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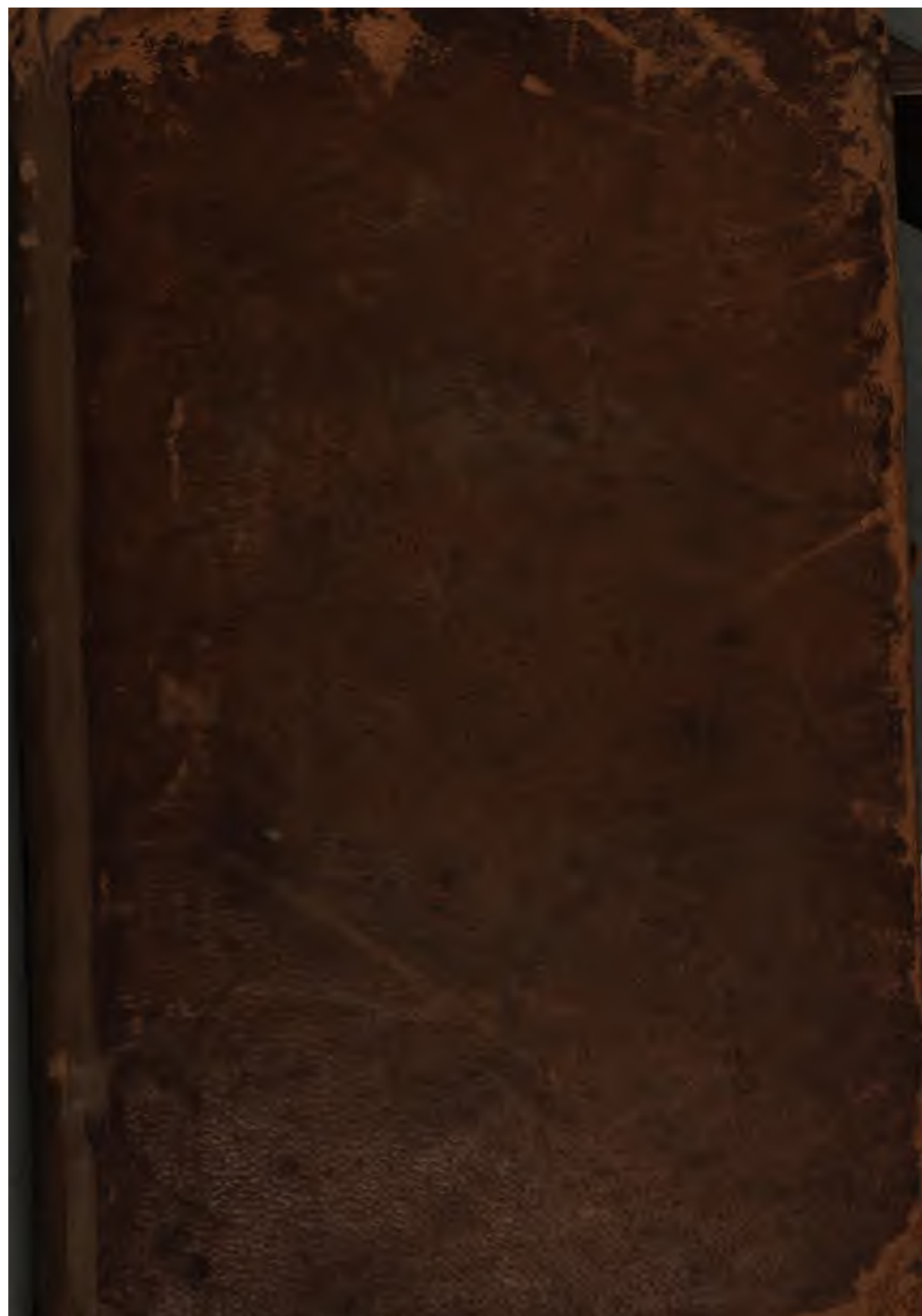
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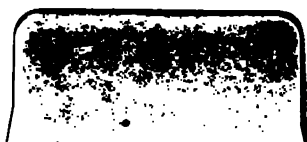
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T H E
A R T
O F
S P E A K I N G.

CONTAINING,

- I. An **Essay**; in which are given Rules for expressing properly the principal Passions and Humours, which occur in Reading, or Public Speaking; and
- II. **Lessons** taken from the Ancients and Moderns (with Additions and Alterations, where thought useful) exhibiting a Variety of Matter for Practice; the emphatical Words printed in Italics; with Notes of Direction referring to the **Essay**.

To which are added,

A **Table** of the **Lessons**; and an **Index** of the various **Passions** and **Humours** in the **Essay** and **Lessons**.

Neque vero mihi quidquam præstabilius videtur, quam posse dicendo tenere hominum cœtus, mentes allicere, voluntates impellere quo velit, unde autem velit deducere. Crc.

The SEVENTH EDITION.

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A N
E S S A Y
O N T H E
A R T o f S P E A K I N G.

THAT *oratory* is an art of great consequence, will, hardly be questioned in our times, unless it be by those, (if any are so ignorant) who do not know, that it has been taught, and studied, in all countries, where learning has gained any ground, ever since the days of Aristotle. That the *manner* or *address* of a speaker, is of the utmost *importance*, and that a *just* and *pleasing* manner in delivering either one's own compositions, or those of others, is *difficult* of acquisition, and but too much *neglected* amongst us, seems unquestionable from the *deficiencies* we so commonly observe in the *address* of our public speakers, much more than in the *matter* uttered by them, and from the little *effect* produced by their labours.

Of the *learning* necessary for furnishing *matter*, and of the art of *arranging* it properly; of *invention*, *composition*, and *style*, various writers among the Greeks, Romans, French, Italians, and English, have treated very copiously. It is not my design to trouble the world with any thing on these branches of oratory. I shall confine myself merely to what the prince of orators pronounced to be the first, second, and

third part, or all that is *most important* in the art, viz. *delivery*, comprehending what every gentleman ought to be master of respecting *gesture, looks, and command of voice*.

What is true of *most* of the improvements, which are made by study, or culture, is peculiarly so of the art of *speaking*. If there is not a foundation laid for it in the *earlier* part of life, there is no reasonable ground of expectation, that any great degree of skill in it should ever be attained. As it depends upon, and consists in *practice*, more than theory, it requires the earlier initiation: that practice may have its full scope, before the time of life arrives, in which there may be occasion for public exhibition. Mankind must *speak* from the beginning, therefore ought, from the beginning, to be taught to speak *rightly*; else they may acquire a habit of speaking *wrong*. And whoever knows the *difficulty* of breaking through bad *habits*, will avoid that labour by *prevention*. There is a great difference between *speaking* and *writing*. Some, nay most of mankind, are never to be *writers*. All are *speakers*. Young persons ought not to be put upon writing (from their *own funds*, I mean) till they have furnished their minds with *thoughts*, that is, till they have gotten funds: but they cannot be kept from speaking.

Suppose a youth to have no prospect either of sitting in parliament, of pleading at the *bar*, of appearing upon the *stage*, or in the *pulpit*; does it follow, that he need bestow *no pains* in learning to speak properly his *native language*? Will he never have occasion to read in a company of his friends, a copy of *verses*, a *passage* of a *book*, or *news-paper*? Must he never read a discourse of Tillotson, or a chapter of the *Whole Duty of Man*, for the instruction of his children and servants? Cicero justly observes, that address in speaking is *highly ornamental, as well as useful, even in private life**. The *limbs* are parts of the body much less noble than the *tongue*: Yet no gentleman grudges a considerable expence of time and money to have his son taught to use *them* properly. Which is very commendable. And is there no attention to be paid to the use of the *tongue*, the *glory* of man?

Supposing a person to be ever so sincere and zealous a lover of *virtue*, and of his *country*; without a competent skill and address in *speaking*, he can only *sit still*, and see them *wronged*, without having it in his *power* to prevent, or redress, the evil. Let an artful and eloquent statesman ha-

* *Gr. de Orat. L. i. p. 83.*

range the house of commons upon a point of the utmost consequence to the public good. He has it greatly in his power to *mislead* the *judgment* of the house. And he, who *less* through the delusion, if he be awkward in delivering himself, can do *nothing* toward *preventing* the ruinous schemes, proposed by the other, from being carried into execution, but give his *single* *votes* against them, without so much as explaining to the house his *reasons* for doing so. The case is the same in other smaller assemblies and meetings, in which volubility of tongue, and steadiness of countenance, often carry it against solid reasons, and important considerations.

To offer a help toward the improvement of youth in the useful and ornamental accomplishment of speaking properly their mother-tongue, is the design of this publication; to set about which I have been the more excited by experiencing, in my own practice, a *want* of such a collection, as the following. What I proposed to myself at first, was only to put together a competent *variety* of *passages* out of some of the best writers in prose and verse, for exercising youth in adapting their general manner of delivery to the *spirit* or *humour* of the various matter they may have occasion to pronounce. Such a collection, I thought, might be acceptable to the public, in consideration of its furnishing, at an *easy* *expense*, a general *variety* of examples for *practice*, chosen and pointed out, without trouble to masters. A design, which as far as I know, has not before been executed*. On farther consideration, it occurred to me, that it might render such a publication more useful, if I prefixed some general observations on the method of teaching pronunciation, and put the emphatical words in italics, and marginal notes shewing the various *humours* or *passions*, in the several examples, as they change from one to another, in the course of the speeches. All masters of places of education are not, I fear, sufficiently aware of the extent of this part of their duty; not of the number of particulars to be attended to, which render it so *difficult* to bring a young person to deliver, in a completely proper manner, a speech containing a considerable

* The PRECEPTOR, a work in two volumes 8vo, has some lessons for practice; but not the *variety* of humours, or passions, which my design takes in; nor the notes of *direction* for expressing them properly. Besides that the PRECEPTOR is a book of price, and fitter for the master's use, than the pupils'; so that I do not think it answers the purpose I had in view in this publication. If it did, I should have used it. Otherwise, I think it an useful book, and am glad to find that it is well received.

variety of different humours or passions. So that *some masters*, as well as *all pupils*, may find their account in using this collection, till a better be published.

Whoever imagines the English tongue unfit for *oratory*, has not a just notion of it. That, by reason of the disproportion between its vowels and consonants, it is not quite so tractable as the Italian, and consequently, not so easily applied to *amorous*, or to *plaintive* music, is not denied. But it goes better to *martial* music, than the Italian. And in oratory and poetry, there is no tongue, ancient, or modern, capable of expressing a greater *variety* of humours, or passions, by its *sounds* (I am not speaking of its copiousness, as to *phraseology*) than the English. The Greek, among the ancient, and the Turkish and Spanish, among the modern languages, have a loftier sound, though the *gutturals* in them, of which the English is free (for it is probable, that the ancient Greeks pronounced the letter χ gutturally) are, to most ears, disagreeable. But there is not in those languages, the *variety* of sound which the English affords. They never quit their stiff *pomp*, which, on some occasions, is *unnatural*. Nor is there, as far as I know, any language more *copious*, than the English; an eminent advantage for *oratory*. And if we must fall out with our mother-tongue, on account of some hard and *un-liquid* syllables in it, how shall we bear the celebrated *Roman* language itself, in every sentence of which we find such sounds as *tot*, *quot*, *sub*, *ad*, *sed*, *est*, *ut*, *et*, *nec*, *id*, *at*, *it*, *sit*, *sunt*, *dat*, *dant*, *det*, *dent*, *dabat*, *dabant*, *daret*, *darent*, *hic*, *hæc*, *hoc*, *sit*, *fuit*, *erat*, *erunt*, *fert*, *duc*, *fac*, *dic*, and so on.

It is greatly to our shame, that, while *we* do so little for the improvement of our language, and of our manner of speaking it in public, the *French* should take so much pains in both these respects, though *their* language is very much *inferior* to *ours*, both as to emphasis and copiousness.

It is true, there is not now the *same* *secular* demand for eloquence, as under the popular governments of ancient times, when twenty talents (several thousands of pounds) was the fee for one speech*; when the *tongue* of an orator could do more than the *sceptre* of a monarch, or the *sword* of a warrior; and when superior skill in the art of haranguing was the certain means for elevating him, who possessed it, to the highest honours in the state. Even in our own country, that is partly the case; for the instances of *bad*

* Pliny says, *Isocrates* was paid that sum for one oration.

