterable *right in nature*, ingrafted into the British constitution as a fundamental law, that what a man has honestly acquired is absolutely his own, which he may freely give, but which cannot be taken from him without his consent. Pass then, my lords, instead of these harsh and severe edicts, an amnesty over their errors : by measures of lenity and affection allure them to their duty : act the part of a generous and forgiving parent. A period may arrive when this parent may stand in need of every assistance she can receive from a grateful and affectionate offspring. The welfare of this country, my lords, has ever been my greatest joy, and under all the vicissitudes of my life has afforded me the most pleasing consolation. Should the all-disposing hand of Providence prevent me from contributing my poor and feeble aid in the day of her distress, my prayers shall be ever for her prosperity. ‘Length of days be in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. May her ways be ways of pleasantness ; and all her paths be peace !’

*Chatham.*

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### XXIII. 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 perpendicu-

larly 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 crowded about the corporal.

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

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

*Sterne.*

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#### XXIV. ON THE EFFECTS OF GENTLENESS.

YEARS may pass over our heads, without affording any opportunity for acts of high beneficence or extensive utility. Whereas not a day passes, but in the common transactions of life, and especially in the intercourse of domestic society, gentleness finds place for promoting the happiness of others, and for strengthening in ourselves the habit of virtue. Nay, by seasonable discoveries of a humane spirit, we sometimes contribute more materially to the advancement of happiness, than by actions which are seemingly more important. There are situations, not a few, in human life, where the encouraging reception, the condescending behaviour, and the look of sympathy, bring greater relief to the heart than the most bountiful gift. While, on the other side, when the hand of libe-



rality is extended to bestow, the want of gentleness is sufficient to frustrate the intention of the benefit. We sour those whom we mean to oblige; and by conferring favours with ostentation and harshness, we convert them into injuries. Can any disposition then be held to possess a low place in the scale of virtue, whose influence is so considerable on the happiness of the world?

Gentleness is, in truth, the great avenue to mutual enjoyment. Amidst the strife of interfering interests, it tempers the violence of contention, and keeps alive the seeds of harmony. It softens animosities; renews endearments; and renders the countenance of man a refreshment to man. Banish gentleness from the earth; suppose the world to be filled with none but harsh and contentious spirits; and what sort of society would remain? the solitude of the desert were preferable to it. The conflict of jarring elements in chaos; the cave, where subterraneous winds contend and roar; the den, where serpents hiss, and beasts of the forest howl; would be the only proper representations of such assemblies of men.—‘Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then I would fly away, and be at rest. Lo! then I would wander far off, and remain in the wilderness; I would hasten my escape from the windy storm and tempest: For I have seen violence and strife in the city. Mischief and sorrow are in the midst of it: Deceit and guile depart not from her streets.’

*Blair.*

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## XXV. ON INFIDELITY.

WE are well aware of the diversity of complexion which Infidelity puts on. It looks one thing in the man of science and of liberal accomplishment. It looks another thing in the refined voluptuary. It looks still another thing in the common-place railer against the artifices of priestly domination. It looks another thing in the dark and unsettled spirit of him, whose every reflection is tinctured with gall, and who casts his envious and malignant scowl at all that stands associated with the established order of society. It looks another thing in

the prosperous man of business, who has neither time nor patience for the details of the Christian evidence—but who, amid the hurry of his other occupations, has gathered as many of the lighter petulancies of the infidel writers, and caught, from the perusal of them, as contemptuous a tone towards the religion of the New Testament, as to set him at large from all the decencies of religious observation, and to give him the disdain of an elevated complacency over all the follies of what he counts a vulgar superstition. And, lastly, for Infidelity has now got down amongst us to the humblest walks of life ; may it occasionally be seen lowering on the forehead of the resolute and hardy artificer, who can lift his menacing voice against the priesthood, and, looking on the Bible as a jugglery of theirs, can bid stout defiance to all its denunciations. Now, under all these varieties, we think that there might be detected the one and universal principle which we have attempted to expose. The something, whatever it is, which has dispossessed all these people of their Christianity, exists in their minds, in the shape of a position, which they hold to be true, but which, by no legitimate evidence, they have ever realized—and a position, which lodges within them as a wilful fancy or presumption of their own, but which could not stand the touchstone of that wise and solid principle, in virtue of which, the followers of Newton give to observation the precedence over theory. It is a principle altogether worthy of being laboured—as, if carried round in faithful and consistent application amongst these numerous varieties, it is able to break up all the existing Infidelity of the world.

*Chalmers.*

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## XXVI. ON THE PROBABLE EXTENT OF THE PLAN OF REDEMPTION.

WE will not say in how far some of these passages extend the proper effect of that redemption which is by Christ Jesus, to other quarters of the universe of God ; but they at least go to establish a widely-disseminated knowledge of this transaction amongst the other orders

of created intelligence. And they give us a distant glimpse of something more extended. They present a faint opening, through which may be seen some few traces of a wider and a nobler dispensation. They bring before us a dim transparency, on the other side of which the images of an obscure magnificence dazzle indistinctly upon the eye; and tell us, that in the economy of redemption, there is a grandeur commensurate to all that is known of the other works and purposes of the Eternal. They offer us no details; and man, who ought not to attempt a wisdom above that which is written, should never never put forth his hand to the drapery of that impenetrable curtain which God in his mysterious wisdom has spread over those ways, of which it is but a very small portion that we know of them. But certain it is, that we know much of them from the Bible; and the Infidel, with all the pride of his boasted astronomy, knows so little of them, from any power of observation, that the baseless argument of his, on which we have dwelt so long, is overborne in the light of all that positive evidence which God has poured around the record of his own testimony, and even in the light of its more obscure and casual intimations.

The minute and variegated tales of the way in which this wondrous economy is extended, God has chosen to withhold from us; but he has oftener than once made to us a broad and a general announcement of its dignity. He does not tell us whether the fountain opened in the house of Judah, for sin and for uncleanness, sends forth its healing streams to other worlds than our own. He does not tell us the extent of the atonement. But he tells us that the atonement itself, known, as it is, among the myriads of the celestial, forms the high song of eternity; that the Lamb who was slain, is surrounded by the acclamations of one wide and universal empire; that the might of his wondrous achievements, spreads a tide of gratulation over the multitudes who are about his throne; and that there never ceases to ascend from the worshippers of him, who washed us from our sins in his blood, a voice loud as from numbers without number, sweet as

from blessed voices uttering joy, when heaven rings jubilee, and loud hosannahs fill the eternal regions.

*Chalmers.*

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XXVII. A COMPARISON OF MACBETH WITH  
RICHARD III.

THE leading features in the character of Macbeth are striking enough, and they form what may be thought at first only a bold, rude, Gothic outline. By comparing it with other characters of the same author we shall perceive the absolute truth and identity which is observed in the midst of the giddy whirl and rapid career of events. Thus he is as distinct a being from Richard III. as it is possible to imagine, though these two characters in common hands, and indeed in the hands of any other poet, would have been a repetition of the same general idea, more or less exaggerated. For both are tyrants, usurpers, murderers,—both aspiring and ambitious,—both courageous, cruel, treacherous. But Richard is cruel from nature and constitution. Macbeth becomes so from accidental circumstances. Richard is from his birth deformed in body and mind, and naturally incapable of good. Macbeth is full of ‘the milk of human kindness,’ is frank, sociable, generous. He is tempted to the commission of guilt by golden opportunities, by the instigations of his wife, and by prophetic warnings. Fate and metaphysical aid conspire against his virtue and his loyalty. Richard, on the contrary, needs no prompter, but wades through a series of crimes to the height of his ambition, from the ungovernable violence of his temper and a reckless love of mischief. He is never gay but in the prospect or in the success of his villanies; Macbeth is full of horror at the thoughts of the murder of Duncan, which he is with difficulty prevailed on to commit, and of remorse after its perpetration. Richard has no mixture of common humanity in his composition, no regard to kindred or posterity—he owns no fellowship with others; he is ‘himself alone.’ Macbeth is not destitute of feelings of sympathy, is accessible to pity, is even

made in some measure the dupe of his uxoriousness, ranks the loss of friends, of the cordial love of his followers, and of his good name, among the causes which have made him weary of life, and regrets that he has ever seized the crown by unjust means, since he cannot transmit it to his posterity.—There are other decisive differences inherent in the two characters. Richard may be regarded as a man of the world, a plotting hardened knave, wholly regardless of every thing but his own ends, and the means to secure them—Not so Macbeth. The superstitions of the age, the rude state of society, the local scenery and customs, all give a wildness and imaginary grandeur to his character. From the strangeness of the events that surround him, he is full of amazement and fear; and stands in doubt between the world of reality and the world of fancy. He sees sights not shown to mortal eye, and hears unearthly music. All is tumult and disorder within and without his mind; his purposes recoil upon himself, are broken and disjointed; he is the double thrall of his passions and his evil destiny. Richard is not a character either of imagination or pathos, but of pure self-will. There is no conflict of opposite feelings in his breast. In the busy turbulence of his projects he never loses his self-possession, and makes use of every circumstance that happens as an instrument of his long-reaching designs. In this last extremity we regard him but as a wild beast taken in the toils: But we never entirely lose our concern for Macbeth; and he calls back all our sympathy by that fine close of thoughtful melancholy:

“ My way of life

Is fallen into the sear, the yellow leaf :  
 And that, which should accompany old age,  
 As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,  
 I must not look to have : but, in their stead,  
 Curses, not loud, but deep, mouth-honour, breath,  
 Which the poor heart would fain deny, and dare not.”

*Shakspeare.*

## XXVIII. ON THE WANT OF MATHEMATICAL LEARNING.

HEAR the crude opinions that are let loose upon society in our table-conversations; mark the wild and wandering arguments that are launched at random, without ever hitting the mark they should be levelled at: what does all this noise and nonsense prove, but that the talker has indeed acquired the fluency of words, but never known the exercise of thought, or attended to the development of a single proposition? Tell him that he ought to hear what may be said on the other side of the question—he agrees to it, and either begs leave to wind up with a few words more, which he winds and wire-draws without end; or, having paused to hear, hears with impatience a very little, foreknows every thing you had further to say, cuts short your argument, and bolts in upon you with—an answer to that argument—? No; with a continuation of his own gabble; and, having stifled you with the torrent of his trash, places your contempt to the credit of his own capacity, and foolishly conceives he talks with reason, because he has not patience to attend to any reasoning but his own.

There are also others, whose vivacity of imagination has never felt the trammels of a syllogism.

To attempt at hedging in these cuckoos is but lost labour. These gentlemen are very entertaining, as long as novelties with no meaning can entertain you; they have a great variety of opinions, which, if you oppose, they do not defend, and if you agree with, they desert. Their talk is like the wild notes of birds, amongst which you shall distinguish some of pleasant tone, but out of which you compose no tune or harmony of song. These men would have set down Archimedes for a fool, when he danced for joy at the solution of a proposition, and mistaken Newton for a madman, when, in the surplice which he put on for chapel over night, he was found the next morning, in the same place and posture, fixed in profound meditation on his theory of the prismatic colours. So great is their distaste for demonstration, they think no truth is worth the waiting for: the mountain

must come to them : they are not by half so complaisant as Mahomet. They are not easily reconciled to truisms, but have no particular objection to impossibilities. For argument they have no ear ; it does not touch them ; it fetters fancy, and dulls the edge of repartee. If by chance they find themselves in an untenable position, and wit is not at hand to help them out of it, they will take up with a pun, and ride home upon a horse-laugh : if they can't keep their ground, they won't wait to be attacked and driven out of it. Whilst a reasoning man will be picking his way out of a dilemma, they, who never reason at all, jump over it, and land themselves at once upon new ground, where they take an imposing attitude, and escape pursuit. Whatever these men do, whether they talk, or write, or act, it is without deliberation, without consistency, without plan. Having no expanse of mind, they can comprehend only in part ; they will promise an epic poem, and produce an epigram : In short, they glitter, pass away, and are forgotten ; their outset makes a show of mighty things ; they stray out of their course into by-ways and obliquities ; and, when out of sight of their contemporaries, are for ever lost to posterity.

*Cumberland.*

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### XXIX. ON DIGNITY OF MANNERS.

THERE is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary, to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable.

Horse-play, romping, frequent and loud fits of laughter, jokes, waggery, and indiscriminate familiarity, will sink both merit and knowledge into a degree of contempt. They compose at most a merry fellow ; and a merry fellow was never yet a respectable man. Indiscriminate familiarity either offends your superiors, or else dubs you their dependant and led captain. It gives your inferiors just, but troublesome and improper claims of equality. A joker is near akin to a buffoon, and neither of them is the least related to wit. Whoever is admitted or sought for, in company, upon any other account than that of his

merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such-a-one, for he sings prettily ; we will invite such-a-one to a ball, for he dances well ; we will have such-a-one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing ; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal. These are all vilifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whoever is had (as it is called) in company, for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any other light ; consequently never respected, let his merits be what they may.

This dignity of manners, which I recommend so much to you, is not only as different from pride, as true courage is from blustering, or true wit from joking, but is absolutely inconsistent with it ; for nothing vilifies and degrades more than pride. The pretensions of the proud man are oftener treated with sneer and contempt, than with indignation ; as we offer ridiculously too little to a tradesman, who asks ridiculously too much for his goods ; but we do not haggle with one who only asks a just and reasonable price.

Abject flattery and indiscriminate affectation degrade, as much as indiscriminate contradiction and noisy debate disgust. But a modest assertion of one's own opinion, and a complaisant acquiescence in other people's, preserve dignity.

Vulgar, low expressions, awkward motions and address, vilify, as they imply either a very low turn of mind, or low education, and low company.

Frivolous curiosity about trifles, and a laborious attention to little objects, which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man ; who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Rætz, very sagaciously, marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment he told him he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still.

A certain degree of exterior seriousness in looks and motions gives dignity, without excluding wit and decent



cheerfulness, which are always serious themselves. A constant smirk upon the face, and a whiffling activity of the body, are strong indications of futility. Whoever is in a hurry, shows that the thing he is about is too big for him—haste and hurry are very different things.

I have only mentioned some of those things which may, and do, in the opinion of the world, lower and sink characters, in other respects valuable enough; but I have taken no notice of those that affect and sink the moral characters: they are sufficiently obvious. A man who has patiently been kicked, may as well pretend to courage, as a man blasted by vices and crimes, to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners, will even keep such a man longer from sinking, than otherwise he would be; of such consequence is decorum, even though affected and put on. *Chesterfield.*

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### XXX. THE ART OF PLEASING.

THE desire of being pleased is universal; the desire of pleasing should be so too. It is included in that great and fundamental principle of morality, of doing to others what one wishes they should do to us. There are indeed some moral duties of a much higher nature, but none of a more amiable; and I do not hesitate to place it at the head of the minor virtues.

The manner of conferring favours or benefits is, as to pleasing, almost as important as the matter itself. Take care, then, never to throw away the obligations, which perhaps you may have it in your power to confer upon others, by an air of insolent protection, or by a cold and comfortless manner, which stifles them in their birth. Humanity inclines, religion requires, and our moral duties oblige us, as far as we are able, to relieve the distresses and miseries of our fellow-creatures: but this is not all; for a true heart-felt benevolence and tenderness will prompt us to contribute what we can to their ease, their amusement, and their pleasure, as far as innocently we may. Let us then not only scatter benefits, but even strew flowers for our fellow-travellers, in the rugged ways of this wretched world.

There are some, and but too many, in this country particularly, who, without the least visible taint of ill-nature or malevolence, seem to be totally indifferent, and do not show the least desire to please; as, on the other hand, they never designedly offend. Whether this proceeds from a lazy, negligent, and listless disposition, from a gloomy and melancholic nature, from ill health, low spirits, or from a secret and sullen pride, arising from the consciousness of their boasted liberty and independency, is hard to determine, considering the various movements of the human heart, and the wonderful errors of the human head. But, be the cause what it will, that neutrality, which is the effect of it, makes these people, as neutralities do, despicable, and mere blanks in society. They would surely be roused from their indifference, if they would seriously consider the infinite utility of pleasing.

The person who manifests a constant desire to please, places his, perhaps, small stock of merit at great interest. What vast returns, then, must real merit, when thus adorned, necessarily bring in! A prudent usurer would with transport place his last shilling at such interest, and upon so solid a security.

The man who is amiable will make almost as many friends as he does acquaintances. I mean in the current acceptation of the word, but not such sentimental friends as Pylades or Orestes, Nysus and Euryalus, &c.; but he will make people in general wish him well, and inclined to serve him in any thing not inconsistent with their own interest.

Civility is the essential article towards pleasing, and is the result of good nature and of good sense; but good-breeding is the decoration, the lustre of civility, and only to be acquired by a minute attention to and experience of good company. A good-natured ploughman or fox-hunter, may be intentionally as civil as the politest courtier; but their manner often degrades and vilifies the matter; whereas, in good-breeding, the manner always adorns and dignifies the matter to such a degree, that I have often known it give currency to base coin.

Civility is often attended by a ceremoniousness, which

good-breeding corrects, but will not quite abolish. A certain degree of ceremony is a necessary outwork of manners, as well as of religion: it keeps the forward and petulant at a proper distance, and is a very small restraint to the sensible and to the well-bred part of the world.

*Chesterfield.*

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### XXXI. FEMALE ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

A YOUNG lady may excel in speaking French and Italian; may repeat a few passages from a volume of extracts; play like a professor, and sing like a siren; have her dressing-room decorated with her own drawing, tables, stands, flower-pots, screens, and cabinets; nay, she may dance like Sempronia herself, and yet we shall insist, that she may have been very badly educated. I am far from meaning to set no value whatever on any or all of these qualifications; they are all of them elegant, and many of them properly tend to the perfecting of a polite education. These things, in their measure and degree, may be done; but there are others which should not be left undone. Besides, as the world seems to be fully apprised of the value of whatever tends to embellish life, there is less occasion here to insist on its importance.

But, though a well-bred young lady may lawfully learn most of the fashionable arts; yet, let me ask, does it seem to be the true end of education, to make women of fashion dancers, singers, players, painters, actresses, sculptors, gilders, varnishers, engravers, and embroiderers? Most men are commonly destined to some profession, and their minds are consequently turned each to its respective object. Would it not be strange if they were called out to exercise their profession, or to set up their trade, with only a little general knowledge of the trades and professions of all other men, and without any previous definite application to their own peculiar calling? The profession of ladies, to which the bent of their instruction should be turned, is that of daughters, wives, mothers, and mistresses of families. They should be therefore trained with a view to these several conditions, and be

furnished with a stock of ideas, and principles, and qualifications, and habits, ready to be applied and appropriated, as occasion may demand, to each of these respective situations. For though the arts, which merely embellish life, must claim admiration; yet, when a man of sense comes to marry, it is a companion whom he wants, and not an artist. It is not merely a creature who can paint, and play, and sing, and draw, and dress, and dance; it is a being who can comfort and counsel him; one who can reason, and reflect, and feel, and judge, and discourse, and discriminate; can assist him in his affairs, lighten his cares, sooth his sorrows, purify his joys, strengthen his principles, and educate his children. *Mrs Moore.*

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### XXXII. ON THE INFLUENCE OF PARENTAL LOVE.

IF we have been the children of worthy and affectionate parents, who are now no more, the remembrance of their love can never cease to be interesting. We have pleasure in believing that we have derived from them our best qualities, or that we can refer to them our success in life. We look back with a melancholy satisfaction on their anxieties for us when we had no care of ourselves; on their solicitude to protect or to warn us; on the affection with which they supplied our want of experience; on the looks of kindness with which they gratified us; on the instruction and the discipline by which they endeavoured to form us for the path of life; on the fervent prayers by which they purified them; on the earnestness with which they spake to us of duties and of godliness, when they admonished us of the evils to come, and strove to fortify or instruct us by "the labour of love;" on the sanguine hopes which they delighted to indulge from the progress of our talents, or from our good conduct or success in the world, or from our duty and affection to them, or from our ardour in good works, or from our fidelity to the God of our fathers.

These are the most useful recollections of the human mind. It is the law of our nature, that the parents go down to the grave and leave their children behind them.

But if we can remember our parents with those happy impressions of their affection and fidelity, we have that from them which will interest and admonish us as long as we live. If we have been faithful to the influence of parental love, it will never lose its hold of us.

Why should not each of us examine himself fairly on the subject?

Has my conduct been at all worthy of the faithful discipline of my parents; or of their earnest admonitions to guide and to bless my youth; or of the last impressive prayer which came from "the love which perished" in the grave?

Do I feel the influence still of parental solicitude, to restrain me in the hour of temptation; or to revive on my conscience my early impressions of godliness and of good works? Or, am I conscious that there is a motive to whatever is pure or estimable, ever returning to my thoughts, from the sense of my obligation to justify the hopes, and to be worthy of the examples, which are now no more?

It is consolatory, indeed, to be able to answer these questions to the satisfaction of our own minds. If we give thanks to Heaven that those "whose love has perished" died in faith and patience, and "commanded their children to keep the way of the Lord," we must feel that the impressions, to which these questions relate, are rivetted on our hearts; and that for the influence which they preserve on our conduct, we shall one day answer to God.

Ah! what shall those men do, who know that they deliberately trample on the memorials of parents who loved them in the fear of God? The love which lost its influence before it could avail them, and of which they must feel themselves to have been unworthy, though it perished in the grave, shall rise up at "the judgment of the great day," to bear witness against them, "except they repent." The thought is deep and awful. If they have any tenderness of mind, and God hath not forsaken them, it will reach the bottom of their hearts.

But it is impossible not to feel how much the recollec-

tion of parental love, which recalls us to prayer or to penitence, ought to suggest to other men with regard to the love which has not yet perished. Their parents admonish them still, and pray for them. Surely this is the time to consider how precious the impressions ought to be of God and of duties, which are produced by their earnest and affectionate endeavours to be faithful to God and to them. "My son," said Solomon, "keep thy father's commandment, and forsake not the law of thy mother. Bind them continually upon thine heart, and tie them about thy neck. When thou goest, it shall lead thee; when thou sleepest, it shall keep thee; and when thou awakest, it shall talk with thee."

*Sir H. M. Wellwood.*

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### XXXIII. ON THE COMING OF OUR LORD.

I SHALL now venture to conclude, notwithstanding the great authorities which incline the other way, that the phrase of "our Lord's coming," wherever it occurs in his prediction of the Jewish war, as well as in most other passages of the New Testament, is to be taken in its literal meaning, as denoting his coming in person, in visible pomp and glory, to the general judgment.

Nor is the belief of that coming, so explicitly foretold, an article of little moment in the Christian's creed, however some who call themselves Christians may affect to slight it. It is true, that the expectation of a future retribution is what ought, in the nature of the thing, to be a sufficient restraint upon a wise man's conduct, though we are uninformed of the manner in which the thing will be brought about, and were at liberty to suppose that every individual's lot would be silently determined, without any public entry of the Almighty Judge, and without the formality of a public trial. But our merciful God, who knows how feebly the allurements of the present world are resisted by our reason, unless imagination can be engaged on reason's side, to paint the prospect of future good, and display the terror of future suffering, hath been pleased to ordain that the business shall be so

conducted, and the method of the business so clearly foretold, as to strike the profane with awe, and animate the humble and the timid. He hath warned us,—and let them, who dare to extenuate the warning, ponder the dreadful curse with which the Book of Prophecy is sealed—“If any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life:”—God hath warned us, that the inquiry into every man’s conduct will be public,—Christ himself the Judge,—the whole race of man, and the whole angelic host, spectators of the awful scene. Before that assembly, every man’s good deeds will be declared, and his most secret sins disclosed. As no elevation of rank will then give a title to respect, no obscurity of condition shall exclude the just from public honour, or screen the guilty from public shame. Opulence will find itself no longer powerful,—poverty will be no longer weak,—birth will no longer be distinguished,—meanness will no longer pass unnoticed. The rich and poor will indeed strangely meet together; when all the inequalities of the present life shall disappear, and the conqueror and his captive—the monarch and his subject—the lord and his vassal—the statesman and the peasant—the philosopher and the unlettered hind—shall find their distinctions to have been mere illusions. The characters and actions of the greatest and the meanest have in truth been equally important, and equally public; while the eye of the omniscient God has been equally upon them all,—while all are at last equally brought to answer to their common Judge, and the angels stand around spectators, equally interested in the dooms of all. The sentence of every man will be pronounced by him who cannot be merciful to those who shall have willingly sold themselves to that abject bondage from which he died to purchase their redemption,—who, nevertheless, having felt the power of temptation, knows to pity them that have been tempted; by him on whose mercy contrite frailty may rely—whose anger hardened impenitence must dread. To heighten the solemnity and terror of the business, the Judge will visibly descend from

heaven,—the shout of the archangels and the trumpet of the Lord will thunder through the deep,—the dead will awake,—the glorified saints will be caught up to meet the Lord in the air ; while the wicked will in vain call upon the mountains and the rocks to cover them. Of the day and hour when these things shall be, knoweth no man ; but the day and hour for these things are fixed in the eternal Father's counsels. Our Lord will come,—he will come unlooked for, and may come sooner than we think.

*Horsley.*

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#### XXXIV. ON ENVY.

ENVY is almost the only vice which is practicable at all times, and in every place : the only passion which can never lie quiet for want of irritation ; its effects, therefore, are every where discoverable, and its attempts always to be dreaded.

It is impossible to mention a name, which any advantageous distinction has made eminent, but some latent animosity will burst out. The wealthy trader, however he may abstract himself from public affairs, will never want those who hint with Shylock, that ships are but boards, and that no man can properly be termed rich whose fortune is at the mercy of the winds. The beauty adorned only with the unambitious graces of innocence and modesty, provokes, whenever she appears, a thousand murmurs of detraction, and whispers of suspicion. The genius, even when he endeavours only to entertain with pleasing images of nature, or instruct by uncontested principles of science, yet suffers persecutions from innumerable critics, whose acrimony is excited merely by the pain of seeing others pleased, of hearing applauses which another enjoys.

The frequency of envy makes it so familiar, that it escapes our notice : nor do we often reflect upon its turpitude or malignity, till we happen to feel its influence. When he that has given no provocation to malice, but by attempting to excel in some useful art, finds himself pursued by multitudes whom he never saw, with implac-



ability of personal resentment ; when he perceives clamour and malice let loose upon him as a public enemy, and incited by every stratagem of defamation ; when he hears the misfortunes of his family, or the follies of his youth, exposed to the world ; and every failure of conduct, or defect of nature, aggravated and ridiculed ; he then learns to abhor those artifices at which he only laughed before, and discovers how much the happiness of life would be advanced by the eradication of envy from the human heart.

Envy is, indeed, a stubborn weed of the mind, and seldom yields to the culture of philosophy. There are, however, considerations, which, if carefully implanted and diligently propagated, might in time overpower and repress it, since no one can nurse it for the sake of pleasure, as its effects are only shame, anguish, and perturbation.

It is, above all other vices, inconsistent with the character of a social being, because it sacrifices truth and kindness to very weak temptations. He that plunders a wealthy neighbour, gains as much as he takes away, and improves his own condition in the same proportion as he impairs another's ; but he that blasts a flourishing reputation must be content with a small dividend of additional fame, so small as can afford very little consolation to balance the guilt by which it is obtained.

I have hitherto avoided mentioning that dangerous and empirical morality, which cures one vice by means of another. But envy is so base and detestable, so vile in its original, and so pernicious in its effects, that the predominance of almost any other quality is to be desired. It is one of those lawless enemies of society, against which poisoned arrows may honestly be used. Let it therefore be constantly remembered, that whoever envies another, confesses his superiority, and let those be reformed by their pride, who have lost their virtue.

It is no slight aggravation of the injuries which envy incites, that they are committed against those who have given no intentional provocation ; and that the sufferer is marked out for ruin, not because he has failed in any

duty, but because he has dared to do more than was required.

Almost every other crime is practised by the help of some quality which might have produced esteem or love, if it had been well employed ; but envy is a more unmixed and genuine evil ; it pursues a hateful end by despicable means, and desires not so much its own happiness as another's misery. To avoid depravity like this, it is not necessary that any one should aspire to heroism or sanctity ; but only, that he should resolve not to quit the rank which nature assigns, and wish to maintain the dignity of a human being.

*Rambler.*

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### XXXV. 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 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 degree 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 splendour, but retains his magnitude, and pleases more though he dazzles less.

*Rambler.*

## XXXVI. THE CHARACTER OF HAMLET.

HAMLET is a name : his speeches and sayings but the idle coinage of the poet's brain. What then, are they not real? They are as real as our own thoughts. Their reality is in the reader's mind. It is *we* who are Hamlet. This play has a prophetic truth, which is above that of history. Whoever has become thoughtful and melancholy through his own mishaps or those of others ; whoever has borne about with him the clouded brow of reflection, and thought himself " too much i' th' sun ;" whoever has seen the golden lamp of day dimmed by envious mists rising in his own breast, and could find in the world before him only a dull blank, with nothing left remarkable in it ; whoever has known " the pangs of depised love, the insolence of office, or the spurns which patient merit of the unworthy takes ;" he who has felt his mind sink within him, and sadness cling to his heart like a malady ; who has had his hopes blighted and his youth staggered by the apparitions of strange things ; who cannot be well at ease, while he sees evil hovering near him like a spectre ; whose powers of action have been eaten up by thought ; he to whom the universe seems infinite, and himself nothing ; whose bitterness of soul makes him careless of consequences, and who goes to a play, as his best resource to shove off, to a second remove, the evils of life, by a mock-representation of them—This is the true Hamlet.

We have been so used to this tragedy, that we hardly know how to criticise it, any more than we should know how to describe our own faces. But we must make such observations as we can. It is the one of Shakspeare's plays that we think of oftenest, because it abounds most in striking reflections on human life, and because the distresses of Hamlet are transferred, by the turn of his mind, to the general account of humanity. Whatever happens to him, we apply to ourselves, because he applies it so himself as a means of general reasoning. He is a great moralizer, and what makes him worth attending to is, that he moralizes on his own feelings and ex-

perience. He is not a common-place pedant. If Lear shows the greatest depth of passion, HAMLET is the most remarkable for the ingenuity, originality, and un-studied development of character. Shakspeare had more magnanimity than any other poet, and he has shown more of it in this play than in any other. There is no attempt to force an interest : every thing is left for time and circumstances to unfold. The attention is excited without effort ; the incidents succeed each other as matters of course ; the characters think, and speak, and act just as they might do, if left entirely to themselves. There is no set purpose, no straining at a point. The observations are suggested by the passing scene—the gusts of passion come and go like sounds of music borne on the wind. The whole play is an exact transcript of what might be supposed to have taken place at the court of Denmark, at the remote period of time fixed upon, before the modern refinements in morals and manners were heard of. It would have been interesting enough to have been admitted as a by-stander in such a scene, at such a time, to have heard and seen something of what was going on. But here we are more than spectators. We have not only “the outward pageants and the signs of grief,” but “we have that within which passeth show.” We read the thoughts of the heart, we catch the passions living as they rise. Other dramatic writers give us very fine versions and paraphrases of nature ; but Shakspeare, together with his own comment, gives us the original text, that we may judge for ourselves. This is a great advantage.

The character of Hamlet is itself a pure effusion of genius. It is not a character marked by strength of will, or even of passion, but by refinement of thought and sentiment. Hamlet is as little of the hero as a man can well be : but he is a young and princely novice, full of high enthusiasm and quick sensibility,—the sport of circumstances, questioning with fortune, and refining on his own feelings, and forced from the natural bias of his disposition by the strangeness of his situation. *Hazlitt.*

## XXXVII. THE MONK.

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

The Monk, as I judged from the break in his tonsure, a few scattered white hairs upon his temples being all that remained of it, might be about seventy—but from his eyes, and that sort of fire which was in them, which seemed more tempered by courtesy than years, could be no more than sixty—truth might lie between—He was certainly sixty-five; and the general air of his countenance, notwithstanding something seemed to have been planting wrinkles in it before their time, agreed to the account.

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

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

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender

white staff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it——

—A better reason was, I had predetermined not to give him a single *sous*.

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

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

those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, for the love of God.

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

My heart smote me the moment he shut the door—Psha! said I, with an air of carelessness, three several times—but it would not do; every ungracious syllable I had uttered crowded back into my imagination; I reflected I had no right over the poor Franciscan, but to deny him; and that the punishment of that was enough to the disappointed, without the addition of unkind language—I considered his grey hairs—his courteous figure seemed to re-enter, and gently ask me, what injury he had done me? and why I could use him thus?—I would have given twenty livres for an advocate—I have behaved very ill, said I within myself; but I have only just set out upon my travels; and shall learn better manners as I get along.

*Sterne.*

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### XXXVIII. THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TRUE AND FALSE POLITENESS.

It is evident enough, that the moral and Christian duty, of preferring one another in honour, respects only social peace and charity, and terminates in the good and edification of our Christian brother. Its use is, to soften the minds of men, and to draw them from that savage rusticity, which engenders many vices, and discredits the virtuous themselves. But when men had experienced the benefit of this complying temper, and further saw the ends, not of charity only, but of self-interest, that might be answered by it, they considered no longer its just purpose and application, but stretched it to that officious sedulity, and extreme servility of adulation, which we too often observe and lament in polished life.



Hence, that infinite attention and consideration, which is so rigidly exacted, and so duly paid, in the commerce of the world: hence that prostitution of mind, which leaves a man no will, no sentiment, no principle, no character; all which disappear under the uniform exhibition of good manners: hence, those insidious arts, those studied disguises, those obsequious flatteries, nay, those multiplied and nicely-varied forms of insinuation and address, the direct aim of which may be to acquire the fame of politeness and good-breeding, but the certain effect, to corrupt every virtue, to sooth every vanity, and to inflame every vice of the human heart.

These fatal mischiefs introduce themselves under the pretence and semblance of that humanity, which the Scriptures encourage and enjoin: but the genuine virtue is easily distinguished from the counterfeit, and by the following plain signs.

True politeness is modest, unpretending, and generous. It appears as little as may be; and when it does a courtesy, would willingly conceal it. It chooses silently to forego its own claims, not officiously to withdraw them. It engages a man to prefer his neighbour to himself, because he really esteems him; because he is tender of his reputation; because he thinks it more manly, more Christian, to descend a little himself than to degrade another. It respects, in a word, the credit and estimation of his neighbour.

The mimic of this amiable virtue, false politeness, is, on the other hand, ambitious, servile, timorous. It affects popularity: is solicitous to please, and to be taken notice of. The man of this character does not offer, but obtrudes his civilities; because he would merit by his assiduity; because, in despair of winning regard by any worthier qualities, he would be sure to make the most of this; and, lastly, because of all things, he would dread, by the omission of any punctilious observance, to give offence. In a word, this sort of politeness respects, for its immediate object, the favour and consideration of our neighbour.

Again: the man who governs himself by the spirit of

the Apostle's precept, expresses his preference of another in such a way as is worthy of himself; in all innocent compliances, in all honest civilities, in all decent and manly condescensions.

On the contrary, the man of the world, who rests in the *letter* of this command, is regardless of the means by which he conducts himself. He respects neither his own dignity, nor that of human nature. Truth, reason, virtue, are all equally betrayed by this supple impostor. He assents to the errors, though the most pernicious; he applauds the follies, though the most ridiculous; he soothes the vices, though the most flagrant, of other men. He never contradicts, though in the softest form of insinuation; he never disapproves, though by a respectful silence; he never condemns, though it be only by a good example. In short, he is solicitous for nothing, but by some studied devices to hide from others, and, if possible, to palliate to himself the grossness of his illiberal adulation.

Lastly: we may be sure, that the ultimate ends for which these different objects are pursued, and by so different means, must also lie wide of each other.

