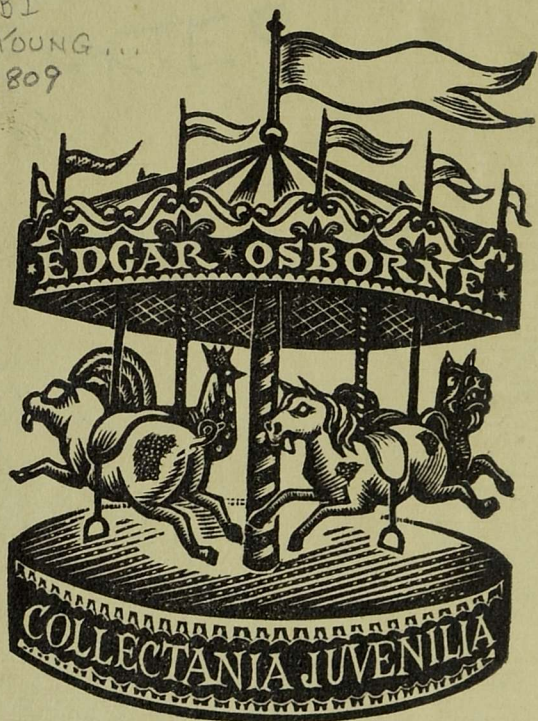




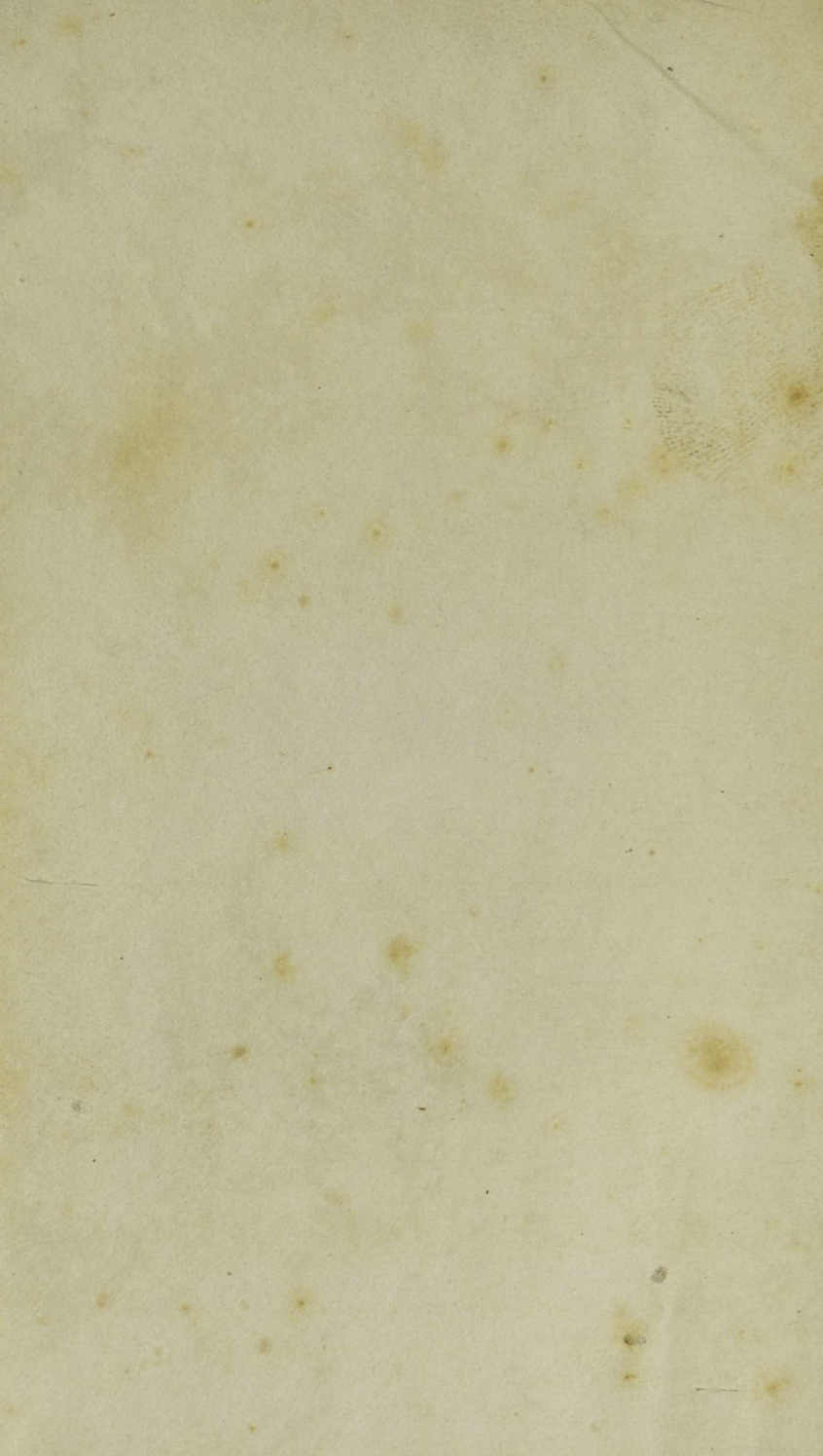
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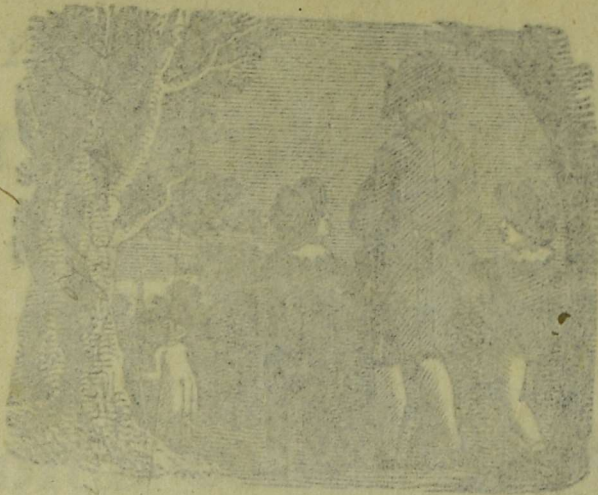
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Anna Plummer Kent Forsythe



Where science smiles, the Muses join the train
And gentlest arts and purest manners reign.
MRS. BARBAULD

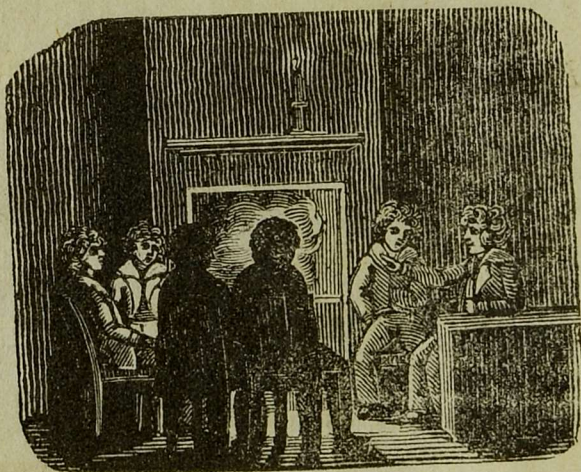


Delightful task! to rear the tender thought
To teach the young Ideas how to shoot.
THOMSON.



Delightful task ! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young Idea how to shoot.

THOMSON.



Where Science smiles, the Muses join the train
And gentlest arts and purest manners reign.

MRS BARBAULD.

THE
Young Gentleman & Lady's
INSTRUCTOR;
OR NEW
Reader and Speaker :
BEING A
CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
PIECES IN POETRY AND PROSE,
DESIGNED AS
A Pleasing and Useful Companion
TO
Young Persons in General.

THE SECOND EDITION.

SUSSEX PRESS, LEWES.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY J. BAXTER.

—
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Method and System:

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LONDON: PRINTED BY

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE little volume which is now presented to the public, it is presumed, will be found adapted for the use of young persons of both sexes. Some of the pieces will be level to the capacities and taste of the junior classes in schools and families, and the rest will gratify and improve those who are more advanced in age and knowledge.

It has been the object of the editor to mix the utile cum dulci, the profitable with the sweet. He has aimed in the choice which he has made to instruct as well as to entertain and he trusts that his plan will meet with the approbation of intelligent and candid parents and teachers. Such will find many pieces which may be very proper as reading lessons, and others which may not only answer that purpose, but which will be with advantage committed to memory and recited as exercises in elocution. In short, the design of the present compilation is to furnish at a moderate expense a choice collection of pieces in poetry and prose adapted for reading and speaking, which may amuse the fancy, inform the understanding, and affect the heart.

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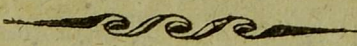
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DIDACTIC

AND

Entertaining Pieces.



WORK THE PRICE OF PLAY.

THE little Laura once requested her mamma's permission to play the whole day, a request which was readily granted, from the belief that she would never make it again. Laura, however was of a different opinion, and collected all her dolls and playthings together, for the purpose of amusing herself. For some time these did pretty well, but by degrees her cup and ball became tiresome and her dolls insipid. She then wanted her mamma or sisters to play with her; but her mamma took care to be busy, and her sisters were employed in their different tasks. Laura became fretful, and threw her playthings away. At noon, when the regular play-hour of her sisters returned, they would willingly have engaged Laura in their amusements; but she had tired them all before, and they had lost their power of pleasing.

It was not difficult to persuade Laura to set about her work immediately the next morning, and she would ever afterwards have regarded a whole day of play as a day of punishment.