Speakers rising to eminent stations in the government are rare. But it must be owned, our politics now turn upon *other things*, than in the times when Greek and Roman eloquence flourished. Nor are *we*, accordingly, like to bestow the pains, which *they* did, for consummating ourselves in the art of Speaking. We shall hardly, in our ages, hear of a person's shutting himself up for many months in a cell under ground, to study and practise elocution uninterrupted: or declaiming on the sea-shore, to accustom himself to harangue an enraged multitude without fear; or under the points of drawn swords fixed over his shoulders, to cure himself of a bad habit of shrugging them up; which, with other particulars, are the labours recorded to have been undertaken by Demosthenes, in order to perfect himself, in spite of his natural disadvantages, of which he had many, in the art of elocution. What is to be gained by skill in the art of speaking may not now be sufficient to reward the indefatigable diligence used by a Demosthenes, a Pericles, an Æschines, a Demetrius Phalereus, an Isocrates, a Carbo, a Cicero, a M. Antony, an Hortensius, a Julius, an Augustus, and the rest. Yet it is still of important *advantage* for all that part of youth, whose station places them within the reach of a *polite education*, to be qualified for acquitting themselves with reputation, when called to speak in public. In *parliament*, at the *bar*, in the *pulpit*, at *meetings* of merchants, in *committees* for managing public affairs, in large societies, and on such like occasions, a competent address and readiness, not only in finding matter, but in *expressing* and *urging* it effectually, is what, I doubt not, many a gentleman would willingly acquire at the expence of half his other improvements.

The reader will naturally reflect here upon *one* important use for good speaking, which was *unknown* to the ancients, *viz.* for the *ministerial* function. I therefore have said above, page 4, that we have not the same *secular* demand for elocution, as the ancients; meaning, by reservation, that *we* have a *moral, or spiritual* use for it, which *they* had not.

And no small matter of grief it is to think, that, of the three learned professions, real *merit* is there the *most* *ineffectual* toward *raising* its possessor, where it ought to be *most*; which must greatly damp *emulation* and *diligence*. An able physician, or lawyer, hardly fails of success in life. But a clergyman may unite the *learning* of a Cudworth with the *eloquence* of a Tillotson, and the *delivery* of an Atterbury: but, if he cannot make out a *connection* with some *great man*, and it is too well known by what means *they* are most com-

monly gained, he must content himself to be buried in a country curacy, or vicarage, at most, for life.

If nature unassisted could form the eminent speaker, where were the use of *art* or *culture*; which yet no one pretends to question? Art is but *nature improved upon* and *refined*. And before improvement is applied, genius is but a mass of ore in the mine, without lustre, and without value, because *unknown* and *unthought of*. The ancients used to procure for their youth, masters of pronunciation from the theatres *, and had them taught gesture and attitude by the palæstræ. These last taught what is, among us, done by the dancing-master. And, as to the former, no man ought to presume to set himself at the head of a place of education, who is not in some degree capable of teaching pronunciation. However, I could wish, that gentlemen, who have made themselves perfect masters of pronunciation and delivery, would undertake to teach this branch at places of education, in the same manner as masters of music, drawing, dancing, and fencing, are used to do.

It is well when a youth has no natural *defect* or *impediment*, in his speech. And, I should, by no means, advise, that he, who has, be brought up to a profession *requiring* elocution. But there are instances enough of natural defects surmounted, and eminent speakers formed by indefatigable diligence, in spite of them. Demosthenes could not, when he began to study rhetoric, pronounce the first letter of the name of his art. And Cicero was long-necked, and narrow-chested. But diligent and faithful labour, in what one is in earnest about, surmounts all difficulties. Yet we are commonly enough disgusted by public speakers lisping and stammering, and speaking through the nose, and pronouncing the letter R *with the throat*, instead of the tongue, and the letter S like Th, and screaming above, or croaking below all natural pitch of human voice; some mumbling, as if they were conjuring up spirits; others bawling, as loud as the vociferous venders of provisions in London streets; some tumbling out the words so precipitately, that no ear can catch them; others dragging them out so slowly, that it is as tedious to listen to them, as to count a great clock; some have got a habit of shrugging up their shoulders; others of see-sawing with their bodies, some backward and forward, others from side to side; some raise their eye-brows at every third word; some open their mouths frightfully; others keep their teeth so close together, that one would think their jaws were set; ~~some~~ *some* shrivel all their features together into the middle

* *Quint. C. 2.*

middle of their faces ; some push out their lips, as if they were mocking the audience ; others hem at every pause ; and others smack with their lips, and roll their tongues about in their mouths, as if they laboured under a continual thirst. All which bad habits they ought to have been broken of in *early youth*, or put into ways of life, in which they would have, at least, offended fewer persons.

It is through neglect in the *early* part of life, and bad habits taking place, that there is not a public speaker among twenty, who knows what to do with his eyes. To see the venerable man, who is to be the mouth of a whole people confessing their offences to their Creator and Judge, bring out these awful words, " Almighty and most merciful Father, &c." with his eyes over his shoulder, to see who is just gone into the pew at his elbow ; to observe this, one would imagine there was an absolute want of all feeling of devotion. But it may be, all the while, owing to nothing but awkwardness ; and the good man looks about him the whole time, he is going on with the service, merely to keep himself in countenance, not knowing, else, where to put his eyes.

Even the players, who excel, beyond comparison, all other speakers in this country, in what regards decorum, are, some of them, often guilty of monstrous *improprieties* as to the management of their eyes. To direct them full at the audience, when they are speaking a *soliloquy*, or an *aside-speech*, is insufferable. For they ought not to seem so much as to think of an audience, or of any person's looking upon them, at any time ; especially on those occasions ; those speeches being only thinking aloud, and expressing what the actor should be supposed to wish concealed. Nor do they always keep their eyes fixed upon those they speak to, even in *impassioned* dialogue. Whether it is from *carelessness*, or that they are more out of countenance by looking one another steadfastly in the face, I know not : but they do often ramble about with their eyes in a very unmeaning, and unnatural manner.

A natural genius for delivery supposes an ear ; though it does not always suppose a musical ear. I have never heard poetry, particularly that of Milton, better spoken, than by a gentleman, who yet had so little discernment in music, that, he has often told me, the grinding of knives entertained him as much as Handel's organ.

B 4

As

* Yet Quintilian would have his orator by all means study music.
C. viii.

As soon as a child can read, without *spelling*, the words in a common English book, as the *SPECTATOR*, he ought to be taught the use of the *stops*, and accustomed, from the beginning, to pay the *same* regard to them as to the *words*. The common rule, for holding them out to their just length, is too exact for *practice*, viz. that a comma is to hold the length of a syllable, a semicolon of two, a colon of three, and a period of four. In some cases, there is *no stop* to be made at a comma, as they are often put merely to render the *sense* clear; as those, which, by Mr. Ward, and many other learned editors of books, are put before every *relative*. It likewise often happens, that the strain of the matter shews a propriety, or beauty, in holding the pause *beyond* the *proper length* of the stop; particularly when any thing remarkably *striking* has been uttered; by which means the hearers have time to ruminate upon it, before the matter, which follows, can put it out of their thoughts. Of this, instances will occur in the following lessons.

Young readers are apt to get into a *rehearsing* kind of *monotony*; of which it is very difficult to break them. Monotony is holding one *uniform* humming sound through the whole discourse, without rising or falling. Cant, is, in speaking, as psalmody and ballad in music, a strain consisting of a few notes *rising* and *falling* without variation, like a peal of bells, let the *matter* change how it will. The chaunt, with which the prose psalms are half-sung, half-said, in cathedrals, is the same kind of absurdity. All these are unnatural, because the continually varying strain of the *matter* necessarily requires a continually varying series of *sounds* to express it. Whereas chaunting in cathedrals, psalmody in parish-churches, ballad music put to a number of verses, differing in thoughts and images, and cant, or monotony, in expressing the various matter of a discourse, do not in the least *haviour* the matters they are applied to; but on the contrary, confound it*.

Young people must be taught to let their voice *fall* at the *ends* of sentences; and to read without any particular whine, cant, or drawl, and with the *natural* inflections of voice, which they use in *speaking*. For *reading* is nothing but *speaking* what one sees in a book, as if he were expressing his *own* sentiments, as they rise in his mind. And no person reads well, till he comes to speak what he sees in the book before him in the same natural manner as he speaks the thoughts, which arise in his *own* mind. And hence it is,

* See *SPECT.* No. 18.

that no one can read properly what he does not *understand*. Which leads me to observe, that there are many books much *fitter* for improving *children* in reading than most parts of *scripture*, especially of the *Old Testament*. Because the words of our English Bible are, many of them, *obsolete*; the *phrasology*, as of all bare translations, *stiff*; the *subjects* not *familiar* to young persons, and the characters *grave* and *forbidding*. *Fables* and *tales*, founded upon good morals, and select parts of *history* and *biography*, and familiar *dialogues*, are more *pleasing* and *suitable* to children under seven and eight years of age. And such familiar reading, as coming near to their own *chat*, is most likely to keep them from, or cure them of a *canting*, *coining*, *drawing*, or *un-animated* manner.

They must be taught, that, in questions, the voice is often to *rise* toward the end of the sentence, *contrary* to the manner of pronouncing most *other* sorts of matter; because the *emphatical* word, or that, upon which the *stress* of the question lies, is often the *last* in the sentence. Examp. "Can any good come out of *Nazareth*?" Here the *emphatical* word is *Nazareth*; therefore the word *Nazareth* is to be pronounced in a higher note than any other part of the sentence. But in pronouncing the following, "By what *authority* dost thou these things; and *who* gave thee this authority?" the *emphatical* words are *authority* and *who*: because what the Jews asked our Saviour was, by what *power*, or *authority*, he did his wonderful works; and *how* he came by that power. And in all questions, the *emphasis* must, according to the intention of the speaker, be put upon that word, which signifies the point, about which he enquires. Examp. "Is it true, that you have seen a noble lord from court to-day, who has told you bad news?" If the enquirer wants *only* to know, whether *myself*, or some *other* person, has seen the supposed great man; he will put the *emphasis* upon *you*. If he knows, that I have seen somebody from court, and only wants to know, whether I have seen a *great man*, who may be supposed to *know*, what *inferior* persons about the court *do not*, he will put the *emphasis* upon *noble lord*. If he wants to know, only whether the great man came *directly* from court, so that his intelligence may be depended upon, he will put the *emphasis* upon *court*. If he wants only to know, whether I have seen him *to-day*, or *yesterday*, he will put the *emphasis* upon *to-day*. If he *knows*, that I have seen a great man from court, to-day, and only wants to *know*, whether he has told me any *news*, he will put the *emphasis* upon *news*. If he knows all the rest,
and

and wants only to know, whether the news, I heard, was *bad*, he will put the emphasis upon the word *bad*.

The matter contained in a *parenthesis*, or between *commas* instead of a parenthesis, which authors and editors often use, and between *brackets*, [] is to be pronounced with a *lower* voice, and *quicker* than the rest, and with a short *stop* at the beginning and end; that the hearer may perceive where the strain of the discourse *breaks off*, and where it is *resumed*; as, "When, therefore, the Lord knew, that the Pharisees " had heard, that Jesus made, and baptized *more* disciples " than *John* (though Jesus *himself* did not baptize, but his " *disciples*) he departed from Judea, and returned to " Galilee*."

A youth should not only be accustomed to read to the master, while the general business of the school is going on, so that none, but the master, and those of his own class, can hear him; but likewise to read, or speak, by *himself*, while all the rest hear. This will give him *courage*, and accustom him to pronounce *distinctly*, so that every syllable shall be heard (though not every syllable alike *loud*, and with the same *emphasis*) through the whole room. For it is one part of the judgment of a public speaker, to *accommodate* his voice to the *place* he speaks in, in such a manner as to *fill* it, and, at the same time not to *stun* the hearers. It is matter of no small difficulty to bring *young* readers to speak *slow* enough. There is little danger of their speaking *too slow*. Though *that* is a *fault*, as well as the contrary. For the hearers cannot but be disgusted and tired with listening much longer than is necessary, and losing precious time.

In every sentence, there is some *word*, perhaps several, which are to be pronounced with a *stronger* accent, or emphasis, than the others. Time was, when the emphatical word, or words, in every sentence, were printed in *Italics*. And a great advantage it was toward *understanding* the *sense* of the author, especially, where there was a thread of *reasoning* carried on. But we are now grown so nice, that we have found, the intermixture of two characters *deforms* the page, and gives it a speckled appearance. As if it were not of infinitely more consequence to make sure of *edifying* the reader than of *pleasing* his eye. But to return to *emphasis*, there is nothing more pedantic than *too much* laid upon *trifling* matter. Men of learning, especially physicians, and divines, are apt to get into a fulsome, bombastic way of *uttering*

* John iv. 1, 2, 3.

uttering themselves on all occasions, as if they were *disputing*, when perhaps the business is of no greater consequence than

What's a clock ? or how's the wind ?
Whose coach is that we've left behind ?

SWIFT.