Accordingly, the truly polite man would, by all proper testimonies of respect, promote the credit and estimation of his neighbour; because he sees that, by this generous consideration of each other, the peace of the world is, in a good degree, preserved; because he knows that these mutual attentions prevent animosities, soften the fierceness of men's manners, and dispose them to all the offices of benevolence and charity; because, in a word, the interests of society are best served by this conduct; and because he understands it to be his duty to love his neighbour.

The falsely polite, on the contrary, are anxious, by all means whatever, to procure the favour and consideration of those they converse with; because they regard, ultimately, nothing more than their private interest; because they perceive, that their own selfish designs are best carried on by such practices; in a word, because they love themselves.

Thus we see, that genuine virtue consults the honour of others by worthy means, and for the noblest purposes ; the counterfeit solicits their favour by dishonest compliances, and for the basest ends. *Hurd.*

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### XXXIX. 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.

In the second place, we are to consider those who have mistaken notions of honour. And these are such as establish any thing to themselves for a point of honour, which is contrary either to the laws of God, or of their country ; who think it more honourable to revenge, than to forgive an injury ; who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death that accuses them of it ; who are more careful to guard their reputation by their courage than by their virtue. True fortitude is indeed so becoming in human nature, that he who wants it scarce deserves the name of a man ; but we find several who so much abuse this notion, that they place the whole idea of honour in a kind of brutal courage : by which means we have had many among us, who have called themselves men of honour, that would have been a disgrace to a gibbet. In a word, the man who sacrifices any duty of a reasonable creature to a prevailing mode or fashion ; who looks upon any thing as honourable that is displeasing to his Maker, or destructive to society ; who thinks himself obliged by this principle to the practice of some virtues, and not of others, is by no means to be reckoned among true men of honour.

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 the pursuit of a shadow. These are generally persons who, in Shakspeare'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 to 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.*

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#### XL. ON VULGARITY.

A VULGAR ordinary way of thinking, acting, or speaking, implies a low education, and a habit of low company. Young people contract it at school, or among servants, with whom they are too often used to converse; but, after they frequent good company, they must want attention and observation very much, if they do not lay it quite aside; and, indeed, if they do not, good company will be very apt to lay them aside. The various kinds of vulgarisms are infinite; I cannot pretend to point them out to you; but I will give some samples, by which you may guess at the rest.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles; he suspects himself to be slighted; thinks every thing that is said is meant at him; if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and testy, says something very impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape, by showing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. A man of fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words

of the company ; and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care two-pence, unless the insult be so gross and plain as to require satisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them ; and wherever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than wrangles. A vulgar man's conversation always savours strongly of the lowness of his education and company : it turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood : all which he relates with emphasis, as interesting matters.—He is a man-gossip.

Vulgarism in language is the next and distinguishing characteristic of bad company, and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than this. Proverbial expressions and trite sayings are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say that men differ in their tastes, he both supports and adorns that opinion, by the good old saying, as he respectfully calls it, that “ what is one man's meat is another man's poison.” If any body attempts being *smart*, as he calls it, upon him, he gives them *tit for tat*, ay, that he does. He has always some favourite word for the time being ; which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses. Such as, *vastly* angry, *vastly* kind, *vastly* handsome, and *vastly* ugly. Even his pronunciation of proper words carries the mark of the beast along with it. He calls the earth *yearth* ; he is *obleiged*, not *obliged* to you. He goes *to wards*, and not *towards* such a place. He sometimes affects hard words, by way of ornament, which he always mangles. A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms ; uses neither favourite words nor hard words ; but takes care to speak very correctly and grammatically, and to pronounce properly ; that is, according to the usage of the best companies.

An awkward address, ungraceful attitudes and actions, and a certain left-handedness (if I may use the word)

loudly proclaim low education and low company, for it is impossible to suppose that a man can have frequented good company, without having caught something, at least, of their air and motions. A new-raised man is distinguished in a regiment by his awkwardness ; but he must be impenetrably dull, if, in a month or two's time, he cannot perform, at least, the common manual exercise, and look like a soldier. The very accoutrements of a man of fashion are grievous encumbrances to a vulgar man. He is at a loss what to do with his hat, when it is not upon his head : his cane (if unfortunately he wears one) is at perpetual war with every cup of tea or coffee he drinks ; destroys them first, and then accompanies them in their fall. His sword is formidable only to his own legs, which would possibly carry him fast enough out of the way of any sword but his own. His clothes fit him so ill, and constrain him so much, that he seems rather their prisoner than their proprietor. He presents himself in company like a criminal in a court of justice ; his very air condemns him ; and people of fashion will no more connect themselves with the one, than people of character will with the other. This repulse drives and sinks him into low company ; a gulf from whence no man, after a certain age, ever emerged. *Chesterfield.*

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XLI. LORD CHATHAM ADDRESSING THE SPEAKER ON A CHARGE BROUGHT AGAINST CERTAIN MEMBERS OF THE HOUSE, AS GIVING BIRTH TO SEDITION IN AMERICA.

SIR, a charge is brought against certain gentlemen sitting in this house, for giving birth to sedition in America. The freedom with which they have spoken their sentiments against this unhappy act, is imputed to them as a crime ; but the imputation shall not discourage me. It is a liberty which I hope no gentleman will be afraid to exercise : it is a liberty by which the gentleman who calumniates it might have profited. He ought to have desisted from his project. We are told America is obstinate—America is almost in open rebellion. Sir, I re-

joyce that America has resisted—three millions of people so dead to all the feelings of liberty as voluntarily to submit to be slaves, would have been fit instruments to make slaves of all the rest. I came not here armed at all points with law cases and acts of parliament; with the statute-book doubled down in *dogs' ears* to defend the cause of liberty; but for the defence of liberty upon a general constitutional principle; it is a ground on which I dare meet any man: I will not debate points of law; but what, after all, do the cases of Chester and Durham prove, but that, under the most arbitrary reigns, parliament were ashamed of taxing a people without their consent, and allowed them representatives? A higher and better example might have been taken from Wales; that principality was never taxed by parliament till it was incorporated with England. We are told of many classes of persons in this kingdom not represented in parliament; but are they not all virtually represented as Englishmen resident within the realm? Have they not the option, many of them at least, of becoming themselves electors? Every inhabitant of this kingdom is necessarily included in the general system of representation. It is a misfortune that more are not actually represented. The honourable gentleman boasts of his bounties to America. Are not these bounties intended finally for the benefit of this kingdom? If they are not, he has misapplied the national treasures. I am no courtier of America. I maintain that parliament has a right to bind, to restrain America. Our legislative power over the colonies is sovereign and supreme. The honourable gentleman tells us, he understands not the difference between internal and external taxation; but surely there is a plain difference between taxes levied for the purpose of raising a revenue, and duties imposed for the regulation of commerce. When, said the honourable gentleman, were the colonies emancipated? At what time, say I in answer, were they made slaves? I speak from accurate knowledge, when I say, that the profits to *Great Britain*, from the trade of the colonies, through all its branches, is two millions per annum. This is the fund which car-



ried you triumphantly through the last war ; this is the price America pays you for her protection ; and shall a miserable financier come with a boast that he can fetch a peppercorn into the exchequer, at the loss of millions to the nation ? I know the valour of your troops ; I know the skill of your officers ; I know the force of this country ; but in such a cause, your success would be hazardous. America, if she fell, would fall like the strong man : she would embrace the pillars of the state, and pull down the constitution with her. Is this your boasted peace ? Not to sheathe the sword in the scabbard, but to sheathe it in the bowels of your countrymen ? The Americans have been wronged ; they have been driven to madness by injustice. Will you punish them for the madness you have occasioned ? No ; let this country be the first to resume its prudence and temper. I will pledge myself for the colonies, that, on their part, animosity and resentment will cease. Let affection be the only bond of coercion.

Upon the whole, I will beg leave to tell the House in a few words what is really my opinion. It is, that the Stamp Act be repealed—ABSOLUTELY—TOTALLY—and IMMEDIATELY.

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#### XLII. SPEECH OF TITUS QUINCTIUS TO THE ROMANS.

THOUGH I am not conscious, O Romans, of any crime by me committed, it is yet with the utmost shame and confusion that I appear in your assembly. You have seen it—posterity will know it!—in the fourth consulship of Titus Quinctius, the Æqui and Volsci (scarce a match for the Hernici alone) came in arms to the very gates of Rome, and went away unchastised ! The course of our manners, indeed, and the state of our affairs, have long been such, that I had no reason to presage much good ; but, could I have imagined that so great an ignominy would have befallen me this year, I would, by banishment or death (if all other means had failed) have avoided the station I am now in. What ! might Rome then have been taken, if those men who were at our gates

had not wanted courage for the attempt?—Rome taken, whilst I was consul!—Of honours I had sufficient—of life enough—more than enough—I should have died in my third consulate.

But who are they that our dastardly enemies thus despise?—the consuls, or you, Romans? If we are in fault, depose us, or punish us yet more severely. If you are to blame—may neither gods nor men punish your faults! only may you repent! No, Romans, the confidence of our enemies is not owing to their courage, or to their belief of your cowardice: they have been too often vanquished, not to know both themselves and you. Discord, discord is the ruin of this city! The eternal disputes between the senate and the people are the sole cause of our misfortunes. While we set no bounds to our dominion, nor you to your liberty; while you impatiently endure Patrician magistrates, and we Plebeian; our enemies take heart, grow elated, and presumptuous. In the name of the immortal gods, what is it, Romans, you would have? You desired Tribunes; for the sake of peace, we granted them. You were eager to have Decemvirs; we consented to their creation. You grew weary of these Decemvirs; we obliged them to abdicate. Your hatred pursued them when reduced to private men; and we suffered you to put to death, or banish, Patricians of the first rank in the republic. You insisted upon the restoration of the Tribuneship; we yielded: we quietly saw Consuls of your own faction elected. You have the protection of your Tribunes, and the privilege of appeal; the Patricians are subjected to the decrees of the Commons. Under pretence of equal and impartial laws, you have invaded our rights; and we have suffered it, and we still suffer it. When shall we see an end of discord? When shall we have one interest, and one common country? Victorious and triumphant, you show less temper than we under defeat. When you are to contend with us, you can seize the Aventine hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer.

The enemy is at our gates, the *Æsquiline* is near being taken, and nobody stirs to hinder it. But against

us you are valiant, against us you can arm with diligence. Come on then, besiege the senate-house, make a camp of the forum, fill the jails with our chief nobles, and when you have achieved these glorious exploits, then, at last, sally out at the Æsquiline gate, with the same fierce spirits against the enemy. Does your resolution fail you for this? Go then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword. Have you any thing here to repair these damages? Will the Tribunes make up your losses to you? They will give you words as many as you please; bring impeachments in abundance against the prime men in the state; heap laws upon laws; assemblies you shall have without end: but will any of you return the richer from those assemblies? Extinguish, O Romans, these fatal divisions; generously break this cursed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction. Open your eyes, and consider the management of those ambitious men, who, to make themselves powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth.—If you can but summon up your former courage, if you will now march out of Rome, with your consuls, there is no punishment you can inflict which I will not submit to, if I do not, in a few days, drive those pillagers out of our territory. This terror of war, with which you seem so grievously struck, shall quickly be removed from Rome to their own cities. *Hooke.*

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### XLIII. ON AUTUMN.

THERE is an even-tide in the day,—an hour when the sun retires, and the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearances of soberness and silence. It is an hour from which everywhere the thoughtless fly, as peopled only in their imagination with images of gloom:—it is the hour, on the other hand, which, in every age, the wise have loved, as bringing with it sentiments and affections more valuable than all the splendours of the day. Its first impression is to still all the turbulence of

thought or passion which the day may have brought forth. We follow, with our eye, the descending sun,—we listen to the decaying sounds of labour and of toil,—and, when all the fields are silent around us, we feel a kindred stillness to breathe upon our souls, and to calm them from the agitations of society. From this first impression, there is a second which naturally follows it;—in the day we are living with men,—in the even-tide we begin to live with nature;—we see the world withdrawn from us,—the shades of night darken over the habitations of men, and we feel ourselves alone. It is an hour fitted, as it would seem, by Him who made us, to still, but with gentle hand, the throb of every unruly passion, and the ardour of every impure desire; and, while it veils for a time the world that misleads us, to awaken in our hearts those legitimate affections which the heat of the day may have dissolved. There is yet a farther scene it presents to us:—While the world withdraws from us, and while the shades of the evening darken upon our dwellings, the splendours of the firmament come forward to our view. In the moments when earth is overshadowed, heaven opens to our eyes the radiance of a sublimer Being; our hearts follow the successive splendours of the scene; and while we forget, for a time, the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel that there are “yet greater things than these.”

There is, in the second place, an “even-tide” in the year,—a season, as we now witness, when the sun withdraws his propitious light,—when the winds arise, and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said, in general, to be the season of melancholy; and, if by this word be meant that it is the time of solemn and of serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy; yet it is a melancholy so soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic in its influence, that they who have known it feel, as instinctively, that it is the doing of God, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched, but to fine issues.

When we go out into the fields in the evening of the

year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still but steady advances of time. A few days ago, and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun of heaven seemed to glory in his ascendant. He is now enfeebled in his power; the desert no more “blossoms like the rose;” the song of joy is no more heard among the branches; and the earth is strewed with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence of summer. Whatever may be the passions which society has awakened, we pause amid this apparent desolation of nature. We sit down in the lodge “of the way-faring man in the wilderness,” and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our own fate. Such also, in a few years, will be our own condition. The blossoms of our spring,—the pride of our summer will also fade into decay;—and the pulse that now beats high with virtuous or with vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then must stop for ever. We rise from our meditations with hearts softened and subdued, and we return into life as into a shadowy scene, where we have “disquieted ourselves in vain.”

Yet a few years, we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse humanity will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass,—the loudest notes of triumph or of conquest will be silent in the grave;—the wicked, wherever active, “will cease from troubling,” and the weary, wherever suffering, “will be at rest.” Under an impression so profound, we feel our own hearts better. The cares, the animosities, the hatreds which society may have engendered, sink unperceived from our bosoms. In the general desolation of nature, we feel the littleness of our own passions;—we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to all;—we anticipate the graves of those we hate as of those we love. Every unkind passion falls, with the leaves that fall around us; and we return slowly to our homes, and to the society which surrounds us, with the wish only to enlighten or to bless them.

If there were no other effects of such appearances of

nature upon our minds, they would still be valuable,—they would teach us humility,—and with it they would teach us charity.

*Alison.*

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#### XLIV. ON THE SLAVERY OF VICE.

ONE character of the slavery of vice, is that mean, cowardly, and disquieted state to which it reduces the sinner. Boldness and magnanimity have ever been accounted the native effects of liberty. He who enjoys it, having nothing to apprehend from oppressive power, performs the offices, and enjoys the comforts of life, with a manly and undisturbed mind. Hence his behaviour is dignified, and his sentiments are honourable; while he who is accustomed to bend under servile subjection, has always been found mean-spirited, timorous, and base.—Compare, in these respects, the virtuous and the vicious man, and you will easily see to which of them the characteristics of freedom most justly belong. The man of virtue, relying on a good conscience and the protection of Heaven, acts with firmness and courage; and, in the discharge of his duty, fears not the face of man. The man of vice, conscious of his low and corrupt aims, shrinks before the steadfast and piercing eye of integrity; is ever looking around him with anxious and fearful circumspection, and thinking of subterfuges, by which he may escape from danger. The one is *bold as a lion*; the other *flieth when no man pursueth*. To the one, nothing appears contemptible, by which he can procure any present advantage. The other looks with disdain on whatever would degrade his character. “I will not,” says he, “so demean myself, as to catch the favour of the greatest man, by this or that low art. It shall not be said or thought of me, that I did what was base, in order to make my fortune. Let others stoop so low, who cannot be without the favours of the world. But I can want them, and therefore at such a price I will not purchase them.” This is the voice of true liberty; and speaks that greatness of mind which it is formed to inspire.

Corresponding to that abject disposition which charac-

terizes a bad man, are the fears that haunt him. The terrors of a slave dwell on his mind, and often appear in his behaviour. For guilt is never free from suspicion and alarm. The sinner is afraid sometimes, of the partners of his crimes, lest they betray him ; sometimes, of those who have suffered by his crimes, lest they revenge themselves ; frequently, of the world around him, lest it detect him ; and, what is worst of all, he is reduced to be afraid of himself. There is a witness within him, that testifies against his misdeeds ; and threatens him in secret, when other alarms leave him. Conscience holds up to his view the image of his past crimes, with this inscription engraved upon it, “ God will bring every work into judgment.” How opposite is such a state as this to the peaceful security arising from the liberty enjoyed by the virtuous !—Were there nothing more in the circumstances of sinners to affix upon them the marks of servitude, this alone would be sufficient, that, as the scripture expresses it, “ through fear of death they are all their lifetime subject to bondage.” Death sets all other captives free. The slave who digs in the mine, or labours at the oar, can rejoice at the prospect of laying down his burden together with his life ; and tastes the hope of being at last on equal terms with his cruel oppressor. But, to the slave of guilt, there arises no hope from death ; on the contrary, he is obliged to look forward with constant terror to this most certain of all events, as the conclusion of all his hopes and the commencement of his greatest miseries.

*Blair.*

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#### XLV. ON MISTAKES ABOUT RELIGION.

THE faithful application of this test would put to flight a host of other delusions. It may be carried round amongst all those phenomena of human character, where there is the exhibition of something associated with religion, but which is not religion itself. An exquisite relish for music is no test of the influence of Christianity. Neither are many other of the exquisite sensibilities of our nature. When a kind mother closes the

eyes of her expiring babe, she is thrown into a flood of sensibility, and soothing to her heart are the sympathy and the prayers of an attending minister. When a gathering neighbourhood assemble to the funeral of an acquaintance, one pervading sense of regret and tenderness sits on the faces of the company; and the deep silence, broken only by the solemn utterance of the man of God, carries a kind of pleasing religiousness along with it. The sacredness of the hallowed day, and all the decencies of its observation, may engage the affections of him who loves to walk in the footsteps of his father; and every recurring Sabbath may bring to his bosom, the charm of its regularity and its quietness. Religion has its accompaniments; and in these there may be a something to sooth and to fascinate, even in the absence of the appropriate influences of religion. The deep and tender impression of a family-bereavement is not religion. The love of established decencies is not religion. The charm of all that sentimentalism which is associated with many of its solemn and affecting services is not religion. They may form the distinct folds of its accustomed drapery; but they do not, any or all of them put together, make up the substance of the thing itself. A mother's tenderness may flow most gracefully over the tomb of her departed little one; and she may talk the while of that heaven whither its spirit has ascended. The man whom death hath widowed of his friend, may abandon himself to the movements of that grief, which, for a time, will claim an ascendancy over him; and, amongst the multitude of his other reveries, may love to hear of the eternity, where sorrow and separation are alike unknown. He who has been trained, from his infant days, to remember the Sabbath, may love the holiness of its aspect; and associate himself with all its observances; and take a delighted share in the mechanism of its forms. But, let not these think, because the tastes and the sensibilities which engross them may be blended with religion, that they indicate either its strength or its existence within them. I recur to the test. I press its imperious



exactions upon you. I call for fruit, and demand the permanency of a religious influence on the habits and the history. Oh! how many who take a flattering unction to their souls, when they think of their amiable feelings, and their becoming observations, with whom this severe touchstone would, like the head of Medusa, put to flight all their complacency. The afflictive dispensation is forgotten—and he on whom it was laid is practically as indifferent to God and to eternity as before. The Sabbath services come to a close; and they are followed by the same routine of week-day worldliness as before. In neither the one case nor the other do we see more of the radical influence of Christianity, than in the sublime and melting influence of sacred music upon the soul; and all this tide of emotion is found to die away from the bosom, like the pathos or like the loveliness of a song.

*Chalmers.*

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**XLVI. ON THE ASSOCIATIONS THAT ARE PRODUCED BY THE DIFFERENCES OF INSTRUCTION OR EDUCATION.**

THE delight which most men of education receive from the consideration of antiquity, and the beauty that they discover in every object which is connected with ancient times, is in a great measure to be ascribed to the same cause. The antiquarian, in his cabinet, surrounded by the relics of former ages, seems to himself to be removed to periods that are long since past, and indulges in the imagination of living in a world, which, by a very natural kind of prejudice, we are always willing to believe was both wiser and better than the present. All that is venerable or laudable in the history of these times present themselves to his memory. The gallantry, the heroism, the patriotism of antiquity, rise again before his view, softened by the obscurity in which they are involved, and rendered more seducing to the imagination by that obscurity itself, which, while it mingles a sentiment of regret amid his pursuits, serves, at the same time, to stimulate his fancy to fill up, by his own creation, those long intervals

of time of which history has preserved no record. The relics he contemplates seem to approach him still nearer to the ages of his regard. The dress, the furniture, the arms of the times, are so many assistances to his imagination, in guiding or directing its exercise; and, offering him a thousand sources of imagery, provide him with an almost inexhaustible field in which his memory and his fancy may expatiate. There are few men who have not felt somewhat, at least, of the delight of such an employment. There is no man in the least acquainted with the history of antiquity, who does not love to let his imagination loose on the prospect of its remains, and to whom they are not in some measure sacred, from the innumerable images which they bring. Even the peasant, whose knowledge of former times extends but to a few generations, has yet in his village some monument of the deeds or virtues of his forefathers; and cherishes, with a fond veneration, the memorial of those good old times to which his imagination returns with delight, and of which he loves to recount the simple tales that tradition has brought him.

And what is it that constitutes that emotion of sublime delight, which every man of common sensibility feels upon the first prospect of Rome? It is not the scene of destruction which is before him. It is not the Tiber, diminished in his imagination to a paltry stream, flowing amid the ruins of that magnificence which it once adorned. It is not the triumph of superstition over the wreck of human greatness, and its monuments erected upon the very spot where the first honours of humanity have been gained. It is ancient Rome which fills his imagination. It is the country of Cæsar, and Cicero, and Virgil, which is before him. It is the mistress of the world which he sees, and who seems to him to rise again from her tomb, to give laws to the universe. All that the labours of his youth, or the studies of his maturer age, have acquired, with regard to the history of this great people, open at once before his imagination, and present him with a field of high and solemn imagery, which can never be exhausted. Take from him

these associations,—conceal from him that it is Rome that he sees, and how different would be his emotion !

There is no man, who has not some interesting associations with particular scenes, or airs, or books, and who does not feel their beauty or sublimity enhanced to him by such connexions. The view of the house where one was born, of the school where one was educated, and where the gay years of infancy were passed, is indifferent to no man. They recall so many images of past happiness and past affections, they are connected with so many strong or valued emotions, and lead altogether to so long a train of feelings and recollections, that there is hardly any scene which one ever beholds with so much rapture. There are songs also, that we have heard in our infancy, which, when brought to our remembrance in after years, raise emotions for which we cannot well account ; and which, though perhaps very indifferent in themselves, still continue, from this association, and from the variety of conceptions which they kindle in our minds, to be our favourites through life. The scenes which have been distinguished by the residence of any person, whose memory we admire, produce a similar effect. The scenes themselves may be little beautiful ; but the delight with which we recollect the traces of their lives, blends itself insensibly with the emotions which the scenery excites ; and the admiration which these recollections afford seems to give a kind of sanctity to the place where they dwelt, and converts every thing into beauty which appears to have been connected with them.

*Alison.*

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#### XLVII. 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 glad-

ness, prevents us from falling into any depth 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 daylight 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 the soul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undisturbed ; his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or solitude. He comes with a relish to all those goods which Nature has provided for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of those accidental evils which may befall 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 sun-

shine, 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 great 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 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 according 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 was so lately bestowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be still new, and still in its beginning. How many self-congratulations naturally arise in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of those 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 on 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 everywhere 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 are made to please. *Spectator.*

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#### XLVIII. ON TRUTH AND SINCERITY.

TRUTH and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity 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 such a quality as he pretends to ? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now, the best way in the world for a man to seem to be any thing, is really to be what we would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality as to have it ; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it are 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 peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction ; so that, upon all accounts, sincerity is true wisdom. Par-

ticularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit ; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world ; it has 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 do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use 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 trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

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. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation ; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery ; of which the crafty man is always in danger, and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them ; he is the last man that finds himself to be found out, and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch 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 travel-

ling 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 falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over ; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs ; these men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways ever so indirect ; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests ; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

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 (speaking as to the concernments of this world) if a man 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 conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions ;



for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end : all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last. *Spectator.*

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### XLIX. THE DANCING-MASTER.

I WAS this morning awakened by a sudden shake of the house ; and, as soon as I had got a little out of my consternation, I felt another, which was followed by two or three repetitions of the same convulsion. I got up as fast as possible, girt on my rapier, and snatched up my hat, when my landlady came up to me and told me, that the gentlewoman of the next house begged me to step thither, for that a lodger she had taken in was run mad ; and she desired my advice, as indeed every body in the whole lane does upon important occasions. I am not, like some artists, saucy, because I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our neighbour told us, “ she had the day before let her second floor to a very genteel youngish man, who told her he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home most part of the morning and evening at study : but that this morning he had for an hour together made this extravagant noise which we then heard.” I went up stairs with my hand upon the hilt of my rapier, and approached this new lodger’s door. I looked in at the keyhole, and there I saw a well-made man look with great attention on a book, and on a sudden jump into the air so high, that his head almost touched the ceiling. He came down safe on his right foot, and again flew up, alighting on his left ; then looked again at his book, and holding out his right leg, put it into such a quivering motion, that I thought he would have shaken it off. He used the left after the same manner, when on a sudden, to my great surprise, he stooped himself incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes. After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble posture for some time, looking on his book. After this, he recovered himself with a sudden spring, and flew round the room in all the violence and

disorder imaginable, until he made a full pause for want of breath. In this interim my women asked "what I thought?" I whispered, "that I thought this learned person an enthusiast, who possibly had his first education in the Peripatetic way, which was a sect of philosophers who always studied when walking." But observing him much out of breath, I thought it the best time to master him if he were disordered, and knocked at his door. I was surprised to find him open it, and say with great civility and good mien, "that he hoped he had not disturbed us." I believed him in a lucid interval, and desired "he would please to let me see his book." He did so smiling. I could not make any thing of it, and therefore asked "in what language it was writ?" He said, "it was one he studied with great application; but it was his profession to teach it, and could not communicate his knowledge without a consideration." I answered, "that I hoped he would hereafter keep his thoughts to himself, for his meditation this morning had cost me three coffee-dishes and a clean pipe." He seemed concerned at that, and told me "he was a dancing-master, and had been reading a dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an academy in France." He observed me at a stand, and went on to inform me, "that now articulate motions, as well as sounds, were expressed by proper characters; and that there is nothing so common as to communicate a dance by a letter." I besought him hereafter to meditate in a ground-room, for that otherwise it would be impossible for an artist of any other kind to live near him; and that I was sure several of his thoughts this morning would have shaken my spectacles off my nose had I been myself at study.

I then took my leave of this virtuoso, and returned to my chamber, meditating on the various occupations of rational creatures.

*Tatler.*

L. A COMPARISON OF THE POLITICAL PRINCIPLES AND  
CONDUCT OF CATO, ATTICUS, AND CICERO.

THE three sects which chiefly engrossed the philosophical part of Rome were the Stoic, the Epicurean, and the Academic ; and the chief ornaments of each were, Cato, Atticus, and Cicero ; who lived together in strict friendship, and a mutual esteem of each other's virtue : but the different behaviour of these three will show, by fact and example, the different merit of their several principles, and which of them was the best adapted to promote the good of society.

The Stoics were the bigots or enthusiasts in philosophy ; who held none to be truly wise or good but themselves ; placed perfect happiness in virtue, though stripped of every other good ; affirmed all sins to be equal, all deviations from right equally wicked ; to kill a dung-hill-cock without reason, the same crime as to kill a parent ; that a wise man could never forgive ; never be moved by anger, favour, or pity ; never be deceived ; never repent ; never change his mind. With these principles Cato entered into public life ; and acted in it, as Cicero says, " as if he had lived in the polity of Plato, not in the dregs of Romulus." He made no distinction of times or things ; no allowance for the weakness of the republic, and the power of those who oppressed it : it was his maxim to combat all power not built upon the laws, or to defy it at least, if he could not control it : he knew no way to his end but the direct ; and whatever obstructions he met with, resolved still to rush on, and either to surmount them, or perish in the attempt ; taking it for a baseness, and confession of being conquered, to decline a tittle from the true road. In an age, therefore, of the utmost libertinism, when the public discipline was lost, and the government itself tottering, he struggled with the same zeal against all corruption, and waged a perpetual war with a superior force ; whilst the rigour of his principles tended rather to alienate his friends, than reconcile his enemies ; and by provoking the power that he could not subdue, helped to hasten that

ruin which he was striving to avert : so that, after a perpetual course of disappointments and repulses, finding himself unable to pursue his old way any further, instead of taking a new one, he was driven by his philosophy to put an end to his life.

But as the Stoics exalted human nature too high, so the Epicureans depressed it too low ; as those raised it to the heroic, these debased it to the brutal state ; they held pleasure to be the chief good of man, death the extinction of his being ; and placed their happiness, consequently, in the secure enjoyment of a pleasurable life ; esteeming virtue on no other account than as it was a handmaid to pleasure, and helped to ensure the possession of it, by preserving health and conciliating friends. Their wise man, therefore, had no other duty, but to provide for his own ease, to decline all struggles, to retire from public affairs, and to imitate the life of their gods, by passing his days in a calm, contemplative, undisturbed repose, in the midst of rural shades and pleasant gardens. This was the scheme that Atticus followed : he had all the talents that could qualify a man to be useful to society ; great parts, learning, judgment, candour, benevolence, generosity, the same love of his country, and the same sentiments in politics, with Cicero ; whom he was always advising and urging to act, yet determined never to act himself ; or never, at least, so far as to disturb his ease, or endanger his safety. For though he was so strictly united with Cicero, and valued him above all men, yet he managed an interest all the while with the opposite faction, and a friendship even with his mortal enemies, Clodius and Antony ; that he might secure, against all events, the grand point which he had in view, the peace and tranquillity of his life. Thus two excellent men, by their mistaken notions of virtue, drawn from their principles of philosophy, were made useless in a manner to their country, each in a different extreme of life ; the one always acting and exposing himself to dangers, without the prospect of doing good ; the other, without attempting to do any, resolving never to act at all.

Cicero chose the middle way, between the obstinacy of Cato and the indolence of Atticus ; he preferred always the readiest road to what was right, if it lay open to him ; if not, he took the next that seemed likely to bring him to the same end ; and in politics, as in morality, when he could not arrive at the true, contented himself with the probable. He often compares the statesman to the pilot, whose art consists in managing every turn of the winds, and applying even the most perverse to the progress of his voyage ; so as, by changing his course, and enlarging his circuit of sailing, to arrive with safety, though later, at his destined port. He mentions likewise an observation, which long experience had confirmed to him, that none of the popular and ambitious, who aspired to extraordinary commands, and to be leaders in the republic, ever chose to obtain their ends from the people, till they had first been repulsed by the senate. This was verified by all their civil dissensions, from the Gracchi down to Cæsar ; so that when he saw men of this spirit at the head of the government, who, by the splendour of their lives and actions, had acquired an ascendant over the populace, it was his constant advice to the senate, to gain them by gentle compliances, and to gratify their thirst of power by voluntary grants of it, as the best way to moderate their ambition, and reclaim them from desperate councils. He declared contention to be no longer prudent than while it either did service, or at least no hurt ; but when faction was grown too strong to be withstood, that it was time to give over fighting ; and nothing left but to extract some good out of the ill, by mitigating that power by patience, which they could not reduce by force, and conciliating it, if possible, to the interest of the state. This was what he had advised, and what he practised ; and it will account, in a great measure, for those parts of his conduct which are the most liable to exception on the account, of that complaisance which he is supposed to have paid, at different times, to the several usurpers of illegal power.

*Middleton.*

## LI. ON HAPPINESS.

THE great pursuit of man is after happiness: it is the first and strongest desire of his nature;—in every stage of his life he searches for it as for hidden treasure; courts it under a thousand different shapes,—and though perpetually disappointed,—still persists,—runs after and inquires for it afresh—asks every passenger who comes in his way, *Who will show him any good?* who will assist him in the attainment of it, or direct him to the discovery of this great end of all his wishes?

He is told by one, to search for it among the more gay and youthful pleasures of life, in scenes of mirth and sprightliness, where happiness ever presides, and is ever to be known by the joy and laughter which he will see at once painted in her looks. A second, with a graver aspect, points to the costly dwellings which pride and extravagance have erected:—tells the inquirer, that the object he is in search of inhabits there—that Happiness lives only in company with the great, in the midst of much pomp and outward state—that he will easily find her out by the coat of many colours she has on, and the great luxury and expense of equipage and furniture with which she always sits surrounded.

The Miser blesses God!—wonders how any one would mislead and wilfully put him upon so wrong a scent—convinces him that happiness and extravagance never inhabited under the same roof; that if he would not be disappointed in his search, he must look into the plain and thrifty dwellings of the prudent man, who knows and understands the worth of money, and cautiously lays it up against an evil hour: that it is not the prostitution of wealth upon the passions, or the parting with it at all, that constitutes happiness—but that it is the keeping it together, and the having and holding it fast to him and his heirs for ever, which are the chief attributes that form this great idol of human worship, to which so much incense is offered up every day.

The Epicure, though he easily rectifies so gross a mistake, yet at the same time he plunges him, if possible,

into a greater ; for hearing the object of his pursuit to be happiness, and knowing of no other happiness than what is seated immediately in his senses—he sends the inquirer there ; tells him 'tis vain to search elsewhere for it, than where Nature herself has placed it—in the indulgence and gratification of the appetites, which are given us for that end ; and, in a word—if he will not take his opinion in the matter—he may trust the word of a much wiser man, who has assured us—that there is nothing better in this world, than that a man should eat and drink, and rejoice in his works, and make his soul enjoy good in his labour : for that is his portion.

To rescue him from this brutal experiment—Ambition takes him by the hand, and carries him into the world—shows him all the kingdoms of the earth, and the glory of them—points out the many ways of advancing his fortune, and raising himself to honour—lays before his eyes all the charms and bewitching temptations of power, and asks, if there can be any happiness in this world like that of being caressed, courted, flattered, and followed ?

To close all, the Philosopher meets him bustling in the full career of his pursuit—stops him—tells him, if he is in search of Happiness, he is far gone out of his way. That this deity has long been banished from noise and tumults, where there was no rest found for her, and was fled into solitude far from all commerce of the world ; and, in a word, if he would find her, he must leave this busy and intriguing scene, and go back to that peaceful scene of retirement and books, from which he at first set out.