THE

THREE BLACK CROWS. 4

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 surprized at that;
 Where I come from it is the common chat:
 But you shall hear: an odd affair indeed!
 And, that it happen'd 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 enquire his curious comrade ran.
 Sir, did you tell—relating the affair—
 Yes, Sir, I did; and if it's worth your care,

As Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me,
But, by the bye, 'twas Two black Crows, not Three.

Resolved to trace so wond'rous an event,
Whip to the third, the virtuoso went.
Sir,—and so forth— why, yes ; the thing is fact,
Tho' 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 begged 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 recal
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.

THE

ADVANTAGE OF ADVICE.

JOHN and Edward were each of them allowed a plot in their father's garden, to cultivate, in which they were permitted to plant whatever seeds and flowers they thought proper. Edward went to the gardener and desired he would be so good as to tell him what things would be the best to plant, and how he should manage them. John not a little diverted at what he thought the condescension of his brother, determined to follow his own inventions, and plucking some ripe flowers from his father's garden, thought he would have his bed nicely ornamented immediately. As the flowers, however, were separated from their roots, they quickly faded away, and John replaced them with others, which soon shared the same fate. He grew heartily tired of this employment, it was rather paying too dear for the pleasure of having flowers in his garden, which now, through his neglect, was soon covered with weeds. In a few months, John, walking by Edward's garden, saw some nice scarlet fruit growing near the ground, which, upon tasting, to his no small astonishment, he found to be strawberries. Passing by it again a few weeks afterwards, he saw some bunches both of white and red fruit, depending

from small trees, which upon examination he discovered to be currants. Eat as many of them as you please, said Edward, who happened to be present, only remember you might have had them in your own garden, if you had not despised the assistance of a man better acquainted with its management than yourself.

THE

BEAU AND THE BEDLAMITE.

A Patient in Bedlam, who did pretty well,
Was permitted sometimes to go out of his cell :
One day, when they gave him that freedom, he spy'd
A beauish young spark with a sword by his side ;
With a huge silver hilt, and a scabbard of steel,
Which swung at due length from his hip to his heel.

When he saw him advance on the gallery ground,
The bedlamite ran and surveyed him all round ;
While a waiter suppress'd the young captain's alarm,
With—you need not to fear, sir, he'll do you no harm.

At last he broke out—Aye, a very fine show !
May I ask you one question?—What's that?—said
the beau.

Pray, what is that long dangling, cumbersome thing,
Which you seem to be ty'd to with ribband and
string?—

Why that is my sword—and what is it to do—
Kill my enemies, master, by running them thro'—
Kill your enemies!—Kill a fool's head of your own;
They'll die of themselves, if you'll let them alone.

THE FARMER'S SONS,

JOHN AND THOMAS.

J. **H**ERE I am, come to look at this grand house,
but I am afraid that I am come too late, and that its
fine inhabitants are arrived. Well, a faint heart, says
the proverb, never yet won a fair lady. Let me make
haste and examine every thing before I am sent about
my business. They say nothing is certain but death
and the taxes, but that they will shew me the door if
I am seen is no less certain; had I not better save
them the trouble by going away directly? No it is
too late, for that somebody is coming—

T. Good morning, little boy, what are you doing
here by yourself?

J. I came to have looked at the house, Sir, but I
was just going away lest I should be turned out.

T. Turned out? Why my little fellow, we are come to live here, and hope that those who live in the village will love us, and consider us as fellow villagers. Would you turn me out if I was to call at your house?

J. No, certainly.

T. Then do not think us less kind than you would be. My father is neither more nor less than the first farmer in the place.

J. And mine, to be sure is the oldest. But are you not Sir William Harrington's son?

T. Yes—But he considers the title of farmer as as a much more honourable one, for the title of knight conveys only the idea of a man living in a fine house, and eating, and drinking, and sleeping; but a farmer cultivates the ground, and raises corn for himself and others; therefore, as two farmers' sons, let us shake hands. I will shew you the paintings and finery here, and some day I will call upon you, to shew me the various things which are used by the farmer and gardener.

J. That I will, with all my heart.

T. Come along then.

St. PHILIP NERI and the YOUTH.

ST. Philip Neri as old readings say,
Met a young stranger in Rome's streets one day;
And being ever courteously inclin'd,
To give young folks a sober turn of mind,
He fell into discourse with him; and thus
The dialogue they held comes down to us.

St. Tell me what brings you, gentle youth to Rome?

Y. To make myself a scholar, Sir, I come.

St. And, when you are one, what do you intend?

Y. To be a priest, I hope, Sir, in the end.

St. Suppose it so—what have you next in view?

Y. That I may get to be a canon too.

St. Well; and how then?

Y. Why then, for ought I know, I may be made a
bishop.

St. Be it so—what then?

Y. Why, cardinal's a high degree—
And yet my lot it possibly may be.

St. Suppose it was—what then?

Y. Why, who can say
But I've a chance of being Pope one day ?

St. Well, having worn the mitre, and red hat,
And triple crown, what follows after that ?

Y. Nay there is nothing farther to be sure,
Upon this earth, that wishing can procure :
When I've enjoyed a dignity so high,
As long as God shall please, then—I must die.

St. What ! must you die ? fond youth ! and at the
best

But WISH and HOPE and MAY BE all the
rest ?

Take my advice—whatever may betide,
For that which must be, first of all provide ;
Then think of that which may be ; and indeed,
When well prepared, who knows what may suc-
ceed ?

But you may be, as you are pleased to hope.
Priest, canon, bishop, cardinal, and pope.

CHARITY WITHOUT EXPENCE.

EUGENIUS is a man of an universal good-nature,
and generous beyond the extent of his fortune ; but
withal so prudent in the economy of his affairs, that
what goes out in charity is made up by good manage-

ment. Eugenius has what the world calls two hundred pounds a year, but never values himself above nine score, as not thinking he has a right to the tenth part, which he always appropriates to charitable uses. To this sum he frequently makes other voluntary additions, insomuch that in a good year, for such he accounts those in which he has been able to make greater bounties than ordinary, he has given above twice that sum to the sick and the indigent.

Eugenius prescribes to himself many particular days of fasting and abstinence, in order to increase his private bank of charity, and sets aside what would be the current expences of those times for the use of the poor. He often goes on foot where his business calls him, and at the end of his walk gives a shilling, which in his ordinary methods of expence, would have gone for coach hire, to the first necessitous person that has fallen in his way. I have known him, when he has been going to a play or an opera, divert the money which was designed for that purpose, to an object of charity whom he has met in the street; and afterwards pass his evening in a coffee-house, or at a friend's fire side, with much greater satisfaction to himself, than he could have received from the most exquisite entertainments of the theatre. By these means he is generous without impoverishing himself, and enjoys his estate by making it the property of others.

THE

COUNTRY BUMPKIN and the 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 wond'rous cheap,
 And for the money quite a heap,
 As ev'ry 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 soaped himself from ears to 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 sighed,
 “ I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse.”

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

His muzzle formed of opposition stuff,
 Firm as a *foxite*, would not lose its ruff,
 But kept it—laughing at the steel and suds ;
 Hodge in a passion, stretched his angry jaws,
 Vowing the direst vengeance with clench'd claws,
 On the vile cheat who sold the goods.

“ Razors !—a vile confounded dog—
 Not fit to scrape a hog !”

Hodge sought the fellow—found him—and begun,
 “ Perhaps, Mr Razor-rogue, to you tis fun,
 That people flay themselves out of their lives :
 You rascal ! for an hour have I 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 could 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."

THE WHISTLE.

WHEN I was a child, at seven years of age, my friends one holiday filled my pocket with halfpence. I ran directly towards a shop where they sold toys for children ; but being charmed with the sound of a whistle on which a boy, whom I met, was playing, I offered him all my money for it, and came home highly pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family with its noise. My brothers and sisters, on my telling them the bargain which I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind how many good things I might have bought with the rest of the money, and

they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation, and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me; and the impression continued so much upon my mind, that when I have been tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I have said to myself, do not give too much for the whistle, and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for their whistles.

When I saw any one too ambitious of court-favours, sacrificing his time, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and, perhaps, his friends, to attain them, I have said to myself. This man gives too much for his whistle.

When I saw another fond of popularity, employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, he pays indeed, said I, too much for his whistle.

When I met a man of pleasure sacrificing every laudable improvement of mind and fortune, to mere corporeal sensations; mistaken man, said I, you are providing pain for yourself, instead of pleasure; you give too much for your whistle.

If I saw one fond of expence and shew, of fine clothes, furniture and equipage, all above his fortune, for which he contracted debts, and ended his life in prison. Alas, said I, he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.

When I saw a beautiful, sweet tempered girl, married to an ill-natured brute of a husband, what a pity it is, said I, that she has paid so much for a whistle.

In short, I imagine, that great part of the miseries of mankind are brought upon them by the false estimate which they make of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their whistles.

THE
PILGRIMS AND THE PEAS.

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

Fifty long miles had these sad rogues to travel,
With something in their shoes much worse than gravel.

In short, their toes so gently to amuse,
The priest had order'd peas into their shoes.

A nostrum famous in old popish times
 For purifying souls that stank with crimes—
 A sort of apostolic salt,
 That popish parsons for its powers exalt,
 For keeping souls of sinners sweet,
 Just as our kitchen salt keeps meat.
 The knaves set off on the same day,
 Peas 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-washed all so clever ;

Then 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 outstretched back and bending knees

Cursing the souls and bodies of the peas ;

His eyes in tears, his cheeks and brows in sweat,

Deep sympathizing with his groaning feet.

“How now!” the light-toed, white-washed pilgrim
 broke—

“You lazy lubber”—

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

Excuse me, Virgin Mary, that I swear—
As for Loretto, I shall not get there :
No ! to the dogs my sinful soul must go,
For verily I have lost ev’ry toe.