Nor can any error be more ridiculous, than some that have been occasioned by an emphasis placed *wrong*. Such was that of a clergyman's curate, who, having occasion to read in the church our Saviour's saying to the disciples, Luke xxiv. 25. "*O fools, and slow of heart,*" [that is, *backward*] "to believe all that the prophets have written concerning me!" placed the emphasis upon the word *believe*; as if Christ had called them fools for *believing*. Upon the rector's finding fault; when he read it next, he placed the emphasis upon *all*; as if it had been foolish in the disciples to believe *all*. The rector again blaming this manner of placing the emphasis, the good curate accented the word *prophets*. As if the *prophets* had been persons in no respect worthy of belief.

A total want of *energy* in expressing *pathetic* language is equally blamable. I have often been amazed how public speakers could bring out the *strong* and *pathetic* expressions, they have occasion to utter, in so cold and *un-animated* a manner. I happened lately to hear the tenth chapter of Joshua read in a church in the country. It contains the history of the miraculous conquest of the five kings, who arose against the people of Israel. The clergyman bears a very good character in the neighbourhood. I was therefore grieved to hear him read so *striking* a piece of scripture-history in a manner so *un-animated*, that it was fit to lull the whole parish to *sleep*. Particularly I shall never forget his manner of expressing the twenty-second verse, which is the Jewish general's order to bring out the captive kings to *slaughter*. "Open the mouth of the cave, and bring out those five kings to me out of the cave;" which he uttered in the very manner, he would have expressed himself, if he had said to his boy, "Open my chamber door, and bring me my slippers from under the bed."

CICERO* very judiciously directs, that a public speaker *omit*, from time to time, somewhat of the *vigour* of his

* DE ORAT. L. III. p. 144. Tom. I. "Habet tamen illa in *dispositio*," &c.

action,

action, and not utter every passage with *all the force he can*; so set off, the more strongly, the *more emphatical parts*; as the painters, by means of shades properly placed, make the figures stand off bolder. For if the speaker has uttered a *weaker passage with all the energy he is master of*, what is he to do, when he comes to the *most pathetic parts*?

The *ease*, with which a speaker goes through a long discourse, and his *success* with his audience, depend much upon his *setting out* in a proper key*, and at a due pitch of *loudness*. If he begins in too *high* a tone, or sets out too *loud*, how is he afterwards to rise to a *higher note*, or swell his voice *louder*, as the more *pathetic strains* may require? The *command* of the voice, therefore, in this respect, is to be studied very *early*.

The force or *pathos*, with which a speech is to be delivered, is to *increase*, as the speech goes on. The speaker is to grow warm by *degrees*, as the chariot-wheel by its continued motion †; not to *begin* in a pathetic strain; because the audience are not prepared to go along with him.

False and *provincial* accents are to be guarded against, or corrected. The manner of pronouncing, which is usual among people of *education*, who are natives of the *metropolis*, is, in every country, the *standard*. For, what Horace ‡ says, of the *choice* of words, viz. that the *people*, by their *practice*, establish what is *right*, is equally true of the *pronunciation* of them.

Nature has given to every emotion of the mind its *proper* outward expression, in such manner, that what suits *one*, cannot, by any means, be accommodated to *another*. Children at three years of age express their *grief* in a tone of voice, and with an action totally *different*, from that which they use to express their *anger*; and they utter their *joy* in a manner *different* from *both*. Nor do they ever, by mistake, apply *one* in place of *another*. From hence, that is, from *nature*, is to be deduced the whole *art* of speaking properly. What we mean does not so much depend upon the *words* we speak, as our *manner* of speaking them; and accordingly,

* The word *key* (taken from music) means that note, in the scale, which is the lowest of those that are used in a particular piece, and to which the others refer; and has nothing to do with loudness, or softness. For a piece of music may be sung or played louder or softer, whatever its key is.

† "Quid insuavius, &c. What is more offensive to the ear than for a pleader to open his cause in a boisterous manner." AUCT. AD HEREN. L. III. N. XII.

‡ "Quem penes arbitrium est, et jus et norma loquendi."

Hor. ART. POET.

in life, the greatest attention is paid to *this*, as expressive of what our words often give no indication of. Thus nature fixes the outward expression of every intention or sentiment of the mind. Art only adds *gracefulness* to what nature leads to. As nature has determined, that man shall walk on his feet, not his hands: Art teaches him to walk gracefully.

Every part of the human frame contributes to express the passions and emotions of the mind, and to shew, in general, its present state. The head is sometimes erected, sometimes *bung down*, sometimes drawn suddenly back with an air of disdain, sometimes shews by a nod, a particular person, or object; gives assent, or denial, by different motions; threatens by one sort of movement, approves by another, and expresses suspicion by a third.

The arms are sometimes both thrown out, sometimes the right alone. Sometimes they are lifted up as high as the face, to express wonder, sometimes held out before the breast, to shew fear; spread forth with the hands open, to express desire or affection; the hands clapped in surprise, and in sudden joy and grief; the right hand clenched; and the arms brandished, to threaten; the two arms set a-kimbo, to look big, and express contempt or courage. With the hands, as Quintilian * says, we solicit, we refuse, we promise, we threaten, we dismiss, we invite, we intreat, we express aversion, fear, doubting, denial, asking, affirmation, negation, joy, grief, confession, penitence. With the hands we describe, and point out all circumstances of time, place, and manner of what we relate; we excite the passions of others, and soothe them; we approve and disapprove, permit, or prohibit, admire, or despise. The hands serve us instead of many sorts of words, and where the language of the tongue is unknown, that of the hands is understood, being universal, and common to all nations.

The legs advance, or retreat, to express desire, or aversion, love, or hatred, courage, or fear, and produce exultation, or leaping in sudden joy; and the stamping of the foot expresses earnestness, anger, and threatening.

Especially the face, being furnished with a variety of muscles, does more in expressing the passions of the mind than the whole human frame betides. The change of colour (in white people) shews by turns, anger by redness, and sometimes by paleness, fear likewise by paleness, and shame by blushing. Every feature contributes its part. The mouth, open, shews one state of the mind, shut, another; the gnashing of the teeth another. The forehead smooth, and eyebrows arched

* INST. ORAT. p. 455. "Annon his poscimus," &c.

and

and *easy*, shew *tranquillity*, or *joy*. *Mirth* opens the mouth toward the ears, *crisps* the nose, *half-shuts* the eyes, and sometimes fills them with *tears*. The *front* wrinkled into *frowns*, and the *eyebrows* over-hanging the eyes, like clouds, fraught with tempest, shew a mind agitated with *fury*. Above all, the eye shews the very *spirit* in a *visible* form. In every different state of the mind, it assumes a different appearance. *Joy* brightens and opens it. *Grief* half-closes, and drowns it in tears. *Hatred* and *anger*, flash from it like lightning. *Love*, darts from it in glances, like the orient beam. *Jealousy* and squinting *envy*, dart their contagious blasts from the eye. And *devotion* raises it to the skies, as if the *soul* of the holy man were going to take its flight to heaven.

The *ancients* * used some gestures which are unknown to us, as, to express *grief*, and other violent emotions of the mind, they used to strike their *knees* with the *palms* of their hands.

The force of *attitude* and *looks*, alone appears in a wonderfully striking manner, in the works of the *painter* and *statuary*; who have the delicate art of making the flat canvas and rocky marble utter every *passion* of the human mind, and touch the *soul* of the spectator, as if the picture, or statue, spoke the pathetic language of Shakespear. It is no wonder, then, that masterly *action* joined with powerful *elocution* should be irresistible. And the *variety* of expression by *looks* and *gestures*, is so great, that, as is well known, a whole play can be represented *without a word spoken*.

The following are, I believe, the principal *passions*, *humours*, *sentiments*, and *intentions*, which are to be expressed by *speech* and *action*. And I hope it will be allowed by the reader, that it is nearly in the following manner, that *nature* expresses them.

Tranquillity, or *apathy*, appears by the *composure* of the countenance, and general *repose* of the *body* and *limbs*, without the exertion of any one *muscle*. The countenance open; the *forehead* smooth; the *eyebrows* arched; the *mouth* just not shut; and the *eyes* passing with an *easy* motion from object to object, but not dwelling long upon any one.

Cheerfulness, adds a smile, opening the mouth a little more.

Mirth, or *laughter*, opens the mouth still more towards the ears; *crisps* the nose; lessens the aperture of the eyes, and sometimes fills them with tears; shakes and convulses the whole frame; giving considerable pain, which occasions boding the fides.

* AUCT. AD HERM. L. III. N. XV. Quintil. INST. ORAT. P. 457.
Raillery,

Raillery, in sport, without real animosity, puts on the aspect of cheerfulness. The tone of voice is sprightly. With contempt, or disgust, it casts a look askint, from time to time, at the object; and quits the cheerful aspect for one mixed between an affected grin and frown. The upper lip is drawn up with an air of disdain. The arms are set a-kimbo on the hips; and the right hand now and then thrown out toward the object, as if one were going to strike another a slight back-hand blow. The pitch of the voice is rather loud, the tone arch and sneering; the sentences short; the expressions satirical, with mock-praise intermixed. There are instances of raillery in scripture itself, as 1 Kings xviii. and Isa. xlv. And the excellent Tillotson has not scrupled to indulge a strain of that sort now and then, especially in exposing the mock solemnities of that most ludicrous (as well as odious) of all religions, popery. Nor should I think raillery unworthy the attention of the lawyer; as it may occasionally come in, not unusefully, in his pleadings, as well as any other stroke of ornament, or entertainment*.

Buffoonry, assumes an arch, sly, leering gravity. Must not quit its serious aspect, though all should laugh to burst ribs of steel. This command of face is somewhat difficult; though not so hard, I should think, as to restrain the contrary sympathy, I mean of weeping with those who weep.

Joy, when sudden and violent, expresses itself by clapping of hands, and exultation, or leaping. The eyes are opened wide; perhaps filled with tears; often raised to heaven, especially by devout persons. The countenance is smiling, not composedly, but with features aggravated. The voice rises, from time to time, to very high notes.

Delight, or pleasure, as when one is entertained, or ravished with music, painting, oratory, or any such elegance, shews itself by the looks, gestures, and utterance of joy; but moderated.

Gravity, or seriousness, the mind fixed upon some important subject, draws down the eyebrows a little; casts down, or shuts, or raises the eyes to heaven; shuts the mouth, and pinches the lips close. The posture of the body and limbs is composed, and without much motion. The speech, if any, slow and solemn; the tone unvarying.

Enquiry, into an obscure subject, fixes the body in one posture, the head stooping, and the eye poring, the eyebrows drawn down.

* ————— ridiculum acri
Fortius et molius magnas plerumque facit res,

Hon.
Attention,

Attention, to an esteemed, or superior character, has the same aspect; and requires *silence*; the *eyes* often *cast down* upon the ground; sometimes *fixed* on the face of the speaker; but not too *perily*.

Modesty, or submission, bends the body forwards; *levels* the eyes to the breast, if not to the feet, of the superior character. The *voice low*; the *tone submissive*; and *words few*.

Perplexity, or anxiety, which is always attended with some degree of fear and uneasiness, *draws* all the parts of the *body* together; *gathers up* the arms upon the breast, unless one hand *covers* the eyes, or rubs the forehead; *draws down* the *eyebrows*; *hangs* the head upon the breast; *casts down* the *eyes*, *shuts* and *pinches* the *eyelids* close; *shuts* the *mouth*, and *pinches* the *lips* close, or *bites* them. Suddenly the whole *body* is vehemently *agitated*. The person *walks about busily*; *stops* abruptly. Then he *talks* to himself, or makes *grimaces*. If he speaks to another, his *pauses* are *very long*; the *tone* of his *voice* *unvarying*; and his *sentences* *broken*; *expressing* half, and *keeping* in half of what arises in his mind.

Vexation, occasioned by some real or imaginary misfortune, *agitates* the *whole frame*, and, besides expressing itself with the looks, *gestures*, *restlessness*, and *tone* of *perplexity*, it adds *complaint*, *fretting*, and *lamenting*.

Pity, a mixed passion of love and grief, looks down upon distress with *lifted hands*; *eyebrows drawn down*; *mouth open*, and *features drawn together*. Its expression, as to looks, and gesture, is the same with those of *suffering*, (see *Suffering*;) but more *moderate*, as the painful feelings are only sympathetic, and therefore *one remove* as it were, more *distant* from the *soul*, than what one feels in his *own* person.

Grief, sudden, and violent, expresses itself by *beating* the *head*; *groveling* on the ground; *tearing* of *garments*, *hair*, and *flesh*; *screaming* aloud, *weeping*, *stamping* with the *feet*, *lifting* the *eyes*, from time to time to heaven; *hurrying* to and fro, *running distracted*, or *fainting away*, sometimes *without recovery*. Sometimes violent grief produces a torpid fullen silence, resembling total *apathy*.*

Melancholy, or fixed grief, is *gloomy*, *sedentary*, *motionless*. The lower *jaw falls*; the *lips* *pale*, the *eyes* are *cast down*, *half-shut*, *eyelids* *swelled* and *red*, or *livid*, *tears* *trickling* *silent*, and *unwiped*; with a total *inattention* to every thing that passes. *Words*, if any, *few*, and those *dragged out*, rather than *spoken*; the *accents* *weak*, and *interrupted*, *figs* breaking into the middle of sentences and words.