In this circle too often does a man run, tries all experiments, and generally sits down wearied and dissatisfied with them all at last—in utter despair of ever accomplishing what he wants—nor knowing what to trust to after so many disappointments ; or where to lay the fault, whether in the incapacity of his own nature, or in the insufficiency of the enjoyments themselves. *Sterne.*

## LII. ON DEATH.

*THERE the wicked cease from troubling ; and there the weary be at rest. There the prisoners rest together ; they hear not the voice of the oppressor. The small and the great are there ; and the servant is free from his master.* There the poor man lays down at last the burthen of his wearisome life. No more shall he groan under the load of poverty and toil. No more shall he hear the insolent calls of the master, from whom he received his scanty wages. No more shall he be raised from needful slumber on his bed of straw, nor be hurried away from his homely meal, to undergo the repeated labours of the day. While his humble grave is preparing, and a few poor and decayed neighbours are carrying him thither, it is good for us to think that this man too was our brother ; that for him the aged and destitute wife, and the needy children, now weep ; that, neglected as he was by the world, he possessed perhaps both a sound understanding and a worthy heart ; and is now carried by angels to rest in Abraham's bosom.—At no great distance from him the grave is opened to receive the rich and proud man. For, as it is said with emphasis in the parable, *The rich man also died, and was buried. He also died.* His riches prevented not his sharing the same fate with the poor man ; perhaps, through luxury, they accelerated his doom. Then, indeed, *the mourners go about the streets ;* and while, in all the pomp and magnificence of woe, his funeral is prepared, his heirs, in the meantime, impatient to examine his will, are looking on one another with jealous eyes, and already beginning to quarrel about the division of his substance.—One day, we see carried along the coffin of the smiling infant ; the flower just nipped as it began to blossom in the parent's view ; and the next day we behold a young man or young woman, of blooming form and promising hopes, laid in an untimely grave. While the funeral is attended by a numerous unconcerned company, who are discoursing to one another about the news of the day, or the ordinary affairs of life, let our thoughts



rather follow to the house of mourning, and represent to themselves what is going on there. There we should see a disconsolate family, sitting in silent grief, thinking of the sad breach that is made in their little society; and, with tears in their eyes, looking to the chamber that is now left vacant, and to every memorial that presents itself of their departed friend. By such attention to the woes of others, the selfish hardness of our hearts will be gradually softened, and melted down into humanity.

Another day, we follow to the grave one who, in old age, and after a long career of life, has in full maturity sunk at last into rest. As we are going along to the mansion of the dead, it is natural for us to think, and to discourse of all the changes which such a person has seen during the course of his life. He has passed, it is likely, through varieties of fortune. He has experienced prosperity and adversity. He has seen families and kindreds rise and fall. He has seen peace and war succeeding in their turns; the face of his country undergoing many alterations; and the very city in which he dwelt, rising, in a manner, new around him. After all he has beheld, his eyes are now closed for ever. He was becoming a stranger in the midst of a new succession of men. A race who knew him not, had risen to fill the earth. Thus passes the world away. Throughout all ranks and conditions, 'one generation passeth and another generation cometh;' and this great inn is by turns evacuated, and replenished by troops of succeeding pilgrims.—O vain and inconstant world! O fleeting and transient life! When will the sons of men learn to think of thee as they ought? When will they learn humanity, from the afflictions of their brethren; or moderation and wisdom, from the sense of their own fugitive state? *Blair.*

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#### LIII. ON PRIDE.

O GOD! what is man!—even a thing of nought—a poor, infirm, miserable, short-lived creature, that passes away like a shadow, and is hastening off the stage, where the theatrical titles and distinctions, and the whole mask

of pride which he has worn for a day, will fall off, and leave him naked as a neglected slave.—Send forth your imagination, I beseech you, to view the last scene of the greatest and proudest who ever awed and governed the world—See the empty vapour disappearing! one of the arrows of mortality this moment sticks fast within him: see—it forces out his life, and freezes his blood and spirits.

Approach his bed of state—lift up the curtain—regard a moment with silence—

Are these cold hands and pale lips, all that are left of him who was canonized by his own pride, or made a god of by his flatterers?

O my soul! with what dreams hast thou been bewitched! how hast thou been deluded by the objects thou hast so eagerly grasped at!

If this reflection from the natural impressions of man, which he cannot remedy, does nevertheless strike a damp upon human pride, much more must the considerations do so, which arise from the wilful depravations of his nature.

Survey yourselves a few moments in this light—behold a disobedient, ungrateful, untractable, and disorderly set of creatures, going wrong seven times a-day,—acting sometimes every hour of it against your own convictions, your own interests, and the intentions of your God, who wills and purposes nothing but your happiness and prosperity—What reason does this view furnish you for pride? how many does it suggest to mortify and make you ashamed?—Well might the son of Syrach say, in that sarcastical remark of his upon it, ‘That pride was not made for man:’—For some purpose, and for some particular beings, the passion might have been shaped—but not for him;—fancy it where you will, ’tis no where so improper—’tis in no creature so unbecoming.

But why so cold an assent to so uncontested a truth?—Perhaps thou hast reasons to be proud;—for Heaven’s sake let us hear them—Thou hast the advantages of birth and title to boast of—or thou standest in the sunshine of court-favour—or thou hast a large fortune—or great talents—or much learning—or Nature has bestowed her

graces upon thy person—speak—on which of these foundations hast thou raised this fanciful structure? Let us examine them.

Thou art well born:—then trust me, 'twill pollute no one drop of thy blood to be humble: humility calls no man down from his rank—divests not princes of their titles: it is like what the *clear obscure* is in painting; it makes the hero step forth in the canvass, and detaches his figure from the group in which he would otherwise stand confounded for ever.

If thou art rich—then show the greatness of thy fortune—or, what is better, the greatness of thy soul, in the meekness of thy conversation; condescend to men of low estate—support the distressed, and patronize the neglected.—Be great; but let it be in considering riches as they are, as talents committed to an earthen vessel—That thou art but the *receiver*,—and that to be obliged and to be vain too,—is but the old solecism of pride and beggary, which, though they often meet,—yet ever make but an absurd society.

If thou art powerful in interest, and standest deified by a servile tribe of dependants, why shouldst thou be proud,—because they are hungry? Scourge me such sycophants; they have turned the heads of thousands as well as thine—

But, 'tis thy own dexterity and strength which have gained thee this eminence:—allow it; but art thou proud, that thou standest in a place where thou art the mark of one man's envy, another man's malice, or a third man's revenge,—where good men may be ready to suspect thee, and whence bad men will be ready to pull thee down? I would be proud of nothing that is uncertain: *Haman* was so, because he was admitted alone to queen *Esther's* banquet; and the distinction raised him—but it was fifty cubits higher than he ever dreamed or thought of.

Let us pass on to the pretences of learning, &c. &c. If thou hast a little, thou wilt be proud of it in course; if thou hast much, and good sense along with it, there will be no reason to dispute against the passion: a beggarly

parade of remnants is but a sorry object of pride at the best ;—but more so, when we can cry out upon it, as the poor man did of his hatchet,—‘ Alas ! master, for it was borrowed.’

It is treason to say the same of Beauty,—whatever we do of the arts and ornaments with which Pride is wont to set it off, the weakest minds are most caught with both ; being ever glad to win attention and credit from small and slender accidents through disability of purchasing them by better means. *Sterne.*

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#### LIV. PART OF CICERO'S ORATION AGAINST VERRÉS.

THE time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is (not by human contrivance but superior direction) effectually put in your power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you and pernicious to the state, viz. that in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons, but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted ; I mean Caius Verres. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public : but if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point, viz. to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case, was not a criminal nor a prosecutor, but justice and adequate punishment.

To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quæstorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villanies ? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer, a consul stripped and betrayed, an

army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphilia, what did it produce but the ruin of those countries, in which houses, cities, and temples, were robbed by him? What was his conduct in his prætorship here at home? Let the plundered temples, and public works, neglected that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. But his prætorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischiefs done by him in that country during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years, under the wisest and best of prætors, will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them. For it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman senate upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years; and his decisions have broke all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard-of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters condemned and banished, unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers: the soldiery and sailors belonging to a province, under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death: whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish: the ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples stripped of the images. And these, his atrocious crimes, have been committed in so public a manner, that there is

no one who has heard of his name, but could reckon up his actions. Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gaols; so that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome!" which has often, in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people, been a protection, was of no service to them, but, on the contrary, brought a speedier and more severe punishment upon them.

I ask now, Verres, what you have to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alleged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privilege of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought then to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in a prison at Syracuse, from whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen; I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words

he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy; but of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

O liberty!—O sound once delightful to every Roman ear!—O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship!—once sacred!—now trampled upon!—But what then? Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at the last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

I conclude with expressing my hopes, that your wisdom and justice, Fathers, will not, by suffering the atrocious and unexampled insolence of Caius Verres to escape the due punishment, leave room to apprehend the danger of a total subversion of authority, and introduction of general anarchy and confusion.

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#### LV. CAIUS MARIUS TO THE ROMANS.

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 thought.

But 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 an-



cestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander, for direction in difficulties to which he was not himself equal? Thus your Patrician general would, in fact, have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a Plebeian. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have myself known those who have been chosen consuls, begin then to read the history of their own country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it.

I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness and Plebeian experience. The very actions, which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. 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 as if they had deserved them by the most

industrious virtue. They lay claim to 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 show 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 one's own good behaviour? What? If I can show no statues of my family, I can show the standards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the vanquished: I can show 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 show their faces. *Sallust.*

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#### LVI. THE VARIOUS FAULTS IN CONVERSATION AND BEHAVIOUR POINTED OUT.

I SHALL not attempt to lay down any particular rules for conversation, but rather point out such faults in dis-

course and behaviour, as render the company of half mankind rather tedious than amusing. It is in vain, indeed, to look for conversation where we might expect to find it in the greatest perfection, among persons of fashion: there it is almost annihilated by universal card-playing; insomuch that I have heard it given as a reason, why it is impossible for our present writers to succeed in the dialogue of genteel comedy, that our people of quality scarce ever meet but to game. All their discourse turns upon the odd trick and the four honours: and it is no less a maxim with the votaries of whist than with those of Bacchus, that talking spoils company.

Every one endeavours to make himself as agreeable to society as he can; but it often happens, that those who most aim at shining in conversation, overshoot their mark. Though a man succeeds, he should not (as is frequently the case) engross the whole talk to himself; for that destroys the very essence of conversation, which is talking together. We should try to keep up conversation like a ball bandied to and fro from one to the other, rather than seize it all to ourselves, and drive it before us like a foot-ball. We should likewise be cautious to adapt the matter of our discourse to our company; and not talk Greek before ladies, or of the last new furbelow to a meeting of country-justices.

But nothing throws a more ridiculous air over the whole conversation, than certain peculiarities, easily acquired, but very difficultly conquered and discarded. In order to display these absurdities in a truer light, it is my present purpose to enumerate such of them as are most commonly to be met with; and first to take notice of those buffoons in society, Attitudinarians and Face-makers. These accompany every word with a peculiar grimace or gesture; they assent with a shrug, and contradict with a twisting of the neck: are angry with a wry mouth, and pleased in a caper of a minuet-step. They may be considered as speaking harlequins; and their rules of eloquence are taken from the posture-master. These should be condemned to converse only in dumb-show with their own persons in a looking-glass;

as well as the Smirkers and Smilers, who so prettily set off their faces, together with their words, by a *je-ne-sçai-quoi* between a grin and a dimple. With these we may likewise rank the affected tribe of Mimics, who are constantly taking off the peculiar tone of voice or gesture of their acquaintance: though they are such wretched imitators, that (like bad painters) they are frequently forced to write the name under the picture, before we can discover any likeness.

Next to these, whose elocution is absorbed in action, and who converse chiefly with their arms and legs, we may consider the professed Speakers. And first, the emphatical; who squeeze, and press, and ram down every syllable with excessive vehemence and energy. These orators are remarkable for their distinct elocution and force of expression: they dwell on the important particles *of* and *the*, and the significant conjunctive *and*; which they seem to hawk up, with much difficulty, out of their own throats, and to cram them, with no less pain, into the ears of their auditors. These should be suffered only to syringe (as it were) the ears of a deaf man, through a hearing trumpet: though I must confess, that I am equally offended with the Whisperers or Low Speakers, who seem to fancy all their acquaintance deaf, and come up so close to you, that they may be said to measure noses with you, and frequently overcome you with the full exhalations of a stinking breath. I would have these oracular gentry obliged to talk at a distance through a speaking-trumpet, or apply their lips to the walls of a whispering gallery. The Wits, who will not condescend to utter any thing but a *bon mot*; and the Whistlers or Tune-hummers, who never articulate at all, may be joined very agreeably together in concert; and to those tinkling cymbals I would also add the sounding brass, the Bawler, who inquires after your health with the bellowing of a town-crier.

The Tattlers, whose pliable pipes are admirably adapted to the "soft parts of conversation," and sweetly "prattling out of fashion," make very pretty music from a beautiful face and a female tongue; but from a rough manly

voice and coarse features, mere nonsense is as harsh and dissonant as a jig from a hurdy-gurdy. The Swearers I have spoken of in a former paper ; but the Half-swearers, who split, and mince, and fritter their oaths into *gad's bud, ad's fish, and demme* ; the Gothic humbuggers, and those who “ nickname God's creatures,” and call a man a cabbage, a crab, a queer cub, an odd fish, and an unaccountable *muskin*, should never come into company without an interpreter. But I will not tire my reader's patience by pointing out all the pests of conversation : nor dwell particularly on the Sensibles who pronounce dogmatically on the most trivial points, and speak in sentences ; the Wonderers, who are always wondering what o'clock it is, or wondering whether it will rain or no, or wondering when the moon changes ; the Phraseologists, who explain a thing by *all that*, or enter into particulars with *this and that and t'other* ; and, lastly, the Silent men, who seem afraid of opening their mouths, lest they should catch cold, and literally observe the precept of the gospel, by letting their conversation be only yea yea, and nay nay.

The rational intercourse kept up by conversation is one of our principal distinctions from brutes. We should therefore endeavour to turn this peculiar talent to our advantage, and consider the organs of speech as the instruments of understanding : we should be very careful not to use them as the weapons of vice, or tools of folly ; and do our utmost to unlearn any trivial or ridiculous habits, which tend to lessen the value of such an inestimable prerogative. It is, indeed, imagined by some philosophers, that even birds and beasts (though without the power of articulation) perfectly understand one another by the sounds they utter ; and that dogs, cats, &c. have each a particular language to themselves, like different nations. Thus it may be supposed, that the nightingales of Italy have as fine an ear to their own native wood-notes as any signor or signora for an Italian air ; that the boars of Westphalia gruntle as expressively through the nose as the inhabitants in High-German ; and that the frogs in the dikes of Holland croak as intelligibly as

the natives jabber their Low-Dutch. However this may be, we may consider those whose tongues hardly seem to be under the influence of reason, and do not keep up the proper conversation of human creatures, as imitating the language of different animals. Thus, for instance, the affinity between chatterers and monkeys, and praters and parrots, is too obvious not to occur at once: Grunters and Growlers may justly be compared to hogs: Snarl-ers are curs, that continually show their teeth, but never bite; and the spitfire-passionate are a sort of wild cats, that will not bear stroking, but will pur when they are pleased. Complainers are screech-owls; and story-tellers, always repeating the same dull note, are cuckoos. Poets that prick up their ears at their own hideous braying, are no better than asses; Critics in general are venomous serpents, that delight in hissing; and some of them who have got by heart a few technical terms without knowing their meaning, are no other than magpies.

*Connoisseur.*

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#### LVII. A COUNTRY SUNDAY.

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain, the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon different subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the

\*Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that, in order to make them kneel and join in their responses, he gave every one of them a hassoc and a common prayer-book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it, he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces *Amen* three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when every body else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or to see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner, which

accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his behaviour ; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side ; and every now and then inquires how such a one's wife, or mother, or son, or father does, whom he does not see at church ; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement ; and sometimes accompanies it with a fitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a-year to the clerk's place ; and, that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that arise between the parson and the 'squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the 'squire, and the 'squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The 'squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers ; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them, in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the 'squire has not said his prayers, either in public or private, this half-year ; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.



Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a-year who do not believe it.

*Spectator.*

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LVIII. ON THE HARMONY BETWEEN THE LAW OF SYMPATHETIC NATURE IN HEAVEN AND ON EARTH.

WHEN one of a numerous household droops under the power of disease, is not that the one to whom all the tenderness is turned, and who, in a manner, monopolizes the inquiries of his neighbourhood and the care of his family? When the sighing of the midnight storm sends a dismal foreboding into the mother's heart, to whom of all her offspring, I would ask, are her thoughts and her anxieties then wandering? Is it not to her sailor-boy, whom her fancy has placed amid the rude and angry surges of the ocean? Does not this, the hour of his apprehended danger, concentrate upon him the whole force of her wakeful meditations? And does not he engross, for a season, her every sensibility and her every prayer? We sometimes hear of shipwrecked passengers thrown upon a barbarous shore; and seized upon by its prowling inhabitants; and hurried away through the tracks of a dreary and unknown wilderness; and sold into captivity; and loaded with the fetters of irrecoverable bondage; and who, stripped of every other liberty but the liberty of thought, feel even this to be another ingredient of wretchedness—for what can they think of but home; and as all its kind and tender imagery comes upon their remembrance, how can they think of it but in the bitterness of despair? Oh tell me when the fame of all this disaster reaches his family, who is the member of it to whom is directed the full tide of its griefs and of its sympathies? Who is it that, for weeks and for months,

usurps their every feeling, and calls out their largest sacrifices, and sets them to the busiest expedients for getting him back again? Who is it that makes them forgetful of themselves and of all around them? and tell me if you can assign a limit to the pains, and the exertions, and the surrenders which afflicted parents and weeping sisters would make to seek and to save him?

Now conceive, as we are warranted to do by the parables of this chapter, the principle of all these earthly exhibitions to be in full operation around the throne of God. Conceive the universe to be one secure and rejoicing family, and that this alienated world is the only strayed, or only captive member belonging to it, and we shall cease to wonder, that from the first period of the captivity of our species, down to the consummation of their history in time, there should be such a movement in heaven; or that angels should so often have sped their commissioned way on the errand of our recovery; or that the Son of God should have bowed himself down to the burden of our mysterious atonement; or that the Spirit of God should now, by the busy variety of his all-powerful influences, be carrying forward that dispensation of grace which is to make us meet for re-admittance into the mansions of the celestial. Only think of love as the reigning principle there; of love, as sending forth its energies and aspirations to the quarter where its object is most in danger of being for ever lost to it; of love, as called forth by this single circumstance to its uttermost exertion, and the most exquisite feeling of its tenderness; and then shall we come to a distinct and familiar explanation of this whole mystery: nor shall we resist by our incredulity the gospel-message any longer, though it tells us, that throughout the whole of this world's history, long in your eyes, but only a little month in the high periods of immortality, so much of the vigilance and so much of the earnestness of heaven should have been expended on the recovery of its guilty population.

There is another touching trait of nature, which goes finely to heighten this principle, and still more forcibly to demonstrate its application to our present argument.

So long as the dying child of David was alive, he was kept on the stretch of anxiety and of suffering with regard to it. When it expired, he rose and comforted himself. This narrative of King David is in harmony with all that we experience of our own movements and our own sensibilities. It is the power of uncertainty which gives them so active and so interesting a play in our bosoms ; and which heightens all our regards to a tenfold pitch of feeling and of exercise ; and which fixes down our watchfulness upon our infant's dying bed ; and which keeps us so painfully alive to every turn and to every symptom in the progress of its malady ; and which draws out all our affections for it to a degree of intensity that is quite unutterable ; and which urges us on to ply our every effort and our every expedient, till hope withdraw its lingering beam, or till death shut the eyes of our beloved in the slumber of its long and its last repose.

I know not which of you have your names written in the book of life—nor can I tell if this be known to the angels which are in heaven. While in the land of living men, you are under the power and application of a remedy, which, if taken as the Gospel prescribes, will renovate the soul, and altogether prepare it for the bloom and the vigour of immortality. Wonder not, then, that with this principle of uncertainty in such full operation, ministers should feel for you ; or angels should feel for you ; or all the sensibilities of heaven should be awake upon the symptoms of your grace and reformation ; or the eyes of those who stand upon the high eminences of the celestial world, should be so earnestly fixed on the every foot-step and new evolution of your moral history. Such a consideration as this should do something more than silence the infidel objection. It should give a practical effect to the calls of repentance. How will it go to aggravate the whole guilt of our impenitency, should we stand out against the power and the tenderness of these manifold applications—the voice of a beseeching God upon us—the word of salvation at our very door—the free offer of strength and of acceptance sounded in our

hearing—the Spirit in readiness with his agency to meet our every desire and our every inquiry—angels beckoning us to their company—and the very first movements of our awakened consciences, drawing upon us all their regards and all their earnestness !

*Chalmers.*

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LIX. ON THE UNIVERSALITY OF SHAKSPEARE'S GENIUS.

THE distinguishing property, says our author, of the dramatic poet, is the capability of transporting himself so completely into every situation, even the most unusual, that he is enabled, as plenipotentiary of the whole human race, without particular instructions for each separate case, to act and speak in the name of every individual. It is the power of endowing the creatures of his imagination with such self-existent energy, that they afterwards act in each conjuncture according to general laws of nature: the poet institutes, as it were, experiments, which are received with as much authority as if they had been made on real objects. Never, perhaps, was there so comprehensive a talent for the delineation of character as Shakspeare's. It not only grasps the diversities of rank, sex, and age, down to the dawnings of infancy; not only do the king and the beggar, the hero and the pickpocket, the sage and the idiot, speak and act with equal truth; not only does he transport himself to distant ages and foreign nations, and portray in the most accurate manner, with only a few apparent violations of costume, the spirit of the ancient Romans, of the French in their wars with the English, of the English themselves during a great part of their history, of the Southern Europeans (in the serious part of many comedies), the cultivated society of that time, and the former rude and barbarous state of the North; his human characters have not only such depth and precision that they cannot be arranged under classes, and are inexhaustible, even in conception:—no—This Prometheus not merely forms men, he opens the gates of the magical world of spirits; calls up the midnight ghost; exhibits before us his witches, amidst their unhallowed

mysteries; peoples the air with sportive fairies and sylphs:—and, these beings existing only in imagination, possess such truth and consistency, that, even when deformed monsters like Caliban, he extorts the conviction, that if there should be such beings, they would so conduct themselves. In a word, as he carries with him the most fruitful and daring fancy into the kingdom of nature,—on the other hand, he carries nature into the regions of fancy, lying beyond the confines of reality. We are lost in astonishment at seeing the extraordinary, the wonderful, and the unheard-of, in such intimate nearness.

If Shakspeare deserves our admiration for his characters, he is equally deserving it for his exhibition of passion, taking this word in its widest signification, as including every mental condition, every tone, from indifference or familiar mirth, to the wildest rage and despair. He gives us the history of minds; he lays open to us, in a single word, a whole series of preceding conditions. His passions do not at first stand displayed to us in all their height, as is the case with so many tragic poets, who, in the language of Lessing, are thorough masters of the legal style of love. He paints, in a most inimitable manner, the gradual progress from the first origin. “He gives,” as Lessing says, “a living picture of all the most minute and secret artifices by which a feeling steals into our souls; of all the imperceptible advantages which it there gains; of all the stratagems by which every other passion is made subservient to it, till it becomes the sole tyrant of our desires and our aversions.” Of all poets, perhaps, he alone has portrayed the mental diseases, melancholy, delirium, lunacy, with such inexpressible, and, in every respect, definite truth, that the physician may enrich his observations from them in the same manner as from real cases.

And yet Johnson has objected to Shakspeare, that his pathos is not always natural and free from affectation. There are, it is true, passages, though, comparatively speaking, very few, where his poetry exceeds the bounds of true dialogue, where a too soaring imagination, a too luxuriant wit, rendered the complete dramatic forgetfulness of himself impossible. With this exception, the

censure originates only in a fanciless way of thinking, to which every thing appears unnatural that does not suit its own tame insipidity. Hence an idea has been formed of simple and natural pathos, which consists in exclamations destitute of imagery, and nowise elevated above every-day life. But energetical passions electrify the whole of the mental powers, and will, consequently, in highly-favoured natures, express themselves in an ingenious and figurative manner. It has been often remarked, that indignation gives wit; and, as despair occasionally breaks out into laughter, it may sometimes also give vent to itself in antithetical comparisons.

Besides, the rights of the poetical form have not been duly weighed. Shakspeare, who was always sure of his object, to move in a sufficiently powerful manner when he wished to do so, has occasionally, by indulging in a freer play, purposely moderated the impressions when too painful, and immediately introduced a musical alleviation of our sympathy. He had not those rude ideas of his art which many moderns seem to have, as if the poet, like the clown in the proverb, must strike twice on the same place. An ancient rhetorician delivered a caution against dwelling too long on the excitation of pity; for nothing, he said, dries so soon as tears; and Shakspeare acted conformably to this ingenious maxim, without knowing it.

The objection, that Shakspeare wounds our feelings by the open display of the most disgusting moral odiousness, harrows up the mind unmercifully, and tortures even our minds by the exhibition of the most insupportable and hateful spectacles, is one of much greater importance. He has never, in fact, varnished over wild and blood-thirsty passions with a pleasing exterior,—never clothed crime and want of principle with a false show of greatness of soul; and in that respect he is every way deserving of praise. Twice he has portrayed downright villains; and the masterly way in which he has contrived to elude impressions of too painful a nature may be seen in Iago and Richard the Third. The constant reference to a petty and puny race must cripple the boldness of the poet. Fortunately for his art, Shak-

speare lived in an age extremely susceptible of noble and tender impressions, but which had still enough of the firmness inherited from a vigorous olden time, not to shrink back with dismay from every strong and violent picture. We have lived to see tragedies of which the catastrophe consists in the swoon of an enamoured princess. If Shakspeare falls occasionally into the opposite extreme, it is a noble error, originating in the fullness of a gigantic strength; and yet this tragical Titan, who storms the heavens, and threatens to tear the world from off its hinges; who, more fruitful than Æschylus, makes our hair stand on end, and congeals our blood with horror, possessed, at the same time, the insinuating loveliness of the sweetest poetry. He plays with love like a child; and his songs are breathed out like melting sighs. He unites in his genius the utmost elevation and the utmost depth; and the most foreign, and even apparently irreconcilable properties, subsist in him peaceably together. The world of spirits and nature have laid all their treasures at his feet. In strength a demi-god, in profundity of view a prophet, in all-seeing wisdom a protecting spirit of a higher order, he lowers himself to mortals, as if unconscious of his superiority; and is as open and unassuming as a child.

Shakspeare's comic talent is equally wonderful with that which he has shown in the pathetic and tragic; it stands on an equal elevation, and possesses equal extent and profundity. All that I before wished was, not to admit that the former preponderated. He is highly inventive in comic situations and motives. It will be hardly possible to show whence he has taken any of them; whereas in the serious part of his drama, he has generally laid hold of something already known. His comic characters are equally true, various, and profound, with his serious. So little is he disposed to caricature, that we may rather say many of his traits are almost too nice and delicate for the stage,—that they can only be properly seized by a great actor, and fully understood by a very acute audience. Not only has he delineated many kinds of folly; he has also contrived to exhibit

mere stupidity in a most diverting and entertaining manner.

*Schlegel.*

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LX. ON INTERPRETING THE AFFLICTIONS WHICH BEFALL OUR NEIGHBOURS AS PUNISHMENTS AND JUDGMENTS.

WE cannot be guilty of a greater act of uncharitableness, than to interpret the afflictions which befall our neighbours as punishments and judgments. It aggravates the evil to him who suffers, when he looks upon himself as the mark of divine vengeance, and abates the compassion of those towards him, who regard him in so dreadful a light. This humour of turning every misfortune into a judgment, proceeds from wrong notions of religion, which, in its own nature, produces goodwill towards men, and puts the mildest construction upon every accident that befalls them. In this case, therefore, it is not religion that sours a man's temper, but it is his temper that sours his religion; people of gloomy, uncheerful imaginations, or of envious, malignant tempers, whatever kind of life they are engaged in, will discover their natural tincture of mind in all their thoughts, words, and actions. As the finest wines have often the taste of the soil, so even the most religious thoughts often draw something that is particular from the constitution of the mind in which they arise. When folly or superstition strike in with this natural depravity of temper, it is not in the power, even of religion itself, to preserve the character of the person who is possessed with it from appearing highly absurd and ridiculous.

An old maiden gentlewoman, whom I shall conceal under the name of Nemesis, is the greatest discoverer of judgments that I have met with. She can tell you what sin it was that set such a man's house on fire, or blew down his barns. Talk to her of an unfortunate young lady that lost her beauty by the small-pox, she fetches a deep sigh, and tells you, that when she had a fine face, she was always looking on it in her glass. Tell her of a piece of good fortune that has befallen



one of her acquaintance, and she wishes it may prosper with her ; but her mother used one of her nieces very barbarously. Her usual remarks turn upon people who had great estates, but never enjoyed them, by reason of some flaw in their own or their father's behaviour. She can give you the reason why such a one was cut off in the flower of his youth ; why such a one was unhappy in her marriage ; why one broke his leg on such a particular spot of ground ; and why another was killed with a back-sword, rather than with any other kind of weapon. She has a crime for every misfortune that can befall any of her acquaintance ; and when she hears of a robbery that has been made, or a murder that has been committed, enlarges more on the guilt of the suffering person, than on that of the thief or assassin. In short, she is so good a Christian, that whatever happens to herself is a trial, and whatever happens to her neighbours is a judgment.

The very description of this folly, in ordinary life, is sufficient to expose it ; but when it appears in a pomp and dignity of style, it is very apt to amuse and terrify the mind of the reader. Herodotus and Plutarch very often apply their judgments as impertinently as the old woman I have before mentioned, though their manner of relating them makes the folly itself appear venerable. Indeed, most historians, as well Christian as Pagan, have fallen into this idle superstition, and spoken of ill success, unforeseen disasters, and terrible events, as if they had been let into the secrets of Providence, and made acquainted with that private conduct by which the world is governed. One would think several of our own historians in particular had many revelations of this kind made to them. Our old English monks seldom let any of their kings depart in peace, who had endeavoured to diminish the power or wealth, of which the ecclesiastics were in those times possessed. William the Conqueror's race generally found their judgments in the New Forest, where their fathers had pulled down churches and monasteries. In short, read one of the chronicles written by an author of this frame of mind,

and you would think you were reading a history of the kings of Israel or Judah, where the historians were actually inspired, and where, by a particular scheme of Providence, the kings were distinguished by judgments or blessings, according as they promoted idolatry or the worship of the true God.

I cannot but look upon this manner of judging upon misfortunes, not only to be very uncharitable in regard to the person on whom they fall, but very presumptuous in regard to Him who is supposed to inflict them. It is a strong argument for a state of retribution hereafter, that in this world virtuous persons are very often unfortunate, and vicious persons prosperous, which is wholly repugnant to the nature of a Being who appears infinitely wise and good in all his works, unless we may suppose that such a promiscuous and undistinguishing distribution of good and evil, which was necessary for carrying on the designs of Providence in this life, will be rectified and made amends for in another. We are not therefore to expect that fire should fall from heaven in the ordinary course of Providence; nor, when we see triumphant guilt or depressed virtue in particular persons, that Omnipotence will make bare its holy arm in the defence of the one, or punishment of the other. It is sufficient that there is a day set apart for the hearing and requiting of both according to their respective merits.

The folly of ascribing temporal judgments to any particular crimes may appear from several considerations. I shall only mention two: first, That, generally speaking, there is no calamity or affliction, which is supposed to have happened as a judgment to a vicious man, which does not sometimes happen to men of approved religion and virtue. When Diagoras the atheist was on board one of the Athenian ships, there arose a very violent tempest; upon which the mariners told him, that it was a just judgment upon them for having taken so impious a man on board. Diagoras begged them to look upon the rest of the ships that were in the same distress, and asked them whether or no Diagoras was on board every vessel in the fleet. We are all involved in the same ca-

lamities, and subject to the same accidents; and when we see any one of the species under any particular oppression, we should look upon it as rising from the common lot of human nature, rather than from the guilt of the person who suffers.

Another consideration, that may check our presumption in putting such a construction upon a misfortune is this, that it is impossible for us to know what are calamities and what are blessings. How many accidents have passed for misfortunes, which have turned to the welfare and prosperity of the persons to whose lot they have fallen? How many disappointments have, in their consequences, saved a man from ruin? If we could look into the effects of every thing, we might be allowed to pronounce boldly upon blessings and judgments; but for a man to give his opinion of what he sees but in part, and in its beginnings, is an unjustifiable piece of rashness and folly. The story of Biton and Clitobus, which was in great reputation among the heathens (for we see it quoted by all the ancient authors, both Greek and Latin, who have written upon the immortality of the soul), may teach us a caution in this matter. These two brothers, being the sons of a lady, who was priestess to Juno, drew their mother's chariot to the temple at the time of a great solemnity, the persons being absent who by their office were to have drawn her chariot on that occasion. The mother was so transported with this instance of filial duty, that she petitioned her goddess to bestow upon them the greatest gift that could be given to men; upon which they were both cast into a deep sleep, and the next morning found dead in the temple. This was such an event as would have been construed into a judgment, had it happened to the two brothers after an act of disobedience, and would doubtless have been represented as such by any ancient historian who had given us an account of it. *Addison.*

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#### LXI. THE BASHFUL MAN.

I LABOUR under a species of distress, which, I fear, will at length drive me utterly from that society, in which I am most ambitious to appear; but I will give

you a short sketch of my origin and present situation, by which you will be enabled to judge of my difficulties.

My father was a farmer of no great property, and with no other learning than what he had acquired at a charity-school; but my mother being dead, and I an only child, he determined to give me that advantage which he fancied would have made him happy, viz. a learned education. I was sent to a country grammar-school, and thence to the University, with a view of qualifying myself for holy orders. Here, having but small allowance from my father, and being naturally of a timid and bashful disposition, I had no opportunity of rubbing off that native awkwardness, which is the cause of all my unhappiness, and which, I now begin to fear, can never be amended. You must know, that in my person I am tall and thin, with a fair complexion and light flaxen hair; but of such extreme susceptibility of shame, that, on the smallest subject of confusion, my blood all rushes into my cheeks, and I appear a perfect full-blown rose. The consciousness of this unhappy failing made me avoid society, and I became enamoured of a college life; particularly when I reflected that the uncouth manners of my father's family were little calculated to improve my outward conduct; I therefore had resolved on living at the University, and taking pupils, when two unexpected events greatly altered the posture of my affairs, viz. my father's death, and the arrival of a rich uncle from the Indies. This uncle also died a short time after his arrival, leaving me heir to all his property. And now beheld me, at the age of twenty-five, well stocked with Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, possessed of an ample fortune; but so awkward, and so unversed in every gentlemanlike accomplishment, that I am pointed at by all who see me as the *wealthy learned clown*.

I have lately purchased an estate in the country, which abounds in what is called a fashionable neighbourhood; and when you reflect upon my parentage and uncouth manners, you will hardly believe how much my company is courted by the surrounding families—especially by those who have marriageable daughters; from these gentlemen I have received familiar calls, and the most press-

ing invitations ; and though I wished to accept their offered friendship, I have frequently excused myself under the pretence of not being quite settled. The truth is, that when I have rode or walked, with full intention to return their several visits, my heart has failed me as I approached their gates, and I have frequently returned homeward, resolving to try again to-morrow.

However, I at length determined to conquer my timidity, and three days ago accepted an invitation to dine this day, with one whose easy manner left me no room to doubt a cordial welcome. Sir Thomas Friendly, who lives about two miles distant, is a baronet, with an estate of about two thousand pounds a-year, adjoining to that I purchased ; he has two sons and five daughters, all grown up, and living with their mother at *Friendly-Hall*, dependent on their father. Conscious of my unpolished gait, I have for some time past taken lessons of a *Professor* who teaches “grown gentlemen to dance ;” and though I at first found wondrous difficulty in the art he taught, my knowledge of the mathematics was of prodigious use in teaching me the equilibrium of my body, and the due adjustment of the centre of gravity to the five positions. Having now acquired the art of walking without tottering, and learned to make a bow, I boldly ventured to obey the baronet’s invitation to a family-dinner, not doubting that my new acquirements would enable me to see the ladies with tolerable intrepidity ; but, alas ! how vain are all the hopes of *theory* when unsupported by habitual *practice*. As I approached the house, a dinner-bell alarmed my fears, lest I had spoiled the dinner by want of punctuality ; impressed with this idea, I blushed the deepest crimson, as my name was repeatedly announced by the several livery servants, who ushered me into the library, hardly knowing what or whom I saw. At my first entrance, I summoned all my fortitude, and made my new-learned bow to Lady Friendly ; but unfortunately, bringing back my left foot to the third position, I trod upon the gouty toe of poor Sir Thomas, who had followed close upon my heels, to be the nomenclator of the family. The confusion this occasioned in me is hardly to be conceived, since none but bashful men

can judge of my distress; and of that description the number is, I believe, very small. The Baronet's politeness by degrees dissipated my concern, and I was astonished to see how far good breeding could enable him to suppress his feelings, and to appear in perfect ease after so painful an accident.