But, brother sinner, do explain
How ’tis that you are not in pain.

What pow’r hath work’d a wonder for your toes :
Whilst, 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 happened to you ?”

“ 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 peas.”

THE LAME GIRL.

ANN AND MARY.

A. **O** H ! Cousin, I wish I could run as fast as
you can.

M. I wish so too indeed, Cousin, but since you

cannot, let us try to find some advantages in your inability to do so.

A. I shall be very glad of that, for I am sometimes apt to repine at it, I confess.

M. In the first place then, literally speaking, you cannot so often run into scrapes as we do.

A. But I cannot so easily get out of them, if they happen to occur.

M. Then whenever your mamma makes a party for us into the country, you are sure of a snug seat, in the chaise, while we must either stay at home, or walk whatever be the weather.

A. True, but then parties into the country do not happen every day.

M. Again, when any amusements are contrived, you are sure to be remembered, and very properly, while we are left to provide them for ourselves.

A. I am sometimes afraid lest this partiality should make me fretful, and not able to bear little disappointments.

M. It hardly can, while you are aware of this consequence. Besides, you know, your absence from church and school is excused, while we are made to do double work for ours.



A. But perhaps this may tend to make me idle.

M. There is no great danger of that, since as you cannot make use of your legs as freely as we do, you make it abundantly up in the use of your hands.

A. I hope to do what I can, and now, indeed, I begin to perceive that our deficiencies, in one respect, are made up by advantages in another, instances of which might be very easily enumerated.

M. I fancy the benefits and inconveniences of life are much more equally balanced than we are apt to suppose. It is at least our wisdom always to look on the bright side of objects. I have heard that the celebrated Mr. Wedgewood, who had the loss of his real leg supplied by one of cork, used to make very merry with his wooden limb. Whenever, said he, I come to a wet place, too wide for me to step over, I put my insensible leg into the middle of it, and am not then afraid of being wet-shod; or, if I sit next to the fire at tea, I place the same leg opposite the kettle, and am in no danger of being scalded.

A. There is a story told of Foote, the comedian, who had a leg similar to that of Mr. Wedgewood, and in order to reprove a person who was boasting of what he could do, offered to lay him a wager, that he could hold his leg in a tub of hot water longer than the gentleman could, a superiority which he found no difficulty in acquiring.

M. You remind me of a captain of a man of war, who having lost his wooden leg in an engagement, and consequently falling down, one of the sailors asked him if he should call for the surgeon : No, No, said the honest tar, a carpenter will serve my turn. ✓

THE
PARTICIPLE PRETERITE.

O HEAR a passive *participle's* case !
And, if you can, restore me to my place,
Till just of late good English has thought fit
To call me *written* or to call me *writ* ;
But what is *writ* or *written*, by the vote
Of writers now, hereafter must be *wrote* :
And what is *spoken* too, hereafter *spoke*,
And measures never to be *broken*, *broke*.

I never could be *driven* but in spite
Of grammar, they have *drove* me from my right.
None could have *risen* to become my foes,
But what a world of enemies have *rose*,
Who have not *gone*, but they have *went* about,
And *torn* as I have been, have *tore* me out.

Passive I am and would be, and implore.
That such abuse may be henceforth *forbore* ;

If not *forborn*, for by all spelling-book,
 If not *mistaken* they are all *mistook* :
 And in plain English it had been as well,
 If what has fall'n upon me had not *fell*.

Since this attack upon me has *began*,
 Who knows what lengths in language may be *ran* ;
 For if it once be *grew* into a law,
 You'll see such work as never has been *saw* ;
 Part of our speech, and sense, perhaps beside,
 Shakes when I'm shook, and dies when I'm died.

Then let the preter and imperfect tense
 Of my own words, to me remit the sense,
 Or since we two are oft enough agreed,
 Let all the learned take some better heed,
 And leave the vulgar to confound the due
 Of preter tense and participle too.

NATURE AND EDUCATION.

A FABLE.

NATURE and EDUCATION were one day walking together through a nursery of trees. See, says *Nature*; how straight and fine those firs grow—that is my doing!—But as to those oaks, they are all crooked and stunted: that my good sister is your fault. You have planted them too close, and not pruned them

properly. Nay sister, said *Education*, I am sure I have taken all possible pains about them; but you gave me bad acorns, so how should they ever make fine trees?

The dispute grew warm; and, at length, instead of blaming one another for negligence, they began to boast of their own powers, and to challenge each other to a contest for the superiority. It was agreed that each should adopt a favourite, and rear it up in spite of all the ill offices of her opponent. *Nature* fixed upon a vigorous young Weymouth pine, the parent of which had grown to be the main-mast of a man of war. Do what you will to this plant, said she to her sister, I am resolved to push it up as straight as an arrow. *Education* took under her care a crab-tree. This, said she, I will rear to be at least as valuable as your pine.

Both went to work, while *Nature* was feeding her pine with plenty of wholesome juices, *Education* passed a strong rope round its top, and pulling it downwards with all her force, fastened it to the trunk of a neighbouring oak. The pine laboured to ascend, but not being able to surmount the obstacle, it pushed out to one side, and presently became bent like a bow. Still such was its vigour, that its top, after descending as low as its branches, made a new shoot upwards; but its beauty and usefulness were quite destroyed.

The crab-tree cost *Education* a world of pains. She pruned and pruned, and endeavoured to bring it into shape, but in vain, *Nature* thrust out a bough this way, and a knot that way, and would not push a single leading shoot upwards. The trunk was indeed, kept tolerably straight by constant efforts, but the head grew awry and ill fashioned, and made a scrubby figure. At length, *Education*, despairing of making a sightly plant of it, ingrafted the stock with an apple, and brought it to bear tolerable fruit.

At the end of the experiment the sisters met to compare their respective success. Ah, sister! (said *Nature*) I see it is in your power to spoil the best of my works. Ah, sister, (said *Education*) it is a hard matter to contend against you—however, something may be done by taking pains enough.

THE HERMIT.

A HERMIT there was, and he liv'd in a grot,
 And the way to be happy they said he had got;
 As I wanted to learn it, I went to his cell;
 And when I came there, the old hermit said, well!
 Young man, by your looks you want something I see,
 Come tell me the business which brings you to me,
 Why, hermit, I answered, you say very true,
 And I'll tell you the business which brings me to you.

The way to be happy they say you have got,
 As I wanted to learn it I came to your grot :
 Now I beg and I pray if you have such a plan,
 You'll write it down for me as plain as you can.
 Upon this the old hermit soon took up his pen,
 And he brought me these lines when he came back
 again.

It is being, and doing, and having, that make
 All the pleasures and pains of which mortals partake :
 Now to be what God pleases, to do a man's best,
 And to have a good heart is the way to be blest.

ON SATIRICAL WIT.

—**T**RUST 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 laugh-
 ed at considers himself in the light of a person injured,
 with all the rights of such a situation belonging to him ;
 and when thou viewest him in that light too, and
 reckonest upon his friends, his family, his kindred,
 and allies, and musterest up with them the many re-
 cruits which will list under him, from a sense of com-
 mon danger, 'tis no extravagant arithmetic to say,
 that for every ten jokes, thou hast got an hundred ene-
 mies ; 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.

THE

SICK MAN AND THE PARSON.

IS there no hope? the sick man said—
The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.

When thus the man, with gasping breath,
I feel the chilling wound of death.
Since I must bid the world adieu;
Let me my former life review.