* Cum levis loquantur; ingentes stupent. Senec. HIER.

Despair,

Despair, as in a condemned criminal, or one who has lost all hope of salvation, *bends* the eyebrows downward; *clouds* the forehead; *rolls* the eyes around frightfully; *opens* the mouth toward the ears; *bites* the lips; *widens* the nostrils; *gnashes* with the teeth, like a fierce wild beast. The heart is too much *hardened* to suffer tears to flow; yet the eyeballs will be *red* and *inflamed*, like those of an animal in a rabid state. The head is *hung* down upon the breast. The arms are *bended* at the elbows; the fists *clenched* hard; the veins and muscles *swelled*; the skin *livid*; and the whole body *strained* and violently agitated; *groans*, expressive of inward torture, more frequently uttered than words. If any words, they are *few*, and expressed with a *sullen, eager bitterness*; the tone of voice often *loud* and *furious*. As it often drives people to distraction, and self-murder, it can hardly be over-acted by one who would represent it.

Fear, violent and sudden, *opens* very wide the eyes and mouth; *shortens* the nose; *draws down* the eyebrows; gives the countenance an air of *wildness*; covers it with deadly *pale-mess*; *draws back* the elbows parallel with the sides; *lifts* up the open hands, the fingers together, to the height of the breast, so that the palms face the dreadful object, as shields opposed against it. One foot is drawn *back* behind the other, so that the body seems *shrinking* from the danger, and putting itself in a posture for *flight*. The heart *beats* violently; the breath is *fetch'd quick* and *short*; the whole body is thrown into a general *tremor*. The voice is *weak* and *trembling*; the sentences are *short*, and the meaning *confused* and *incoherent*. Imminent danger, real or fancied, produces, in timorous persons, as women and children, violent *cries*, without any articulate sound of words; and sometimes irrecoverably *confounds* the understanding; produces *fainting*, which is sometimes followed by death.

Shame, or a sense of one's appearing to a disadvantage, before one's fellow-creatures, turns away the face from the beholders; covers it with *blushes*; *hangs* the head; casts down the eyes, *draws down* the eyebrows; either strikes the person *dumb*, or, if he attempts to say any thing in his own defence, causes his tongue to *falter*, and *confounds* his utterance; and puts him upon making a thousand *gestures* and *grimaces*, to keep himself in countenance; all which only heighten the confusion of his appearance.

Remorse, or a painful sense of guilt, casts down the countenance, and *clouds* it with *anxiety*; hangs down the head; draws the eyebrows down upon the eyes. The right hand *beats* the breast. The teeth *gnash* with anguish. The whole

body is strained and violently agitated. If this strong remorse is succeeded by the more gracious disposition of penitence, or contrition; then the eyes are raised (but with great appearance of doubting and fear) to the throne of heavenly mercy; and immediately cast down again to the earth. Then floods of tears are seen to flow. The knees are bended; or the body prostrated on the ground. The arms are spread in a suppliant posture, and the voice of deprecation is uttered with sighs, groans, timidity, hesitation, and trembling.

Courage, steady and cool, opens the countenance, gives the whole form an erect and graceful air. The accents are strong, full-mouthed and articulate, the voice firm and even.

Boasting, or affected courage, is loud, blustering, threatening. The eyes stare; the eyebrows drawn down; the face is red and bloated; the mouth pouts out; the voice hollow and thundering; the arms are set a-kimbo; the head often nodding in a menacing manner; and the right fist, clenched, is brandished, from time to time, at the person threatened. The right foot is often stamped upon the ground, and the legs take such large strides, and the steps are so heavy, that the earth seems to tremble under them.

Pride assumes a lofty look, bordering upon the aspect and attitude of anger. The eyes open, but with the eyebrows considerably drawn down; the mouth pouting out; mostly shut, and the lips pinched close. The words walk out a-strut, with a slow, stiff, bombastic affectation of importance. The arms generally a-kimbo, and the legs at a distance from one another, taking large tragedy-strides.

Obstinacy adds to the aspect of pride, a dogged sourness, like that of malice. See Malice.

Authority opens the countenance, but draws down the eyebrows a little, so far as to give the look of gravity. See Gravity.

Commanding requires an air a little more peremptory, with a look a little severe or stern. The hand is held out, and moved toward the person to whom the order is given, with the palm upwards, and the head nods toward him.

Forbidding, on the contrary, draws the head backward, and pushes the hand from one with the palm downward, as if going to lay it upon the person, to hold him down immovable, that he may not do what is forbidden him.

Affirming, especially with a judicial oath, is expressed by lifting the open right hand, and eyes toward heaven; or, if conscience is appealed to, by laying the right hand upon the breast.

Denying

Denying is expressed by *pushing* the open right hand from one ; and *turning* the face the contrary way. See *Aversion*.

Differing in sentiment may be expressed as refusing. See *Refusing*.

Agreeing in opinion, or conviction, as granting. See *Granting*.

Exhorting, as by a general at the head of his army, requires a *kind, complacent* look ; unless matter of offence has passed, as neglect of duty, or the like.

Judging demands a *grave, steady* look, with deep attention ; the countenance altogether clear from any appearance of either *disgust* or *favour*. The accents *slow, distinct, emphatical*, accompanied with *little action*, and that *very grave*.

Reproving puts on a *stern* aspect, *roughens* the voice, and is accompanied with *gestures* not much different from those of *threatening*, but not so *lively*.

Acquitting is performed with a *benèvolent, tranquil* countenance, and tone of *voice* ; the right hand, if not both, *open, waved* gently toward the person acquitted, expressing *dismissal*. See *Dismissing*.

Condemning assumes a *severe* look, but mixed with *pity*. The sentence is to be expressed as with *reluctance*.

Teaching, explaining, inculcating, or giving orders to an inferior, requires an air of *superiority* to be assumed. The features are to be composed to an authoritative gravity. The eye *steady* and *open*, the eyebrow a little drawn down over it ; but not so much as to look *surly* or *dogmatical*. The tone of voice varying according as the *emphasis* requires, of which a *good deal* is necessary in expressing matter of this sort. The pitch of the voice to be *strong* and *clear* ; the articulation *distinct* ; the utterance *slow*, and the manner *peremptory*. This is the proper manner of pronouncing the *commandments* in the communion office. But (I am sorry to say it) they are too commonly spoken in the same manner as the *prayers*, than which nothing can be more unnatural.

Pardoning differs from *acquitting* ; in that the latter means clearing a person after trial of *guilt* ; whereas the former supposes *guilt*, and signifies merely delivering the guilty person from *punishment*. *Pardoning* requires some degree of *severity* of aspect and tone of voice, because the pardoned person is not an object of entire *unmixed* approbation ; otherwise its expression is much the same as *granting*. See *Granting*.

Arguing requires a *cool, sedate, attentive* aspect, and a *clear, slow, emphatical* accent, with much *demonstration* by the hand. It differs from *teaching* (see *Teaching*) in that the look of *authority* is not wanting in *arguing*.

Dismissing, with approbation, is done with a kind aspect and tone of voice; the right hand open, gently waved toward the person: with *displeasure*, besides the look and tone of voice which suit displeasure, the hand is hastily thrown out toward the person dismissed, the back part toward him, the countenance at the same time turned away from him.

Refusing, when accompanied with *displeasure*, is expressed nearly in the same way. Without displeasure, it is done with a visible reluctance, which occasions the bringing out the words slowly, with such a shake of the head, and shrug of the shoulders, as is natural upon hearing of somewhat, which gives us concern.

Granting, when done with *unreserved* good-will, is accompanied with a benevolent aspect, and tone of voice; the right hand pressed to the left breast, to signify how heartily the favour is granted, and the benefactor's joy in conferring it.

Dependence. See *Modesty*.

Veneration, or worshipping, comprehends several articles, as ascription, confession, remorse, intercession, thanksgiving, deprecation, petition, &c. Ascription of honour and praise to the peerless and supreme Majesty of heaven, and confession, and deprecation, are to be uttered with all that humility of looks and gesture, which can exhibit the most profound self-abasement and annihilation, before One, whose superiority is infinite. The head is a little raised, but with the most apparent timidity, and dread; the eye is lifted; but immediately cast down again, or closed for a moment; the eyebrows are drawn down in the most respectful manner; the features, and the whole body and limbs, are all composed to the most profound gravity; one posture continuing, without considerable change, during the whole performance of the duty. The knees bended, or the whole body prostrate, or if the posture be standing, which scripture* does not disallow, bending forward, as ready to prostrate itself. The arms spread out, but modestly, as high as the breast; the hands open. The tone of the voice will be submissive, timid, equal, trembling, weak, suppliant. The words will be brought out with a visible anxiety and diffidence, approaching to hesitation; few, and slow; nothing of vain repetition†, haranguing, flowers of rhetoric, or affected figure of speech; all simplicity, humility, and lowliness, such as becomes a reptile of the dust, when presuming to address Him, whose greatness is tremendous beyond all created conception. In intercession for our fellow-creatures, which is prescribed in the scriptures‡, and in thanksgiving, the countenance will

* Mark xi. 25. † Mat. vi. 7. ‡ Mat. v. 44. Luke vi. 28.

naturally assume a *small* degree of *cheerfulness* beyond what it was clothed with in *confession* of sin, and *deprecation* of punishment. But all affected ornament of *speech*, or *gesture* in devotion, deserves the severest censure, as being somewhat much worse than absurd.

Respect for a *superior* puts on the looks and gesture of *modesty*. See *Modesty*.

Hope brightens the countenance; arches the eyebrows; gives the eyes an eager, wishful look; opens the mouth to half a smile; bends the body a little forward, the feet equal; spreads the arms, with the hands open, as to receive the object of its longings. The tone of the voice is eager, and unevenly inclining to that of joy; but curbed by a degree of doubt and anxiety. *Desire* differs from *hope*, as to expression, in this particular, that there is more appearance of doubt and anxiety in the former, than the latter. For it is one thing to desire what is agreeable, and another to have a prospect of actually obtaining it.

Desire expresses itself by bending the body forward, and stretching the arms toward the object, as to grasp it. The countenance smiling, but eager and wishful; the eyes wide open, and eyebrows raised; the mouth open; the tone of voice suppliant, but lively and cheerful, unless there be distress as well as desire; the expressions fluent and copious; if no words are used, sighs instead of them; but this is chiefly in distress.

Love, (successful) lights up the countenance into smiles. The forehead is smoothed, and enlarged; the eyebrows are arched; the mouth a little open, and smiling; the eyes languishing, and half-shut, dote upon the beloved object. The countenance assumes the eager and wishful look of desire, (see Desire above) but mixed with an air of satisfaction and repose. The accents are soft, and winning; the tone of voice persuasive, flattering, pathetic, various, musical, rapturous, as in joy. (See Joy.) The attitude much the same with that of desire. Sometimes both hands pressed eagerly to the bosom. *Love*, unsuccessful, adds an air of anxiety, and melancholy. See *Perplexity*, and *Melancholy*.

Giving, *inviting*, *soliciting*, and such like actions, which suppose some degree of affection, real, or pretended, are accompanied with much the same looks and gestures as express love; but more moderate.

Wonder, or amazement, (without any other interesting passion, as love, esteem, &c.) opens the eyes, and makes them appear very prominent; sometimes raises them to the skies; but oftener, and more expressively, fixes them on the object,

if the cause of the passion be a *present* and *visible* object, with the look, all except the wildness, of *fear*. (See *Fear*.) If the *hands* hold any thing, at the time when the object of wonder appears, they immediately let it *drop*, unconscious; and the whole *body* *fixes* in the *contracted*, *stooping* posture of *amazement*; the *mouth* *open*; the *hands* *held up open*, nearly in the attitude of *fear*. (See *Fear*.) The *first* access of this passion *stops* all *utterance*. But it makes amends afterwards by a copious *flow* of *words* and *exclamations*.

Admiration, a mixed passion, consisting of *wonder*, with *love* or *esteem*, takes away the *familiar* gesture, and expression of simple *love*. (See *Love*.) Keeps the *respectful* look, and *attitude*. (See *Modesty* and *Veneration*.) The *eyes* are *opened* wide, and now and then *raised* toward heaven. The *mouth* is *opened*. The *hands* are *lifted* up. The *tone* of the voice *rapturous*. This passion expresses itself *copiously*, making great use of the figure *hyperbole*.