The cheerfulness of her Ladyship, and the familiar chat of the young ladies, insensibly led me to throw off my reserve and sheepishness, till at length I ventured to join in conversation, and even to start fresh subjects. The library being richly furnished with books in elegant binding, I conceived Sir Thomas to be a man of literature, and ventured to give my opinion concerning the several editions of the Greek Classics,—in which the Baronet's opinion exactly coincided with my own. To this subject I was led by observing an edition of *Xenophon*, in sixteen volumes, which, as I had never before heard of such a thing, greatly excited my curiosity, and I rose up to examine what it could be. Sir Thomas saw what I was about, and, as I supposed, willing to save me the trouble, rose to take down the book—which made me the more eager to prevent him; and hastily laying my hand on the first volume, I pulled it forcibly;—but, lo! instead of books, a board, which, by leather and gilding, had been made to look like sixteen volumes, came tumbling down, and unluckily pitched upon a Wedgewood inkstand that stood under it. In vain did Sir Thomas assure me there was no harm; I saw the ink streaming from an inlaid table on the Turkey carpet, and, scarce knowing what I did, attempted to stop its progress with my white cambric handkerchief. In the height of this confusion, we were informed that dinner was served up, and I with joy perceived that the bell which at first alarmed my fears, was only the half-hour dinner-bell.

In walking through the hall, and suite of apartments, to the dining-room, I had time to collect my scattered senses, and was desired to take my seat at the table betwixt Lady Friendly and her eldest daughter. Since the fall of the wooden *Xenophon*, my face had been continually burning like a fire-brand, and I was just beginning to recover myself, and to feel comfortably cool,

when an unlooked-for accident rekindled all my heat and blushes. Having set my plate of soup too near the edge of the table, in bowing to Miss Dinah, who politely complimented the pattern of my waistcoat, I tumbled the whole scalding contents into my lap. In spite of an immediate supply of napkins to wipe the surface of my clothes, my black silk breeches were not stout enough to save me from the painful effects of this sudden fomentation, and for some moments my legs and thighs seemed stewing in a boiling caldron; but, recollecting how Sir Thomas had disguised his torture when I trod upon his toe, I firmly bore my pain in silence, and sat with my lower extremities parboiled, amidst the stifled giggling of the ladies and servants.

I will not relate the several blunders which I made during the first course, or the distress occasioned by being desired to carve a fowl, or help to various dishes that stood near me, spilling a sauce-boat, and knocking down a salt-cellar; rather let me hasten to the second course, where "fresh disasters overwhelmed me quite."

I had a piece of rich sweet pudding on my fork, when Miss Louisa Friendly begged to trouble me for a pigeon that stood near me; in my haste, scarce knowing what I did, I whipped the pudding into my mouth, hot as a burning coal: it was impossible to conceal my agony; my eyes were starting from their sockets. At last, in spite of shame and resolution, I was obliged to drop the cause of torment on my plate. Sir Thomas and the ladies all compassionated my misfortune, and each advised a different application; one recommended oil, another water, but all agreed that wine was best for drawing out the fire; and a glass of sherry was brought me from the sideboard, which I snatched up with eagerness; but oh, how shall I tell the sequel! Whether the butler, by accident, mistook, or purposely designed to drive me mad, he gave me the strongest brandy, with which I filled my mouth, already flayed and blistered. Totally unused to every kind of ardent spirits, with my tongue, throat, and palate, as raw as beef, what could I do? I could not swallow, and clapping my hands upon my

mouth, the cursed liquor squirted through my nose and fingers, like a fountain, over all the dishes; and I was crushed with bursts of laughter from all quarters. In vain did Sir Thomas reprimand the servants, and Lady Friendly chide her daughters; for the measure of my shame and their diversion was not yet complete. To relieve me from the intolerable state of perspiration which this accident had caused, without considering what I did, I wiped my face with that ill-fated handkerchief, which was still wet in consequence of the fall of *Xenophon*, and covered all my features with streaks of ink in every direction. The Baronet himself could not support this shock, but joined his Lady in the general laugh; while I sprang from the table in despair, rushed out of the house, and ran home in an agony of confusion and disgrace, which the most poignant sense of guilt could not have excited.

Thus, without having deviated from the path of moral rectitude, I am suffering torments like a "goblin damned." The lower half of me has been almost boiled, my tongue and mouth grilled, and I bear the mark of Cain on my forehead; yet these are but trifles to the everlasting shame which I must feel whenever this adventure shall be mentioned.

*Anon.*



## EXERCISES IN POETRY.

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### I. ON FREEDOM.

FAIR FREEDOM has a thousand charms to show,  
That slaves, howe'er contented, never know.  
The Mind attains beneath her happy reign  
The growth that Nature meant she should attain ;  
The varied fields of science, ever new,  
Opening and wider opening on her view,  
She ventures onward with a prosperous force,  
While no base fear impedes her in her course.  
Religion, richest favour of the skies,  
Stands most revealed before the freeman's eyes ;  
No shades of superstition blot the day,  
Liberty chases all that gloom away ;  
The soul emancipated, unoppressed,  
Free to prove all things and hold fast the best,  
Learns much ; and to a thousand listening minds  
Communicates with joy the good she finds :  
Courage in arms, and ever prompt to show  
His manly forehead to the fiercest foe ;  
Glorious in war, but for the sake of peace,  
His spirits rising as his toils increase,  
Guards well what arts and industry have won,  
And Freedom claims him for her first-born son.  
Slaves fight for what were better cast away—  
The chain that binds them, and a tyrant's sway ;  
But they that fight for freedom, undertake  
The noblest cause mankind can have at stake :  
Religion, virtue, truth, whate'er we call  
A blessing—freedom is the pledge of all.  
O liberty ! the prisoner's pleasing dream,  
The poet's muse, his passion, and his theme ;  
Genius is thine, and thou art Fancy's nurse ;  
Lost without thee the ennobling powers of verse ;

Heroic song from thy free touch acquires  
 Its clearest tone, the rapture it inspires :  
 Place me where Winter breathes his keenest air,  
 And I will sing, if Liberty be there ;  
 And I will sing at Liberty's dear feet,  
 In Afric's torrid clime, or India's fiercest heat. *Cowper.*

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II. THRASIMENE, THE IMPERISHABLE MONUMENT OF  
 CARTHAGINIAN SKILL, AND ROMAN DESPAIR.

I ROAM

By Thrasimene's lake, in the defiles  
 Fatal to Roman rashness, more at home ;  
 For there the Carthaginian's warlike wiles  
 Come back before me, as his skill beguiles  
 The host between the mountains and the shore,  
 Where Courage falls in her despairing files,  
 And torrents, swoln to rivers with their gore,  
 Reek through the sultry plain, with legions scatter'd o'er.

Like to a forest fell'd by mountain-winds ;  
 And such the storm of battle on this day,  
 And such the frenzy, whose convulsion blinds  
 To all save carnage, that, beneath the fray,  
 An earthquake reel'd unheededly away !  
 None felt stern Nature rocking at his feet,  
 And yawning forth a grave for those who lay  
 Upon their bucklers for a winding-sheet ;  
 Such is the absorbing hate when warring nations meet !

The Earth to them was as a rolling bark  
 Which bore them to Eternity ; they saw  
 The ocean round, but had no time to mark  
 The motions of their vessel ; Nature's law,  
 In them suspended, reck'd not of the awe  
 Which reigns when mountains tremble, and the birds  
 Plunge in the clouds for refuge, and withdraw  
 From their down-toppling nests ; and bellowing herds  
 Stumble o'er heaving plains, and man's dread hath no words.

Far other scene is Thrasimene now ;  
 Her lake a sheet of silver, and her plain  
 Rent by no ravage save the gentle plough ;  
 Her aged trees rise thick as once the slain  
 Lay where their roots are ; but a brook hath ta'en—

A little rill of scanty stream and bed—  
 A name of blood from that day's sanguine rain ;  
 And Sanguinetto tells ye where the dead  
 Made the earth wet, and turn'd the unwilling waters red.

*Byron.*

III. THE LOVE OF THE WORLD REPROVED, OR  
 HYPOCRISY DETECTED.

THUS says the prophet of the Turk,  
 Good mussulman, abstain from pork ;  
 There is a part in every swine  
 No friend or follower of mine  
 May taste, whate'er his inclination,  
 On pain of excommunication.  
 Such Mahomet's mysterious charge,  
 And thus he left the point at large.  
 Had he the sinful part expressed,  
 They might with safety eat the rest ;  
 But for one piece they thought it hard  
 From the whole hog to be debarred ;  
 And set their wit at work to find  
 What joint the prophet had in mind.  
 Much controversy straight arose,  
 These choose the back, the belly those ;  
 By some 'tis confidently said  
 He meant not to forbid the head ;  
 While others at that doctrine rail,  
 And piously prefer the tail.  
 Thus, conscience freed from every clog,  
 Mahometans eat up the hog.

You laugh—'tis well—The tale applied  
 May make you laugh on t'other side.  
 Renounce the world—the preacher cries.  
 We do—a multitude replies.  
 While one as innocent regards  
 A snug and friendly game at cards ;  
 And one, whatever you may say,  
 Can see no evil in a play ;  
 Some love a concert, or a race ;  
 And others shooting, and the chase.  
 Reviled and loved, renounced and followed,  
 Thus, bit by bit, the world is swallowed ;  
 Each thinks his reighbour makes too free,  
 Yet likes a slice as well as he :

With sophistry their sauce they sweeten,  
Till quite from tail to snout 'tis eaten. *Cowper.*

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#### IV. JUPITER'S ADDRESS TO THE INFERIOR DEITIES.

AURORA, now, fair daughter of the dawn!  
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn,  
When Jove convened the senate of the skies,  
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise.  
The sire of gods his awful silence broke;  
The heavens, attentive, trembled as he spoke:—  
“Celestial states! immortal gods, give ear:  
Hear our decree—and reverence what ye hear:  
The fix'd decree, which not all heaven can move;  
Thou, Fate! fulfil it; and ye, Powers! approve.—  
What god shall enter yon forbidden field?  
Who yields assistance, or but wills to yield,  
Back to the skies with shame he shall be driven,  
Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of heaven;  
Or, from the sacred hill with fury thrown,  
Deep in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan;  
With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,  
And lock'd by hell's inexorable doors;  
As far beneath the infernal centre hurl'd,  
As from that centre to the ethereal world.  
Let each, submissive, dread those dire abodes,  
Nor tempt the vengeance of the God of gods.  
League all your forces, then, ye powers above,  
Your strength unite against the might of Jove;  
Let down your golden, everlasting chain,  
Whose strong embrace holds heaven, and earth, and main;  
Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,  
To drag by this the thunderer down to earth—  
Ye strive in vain. If I but stretch this hand,  
I heave the Gods, the ocean, and the land;  
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,  
And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight.  
For such I reign, unbounded and above;  
And such are men, and gods,—compared to Jove.”

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#### V. FOLLY OF ATTEMPTING TO PLEASE ALL MANKIND.

ONCE on a time, a son and sire, we're told,  
The stripling tender, and the father old,

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

*Footnote.*

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## VI. ON THE WASTE OF UNEMPLOYED FEELINGS.

IF solitude succeed to grief,  
 Release from pain is slight relief ;  
 The vacant bosom's wilderness  
 Might thank the pang that made it less.  
 We loathe what none are left to share :  
 Even bliss—'twere wo alone to bear ;  
 The heart once left thus desolate  
 Must fly at last for ease—to hate.  
 It is as if the dead could feel  
 The icy worm around them steal,

“ No! here, take these, which magnify still more ;  
 “ How do *they* fit?”—“ Like all the rest before.”

In short, they tried a whole assortment through,  
 But all in vain, for none of them would do :  
 The operator, much surprised to find  
 So odd a case, thought, sure the man is blind ;  
 “ What sort of eyes can you have got ?” said he ;  
 “ Why, very good ones, friend, as you may see.”  
 “ Yes, I perceive the clearness of the ball—  
 Pray, let me ask you—can you read at all ?”  
 “ No, you great *blockhead* ! if I could, what need  
 Of paying you for any *helps to read* ?”  
 And so he left the maker in a *heat*,  
 Resolved to post him for an arrant cheat.

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#### IX. THE SONG OF MUSIC IN LALLA ROOKH.

FROM CHINDARA'S warbling fount I come,  
 Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell ;  
 From CHINDARA'S fount, my fairy home,  
 Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.  
 Where lutes in the air are heard about,  
 And voices are singing the whole day long,  
 And every sigh the heart breathes out  
 Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song !

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,  
 And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,  
 That fall as soft as snow on the sea,  
 And melt in the heart as instantly !  
 And the passionate strain that, deeply going,  
 Refines the bosom it trembles through,  
 As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,  
 Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too !

Mine is the charm, whose mystic sway  
 The Spirits of past Delight obey ;—  
 Let but the tuneful talisman sound,  
 And they come, like Genii, hovering round.  
 And mine is the gentle song, that bears  
 From soul to soul, the wishes of love,  
 As a bird, that wafts through genial airs  
 The cinnamon seed from grove to grove.

'Tis I that mingle in one sweet measure  
 The past, the present, and future of pleasure ;  
 When Memory links the tone that is gone  
     With the blissful tone that's still in the ear ;  
 And Hope from a heavenly note flies on  
     To a note more heavenly still that is near !

The warrior's heart, when touch'd by me,  
 Can as downy soft and as yielding be  
 As his own white plume, that high amid death  
 Through the field has shone—yet moves with a breath.  
 And oh, how the eyes of Beauty glisten,  
     When Music has reach'd her inward soul,  
 Like the silent stars, that wink and listen  
     While Heav'n's eternal melodies roll !

*Moore.*

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#### X. THE TRIUMPH OF FAITH.

MARSHALLING all his terrors as he came,  
 Thunder, and earthquake, and devouring flame,  
 From Sinai's top Jehovah gave the law,  
 Life for obedience, death for every flaw.  
 When the great Sovereign would his will express,  
 He gives a perfect rule, what can he less ?  
 And guards it with a sanction as severe  
 As vengeance can inflict, or sinners fear ;  
 Else his own glorious rights he would disclaim,  
 And man might safely trifle with his name.  
 He bids him glow with unremitting love  
 To all on Earth, and to himself above ;  
 Condemns the injurious deed, the slanderous tongue,  
 The thought that meditates a brother's wrong ;  
 Brings not alone the more conspicuous part,  
 His conduct, to the test, but tries his heart.

Hark ! universal nature shook and groaned,  
 'Twas the last trumpet—see the Judge enthroned.  
 Rouse all your courage at your utmost need,  
 Now summon every virtue, stand and plead.  
 What ! silent ? Is your boasting heard no more ?  
 That self-renouncing wisdom, learned before,  
 Had shed immortal glories on your brow,  
 That all your virtues cannot purchase now.

All joy to the believer ! He can speak--  
 Trembling yet happy, confident yet meek.

Since the dear hour, that brought me to thy foot,  
 And cut up all my follies by the root,  
 I never trusted in an arm but thine,  
 Nor hoped, but in thy righteousness divine ;  
 My prayers and alms, imperfect and defiled,  
 Were but the feeble efforts of a child.  
 Howe'er performed, it was their brightest part,  
 That they proceeded from a grateful heart ;  
 Cleansed in thine own all-purifying blood,  
 Forgive their evil, and accept their good ;  
 I cast them at thy feet—my only plea  
 Is what it was, dependence upon thee,  
 While struggling in the vale of tears below,  
 That never failed, nor shall it fail me now.  
 Angelic gratulations rend the skies,  
 Pride falls unpitied, never more to rise,  
 Humility is crowned, and Faith receives the prize.

}  
*Comper.*

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XI. MIDNIGHT MEDITATIONS AT SEA.

THROUGH Calpe's straits survey the steepy shore ;  
 Europe and Afric on each other gaze !  
 Lands of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor  
 Alike beheld beneath pale Hecate's blaze :  
 How softly on the Spanish shore she plays,  
 Disclosing rock, and slope, and forest brown,  
 Distinct, though darkening with her waning phase ;  
 But Mauritania's giant-shadows frown,  
 From mountain-cliff to coast descending sombre down.

'Tis night, when Meditation bids us feel  
 We once have loved, though love is at an end :  
 The heart, lone mourner of its baffled zeal,  
 Though friendless now, will dream it had a friend.  
 Who with the weight of years would wish to bend,  
 When Youth itself survives young Love and Joy ?  
 Alas ! when mingling souls forget to blend,  
 Death hath but little left him to destroy !  
 Ah ! happy years ! once more who would not be a boy ?

Thus bending o'er the vessel's laving side,  
 To gaze on Dian's wave-reflected sphere ;  
 The soul forgets her schemes of Hope and Pride,  
 And flies unconscious o'er each backward year.



None are so desolate but something dear,  
 Dearer than self, possesses or possessed  
 A thought, and claims the homage of a tear ;  
 A flashing pang ! of which the weary breast  
 Would still, albeit in vain, the heavy heart divest.

To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell,  
 To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,  
 Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,  
 And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been ;  
 To climb the trackless mountain all unseen,  
 With the wild flock that never needs a fold ;  
 Alone o'er steeps and foaming falls to lean ;  
 This is not solitude ; 'tis but to hold  
 Converse with Nature's charms, and view her stores unroll'd.

But midst the crowd, the hum, the shock of men,  
 To hear, to see, to feel, and to possess,  
 And roam along, the world's tired denizen,  
 With none who bless us, none whom we can bless ;  
 Minions of splendour shrinking from distress !  
 None that, with kindred consciousness endued,  
 If we were not, would seem to smile the less,  
 Of all that flattered, followed, sought, and sued ;  
 This is to be alone ; this, this is solitude !

*Byron.*

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## XII. THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

Two honest tradesmen, meeting in the Strand,  
 One took the other briskly by the hand ;  
 " Hark ye," said he, "'tis an odd story this  
 About the crows !" — " I don't know what it is."  
 Replied his friend, — " No ! I'm surprised at that ;  
 Where I come from it is the common chat ;  
 But you shall hear : an odd affair indeed !  
 And that it happened, they are all agreed :  
 Not to detain you from a thing so strange,  
 A gentleman, who lives not far from 'Change,  
 This week, in short, as all the Alley knows,  
 Taking a puke, has thrown up Three Black Crows !"

" Impossible !" — " Nay, but 'tis really true ;  
 I had it from good hands, and so may you." —  
 " From whose, I pray ?" — So having named the man,  
 Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.

“ Sir, did you tell”——relating the affair——  
 “ Yes, sir, I did ; and if ’tis worth your care,  
 ’Twas Mr Such-a-one, who told it me ;  
 But, by the by, ’twas *Two* black crows, not *Three*.”

Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,  
 Quick, to the third, the virtuoso went.  
 “ Sir”——and so forth——“ Why, yes ; the thing is fact,  
 Though in regard to number not exact ;  
 It was not *Two* black crows, ’twas only *One*,  
 The truth of that you may depend upon :  
 The gentleman himself told me the case.”——  
 “ Where may I find him ?”——“ Why, in such a place.”

Away he went ; and having found him out,  
 “ Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt.”——  
 Then to his last informant he referr’d,  
 And begg’d to know, if true what he had heard ;  
 “ Did you, sir, throw up a black crow ?”——“ NOT I”——  
 “ Bless me !——how people propagate a lie !  
 Black crows have been thrown up, *three, two, and one* ;  
 And here, I find, all comes at last to *None* !  
 Did you say nothing of a crow at all ?”——  
 “ Crow——crow——perhaps I might, now I recall  
 The matter o’er.” “ And, pray, sir, what was’t ?”  
 “ Why, I was horrid sick, and at the last  
 I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,  
 Something that was——as *black*, sir, as a crow.”

### XIII. CHURCHILL’S GRAVE,

*A Fact literally rendered.*

I STOOD beside the grave of him who blazed  
 The comet of a season, and I saw  
 The humblest of all sepulchres, and gazed  
 With not the less of sorrow and of awe  
 On that neglected turf and quiet stone,  
 With name no clearer than the names unknown,  
 Which lay unread around it ; and I ask’d  
 The Gardener of that ground, why it might be  
 That for this plant strangers his memory task’d  
 Through the thick deaths of half a century ;  
 And thus he answered——“ Well, I do not know  
 “ Why frequent travellers turn to pilgrims so ;

" He died before my day of Sextonship,  
 " And I had not the digging of this grave."  
 And is this all? I thought,—and do we rip  
 The veil of Immortality, and crave  
 I know not what of honour and of light  
 Through unborn ages, to endure this blight,  
 So soon and so successful? As I said,  
 The Architect of all on which we tread,  
 For Earth is but a tombstone, did essay  
 To extricate remembrance from the clay,  
 Whose minglings might confuse a Newton's thought,  
 Were it not that all life must end in one,  
 Of which we are but dreamers ;—as he caught  
 As 'twere the twilight of a former sun,  
 Thus spoke he :—" I believe the man of whom  
 " You wot, who lies in this selected tomb,  
 " Was a most famous writer in his day,  
 " And therefore travellers step from out their way  
 " To pay him honour,—and myself whate'er  
 " Your honour pleases ;"—then most pleased I shook  
 From out my pocket's avaricious nook  
 Some certain coins of silver, which as 'twere  
 Perforce I gave this man, though I could spare  
 So much but inconveniently :—Ye smile,  
 I see ye, ye profane ones ! all the while,  
 Because my homely phrase the truth would tell.  
 You are the fools, not I—for I did dwell  
 With a deep thought, and with a soften'd eye,  
 On that old Sexton's natural homily,  
 In which there was Obscurity and Fame,  
 The Glory and the Nothing of a Name.

*Byron.*

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#### XIV. PETITION OF THE YOUNG LADIES,

Addressed to Dr MOYCE, late Lecturer on the Philosophy of Natural History.

DEAR DOCTOR, let it not transpire,  
 How much your Lectures we admire ;  
 How at your eloquence we wonder,  
 When you explain the cause of thunder ;  
 Of lightning, and of electricity,  
 With so much plainness and simplicity ;  
 The origin of rocks and mountains,  
 Of seas and rivers, lakes and fountains ;

Of rain and hail, and frost and snow,  
 And all the storms and winds that blow ;  
 Besides a hundred wonders more,  
 Of which we never heard before.

But now, dear Doctor, not to flatter,  
 There is a most important matter,  
 A matter which you never touch on,  
 A matter which our thoughts run much on,  
 A subject, if we right conjecture,  
 That well deserves a long, long Lecture,  
 Which all the ladies would approve,—  
 'The *Natural History of Love* !

Deny us not, dear Doctor Moyce !  
 O list to our entreating voice !  
 Tell us why our poor tender hearts  
 So easily admit Love's darts.  
 Teach us the marks of Love's beginning ;  
 What makes us think a *beau* so winning ;  
 What makes us think a coxcomb witty,  
 A black coat wise, a *red coat*—pretty !  
 Why we believe such horrid lies,  
 That we are angels from the skies,  
 Our teeth like pearl, our cheeks like roses,  
 Our eyes like stars—such charming noses !  
 Explain our dreams, awake and sleeping,  
 Explain our blushing, laughing, weeping.  
 Teach us, dear Doctor, if you can,  
 To humble that proud creature, *Man* ;  
 To turn the wise ones into fools,  
 The proud and insolent to tools ;  
 To make them all run, helter skelter,  
 Their necks—into the *marriage-halter* :  
 Then leave us to ourselves with these ;  
 We'll turn and rule them as we please.

Dear Doctor, if you grant our wishes,  
 We promise you—five hundred kisses ;  
 And, rather than the affair be blundered,  
 We'll give you—*six score* to the hundred !

*Anon.*

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XV. THE WHOLE UNIVERSE ONE SYSTEM OF NATURE.

HERE then we rest : “ The Universal Cause  
 Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.”

In all the madness of superfluous health,  
 The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,  
 Let this great truth be present night and day :  
 But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world ; behold the chain of Love  
 Combining all below and all above.  
 See plastic nature working to this end ;  
 The single atoms each to other tend ;  
 Attract, attracted to the next in place,  
 Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.  
 See Matter next, with various life endued,  
 Press to one centre still, the gen'ral Good.  
 See dying Vegetables life sustain,  
 See life dissolving vegetate again :  
 All forms that perish other forms supply !  
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die) ;  
 Like bubbles on the sea of Matter borne,  
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return.  
 Nothing is foreign ; Parts relate to Whole ;  
 One all-extending, all-preserving Soul  
 Connects each being, greatest with the least ;  
 Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast ;  
 All served, all serving : nothing stands alone ;  
 The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,  
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?  
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,  
 For him as kindly spreads the flowery lawn,  
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?  
 Joy tunes his voice, Joy elevates his wings.  
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?  
 Love of his own and raptures swell the note.  
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride  
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.  
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?  
 The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.  
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?  
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.  
 The hog that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,  
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care,  
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.

While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"  
 "See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose!  
 And just as short of reason he must fall,  
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Pope.

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XVI. THE HARE AND TORTOISE.

IN days of yore, when time was young,  
 When birds conversed as well as sung,  
 When use of speech was not confined  
 Merely to brutes of human kind,  
 A forward hare, of swiftness vain,  
 The genius of the neighbouring plain,  
 Would oft deride the drudging crowd;  
 For geniuses are ever proud.  
 He'd boast, his flight 'twere vain to follow,  
 For dog and horse, he'd *beat them hollow*;  
 Nay, if he put forth all his strength,  
 Outstrip his brethren *half a length*.

A tortoise heard his vain oration,  
 And vented thus his indignation:  
 "O puss, it bodes thee dire disgrace,  
 "When I defy thee to the race;  
 "Come, 'tis a match, nay, no denial,  
 "I'll lay my shell upon the trial."  
 'Twas done and done, all fair, a bet,  
 Judges prepared, and distance set.

The scampering hare outstripp'd the wind;  
 The creeping tortoise lagg'd behind,  
 And scarce had passed a single pole,  
 When puss had almost reached the goal.  
 "Friend tortoise," quoth the jeering hare,  
 "Your burden's more than you can bear:  
 "To help your speed, it were as well,  
 "That I should ease you of your shell:  
 "Jog on a little faster, pr'ythee,  
 "I'll take a nap, and then be with thee."

The tortoise heard his taunting jeer,  
 But still resolved to *persevere*:  
 Still crawl'd along, as who should say,  
 I'll win, like Fabius, by delay;  
 On to the goal securely crept,  
 While puss, unknowing, soundly slept.—

The bets were won, the hare awake,  
 When thus the victor tortoise spake :  
 “ Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,  
 “ Things are not always done by *starts* :  
 “ You may deride my awkward pace,  
 “ But *slow* and *steady* wins the race.”

Lloyd.

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XVII. SPEECH OF ACHILLES.

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Ulysses, hear  
 A faithful speech, that knows nor art nor fear :  
 What in my secret soul is understood,  
 My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.  
 Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain,  
 Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.—  
 Long toils, long perils in their cause I bore,  
 But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.  
 Fight or not fight, a like reward we claim ;  
 The wretch and hero find their prize the same :  
 Alike regretted in the dust he lies,  
 Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.  
 Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,  
 A life of labours, lo ! what fruit remains ?  
 As the bold bird her helpless young attends,  
 From danger guards them, and from want defends ;  
 In search of prey she wings the spacious air,  
 And with untasted food supplies her care ;  
 For thankless Greece such hardships have I braved ;  
 Her wives, her infants, by my valour saved ;  
 Long sleepless nights in heavy arms I stood,  
 And spent laborious days in dust and blood.  
 Then, at Atrides' haughty feet were laid  
 The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made.  
 Your mighty monarch these in peace possess'd ;  
 Some few my soldiers had, himself the rest.  
 Robb'd of my rights, all proffers I disdain ;  
 Deceived for once, I trust not kings again.  
 Ye have my answer. What remains to do ?  
 Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.  
 What needs he the defence this arm can make ?  
 Has he not walls no human force can shake ?  
 Has he not fenced his guarded navy round  
 With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound ?

And will not these (the wonders he has done)  
 Repel the rage of Priam's single son?—  
 There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)  
 When Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought ;  
 He kept the verge of Troy, nor dared to wait  
 Achilles' vengeance at the Scæan gate.  
 But now those deadly contests are no more ;  
 To-morrow we the favouring gods implore :  
 Then shall you see our parting vessels crown'd,  
 And hear with oars the Hellespont resound.  
 Then tell your king, that all the Greeks may hear,  
 And learn to scorn the man they basely fear ;  
 (For, arm'd in impudence, mankind he braves,  
 And meditates new cheats on all his slaves ;  
 Though, shameless as he is, to meet these eyes  
 Is what he dares not ; if he dare, he dies) :  
 Tell him, all terms, all commerce I decline,  
 Nor share his councils, nor his battles join.

*Homer's Iliad.*

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XVIII. THE OCEAN ; AN IMAGE OF THE AWFUL AND  
 UNCHANGEABLE ABYSS OF ETERNITY.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
 There is society, where none intrudes,  
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :  
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,  
 From these our interviews, in which I steal  
 From all I may be, or have been before,  
 To mingle with the universe, and feel  
 What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark-blue ocean—roll !  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control  
 Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields  
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise



And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields  
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,  
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,  
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies  
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
 And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
 Their clay-creator the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war ;  
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,  
 They melt into thy yest of waves, which mar  
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?  
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
 And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey  
 The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,  
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—  
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—  
 Such as Creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,  
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark-heaving ;—boundless, endless, and sublime—  
 The image of Eternity—the throne  
 Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone  
 Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

*Byron.*

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XIX. GUILT ABASHED IN THE PRESENCE OF INNOCENCE.

Now, o'er the vale of Balbec winging  
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,  
 Among the rosy wild flowers singing,  
 As rosy and as wild as they ;

And, near the boy, who, tired with play,  
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,  
 She saw a wearied man dismount  
 From his hot steed, and on the brink  
 Of a small imaret's rustic fount  
 Impatient fling him down to drink.  
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd  
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,  
 Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd  
 Upon a brow more fierce than that,—  
 Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,  
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire !  
 In which the PERI's eye could read  
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed.

Yet tranquil now that man of crime,  
 (As if the balmy evening time  
 Soften'd his spirit), look'd and lay,  
 Watching the rosy infant's play :—

But hark ! the vesper-call to prayer,  
 As slow the orb of day-light sets,  
 As rising sweetly on the air,

From SYRIA's thousand minarets !  
 The boy has started from the bed  
 Of flowers, where he had laid his head,  
 And down upon the fragrant sod  
 Kneels, with his forehead to the south,  
 Lipping th' eternal name of God

From Purity's own cherub mouth,  
 And looking, while his hands and eyes  
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,  
 Like a stray babe of Paradise,  
 Just lighted on that flowery plain,  
 And seeking for its home again !

Oh 'twas a sight—that Heav'n—that Child—  
 A scene, which might have well beguiled  
 Even haughty EBLIS of a sigh  
 For glories lost and peace gone by !

And how felt *he*, the wretched Man  
 Reclining there—while memory ran  
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,  
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,  
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,  
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace !

“ There *was* a time,” he said in mild,  
 Heart-humbled tones—“ thou blessed child !  
 “ When young and haply pure as thou,  
 “ I look’d and pray’d like thee—but now—”  
 He hung his head—each nobler aim  
 And hope and feeling, which had slept  
 From boyhood’s hour, that instant came  
 Fresh o’er him, and he wept—he wept !

Moore.

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XX. THE FAKENHAM GHOST.

THE lawns were dry in Euston-park,  
 (Here truth inspires my tale),  
 The lonely footpath, still and dark,  
 Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,  
 And fearful haste she made  
 To gain the vale of Fakenham,  
 And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,  
 But follow’d faster still ;  
 And echo’d to the darksome copse  
 That whisper’d on the hill :

Where clamorous rooks, yet scarcely hush’d,  
 Bespoke a peopled shade ;  
 And many a wing the foliage brush’d,  
 And hovering circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer,  
 That sought the shades by day,  
 Now started from her path with fear,  
 And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew, and darker fears  
 Came o’er her troubled mind ;  
 When now, a short quick step she hears  
 Come patting close behind.

She turn’d—it stopt—nought could she see  
 Upon the gloomy plain !  
 But, as she strove the Sprite to flee,  
 She heard the same again.

Now terror seized her quaking frame :

For, where the path was bare,  
The trotting ghost kept on the same !  
She mutter'd many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,  
She tried what sight could do ;  
When, through the cheating glooms of night,  
A monster stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,  
It follow'd down the plain !  
She own'd her sins, and down she knelt,  
And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped, and hope grew strong,  
The white park-gate in view :  
Which pushing hard, so long it swung  
That Ghost and all pass'd through.

Loud fell the gate against the post !  
Her heart-strings like to crack :  
For much she fear'd the grisly ghost  
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the Goblin went,  
As it had done before—  
Her strength and resolution spent,  
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surprised ;  
Out came her daughter dear :  
Good-natured souls ! all unadvised  
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierced through the night,  
Some short space o'er the green :  
And there the little trotting Sprite  
Distinctly might be seen.

An *ass's foal* had lost its dam  
Within the spacious park ;  
And, simple as the playful lamb,  
Had follow'd in the dark.

No Goblin he ; no imp of sin ;  
No crimes had he e'er known :  
They took the shaggy stranger in,  
And rear'd him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round  
 Upon the cottage floor ;  
 The matron learn'd to love the sound  
 That frighten'd her before.

A favourite the Ghost became,  
 And 'twas his fate to thrive ;  
 And long he lived, and spread his fame,  
 And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale,  
 And some conviction too :  
 Each thought some other Goblin tale  
 Perhaps was just as true.

*Bloomfield.*

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XXI. CONRAD, THE CORSAIR.

UNLIKE the heroes of each ancient race,  
 Demons in act, but gods at least in face ;  
 In Conrad's form seems little to admire,  
 Though his dark eyebrow shades a glance of fire :  
 Robust, but not Herculean—to the sight  
 No giant-frame sets forth his common height ;  
 Yet, on the whole—who paused to look again,  
 Saw more than marks the crowd of vulgar men :  
 They gaze, and marvel how, and still confess  
 That thus it is, but why they cannot guess.  
 Sun-burnt his cheek,—his forehead, high and pale,  
 The sable curls, in wild profusion, veil ;  
 And oft perforce his rising lip reveals  
 The haughtier thought it curbs, but scarce conceals.  
 Though smooth his voice, and calm his general mien,  
 Still seems there something he would not have seen :  
 His features' deep'ning lines, and varying hue,  
 At times attracted, yet perplex'd, the view,  
 As if within that murkiness of mind  
 Work'd feelings fearful, and yet undefined ;  
 Such might it be—that none could truly tell—  
 Too close inquiry his stern glance would quell.  
 There breathe but few, whose aspect might defy  
 The full encounter of his searching eye ;  
 He had the skill, when cunning's gaze would seek  
 To probe his heart, and watch his changing cheek,  
 At once the observer's purpose to espy,  
 And on himself roll back the scrutiny,

Lest he to Conrad rather should betray  
 Some secret thought, than drag that chief's to day.  
 There was a laughing devil in his sneer,  
 That raised emotions both of rage and fear ;  
 And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,  
 Hope withering fled—and Mercy sigh'd farewell !