I grant my bargains well were made;
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis self defence in each profession.
Sure self defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands,
Is well increas'd. If unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs,
Has let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;


~~~~~

If I by writ or bond or deed,  
 Have brought a family to need,  
 My will hath made the world amends;  
 My hope on charity depends.  
 When I am number'd with the dead,  
 And all my pious gifts are read.  
 By heaven and earth 'twill then be known  
 My charities were amply shewn.

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

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

Fool, says the parson, now 'tis plain,  
 Your life, your soul, your heaven was gain;



From ev'ry side, with all your might,  
You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right,  
And after death would fain atone,  
By giving what is not your own.

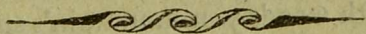
While there is life, there's hope he cry'd;  
Then why such haste? so groan'd and dy'd.

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## DESCRIPTIVE

# P I E C E S.



### MILTON.

**J**OH<sup>N</sup> MILTON was a man in whom were illustriously combined all the qualities that could adorn, or could elevate the nature to which he belonged—a man who at once possessed beauty of countenance, symmetry of form, elegance of manners, benevolence of temper, magnanimity and softness of soul, the brightest illumination of intellect, knowledge the most various and extended, virtue that never loitered in her career nor deviated from her course—a man, who, if he had been delegated as the representative of his species to one of the superior worlds, would have suggested a grand idea of the human race—as of beings affluent in moral and intellectual treasure raised and distinguished in the universe as the favourites and heirs of heaven.





## THE

## MAN OF ROSS.

**A**LL our praises why should lords engross?  
 Rise, honest muse! and sing the man of Ross;  
 Pleas'd Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,  
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.  
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?  
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?  
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,  
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,  
 But clear and artless pouring through the plain  
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.  
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?  
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?  
 Who taught that heav'n directed spire to rise?  
 "The man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.  
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!  
 The man of Ross divides the weekly bread:  
 He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,  
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;  
 Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,  
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.  
 Is any sick? The man of Ross relieves,  
 Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.  
 Is their a variance? Enter but his door,  
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.



Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,  
 And vile attornies now a useless race.  
 Thrice happy man? enabled to pursue.  
 What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!  
 Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?  
 What mines to swell that boundless charity?  
 Of debts and taxes, wife, and children clear,  
 This man possess'd five hundred pounds a year.  
 Blush, grandeur blush! proud courts, withdraw  
 your blaze!  
 Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

And what! no monument, inscription, stone?  
 His race, his form, his name almost unknown!  
 Who builds a church to God and not to fame,  
 Will never mark the marble with his name.  
 Go search it there, where to be born or die,  
 Of rich and poor, makes all the history;  
 Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between;  
 Prov'd by the ends of being to have been.

### JOHNSON.

THE expanse of matter which Johnson had found room for in his intellectual storehouse, the correctness with which he had asserted it, and the readiness with which he could turn any article that he wanted to make present use of, were the properties in him,



which I contemplated with most admiration. As a poet, his translations of 'Juvenal,' gave him a name in the world, and gave him the applause of Pope. He was a writer of tragedy, but his *Irene* gives him no conspicuous rank in that department. As an essayist he merits more consideration; his 'Rambles' are in every body's hands; about them opinions vary, and I rather believe the style of these essays is not now considered as a good model; this he corrected in his more advanced age, as may be seen in his 'Lives of the Poets,' where his diction, though occasionally elaborate, and highly metaphorical, is not nearly so inflated and ponderous as in the 'Rambles.' He was an acute and able critic; the enthusiastic admirers of Milton and the friends of Gray, will have something to complain of, but criticism is a task which no man executes to all men's satisfaction. In works professedly of fancy he is not very copious, yet in his *Rasselas* we have much to admire, and enough to make us wish for more. It is the work of an illuminated mind, and offers many wise and deep reflections, cloathed in beautiful and harmonious diction. We are not indeed familiar with such personages as Johnson has imagined for the characters of his fable, but if we are not exceedingly interested in their story, we are infinitely gratified with their conversations and remarks. In conclusion, Johnson's era, was not wanting in men, to be distinguished for their talents, yet if one was to be selected out as the first great literary character of



the time, I believe all voices would concur in naming him.

THE  
VILLAGE PREACHER.

N EAR yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd,  
And still where many a garden flower grows wild :  
There where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,  
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.  
A man he was to all the country dear,  
And passing rich with forty pounds a year :  
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,  
Nor e'er had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his place ;  
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,  
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;  
For other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,  
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.  
His house was known to all the vagrant train,  
He chid their wand'rings but relieved their pain ;  
The long remember'd beggar was his guest,  
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast :  
The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,  
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away ;  
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,  
Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how fields were won.  
Pleas'd with his guest, the good man learn'd to glow,  
And quite forgot their vices in their woe ;

Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,  
His pity gave e'er charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,  
And even his failings lean'd to virtue's side ;  
But in his duty prompt at every call.  
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace.  
His looks adorn'd the venerable place ;  
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,  
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.  
The service past around the pious man,  
With ready zeal each honest rustic ran ;  
E'en children followed with endearing wile,  
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile:  
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,  
Their welfare pleas'd him and their cares distrest,  
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n,  
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heav'n.  
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,  
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on his head.





## GENERAL WASHINGTON.

THE GREAT PATRIOT OF THE NEW WORLD, LATE ILLUSTRI-  
TRIOUS PRESIDENT OF AMERICA, WHO DIED  
DECEMBER 14, 1799.

GENERAL WASHINGTON in his person was tall, upright, and well made; in his manners easy and unaffected. His eyes were of a bluish cast, not prominent, indicative of deep thoughtfulness, and when in action, on great occasions, remarkably lively. His features strong, manly, and commanding; his temper reserved and serious; his countenance grave, composed, and sensible. There was in his whole appearance an unusual dignity and gracefulness, which at once secured for him profound respect, and cordial esteem. He seemed born to command his fellow men. In his official capacity he received applicants for favours, and answered their requests with so much ease, condescension, and kindness, as that each retired, believing himself a favourite of his chief. He had an excellent and well cultivated understanding; a correct, discerning and comprehensive mind; a memory remarkably retentive; energetic passions under proper controul; a judgment sober, deliberate, and sound. He was a man of the strictest honour and honesty, fair and honourable in his dealings; and punctual to his engagements. His disposition was mild, kind, and generous. Candour, sincerity, mo-

deration, and simplicity, were, in common, prominent features in his character ; but when an occasion called, he was capable of displaying the most determined bravery, firmness and independence. He was an affectionate husband, a faithful friend, a humane master, and a father to the poor. He lived in the unvarying habits of regularity, temperance and industry.

THE

*BLESSINGS OF A SHEPHERD'S LIFE.*

**O** GOD ! methinks it were a happy life  
 To be no better than a homely swain ;  
 To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
 To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,  
 Thereby to see the minutes how they run :  
 How many make the hours full complete,  
 How many hours do bring about the day.  
 How many days will finish up the year,  
 How many years a mortal man may live ;  
 When this is known, then to divide the time,  
 So many hours must I tend my flock ;  
 So many hours must I take my rest ;  
 So many hours must I contemplate ;  
 So many hours must I sport myself ;



So many days my ewes have been with young ;  
 So many weeks ere the poor fools will yeau ;  
 So many months ere I shall shear the fleece ;  
 So many minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and  
 years,

Past over, to the end they were created,  
 Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.  
 Oh ! what a life were this ! how sweet ! how lovely !  
 Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,  
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy  
 To kings, who fear their subjects' treachery,  
 O, yes, it doth, a thousand fold it doth.  
 And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,  
 His cold thin drink out of his leathern bottle,  
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,  
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,  
 Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,  
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,  
 His body couched in a curious bed,  
 When cares, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

### GARDENING.

A GARDEN is a place where vegetables are cultivated for the use of man. It is enclosed by walls, pales, or hedges, generally cut straight and close, and



which often serve to dry clothes upon. A garden is divided by grass or gravel walks, into beds and borders. The gardener wears a blue apron; has a spade and trowel to dig with, a fork with which he takes up manure, a hoe to cut down the weeds, a rake and riddle to strew the soil over the seeds, a pruning knife, a watering-can to sprinkle the ground with, a roller to smooth the walks, and a wheelbarrow to convey the soil and manure from place to place. There are three sorts of gardens; the kitchen, the flower, and the fruit-garden, or orchard. Beauty, being the principal design of the flower garden, it should be in full view of the house; but plenty and convenience being the objects of a kitchen garden, it should be placed behind. The kitchen garden yields roots, as potatoes, carrots, turnips, parsnips, and onions; pulse, as peas, beans, and french or kidney beans; large and small herbs, as cabbages, brocoli, cauliflower, artichokes, asparagus, spinach, beets, celery, endive, balm, sage, mint, marjoram, winter savory, pennyroyal, thyme, and parsley; sallads, as lettuces, mustard, cresses, and radishes. All these are raised from seeds, roots, or slips, taken from the parent plant. The flower garden is successively adorned by the snow-drop, crocus, tulip, auricula, polyanthus, violet, lilac, laburnum, daisy, narcissus, lupine, carnation, rose, balsam, ranunculus, wall and stock-jelly flower, sunflower, hollyoak, lilly, mignonette, tuberoses, jessamine, golden rod, and Michaelmas daisy, and the