Gratitude puts on an aspect full of *complacency*. (See *Love*.) If the object of it is a character greatly *superior*, it expresses much *submission*. (See *Modesty*.) The *right hand* pressed upon the *breast*, accompanies, very properly, the expression of a *sincere* and *heartly* sensibility of obligation.

Curiosity, as of a busy-body, *opens* the *eyes* and *mouth*, *lengthens* the *neck*, *bends* the *body* forward, and *fixes* it in one posture, with the *hands* nearly in that of *admiration*. See *Admiration*. See also *Desire*, *Attention*, *Hope*, *Enquiry*, and *Perplexity*.

Persuasion puts on the looks of moderate *love*. (See *Love*.) Its accents are *soft*, *flattering*, *emphatical*, and *articulate*.

Tempting, or *unweeding*, expresses itself much in the same way; only carrying the *flattering* part to *excess*.

Promising is expressed with *benevolent* looks, the nod of consent, and the open *hands* gently *moved* towards the person to whom the promise is made; the *palms* upwards. The *sincerity* of the promiser may be expressed by laying the *right hand* gently on the *breast*.

Affectation displays itself in a thousand different *gestures*, *motions*, *airs*, and *looks*, according to the *character* which the person affects. Affectation of *learning* gives a *stiff formality* to the whole person. The *words* come *stalking* out with the *pace* of a *funeral procession*; and every sentence has the *solemnity* of an oracle. Affectation of *piety* turns up the *goggling whites* of the *eyes* to heaven, as if the person were in a *trance*, and *fixes* them in that posture so long that the brain of the beholder grows giddy. Then comes up, deep-grumbling, a holy *groan* from the lower parts of the thorax; but

but so tremendous in sound, and so long protracted, that you expect to see a goblin rise, like an exhalation, through the solid earth. Then he begins to *rock* from side to side, or backward and forward, like an aged pine on the side of a hill, when a brisk wind blows. The hands are clasped together, and often lifted, and the head often shaken with foolish vehemence. The tone of the voice is canting, or sing-song lullaby, not much distant from an Irish howl; and the words godly doggrel. Affectation of *beauty*, and killing, puts a fine woman by turns into all sorts of *forms, appearances, and attitudes*, but *amiable* ones. She undoes, by art, or rather by awkwardness (for true art conceals itself) all that nature had done for her. Nature formed her almost an *angel*, and she, with infinite pains, makes herself a *monkey*. Therefore this species of affectation is easily imitated, or taken off. Make as many, and as *ugly grimaces, motions, and gestures*, as can be made; and take care that *nature* never peep out; and you represent coquettish *affectation* to the life.

Sloth appears by *yawning, dozing, snoring, the head dangling* sometimes to one side, sometimes to the other, the *arms and legs stretched out*, and every *sinew* of the body *unstrung*, the *eyes heavy, or closed*; the *words*, if any, *crawl* out of the mouth, but *half-formed*, scarce audible to any ear, and *broken off* in the middle by a powerful *sleep*.

People who walk in their sleep, (of which our inimitable *Shakespeare* has, in his tragedy of *MACBETH*, drawn a fine scene) are said to have their eyes open; though they are not the more for that, conscious of any thing, but the dream, which has got possession of their imagination. I never saw one of those persons; therefore cannot describe their manner from nature; but I suppose their speech is pretty much like that of persons dreaming, *inarticulate, incoherent*, and very different in its tone from what it is when *waking*.

Intoxication shews itself by the *eyes half-shut, sleepy, stupid, inflamed*. An *idiot smile*, a ridiculous *jurliness*, or affected *bravado*, disgraces the *bloated countenance*. The *mouth open*, tumbles out nonsense in heaps, without *articulation* enough for any ear to take it in, and unworthy of attention, if it could be taken in. The *head* seems too *heavy* for the neck. The *arms dangle* from the shoulders, as if they were almost cut away, and hung by shreds. The *legs totter and bend* at the knees, as ready to *sink* under the *weight* of the reeling body. And a general *incapacity, corporeal and mental*, exhibits *human* nature sunk below the *brutal*.

Anger, (violent) or rage, expresses itself with *rapidity, insurrection, noise, harshness*, and *trepidation*. The *neck stretched*

out ; the *head* forward, often *nodding* and *shaken* in a *menacing* manner, against the object of the passion. The *eyes* red, *inflamed*, *staring*, *rolling*, and *sparkling* ; the *eyebrows* drawn down over them, and the *forehead* wrinkled into clouds. The *nostrils* stretched wide ; every *vein* *swelled* ; every *muscle* *strained* ; the *breast* heaving, and the *breath* fetched *hard*. The *mouth* open, and drawn on each side toward the *ears*, shewing the *teeth*, in a *gnashing* posture. The face bloated, pale, red, or sometimes almost black. The *feet* *stamping* ; the right *arm* often *thrown out*, and *menacing* with the *clenched fist* *shaken*, and a general and violent *agitation* of the whole *body*.

Peevishness, or ill-nature, is a lower degree of anger ; and is therefore expressed in the above manner, only more moderate ; with *half-sentences*, and *broken speeches*, uttered hastily ; the *upper lip* drawn up *disdainfully* ; the *eyes* *askint* upon the object of displeasure.

Malice, or *spite*, *sets* the *jaws*, or *gnashes* with the *teeth* ; sends *blasting flashes* from the *eyes* ; draws the *mouth* toward the *ears* ; *clenches* both *fists*, and *bends* the *elbows* in a *straining* manner. The *tone* of voice and *expression*, are much the same with that of *anger* ; but the *pitch* not so loud.

Envy is a little more moderate in its gestures, than *malice* ; but much the same in kind.

Revenge expresses itself as *malice*.

Cruelty. See *Anger*, *Aversion*, *Malice*, and the other irascible passions.

Complaining, as when one is under violent bodily pain, *distorts* the *features* ; almost *closes* the *eyes* ; sometimes *raises* them *wispsfully* ; *opens* the *mouth* ; *gnashes* with the *teeth* ; *draws* up the *upper lip* ; draws down the *head* upon the *breast*, and the whole *body* together. The *arms* are violently bent at the *elbows*, and the *fists* strongly *clenched*. The *voice* is uttered in *groans*, *lamentations*, and violent *screams*. Extreme torture produces *fainting*, and *death*.

Fatigue, from severe labour, gives a general languor to the whole *body*. The *countenance* is *dejected*. (See *Grief*.) The *arms* hang listless ; the *body*, if sitting, or lying along be not the posture, *sloops* as in old age. (See *Dosage*.) The *legs*, if walking, are *dragged* heavily along, and seem at every step ready to *bend* under the weight of the *body*. The *voice* is *weak*, and the *words* hardly enough articulated to be understood.

Aversion, or hatred, expressed to, or of any person, or thing, that is odious to the speaker, occasions his drawing back, as avoiding the approach of what he hates ; the hands

at

at the same time, thrown out *spread*, as if to keep it off. The face turned away from that side toward which the hands are thrown out; the eyes looking *angrily* and *askint* the same way the hands are directed; the eyebrows drawn downward; the upper lip disdainfully drawn up; but the teeth set. The pitch of the voice loud; the tone chiding, unequal, surly, vehement. The sentences short, and abrupt.

Commendation, or approbation, from a superior, puts on the aspect of love (excluding Desire, and Respect) and expresses itself in a mild tone of voice; the arms gently spread; the palms of the hands toward the person approved. Exhorting, or encouraging, as of an army by a general, is expressed with some part of the looks and action of courage.

Jealousy would be likely to be well expressed by one who had often seen prisoners tortured in the dungeons of the inquisition, or who had seen what the dungeons of the inquisition are the best earthly emblem of; I mean Hell. For next to being in the pope's, or in Satan's prison, is the torture of him who is possessed with the spirit of jealousy. Being a mixture of passions directly contrary to one another, the person, whose soul is the seat of such confusion and tumult, must be in as much greater misery than Prometheus, with the vulture tearing his liver, as the pains of the mind are greater than those of the body. Jealousy is a ferment of love, hatred, hope, fear, shame, anxiety, suspicion, grief, pity, envy, pride, rage, cruelty, vengeance, madness, and if there be any other tormenting passion, which can agitate the human mind. Therefore to express jealousy well, requires that one know how to represent justly all these passions by turns. (See Love, Hatred, &c.) and often several of them together. Jealousy shews itself by restlessness, peevishness, thoughtfulness, anxiety, absence of mind. Sometimes it bursts out in piteous complaints, and weeping; then a gleam of hope, that all is yet well, lights up the countenance into a momentary smile. Immediately the face, clouded with a general gloom, shews the mind overcast again with horrid suspicions, and frightful imaginations. Then the arms are folded upon the breast; the fists violently clenched; the rolling, bloody eyes dart fury. He hurries to and fro; he has no more rest than a ship in a troubled sea, the sport of winds and waves. Again he compares himself a little, to reflect on the charms of the suspected person. She appears to his imagination like the sweetness of the rising dawn. Then his monster-breeding fancy represents her as false as she is fair. Then he roars out as one on the rack, when the cruel engine rends every joint, and every sinew bursts. Then he throws himself on the ground.

He

He beats his head against the pavement. Then he springs up, and, with the look and action of a fury bursting hot from the abyss, he snatches the instrument of death, and, after ripping up the bosom of the loved, suspected, hated, lamented fair one, he stabs himself to the heart, and exhibits a striking proof, how terrible a creature a puny mortal is, when agitated by an infernal passion.

Dotage, or infirm old age, shows itself by *talkativeness*, *boasting* of the past, *hollowness* of eyes and cheeks, *dimness* of sight, *deafness*, *tremor* of voice, the accents, through default of teeth, scarce intelligible; *hams weak*, *knees tottering*, *head paralytic*, *hollow coughing*, frequent *expectoration*, *breathless wheezing*, laborious *groaning*, the *body stooping* under the insupportable load of years, which soon will crush it into the dust, from whence it had its origin.

Folly, that is, of a natural idiot, gives the face an habitual thoughtless, brainless grin. The eyes dance from object to object, without ever fixing steadily upon any one. A thousand different and incoherent passions, looks, gestures, speeches, and absurdities, are played off every moment.

Distraction opens the eyes to a frightful wideness; rolls them hastily and wildly from object to object; distorts every feature; gnashes with the teeth; agitates all the parts of the body; rolls in the dust; foams at the mouth; utters, with hideous bellowsings, execrations, blasphemies, and all that is fierce and outrageous; rushes furiously on all who approach; and, if not restrained, tears its own flesh, and destroys itself.

Sickness has infirmity and feebleness in every motion and utterance. The eyes dim, and almost closed; cheeks pale and hollow; the jaw fallen; the head hung down; as if too heavy to be supported by the neck. A general inertia prevails. The voice trembling; the utterance through the nose; every sentence accompanied with a groan; the hand shaking, and the knees tottering under the body; or the body stretched helpless on the bed.

Fainting produces a sudden relaxation of all that holds the human frame together, every sinew and ligament unstrung. The colour flies from the vermilion cheek; the sparkling eye grows dim. Down the body drops, as helpless, and senseless, as a mass of clay, to which, by its colour and appearance, it seems hastening to resolve itself. Which leads me to conclude with

Death, the awful end of all flesh; which exhibits nothing in appearance different from what I have been just describing; for fainting continued ends in death; a subject almost too serious to be made a matter of artificial imitation.

Loxep

Lower degrees of every passion are to be expressed by more moderate exertions of *voice* and *gesture*, as every public speaker's discretion will suggest to him.

Mixed passions, or emotions of the mind, require a *mixed* expression. *Pity*, for example, is composed of *grief* and *love*. It is therefore evident, that a correct speaker must, by his looks and gestures, and by the tone and pitch of his voice, express both *grief* and *love*, in expressing *pity*, and so of the rest.

There may be *other* humours or passions, beside these, which a reader, or speaker, may have occasion to express. But these are the *principal*. And, if there be any *others*; they will occur among the following *examples* for practice; taken from various authors, and *rules* will be given for expressing them. And though it may be alleged, that *some* of these passions, or humours, are such as hardly *ever* come in the way of the speaker at the *bar*, in the *pulpit*, or either house of *parliament*, it does not therefore follow, that the labour of studying and practising the proper ways of expressing them is *useless*. On the contrary, every speaker will find his account in *enlarging* his sphere of *practice*. A gentleman may not have occasion every day to *dance a minuet*; but he has occasion to go into company every day; and he will go into a room with much the better grace for his having learned to *dance* in the most *elegant* manner. The *orator* may not have actual occasion to express *anger*, *jealousy*, *malice*, and some few others of the more *violent* passions, for which I have here given rules. But he will, by applying his organs of elocution to express *them*, acquire a masterly *ease* and *fluency* in expressing those he has actually occasion to express.