Slight are the outward signs of evil thought ;  
*Within—within—*'twas there the spirit wrought !  
 Then, with the hurried step, the upward eye,  
 The clenched hand, the pause of agony,  
 That listens, starting, lest the step too near  
 Approach intrusive on that mood of fear :  
 Then, with each feature working from the heart,  
 With feelings loosed to strengthen, not depart—  
 That rise, convulse, contend—that freeze, or glow—  
 Flush in the cheek, or damp upon the brow,—  
 Then, Stranger ! if thou canst, and tremblest not,  
 Behold his soul—the rest that sooths his lot !  
 Mark how that lone and blighted bosom sears  
 The scathing thought of execrated years ;  
 Behold—but who hath seen, or e'er shall see,  
 Man as himself—the secret spirit free ?

*Byron.*

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XXII. AN EPISTLE TO JOSEPH HILL, ESQ.

DEAR JOSEPH—five and twenty years ago—  
 Alas, how time escapes !—'tis even so—  
 With frequent intercourse, and always sweet,  
 And always friendly, we were wont to cheat  
 A tedious hour—and now we never meet !  
 As some grave gentleman in Terence says  
 ('Twas therefore much the same in ancient days,)  
 Good lack, we know not what to-morrow brings—  
 Strange fluctuation of all human things !  
 True. Changes will befall, and friends may part,  
 But distance only cannot change the heart :  
 And, were I call'd to prove th' assertion true,  
 One proof should serve—a reference to you.

Whence comes it, then, that in the wane of life,  
 Though nothing have occur'd to kindle strife,  
 We find the friends we fancied we had won,  
 Though num'rous once, reduced to few or none ?  
 Can gold grow worthless, that has stood the touch ?  
 No ; gold they seem'd, but they were never such.

Horatio's servant once, with bow and cringe,  
 Swinging the parlour-door upon its hinge,  
 Dreading a negative, and overaw'd  
 Lest he should trespass, begg'd to go abroad.  
 Go, fellow !—whither ?—turning short about—  
 Nay. Stay at home—you're always going out.  
 'Tis but a step, sir, just at the street's end.—  
 For what ?—An please you, sir, to see a friend.—  
 A friend ! Horatio cried, and seem'd to start—  
 Yea marry shalt thou, and with all my heart.—  
 And fetch my cloak ; for, though the night be raw,  
 I'll see him too—the first I ever saw.

I knew the man, and knew his nature mild,  
 And was his plaything often when a child ;  
 But somewhat at that moment pinch'd him close,  
 Else he was seldom bitter or morose.  
 Perhaps, his confidence just then betray'd,  
 His grief might prompt him with the speech he made ;  
 Perhaps, 'twas mere good humour gave it birth,  
 The harmless play of pleasantry and mirth.  
 Howe'er it was, his language, in my mind,  
 Bespoke at least a man that knew mankind.

But not to moralize too much, and strain  
 To prove an evil, of which all complain,  
 (I hate long arguments verbosely spun,)  
 One story more, dear Hill, and I have done.  
 Once on a time an emp'ror, a wise man,  
 No matter where, in China or Japan,  
 Decreed, that whosoever should offend  
 Against the well-known duties of a friend,  
 Convicted once should ever after wear  
 But half a coat, and show his bosom bare.  
 The punishment importing this, no doubt,  
 That all was naught within, and all found out.

O happy Britain ! we have not to fear  
 Such hard and arbitrary measure here ;  
 Else, could a law, like that which I relate,  
 Once have the sanction of our triple state,  
 Some few, that I have known in days of old,  
 Would run most dreadful risk of catching cold ;  
 While you, my friend, whatever wind should blow,  
 Might traverse England safely to and fro,  
 An honest man, close button'd to the chin,  
 Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within.

## XXIII. THE PRESENT CONDITION OF MAN VINDICATED.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of Fate,  
 All but the page prescribed, 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 ?  
 Pleased to the last he crops the flow'ry food,  
 And licks the hand just raised 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 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 confined 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 embraced,  
 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 Heaven'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 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.

Popc.

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XXIV. THE PILGRIMS AND THE PEASE.

A BRACE of sinners, for no good,  
 Were order'd to the Virgin Mary's shrine,  
 Who at Loretto dwelt, in wax, stone, wood,  
 And in a curl'd white wig look'd wondrous fine.

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,  
 With something in their shoes, much worse than gravel ;  
 In short, their toes so gentle to amuse,  
 The priest had order'd *pease* into their shoes :  
 A nostrum famous in old Popish times,  
 For purifying souls most foul with crimes.

The knaves set off on the same day,  
 Pease in their shoes, to go and pray ;  
 But very different was their speed, I wot :  
 One of the sinners gallop'd on,  
 Light as a bullet from a gun ;  
 The other limp'd as if he had been shot.

One saw the Virgin soon—"peccavi," cried—  
 Had his soul white-wash'd all so clever !  
 When home again he nimbly hied,  
 Made fit with saints above to live for ever !

In coming back, however, let me say,  
 He met his brother rogue about half way,  
 Hobbling, with outstretch'd arms, and bending knees,  
 Banning the souls and bodies of the pease ;  
 His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,  
 Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.—  
 "How now !" the light-toed, white-wash'd pilgrim broke ;

“ You lazy lubber ! ” —

“ Confound it ! ” cries the other, “ ’tis no joke—  
My feet, once hard as any rock,  
Are now as soft as blubber.

Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear !  
As for Loretto—I shall ne’er get there :  
No ! to the fiend my sinful soul must go ;  
For, hang me if I hav’n’t lost every toe !—  
But, brother sinner, do explain,  
How ’tis that you are not in pain ;  
What Power hath work’d a wonder for *your* toes ?  
While *I* just like a snail am crawling,  
Now swearing, now on Saints devoutly bawling—  
Whilst not a rascal comes to ease my woes !

How is’t that you can like a greyhound go,  
Merry as if that nought had happen’d ? burn ye ! ”  
“ Why, ” cried the other, grinning, “ you must know,  
That, just before I ventured on my journey,  
To walk a little more at ease,  
I took the liberty to—*boil my pease.*” *Dr Wolcot.*

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### XXV. THE SIEGE OF CORINTH.

THE night is past, and shines the sun  
As if that morn were a jocund one.  
Lightly and brightly breaks away  
The Morning from her mantle grey,  
And the Noon will look on a sultry day.  
Hark to the trump, and the drum,  
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,  
And the flap of the banners, that flit as they’re borne,  
And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude’s hum,  
And the clash, and the shout, “ They come, they come ! ”  
The horsetails are pluck’d from the ground, and the sword  
From its sheath ; and they form, and but wait for the  
word.

The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein :  
Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane :  
White is the foam of their champ on the bit :  
The spears are uplifted ; the matches are lit ;  
The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,  
And crush the wall they have crumbled before :  
Forms in his phalanx each Janizar ;

Alp at their head ; his right arm is bare,  
 So is the blade of his scimitar ;  
 The khan and the pachas are all at their post ;  
 The vizier himself at the head of the host.  
 When the culverin's signal is fired, then on ;  
 Leave not in Corinth a living one—  
 A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,  
 A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls.  
 God and the Prophet—Alla Hu !  
 Up to the skies with that wild halloo !

As the wolves that headlong go  
 On the stately buffalo,  
 Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,  
 And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,  
 He tramples on earth, or tosses on high  
 The foremost who rush on his strength but to die :  
 Thus against the wall they went,  
 Thus the first were backward bent ;  
 Many a bosom, sheath'd in brass,  
 Strew'd the earth like broken glass,  
 Shiver'd by the shot, that tore  
 The ground whereon they moved no more :  
 Even as they fell, in files they lay,  
 Like the mower's grass at the close of day,  
 When his work is done on the levell'd plain ;  
 Such was the fall of the foremost slain.  
 As the spring-tides, with heavy plash,  
 From the cliffs invading dash  
 Huge fragments, sapp'd by the ceaseless flow,  
 Till white and thundering down they go,  
 Like the avalanche's snow  
 On the Alpine vales below ;  
 Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,  
 Corinth's sons were downward borne  
 By the long and oft-renew'd  
 Charge of the Moslem multitude.  
 In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,  
 Heap'd, by the host of the infidel,  
 Hand to hand, and foot to foot :  
 Nothing there, save death, was mute ;  
 Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry  
 For quarter, or for victory.  
 From the point of encountering blades to the hilt,  
 Sabres and swords with blood were gilt :

But the rampart is won, and the spoil begun,  
 And all but the after carnage done.  
 Shriller shrieks now mingling come  
 From within the plunder'd dome:  
 Hark to the haste of flying feet,  
 That splash in the blood of the slippery street!

*Byron.*

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XXVI. THE COMBAT OF FITZ-JAMES AND RODERICK  
 DHU.

THEN each at once his faulchion drew,  
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,  
 Each look'd to sun, and stream, and plain,  
 As what he ne'er might see again ;  
 Then, foot, and point, and eye opposed,  
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.—  
 Ill fared it now with Roderick Dhu,  
 That on the field his targe he threw,  
 Whose brazen studs, and tough bull-hide,  
 Had death so often dash'd aside ;  
 For, train'd abroad his arms to wield,  
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield ;  
 He practised every pass and ward,  
 To feint, to thrust, to strike, to guard ;  
 While, less expert, though stronger far,  
 The Gael maintain'd unequal war.  
 Three times in closing strife they stood,  
 And thrice the Saxon sword drank blood :  
 No stinted draught—no scanty tide !  
 The gushing flood the tartans dy'd ;  
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,  
 And shower'd his blows like wintry rain ;  
 And as firm tower, or castle-roof,  
 Against the winter-shower is proof,  
 The foe, invulnerable still,  
 Foil'd his wild rage by steady skill ;  
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand  
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,  
 And, backwards borne upon the lea,  
 Brought the proud chieftain to his knee :—  
 “ Now yield thee, or, by Him who made  
 The world ! thy heart-blood dyes my blade.”—  
 “ Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy ;

Let recreant yield, who fears to die."—  
 Like adder darting from his coil—  
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil—  
 Like mountain-cat that guards her young,—  
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung ;  
 Received, but reck'd not of a wound,  
 And lock'd his arms his foeman round.  
 Now, gallant Saxon ! hold thy own ;  
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !  
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,  
 Through bars of brass and triple steel.  
 They tug, they strain—down, down, they go,—  
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below !  
 The chieftain's gripe his throat compress'd,  
 His knee was planted in his breast ;  
 His clotted locks he backward threw,  
 Across his brow his hand he drew,  
 From blood and mist to clear his sight—  
 Then gleam'd aloft his dagger bright ;  
 But hate and fury ill supplied  
 The stream of life's exhausted tide ;  
 And all too late the advantage came,  
 To turn the odds of deadly game.  
 For, while the dagger gleam'd on high,  
 Reel'd soul and sense, reel'd brain and eye.  
 Down came the blow—but in the heath  
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath.—  
 The struggling foe may now unclasp  
 The fainting chief's relaxing grasp.  
 Unwounded, from the dreadful close,  
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

*Scott.*

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XXVII. ELIZA AND WILLIAM.

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height,  
 O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight ;  
 Sought, with bold eye, amid the bloody strife,  
 Her dearest William, partner of her life :  
 From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,  
 And view'd his banners—or believed she view'd.  
 Pleased with the distant roar, with quicker tread,  
 Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led ;  
 And one fair girl, amid the loud alarm,  
 Slept on her kerchief, cradled by her arm :

While round her brows bright beams of honour dart,  
And love's warm eddies circle round her heart.

Near and more near, the intrepid beauty press'd ;  
Saw, through the driving smoke, his dancing crest ;  
Heard the exulting shout, " They run ! they run !"  
" Great God !" she cried, " he's safe ! the battle's won !"—

A ball now hisses through the airy tides,  
(Some Fury wing'd it, and some Demon guides !)  
Parts the fine locks her graceful head that deck,  
Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck ;  
The red stream, issuing from her azure veins,  
Dyes her white veil, her ivory bosom stains.—

" Ah me !" she cried ; and, sinking on the ground,  
Kiss'd her dear babes, regardless of the wound :—  
" Oh, cease not yet to beat, thou vital urn !—  
Wait, gushing life ! oh, wait my Love's return !—  
Hoarse barks the wolf—the vulture screams from far !  
The angel, Pity, shuns the walks of war !—  
Oh, spare, ye war-hounds, spare their tender age !  
On me,—on me," she cried, " exhaust your rage."  
Then, with weak arms her weeping babes caress'd,  
And, sighing, hid them in her blood-stain'd vest.

From tent to tent the impatient William flies,  
Fear in his heart and frenzy in his eyes ;  
Eliza's name along the camp he calls,  
" Eliza !" echoes through the canvass walls :  
Quick through the murmuring gloom his footsteps tread,  
O'er groaning heaps, the dying and the dead ;  
Vault o'er the plain,—and in the tangled wood,  
Lo ! dead Eliza weltering in her blood !

Soon hears his listening son the welcome sounds ;  
With open arms, and sparkling eyes he bounds :  
" Speak low !" he cries—and gives his little hand,  
" My mother sleeps upon the dew-cold sand ;"  
Poor weeping babe with bloody fingers press'd,  
And tried with pouting lips her milkless breast ;  
" Alas ! we both with cold and hunger quake—  
" Why do you weep ?—Mamma will soon awake."

" She'll wake no more !" the hopeless William cried,  
Upturn'd his eyes, and clasp'd his hands, and sigh'd.

Stretch'd on the ground a while entranced he lay,  
 And press'd warm kisses on the lifeless clay ;  
 And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,  
 And all the *Father* kindled in his heart :—  
 “ O Heaven !” he cried, “ my first rash vow forgive !  
 “ These bind to earth ; for these I pray to live !” —  
 Round his chill babes he wrapt his crimson vest,  
 And clasp'd them, sobbing, to his aching breast.

*Darwin.*

### XXVIII. A COUNTRY BUMPKIN AND RAZOR-SELLER.

A FELLOW in a market-town,  
 Most musical, cried razors up and down,  
 And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pence ;  
 Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,  
 And for the money quite a heap,  
 As every man would buy with cash and sense.

A country bumpkin the great offer heard,—  
 Poor Hodge, who suffer'd by a broad black beard,  
 That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose :  
 With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid ;  
 And proudly to himself in whispers said,  
 “ This rascal stole the razors, I suppose.

No matter, if the fellow *be* a knave :  
 Provided that the razors *shave*,  
 It certainly will be a monstrous prize.”  
 So home the clown with his good fortune went,  
 Smiling, in heart and soul content,  
 And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.

Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,  
 Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,  
 Just like a hedger cutting furze ;  
 'Twas a vile razor ! Then the rest he tried—  
 All were impostors—“ Ah !” Hodge sigh'd,  
 “ I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse.”

In vain to chase his beard, and bring the graces,  
 He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamp'd, and swore ;  
 Brought blood, and danced, blasphem'd, and made wry faces,  
 And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er.

His MUZZLE form'd of *opposition* stuff,  
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff :

So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds :  
Hodge, in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,  
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clench'd claws,

On the vile CHEAT that sold the goods.  
“ Razors !—a vile confounded dog !—  
Not fit to scrape a hog.”

Hodge sought the fellow, found him, and begun—

“ Perhaps, Master Razor-Rogue, to you 'tis fun,

That people flay themselves out of their lives :

You rascal ! for an hour I have been grubbing,

Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,

With razors just like oyster-knives.

Sirrah ! I tell you you're a knave,

To cry up razors that can't *shave*.”

“ Friend,” quoth the razor-man, “ I'm not a knave :

As for the razors you have bought,

Upon my soul I never thought

That they would *shave*.”

“ Not think they'd shave !” quoth Hodge, with wond'ring  
eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell ;

“ What were they made for then, you dog ?” he cries :

“ Made !” quoth the fellow with a smile—“ to *sell*.”

*Dr Wolcot.*

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## XXIX. THE POWER OF ELOQUENCE,

*An Ode.*

HEARD ye those loud contending waves,

That shook Cecropia's pillar'd state ?

Saw ye the mighty from their graves

Look up, and tremble at her fate ?

Who shall calm the angry storm ?

Who the mighty task perform,

And bid the raging tumult cease ?

See the son of Hermes rise ;

With syren tongue and speaking eyes,

Hush the noise, and sooth to peace !



See the olive branches waving  
 O'er Ilissus' winding stream ;  
 Their lovely limbs the Naiads laving,  
 The Muses smiling by, supreme !

See the nymphs and swains advancing,  
 To harmonious measures dancing :  
 Grateful Io Peans rise  
 To thee, O Power ! who canst inspire  
 Soothing words—or words of fire,  
 And shook thy plumes in Attic skies !

Lo ! from the regions of the North,  
 The reddening storm of battle pours ;  
 Rolls along the trembling earth,  
 Fastens on the Olynthian towers.

“ Where rests the sword ?—where sleep the brave ?  
 Awake ! Cecropia's ally save  
 From the fury of the blast ;  
 Burst the storm on Phocis' walls ;  
 Rise ! or Greece for ever falls,  
 Up ! or Freedom breathes her last !”

The jarring States, obsequious now,  
 View the Patriot's hand on high ;  
 Thunder gathering on his brow,  
 Lightning flashing from his eye !

Borne by the tide of words along,  
 One voice, one mind, inspire the throng :—  
 “ To arms ! to arms ! to arms !” they cry,  
 “ Grasp the shield, and draw the sword,  
 Lead us to Philippi's lord,  
 Let us conquer him—or die !”

Ah Eloquence ! thou wast undone ;  
 Wast from thy native country driven,  
 When Tyranny eclipsed the sun,  
 And blotted out the stars of heaven.

When Liberty from Greece withdrew,  
 And o'er the Adriatic flew,

To where the Tiber pours his urn,  
 She struck the rude Tarpeian rock ;  
 Sparks were kindled by the shock—  
 Again thy fires began to burn !

Now, shining forth, thou mad'st compliant  
 The Conscript Fathers to thy charms ;  
 Roused the world-bestridding giant,  
 Sinking fast in Slavery's arms !

I see thee stand by Freedom's fane,  
 Pouring the persuasive strain,  
 Giving vast conceptions birth :  
 Hark ! I hear thy thunder's sound,  
 Shake the Forum round and round—  
 Shake the pillars of the earth !

First-born of Liberty divine !  
 Put on Religion's bright array ;  
 Speak ! and the starless grave shall shine  
 The portal of eternal day !

Rise, kindling with the orient beam ;  
 Let Calvary's hill inspire the theme !  
 Unfold the garments roll'd in blood !  
 O touch the soul, touch all her chords,  
 With all the omnipotence of words,  
 And point the way to Heaven—to God !      *Carey.*

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XXX. THE PAINTER WHO PLEASSED NOBODY AND  
 EVERY BODY.

LEST men suspect your tale untrue,  
 Keep probability in view.  
 The traveller leaping o'er those bounds,  
 The credit of his book confounds.  
 Who with his tongue hath armies routed,  
 Makes ev'n his real courage doubted :  
 But flattery never seems absurd,  
 The flatter'd always take your word :  
 Impossibilities seem just ;  
 They take the strongest praise on trust.

Hyperboles, though ne'er so great,  
Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like, a Painter drew,  
That ev'ry eye the picture knew ;  
He hit complexion, feature, air,  
So just, the life itself was there.  
No flatt'ry with his colours laid,  
To bloom restored the faded maid ;  
He gave each muscle all its strength ;  
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length,  
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,  
And mark'd the date of age and youth.  
He lost his friends, his practice fail'd ;  
Truth should not always be reveal'd ;  
In dusty piles his pictures lay,  
For no one sent the second pay.  
Two bustos, fraught with ev'ry grace,  
A Venus and Apollo's face,  
He placed in view ; resolved to please  
Whoever sat, he drew from these ;  
From these corrected ev'ry feature,  
And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set ; the hour was come,  
His pallet ready o'er his thumb,  
My Lord appear'd ; and, seated right  
In proper attitude and light,  
The Painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,  
Then dipp'd his pencil, talk'd of Greece,  
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air ;  
Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there  
Might well a Raphael's hand require,  
To give them all the native fire ;  
The features fraught with sense and wit,  
You'll grant, are very hard to hit ;  
But yet with patience you shall view  
As much as paint and art can do.  
Observe the work. My Lord replied,  
Till now I thought my mouth was wide ;  
Besides, my nose is somewhat long ;  
Dear Sir, for me 'tis far too young.

Oh pardon me ! the artist cried,  
In this the painters must decide.  
The piece e'en common eyes must strike ;  
I warrant it extremely like.

My Lord examined it anew ;  
 No looking-glass seem'd half so true.

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

Through all the town his art they praised ;  
 His custom grew, his price was raised.  
 Had he the real likeness shown,  
 Would any man the picture own ?  
 But when thus happily he wrought,  
 Each found the likeness in his thought.

*Gay.*

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XXXI. THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gather'd then  
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;  
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;  
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it?—No ; 'twas but the wind,  
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;  
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;  
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—  
 But, hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;  
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !  
 Arm ! arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall  
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear  
 That sound the first amidst the festival,  
 And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear ;  
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,  
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,

And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :  
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;  
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering, with white lips—" The foe ! they come !  
they come !"

And wild and high the " Camerons' Gathering" rose !  
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—  
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills  
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which instils  
The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,  
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !  
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,  
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,

The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day  
 Battle's magnificently-stern array !  
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent  
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,  
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

*Byron.*

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XXXII. ON HEROISM.

THERE was a time when Ætna's silent fire  
 Slept unperceived, the mountain yet entire ;  
 When, conscious of no danger from below,  
 She tower'd a cloud-capt pyramid of snow.  
 No thunders shook with deep intestine sound  
 The blooming groves that girdled her around.  
 Her unctuous olives, and her purple vines,  
 (Unfelt the fury of those bursting mines)  
 The peasant's hopes, and not in vain, assured,  
 In peace upon her sloping sides matured.  
 When on a day, like that of the last doom,  
 A conflagration lab'ring in her womb,  
 She teem'd and heaved with an infernal birth,  
 That shook the circling seas and solid earth.  
 Dark and voluminous the vapours rise,  
 And hang their horrors in the neighb'ring skies,  
 While through the Stygian veil, that blots the day,  
 In dazzling streaks the vivid lightnings play.  
 But oh ! what muse, and in what pow'rs of song,  
 Can trace the torrent as it burns along ?  
 Havoc and devastation in the van,  
 It marches o'er the prostrate works of man ;  
 Vines, olives, herbage, forests disappear,  
 And all the charms of a Sicilian year.

Revolving seasons, fruitless as they pass,  
 See it an unform'd and idle mass ;  
 Without a soil t' invite the tiller's care,  
 Or blade, that might redeem it from despair.  
 Yet time at length (what will not time achieve ?)  
 Clothes it with earth, and bids the produce live.  
 Once more the spiry myrtle crowns the glade,  
 And ruminating flocks enjoy the shade.  
 O bliss precarious, and unsafe retreats,  
 O charming Paradise of short-lived sweets !

The self-same gale, that wafts the fragrance round,  
 Brings to the distant ear a sullen sound :  
 Again the mountain feels th' imprison'd foe,  
 Again pours ruin on the vale below.  
 Ten thousand swains the wasted scene deplore,  
 That only future ages can restore.

Ye monarchs, whom the lure of honour draws,  
 Who write in blood the merits of your cause,  
 Who strike the blow, then plead your own defence,  
 Glory your aim, but justice your pretence ;  
 Behold in Ætna's emblematic fires,  
 The mischiefs your ambitious pride inspires !

Fast by the stream, that bounds your just domain,  
 And tells you where ye have a right to reign,  
 A nation dwells, not envious of your throne,  
 Studious of peace, their neighbours' and their own.  
 Ill-fated race ! how deeply must they rue  
 Their only crime, vicinity to you !

The trumpet sounds, your legions swarm abroad,  
 Through the ripe harvest lies their destined road ;  
 At ev'ry step beneath their feet they tread  
 The life of multitudes, a nation's bread !  
 Earth seems a garden in its loveliest dress  
 Before them, and behind a wilderness.

Famine, and Pestilence, her first-born son,  
 Attend to finish what the sword begun ;  
 And echoing praises, such as fiends might earn,  
 And Folly pays, resound at your return.

A calm succeeds—but Plenty, with her train  
 Of heart-felt joys, succeeds not soon again,  
 And years of pining indigence must show  
 What scourges are the gods that rule below.

Yet man, laborious man, by slow degrees,  
 (Such is his thirst of opulence and ease)  
 Plies all the sinews of industrious toil,  
 Gleans up the refuse of the gen'ral spoil,  
 Rebuilds the tow'rs, that smoked upon the plain,  
 And the sun gilds the shining spires again.

Increasing commerce and reviving art  
 Renew the quarrel on the conqu'ror's part ;  
 And the sad lesson must be learn'd once more,  
 That wealth within is ruin at the door ;  
 What are ye, monarchs, laurel'd heroes, say,  
 But Ætnas of the suff'ring world ye sway ?

Sweet Nature, stripp'd of her embroider'd robe,  
 Deplores the wasted regions of her globe ;  
 And stands a witness at Truth's awful bar,  
 To prove you there destroyers as you are.

O place me in some Heav'n-protected isle,  
 Where Peace, and Equity, and Freedom smile ;  
 Where no volcano pours his fiery flood,  
 No crested warrior dips his plume in blood ;  
 Where Pow'r secures what Industry has won ;  
 Where to succeed is not to be undone ;  
 A land, that distant tyrants hate in vain,  
 In Britain's isle, beneath a George's reign!

*Cowper.*

XXXIII. THE THREE WARNINGS.

THE tree of deepest root is found  
 Least willing still to quit the ground ;  
 'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,  
 That love of life increased with years  
 So much, that, in our latter stages,  
 When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,  
 The greatest love of life appears.

This strong affection, to believe  
 Which all confess, but few perceive,  
 If old assertions can't prevail,  
 Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay  
 On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,  
 Death call'd aside the jocund groom,  
 With him into another room,  
 And, looking grave, " You must," says he,  
 " Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."  
 " With you ! and quit my Susan's side !  
 With you !" the hapless husband cried :  
 " Young as I am ! 'tis monstrous hard ;  
 Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared :  
 My thoughts on other matters go ;  
 This is my wedding-night, you know."

What more he urged I have not heard ;  
 His reasons could not well be stronger ;  
 So Death the poor delinquent spared,  
 And left to live a little longer.

Yet calling up a serious look,  
 His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,



" Neighbour," he said, " farewell ; no more  
 Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour ;  
 And farther, to avoid all blame  
 Of cruelty upon my name,  
 To give you time for preparation,  
 And fit you for your future station,  
 Three several warnings you shall have,  
 Before you're summon'd to the grave :  
 Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey,  
     And grant a kind reprieve ;  
 In hopes you'll have no more to say,  
 But when I call again this way,  
     Well pleased the world will leave."  
 To these conditions both consented,  
 And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,  
 How long he lived, how wisely well ;  
     How roundly he pursued his course,  
     And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,  
 The willing muse shall tell :  
 He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,  
 Nor once perceived his growing old,  
     Nor thought of death as near ;  
 His friends not false, his wife no shrew ;  
 Many his gains, his children few,  
 He pass'd his smiling hours in peace ;  
 And still he view'd his wealth increase.  
 While thus along life's dusty road,  
 The beaten track content he trod,  
 Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,  
 Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,  
 Brought on his eightieth year.

When lo ! one night in musing mood,  
     As all alone he sat,  
     The unwelcome messenger of fate  
 Once more before him stood.

Half-kill'd with anger and surprise,  
 " So soon return'd ?" old Dobson cries.  
 " So soon, do you call it ?" Death replies :  
     " Surely, my friend, you're but in jest ;  
 Since I was here before,  
     'Tis six and thirty years at least,  
 And you are now fourscore."

“ So much the worse,” the clown rejoin’d ;  
 “ To spare the aged would be kind :  
 Besides, you promised me Three warnings,  
 Which I have look’d for nights and mornings :  
 And for that loss of time and ease,  
 I can recover damages.”

“ I know,” says Death, “ that, at the best,  
 I seldom am a welcome guest ;  
 But don’t be captious, friend, at least ;  
 I little thought you’d still be able  
 To stump about your farm and stable ;  
 Your years have run to a great length,  
 I wish you joy though of your strength.”

“ Hold,” says the farmer, “ not so fast ;  
 I have been lame these four years past.”

“ And no great wonder,” Death replies ;  
 “ However, you still keep your eyes ;  
 And sure to see one’s loves and friends,  
 For legs and arms may make amends.”

“ Perhaps,” says Dobson, “ so it might,  
 But latterly I’ve lost my sight.”

“ This is a shocking tale, in truth ;  
 Yet there’s some comfort still,” says Death ;  
 “ Each strives your sadness to amuse ;  
 I warrant you hear all the news.”  
 “ There’s none,” he cries ; “ and, if there were,  
 I’m grown so deaf I could not hear.”

“ Nay then,” the spectre stern rejoin’d,  
 “ These are unjustifiable yearnings ;  
 If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,  
 You’ve had your *three* sufficient warnings ;  
 So come along, no more we’ll part :”  
 He said, and touch’d him with his dart ;  
 And now old Dobson, turning pale,  
 Yields to his fate——so ends my tale.

*Piozzi.*

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#### XXXIV. THE ACTOR.

THE Player’s province they but vainly try,  
 Who want these pow’rs, Deportment, Voice, and Eye.

The critic's sight 'tis only Grace can please,  
 No figure charms us if it has not Ease.  
 There are, who think the stature all in all,  
 Nor like the hero, if he is not tall.

The feeling sense all other want supplies,  
 I rate no actor's merit from his size.

Superior height requires superior grace,  
 And what's a giant with a vacant face?

Theatric monarchs, in their tragic gait,  
 Affect to mark the solemn pace of state :  
 One foot put forward in position strong,  
 The other, like its vassal, dragg'd along :  
 So grave each motion, so exact and slow,  
 Like wooden monarchs at a puppet-show.  
 The mien delights us that has native grace,  
 But affectation ill supplies its place.

Unskilful actors, like your mimic apes,  
 Will writhe their bodies in a thousand shapes ;  
 However foreign from the poet's art,  
 No tragic hero but admires a start.  
 What though unfeeling of the nervous line,  
 Who but allows his *attitude* is fine ?  
 While a whole minute equipoised he stands,  
 Till Praise dismiss him with her echoing hands !  
 Resolved, though Nature hate the tedious pause,  
 By perseverance to extort applause ;  
 When Romeo sorrowing at his Juliet's doom,  
 With eager madness bursts the canvass tomb,  
 The sudden whirl, stretch'd leg, and lifted staff,  
 Which please the vulgar, make the critic laugh.

To paint the passion's force, and mark it well,  
 The proper action Nature's self will tell :  
 No pleasing pow'rs distortions e'er express,  
 And nicer judgment always loathes excess.  
 In sock or buskin, who o'erleaps the bounds,  
 Disgusts our reason and the taste confounds.

Of all the evils which the stage molest,  
 I hate your fool who overacts his jest ;  
 Who murders what the poet finely writ,  
 And, like a bungler, haggles all his wit  
 With shrug, and grin, and gesture out of place,  
 And writes a foolish comment with his face.

The word and action should conjointly suit,  
 But acting words is labour too minute.

Grimace will ever lead the judgment wrong ;  
 While sober humour marks th' impression strong.  
 Her proper traits the fix'd attention hit,  
 And bring me closer to the poet's wit ;  
 With her delighted o'er each scene I go,  
 Well pleased, and not ashamed of being so.

But let the generous actor still forbear  
 To copy features with a mimic's care !  
 'Tis a poor skill, which ev'ry fool can reach,  
 A vile stage-custom, honour'd in the breach.  
 Worse as more close, the disingenuous art  
 But shows the wanton looseness of the heart.  
 When I behold a wretch, of talents mean,  
 Drag private foibles on the public scene,  
 Forsaking Nature's fair and open road  
 To mark some whim, some strange peculiar mode ;  
 Fired with disgust, I loath his servile plan,  
 Despise the mimic, and abhor the man.  
 Go to the lame, to hospitals repair,  
 And hunt for humour in distortions there !  
 Fill up the measure of the motley whim  
 With shrug, wink, snuffle, and convulsive limb ;  
 Then shame at once, to please a trifling age,  
 Good sense, good manners, virtue and the stage !  
 'Tis not enough the voice be sound and clear,  
 'Tis modulation that must charm the ear.  
 When desperate heroines grieve with tedious moan,  
 And whine their sorrows in a see-saw tone,  
 The same soft sounds of unimpassion'd woes  
 Can only make the yawning hearers doze.

The voice all modes of passion can express,  
 That marks the proper word with proper stress.  
 But none emphatic can that actor call,  
 Who lays an equal emphasis on *all*.

Some o'er the tongue the labour'd measures roll  
 Slow and delib'rate as the parting toll ;  
 Point ev'ry stop, mark ev'ry pause so strong,  
 Their words, like stage-processions, stalk along.  
 All affectation but creates disgust,  
 And e'en in speaking we may seem *too* just.  
 In vain for them the pleasing measure flows,  
 Whose recitation runs it all to prose ;  
 Repeating what the poet sets not down,  
 The verb disjointing from its friendly noun,

While pause, and break, and repetition join  
To make a discord in each tuneful line.

Some placid natures fill th' allotted scene  
With lifeless drone, insipid and serene ;  
While others thunder ev'ry couplet o'er,  
And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.

More nature oft and finer strokes are shown,  
In the low whisper than tempestuous tone.  
And Hamlet's hollow voice and fix'd amaze  
More powerful terror to the mind conveys,  
Than he, who, swoll'n with big impetuous rage,  
Bullies the bulky phantom off the stage.

He, who in earnest studies o'er his part,  
Will find true nature cling about his heart.  
The modes of grief are not included all  
In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl ;  
A single look more marks th' internal wo,  
Than all the windings of the lengthen'd Oh.  
Up to the Face the quick sensation flies,  
And darts its meaning from the speaking Eyes ;  
Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,  
And all the passions, all the soul is there.

*Lloyd.*

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XXXV. AN ELEGY, WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-  
YARD.

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

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

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

Beneath 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,  
 Nor children run to lisp their sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;  
 How jocund did they drive their teams 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, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
 Or 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 waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
 Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unrol ;  
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
 And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;  
 Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

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

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscribed alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;  
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,  
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride  
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;  
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life,  
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,  
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

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

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

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

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

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,  
 " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,  
 Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,  
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn :

There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
 That wreaths 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,  
 Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove ;  
 Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,  
 Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,  
 Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree :  
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;

The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
 Slow thro' the church-yard path we saw him borne ;  
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,  
 Graved 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 recompense as largely send ;



He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear ;  
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,  
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)  
 The bosom of his father and his God.

*Gray.*

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XXXVI. THE LAST MINSTREL.

THE way was long, the wind was cold,  
 The minstrel was infirm and old ;  
 His wither'd cheek, and tresses gray,  
 Seem'd to have known a better day ;  
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,  
 Was carried by an orphan boy ;  
 The last of all the Bards was he,  
 Who sung of Border chivalry.  
 For well-a-day ! their date was fled,  
 His tuneful brethren all were dead ;  
 And he, neglected and oppress'd,  
 Wish'd to be with them, and at rest.  
 No more, on prancing palfrey borne,  
 He caroll'd, light as lark at morn ;  
 No longer courted and caress'd,  
 High-placed in hall, a welcome guest,  
 He pour'd to lord and lady gay  
 The unpremeditated lay ;  
 Old times were changed, old manners gone,  
 A stranger fill'd the Stuarts' throne ;  
 The bigots of the iron time  
 Had call'd his harmless art a crime.  
 A wandering Harper, scoru'd and poor,  
 He begg'd his bread from door to door ;  
 And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,  
 The harp a king had loved to hear.