sweet scented heart's ease, southernwood, lavender, and myrtle, These are raised from seeds, roots, slips, suckers, and layers, and are called annual or perennial, according to the length of their lives. Fruit is procured from small plants, as strawberries; from shrubs, as currants, gooseberries, and raspberries; from trees, as cherries, plumbs, apricots, nectarines, peaches, apples, and pears. Some of these are raised from cuttings, planted in moist earth; apples and pears are grafted, a branch of the kind intended to be produced, being put into the cleft stock of a growing crab tree; plumbs, peaches, nectarines, and apricots, are inoculated, which consists in putting the bud of one tree within the bark of another. A garden should be open to the south, and well sheltered on the north and east. Plants from warmer climates are raised by artificial heat, as cucumbers and melons, on hot-beds, which are formed by large heaps of manure covered with glasses. The finer species of fruit are fastened to walls, which are heated by stoves. If it be wished to raise tropical plants, such as pine apples, and grapes, or other fruit, at an early season, buildings are erected roofed with glass, which are called hot-houses. Those who deal in fruit are called fruiterers. The art of gardening is termed horticulture, and the study of plants, botany.

*DOUGLAS'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.*

**M**Y name is Norval ; on the Grampion hills  
My father feeds his flock ; a frugal swain,  
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,  
And keep his only son myself at home.  
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd  
To follow to the field some warlike lord ;  
And heaven soon granted what my sire denied.  
This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,  
Had not yet fill'd her horns ; when by her light  
A band of fierce barbarians, from the hills,  
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,  
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled,  
For safety and for succour. I alone,  
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,  
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd  
The road he took, then hasted to my friends :  
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,  
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,  
Till we o'ertook the spoil encumber'd foe.  
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,  
An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,  
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.  
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd  
The shepherd's slothful life ; and having heard  
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers



To lead their warriors to the Carron side,  
 I left my father's house, and took with me  
 A chosen servant to conduct my steps :—  
 Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.  
 Journeying with this intent, I past these towers,  
 And heaven directed, came this day to do  
 The happy deed, which gilds my humble name

### ON FLOWERS.

Tut. **S**UPPOSE we now walk into the flower garden.—See, what a beautiful sight! What variegated colours! How pleasing to the eye! How fragrant to the smell!

Pup. May I ask you what are those properties of flowers, which I ought more particularly to notice?

Tut. Flowers are distinguishable by their beautiful colours, their variety, and by their fragrant smell. Nor are they merely ornamental, but most of them very serviceable. It may justly fill you with admiration, that from green plants, so many fragrant flowers should spring up—that from a bulb of no very pleasing form should arise such variegated tulips—or the

beautiful ranunculus, from a dirty little claw: this unless we had seen, we could never have believed.

Pup. Of what sort are their colours?

Tut. Of all sorts. Sky-blue, sea-green, common green, olive-green, purple, yellow, orange, crimson, red, violet, rose-colour, mouse-colour, ash-grey, silver-colour, &c.

Pup. What have you to observe concerning their smell?

Tut. This consists in the fragrance arising from the juices, and from volatile parts, which are continually exhaling out of the small evaporating tubes of the flowers, or from the leaves.

Pup. Which excel most in fragrance?

Tut. Violets, July-flowers, woodbines, roses, lilies, auriculas, &c. the very mention of which almost renews their fragrance. Some wild heath flowers, and field flowers, have also a peculiar flavour.

Pup. You have said that they are not only ornamental, but useful?

Tut. Yes—flowers cheer the drooping, and refresh



the wearied spirits : they yield us fruits and seed—and particularly honey, oil, and wax—snuff, perfume, paint, and medicines.

Pup. But some flowers have a disagreeable smell.

Tut. They may thereby possibly correct or absorb the noxious vapours. They may serve for food to some animals and insects, or they may have some medicinal virtues.—With all our boasted knowledge, we have not yet discovered all the excellent uses either of herbs or flowers.

Pup. What a kind and indulgent providence !

Tut. And what a strong argument to trust in Divine Providence, has our blessed Saviour drawn from even that part of nature we are now contemplating!

“ And why take ye thought for raiment? consider the lilies of the field, how they grow : they toil not, neither do they spin ; and yet I say unto yon, that Solomon in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith ? ”

## DESCRIPTION OF

## A COTTAGE GARDEN.

**W**HERE woods of ash and beech  
 And partial copses, fringe the green hill foot,  
 The upland shepherd rears his modest home,  
 There wanders by a little nameless stream  
 That from the hill-wells forth, bright now and clear,  
 Or after rain with chalky mixture gray,  
 But still refreshing in its shallow course  
 The cottage garden ; most for use design'd  
 Yet not of beauty destitute. The vine  
 Mantles the little casement ; yet the briar  
 Drops fragrant dew among the July flowers :  
 And pansies rayed, and freak'd and mottled pinks  
 Grow among balm, and rosemary and rue :  
 There honeysuckles flaunt, and roses blow  
 Almost uncultured : some with dark green leaves  
 Contrast their flowers of pure unsullied white ;  
 Others like velvet robes of regal state  
 Of richest crimson, while in thorny moss  
 Enshrined and cradled, the most lovely wear  
 The hues of youthful beauty's glowing cheek—  
 With fond regret I recollect e'en now  
 In spring and summer, what delight I felt  
 Among these cottage gardens, and how much  
 Such artless nosegays, knotted with a rush



By village housewife or her ruddy maid  
Were welcome to me; soon and simply pleased.

### THE SUN.

**T**HE Sun is the brightest object which the eye can behold. It gives light and heat; light by which we find our way from place to place, and perceive the fine colours of the fields and gardens; and heat which cheers and warms our bodies, and assists the plants and the trees; the fruits and the flowers to grow and ripen. The bright light of the sun is called its beams or rays. This world is a large ball always moving round: when any part of it is turned towards the sun, it is light, and it is said to be day in that place; and when it is turned from the sun, it is in darkness, which is called night. The sun is very large, though by reason of its great distance, it does not appear so to us.

### ON FLOWERS.

**A** LITTLE monitor presents her page,

Of choice instruction, with her snowy bells,

The lily of the vale. She nor affects

The public walk, nor gaze of mid-day sun:

She to no state or dignity aspires,

But silent and alone puts on her suit,  
 And sheds her lasting perfume, but for which  
 We had not known there was a thing so sweet  
 Found in the gloomy shade. Pass unnoticed by  
 The sleepy crocus and the staring daisy,  
 The courtier of the sun. What see we there?  
 The love-sick cowslip, who her head inclines  
 To hide a bleeding heart. And here's the meek  
 And soft ey'd primrose. Durdalion this,  
 A college youth that flashes for a day  
 All gold; anon he doffs his gaudy suit,  
 Touch'd by the magic hand of some grave bishop,  
 And all at once, by commutation strange,  
 Becomes a reverend divine. Then mark  
 The melancholy hyacinth, that weeps  
 All night, and never lifts an eye all day.

### ON SENSIBILITY.

**S**ENSIBILITY is the most exquisite feeling of which  
 the human soul is susceptible: when it pervades us,  
 we feel happy; and could it last unmixed, we might  
 form some conjecture of the bliss of those paradisiacal  
 days, when the obedient passions were under the do-  
 minion of reason, and the impulses of the heart did  
 not need correction.

It is this quickness, this delicacy of feeling, which



enables us to relish the sublime touches of the poet, and the painter; it is this which expands the soul, gives an enthusiastic greatness, mixed with tenderness, when we view the magnificent objects of nature, or hear of a good action. The same effect we experience in the spring, when we hail the returning sun, and the consequent renovation of nature; when the flowers unfold themselves, and exhale their sweets, and the voice of music is heard in the land. Softened by tenderness, the soul is disposed to be virtuous. Is any sensual gratification to be compared to that of feeling the eyes moistened after having comforted the unfortunate?

Sensibility is indeed the foundation of all our happiness; but these raptures are unknown to the depraved sensualist, who is only moved by what strikes his gross senses; the delicate embellishments of nature escape his notice, as do the gentle and interesting affections.—But it is only to be felt; it escapes discussion.

THE

*FINDING OF MOSES.*

**S**LOW glides the Nile: amid the margin flags  
Closed in a bulrush ark, the babe is left,  
Left by a mother's hand. His sister waits

Far off; and pale 'tween hope and fear, beholds  
 The royal maid, surrounded by her train  
 Approach the river bank, approach the spot  
 Where sleeps the innocent. She sees them stop  
 With meeting plumes; the rushy lid is oped,  
 And wakes the infant smiling in his tears,—  
 As when along a little mountain lake,  
 The summer south-wind breathes with gentle sigh,  
 And parts the reeds, unveiling, as they bend,  
 A water lily floating on the wave.

### THE JEWS.

THE Egyptians, the Assyrians, the Macedonians, the Romans, who successively oppressed, subdued, or enslaved *the Jews*, have long since closed their career of greatness and *have no more a name among the nations*. These mighty empires which rose on the ruins of one another have vanished from the earth like the scenes of theatrical pomp or the visions of a morning dream! The descendents of the individuals which composed them are lost and blended among the common mass of mankind. But *the Jews*, though they have been dispersed among all nations, have never been confounded with any. Notwithstanding the destruction of Jerusalem, and their extermination from Judea, they still preserve their ancient character, their national peculiarities, and are a distinct race



among men. They have remained unmixed with all the people among whom they have been scattered; they can trace their pedigree to the remotest antiquity and their descent from the blood of the patriarchs. Of the truth and divinity of that religion which was revealed to their father, *they* in their present calamitous and dispersed situation are witnesses to all the world!

### ON MERCY.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heav'n,  
Upon the place beneath. It is twice bless'd  
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes.  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown;  
His sceptre shews 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 scepter'd sway,  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to god himself;  
And earthly pow'r doth then shew likest god's,  
When mercy seasons justice.

*AN ACCOUNT OF POLEMO*

WHO SUCCEEDED XENOCRATES IN THE OLD ACADEMY OF  
PLATO.