It is to be remembered, that the *action*, in expressing the various humours and passions, for which I have here given rules, is to be suited to the *age*, *sex*, *condition*, and *circumstances* of the character. Violent *anger*, or *rage*, for example, is to be expressed with great agitation (see *Anger*); but the *rage* of an infirm *old man*, of a *woman*, and of a *youth*, are all different from one another, and from that of a man in the *flower* of his age, as every speaker's discretion will suggest. A *hero* may shew *fear*, or *sensibility* of *pain*: but not in the same *manner* as a *girl* would express those sensations. Grief may be expressed by a person reading a melancholy story, or description, in a room. It may be acted upon the stage. It may be dwelt upon by the pleader at the bar; or it may have a place in a sermon. The passion is
still

still grief. But the manner of expressing it will be different in each of the speakers, if they have judgment.

A *correct* speaker does not make a *movement* of limb, or feature, for which he has not a *reason*. If he addresses *heaven*, he looks *upward*. If he speaks to his *fellow-creatures*, he looks *round upon them*. The *spirit* of what he says, or is said to him, appears in his *look*. If he expresses *amazement*, or would excite it, he *lifts up his hands and eyes*. If he *invites* to virtue and happiness, he *spreads his arms*, and looks *benevolence*. If he *threatens* the vengeance of heaven against vice, he *bends his eyebrow into wrath*, and *menaces* with his *arm* and *countenance*. He does not *needlessly* *saw the air* with his *arm*, nor *stab himself* with his *finger*. He does not clap his right *hand* upon his *breast*, unless he has occasion to speak of *himself*, or to introduce *conscience*, or somewhat *sentimental*. He does not start *back*, unless he wants to express *horror* or *aversion*. He does not come *forward*, but when he has occasion to *solicit*. He does not *raise* his voice, but to express somewhat peculiarly *emphatical*. He does not *lower* it, but to *contrast* the *raising* of it. His *eyes*, by turns, according to the *humour* of the matter he has to express, *sparkle* fury; *brighten* into joy; *glance* disdain; *melt* into grief; *frown* disgust and hatred; *languish* into love; or *glare* distraction.

But to apply *properly*, and in a masterly manner, the almost endlessly various external expressions of the different passions and emotions of the mind, for which nature has so curiously fitted the human frame—*hic labor*—*here* is the *difficulty*. Accordingly, a consummate public speaker is truly a *phenix*. But much *less* than all this, is, generally speaking, sufficient for most occasions.

There is an *error*, which is too inconsiderately received by many judicious persons, *viz.* that a public speaker's shewing himself to be in *earnest*, will alone secure him of duly *affecting* his audience. Were this true, the enthusiastic rant of the *fanatic*, who is often very much in *earnest*, ought to *please* the *judicious*; in whom, on the contrary, we know it excites only *laughter* or *pity*. It is granted, that *nature* is the *rule* by which we are to *speak*, and to *judge* of propriety in speaking. And every public speaker, who faithfully, and in a masterly manner, *follows* that universal guide, commands *attention* and *approbation*. But a speaker may, either through incurable natural *deficiency*, or by deviating into some incorrigible *absurdity* of manner, express the *real* and the *warm* sentiments of his *heart*, in such an *awkward* way, as shall effectually *defeat* his whole design upon those who hear him,

and render *himself* the object of their ridicule. It is not enough, as Quintilian * says, to be a *human creature*, to make a *good speaker*. As, on one hand, it is *not true*, that a *speaker's* shewing himself in *earnest* is alone *sufficient*, so on the other, it is certain, that if he does not *seem* to be in *earnest* †, he cannot but *fail* of his design.

There is a true *sublime* in *delivery*, as in the *other imitative arts*; in the *manner*, as well as in the *matter*, of what an orator delivers. As in *poetry*, *painting*, *sculpture*, *music*, and the other elegancies, the true *sublime* consists in a set of *masterly*, *large*, and *noble strokes* of *art*, superior to florid *listlessness*; so it is in *delivery*. The *accents* are to be *clear* and *articulate*; every *syllable* standing off from that which is next to it, so that they might be *numbered* as they proceed. The *inflections* of the voice are to be so distinctly *suit*ed to the *matter*, that the *humour* or *passions* might be *known* by the *sound* of the *voice* only, where there could not be one *word* heard. And the *variations* are to be, like the full swelling folds of the *drapery* in a fine picture, or statue, *bold* and *free*, and *forcible*.

True eloquence does not wait for cool *approbation*. Like irresistible *beauty*, it *transports*, it *ravishes*, it *commands* the *admiration* of all, who are within its reach. If it allows *time* to *criticise*, it is not *genuine*. It ought to *hurry* us out of ourselves, to *engage* and *swallow* up our whole *attention*; to *drive* every thing out of our *minds*, besides the *subject* it would hold forth, and the *point* it wants to *carry*. The hearer finds himself as *unable* to resist, as to blow out a *conflagration* with the *breath* of his *mouth*, or to *stop* the stream of a river with his *hand*. His *passions* are no longer *his own*. The orator has taken *possession* of them; and, with superior power, *works* them to whatever he *pleases*.

There is no *earthly object* capable of making such *various* and such *forcible* impressions upon the human mind, as a consummate *speaker*. In viewing the *artificial creations*, which flow from the pencil of a Raphael, the critical *eye* is indeed delighted to a high pitch; and the delight is *rational*, because it flows from sources *unknown* to beings below the *rational sphere*. But the ear remains wholly *unengaged* and *unentertained*.

* INST. ORAT. p. 442.

† ——— Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Præiū ipse tibi.

Hor.

In listening to the raptures of Corelli, Geminiani, and Handel, the flood of pleasure which pours upon the *ear*, is almost too much for human nature. And music applied to express the sublimities of *poetry*, as in the oratorio of Samson, and the Allegro and Penseroso, yields a pleasure so truly *rational*, that a Plato, or a Socrates, need not be *ashamed* to declare their *sensibility* of it. But here again, the eye has not its gratification. For the opera (in which *action* is joined with *music*, in order to entertain the *eye* at the same time with the *ear*) I must beg leave, with all due submission to the taste of the great, to consider as a *forced conjunction* of two things, which *nature* does not *allow* to go *together*. For it never will be other than *unnatural*, to see heroes *fighting*, *commanding*, *threatening*, *lamenting*, and making *love* in the warblings of an Italian *song*.

It is only the elegant *speaker*, who can at *once* regale the *eye* with the view of its most amiable object, the human form in all its glory; the *ear* with the original of all music, the *understanding* with its proper and natural *food*, the knowledge of important truth; and the *imagination* with all that, in nature, or in art, is *beautiful*, *sublime*, or *wonderful*. For the orator's *field* is the *universe*, and his subjects are all that is *known* of God, and his works; of superior natures, good and evil, and their works; and of terrestrials, and their works.

In a consummate speaker, whatever there is of *corporeal* dignity, or beauty, the majesty of the human *face* divine, the grace of *action*, the piercing *glance*, or gentle *languish*, or fiery *flash* of the *eye*; whatever of lively *passion*, or striking *emotion* of mind, whatever of fine *imagination*, of wise *reflection*, or irresistible *reasoning*; whatever of *excellent* in human nature, all that the *hand* of the *Creator* has impressed, of his *own image* upon the *noblest* creature we are acquainted with, all this appears in the consummate *speaker* to the highest *advantage*. And whoever is proof against such a display of all that is noble in human nature, must have neither *eye* nor *ear*, nor *passion*, nor *imagination*, nor *taste*, nor *understanding*.

Though it may be alleged, that a great deal of *gesture*, or *action*, at the *bar*, or in the *pulpit*, especially the *latter*, is not wanted, nor is quite in *character*; it is yet certain, that there is no part of the man, that has not its proper *attitude*. The *eyes* are not to be *rolled* along the ceiling, as if the speaker thought himself in duty bound to take care how the flies behave themselves. Nor are they to be constantly cast *down* upon the ground, as if he were before his judge receiving sentence of death. Nor to be fixed upon *one point*, as if he

saw

saw a ghost. The *arms* of the *preacher* are not to be need-
lessly *thrown out*, as if he were drowning in the pulpit, or
brandished, after the manner of the ancient *pugiles*, or boxers,
exercising themselves by fighting with their own shadow, to
prepare them for the Olympic contests. Nor, on the con-
trary, are his *hands* to be *pocketed up*, nor his *arms* to hang
by his sides as lank as if they were both *withered*. The *head*
is not to stand *fixed*, as if the speaker had a perpetual crick
in his neck. Nor is it to *nod* at every third word, as if he
were acting Jupiter, or his would-be-son Alexander*.

A judicious speaker is master of such a *variety* of *deceit*
and *natural motions*, and has such command of attitude, that
he will not be long enough in *one posture* to offend the eye of
the spectator. The *matter* he has to pronounce, will suggest
the propriety of *changing* from time to time, his *look*, his
posture, his *motion*, and *tone* of voice, which if they were
to continue too long the *same*, would become *tedious*, and
irksome to the beholders. Yet he is not to be every moment
changing posture, like a harlequin, nor *throwing* his *hands*
about, as if he were shewing legerdemain tricks.

Above all things, the public speaker is *never* to forget
the great rule, *ARS EST CELARE ARTEM*. It would be
infinitely more pleasing to see him deliver himself with
as little *motion*, and no better *attitude*, than those of an
Egyptian mummy, than *distorting* himself into all the *viola-*
tions of *decorum*, which *affectedness* produces. *Art, few*
through, is execrable.

Modesty ought ever to be *conspicuous* in the behaviour of all
who are obliged to exhibit themselves before the eye of the
public. Whatever of *gesture*, or exertion of *voice*, such per-
sons use, they ought to appear plainly to be *drawn* into them
by the *importance*, *spirit*, or *humour*, of the *matter*. If the
speaker uses any *arts* of *delivery*, which appear plainly to be
studied, the effect will be, that his *awkward* attempt to work
upon the passions of his hearers, by means, of which he is
not master, will render him *odious* and *contemptible* to them.
With what *stiff* and *pedantic solemnity* do some public speakers
utter *thoughts*, so *trifling*, as to be *hardly worth uttering at*
all! And what *unnatural* and *unsuitable tones* of voice, and
gesticulations, do others apply, in delivering what, by *their*

- With ravis'd ears
The monarch hears;
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.
Dryden's Ode.

manner

manner of delivering, one would be apt to question, not only whether it is their *own* composition, but whether they really *understand* it.

The *clergy* have one considerable *apology* from the awkwardness of the *place* they speak from. A *pulpit* is, by its very *make*, necessarily *destructive* of all *grace* of *attitude*. What could even a *Tully* do in a *sub*, just *big enough* for him to *stand* in *immersed* up to the *arm-pits*, *pillowing* his *chin* upon its *cushion*, as *Milton* describes the *Sun* upon the *orient wave*? But it is hardly to be expected, that this, or any other *impropriety* in *sacred matters*, of which there are many *greater*, should be *altered*. *Errors*, in *them*, become, by long *establishment*, *sacred* *. And I doubt not, but some of the *narrower* part of the *clergy*, as well as of the *people*, would think any other form of a *pulpit*, than the *present*, though much *fitter* for *exhibiting* the *speaker* to advantage, an *innovation* likely to prove *dangerous* to *religion*, and, which is worse, to the *church*.

Nor is it to be expected, that *decorum* of manner in *preaching* should be carried to any great perfection in *England*, while *reading* is thought to be *preaching*. If the *Greek* and *Roman* orators had *read* their *sermons*, the effect would have been, I suppose, pretty much the same as that which *sermons* produce among us. The hearers might have, many of them, *dropped asleep*. In some foreign countries, preachers are so much aware of the disadvantage of *reading*, that such as have *weak memories* have a *prompter* behind, in the *pulpit*, out of sight. However, it must be owned, that if preachers would bestow a little pains in committing to *memory* the substance of their discourses, so as not to be *slaves* to written *notes*, and endeavour to gain a tolerable *readiness* at extemporary *amplification* (which as the *bar* is *indispensable*) their discourses might have *effect*, though the *eye* should now and then be *cast* upon the *notes*, if not in a *clumsy* manner, and with *hesitation*. *Quintilian* † *himself* will not object to *so much* use of *notes* as I have here allowed; though he absolutely requires his orator to be possessed of a *memory* ‡.

To

* See the writings of many of the *clergy themselves* to this purpose, as *Dr. Clarke*, *Hare*, *Hoadley*, *Whiston*, *Clayton*, &c. the *CANDID DISQUISITIONS*, and the *CONFESSIONAL*.

† *Inst. Orat.* L. x. C. vii.