He pass'd where Newark's stately tower  
 Looks out from Yarrow's birchen bower ;  
 The Minstrel gazed with wishful eye—  
 No humbler resting-place was nigh.  
 With hesitating step, at last,  
 The embattled portal-arch he pass'd,

Whose ponderous grate and massy bar  
 Had oft roll'd back the tide of war,  
 But never closed the iron door  
 Against the desolate and poor.  
 The dutchess mark'd his weary pace,  
 His timid mien, and reverend face,  
 And bade her page the menials tell,  
 That they should tend the old man well :  
 For she had known adversity,  
 Though born in such a high degree ;  
 In pride of power, in beauty's bloom,  
 Had wept o'er Monmouth's bloody tomb !

When kindness had his wants supplied,  
 And the old man was gratified,  
 Began to rise his minstrel pride :  
 And he began to talk anon,  
 Of good earl Francis, dead and gone,  
 And of earl Walter, rest him, God !  
 A braver ne'er to battle rode :  
 And how full many a tale he knew,  
 Of the old warriors of Buccleuch ;  
 And, would the noble dutchess deign  
 To listen to an old man's strain,  
 Though stiff his hand, his voice though weak,  
 He thought, even yet, the sooth to speak,  
 That, if she loved the harp to hear,  
 He could make music to her ear.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd ;  
 The aged minstrel audience gain'd.  
 But, when he reach'd the room of state,  
 Where she, with all her ladies, sate,  
 Perchance he wish'd his boon denied :  
 For, when to tune his harp he tried,  
 His trembling hand had lost the ease  
 Which marks security to please ;  
 And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,  
 Came wildering o'er his aged brain—  
 He tried to tune his harp in vain.  
 The pitying dutchess praised its chime,  
 And gave him heart, and gave him time,  
 Till every string's according glee  
 Was blended into harmony.

And then, he said, he would full fain  
 He could recall an ancient strain,  
 He never thought to sing again.  
 It was not framed for village churls,  
 But for high dames and mighty earls:  
 He had play'd it to King Charles the Good,  
 When he kept court in Holyrood;  
 And much he wish'd, yet fear'd, to try  
 The long-forgotten melody.

Amid the strings his fingers stray'd,  
 And an uncertain warbling made,  
 And oft he shook his hoary head.  
 But when he caught the measure wild,  
 The old man raised his face and smiled;  
 And lighten'd up his faded eye,  
 With all a poet's ecstasy!  
 In varying cadence, soft or strong,  
 He swept the sounding chords along:  
 The present scene, the future lot,  
 His toils, his wants, were all forgot:  
 Cold diffidence, and age's frost,  
 In the full tide of song were lost;  
 Each blank, in faithless memory void,  
 The poet's glowing thought supplied;  
 And, while his harp responsive rung,  
 'Twas thus the Latest Minstrel sung:—

“Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,  
 Who never to himself hath said,  
 This is my own, my native land!  
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,  
 As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,  
 From wandering on a foreign strand!  
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well;  
 For him no Minstrel raptures swell;  
 High though his titles, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;  
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,  
 The wretch, concentred all in self,  
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And, doubly dying, shall go down  
 To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

" O Caledonia! stern and wild,  
 Meet nurse for a poetic child!  
 Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,  
 Land of the mountain and the flood,  
 Land of my sires! what mortal hand  
 Can e'er untie the filial band,  
 That knits me to thy rugged strand!  
 Still, as I view each well-known scene,  
 Think what is now, and what hath been,  
 Seems as, to me, of all bereft,  
 Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;  
 And thus I love them better still,  
 Even in extremity of ill.  
 By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,  
 Though none should guide my feeble way;  
 Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,  
 Although it chill my wither'd cheek;  
 Still lay my head by Teviot stone,  
 Though there, forgotten and alone,  
 The Bard may draw his parting groan."

Scott.

## EXERCISES IN BLANK VERSE.

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### I. AMUSEMENTS OF MONARCHS.

GREAT Princes have great playthings. Some have play'd  
At hewing mountains into men, and some  
At building human wonders mountain-high.  
Some have amused the dull, sad years of life,  
(Life spent in indolence, and therefore sad,)  
With schemes of monumental fame ; and sought  
By pyramid, and mausolean pomp,  
Shortlived themselves, t' immortalize their bones.  
Some seek diversion in the tented field,  
And make the sorrows of mankind their sport.  
But war's a game, which, were their subjects wise,  
Kings would not play at. Nations would do well  
T' extort their truncheons from the puny hands  
Of heroes, whose infirm and baby minds  
Are gratified with mischief ; and who spoil,  
Because men suffer it, their toy the World.

*Cowper.*

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### II. MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd ;  
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath : it is twice bless'd ;  
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes ;  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown :  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;

But mercy is above this sceptred sway,  
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
 It is an attribute to God himself ;  
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,  
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—  
 That, in the course of justice, none of us  
 Should see salvation : We do pray for mercy ;  
 And that same pray'r doth teach us all to render  
 The deeds of mercy.

*Shakspeare.*

### III. HOTSPUR'S ACCOUNT OF A FOP.

My liege, I did deny no prisoners.  
 But, I remember, when the fight was done,  
 When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,  
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,  
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,  
 Fresh as a bridegroom : and his chin, new reap'd,  
 Show'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 ;  
 And still he smiled and talk'd ;  
 And, as the soldiers bore 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 ; among the rest demanded  
 My prisoners, in your majesty's behalf.  
 I then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,  
 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,—(Heaven save the  
 mark !)—  
 And telling me, the sovereign'st thing on earth  
 Was spermaceti, for an inward bruise ;

And that it was great pity, so it was,  
 That villanous saltpetre should be digg'd  
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,  
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd  
 So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,  
 He would himself have been a soldier.  
 This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,  
 I answer'd indirectly, as I said;  
 And, I beseech you, let not his report  
 Come current for an accusation,  
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty. *Shakspeare.*

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## IV. THE JEW'S REASON FOR HIS REVENGE.

I HAVE possess'd your grace of what I purpose;  
 And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn  
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond.  
 If you deny it, let the danger light  
 Upon your charter and your city's freedom.  
 You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have  
 A weight of carrion flesh, than to receive  
 Three thousand ducats: I'll not answer that;  
 But say, it is my humour. Is it answer'd?  
 What if my house be troubled with a rat,  
 And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats  
 To have it ban'd? What, are you answer'd yet?  
 Some men there are, love not a gaping pig;  
 Some that are mad if they behold a cat.  
 Now for your answer;  
 As there is no firm reason to be render'd,  
 Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;  
 Why he, a harmless necessary cat;  
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
 More than a lodged hate, and a certain loathing  
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
 A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd? *Ib.*

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## V. EXPOSTULATION.

SIGNIOR Antonio, many a time and oft  
 In the Rialto you have rated me  
 About my monies, and my usances:  
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;

(For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.)  
 You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,  
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine;  
 And all for use of that which is mine own.  
 Well then, it now appears, you need my help:  
 Go to then; you come to me, and you say,  
 Shylock, we would have monies; you say so;  
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,  
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur,  
 Over your threshold; money is your suit.  
 What should I say to you? Should I not say,  
 Hath a dog money? is it possible  
 A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or  
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,  
 With 'bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness,  
 Say this,—  
 Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;  
 You spurn'd me such a day; another time  
 You call'd me—dog; and for these courtesies  
 I'll lend you thus much monies?

*Shakspeare.*

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VI. ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

————— 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 schoolboy, 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' eyebrow: 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 lined,  
 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 pantaloons;



With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;  
 His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again towards childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound : Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion ;  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

*Shakspeare.*

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VII. DECEPTION.

THE world is still deceived with ornament.  
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,  
 But, being season'd with a gracious voice,  
 Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,  
 What damned error, but some sober brow  
 Will bless it, and approve it with a text,  
 Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?  
 There is no vice so simple, but assumes  
 Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.  
 How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false  
 As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins  
 The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars ;  
 Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk ?  
 And these assume but valour's excrement,  
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,  
 And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight,  
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,  
 Making them lightest that wear most of it :  
 So are those crisped snaky golden locks,  
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,  
 Upon supposed fairness, often known  
 To be the dowry of a second head,  
 The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.  
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore  
 To a most dang'rous sea ; the beauteous scarf  
 Veiling an Indian beauty : in a word,  
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on  
 To entrap the wisest.

*Ib.*

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VIII. 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 eyelids down  
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?  
 Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,  
 Under the canopies of costly state,  
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?  
 O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile  
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch,  
 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 deafening clamours in the slippery 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 lowly clown!—  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. *Shakspeare.*

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 IX. PERSEVERANCE.

TIME hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,  
 Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,  
 A great-sized monster of ingratitude:  
 Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd  
 As fast as they are made, forgot as soon  
 As done: Perseverance, dear my lord,  
 Keeps honour bright: To have done, is to hang  
 Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail  
 In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;  
 For honour travels in a strait so narrow,  
 Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;  
 For emulation hath a thousand sons,  
 That one by one pursue: If you give way,

Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,  
 Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,  
 And leave you hindmost ;—  
 Or, like a gallant horse fallen in first rank,  
 Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,  
 O'er-run and trampled on : Then what they do in present,  
 Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours :  
 For time is like a fashionable host,  
 That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand ;  
 And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,  
 Grasps in the comer : Welcome ever smiles,  
 And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek  
 Remuneration for the thing it was ;  
 For beauty, wit,  
 High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,  
 Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all  
 To envious and calumniating time.

*Shakspeare.*

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X. ON THE VANITY OF POWER, AND MISERY OF KINGS.

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 choose 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 nothing can we call our own, but death ;  
 And that small model of the barren earth,  
 Which serves as paste and covering to our bones.  
 For Heaven's sake, let us sit upon the ground,  
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings :  
 How some have been deposed, some slain in war,  
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed ;  
 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, farewell 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, taste grief,  
 Need friends: subjected thus,  
 How can you say to me—I am a king?

*Shakspeare.*

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XI. HUMANITY.

I WOULD not enter on my list of friends  
 (Though graced with polish'd manners and fine sense,  
 Yet wanting sensibility) the man  
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.  
 An inadvertent step may crush the snail,  
 That crawls at ev'ning in the public path;  
 But he that has humanity, forewarn'd,  
 Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.  
 The sum is this. If man's convenience, health,  
 Or safety interfere, his rights and claims  
 Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.  
 Else they are all—the meanest things that are,  
 As free to live, and to enjoy that life,  
 As God was free to form them at the first,  
 Who in his sov'reign wisdom made them all.  
 Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons  
 To love it too. The spring-time of our years  
 Is soon dishonour'd and defiled in most  
 By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand  
 To check them. But, alas! none sooner shoots,  
 If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,  
 Than cruelty, most dev'lish of them all.  
 Mercy to him, that shows it, is the rule  
 And righteous limitation of its act,  
 By which Heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty man;  
 And he that shows none, being ripe in years,  
 And conscious of the outrage he commits,  
 Shall seek it, and not find it, in his turn.  
 Distinguish'd much by reason, and still more

By our capacity of Grace divine,  
 From creatures, that exist but for our sake,  
 Which, having served us, perish, we are held  
 Accountable ; and God some future day  
 Will reckon with us roundly for th' abuse  
 Of what he deems no mean or trivial trust.  
 Superior as we are, they yet depend  
 Not more on human help than we on theirs.  
 Their strength, or speed, or vigilance, were giv'n  
 In aid of our defects.

*Cowper.*

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## XII. LIFE AND ETERNITY.

THIS is the bud of being, the dim dawn ;  
 Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,  
 Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,  
 This gross impediment of clay remove,  
 And make us embryos of existence free.  
 From real life, but little more remote  
 Is he, not yet a candidate for light,  
 The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.  
 Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,  
 Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,  
 The life of gods—O transport ! and of man.  
 Yet man, fool man ! here buries all his thoughts ;  
 Inters celestial hopes without one sigh :  
 Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,  
 Here pinions all his wishes : wing'd by Heaven  
 To fly at infinite, and reach it there,  
 Where seraphs gather immortality,  
 On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.  
 What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow  
 In his full beam, and ripen for the just,  
 Where momentary ages are no more !  
 Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire !  
 And is it in the flight of threescore years,  
 To push eternity from human thought,  
 And smother souls immortal in the dust !  
 A soul immortal, spending all her fires,  
 Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,  
 Thrown into tumult, raptured, or alarm'd,  
 At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,  
 Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,  
 To waft a feather or to drown a fly.

*Young.*

XIII. LEAR'S PASSIONATE EXCLAMATION AMIDST THE  
TEMPEST.

BLOW, wind ! and crack your cheeks ! rage ! blow !  
 You cataracts, and hurricanoes, spout  
 Till you have drench'd our steeples, drown'd the cocks !  
 You sulphurous and thought-executing fires,  
 Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,  
 Singe my white head ! And thou, all-shaking thunder,  
 Strike flat the thick rotundity o' the world !  
 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. Why then let fall  
 Your horrible pleasure ; here I stand, your slave,  
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despised 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. O ! O ! 'tis foul !  
 Let the great gods,  
 That keep this dreadful pother o'er our heads,  
 Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,  
 That hast within thee undivulged crimes,  
 Unwhipp'd of justice : hide thee, thou bloody hand ;  
 Thou perjured, and thou simular man of virtue,  
 That art incestuous : caitiff, to pieces shake,  
 That under covert and convenient seeming  
 Hast practised on man's life ! Close pent-up guilts,  
 Rive your concealing continents, and cry  
 These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man  
 More sinn'd against than sinning. *Shakspeare.*

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XIV. TO-MORROW.

TO-MORROW, didst thou say ?  
 Methought I heard Horatio say, To-morrow.  
 Go to—I will not hear of it—To-morrow !  
 'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury  
 Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,  
 And pays thee nought, but wishes, hopes, and promises,  
 The currency of idiots—injurious bankrupt,  
 That gulls the easy creditor !—To-morrow !

It is a period nowhere to be found  
 In all the hoary registers of Time,  
 Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.  
 Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society  
 With those who own it. No, my Horatio,  
 'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its father ;  
 Wrought of such stuff as dreams are, and as baseless  
 As the fantastic visions of the evening.

But soft, my friend—arrest the present moment :  
 For be assured they all are arrant tell-tales ;  
 And though their flight be silent, and their path  
 Trackless, as the wing'd couriers of the air,  
 They post to heaven, and there record thy folly,  
 Because, though station'd on th' important watch,  
 Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,  
 Didst let them pass unnoticed, unimproved.  
 And know, for that thou slumb'rest on the guard,  
 Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar  
 For every fugitive ; and when thou thus  
 Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal  
 Of hood-wink'd Justice, who shall tell thy audit ?

Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio,  
 Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.  
 'Tis of more worth than kingdoms ! far more precious  
 Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.  
 O ! let it not elude thy grasp ; but, like  
 The good old patriarch upon record,  
 Hold the fleet angel fast until he bless thee.

*Cotton.*

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XV. THE BISHOP OF CARLISLE'S SPEECH IN DEFENCE  
 OF KING RICHARD II.

WORST in this royal presence may I speak,  
 Yet best beseeching me to speak the truth.  
 Would Heav'n, that any in this noble presence  
 Were enough noble to be upright judge  
 Of noble Richard ; then true nobleness would  
 Teach him forbearance from so foul a wrong.  
 What subject can give sentence on a king ?  
 And who sits here, that is not Richard's subject ?  
 Thieves are not judged, but they are by to hear,  
 Although apparent guilt be seen in them :  
 And shall the figure of God's majesty,  
 His captain, steward, deputy elect,

Anointed, crowned, and planted many years,  
 Be judged by subject and inferior breath,  
 And he himself not present? O, forbid it, Heav'n,  
 That in a Christian climate, souls refined  
 Should show so heinous, black, obscene a deed !  
 I speak to subjects, and a subject speaks,  
 Stirr'd up by Heaven thus boldly for his king.  
 My lord of Hereford here, whom you call king,  
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hereford's king :  
 And if you crown him, let me prophesy——  
 The blood of English shall manure the ground,  
 And future ages groan for this foul act :  
 Peace shall go sleep with Turks and Infidels,  
 And, in the seat of peace, tumultuous wars  
 Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound ;  
 Disorder, horror, fear, and mutiny,  
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd  
 The field of Golgotha and dead men's skulls.  
 Oh ! if you rear this house against this house,  
 It will the wofullest division prove  
 That ever fell upon this cursed earth.  
 Prevent, resist it, let it not be so,  
 Lest children's children cry against you—wo !

*Shakspeare.*

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XVI. MANFRED'S SOLILOQUY.

THE stars are forth, the moon above the tops  
 Of the snow-shining mountains.—Beautiful !  
 I linger yet with Nature, for the night  
 Hath been to me a more familiar face  
 Than that of man ; and, in her starry shade  
 Of dim and solitary loveliness,  
 I learn'd the language of another world.  
 I do remember me, that in my youth,  
 When I was wandering,—upon such a night  
 I stood within the Colosseum's wall,  
 Midst the chief relics of almighty Rome ;  
 The trees which grew along the broken arches  
 Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars  
 Shone through the rents of ruin ; from afar  
 The watchdog bay'd beyond the Tiber ; and  
 More near from out the Cæsar's palace came  
 The owl's long cry, and, interruptedly,



Of distant sentinels the fitful song  
 Began and died upon the gentle wind.  
 Some cypresses beyond the time-worn breach  
 Appear'd to skirt the horizon, yet they stood  
 Within a bow-shot—where the Cæsars dwelt,  
 And dwell the tuneless birds of night, amidst  
 A grove which springs through levell'd battlements,  
 And twines its roots with the imperial hearths,  
 Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth ;—  
 But the Gladiator's bloody Circus stands,  
 A noble wreck in ruinous perfection !  
 While Cæsar's chambers, and the Augustan halls,  
 Grovel on earth in indistinct decay :—  
 And thou didst shine, thou rolling moon, upon  
 All this, and cast a wide and tender light,  
 Which soften'd down the hoar austerity  
 Of rugged desolation, and fill'd up,  
 As 'twere, anew, the gaps of centuries ;  
 Leaving that beautiful which still was so,  
 And making that which was not, till the place  
 Became religion, and the heart ran o'er  
 With silent worship of the great of old !—  
 The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule  
 Our spirits from their urns.—

'Twas such a night !  
 'Tis strange that I recall it at this time ;  
 But I have found our thoughts take wildest flight  
 Even at the moment when they should array  
 Themselves in pensive order.

*Byron.*

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### XVII. ON REVELATION.

ALL truth is from the sempiternal source  
 Of light divine. But Egypt, Greece, and Rome,  
 Drew from the stream below. More favour'd, we  
 Drink, when we choose it, at the fountain-head.  
 To them it flow'd much mingled and defiled  
 With hurtful error, prejudice, and dreams  
 Illusive of philosophy, so call'd,  
 But falsely. Sages after sages strove  
 In vain to filter off a crystal draught  
 Pure from the lees, which often more enhanc'd  
 The thirst than slaked it, and not seldom bred  
 Intoxication and delirium wild.

In vain they push'd inquiry to the birth  
 And spring-time of the world : ask'd, Whence is man ?  
 Why form'd at all ? and wherefore as he is ?  
 Where must he find his Maker ? with what rites  
 Adore him ? Will he hear, accept, and bless ?  
 Or does he sit regardless of his works ?  
 Has man within him an immortal seed ?  
 Or does the tomb take all ? If he survive  
 His ashes, where ? and in what weal or wo ?  
 Knots worthy of solution, which alone  
 A Deity could solve. Their answers, vague  
 And all at random, fabulous and dark,  
 Left them as dark themselves. Their rules of life,  
 Defective and unsanction'd, proved too weak  
 To bind the roving appetite, and lead  
 Blind nature to a God not yet reveal'd.  
 'Tis Revelation satisfies all doubts,  
 Explains all mysteries except her own,  
 And so illuminates the path of life,  
 That fools discover it, and stray no more.  
 Now tell me, dignified and sapient sir,  
 My man of morals, nurtured in the shades  
 Of Academus—is this false or true ?  
 Is Christ the abler teacher, or the schools ?  
 If Christ, then why resort at ev'ry turn  
 To Athens or to Rome, for wisdom short  
 Of man's occasions, when in him reside  
 Grace, knowledge, comfort—an unfathom'd store ?  
 How oft, when Paul has served us with a text,  
 Has Epictetus, Plato, Tully, preach'd !  
 Men that, if now alive, would sit content  
 And humble learners of a Saviour's worth,  
 Preach it who might. Such was their love of truth,  
 Their thirst of knowledge, and their candour too !

*Comper.*

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XVIII. SOLILOQUY OF HENRY V.

WHAT infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,  
 That private men enjoy !  
 And what have kings, that privates have not too,  
 Save ceremony, save general ceremony ?  
 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony ?  
 What kind of god art thou, that suffer'st more

Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers ?  
 What are thy rents ? what are thy comings in ?  
 O ceremony, show me but thy worth !  
 What is the soul of adoration ?  
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,  
 Creating awe and fear in other men ?  
 Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,  
 Than they in fearing.  
 What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,  
 But poison'd flattery ? O, be sick, great greatness,  
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cure !  
 Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out  
 With titles blown from adulation ?  
 Will it give place to flexure and low bending ?  
 Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,  
 Command the health of it ? No, thou proud dream,  
 That play'st so subtly with a king's repose ;  
 I am a king, that find thee ; and I know,  
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,  
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,  
 The inter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,  
 The farced title running 'fore the king,  
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp,  
 That beats upon the high shore of this world ;  
 No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,  
 Not all these, laid in bed majestical,  
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,  
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,  
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread ;  
 Never sees horrid night, the child of hell ;  
 But, like a lacquey, from the rise to set,  
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night  
 Sleeps in Elysium ! next day, after dawn,  
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse :  
 And follows so the ever-running year  
 With profitable labour to his grave :  
 And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,  
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,  
 Hath the fore-hand and 'vantage of a king.  
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,  
 Enjoys it ; but in gross brain little wots  
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the peace,  
 Whose hours the peasant best advantages.

*Shakspeare.*

## XIX. CATO'S SPEECH TO THE MUTINEERS.

PERFIDIOUS men ! And will you thus dishonour  
 Your past exploits, and sully all your wars ?  
 Do you confess 'twas not a zeal for Rome,  
 Nor love of liberty, nor thirst of honour,  
 Drew you thus far ; but hopes to share the spoil  
 Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces ?  
 Fired with such motives, you do well to join  
 With Cato's foes, and follow Cæsar's banners.  
 Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd aspic's rage,  
 And all the fiery monsters of the desert,  
 To see this day ? Why could not Cato fall  
 Without your guilt ? Behold, ungrateful men,  
 Behold my bosom naked to your swords,  
 And let the man that's injured strike the blow.  
 Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,  
 Or thinks he suffers greater ills than Cato ?  
 Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils,  
 Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares ?  
 Painful pre-eminence !

Have you forgotten Libya's burning waste,  
 Its barren rocks, parch'd earth, and hills of sand,  
 Its tainted air, and all its broods of poison ?  
 Who was the first to explore th' untrodden path,  
 When life was hazarded in every step ?  
 Or, fainting in the long laborious march,  
 When on the banks of an unlook'd-for stream  
 You sunk the river with repeated draughts,  
 Who was the last in all your host that thirsted ?

Hence, worthless men ! hence ! and complain to Cæsar,  
 You could not undergo the toil of war,  
 Nor bear the hardships that your leaders bore.

Meanwhile we'll sacrifice to liberty.  
 Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,  
 The gen'rous plan of pow'r deliver'd down,  
 From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,  
 (So dearly bought, the price of so much blood ;)  
 O let it never perish in your hands !  
 But piously transmit it to your children.  
 Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,  
 And make our lives in thy possession happy,  
 Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence.

*Addison.*

## XX. 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 lodged in their own hands is folly's vails ;  
 That lodged in Fate's, to Wisdom they consign ;  
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone ;  
 'Tis not in Folly, not to scorn a fool ;  
 And scarce in human Wisdom to do more.  
 All promise is poor dilatory man,  
 And that thro' every 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.  
 Even with the tender tear which nature sheds  
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

Young.

XXI. REFLECTION ON A FUTURE STATE, FROM A REVIEW  
OF WINTER.

'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 pictured life : pass some few years,  
 Thy flow'ring Spring, thy Summer's ardent strength,  
 The 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 shared 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 heav'n and earth ! awak'ning Nature hears  
 The new-creating word, and starts to life,  
 In ev'ry heighten'd 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 refined, clears up apace.  
 Ye vainly wise ! ye blind presumptuous ! now,  
 Confounded in the dust, adore that Pow'r  
 And Wisdom oft arraign'd ; see now the cause  
 Why unassuming worth in secret lived,  
 And died neglected ; why the good man's share  
 In life was gall and bitterness of soul :  
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pined  
 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 licensed Pain,  
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,  
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distress'd !

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.*

XXII. CATO'S SPEECH OVER THE DEAD BODY OF HIS SON  
 MARCUS.

WELCOME, my son ! here lay him down, my friends,  
 Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure  
 The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.  
 —How beautiful is death when earn'd by virtue !  
 Who would not be that youth ? What pity is it  
 That we can die but once to serve our country !  
 —Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends ?  
 I should have blush'd if Cato's house had stood  
 Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.

—Portius, behold thy brother, and remember  
 Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.—

Alas, my friends !

Why mourn you thus ? Let not a private loss  
 Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears ;  
 The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,  
 The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,  
 That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,  
 And set the nations free, Rome is no more.  
 O liberty ! O virtue ! O my country !

Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdued,  
 The sun's whole course, the day and year are Cæsar's ;  
 For him the self-devoted Decii died,  
 The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquer'd ;  
 Even Pompey fought for Cæsar. O, my friends !  
 How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,  
 The Roman empire, fallen ! O curst ambition !  
 Fallen into Cæsar's hands ! Our great forefathers  
 Had left him nought to conquer but his country.

Farewell, my friends ! if there be any of you  
 Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,  
 Know there are ships prepared by my command  
 (Their sails already op'ning to the winds)  
 That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.  
 Is their aught else, my friends, I can do for you ?  
 The conqueror draws near, Once more, farewell !

If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet  
 In happier climes, and on a softer shore,  
 Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.

[*Pointing to his dead son.*]

There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,  
 Who greatly in his country's cause expired,  
 Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there,  
 Who made the welfare of mankind his care,  
 Tho' still by faction, vice, and fortune crost,  
 Shall find the gen'rous labour was not lost.

*Addison.*

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### XXIII. 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 pierced by wintry winds,  
 How many shrink into the sordid hut  
 Of cheerless poverty : how many shake  
 With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,  
 Unbounded passion, madness, guilt, remorse ;  
 Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,  
 They furnish matter for the tragic muse :  
 Even in the vale, where wisdom loves to dwell,  
 With friendship, peace, and contemplation join'd,  
 How many rack'd, with honest passions, droop,  
 In deep retired 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.*

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XXIV. ON THE RESTORATION OF ALL THINGS.

O SCENES surpassing fable, and yet true,  
 Scenes of accomplish'd bliss ; which who can see,  
 Though but in distant prospect, and not feel  
 His soul refresh'd with foretaste of the joy ?  
 Rivers of gladness water all the earth,  
 And clothe all climes with beauty ; the reproach  
 Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field  
 Laughs with abundance ; and the land, once lean,  
 Or fertile only in its own disgrace,  
 Exults to see its thistly curse repeal'd.  
 The various seasons woven into one,  
 And that one season an eternal spring,  
 The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence,  
 For there is none to covet, all are full.  
 The lion, and the libbard, and the bear,  
 Graze with the fearless flocks ; all bask at noon  
 Together, or all gambol in the shade  
 Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.  
 Antipathies are none. No foe to man  
 Lurks in the serpent now ; the mother sees,  
 And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand  
 Stretch'd forth to dally with the crested worm,  
 To stroke his azure neck, or to receive  
 The lambent homage of his arrowy tongue.  
 All creatures worship man, and all mankind  
 One Lord, one Father. Error has no place :  
 That creeping pestilence is driven away ;  
 The breath of Heav'n has chased it. In the heart  
 No passion touches a discordant string,  
 But all is harmony and love. Disease  
 Is not : the pure and uncontaminate blood  
 Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.  
 One song employs all nations ; and all cry,  
 ' Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us !'

The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks  
 Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops  
 From distant mountains catch the flying joy,  
 Till, nation after nation taught the strain,  
 Earth rolls the rapturous Hosannah round.  
 Behold the measure of the promise fill'd ;  
 See Salem built, the labour of a God !  
 Bright as a sun the sacred city shines ;  
 All kingdoms and all princes of the earth  
 Flock to that light ; the glory of all lands  
 Flows into her : unbounded is her joy,  
 And endless her increase. Thy rams are there,  
 Nebaioth, and the flocks of Kedar there ;  
 The looms of Ormus, and the mines of Ind,  
 And Saba's spicy groves, pay tribute there.  
 Praise is in all her gates ; upon her walls,  
 And in her streets, and in her spacious courts  
 Is heard salvation. Eastern Java there  
 Kneels with the native of the farthest west ;  
 And Æthiopia spreads abroad the hand,  
 And worships. Her report has travell'd forth  
 Into all lands. From ev'ry clime they come  
 To see thy beauty, and to share thy joy,  
 O Sion ! an assembly such as earth  
 Saw never, such as Heav'n stoops down to see.

*Cowper.*

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XXV. THE PLEASURES ARISING FROM NOVELTY.

CALL now to mind what high capacious powers  
 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 ; choke 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, though 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 wake 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 untired  
 The virgin follows, with enchanted step,  
 The mazes of some wild 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 pined. Hence finally by night  
 The village-matron, round the blazing hearth,  
 Suspends the infant-audience with her tales,  
 Breathing astonishment! of witching rhymes,  
 And evil spirits; of the death-bed call  
 To 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 crowd recoil,  
 Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd  
 With shiv'ring sighs: till, eager for th' event,  
 Around the beldam all erect they hang,  
 Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quell'd.

*Akenside.*

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XXVI. THE PULPIT, THE EFFECTUAL GUARD, SUPPORT,  
 AND ORNAMENT OF THE CAUSE OF VIRTUE.

THE pulpit, therefore, (and I name it fill'd  
 With solemn awe, that bids me well beware  
 With what intent I touch that holy thing)—  
 The pulpit (when the sat'rist has at last,  
 Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school,  
 Spent all his force, and made no proselyte)—

I say the pulpit (in the sober use  
 Of its legitimate, peculiar pow'rs)  
 Must stand acknowledged, while the world shall stand,  
 The most important and effectual guard,  
 Support, and ornament of Virtue's cause.  
 There stands the messenger of truth : there stands  
 The legate of the skies !—His theme divine,  
 His office sacred, his credentials clear.  
 By him the violated law speaks out  
 Its thunders ; and by him, in strains as sweet  
 As angels use, the Gospel whispers peace.  
 He establishes the strong, restores the weak,  
 Reclaims the wand'rer, binds the broken heart,  
 And, arm'd himself in panoply complete  
 Of heav'nly temper, furnishes with arms  
 Bright as his own, and trains, by ev'ry rule  
 Of holy discipline, to glorious war,  
 The sacramental host of God's elect !  
 Are all such teachers?—would to Heav'n all were !  
 But hark—the doctor's voice !—fast wedged between  
 Two empirics he stands, and with swoln cheeks  
 Inspires the News, his trumpet. Keener far  
 Than all invective is his bold harangue,  
 While through that public organ of report  
 He hails the clergy ; and, defying shame,  
 Announces to the world his own and theirs !  
 He teaches those to read, whom schools dismiss'd,  
 And colleges, untaught ; sells accent, tone,  
 And emphasis in score, and gives to pray'r  
 Th' *adagio* and *andante* it demands.  
 He grinds divinity of other days  
 Down into modern use ; transforms old print  
 To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes  
 Of gall'ry-critics by a thousand arts.  
 Are there who purchase of the doctor's ware ?  
 O, name it not in Gath !—it cannot be,  
 That grave and learned clerks should need such aid.  
 He doubtless is in sport, and does but droll,  
 Assuming thus a rank unknown before—  
 Grand caterer and dry-nurse of the church !  
 I venerate the man, whose heart is warm,  
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and whose life,  
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof  
 That he is honest in the sacred cause.

To such I render more than mere respect,  
 Whose actions say, that they respect themselves.  
 But loose in morals, and in manners vain,  
 In conversation frivolous, in dress  
 Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse ;  
 Frequent in park with lady at his side,  
 Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes ;  
 But rare at home, and never at his books,  
 Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card ;  
 Constant at routs, familiar with a round  
 Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor ;  
 Ambitious of preferment for its gold,  
 And well-prepared, by ignorance and sloth,  
 By infidelity and love of world,  
 To make God's work a sinecure ; a slave  
 To his own pleasures and his patron's pride ;  
 From such apostles, O ye mitred heads,  
 Preserve the church ! and lay not careless hands  
 On skulls, that cannot teach, and will not learn. *Comper.*

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 XXVII. ON DISCIPLINE.

IN colleges and halls in ancient days,  
 When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,  
 Were precious, and inculcated with care,  
 There dwelt a sage call'd Discipline. His head,  
 Not yet by time completely silver'd o'er,  
 Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,  
 But strong for service still, and unimpair'd.  
 His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile  
 Play'd on his lips ; and in his speech were heard  
 Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.  
 The occupation dearest to his heart  
 Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke  
 The head of modest and ingenuous worth,  
 That blush'd at its own praise ; and press the youth  
 Close to his side, that pleased him. Learning grew  
 Beneath his care a thriving vig'rous plant ;  
 The mind was well inform'd, the passions held  
 Subordinate, and diligence was choice.  
 If e'er it chanced, as sometimes chance it must,  
 That one among so many overleap'd  
 The limits of control, his gentle eye

Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke :  
 His frown was full of terror, and his voice  
 Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe  
 As left him not, till penitence had won  
 Lost favour back again, and closed the breach.  
 But Discipline, a faithful servant long,  
 Declined at length into the vale of years :  
 A palsy struck his arm ; his sparkling eye  
 Was quench'd in rheums of age ; his voice, unstrung,  
 Grew tremulous, and drew derision more  
 Than rev'ence in perverse, rebellious youth.  
 So colleges and halls neglected much  
 Their good old friend ; and Discipline at length,  
 O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick and died.  
 Then Study languish'd, Emulation slept,  
 And Virtue fled. The schools became a scene  
 Of solemn farce, where Ignorance in stilts,  
 His cap well lined with logic not his own,  
 With parrot tongue perform'd the scholar's part,  
 Proceeding soon a graduated dunce.  
 Then Compromise had place, and Scrutiny  
 Became stone-blind ; Precedence went in truck,  
 And he was competent whose purse was so.  
 A dissolution of all bonds ensued ;  
 The curbs invented for the mulish mouth  
 Of headstrong youth were broken ; bars and bolts  
 Grew rusty by disuse ; and massy gates  
 Forgot their office, op'ning with a touch ;  
 Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade,  
 The tasselled cap, and the spruce band a jest,  
 A mock'ry of the world !

*Comper.*

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XXVIII. THE PAIN ARISING FROM VIRTUOUS EMOTIONS.  
 ATTENDED WITH PLEASURE.

— BEHOLD the ways  
 Of Heaven'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,  
Why the cold urn of her whom long he loved  
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 hair;  
While every mother closer to her breast  
Catches her child, and, pointing where the waves  
Foam through 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 lifeless down. O deemest thou indeed  
No kind endearment here by nature given  
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 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 wouldst thou then exchange  
Those heart-ennobling 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 wo  
 "Intrude upon mine ear?" The baleful dregs  
 Of these late ages, this inglorious draught  
 Of servitude and folly, have not yet,  
 Bless'd be th' Eternal Ruler of the world!  
 Defiled to such a depth of sordid shame  
 The native honours of the human soul,  
 Nor so effaced the image of its sire.

*Akenside.*

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XXIX. 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 meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st  
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;  
 And ye five other wand'ring fires that move  
 In mystic dance not without song, resound  
 His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.  
 Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth  
 Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run  
 Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix,



And nourish all things ; let your ceaseless change  
 Vary to your 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, singing up to heaven-gate ascend,  
 Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.  
 Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk  
 The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep ;  
 Witness if I be silent, morn or even,  
 To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,  
 Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.  
 Hail, universal Lord, be bounteous still  
 To give us only good ! and if the night  
 Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,  
 Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

*Milton.*

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### XXX. INDEPENDENCE.