THE direction of the academy after the death of Xenocrates devolved upon Polemo, an Athenian of distinction, who, in his youth, had been addicted to infamous pleasures. The manner in which he was reclaimed from his licentious course of life, and brought under the discipline of philosophy affords a memorable example of the power of eloquence, when it is employed in the cause of virtue. As he was one morning about the rising of the sun returning home from the revels of the night, clad in a loose robe, crowned with garlands, strongly perfumed, and intoxicated with wine, he passed by the school of Xenocrates and saw him surrounded with his disciples. Unable to resist so fortunate an opportunity of indulging his sportive humour, he rushed, without ceremony, into the school, and took his place among the philosophers. The whole assembly was astonished at this rude and indecent intrusion, and all but Xenocrates discovered signs of resentment. Xenocrates, however, preserved the perfect command of his countenance; and with great presence of mind turned his discourse from the subject on which he was treating to the topics of



temperance and modesty, which he recommended with such strength of argument, and energy of language, that Polemo was constrained to yield to the force of conviction. Instead of turning the philosopher and his doctrine to ridicule, as he at first intended, he became sensible of the folly of his former conduct was heartily ashamed of the contemptible figure which he made in so respectable an assembly, took his garland from his head, concealed his naked arm under his cloak, assumed a sedate and thoughtful aspect, and, in short, resolved from that hour to relinquish his licentious pleasures, and devote himself to the pursuit of wisdom. Thus was this young man by the powerful energy of truth and eloquence in an instant converted from an infamous libertine to a respectable philosopher. In such a sudden change of character, it is difficult to avoid passing from one extreme to another. Polemo after his reformation, in order to brace up his mind to the tone of rigid virtue, constantly practised the severest austerity and most hardy fortitude. From the thirtieth year of his age to his death he drank nothing but water. When he suffered violent pain, he shewed no external sign of anguish. In order to preserve his mind undisturbed by passion, he habituated himself to speak in an uniform tone of voice without elevation or depression. The austerity of his manners was however tempered with urbanity and generosity. He was fond of solitude and passed much of

his time in a garden near his school. He died at an advanced age of a consumption.

### *APOSTROPHE TO HEALTH.*

**O** HEALTH! thou sun of life, without whose beam  
The fairest scenes of nature seem involved  
In darkness, shine upon my dreary path  
Once more ; or with thy faintest dawn, give hope  
That I may yet enjoy thy vital ray.  
Tho' transient be the hope, 'twill be most sweet,  
Like midnight music, stealing on the ear,  
Then gliding past, and dying slow away.

### *THE PRICE OF A VICTORY.*

**G**OOD News ! great news ! glorious news ! cried young Oswald, as he entered his father's house. We have got a complete victory, and have killed I don't know how many thousands of the enemy ; and we are to have bonfires and illuminations.

And so, said his father, you think that killing a great many thousands of human creatures is a thing to be very glad about.





Os. No—I do not quite think so, neither; but surely it is right to be glad that our country has gained a great advantage.

F. No doubt, it is right to wish well to our country, as far as its prosperity can be promoted without injuring the rest of mankind. But wars are very seldom to the real advantage of any nation; and when they are ever so useful and necessary, so many dreadful evils attend them, that a humane man will scarcely rejoice in them, if he considers at all on the subject.

Os. But if our enemies would do us a great deal of mischief, and we prevent it by beating them, have not we a right to be glad of it?

F. Alas! we are in general little judges which of the parties has the most mischievous intentions. Commonly they are both in the wrong, and success will make both of them unjust and unreasonable. But putting this out of the question, he who rejoices in the event of a battle, rejoices in the misery of many thousands of his species; and the thought of that should make him pause a little. Suppose a surgeon were to come with a smiling countenance, and tell us triumphantly that he had cut off half a dozen legs to day—what would you think of him?

Os. I should think him very hard hearted.

F. And yet these operations are done for the benefit of the sufferers, and by their own desire. But in a battle the probability is that none of those engaged on either side have any interest at all in the cause they are fighting for, and most of them come there because they cannot help it. In this battle that you are so rejoiced about, there have been ten thousand men killed upon the spot, and nearly as many wounded.

Os. On both sides.

F. Yes—but they are *men* on both sides. Consider now that the ten thousand sent out of the world in this morning's work, though they are past feeling themselves, have left probably two persons each, on an average, to lament their loss, either parents, wives, or children. Here are then twenty thousand people made unhappy at one stroke on their account. This however, is hardly so dreadful to think of as the condition of the wounded. At the moment we are talking, eight or ten thousand more are lying in agony, torn with shot or gashed with cuts, their wounds all festering, some hourly to die a most excruciating death, others to linger in torture weeks and months, and many doomed to drag on a miserable existence for the rest of their lives with diseased and mutilated bodies.

Os. This is shocking to think of indeed!





F. When you light your candles, then, this evening, *think what they cost.*

Os. But every body else is glad and seems to think nothing of these things.

F. True—they do *not* think of them. If they did, I cannot suppose they would be so void of feeling as to enjoy themselves in merriment when so many of their fellow creatures are made miserable. Do you not remember when poor *Dickens* had his leg broken to pieces by a loaded waggon, how all the town pitied him.

Os. Yes, very well. I could not sleep the night after for thinking of him.

F. But here are thousands suffering as much he, and we scarce bestow a single thought on them. If any one of these poor creatures were before our eyes, we should probably feel much more than we do now for all together. Shall I tell you a story of a soldier's fortune, that came to my own knowledge?

Os. Yes—pray do!

F. In the village where I went to school, there was an honest industrious weaver and his wife who had an only son, named *Walter*, just come to man's estate.



*Walter* was a good and dutiful lad, and a clever workman, so that he was a great help to his parents. One unlucky day, having gone to the next market town with some work, he met with a companion, who took him to the alehouse and treated him. As he was coming away a recruiting serjeant entered the room, who seeing *Walter* to be a likely young fellow, had a great mind to entrap him. He persuaded him to sit down again and take a glass with him; and kept him in talk with fine stories about a soldier's life, till *Walter* got fuddled before he was aware. The serjeant then clapped a shilling into his hand to drink his Majesty's health, and told him he was enlisted. He was kept there all night, and next morning was taken before a magistrate to be sworn in. *Walter* had now become sober, and was very sorry for what he had done; but he was told that he could not get off without paying a guinea smart money. This he knew not how to raise; and being likewise afraid and ashamed to face his friends, he took the oath and bounty money, and marched away with the serjeant without ever returning home. His poor father and mother, when they heard of the affair was almost heart-broken, and a young woman in the village, who was his sweetheart,, had like to have gone distracted. *Walter* sent them a line from the first stage, to bid them farewell, and comfort them. He joined his regiment which soon embarked for Germany, where it continued till the peace. *Walter* once or twice sent word home of



his welfare, but for the last year nothing was heard of him.

Os. Where was he then?

F. You shall hear. One summer's evening, a man in an old red coat, hobbling on crutches, was seen to enter the village. His countenance was pale and sickly, his cheeks hollow and his whole appearance bespoke extreme wretchedness. Several people gathered round him, looking earnestly in his face. Among these, a young woman, having gazed at him a while, cried out, My *Walter*! and fainted away. *Walter* fell on the ground beside her. His father and mother being fetched by some of the spectators, came and took him in their arms, weeping bitterly. I saw the whole scene, and shall never forget it. At length the neighbours helped them into the house, where *Walter* told them the following story.

“ At the last great battle that our troops gained in Germany, I was among the first engaged, and received a shot that broke my thigh. I fell, and presently after, our regiment was forced to retreat. A squadron of the enemy's horse came galloping down upon us. A trooper making a blow at me with his sabre as I lay, I lifted up my arm to save my head, and got a cut which divided all the sinews at the back of my wrist. Soon after the enemy were driven



back, and came across us again. A horse set his foot on my side, and broke three of my ribs. The action was long and bloody, and the wounded on both sides were left in the field all night. A dreadful night it was to me, you may think! I had fainted through loss of blood, and when I recovered I was tormented with thirst, and the cold air made my wounds smart intolerably. About noon next day, waggons came to carry away those who remained alive, and I with a number of others was put into one to be conveyed to the next town. The motion of the carriage was terrible for my broken bones—every jolt went to my heart. We were taken to an hospital, which was crammed as full as it could hold; and we should all have been suffocated with the heat and stench, had not a fever broke out which soon thinned our numbers. I took it and was twice given over; however, I struggled through. But my wounds proved so difficult to heal, that it was almost a twelvemonth before I could be discharged. A great deal of the bone in my thigh came away in splinters, and left the limb crooked and useless as you see. I entirely lost the use of three fingers of my right hand; and my broken ribs made me spit blood a long time, and have left a cough and difficulty of breathing, which I believe will bring me to my grave. I was sent home and discharged from the army, and I have begged my way hither as well as I could. I am told that the peace has left the affairs of my country just as they were before;



but who will restore me my health and limbs? I am put on the list for a Chelsea pensioner, which will support me, if I live to receive it, without being a burden to my friends. That is all that remains for *Walter* now."

Os. Poor *Walter*! What became of him afterwards?

F. The wound of his thigh broke out afresh, and discharged more splinters after a great deal of pain and fever. As winter came on his cough increased. He wasted to a skeleton, and died the next spring. The young woman, his sweetheart, sat up with him every night to the last; and soon after his death she fell into a consumption, and followed him. The old people, deprived of the stay and comfort of their age, fell into despair and poverty, and were taken into the work-house, where they ended their days.

This was the history of *Walter the Soldier*. It has been that of thousands more, and will be that of many a poor fellow over whose fate you are now rejoicing. Such is the *price of a victory*.

### WARS OF ENGLAND.

**I**N Britain, where the hills and fertile plains,  
Like her historic page, are overspread

With vestiges of war, the Shepherd Boy  
 Climbs the green hillock to survey his flock;  
 Then sweetly sleeps upon his favourite hill,  
 Not conscious that his bed's a Warrior's tomb.  
 The ancient Mansions, deeply moated round  
 Where, in the iron age of chivalry,  
 Redouted Barons wag'd their little wars;  
 The strong entrenchments and enormous mounds,  
 Rais'd to oppose the fierce perfidious Danes;  
 And still more ancient traces that remain  
 Of dykes and camps, from the far distant date  
 When minstrel Druids wak'd the soul of war,  
 And rous'd to arms old Albion's hardy sons,  
 To stem the tide of Roman tyranny:—  
 War's footsteps thus imprinted on the ground,  
 Shew that in Britain he, from age to age,  
 Has rear'd his horrid head, and raging reign'd!

### ON SENSIBILITY.

**D**EAR Sensibility! source inexhausted of all that's  
 precious in our joys, or costly in our sorrows! thou  
 chainest thy martyr down upon his bed of straw,  
 and it is thou who liftest him up to heaven. Eternal  
 Fountain of our feelings! It is here I trace thee, and  
 this is thy divinity which stirs within me: not that in  
 some sad and sickening moments, my soul shrinks  
 back upon herself, and startles at destruction,—mere