‡ *Dean Swift*, in his *LETTER TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN*, writes, on this subject, as follows:

“ I cannot but think that what is *read*, differs as much from what is repeated *without book*, as a copy does from an original. At the same time

To hear a *judicious* and *elegant* discourse from the pulpit, which would, in *print*, make a noble figure, *murdered* by him, who had learning and taste to compose it, but, having been neglected as to one important part of his education, knows not how to deliver it otherwise than with a *tone* between *singing* and *saying*, or with a *nod* of his *head*, to enforce, as with a hammer, every emphatical word, or with the same unanimated *monotony*, in which he was used to repeat *Quæ genus* at Westminster-school; what can be imagined more *lamentable*! Yet what more *common*! Were the educators of youth intended for the ministry, of the opinion of the *prince of orators*, viz. that delivery is the *first*, *second*, and *third* part of *oratory*, they would *spare* some time from the many *less necessary* parts of school-learning to apply it to one so very *essential*; without which the weight of the most *sacred subject*, the greatest depth of *critical disquisition*, the most unexceptionable *reasoning*, the most accurate arrangement of *matter*, and the most striking *energy of style*, are all *lost* upon an audience; who sit *unaffected*, and depart *unimproved*. From hence it is, that, while places of public *worship* are almost *empty*, *theatres* are *crowded*. Yet in the *former*, the most *interesting* subjects are treated. In the *latter* all is *fiction*. To the *former* all are invited without any *expence*. The *charge* and *trouble* of attending the *latter* are *considerable*. But it will not be otherwise, so long as the speakers in the *former* take no more pains to enforce their public instructions, than if they delivered *fictions*, and those in the *latter* bestow so much to make *fictions* seem *true*. It may be said, this observation has *often* been made *before*. The more is the *pity*. And it ought to be *often* made *again*, and to be *dwelt upon*, till the fault is amended.

Did preachers labour to acquire a masterly *delivery*, places of public *instruction* would be *crowded*, as places of public *diversion* are *now*. *Rakes* and *Infidels*, merely to shew their *taste*, would frequent them. Could *all* frequent them, and *none* profit?

"time I am fully sensible, what an extreme difficulty it would be upon you to alter this; and that if you did, your sermons would be much less valuable than otherwise, for want of time to improve and correct them. I would therefore gladly come to a compromise with you in this matter."

He then goes on to advise, that he should write his sermons in a large fair hand, and read them over several times before delivering them, so as to be able, with the help of an eye cast down now and then upon the paper, to pronounce them with ease and force.

It is common to hear complaints, from the clergy, of the *inattention* of their hearers, even to *dozing*, and sometimes to profound *sleep*. But *where* does this complaint fall at last? Even upon the *preachers* themselves, who address their hearers with such *coolness* and *indifference*, as to leave them *nothing* to do, but to *go to sleep*. Let the preacher but *exert* himself properly, and he may *defy* his hearers to go to *sleep*, or withdraw their *attention* for a moment.

The clergy are likewise very full of their complaints of the little *effect* their labours produce. *Infidelity* and *vice*, they cry, prevail more than ever. Churches are poorly *filled*. And those who attend, for *fashion's* sake, are not much *better* than their *neighbours*.

But what is the *plain English* of this lamentable outcry? Why, truly, that they find people *loth* to go to the places of public instruction to be *disgusted* or *lulled to sleep*. And, that, when they *have them there*, they cannot *persuade* them to quit their vices and follies by *lolling* twenty minutes upon a velvet cushion, and *reading* to them a *learned discourse*. That they cannot *warm* them to the love of virtue, by a *cold*, ill-read pulpit harangue. That they cannot win their *affections* whilst they *neglect* all the *natural* means for *working* upon the human *passions*. That they cannot *kindle* in them that *burning* zeal which suits the most *important* of all *interests*, by talking to them with the *coolness* of a set of *Stoic philosophers*, of the *terrors* of the *Lord*, of the *aworm*, that *never dies*, and the *fire*, that is *not quenched*, and of *future glory*, *honour*, and *immortality*, of everlasting *kingdoms*, and heavenly *thrones*.

I know it is common for preachers to plead, in *excuse* of the *frigidity* of their manner in addressing their audiences, their *modesty*, and fear of being accused of *affectation*. But, are *these* any *hindrance* to the *elocution* of the *actors*, or even of the *actresses*; who, by study and practice, come to get the better of *timidity*, and to attain an elegant and correct utterance (and are, indeed, the *only speakers* we have in England) without any appearance of *affectation*; which would render them *unsufferable*. But, do our *preachers*, in general, bestow *any thought*, or use *any means*, of any kind, for improving themselves in speaking? The younger part of the *players rehearse*, and *practise over and over*, *many a time*, and are *long* under the *tuition* of the principal actors before they appear in public. But there are, I believe, *no other* public speakers among us, who take such *pains*; though they bestow *great pains* in improving themselves in *learning*; which shews, that the *neglect* of this accomplishment is more owing

to the want of a due *sense* of its *usefulness*, than to any other cause. And yet, of the two, *learning* is much *less necessary* to a *preacher*, than skill in *persuading*. Quintilian * makes this *latter* the *supreme excellence* in his *orator*.

Let the reader only consider, that a *shoemaker*, or a *taylor*, is under a *master seven years*, at least, before he sets up for himself. But the *preacher* goes into the pulpit at *once*, without ever having had *one lesson*, or article of instruction in that part of his art, which is the *chief* and most weighty, and without which all his *other accomplishments* are worth *nothing*, toward gaining the *end of preaching*.

It may be alledged, that the *clergy* cannot be expected to be great *orators* for *fifty*, or a *hundred pounds* a year, which poor pittance is as much as many hundreds, I may say, thousands, of them, have to maintain themselves and their families. The more is the pity.

But there are many *players* who do not get *more* than the *lower clergy*. And yet *they study hard*, for no greater encouragement, and actually acquire such skill in *working upon* the *passions* of mankind, that, for my part, if I wanted to have a composition of mine *well spoken*, I would put it into the hands of a second-rate player, rather than of *any preacher* I ever heard.

What could be imagined more *elegant*, if *entertainment alone* were sought; what more *useful*, if the *good of mankind* were the object, than the sacred function of preaching, *properly performed*? Were the most *interesting* of subjects treated with proper perspicuity and adequate judgment, and well wrought discourses delivered to listening crowds with that *dignity* which becomes a teacher of Divine truth, and with that *energy*, which should shew, that the *preacher spoke* from his *own heart*, and meant to speak to the *hearts* of his *hearers*, what *effects* might not *follow*? Mankind are not *wood*, or *stone*. They are undoubtedly capable of being *roused* and *stirred*. They may be *drawn*, and *allured*. The voice of an able preacher, thundering out the Divine *threatenings* against *vice*, would be in the ear of the *offender* as if he heard the sound of the last *trumpet* summoning the dead to judgment. And the *gentle call of mercy* encouraging the *terrified*, and almost *despairing penitent* to look up to his offended heavenly Father, would seem as the *song of angels*. A whole multitude might be *lifted to the skies*. The world of spirits might be opened to the eyes of their minds. The terrors of that punishment, which awaits *vice*; the glories of that state, to

which virtue will, through Divine favour, raise the pious, might be, by a powerful preacher, rendered *present* to their understandings, with such conviction as would make indelible *impressions* upon their *hearts*, and work a substantial reformation in their lives *.

The convincing and irrefragable *proof*, that real and important *effects* might be produced by preachers, by a proper application of *oratory* to the purposes of instructing and amending mankind, is, That *oratory* has been, in all times, known *actually* to produce great *alterations* in men's ways of thinking and acting. And there is no denying *facts*. To bring instances of this in a copious manner, as the subject might deserve, would be to quote more history than could be comprehended in such a volume as this. Nor can any reader imagine, an art could have been, in all free governments, so laboriously cultivated by *statesmen*, had they not found it *useful* in the *state*. Do we not, in our own times, see the *effects* produced by it in the British *parliament*? But if any one should allege, that there is *nothing* in the power of *preachers* by means of *oratory*, does it not follow, that then the *whole function* of *preaching* may as well be laid *aside*? For, if *good speaking* will have *no effect* upon mankind, surely *bad* will have *none*.

Reasoning *a priori*, one would conclude, that we should see both the study, and the effects of oratory, carried to a pitch *beyond* what they reached in the *ancient* times of Heathenism. Have we not the advantage of those *noble models*, which the ancients struck out by the mere force of natural unassisted genius? Ought we not to *exceed* those *models*? But do we *come up* to them? Have we not incomparably *clearer* views of *nature*, and of all *knowledge*, than the *antients* had? Have we not *whole sciences* of which they knew *nothing*? The *Newtonian* philosophy alone! to what *sentiments* does it lift the mind! How do the ideas, it gives us, of *immensity* filled with *innumerable worlds* revolving round *innumerable suns*; those *worlds* themselves the centres of *others* secondary to them; all *attracting*; all *attracted*; *enlightening*, or *receiving light*; at *distances* unmeasurable, but all under *one law*!—how do these ideas tend to *raise* our *conceptions* of the *Author* of such a work! Ought not our *productions* to *exceed theirs*, who had no such helps to *enrich* and *enliven* their imaginations? But, above all, as much as the heavens

* Quintilian (INST. ORAT. L. vi. C. ii.) makes the knowledge and command of the *pathetic*, the main instrument of *persuasion*, which, according to him, is the *great business* of the orator.

are higher than the earth, so much ought the views which *revelation* presents us with, to *ennoble* all our *productions* above those of the *antients*, on which that glorious light never shone ! What had a *Demosthenes*, or a *Cicero*, to inspire so divine an ardour into their addresses to the people, compared with those *sublime doctrines*, which *angels* desire earnestly to pry * into ? If the poetical *description* of Jupiter shaking heaven with his nod, *warmed* the *imagination* of a Phidias to such a pitch, as enabled him to produce the most majestic piece of statuary, that ever was beheld ; and if the *imagination* of the *author* † of that poetical description was exalted by the scenes he saw, and the learning he acquired by travelling into Egypt, and other parts ; how ought the *genius* of the *Christian orator* to be elevated, how ought both his compositions, and his manner of delivering them, to shine *superior* to all that *antiquity* ever saw ; as he enjoys superior advantages for *ennobling* all his sentiments, and giving dignity and spirit to all he composes, and utters ! If we find a Plato, or a Cicero, whenever they touch upon the sublime doctrine of a *future state*, rise above themselves, warmed with—shall I say, the *prospect* ? no—with the *possibility*, or, at most, with the *hope* of immortality ; how animated ought *our* descriptions to be, how forcible *our* manner of treating of what we pretend firmly to *believe* ; of what we know the Author of our religion confirmed by actually *rising* from the grave, triumphing gloriously over death, and *ascending* visibly to heaven !

Poor were the motives, and cold the encouragements, which *they* could offer, to excite *their* hearers to bravery and to virtue, compared with those which *we* have to propose. For, if they put them in mind of their country, their wives, their children, their aged and helpless parents ; if they called upon them to shew themselves worthy *descendants* of their illustrious ancestors ; if they roused their *shame*, or their sense of *honour* ; if they held forth the prize of deathless *fame* ; all these are as cogent arguments *now*, as they were *then*. What advantage our *Christian* orators have over them toward gaining their end of alarming, persuading, and reforming mankind, appears from considering how little chance *we* should have of producing any good effect upon a people strongly *attached* to pleasures, riches, and honours, by telling them, that, if they continued to pursue these their beloved objects by unlawful means, they might expect, after their

* Gr. *εἰς ἐπιθυμητῶν ἀγγέλων παρακλήσις*. 1 Pet. i. 12.

† Hom. *vid.* li. 1.,

death, to be carried before Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Æacus, who would condemn their souls to Tartarus, where the soul of Ixion was tied upon a wheel, and whirled about without rest; where Prometheus had his liver gnawed by a vulture, which grew again, as fast as it was devoured; and where Danaus's fifty daughters had a set of barrels with holes in their bottoms to keep continually full to the top: and where all wicked souls would be condemned to some such punishment; but if, on the contrary, they would act the part of honest and worthy men, and exert themselves to the hazard, and, perhaps, loss of their lives, in defence of the liberties of their country, their souls would be ordered, by the judges of the dead, to be placed in the Elysian fields, where were pleasant greens, and lucid streams, and fragrant groves; and where they should amuse themselves with the innocent pleasures, which delighted them while here. Had our *Christian* orators *no better motives* to urge, than such as could be drawn from the consideration of certain *imaginary rewards* and *punishments* to be distributed in a certain *possible*, but *doubtful* future state, in some *unknown* subterranean region, it might be expected, that their zeal in urging them would be but *cold*, and the effects of their addresses to the people, *inconsiderable*. But the ancient orators had *no better motives*, from *futurity*, than these which I have mentioned; and those they could draw from *other* considerations were the same, which we may use *now*. What accounts should we have had of the power with which they spoke, and of the *effects* of their speeches, if they had the awful *subjects* to treat of, and the *advantages* for treating of them with effect, which *our* preachers have! O shame to modern times! A Pericles, or a Demosthenes, could *shake* all Greece, when they warned their countrymen against an *invasion*, or alarmed them about the danger of their *liberties*! Whilst we can hardly keep our hearers *awake*, when we stand forth to warn them, in the name of God, against the consequences of vice, ruinous to *individuals*, ruinous to *nations*; the cause not only of the subversion of states and kingdoms, when luxury, and corruption spread their fatal contagion, and leave a people the unthinking prey of tyranny and oppression; but of utter, irretrievable *destruction* of the *souls* and *bodies* of half a *species** from the presence of God, and from the glory of his power, at that tremendous day, when the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised, and when he shall sit

* "Strait is the gate, and narrow the way, that leadeth to life, and few there be who find it." Matt. vii, 13,

upon the throne of judgment, from whose face heaven and earth shall fly away * ; whose voice shall pronounce on the wicked the dreadful sentence, " Depart, ye cursed ;" and whose breath shall blow up the unquenchable flame, in which rebellious angels and men shall be irrecoverably swallowed up and destroyed.