HAIL ! Independence, hail ! Heaven's next best gift,  
 To that of life and an immortal soul !  
 The life of life ! that to the banquet high  
 And sober meal gives taste ; to the bow'd roof  
 Fair-dream'd repose, and to the cottage charms.  
 Of public Freedom, hail, thou secret Source !  
 Whose streams from every quarter confluent form  
 The better Nile, that nurses human life.  
 By rills from thee deduced, irriguous, fed,  
 The private field looks gay, with Nature's wealth  
 Abundant flows, and blooms with each delight  
 That nature craves. Its happy master there,  
 The only Freeman, walks his pleasing round :  
 Sweet-featured Peace attending ; fearless Truth ;

Firm Resolution ; Goodness, blessing all  
 That can rejoice ; Contentment, surest friend ;  
 And, still fresh stores from Nature's book derived,  
 Philosophy, companion ever new.  
 These cheer his rural, and sustain or fire,  
 When into action call'd, his busy hours.  
 Meantime true-judging moderate desires,  
 Economy and Taste, combined, direct  
 His clear affairs, and from debauching fiends  
 Secure his little kingdom. Nor can those  
 Whom Fortune heaps, without these Virtues, reach  
 That truce with pain, that animated ease,  
 That self-enjoyment springing from within ;  
 That Independence, active, or retired,  
 Which make the soundest bliss of man below :  
 But, lost beneath the rubbish of their means,  
 And drain'd by wants to Nature all unknown,  
 A wandering, tasteless, gaily-wretched train,  
 Though rich, are beggars, and though noble, slaves.

Britons ! be firm ! nor let Corruption sly  
 Twine round your heart indissoluble chains !  
 The steel of Brutus burst the grosser bonds  
 By Cæsar cast o'er Rome ; but still remain'd  
 The soft enchanting fetters of the mind,  
 And other Cæsars rose. Determined, hold  
 Your Independence ; for, that once destroy'd,  
 Unfounded, Freedom is a morning dream,  
 That flits ærial from the spreading eye.

*Thomson.*

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### XXXI. DARKNESS.

I HAD a dream, which was not all a dream.  
 The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars  
 Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
 Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth  
 Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air ;  
 Morn came, and went—and came, and brought no day,  
 And men forgot their passions in the dread  
 Of this their desolation ; and all hearts  
 Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light :  
 And they did live by watch-fires—and the thrones,  
 The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,  
 The habitations of all things which dwell,

Were burnt for beacons ; cities were consumed,  
And men were gather'd round their blazing homes  
To look once more into each other's face ;  
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye  
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch :  
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd ;  
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour  
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks  
Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.  
The brows of men by the despairing light  
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
The flashes fell upon them ; some lay down  
And hid their eyes and wept ; and some did rest  
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled ;  
And others hurried to and fro, and fed  
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up  
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,  
The pall of a past world ; and then again  
With curses cast them down upon the dust,  
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild birds  
shriek'd,  
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
And flap their useless wings ; the wildest brutes  
Came tame and tremulous ; and vipers crawl'd  
And twined themselves among the multitude,  
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food :  
And War, which for a moment was no more,  
Did glut himself again ;—a meal was bought  
With blood, and each sat sullenly apart  
Gorging himself in gloom : no love was left ;  
All earth was but one thought—and that was death,  
Immediate and inglorious ; and the pang  
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men  
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh ;  
The meagre by the meagre were devoured,  
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,  
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept  
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,  
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead  
Lured their lank jaws ; himself sought out no food,  
But with a piteous and perpetual moan  
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand  
Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.  
The crowd was famish'd by degrees ; but two

Of an enormous city did survive,  
 And they were enemies ; they met beside  
 The dying embers of an altar-place  
 Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things  
 For an unholy usage ; they raked up,  
 And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands  
 The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
 Blew for a little life, and made a flame  
 Which was a mockery ; then they lifted up  
 Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld  
 Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and died—  
 Even of their mutual hideousness they died,  
 Unknowing who he was upon whose brow  
 Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,  
 The populous and the powerful was a lump,  
 Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—  
 A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.  
 The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,  
 And nothing stirred within their silent depths ;  
 Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,  
 And their masts fell down piecemeal ; as they dropp'd  
 They slept on the abyss without a surge—  
 The waves were dead ; the tides were in their grave,  
 The moon their mistress had expired before ;  
 The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,  
 And the clouds perish'd ; Darkness had no need  
 Of aid from them—She was the universe.

*Byron.*

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XXXII. ANTONY'S 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 interr'd 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 have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;  
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.  
 You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,  
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown ;  
 Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?  
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;  
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke ;  
 But here I am to speak what I do know.  
 You all did love him once ; not without cause :  
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?  
 Oh 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.—

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might  
 Have stood against the world : now lies he there,  
 And none so poor to do him reverence.  
 Oh Masters ! if I were disposed to stir  
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong ;  
 Who, you all know, are honourable men.  
 I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose  
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
 Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar :  
 I found it in his closet : 'tis his will.  
 Let but the commons hear this testament,  
 (Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)  
 And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;  
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,  
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,  
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy  
 Unto their issue.—

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 follow'd it !—

This, this was the unkindest cut of all :

For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,

Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,

Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart ;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue

(Which all the while ran blood)—great Cæsar fell.

Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen !

Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down ;

Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

Oh, 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 gave me public leave to speak of him :

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood : I only speak right on.

I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me. But, were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*Shakspeare.*

## DIALOGUES IN PROSE.

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### I. SCENE IN WHICH MOODY GIVES MANLY AN ACCOUNT OF THE JOURNEY TO LONDON.

*Manly.* HONEST John!

*Moody.* Measter Manly! I am glad I ha' fun ye.— Well, and how d'ye do, Measter?

*Manly.* I am glad to see you in London. I hope all the good family are well?

*Moody.* Thanks be praised, your honour, they are all in pretty good heart; thof' we have had a power of crosses upo' the road.

*Manly.* What has been the matter, John?

*Moody.* Why, we came up in such a hurry, you mun think, that our tackle was not so tight as it should be.

*Manly.* Come, tell us all—Pray, how do they travel?

*Moody.* Why, i' the awld coach, Measter; and 'cause my lady loves to do things handsome, to be sure, she would have a couple of cart-horses clapt to the four old geldings, that neighbours might see she went up to London in her coach and six; and so Giles Joulter, the Ploughman, rides postilion.

*Manly.* And when do you expect them here, John?

*Moody.* Why, we are in hopes to ha' come yesterday, an' it had no' been that th' awld weazle-belly horse tired: and then we were so cruelly loaden, that the two fore-wheels came crash down at once, in Waggon-rut-lane, and there we lost four hours 'fore we could set things to rights again.

*Manly.* So they bring all their baggage with the coach, then?

*Moody.* Ay, ay, and good store on't there is—Why, my lady's gear alone were as much as filled four port-mantel trunks, besides the great deal box that heavy Ralph and the monkey sit upon behind.

*Manly.* Ha, ha, ha!—And pray how many are they within the coach?

*Moody.* Why there's my lady and his worship, and the young 'squire, and Miss Jenny, and the fat lap-dog, and my lady's maid Mrs Handy, and Doll Tripe the cook, that's all—only Doll puked a little with riding backward; so they hoisted her into the coach-box, and then her stomach was easy.

*Manly.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Moody.* Then you mun think, Measter, there was some stowage for the belly, as well as th' back too; children are apt to be famish'd upo' the road; so we had such cargoes of plumcake and baskets of tongues, and biscuits, and cheese, and cold boil'd beef—and then, in case of sickness, bottles of cherry-brandy, plague-water, sack, tent, and strong beer so plenty, as made th' awld coach crack again. Mercy upon them! and send them all well to town, I say.

*Manly.* Ay, and well out on't again, John.

*Moody.* Measter! you're a wise mon! and for that matter, so am I—Whoam's whoam, I say; I am sure we ha' got but little good e'er sin' we turn'd our backs on't. Nothing but mischief! some devil's trick or other plagued us aw th' day lung. Crack goes one thing! bawnce goes another! Woa! says Roger.—Then, sowse! we are all set fast in a slough. Whaw! cries Miss: Scream! go the maids: and bawl just as thof' they were stuck. And so, mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night.

*Manly.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Moody.* But I mun hie me whoam; the coach will be coming every hour nâw.

*Manly.* Well, honest John——

*Moody.* Dear Measter Manly! the goodness of goodness bless and preserve you!

*Vanburgh.*



II. SCENE BETWEEN COLONEL RIVERS AND SIR HARRY ;  
IN WHICH THE COLONEL, FROM PRINCIPLES OF  
HONOUR, REFUSES TO GIVE HIS DAUGHTER TO SIR  
HARRY.

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

*Riv.* Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you personally, I cannot listen to your 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, 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, show some little regard for your daughter.

*Riv.* I show 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 were to be purchased by the violation of my word. Besides, though my daughter shall never go a beggar to the arms of her husband, I would rather see her happy than rich; and if she has enough to provide handsomely for a young family, and something to spare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I shall think her as affluent as if she were mistress of Mexico.

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

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

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### III. HUMOROUS SCENE AT AN INN, BETWEEN BONIFACE AND AIMWELL.

*Bon.* THIS way, this way, Sir.

*Aim.* You're my landlord, I suppose?

*Bon.* Yes, Sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

*Aim.* O, Mr Boniface, your servant.

*Bon.* O, Sir,—What will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

*Aim.* I have heard your town of Litchfield much famed for ale ; I think I'll taste that.

*Bon.* Sir, I have now in my cellar ten ton of the best ale in Staffordshire : 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy ; and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

*Aim.* You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

*Bon.* As punctual, Sir, as I am in the age of my children : I'll show you such ale.—Here, tapster ; broach number 1706, as the saying is—Sir, you shall taste my anno domini.—I have lived in Litchfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and, I believe, have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

*Aim.* At a meal you mean, if one may guess by your bulk.

*Bon.* Not in my life, sir ; I have fed purely upon ale : I have ate my ale, drunk my ale, and I always sleep upon my ale.

[Enter Tapster with a tankard.]

Now, sir, you shall see—Your worship's health : [Drinks.] —Ha ! delicious, delicious :—Fancy it Burgundy, only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

*Aim.* [Drinks.] 'Tis confounded strong.

*Bon.* Strong ! it must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it ?

*Aim.* And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord ?

*Bon.* Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, sir ; but it kill'd my wife, poor woman ! as the saying is.

*Aim.* How came that to pass ?

*Bon.* I don't know how, sir—she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir ; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is ; and an honest gentleman that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after—But, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

*Aim.* Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her ?

*Bon.* My lady Bountiful said so—She, good lady, did what could be done ; she cured her of three tympanies,

but the fourth carried her off: but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

*Aim.* Who's that lady Bountiful you mentioned?

*Bon.* Odds my life, sir, we'll drink her health: [*Drinks.*]—My lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a-year; and, I believe, she lays out one-half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours.

*Aim.* Has the lady any children?

*Bon.* Yes, sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles; the finest woman in all our county, and the greatest fortune. She has a son too, by her first husband, 'squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day: if you please, sir, we'll drink his health. [*Drinks.*]

*Aim.* What sort of a man is he?

*Bon.* Why, sir, the man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does nothing at all, indeed; but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

*Aim.* A sportsman, I suppose?

*Bon.* Yes, he's a man of pleasure: he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

*Aim.* A fine sportsman, truly!—and married, you say?

*Bon.* Ay; and to a curious woman, sir.—But he's my landlord, and so a man, you know, would not—Sir, my humble service to you. [*Drinks.*]—Tho' I value not a farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his rent at quarter-day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—but no matter for that.

*Aim.* You're very happy, Mr Boniface; pray what other company have you in town?

*Bon.* A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

*Aim.* O that's right; you have a good many of those gentlemen: pray how do you like their company?

*Bon.* So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em. They're full of money, and

pay double for every thing they have. They know, sir, that we paid good round taxes for the taking of 'em; and so they are willing to reimburse us a little: one of 'em lodges in my house. [*Bell rings.*]—I beg your worship's pardon—I'll wait on you in half a minute.

*Farquhar.*

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IV. DOWLAS, WHO WOULD BE A PLAYER.

*Patent.* WALK in, sir; your servant, sir, your servant.—Have you any particular business with me?

*Dowlas.* Yes, sir; my friends have lately discovered that I have a genius for the stage.

*Pat.* Oh, you'd be a player, would you, sir?—Pray, sir, did you ever play?

*Dow.* No, sir, but I flatter myself—

*Pat.* I hope not, sir; flattering one's-self is the very worst of hypocrisy.

*Dow.* You'll excuse me, sir.

*Pat.* Ay, sir, if you'll excuse me not flattering you—I always speak my mind.

*Dow.* I dare say you will like my manner, sir.

*Pat.* No manner of doubt—I dare say I shall; pray, sir, with which of the ladies are you in love?

*Dow.* In love, sir! ladies! [*looking around.*]

*Pat.* Ay, sir, ladies—Miss Comedy, or Dame Tragedy?

*Dow.* I'm vastly fond of Tragedy, sir.

*Pat.* Very well, sir; and where is your fort?

*Dow.* Sir?

*Pat.* I say, sir, what is your Department?

*Dow.* *Department!*—Do you mean my lodging, sir?

*Pat.* Your lodgings, sir?—no, not I;—ha, ha, ha, I should be glad to know what department you would wish to possess in the tragic walk—the sighing lover, the furious hero, or the sly assassin?

*Dow.* Sir, I should like to play King Richard the Third.

*Pat.* A good character indeed,—a very good character; and I dare say you will play it vastly well, sir.

*Dow.* I hope you'll have no reason to complain, sir.

*Pat.* I hope not. Well, sir; have you got any favourite passage ready?

*Dow.* I have it all by heart, sir.

*Pat.* You have, sir, have you? I shall be glad to hear you.

*Dow.* Hem—hem—hem—[*clearing his throat*]  
 What! will the aspiring blood of Lancaster  
 Sink in the ground—I thought it would have mounted.  
 See how my sword weeps for the poor king's death.  
 Oh! may such purple tears be always shed  
 By those who wish the downfall of our house!  
 If any spark of life be yet remaining,  
 Down, down to hell, and say I sent thee thither;  
 I that have neither pity, love, nor fear!

*Pat.* Hold, sir, hold—in pity hold; Za, Za, Za, sir, —sir—why, sir, 'tis not like humanity. You won't find me so great a barbarian as Richard—you say he had neither pity, love, nor fear.—Now, sir, you will find that I am possess'd of all those feelings for you at present.—I pity your conceit,—I love to speak my mind; and I fear you'll never make a player.

*Dow.* Do you think so, sir?

*Pat.* Do I think so, sir?—Yes, I know so, sir!—Now, sir, only look at yourself—your legs kissing, as if they had fallen in love with one another;—and your arms, dingle dangle, dingle dangle, like the fins of a dying turtle. [*Mimicks him.*] 'Pon my soul, sir, 'twill never do.—Pray, sir, are you of any profession?

*Dow.* Yes, sir, a linendraper.

*Pat.* A linendraper!—a good business; a very good business—you'll get more by that than by playing—you had better mind your thrums and shop, and don't pester me here any more with your Richard, and your za, za, za.

*Carey.*

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#### V. APPLICATION FOR A PLACE AT COURT.

*Manly.* SIR FRANCIS, your servant.

*Sir F.* Cousin Manly!

*Manly.* I am come to see how the family goes on here.

*Sir F.* Indeed! we are all as busy as bees; I have been upon the wing ever since eight o'clock this morning.

*Manly.* By your early hour, then, I suppose you have been making your court to some of the great men?

*Sir F.* Why, yes; you have hit it, sir—I was advised to lose no time: so I e'en went straight forward to one great man I had never seen in my life before.

*Manly.* Right; that was doing business: but who had you got to introduce you?

*Sir F.* Why, nobody—I remember I had heard a wise man say, My son, be bold—so indeed I introduced myself.

*Manly.* As how, pray?

*Sir F.* Why, thus—Look ye—Please your Lordship, says I, I am Sir Francis Wronghead, of Bumper Hall, and member of parliament for the borough of Guzzle-down.—Sir, your humble servant, says my lord; though I have not the honour to know your person, I have heard you are a very honest gentleman, and I am glad your borough has made choice of so worthy a representative; and so, says he, Sir Francis, have you any service to command me? Now, cousin, those last words, you may be sure, gave me no small encouragement. And though I know, sir, you have no extraordinary opinion of my parts, yet, I believe, you won't say I miss'd it now!

*Manly.* Well, I hope I shall have no cause.

*Sir F.* So, when I found him so courteous—My lord, says I, I did not think to have troubled your lordship with business upon my first visit; but since your lordship is pleased not to stand upon ceremony,—why truly, says I, I think now is as good as another time.

*Manly.* Right! there you pushed him home.

*Sir F.* Ay, ay, I had a mind to let him see that I was none of your mealy-mouthed ones.

*Manly.* Very good.

*Sir F.* So, in short, my lord, says I, I have a good estate—But—a—it's a little out at elbows: and, as I

desire to serve my king as well as my country, I shall be very willing to accept of a place at court.

*Manly.* So, this was making short work on't.

*Sir F.* Yes, indeed ! I shot him flying, cousin : some of your half-witted ones, now, would have hummed and hawed, and dangled a month or two after him, before they durst open their mouths about a place, and mayhap not have got it at last neither.

*Manly.* Oh, I'm glad you're so sure on't.—

*Sir F.* You shall hear, cousin—Sir Francis, says my lord, pray what sort of a place may you have turned your thoughts to ? My lord, says I, beggars must not be choosers ; but any place, says I, about a thousand a-year, will be well enough to be doing with, 'till something better falls in—for I thought it would not look well to stand haggling with him at first.

*Manly.* No, no, your business was to get footing any way.

*Sir F.* Right ! there's it ! ay, cousin, I see you know the world.

*Manly.* Yes, yes, one sees more of it every day—Well, but what said my lord to all this ?

*Sir F.* Sir Francis, says he, I shall be glad to serve you any way that lies in my power ; so he gave me a squeeze by the hand, as much as to say, Give yourself no trouble—I'll do your business ; with that he turned him about to somebody with a coloured ribbon across here, that looked, in my thoughts, as if he came for a place too.

*Manly.* Ha ! so, upon these hopes, you are to make your fortune ?

*Sir F.* Why, do you think there's any doubt of it, sir ?

*Manly.* Oh, no, I have not the least doubt of it—for, just as you have done, I made my fortune ten years ago.

*Sir F.* Why, I never knew you had a place, cousin ?

*Manly.* Nor I neither, upon my word, cousin. But you, perhaps, may have better fortune ; for I suppose my lord has heard of what importance you were in the de-



bate to-day—You have been since down at the house, I presume?

*Sir F.* O, yes! I would not neglect the house for ever so much.

*Manly.* Well, and pray what have they done there?

*Sir F.* Why, indeed, I can't well tell you what they have done, but I can tell you what I did; and I think pretty well in the main; only I happened to make a little mistake at last, I'm afraid.

*Manly.* How was that?

*Sir F.* Why, they were all got there into a sort of a puzzling debate about the good of the nation—and I was always for that, you know—but, in short, the arguments were so long-winded on both sides, that—I did not well understand them: I was convinced, however; and resolved to vote right, according to my conscience:—so when they came to put the question, as they call it,—I don't know how it was—but I doubt I cried Ay! when I should have cried No!

*Manly.* How came that about?

*Sir F.* Why, by a mistake, as I tell you—for there was a good-humoured sort of a gentleman, one Mr Totherside, I think they call him, that sat next me, as soon as I had cried Ay, gave me a hearty shake by the hand. Sir, says he, you are a man of honour, and a true Englishman! and I should be proud to be better acquainted with you—and so, with that he takes me by the sleeve, along with the crowd, into the lobby—so, I knew nought—but soon found I was got on the wrong side of the post—for I was told afterwards, I should have staid where I was.

*Manly.* And so, if you had not quite made your fortune before, you have clinched it now!—Ah, thou head of the Wrongheads! [*Aside.*] *Vanburgh.*

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## VI. PERUVIAN MAGNANIMITY.

*Pizarro.* WHAT art thou, stranger?

*Orozembo.* First tell me which among you is the captain of this band of robbers.

*Piz.* Ha!

*Davilla.* Madman! Tear out his tongue, or else—

*Oro.* Thou'lt hear some truth.

*Dav.* Shall I not plunge this poniard in his heart?

*Oro.* [*To Piz.*] Does your army boast many such heroes as this?

*Piz.* Audacious!—This insolence has sealed thy doom. Die thou shalt, grey-headed ruffian. But first confess what thou knowest.

*Oro.* I know that which thou hast just assured me of—that I shall die.

*Piz.* Less audacity perhaps might have preserved thy life.

*Oro.* My life is a withered tree—it is not worth preserving.

*Piz.* Hear me, old man. Even now we march against the Peruvian army. We know there is a secret path that leads to your stronghold among the rocks; guide us to that, and name thy reward. If wealth be thy wish—

*Oro.* Ha! ha! ha! ha!

*Piz.* Dost thou despise my offer?

*Oro.* Thee and thy offer.—Wealth!—I have the wealth of two gallant sons—I have stored in heaven the riches which repay good actions here—and still my chiefest treasure do I bear about me.

*Piz.* What is that?—inform me.

*Oro.* I will; for it never can be thine—the treasure of a pure unsullied conscience.

*Piz.* I believe there is no other Peruvian who dares speak as thou dost.

*Oro.* Would I could believe there is no other Spaniard who dares act as thou dost!

*Piz.* Obdurate Pagan!—How numerous is your army?

*Oro.* Count the leaves of yonder forest.

*Dav.* Which is the weakest part of your camp?

*Oro.* It has no weak part: on every side 'tis fortified by justice.

*Piz.* Where have you concealed your wives and your children?

*Oro.* In the hearts of their husbands and fathers.

*Piz.* Knowest thou Alonzo ?

*Oro.* Know him !—Alonzo !—Know him !—Our nation's benefactor !—The guardian angel of Peru ?

*Piz.* By what has he merited that title ?

*Oro.* By not resembling thee.

*Piz.* Who is this Rolla, joined with Alonzo in command ?

*Oro.* I will answer that ; for I love to hear and to repeat the hero's name. Rolla, the kinsman of the king, is the idol of our army ; in war a tiger, chafed by the hunter's spear ; in peace as gentle as the unweaned lamb. Cora was once betrothed to him ; but, finding she preferred Alonzo, he resigned his claim, and, I fear, his peace, to friendship and to Cora's happiness ; yet still he loves her with a pure and holy fire.

*Piz.* Romantic savage ! I shall meet this Rolla soon.

*Oro.* Thou hadst better not ! The terrors of his noble eye would strike thee dead.

*Dav.* Silence or tremble !

*Oro.* Beardless robber ! I never yet have trembled before God—why should I tremble before man ?—Why before thee, thou less than man ?

*Dav.* Another word, audacious heathen, and I strike.

*Oro.* Strike, Spaniard ! Then boast among thy companions, I too have murdered a Peruvian !

*Dav.* Hell and vengeance serve thee ! [*Stabs him.*]

*Piz.* Hold !

*Dav.* Couldst thou longer have endured his insults ?

*Piz.* And therefore should he die untortured ?

*Oro.* True ! Observe, young man—your unthinking rage has saved me from the rack ; and you yourself have lost the opportunity of a useful lesson ; you might have seen with what cruelty vengeance would have inflicted torments, and with what patience virtue would have borne them.

*Sheridan.*

## VII. THE FUGITIVE.

*Mr Wingrove.* How powerful is the influence of prejudice! My reason convinces me that there is no other just criterion for deciding upon the merits of men but such as grows out of their own personal good or ill properties. If it were true that the qualities of the parent were transmitted to their progeny, then indeed it might be as necessary to establish the genealogy of a man as to ascertain the pedigree of a horse. But the properties of the mind elude the frail laws of hereditary descent, and own no sort of obedience to their authority. How is it then, that, with this distinct light before me, I cannot help falling into my father's prejudices? I feel them to be unjust; I know them to be absurd; and, yet, unjust and absurd as they are, they influence my conduct in spite of me. I love my sister;—I know her affections are engaged to young Manly—I am satisfied he is worthy of her—yet I am adverse to the match, and conspire with my father in throwing every obstacle in the way of its completion—And in favour of whom? Of Lord Dartford—a man void of feeling, sentiment, or sincerity; uniting in him every contradiction of depravity; cold, gay, ostentatious, and interested. But he is a man of birth—Despicable distinction!

*O'Donnell.* [*enters.*] Oh, sir, sir!—my young master, the house is in an uproar, sir, sir!

*Mr Wingrove.* Well, sir, what's the matter?

*O'Donnell.* Oh! I don't know what's the matter, sir; my young lady's the matter, sir—We're all undone, sir. She's gone, sir,—nobody knows where, sir.

*Mr Wingrove.* My sister gone! impossible. Degenerate Julia! Is it thus you reward the kind, the anxious zeal of your friends to place you in a situation worthy the exalted regard they entertained for you; to throw yourself away upon the mean pretensions of a plebeian. But where is my father? Let me fly to him with the news of this disaster. [*Exit.*]

*Sir William* [*with servants.*] I'll not believe that she is gone.—Gone! What, my daughter eloped at midnight!—Go, all of you, and search again. I am certain she is hid somewhere.

*O'Donnell.* Suppose your honour, then, was to order the canal and the fish-ponds to be searched; for I am certain, if she be hid, it must be at the bottom of one of them.

*Sir W.* Be dumb, horrible brute!—Would you have me think—Did I ever give her cause—Was I not ever the fondest of parents?

*O'Donnell.* Sartinly, your honour meant it all for her good. But when a young lady finds nothing to please her in this world, she is apt sometimes to take a peep into the other, to try the difference.

*Sir W.* Begone, I say: find her, or I'll discharge you all for your negligence in suffering her to escape. [*Exeunt O'Donnell and servants.*] The conjectures of this blundering blockhead terrify me. I hope Julia has not in a fit of rash perverseness—Yet I hope her piety—[*Enter Mr Wingrove.*] Well, William, any news of your sister?

*Mr Wingrove.* No, sir, no news—but of her dishonour—Disgraceful girl!

*Sir W.* O'Donnell alarms me exceedingly—he thinks that, in a state of disappointed passion, she has—

*Mr Wingrove.* No, my dear sir, Julia is not so weary of life—The porter tells me he found all the doors leading to the road unbarr'd this morning. Would I could discover whether she had a companion in her flight—If she be not recovered speedily, the disgrace will be indelible—Lord Dartford will be here soon. What shall we say to him? Oh! shameless Julia!

*Sir W.* Forbear, my son—these violent transports distress me even more than your sister's flight—Consider that it is through you the pure blood of our family must descend to posterity—that through you the name of Wingrove must be transmitted to ages as distant and unknown as those from whence it sprung. Reflect a little, my son; bring reason to your aid, and consider how trifling and insignificant are the misfortunes of your

sister, compared to objects so important and so sacred as these.—Be calm, then, William.

*Mr Wingrove.* I will endeavour it, sir.

*Sir W.* If you were to go to Miss Herbert's, her acquaintance is so extensive, you perhaps may obtain some information of Julia there—Go, go, my son.

*Mr Wingrove.* I obey you, sir. [*Exit.*]

*O'Donnel* [*enters.*] Lord Dartford, your honour.

*Sir W.* He has not been informed of my daughter's absence?

*O'Donnel.* No, your honour, not a syllable has been spoken to him since he entered the house.

*Sir W.* Where is he now?

*O'Donnel.* In the saloon, sir, in earnest discourse with your honour's chaplain.

*Sir W.* Blockhead! I'll go to him then. [*Exit.*]

*O'Donnel.* Oh! 'tis a pretty blundering piece of business. Let me be burnt for a wizard, if I did not think how it would end. There's nothing so sure to make a young lady run away as keeping her fast by the heels.—O, if I had a wife that I wanted to get rid of,—I would keep her safe under lock and key. *Richardson.*

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### VIII. MISERIES OF WEALTH.

*Grub* [*alone.*] WHAT a miserable man I am! with a wife that is positive, a daughter that is marriageable, and a hundred thousand pounds in the Stocks. I have not had one wink of sleep these four nights for them: any one of them is enough to make a man mad; but all three to be attended to at once is too much. Ah Jonathan Grub, Jonathan Grub! riches were always thy wish; and, now thou hast them, they are thy torment. Will this confounded broker of mine never come? 'tis time he were here. Stocks fell three per cent. to-day; and if the news be true, will tumble dreadfully to-morrow. [*A knocking at the door.*] There's Mr Consol, I am sure. Who's there? Does nobody hear? Open the door, somebody. Open the door for Mr Consol—I believe

there never was any body so ill served as I am—Nobody to—[*Con. enters.*] O, Mr Consol, have they let you in? Well, what says the ambassador's porter? What intelligence have you picked up? What says the ambassador's porter?

*Con.* Why he says—Have you heard nothing since?

*Grub.* No, not a syllable. What does he say?

*Con.* Why, he said his excellency was at home all last night.

*Grub.* Indeed! at home all last night—ay, reading the despatches—a war as sure as can be—oh! the Stocks will fall confoundedly to-morrow—I shall lose all I have in the world. Why did I not take Whisper's advice, and sell out yesterday? I should have made one and a half per cent. and been snug; but now—

*Con.* Why, but you are so hasty, Mr Grub, you are so hasty; you won't hear me out, you are so hasty, as I tell my wife.

*Grub.* O, hang your wife—Hear you out? What more have you to say? Tell me quickly.

*Con.* Why, the porter said his excellency was at home all the evening.

*Grub.* Well, man, did not you say so before? Why do you repeat it? You grow the arrantest old fool I ever saw. But what of his being at home? Tell me that.

*Con.* Why, I will, if you will but hear me out:—was at home all night—All night, says I?—Yes, sir, says he.—

*Grub.* Oh, if you are got to your Says-I's and Says-he's—

*Con.* Nay, pray, Mr Grub, hear me out.

*Grub.* Well, well, well, I hear you, man; but, in the meantime, all I have in the world, the labour of fifty years, is going, going at a blow. Oh! this cursed Spanish war—I am sure we shall have a Spanish war—I always saw it would come to this—I was sure, at the time of the peace, that we should have a Spanish war one time or other—But pr'ythee, man, cut thy story short.

*Con.* Well, well, to cut the story short, when I asked him if he could find out, or guess, what made the ambassador stay at home all night, he told me—that the ambassador had a woman playing upon a fiddle to him all the evening.

*Grub.* A woman playing upon the fiddle! What, to an ambassador of one of the first powers of Europe? It must be a joke. Why, man, they make you believe any nonsense they invent.

*Con.* Well, well; however that may be, I have got rare news from another quarter for you.

*Grub.* Have ye? well, what is it? None of your Says-I's and Says-he's now, I beg of you.

*Con.* Why, he says there's great news. India Stock is up six per cent. already, and expected to be as much more by 'Change time to-morrow.

*Grub.* My dear Consol, I thank you—that revives me. Then hurry into the city and buy as fast as you can—That revives me—that's great news indeed. The newspapers have put me into a dreadful fright of late.

*Con.* Yes, sir; to be sure they always keep up a sad rumpus in the papers.

*Grub.* Rumpus! Why, man, I never know what to think, they puzzle me so. Why now, of a morning at breakfast, in the first column, a Friend to the Stockholders shall tell me, and write very well and sensibly, that we have got the Indies in our pockets—then that puts me into spirits, and I'll eat you a muffin extraordinary. When I turn to the next column, there we are all undone again; another very clever fellow says we are all bankrupts, and the cream turns on my stomach.

However, this is substantial. So, my dear Consol, you are a very sensible man; and if you could but learn to leave out your Says-I's and Says-he's, as good a broker as ever man put faith in.

*O'Brien.*



## IX. MARRIAGE OF A DAUGHTER.

*Grub.* MY dear, there's rare news from the Alley; India Stock is mounting every minute.

*Mrs Grub.* I am glad to hear it, my dear.

*Grub.* Yes; I thought you would be glad to hear of it. I have just sent Consol to the Alley to see how matters go—I should have gone myself, but I wanted to open an affair of some importance to you—

*Mrs G.* Ay, ay, you have always some affair of great importance.

*Grub.* Nay, this is one—I have been thinking, my dear, that it is high time we had fixed our daughter; 'tis high time that Emily were married.

*Mrs G.* You think so, do you? I have thought so many a time these three years; and so has Emily too, I fancy. I wanted to talk to you upon the same subject.

*Grub.* You did? Well, I declare that's pat enough, he, he, he!—I vow and protest I'm pleased at this—Why, our inclinations do seldom jump together.

*Mrs G.* Jump, quotha! No, I should wonder if they did. And how comes it to pass now? What! I suppose you have been employing some of your brokers, as usual; or perhaps advertising, as you used to do: but I expect to hear no more of these tricks, now that we are come to this end of the town.

*Grub.* No, no, my dear, this is no such matter, the gentleman I intend—

*Mrs G.* You intend!

*Grub.* Yes, I intend.

*Mrs G.* You intend! What! do you presume to dispose of my child without my consent?—Mind your money-matters, Mr Grub: look at your *bulls*, and your *bears*, and your *lame ducks*, and take care they don't make *you* waddle out of the Alley, as the saying is:—but leave to me the management of my child.—What! things are come to a fine pass indeed! I suppose you intend to marry the poor innocent to one of your city cronies, your factors, your supercargoes, packers, or dry-salters; but

I'll have none of them, Mr Grub, no, I'll have none of them. It shall never be said, that, after coming to this end of the town, the great Miss Grub was forced to trudge into the city again for a husband.

*Grub.* Why, you are mad, Mrs Grub.

*Mrs G.* No, you shall find I am not mad, Mr Grub; that I know how to dispose of my child, Mr Grub.—What! did my poor dear brother leave his fortune to me and my child, and shall she now be disposed of without consulting me?

*Grub.* Why, you are mad certainly! If you will but hear me, you shall be consulted—Have I not always consulted you?—To please you, was I not inclined to marry my daughter to a lord?—and has she not been hawked about, till all the peerage of the three kingdoms turn up their noses at you and your daughter? Did I not treat with my Lord Spindle, my Lord Thoughtless, and my Lord Maukin? and did we not agree, for the first time in our lives, that it would be better to find out a commoner for her, as the people of quality, now-a-days, marry only for a winter or so?

*Mrs G.* Very well, we did so; and who, pray, is the proper person to find out a match for her? Who, but her mother, Mr Grub?—who goes into company with no other view, Mr Grub;—who flatters herself that she is no contemptible judge of mankind, Mr Grub:—Yes, Mr Grub, as good a judge as any woman on earth, Mr Grub.

*Grub.* That I believe, Mrs Grub.

*Mrs G.* Who then but me should have the disposal of her? and very well I have disposed of her. I have got her a husband in my eye.

*Grub.* You got her a husband!

*Mrs G.* Yes, I have got her a husband.

*Grub.* No, no, no, Mrs Grub, that will never do—What! have I been toiling upwards of fifty years,—up early, down late, shopkeeper and housekeeper, made a great fortune, which I could never find in my heart to enjoy—and now, when all the comfort I have in the world, the settlement of my child, is in agitation, shall

I not speak? shall I not have leave to approve of her husband?

*Mrs G.* Heyday! You are getting into your tantrums, I see.

*Grub.* What! did I not leave the city, every friend in the world with whom I used to pass an evening? Did I not, to please you, take this house here? Nay, did I not make a fool of myself, by going to learn to come in and go out of a room, with the grown gentlemen in Cow-lane? Did I not put on a sword too at your desire? and had I not like to have broken my neck down stairs, by its getting between my legs, at that diabolical Lady what d'ye-call-her's rout? and did not all the footmen and chairmen laugh at me?