pomp of words !—but that I feel some generous joys and generous cares beyond myself—all comes from thee, great, great sensorium of the world ! which vibrates, if a hair of our head but falls upon the ground, in the remotest desert of thy creation. Touched with thee, Eugenius draws my curtain when I languish ; hears my tale of symptoms, and blames the weather for the disorder of his nerves. Thou givest a portion of it sometimes to the roughest peasant who traverses the blackest mountains.—He finds the lacerated lamb of another's flock. This moment I beheld him leaning with his head against his crook, with piteous inclination looking down upon it—Oh ! had I come one moment sooner—it bleeds to death—his gentle heart bleeds with it.

PEACE to thee, generous swain ! I see thou walkest off with anguish—but thy joys shall balance it ; for happy is thy cottage, and happy is the sharer of it, and happy are the lambs which sport about you.



### THE ROSE.

THE rose had been wash'd, just wash'd in a shower,  
Which Mary to Anna convey'd,  
The plentiful moisture incumber'd the flower,  
And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd, and the leaves were all wet,  
 And it seemed to a fanciful view  
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret  
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seized it, unfit as it was  
 For a nosegay, so dripping, and drown'd,  
 And swinging it rudely, too rudely, alas!  
 I snapp'd it—it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd is the pitiless part  
 Some act by the delicate mind,  
 Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart  
 Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose, had I shaken it less,  
 Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile ;  
 And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,  
 May be followed perhaps by a smile.

### *PICTURE OF A PHILOSOPHER.*

**H**UMAN knowledge is like the steps of a ladder.  
 The first step consists of particular truths discovered  
 by observation or experience. The second collects  
 these into more general truths, the third into still  
 more general. But there are many such steps before  
 we come to the top, that is, to the most general



truths; Ambitious of knowledge, and unconscious of our own weakness, we would fain jump at once from the lowest step to the highest. But the consequence of this is, that we tumble down, and find that our labour must be begun anew! Is not this a good picture of a philosopher? I think so truly, and I should be vain of it if I were not afraid that I have stolen it from Lord Bacon.

THE  
EXCURSIONS OF THE IMAGINATION.

—THE high born soul  
Disdains to rest her heav'n-aspiring wing  
Beneath its native quarry. Tir'd of earth,  
And this diurnal scene, she springs aloft  
Thro' fields of air; pursues the flying storm;  
Rides on the volley'd lightning thro the heavens:  
Or yok'd with whirlwinds, and the northern blast,  
Sweeps the long tract of day. Then high she soars  
The blue profound; and hov'ring round the sun,  
Beholds him pouring his redundant stream  
Of light; beholds his unrelenting sway  
Bend the reluctant planets to absolve  
The fated rounds of time. Thence far effus'd  
She darts her swiftness up the long career  
Of devious comets; thro' its burning signs  
Exulting measures the perennial wheel

Of nature, and looks back on all the stars,  
 Whose blended light, as with a milky zone,  
 Invests the orient. Now amaz'd she views  
 The empyreal waste, where happy spirits hold,  
 Beyond this concave heav'n, their calm abode ;  
 And fields of radiance, whose unfading light  
 Has travell'd the profound six thousand years,  
 Nor yet arrives in sight of mortal things.  
 Ev'n on the barriers of the world untir'd  
 She meditates th' eternal gulph below ;  
 Till, half recoiling, down the headlong steep  
 She plunges ; soon o'erwhelm'd and swallow'd up  
 In that immense of being. There her hopes  
 Rest at the fated goal. Far from the birth  
 Of mortal men, the sov'reign maker said,  
 That not in humble nor in brief delight,  
 Not in the fading echoes of renown,  
 Power's purple robes, nor pleasure's flow'ry lap  
 The soul should find enjoyment ; but from these  
 Turning disdainful to an equal good,  
 Thro' all th' ascent of things enlarge her view,  
 Till ev'ry bound at length should disappear,  
 And infinite perfection close the scene.

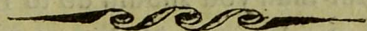
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# ORATIONS

AND

## *Pathetic and Serious* *Pieces.*



BRUTUS'S

ORATION ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

ROMANS, countrymen, and friends ! hear me for my cause ; and be silent that you may hear. Believe me for my honour and have respect to my honour, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand,—*Why Brutus rose against Cæsar ?—this is my answer :—*Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves ; then that Cæsar were dead, and live all free-men ? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour

him ; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love ; joy for his fortune ; honour for his valour ; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country ? If any, speak ; for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply : —

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

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

*M. ANTONY'S ORATION OVER THE  
CORSE OF CÆSAR.*

**F**RRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears !—

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.





The evil that men do lives after them ;  
 The good is oft interred with their bones ;  
 So let it be with Cæsar—The 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 they are 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 cry'd, Cæsar hath wept :—  
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :—  
 Yet *Brutus says*, he was ambitious :  
 And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,  
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,  
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?—  
 Yet *Brutus says*, he was ambitious ;  
 And sure, *he* is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke ;  
 But here I am to speak what I do know.  
 You all did love him once—not without cause ;  
 What cause with-holds you then *to mourn for him?*  
 O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,  
 And men have lost their reason —

Bear with me:

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
 And I must pause 'till it come back to me.—

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now. —  
 You all do know this mantle : I remember  
 The 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's dagger through ;—  
 See, what a rent the envious Casca made :  
 Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd :  
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,  
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it !  
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd  
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no :—  
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :—  
 Judge, O you Gods ! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !

This was the most unkindly cut of all :



For when the noble Cæsar saw *him* stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,  
 Quite vanquished 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.—

O now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel  
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.  
 Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold  
 Our Cæsars vesture wounded? Look you here!—  
 Here is himself—marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up  
 To such a 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 honour-  
 able!  
 And will, no doubt, with reasons 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 loves his friend;—and that they know full well

Who 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;  
 Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, (poor poor dumb  
 mouths !)

And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus  
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 An every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

THE  
**DEFENCE OF SOCRATES.**

**I** AM accused Athenians, of corrupting your youth,  
 by teaching them dangerous maxims, with regard to  
 the worship of God, and the rules of government.  
 You know that I never made it my profession to teach,  
 or sold my instructions. I was equally ready to com-  
 municate my thoughts to the rich or to the poor, and  
 my aim has been to persuade young and old, that vir-  
 tue constitutes true riches, and is the only pure source  
 of enjoyment.

If to speak in this manner, be to corrupt youth, I  
 confess, Athenians, that I am guilty. Here are present





great numbers of my scholars, they would detect me, were I to declare a falsehood ; or should a regard for their master keep them silent, their fathers, brothers, and uncles, as good relations and citizens, would call for vengeance upon me, had I been the corrupter of their sons, their brothers, and nephews ; but these are the very persons who interest themselves in my cause, and stand forth in my defence. Pass upon me what sentence you please, I can neither repent of nor change my conduct. I must obey God rather than man and to my latest breath will never cease to exhort and reprove you, according to my custom, and tell each of you, as you come in my way, that it is a shame to have no thought but how to amass wealth, and acquire honours and dignities, whilst you neglect the treasures of prudence, truth, and wisdom, and take no pains to render your minds as good and perfect as they are capable of being.

I am reproached with abject fear and meanness of spirit, in giving advice in private, and declining to counsel my country in your assemblies. I think I have sufficiently proved my courage, both in the field, where I have borne arms with you, and in the senate, where I opposed the violence and cruelty of the thirty tyrants.

And now, Athenians, I do not regard death as an evil. I consider crimes and injustice alone as evils.

I will not therefore by mean submissions, try to lengthen out my life. I ask from the judge no favour. He sits there to do justice, by acquitting me, if innocent, or condemning me, if guilty. I will not induce him by my supplications, to violate his oath. I am too well convinced of the being of a God; so convinced, that with cheerfulness I commit myself to him, and leave you to judge of me as ye yourselves think best.

### AGAMEMNON'S ARTFUL SPEECH

PROPOSING A RETURN, IN ORDER TO TRY THE DISPOSITION  
OF THE ARMY.

**F**RIENDS, Grecian heroes, ministers of Mars!  
Hard is my lot, entangled as I am  
By unpropitious Jove. He promised once,  
And with a sign that Troy should be our own;  
But now, (that promise void) he sends me back  
To Greece, ashamed and with diminished pow'rs.  
So stands his sov'reign pleasure, who hath laid  
Many a proud citadel in dust, and more  
Hereafter shall, resistless in his might.  
That such a numerous host of Greeks as we,  
Warring with fewer than ourselves, should find  
No fruit of all our toil, (and none appears,)  
Will make us vile with ages yet to come  
For should we now swear truce, till Greece and Troy





Might number each her own, and were the Greeks  
 Distributed in bands, ten Greeks in each,  
 Our banded decads should exceed so far  
 Their units, that all Troy could not supply  
 For ev'ry ten, a man, to fill us wine ;  
 So far the Grecians in my thought, surpass  
 The native Trojans. But her walls include  
 Still others—men from various cities call'd  
 Who much impede me, and defeat my wish  
 To desolate her streets with sword and fire.  
 Nine years have also pass'd, nine years complete ;  
 Our ships are rotted, and our tackle marr'd,  
 And all our wives and little ones at home  
 Sit watching our return ; meantime the work  
 That brought us, is a work still unperform'd,  
 Accept ye then my counsel. Let us hence—  
 Hence to our country—since in vain we wait  
 The fall of Troy, not yet to be subdu'd.



### GENERAL WOLFE TO HIS ARMY.

**I** CONGRATULATE you my brave countrymen,  
 and fellow-soldiers on the spirit and success with  
 which you have executed this important part of our  
 enterprize. The formidable Heights of Abraham are  
 now surmounted and the city of Quebec, the object  
 of all our toils, now stands in view before us. A  
 perfidious enemy, who have dared to exasperate you

by their cruelties, but not to oppose you on equal ground, are now constrained to face you on the open plain, without ramparts or intrenchments to shelter them.

You know too well the forces which compose their army to dread their superior numbers. A few regular troops from Old France, weakened by hunger and sickness, who when fresh were unable to withstand British soldiers, are their general's chief dependence. Those numerous companies of Canadians, insolent, mutinous, unsteady, and ill-disciplined, have exercised his utmost skill to keep them together to this time; and as soon as their irregular ardour is damped by one firm fire, they will instantly turn their backs, and give you no farther trouble but in the pursuit: As for those savage tribes of Indians, whose horrid yells in the forest have struck many a bold heart with affright, terrible as they are with the tomahawk and scalping knife to a flying and prostrate foe, you have experienced how little their ferocity is to be dreaded by resolute men upon fair and open ground; you will now only consider them as the just objects of a severe revenge for the unhappy fate of many slaughtered countrymen.

This day puts it into your power to terminate the fatigues of a siege, which has so long employed your courage and patience. Possessed with a full confi-



dence of the certain success which British valour must gain over such enemies, I have led you up to these steep and dangerous rocks; only solicitous to shew you the foe within your reach. The impossibility of a retreat makes no difference in the situation of men resolved to conquer or die: and believe me, my friends, if your conquest could be bought with the blood of your general, he would most cheerfully resign a life which he has long devoted to his country.

*SARPEDON TO GLAUCUS.*

**W**HY boast we, Glaucus, our extended reign,  
Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain?  
Our numerous herds that range the fruitful field,  
And hills where vines their purpled harvest yield?  
Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,  
Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound?  
Why on these shores are we with joy survey'd,  
Admired as heroes and as gods obey'd?  
Unless great acts superior merit prove,  
And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above:  
That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands  
Behold our deeds transcending our commands,  
Such they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,  
Whom those that envy dare not imitate.  
Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,  
Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,

For lust of fame I should not vainly dare  
 In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war:  
 But since alas ! ignoble age must come,  
 Disease, and death's inexorable doom,  
 The life which others pay let us bestow,  
 And give to fame what we to nature owe !  
 Brave though we fall, and honour'd if we live,  
 Or let us glory gain, or glory give.

*MIRABEAU's FUNERAL EULOGIUM OF  
 Dr. FRANKLIN.*

**F**RANKLIN is dead.—The genius who freed America, and poured a copious stream of knowledge throughout Europe, is returned into the bosom of the divinity.

The sage to whom two worlds lay claim, the man for whom science and politics are disputing, indisputably enjoyed an elevated rank in human nature.

The cabinets of princes have been long in the habits of notifying the death of those who were great only in their funeral orations. Long hath the etiquette of courts proclaimed the mourning of hypocrisy. Nations should wear mourning for none but their benefactors. The representatives of nations should recommend to public homage, only those who have been the heroes of humanity.



The congress of America hath ordered in the fourteen confederate states, a mourning of two months for the death of Benjamin Franklin; and America is at this moment, paying that tribute of veneration to one of the fathers of her constitution.

Were it not worthy of us gentlemen to join in the same religious act, to pay our share of that homage now rendered in sight of the universe, at once to the rights of man, and to the philosopher who most contributed to extend the conquests of liberty over the face of the whole earth?

Antiquity would have raised altars to that vast and mighty genius, who for the advantage of human kind, embracing earth and heaven in his ideas, *could tame the rage of thunder and of despotism*. France enlightened and free, owes at least some testimony of remembrance and regret to one of the greatest men who ever served the cause of philosophy and of liberty.

*I move you to decree, that the national assembly shall wear mourning three days for the late Benjamin Franklin.*

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WOLSEY'S ADVICE TO CROMWELL HOW TO
RISE WITHOUT AMBITION.

CROMWELL I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries, but thou hast forc'd me,

Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman,
 Let's dry our eyes. And thus far hear me, Cromwell;
 And,—when I am forgotten, as I shall be;
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
 Of me more must be heard of,—say I taught thee,
 Say Wolsey—that once trod the ways of glory,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,—
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
 By that sin fell the angels, how can man then,
 The image of his maker, hope to win by't?
 Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and truth's: then if thou fall'st, O Crom-
 well!

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr!

My robe

And my integrity to heaven are all

I dare now call my own. O Cromwell! Cromwell!

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal

I served my king he would not in mine age

Have left me naked to mine enemies.

ON THE

EXISTENCE OF GOD

SEE here I hold a bible in my hand and you see the cover, the leaves, the letters, the words, but you do not see the writers or the printer, the letter founder, the ink maker, the paper maker, or the binder. You never did see them, you never will see them ; and yet there is not one of you who will think of disputing or denying the being of these men. I go farther, I affirm that you see the very souls of these men in seeing this book, and you feel yourselves obliged to allow that by the contrivance, design, memory, fancy, reason, and so on. In the same manner, if you see a picture, you judge there was a painter ; if you see a house, you judge there was a builder of it ; and if you see one room contrived for this purpose and another for that, a door to enter, a window to admit light, a chimney to hold fire, you conclude that the builder was a person of skill and forecast who formed the house, with a view to the accommodation of its inhabitants. In this manner examine the world, and pity the man who, when he sees the sign of the wheatsheaf, hath sense enough to know that there is a joiner, and somewhere a painter, but who when he sees the wheat-sheaf itself is so stupid as not to say to himself, “ this had a wise and good Creator ! ”

ON THE

SOLE DOMINION OF JEHOVAH.

HE rules with wide and absolute command
 O'er the broad ocean and the stedfast land
 Jehovah reigns unbounded and alone,
 And all creation hangs beneath his throne :
 He reigns alone ; let no inferior nature
 Usurp, or share the throne of the Creator.

ON RELIGION.

FINALLY, religion elevates us above terrestrial objects. What, my brethren, is the object of all our occupations here below ? Follow men to the bar, to the council board, to the public or private assemblies, whenever they meet and hold intercourse together. Human interests, human views, projects often frivolous, always limited always perishable ; lo, these are the eternal subjects of our discussion and pursuit.

Let eloquence exhaust its art, and paint these vanities in deceitful colours ; let our inclinations concur with it in seducing us. Precarious, fleeting happiness ! Illusion of short duration ! I know not what secret languor moves along with us in this confined sphere. A sentiment of satiety and disgust attaches

itself to the return of these vain objects. We feel that we are not made to be always busied about this world; and that the pleasures which we here taste are only introductory to others. Our thoughts require subjects more vast to occupy them, our affections demand objects more noble to fix them. It is to religion that we must look for them. It is at the foot of the altars raised in our temples to its honour, that man throwing aside the burden of human things, and extricating himself from cold occupations, from grovelling interests, and from puerile attachments, hears a voice which exalts, elevates, and rejoices his soul.

All is magnificent in the objects of religion. All her views comport with the highest faculties of our nature. Her features awaken our most lively sensibility. Delicious sentiments mingle themselves with the grand thoughts which she inspires. She displays her celestial origin, her celestial destination.—It is not to small portions of time, a few years, a few generations, a few ages, that our speculations are here limited; they embrace eternity. They are not finite beings like ourselves with whom we hold intercourse. It is with a being who has for attributes, absolute perfection; for limits immensity itself. It is no longer the assemblage of a few objects frivolous, uncertain, and of dubious quality, that we seek. It is happiness complete, solid, perfect in its nature and infinite in duration like God himself.

To this disengagement from objects of sense, on this contemplation of immortal good (who among the faithful, my brethren, has not experienced it) what feelings of joy, what pure and lively ravishment of soul are attached. I am not afraid to say, that were it possible, that religion was not the work of God, it would be at least the most admirable work of man, and this sublime chimera would afford us more worthy occupation than all the brilliant realities of human life.

ON THE SABBATH.

HAIL Sabbath, thee I hail, the poor man's day!
 On other days the man of toil is doom'd
 To eat his joyless bread lonely, the ground
 Both seat and board, screen'd from the winter's cold
 And summers heat, by neighb'ring hedge or tree;
 But on this day, embosom'd in his home,
 He shares the frugal meal with those he loves;
 With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
 Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
 A word and a grimace—but reverently,
 With cover'd face, and upward earnest eye.

THE NEW TESTAMENT.

THE parables of the New Testament are many of them such as would have done honour to any book in

the world; I do not mean in style and diction, but in the choice of the subjects, in the structure of the narratives, in the aptness, propriety, and force of the circumstances woven into them, and in some, as that of the 'Good Samaritan,' the 'Prodigal Son,' the 'Pharisee and Publican,' is an union of pathos and simplicity, which, in the best productions of human genius, is the fruit only of a much exercised and well cultivated judgment. The Lord's Prayer, for a succession of solemn thoughts, for fixing the attention upon a few great points, for suitableness for every condition, for sufficiency, for conciseness without obscurity, for the weight and real importance of its petitions is without an equal or rival. From whence did *these* come? Whence had this man this wisdom? Was our Saviour in fact a well instructed philosopher, whilst he is represented to us as an illiterate peasant? Or shall we say that some early Christians of taste and education composed these pieces and ascribed them to Christ? Beside all other incredibilities in this account, I answer with Dr. Jortin that they *could not* do it. No specimen of composition which the Christians of the first century have left us, authorise us to believe that they were equal to the task. And how little qualified the Jews, the countrymen, and companions of Christ were to assist him in the undertaking, may be judged of from the traditions and writings of theirs which were the nearest to that age. The whole collection of the Talmud is one continued proof into what follies they fell, when-

ever they left their bible, and how little capable they were of furnishing out such lessons as Christ delivered.

*PARAPHRASE OF PART OF THE SIXTH
CHAPTER OF MATTHEW.*

BEHOLD! and look away your low despair.

See the light tenants of the barren air;

To them, nor stores, nor granaries belong

Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;

Yet your kind heav'nly Father bends his eye

On the least wing that flits along the sky.

To him they sing, when spring renews the plain;

To him they cry in winter's pinching rain;

Nor is their music, nor their plaint in vain.

He hears the gay and the distressful call,

And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,

Observe the various vegetable race.

They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow;

Yet see how warm they blush, how bright they glow

What regal vestments can with them compare!

What Kings so shining, or what Queens so fair!

If doubtless thus, the fowls of heaven he feeds.

If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads.

Will he not care for you, ye faithless say?

Is he unwise? or are ye less than they?