*Mrs G.* And well they might, truly. An obstinate old fool—

*Grub.* Ay, ay, that may be; but I'll have my own way—I'll give my daughter to the man I like—I'll have no *Sir This* nor *Lord Tother*—I'll have no fellow with his waist down to his knees, and a shirt like a monkey's jacket—with a hat no bigger than its button, his shoe-buckles upon his toes, and a cue thicker than his leg.

*Mrs G.* Why, Mr Grub, you are certainly mad, raving, distracted—No, the man I propose—

*Grub.* And the man I propose—

*Mrs G.* Is a young gentleman of fortune, discretion, parts, sobriety, and connexions.

*Grub.* And the man I propose is a gentleman of abilities, fine fortune, prudence, temperance, and every virtue.

*Mrs G.* And his name is—

*Grub.* And his name is Bevil.

*Mrs G.* Bevil!

*Grub.* Yes, Bevil, I say, and a very pretty name too.

*Mrs G.* What! Mr Bevil of Lincolnshire?

*Grub.* Yes, Mr Bevil of Lincolnshire.

*Mrs G.* O my dear Mr Grub, you delight me: Mr Bevil is the very man I meant.

*Grub.* Is it possible? Why, where have you met with him?

*Mrs G.* O, at several places ; but particularly at Mrs Matchem's assemblies.

*Grub.* Indeed! was ever any thing so fortunate? Didn't I tell you that our inclinations jumped?—but I wonder that he never told me he was acquainted with you.

*Mrs G.* Nay, I cannot help thinking it odd, that he should never tell me he had met with you: but I see he is a prudent man: he was determined to be liked by both of us. But where did you meet with him?

*Grub.* Why, he bought some Stock of me, and so we became acquainted: but I am so overjoyed,—I scarce know what to say. My dear Mrs Grub, let us send for the child, and open the business at once to her.—I am so overjoyed—who would have thought it?—Let us send for Emily—poor dear little soul, she little thinks how happy we are going to make her. *O'Brien.*

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#### X. MISS BIDDY BELLAIR AND FRIBBLE.

*Biddy.* Mr Fribble, your servant——

*Fribble.* Miss Biddy, your slave.—I hope I have not come upon you abruptly. I should have waited upon you sooner: but an accident happened that discomposed me so, that I was obliged to go home again to take drops.

*Biddy.* Indeed you don't look well, sir.—I have set my maid to watch my aunt, that we mayn't be surprised by her.

*Fribble.* Your prudence is equal to your beauty, Miss; and I hope your permitting me to kiss your hand will be no impeachment to your understanding.

*Biddy.* I hate the sight of him [*aside.*]—I was afraid I should not have had the pleasure of seeing you. Pray, let me know what accident you met with, and what's the matter with your hand? I sha'n't be easy till I know.

*Fribble.* Well, I vow, Miss Biddy, you're a good creature.—I'll endeavour to muster up what little spirits I have, and tell you the whole affair.—Hem!—But first, you must give me leave to make you a present of a small pot of my lip-salve. My servant made it this morning.

The ingredients are innocent, I assure you ; nothing but the best virgin-wax, conserve of roses, and lily-of-the-valley water.

*Biddy.* I thank you, sir, but my lips are generally red ; and when they ar'n't, I bite 'em.

*Fribble.* I bite my own sometimes, to pout 'em a little ; but this will give them a softness, a colour, and an agreeable moisture.—Thus let me make an humble offering at that shrine, where I have already sacrificed my heart [*kneels, and gives the pot.*]

*Biddy.* Upon my word, that's very prettily expressed : you are positively the best company in the world.—I wish he were out of the house [*aside.*]

*Fribble.* But to return to my accident, and the reason why my hand is in this condition.—I beg you'll excuse the appearance of it, and be satisfied that nothing but mere necessity could have forced me to appear thus muffled before you.

*Biddy.* I am very willing to excuse any misfortune that happens to you, sir.

*Fribble.* You are vastly good, indeed.—Thus it was—Hem !—You must know, miss, there is not an animal in the creation I have so great an aversion to as those hackney-coach fellows.—As I was coming out of my lodgings, says one of 'em to me, “ Would your honour have a coach ? ”—“ No, man,” said I, “ not now,” with all the civility imaginable.—“ I'll carry you and your doll too, Miss Margery, for the same price.”—Upon which the masculine beasts about us fell a-laughing. Then I turned round in a great passion—“ Hang me,” says I, “ fellow, but I'll trounce thee.”—And as I was holding out my hand in a threatening posture, thus—he makes a cut at me with his whip, and, striking me over the nail of my little finger, it gave me such exquisite torture, that I fainted away ; and, while I was in this condition, the mob picked my pocket of my purse, my smelling-bottle, and my huswife.

*Biddy.* I am afraid you are in great pain ; but I hope your hand is in no danger ?

*Fribble.* Not in the least, ma'am ; pray, don't be ap-

prehensive—a milk poultice and a gentle sweat to-night, with a little manna in the morning, will, I am confident, relieve me entirely.

*Biddy.* But pray, Mr Fribble, do you make use of a huswife?

*Fribble.* I can't do without it, ma'am. There is a club of us, all young bachelors, the sweetest society in the world; and we meet three times a-week at each other's lodgings, where we drink tea, hear the chat of the day, invent fashions for the ladies, take models of 'em, and cut out patterns in paper. We were the first inventors of knotting; and this fringe is the original produce of our little community.

*Biddy.* And who are your pretty set, pray?

*Fribble.* There's Phil. Whiffle, Jackey Wagtail, my Lord Trip, Sir Dilberry Dibble, and your humble——

*Biddy.* What a sweet collection of happy creatures!

*Fribble.* You are mistaken, I assure you; I am prodigiously rallied about my passion for you, I can tell you that, and am looked upon as lost to our society already; he, he, he!

*Biddy.* Pray, Mr Fribble, now you have gone so far, don't think me impudent if I long to know how you intend to behave to the lady who has been honoured with your affections?

*Fribble.* Not as most other wives are used, I assure you. All the domestic business will be taken off her hands: I shall make the tea, comb the dogs, and dress the children myself; so that, though I am a commoner, Mrs Fribble will lead the life of a woman of quality; for she will have nothing to do but lie in bed, play at cards, and scold the servants.

*Biddy.* What a happy creature she must be!

*Garrick.*

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## XI. INTEGRITY IN OFFICE.

*King* [*alone.*] No, no, this can be no public road, that's certain: I am lost, quite lost indeed. Of what advantage is it now to be a king? Night shows me no

respect: I cannot see better, nor walk so well as another man. What is a king? Is he not wiser than another man? Not without his counsellors, I plainly find. Is he not more powerful? I oft have been told so, indeed, but what now can my power command? Is he not greater and more magnificent? When seated on his throne, and surrounded with nobles and flatterers, perhaps he may think so; but when lost in a wood, alas! what is he but a common man? His wisdom knows not which is north and which is south; his power a beggar's dog would bark at; and his greatness the beggar would not bow to. And yet how oft are we puffed up with these false attributes! Well, in losing the monarch, I have found the man. [*The report of a gun is heard.*] Hark! some villain sure is near! What were it best to do? Will my majesty protect me? No. Throw majesty aside then, and let manhood do it.

*Miller* [*enters.*] I believe I hear the rogue. Who's there?

*King.* No rogue, I assure you.

*Miller.* Little better, friend, I believe. Who fired that gun?

*King.* Not I, indeed.

*Miller.* You lie, I believe.

*King.* Lie! Lie! How strange it seems to me to be talked to in this style! [*aside.*] Upon my word I don't.

*Miller.* Come, come, sirrah, confess; you have shot one of the king's deer, have not you?

*King.* No, indeed; I owe the king more respect. I heard a gun go off, indeed, and was afraid some robbers might be near.

*Miller.* I'm not bound to believe this, friend. Pray, who are you? What's your name?

*King.* Name!

*Miller.* Name! yes, name. Why, you have a name, have not you? Where do you come from? What is your business here?

*King.* These are questions I have not been used to, honest man.

*Miller.* May be so; but they are questions no honest

man would be afraid to answer, I think ; so if you can give no better account of yourself, I shall make bold to take you along with me, if you please.

*King.* With you ! what authority have you to——

*Miller.* The king's authority ; if I must give you an account, sir, I am John Cockle, the Miller of Mansfield, one of his majesty's keepers in this forest of Sherwood ; and I will let no suspected fellow pass this way that cannot give a better account of himself than you have done, I promise you.

*King.* I must submit to my own authority—[*aside.*] Very well, sir, I am glad to hear the king has so good an officer : and since I find you have his authority, I will give you a better account of myself, if you will do me the favour to hear it.

*Miller.* It's more than you deserve, I believe ; but let's hear what you can say for yourself.

*King.* I have the honour to belong to the king as well as you, and, perhaps, should be as unwilling to see any wrong done him. I came down with him to hunt in this forest ; and the chase leading us to-day a great way from home, I am benighted in this wood, and have lost my way.

*Miller.* This does not sound well. If you have been a-hunting, pray where is your horse ?

*King.* I have tired my horse so much that he lay down under me, and I was obliged to leave him.

*Miller.* If I thought I might believe this now.

*King.* I am not used to lie, honest man.

*Miller.* What ! do you live at court, and not lie ? that's a likely story indeed.

*King.* Be that as it will, I speak truth now, I assure you ; and, to convince you of it, if you will attend me to Nottingham, if I am near it, or give me a night's lodging in your own house, here is something to pay you for your trouble ; and if that is not sufficient, I will satisfy you in the morning to your utmost desire.

*Miller.* Ay, now I am convinced you are a courtier ; here is a little bribe for to-day, and a large promise for to-morrow, both in a breath ; here, take it again, and



take this along with it—John Cockle is no courtier; he can do what he ought—without a bribe.

*King.* Thou art a very extraordinary man, I must own, and I should be glad, methinks, to be farther acquainted with thee.

*Miller.* Thee! and thou! pr'ythee don't thee and thou me; I believe I am as good a man as yourself at least.

*King.* Sir, I beg your pardon.

*Miller.* Nay, I am not angry, friend: only I don't love to be too familiar with any body, before I know whether or not they deserve it.

*King.* You are in the right. But what am I to do?

*Miller.* You may do what you please. You are twelve miles from Nottingham, and all the way through a thick wood; but if you are resolved upon going thither to-night, I will put you in the road, and direct you the best I can; or if you will accept of such poor entertainment as a miller can give, you shall be welcome to stay all night, and in the morning I will go with you myself.

*King.* And cannot you go with me to-night?

*Miller.* I would not go with you to-night if you were the king.

*King.* Then I must go with you, I think. *Dodsley.*

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## XII. SIR PETER AND LADY TEAZLE.

*S. Pet.* Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I won't bear it.

*L. Teazle.* Very well, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, just as you please; but I know I ought to have my own way in every thing, and what's more, I will.

*S. Pet.* What, madam! is there no respect due to the authority of a husband?

*L. Teazle.* Why, don't I know that no woman of fashion does as she is bid after her marriage.—Though I was bred in the country, I'm no stranger to that: if you wanted me to be obedient, you should have adopted me, and not married me—I'm sure you were old enough.

*S. Pet.* Ay, there it is—Oons, madam, what right have you to run into all this extravagance?

*L. Teazle.* I'm sure I am not more extravagant than a woman of quality ought to be.

*S. Pet.* 'Slife, madam, I'll have no more sums squandered away upon such unmeaning luxuries; you have as many flowers in your dressing-rooms as would turn the Pantheon into a green-house; or make a Fete Champetre at a mas——

*L. Teazle.* La, Sir Peter, am I to blame that flowers don't blow in cold weather? you must blame the climate, and not me—I'm sure, for my part, I wish it were spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet.

*S. Pet.* Zounds, madam, I should not wonder at your extravagance if you had been bred to it.—Had you any of these things before you married me?

*L. Teazle.* Dear, Sir Peter, how can you be angry at those little elegant expenses?

*S. Pet.* Had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

*L. Teazle.* Very true, indeed; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again.

*S. Pet.* Very well, very well, madam; you have entirely forgot what your situation was when I first saw you.

*L. Teazle.* No, no, I have not; a very disagreeable situation it was, or I'm sure I never would have married you.

*S. Pet.* You forget the humble state I took you from—the daughter of a poor country 'Squire.—When I came to your father's, I found you sitting at your tambour, in a linen gown, a bunch of keys at your side, and your hair combed smoothly over a roll.

*L. Teazle.* Yes, I remember very well;—my daily occupations were to overlook the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lapdog.

*S. Pet.* Oh! I am glad to find you have so good a recollection.

*L. Teazle.* My evening employments were to draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; play at Pope Joan with the curate; read a sermon to my aunt Deborah, or perhaps be stuck up at an old spinnet to thrum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

*S. Pet.* Then you were glad to take a ride out behind the butler, upon the old dock'd coach-horse.

*L. Teazle.* No, no, I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

*S. Pet.* I say you did. This was your situation.—Now, madam, you must have your coach, vis-à-vis, and three powdered footmen to walk before your chair; and in summer, two white cats to draw you to Kensington-gardens: and, instead of your living in that hole in the country, I have brought you home here, made a woman of fortune of you, a woman of quality—in short, I have made you my wife.

*L. Teazle.* Well, and there is but one thing more you can now add to the obligation, and that is——

*S. Pet.* To make you my widow, I suppose?

*L. Teazle.* Hem!——

*S. Pet.* Very well, madam, very well; I am much obliged to you for the hint.

*L. Teazle.* Why then will you force me to say shocking things to you? But now we have finished our morning conversation, I presume I may go to my engagements at Lady Sneerwell's?

*S. Pet.* Lady Sneerwell!—a precious acquaintance you have made of her too, and the set that frequent her house.—Such a set, mercy on us! Many a wretch who has been drawn upon a hurdle has done less mischief than those barterers of forged lies, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

*L. Teazle.* How can you be so severe? I am sure they are all people of fashion, and very tenacious of reputation.

*S. Pet.* Yes, so tenacious of it, they'll not allow it to any but themselves.

*L. Teazle.* I vow, Sir Peter, when I say an ill-natured thing I mean no harm by it, for I take it for granted they'd do the same by me.

*S. Pet.* They've made you as bad as any of them.

*L. Teazle.* Yes——I think I bear my part with a tolerable grace.——

*S. Pet.* Grace indeed!

*L. Teazle.* Well but, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come?

*S. Pet.* Well, I shall just call in to look after my own character.

*L. Teazle.* Then, upon my word, you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. [*Exit Lady Teazle.*]

*S. Pet.* I have got much by my intended expostulation.—What a charming air she has!—and how pleasingly she shows her contempt of my authority!—Well, though I can't make her love me, 'tis some pleasure to tease her a little; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing every thing to vex and plague me. *Sheridan.*

## DIALOGUES IN VERSE.

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### I. SORROW, RESOLUTION, AND LOVE.

*Sadi.* HERE is one, who, by the costliness of his robes, must be the lord of this mansion.—What would you ?

*Octavian.* I would pass——  
Deep in yon cave, to hide me from the sun :  
His rising beams have tipt the trees with gold—  
He gladdens men—but I do bask in sorrow.  
Give way !—

*Sadi.* Mark you—I do respect sorrow too much to do it wilful injury. I am a Moor, 'tis true—that is, I am not quite a Christian—but I never yet saw man bending under misfortune, that I did not think it pleasure to lighten his load.—Strive to pass here, however, and I must add blows to *your* burden—and that might haply break your back :—for to say truth, I have now a treasure in this cave, that, while I can hinder it, sorrow shall never come nigh.

*Oct.* Death ! must I burrow here with brutes, and find  
My haunts broke in upon ! my cares disturb'd !  
Reptile ! I'll dash thy body o'er the rocks,  
And leave thee to the vultures.

*Sadi.* Friend, you'll find me too tough to be served up to 'em. If they must dine upon one of us, we shall see which will afford them a picking. [*They struggle, Agnes rushes between them.*]

*Agnes.* O, Sadi !—for my sake,—Gentlemen !—hold !

*Oct.* Woman!

*Sadi.* Ay; and touch her at your peril.

*Oct.* Not for the worth of worlds. Thou lov'st her?—  
He who would cut the knot that does entwine, [Mark—  
And link two loving hearts in unison,  
May have man's form;—but at his birth, be sure on't,  
Some fiend did thrust sweet Nature's hand aside,  
Ere she had pour'd her balm within his breast,  
To warm the gross and earthy mould with pity.

*Sadi.* This fellow now is like a green melon;—with a rough outside, and much sweetness under it.—It seems as thou wert sent, ragged Ambassador, here, from a strange nation, to treat with the four-footed citizens of this mountain: and as we are unknown in these parts, we will e'en throw ourselves on thy protection.

*Oct.* Some paces hence there is a goatherd's cot,  
Begirt with brake and brush—and weather-proof.

*Agnes.* Let us thither, Sadi.

*Sadi.* Content.

*Oct.* I'll lead you to't: for I am high in office  
In Cupid's cabinet:—I bear the torch  
Before the little god; and 'tis my care  
To shield from peril true love's votaries.

*Sadi.* I knew he was a great man,—but I never heard mention before of such a place of dignity. Along, good fellow, and we'll follow thee.

*Oct.* They shall not part you;—for I know what 'tis  
When worldly knaves step in, with silver beards,  
To poison bliss, and pluck young souls asunder.  
O! wander, boundless Love, across the wild!  
Give thy free passion scope, and range the wildernes!  
Crib not thyself in cities,—for 'tis there  
The thrifty, grey philosopher inhabits,  
To check thy glowing impulse in his child.  
Gain is the old man's god; he offers up  
His issue to't; and mercenary wedlock  
Murders his offspring's peace.—They murder'd mine—  
They tore it from my bosom by the roots,  
And with it, pluck'd out hope! Well, well, no matter—  
Despair burns high within me, and its fire

Serves me for heart, to keep my clay in motion.  
Follow my footsteps.

*Agnes.* Alas! his wits are turn'd. Do not venture with him, Sadi; he will do us some mischief.

*Sadi.* Truly the tenement of his brain seems somewhat out of repair; yet, if he brings us to a place of safety, Agnes—I know not whether we should take this crazy gentleman as a guide, or trust to reason;—which, indeed, is but a poor director of the road, when a man has lost his way. Wilt thou lead us safe now?

*Oct.* Be sure on't.

*Sadi.* Tuck thyself under my arm, Agnes. Now out, cimetar!—Bring us to this same goatherd's, and thou shalt have the best acknowledgments gratitude can give thee: but if thou ventur'est to harm my *Agnes*, I'll quickly stir the fire in thy bosom thou talk'st of; and this cimetar shall serve for the poker.

*Oct.* Should the gaunt wolf cross lovers in their path,  
I'd rend his rugged jaws, that he should bay  
The moon no more with howling. Thread the thicket—  
Follow Love's messenger. *Colman.*

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## II. OCTAVIAN AND ROQUE.

*Octavian (pulls a portrait from his bosom.)*

OUT, bauble!—let me kiss thee! Sweet Floranthe,  
When the cold limner drew thy semblance here,  
How charm'd I sat, to mark the modest flush  
That virgin nature threw into thy face,  
As the dull clod, unmoved, did stare upon thee,  
To pencil out thy features' character!  
Those times are past, Floranthe!—Yet 'tis comfort  
To bring remembrance full upon the eye!—  
'Tis soothing to a fond and care-worn heart,  
To drop a tear on the loved lineaments  
Of her it ne'er must hope to meet again!

*Roque [enters.]* Now know not I how to accost him.  
Poor gentleman! times are sadly changed with him,  
since I saw him fresh, and well caparisoned, gazing on

my young lady, in my old master's mansion, at Seville. I do not altogether think my heart is tough enough for my trade;—it has too many soft places in it, and the misfortunes of another are apt to take the advantage of them; and disable me from fighting through the rough work of the world with firmness.—Signior! do you not remember my countenance?

*Oct.* No—Providence has slubber'd it in haste.  
'Tis one of her unmeaning compositions  
She manufactures when she makes a gross.  
She'll form a million such—and all alike—  
Then send them forth, ashamed of her own work,  
And set no mark upon them. Get thee gone.

*Roque.* Get me gone!—Ah, Signior! the time has been when you would question old Roque kindly after his health, as he lifted up the latch to give you admittance to poor Donna Floranthe.

*Oct.* Thou hast shot lightning through me! Art thou—  
That sound was thrilling music! O, Floranthe! [stay!  
I thought not e'en the magic of thy name  
Could make a heart, so long benumb'd with misery,  
Leap as 'twould burst its prison.—Do not mock me;  
If thou dost juggle, now, I'll tear thee—Hold!  
Ay; I remember; and as I peruse thee,  
Past times rush in upon me, with thy face;  
And many a thought of happiness, gone by,  
Does flash across my brain. Let me not wander;  
Give me thy hand, Roque.—I do know thy errand:  
And 'tis of import, when thou journey'st thus  
The trackless desert to seek sorrow out.  
Thou com'st to tell me my Floranthe's dead:—  
But we will meet again, sweet!—I will back,  
With thee, old Honesty; and lay me down,  
Heart-broke, at last, beside her shrouded corse,  
Kiss her cold cheek, then fly to her in heaven!

*Roque.* I would I were in the midst of a battle.—I know not how 'tis—I have faced many a man in the field, but this is an engagement that makes my spirits sink down to my very heels. I do verily believe my courage, in my old age, begins to dwindle.



*Oct.* Tell me, old Roque! tell me, Floranthe's follower!  
 Shall we not, when the midnight bell has toll'd,  
 Beguile the drunken sacrist of his key,  
 Then steal in silence up the church's aisle,  
 To sprinkle cypress on her monument?

*Roque.* An this hold, I shall blubber outright, like a female baby. I must muster my own resolution that I may rally his.—Why, how now, Signior, shame on this weakness!—Were all to bend like you when they meet disappointment, I know not who in this jostling world would walk upright. Pluck up your manly spirits, Signior! your Floranthe lives, ay, and is true to you—now, by Saint Dominick, I bring tidings that will glad you.

*Oct.* I pray you, do not sport with me, old man—  
 Jeer not the wretched—I have worn away  
 Twelve weary months in anguish; I have sat,  
 Darkling, by day in caverns—and at night  
 Have fix'd my eyes so long upon the moon,  
 That I do fear my senses are, in part,  
 Sway'd by her influence. I'm past jesting with.

*Roque.* I never, Signior, was much given to jesting—and he who sports with the misfortunes of another, though he may bring his head into repute for fancy, does his heart little credit for feeling. I had rather be accounted a well-disposed dullard than an excellent-witted knave. Rest quiet, Signior!—Here is one waiting without, that I have brought along with me, who will comfort you. Nay, I pray you now be patient.—If this be the work of bringing lovers together, Heaven give him joy who makes a trade on't! for in fifty years that Time has clapp'd his saddle on my back, he never so sorely galled my old withers as now. [*Exit.*]

*Oct.* Habit does much—I do begin to think,  
 Since grief has been so close an inmate with me,  
 That I have strain'd her nearer to my bosom  
 Than I *had* press'd her, had the chequer'd scene,  
 Which rouses man, who mixes with his kind,  
 Kept me from dotage on her. Our affections  
 Must have a rest—and sorrow, when secluded,

Grows strong in weakness.—Pen the body up  
 In solitary durance, and, in time,  
 The human soul will idly fix its fancy,  
 E'en on some peg, stuck in the prison's wall,  
 And sigh to quit it.—Sure I am not mad!—  
 Floranthe's lost—and since my stubborn frame  
 Will stand the tug—I'll to the heated world—  
 Fit mingler in the throng, miscall'd Society. *Colman.*

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### III. AMBITION PREDOMINANT.

*Ethwald.* ELBURGA, turn, and look upon a friend.

*Elburga.* Usurping rebel, who hast slain thy master,  
 Take thou a look that well beseems thy worth,  
 And hie thee hence, false traitor!

*Eth.* Yes, I will hie me hence, and with me lead  
 A fair and beauteous subject to my will ;  
 That will which may not be gainsaid. For now  
 High heaven, that hath decreed thy father's fall,  
 Hath also me appointed king of Mercia,  
 With right as fair as his ; which I'll maintain,  
 And by the proudest in this lordly realm  
 Will be obey'd, even by thy lofty self.

*Elb.* Put shackles on my limbs, and o'er my head  
 Let your barr'd dungeons low'r ; then may'st thou say,  
 " Walk not abroad," and so it needs must be :  
 But think'st thou to subdue, bold as thou art,  
 The lofty spirit of king Oswal's daughter ?  
 Go, bind the wild winds in thy hollow shield,  
 And bid them rage no more ; they will obey thee.

*Eth.* Yes, proud Elburga, I will shackle thee,  
 But on the throne of Mercia shalt thou sit,  
 Not in the dungeon's gloom.  
 Ay, and albeit the wild winds do refuse  
 To be subjected to my royal will,  
 The lofty spirit of King Oswal's daughter  
 I will subdue. [*Taking her hand.*]

*Elb.* Off with those bloody hands that slew my father !  
 Thy touch is horrid to me ; 'tis a fiend's grasp ;  
 Out from my presence ! bloody Thane of Mairneth !

*Eth.* Ay, frown on me, Elburga ; proudly frown :  
 I knew thy haughty spirit, and loved it,  
 Even when I saw thee first in gorgeous state ;  
 When bearing high thy stately form thou stood'st  
 Like a proud queen, and on the gazing crowd  
 Somewhat offended with a late neglect,  
 Darted thy looks of anger and disdain.  
 High thanes and dames shrunk from thine eye, whilst I,  
 Like one who from the mountain's summit sees,  
 Beneath him far, the harmless lightning play,  
 With smiling admiration mark'd thee well,  
 And own'd a kindred soul. Each angry flash  
 Of thy dark eye was loveliness to me.  
 But know, proud maid, my spirit outmasters thine,  
 And heedeth not the anger nor the power  
 Of living thing.

*Elb.* Bold and amazing man !

*Eth.* And bold should be the man who weds Elburga.

*Elb.* Away ! it cannot be, it shall not be !  
 My soul doth rise against thee, bloody chief,  
 And bids thy power defiance.

*Eth.* Then art thou mine in truth, for never yet  
 Did hostile thing confront me unsubdued.  
 Defy me, and thou art conquer'd.

*Elb.* Thou most audacious chief ! it shall not be.

*Eth.* It shall, it must be, maiden, I have sworn it ;  
 And here repeat it on that beauteous hand  
 Which to no power but with my life I'll yield.

[Grasping her hand.

Frown not, Elburga ; 'tis in vain to strive ;  
 My spirit outmasters thine.

*Elb.* Say'st thou to me thou did'st not slay my father ?  
 Say'st thou those hands are guiltless of his death ?

*Eth.* Think'st thou I'll plead, and say I have not slain  
 The weak old man, whose inoffensive mind,  
 And strong desire to quit the warring world  
 For quiet, religious rest, could be, in truth,  
 No hindrance to my greatness ? Were this fitting  
 In Mercia's king, and proud Elburga's lord ?

*Elb.* Elburga's lord ! thou art presumptuous, prince :  
 Go hence, and brave me not.

*Eth.* I will go hence forthwith ; and by my side  
The fair selected partner of my throne.  
I'll lead thee where the assembled chiefs of Mercia  
Wait to receive from me their future queen.

*Elb.* Distract me not !

*Eth.* Resistance is distraction.  
Who ever yet my fixed purpose cross'd ?  
Did Ethwald ever yield ? Come, queen of Mercia !  
This firm grasp shall conduct thee to a throne.

[*Taking her hand.*

Come for the frowning haughty bride of Ethwald.

*Elb.* Wonderful man !

If hell or fortune fight for thee I know not,  
Nothing withstands thy power. *Miss Baillie.*

#### IV. CATO AND DECIUS.

*Dec.* CÆSAR sends health to Cato——

*Cato.* Could he send it

To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.  
Are not your orders to address the senate ?

*Dec.* My business is with Cato ; Cæsar sees  
The straits to which you're driven ; and, as he knows  
Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

*Cato.* My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.  
Would he save Cato, bid him spare his country.  
Tell your dictator this ; and tell him, Cato  
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

*Dec.* Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar ;  
Her gen'ral's and her consuls are no more,  
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs :  
Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend ?

*Cato.* Those very reasons thou hast urged forbid it.

*Dec.* Cato, I've orders to expostulate,  
And reason with you, as from friend to friend :  
Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,  
And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it.  
Still may you stand high in your country's honours ;  
Do but comply, and make your peace with Cæsar,  
Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,  
As on the second of mankind.

*Cato.* No more :

I must not think of life on such conditions.

*Dec.* Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,  
And therefore sets this value on your life.

Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,  
And name your terms.

*Cato.* Bid him disband his legions,  
Restore the commonwealth to liberty,  
Submit his actions to the public censure,  
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate.  
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

*Dec.* Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom——

*Cato.* Nay more—tho' Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd  
To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,  
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,  
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

*Dec.* A style like this becomes a conqueror.

*Cato.* Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

*Dec.* What is a Roman that is Cæsar's foe?

*Cato.* Greater than Cæsar: he's a friend to virtue.

*Dec.* Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,  
And at the head of your own little senate:  
You don't now thunder in the capitol,  
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

*Cato.* Let him consider that, who drives us hither;  
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,  
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye  
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,  
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him;  
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black  
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes  
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.  
I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch  
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;  
But, by the gods I swear, millions of worlds  
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

*Dec.* Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar  
For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friendship?

*Cato.* His cares for me are insolent and vain:  
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.

Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,  
 Bid him employ his care for these my friends,  
 And make good use of his ill-gotten pow'r,  
 By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

*Dec.* Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget  
 You are a man ; you rush on your destruction.  
 But I have done. When I relate hereafter  
 The tale of this unhappy embassy,  
 All Rome will be in tears.

*Addison.*

---

V. JUBA AND SYPHAX.

*Juba.* SYPHAX, I joy to meet thee thus alone :  
 I have observed 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 ?

*Syp.* 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,  
 Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,  
 When discontent sits heavy at my heart ;  
 I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

*Juba.* Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms  
 Against the lords and sovereigns 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 ?

*Syp.* Gods ! where's the worth that sets these 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,  
 Laden with war ? These, these are arts, my prince,  
 In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

*Juba.* These are all virtues of a meaner rank,  
 Perfections that are placed in bones and nerves.  
 A Roman soul is bent on higher views :  
 To civilize the rude unpolish'd world,  
 And 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.

*Syp.* Patience, kind Heavens ! excuse an old man's  
 What are these wondrous civilizing arts, [warmth.  
 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 ?

*Juba.* 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 pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,  
 His rigid virtue will accept of none.

*Syp.* Believe me, prince, there's not an African  
 That traverses our vast Numidian deserts  
 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 the 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.

*Juba.* 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 ?  
 Heavens ! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,  
 He triumphs in the midst of all his sufferings !  
 How does he rise against a load of woes,  
 And thank the gods that throw the weight upon him !

*Syp.* '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 fall'n by a slave's hand inglorious ;  
 Nor would his slaughter'd army now have lain  
 On Afric's sands, disfigured with their wounds,  
 To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

*Juba.* Why dost thou call my sorrows up afresh ?  
 My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

*Syp.* O that you'd profit by your father's ills !

*Juba.* What wouldst thou have me do ?

*Syp.* Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.

*Juba.* My father scorn'd to do it.

*Syp.* And therefore died.

*Juba.* Better to die ten thousand deaths,  
 Than wound my honour.

*Syp.* Rather say, your love.

*Juba.* Syphax, I've promised to preserve my temper.  
 Why wilt thou urge me to confess a flame  
 I long have stifled, and would fain conceal ?

*Syp.* 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.

*Juba.* '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 towers above her sex.  
 True, she is fair—O how divinely fair !  
 But still the lovely maid improves her charms  
 With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,  
 And sanctity of manners : Cato's soul  
 Shines out in every 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. *Addison.*

---

VI. EARL OF DOUGLAS, HOTSPUR, AND EARL OF WOR-  
 CESTER.

*Hot.* WELL said, my noble Scot : If speaking truth,  
 In this fine age, were not thought flattery,  
 Such attribution should the Douglas have,  
 As not a soldier of this season's stamp  
 Should go so general current through the world.  
 By Heaven, I cannot flatter : I defy  
 The tongues of soothers ; but a braver place  
 In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.  
 Nay, task me to the word ; approve me, lord.

*Doug.* Thou art the king of honour :  
 No man so potent breathes upon the ground,  
 But I will beard him.

*Hot.* Do so, and 'tis well :—

*Enter Raby.*

What letters hast thou there ?

*Rab.* These letters come from your father.

*Hot.* Letters from him ! why comes he not himself ?

*Rab.* He cannot come, my lord ; he's grievous sick.

*Wor.* I would, the state of time had first been whole,  
Ere he by sickness had been visited !  
His health was never better worth than now.

*Hot.* Sick now ! droop now ! this sickness doth infect  
The very life-blood of our enterprise ;  
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.—  
He writes me here,—that inward sickness,—  
And that his friends by deputation, could not  
So soon be drawn ;—  
Yet doth he give us bold advertisement,  
That, with our small conjunction, we should on,  
To see how fortune is disposed to us :  
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now ;  
Because the king is certainly possess'd  
Of all our purposes. What say you to it ?

*Wor.* Your father's sickness is a maim to us.  
It will be thought  
By some, that know not why he is away,  
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike  
Of our proceedings, kept the Earl from hence ;  
This absence of your father's, draws a curtain  
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear  
Before not dreamt of.

*Hot.* You strain too far.  
I, rather, of his absence make this use :—  
It lends a lustre, and more great opinion,  
A larger dare to our great enterprise,  
Than if the Earl were here : for men must think,  
If we, without his help, can make a head  
To push against the kingdom ; with his help,  
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.—  
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

*Doug.* As heart can think : there is not such a word  
Spoke of in Scotland, as this term of fear.

*Enter Sir Richard Vernon, and two Gentlemen.*

*Hot.* My cousin Vernon ! welcome !

*Ver.* 'Pray Heaven, my news be worth a welcome, lord !  
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,  
Is marching hitherwards ; with him, Prince John.

*Hot.* No harm: What more?

*Ver.* And further, I have learn'd,—  
The king himself in person is set forth,  
Or hitherwards intended speedily,  
With strong and mighty preparation.

*Hot.* He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,  
The nimble-footed, mad-cap Prince of Wales,  
And his comrades, that doff'd the world aside,  
And bid it pass?

*Ver.* All furnish'd, all in arms.  
All plumed like estriches, that with the wind  
Bated, like eagles having lately bathed:  
Glittering in golden coats, like images;  
As full of spirit as the month of May,  
And georgeous as the sun at midsummer!  
I saw young Harry,—with his beaver on,  
His cuisses on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,  
Rise from the ground, like feather'd Mercury,  
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,  
As if an angel dropt down from the clouds  
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,  
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.

*Hot.* No more, no more; worse than the sun in March,  
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;  
They come like sacrifices in their trim,  
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war,  
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:  
The mailed Mars shall on his altar sit,  
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,  
To hear this rich reprisal is so nigh,  
And yet not ours: Come, let me take my horse,  
Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,  
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:  
Harry to Harry shall,—hot horse to horse—  
Meet, and ne'er part, till one drop down a corse.—  
O that Glendower were come!

*Ver.* There is more news:  
I learn'd in Worcester, as I rode along,  
He cannot draw his power this fourteen days.

*Hot.* What may the king's whole battle reach unto?

*Ver.* To thirty thousand.

*Hot.* Forty let it be ;

My father and Glendower being both away,

The powers of us may serve so great a day.

Come, let us take a muster speedily ;

Doomsday is near ; die all, die merrily. *Shakspeare.*

THE END.

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