It may, perhaps, be objected here, that sacred *truth* needs no ornament to set it off, no art to enforce it. That the apostles were artless and illiterate men ; and yet they gained the great end of their mission, the conviction of multitudes, and establishment of their religion. That, therefore, there is no necessity for this attention to delivery, in order to qualify the preacher for his sacred office, or to render his labours successful.

To all this the answer is ready, viz. First, the apostles were not all artless and illiterate ; St. Paul, the greatest and most general propagator of Christianity, is an eminent exception. He could be no mean orator, who confounded the Jews at Damascus †, made a prince, before whom he stood to be judged, confess, that he had almost persuaded him to become a convert to a religion every where spoken against § ; threw another into a fit of trembling as he sat upon his judgment-seat || ; made a defence before the learned court of Areopagus, which gained him for a convert a member of the court itself † ; struck a whole people with such admiration, that they took him for the god of eloquence †† ; and gained him a place in Longinus's ¶ list of famous orators. Would the cold-served-up monotony of our English sermon-readers have produced such effects as these ? But, farther, the apostles might very well spare human accomplishments ; having what was worth them all, viz. the Divine gift of working miracles ; which if our preachers had, I should not have much to say about their qualifying themselves in elocution. But, as it is, public instruction is the preacher's weapon, with which he is to combat infidelity and vice. And what avails a weapon, without skill to wield it ?

* Rev. xi. 13. † Acts ix. 22. § Acts xxvi. 28. xxviii. 28.

|| Acts xxiv. 25. † Acts xvii. 34. †† Acts xiv. 12.

¶ ' It was with no small pleasure, I lately met with a fragment of Longinus, which is preserved, as a testimony of that critic's judgment, at the beginning of a manuscript of the New Testament in the Vatican library. After that author has numbered up the most celebrated orators among the Grecians, he says, " Add to these Paul of Tarsus, the patron of an opinion not yet fully proved." Spect. No. 633.

Medicines the most salutary to the body are taken with *reluctance*, if nauseous to the taste. However, they are *taken*. But the more necessary physic for the *soul*, if it be not rendered somewhat *palatable*, will be absolutely *rejected*. For we are much less prudent in our care for the most valuable part of ourselves than for the *least*. Therefore the preacher ought, above *all other* public speakers, to labour to *enrich* and *adorn*, in the most masterly manner, his addresses to mankind; his views being the most *important*. What grand point has the *player* to gain? Why, to draw an audience to the theatre *. The *pleader* at the bar, if he lays before the judges and jury, the *true state* of the *case*, so as they may be most likely to see where the *right* of it lies, and a just decision may be given, has done his duty; and the affair in agitation is an *estate*, or, at most, a *life*, which will soon, by course of nature, be extinct. And of the *speaker* in either *house* of parliament, the very utmost that can be said, is, that the *good* of his *country* may, in great measure, depend upon his *tongue*. But the infinitely important object of preaching is, the *reformation* of *mankind*, upon which depends their happiness in *this world*, and throughout the *whole* of their *being*. Of what consequence is it, then, that the art of preaching be carried to such *perfection*, that *all* may be drawn to places of public instruction, and that those who attend them may receive *benefit*? And if almost the *whole* of preaching be *delivery*, how necessary is the study of *delivery*? That *delivery* is incomparably the most *important* part in public instruction, is manifest from this, that very *indifferent* matter *well delivered* will make a *considerable impression* †. But *bad utterance* will defeat the whole *effect* of the *noblest composition* ever produced.

While exorbitant *appetite*, and unruly *passion within*, while *evil example*, with alluring *solicitation without* (to say nothing of the *craft* and *assaults* of the grand enemy of man-

* I deny not, that the theatre is capable of being made a school of virtue. But it must be put under regulations, *other* than we have ever yet seen it; and those too *various* to be specified here; so *numerous* are the particulars which want reformation, much *more* being at present *wrong* than *right*.

† "A proof of the importance of delivery," says Quintilian, "may be drawn from the additional force which the actors give to what is written by the best poets, so that what we hear pronounced by them gives infinitely more *pleasure*, than when we only read it." And again, "I think, I may affirm, that a very *indifferent* speech, well set off by the speaker, shall have a *greater effect*, than the best, if *destitute* of that advantage."--Quint. Inst. Orat. p. 441. "Documenta sunt res seculi, &c."

kind) while these invite and ensnare the frail and thoughtless into guilt; shall *virtue* and *religion* hold forth *no charms* to engage votaries? *Pleasure* decks herself out with *rich attire*. *Soft* are her looks, and *melting* is the sweetness of her voice. And must *religion* present herself with *every disadvantage*? Must she appear *quite unadorned*? What chance can she then have in competition with an enemy so much *better* furnished with every necessary *invitation* and *allurement*? Alas! our preachers do not address *innocents* in paradise, but thoughtless, and often *habituated sinners*. Mere cold *explaining* will have but little effect on such. Weak is the hold, which *reason* has on most men. Few of mankind have able *heads*. All have *hearts*; and all hearts may be *touched*, if the speaker is *master* of his art. The business is not so much to *open* the *understanding*, as to *warm* the *heart*. There are few, who do not *know* their duty. To *allure* them to the *doing* of it is the difficulty. Nor is this to be effected by cold *reasoning*. Accordingly, the *scripture orators* are none of them cold. Their addresses are such as hardly any man can utter without warmth. "Hear, O heavens! Give ear, O earth! To thee, O man, I call; my voice is to the sons of men. As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked; but rather that he turn from his wickedness, and live. Turn ye, turn ye. Why will ye die? O Jerusalem, Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them who are sent unto thee! How often would I have gathered thy children, as a hen gathereth her brood under her wings, and ye would not. Hadst thou, in this thy day, known the things which belong to thy peace!—But now they are hid from thine eyes."

It is true, the preacher is carefully to avoid *ostentation*; he is not to preach *himself*; but Christ. But at the same time he is to "stir up every *gift* that is in him; to cry *aloud*, and not to spare; to lift up his voice like a trumpet; to *reprove*, *correct*, and *instruct*; to be *instant* in *season* and out of season; to become (innocently) *all things* "to all men," consequently to become an *orator*, if men are not to be affected by simple *unadorned* truth, however *weighty*.

What can the people think of the *sincerity* of the preacher, who is cold and *languid* in his public *instructions*, while he is as *warm* and *zealous* as other men, in the defence of an inconsiderable part of his *property*? Would he plead as *calmly* for his *life*, as he does with his people in the cause of *virtue* and *religion*? *Coolness* in a matter of the last importance, and

and about which one is really in earnest, is so unnatural, as to be hardly practicable. Therefore Cicero * takes it for granted, that Callidus could not have addressed the senate in so indifferent and unanimated a manner, if what he wanted to persuade them to believe had not been mere fiction. And, Demosthenes, when one came to him, begging, that he would plead his cause, against a person who had used him cruelly, of which usage he gave Demosthenes a very cold and unanimated account, could not believe, that he had been so injured; till, upon his signifying his suspicion, the man was roused to some warmth; and then the orator was convinced, that his complaint was well founded, and immediately undertook his defence †.

If it should be said by preachers, "The people will be as much offended with us, if we overact our part, as they are now indifferent about attending our ministry; so that it will avail nothing to study a more lively delivery;" to this I must beg leave to answer; that there is no reason to fear any thing from it. Because a manner of preaching may be used, which shall have ten times more life and vivacity in it, than the present, and yet (if it be not unnatural, or incorrect) be very safe from all danger of exceeding due bounds as to vivacity and force. And, farther, we do in fact observe, that no preacher is admired (I do not mean by the mob, but by people of education) whose delivery is dull and unanimated; let his matter be what it will.

Lest any reader should think, I have been too severe upon the deficiencies of men of sacred characters, as to delivery, either in leading the devotions of the people, or in instructing them in their duty; I will add, by way of apology for what I have said, some passages, to the same purpose, from the SPECTATOR.

"S I R,

"The well reading of the common prayer is of so great importance, and so much neglected, that I take the liberty to offer to your consideration some particulars on that subject. And what more worthy your observation, than this? A thing so public, and of so high consequence. It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent exercise of it should not make the performers of that duty more expert in it. This inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little care that is taken of their reading while at school, where, when

* Tu istuc, M. Callidi, nisi fingeres, sic ageres?

Cic. Brut. p. 181. Tom. 1.

† Plat. in vit. Demosth.

"they

“ they are got into Latin, they are looked upon as above English, the reading of which is wholly neglected, or, at least, read to very little purpose, without any due observation made to them of the proper accent and manner of reading. By this means they have acquired such *ill habits*, as will not easily be removed.”

The writer of the letter then goes on to mention the advantage he himself found, from being led in his devotions by an elegant performer of the service at St. James's Garlick-hill church.

“ My eyes and my thoughts,” (says he) “ could not wander as usual; but were confined to my prayers.—The confession was read with such a resigned humility, the absolution with such a comfortable authority, the thanksgivings with such a religious joy, as made me feel those affections of the mind in a manner *I never did before*. To remedy, therefore, the *grievance* above complained of, I humbly propose, that this excellent reader, upon the next, and every annual assembly of the clergy at Sion College, and all other conventions, should read prayers before them. For then those, that are *afraid of stretching their mouths*, and *spoiling their soft voices*, will learn to read with clearness, loudness and *strength*. Others, who affect a *rakish, negligent air*, by *folding their arms*, and *lolling upon their book*, will be taught a *decent behaviour*. Those who read so fast, as if *impatient of their work*, may learn to speak *deliberately*. There is another sort, whom I call Pindaric readers, as being confined to *no set measure*. These pronounce five or six words with great *deliberation*, and the five or six subsequent ones with as great *celerity*; the first part of a sentence with a very exalted voice, and the latter very low. Sometimes with one sort of tone, and immediately after with a different one. These gentlemen will learn of my admired reader an evenness of voice and delivery. And all, who are innocent of these affectations, but read with such an *indifferency*, as if they did not understand the language, may be informed of the art of reading *movingly and fervently*; how to place the *emphasis*, and give the proper *accent* to each word, and how to vary the voice according to the nature of the sentence. There is certainly a difference between reading a prayer, and a gazette. These are often pretty classical scholars, and would think it an unpardonable sin to read Virgil, or Martial, with as little taste, as they do Divine service.”

Spec. No. 147.

And

And the same standard author, in his 407th paper, complains as follows :

" Our *preachers* stand *stock-still* in the pulpit, and will not so much as move a *finger* to set off the best sermons in the world. We meet with the same speaking *statues* at our *bars*, and in all public places of debate. Our words flow from us in a *smooth, continued* stream, without those strainings of the *voice*, motions of the *body*, and majesty of the *hand*, which are so much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome. We can talk of life and death in cold blood, and keep our *temper* in a discourse, which turns upon every thing that is *dear* to us.—

" It is certain, that proper *gestures*, and vehement exertions of the *voice*, cannot be *too much studied* by a public orator. They are a kind of *comment* upon what he utters, and *enforce* every thing he says, with weak hearers" [and surely the *bulk* of hearers are *weak*] " better than the strongest *argument* he can make use of. They keep the audience *awake*, and fix their *attention* to what is delivered to them; at the same time that they shew the speaker is in *earnest*, and *affected himself* with what he so passionately *recommends* to others—

" How *cold* and *dead* a figure in comparison of these two great men" [Demosthenes and Cicero] " does an orator often make at the British bar, holding up his head with the most *insipid serenity*, and stroking the sides of a long wig, &c."

Dean Swift (who was no friend to *over doing* on the *serious* side) advises his young clergyman as follows :

" I take it for granted, that you are already desirous to be seen in a pulpit. But, I hope you will think it prudent to pass quarantine among the desolate churches five miles round this town, where you may at least learn to *read* and *speak*, before you venture to expose your parts in a city congregation. Not that these are better judges; but, because, if a man must need expose his folly, it is more safe and discreet to do so before few witnesses, and in a scattered neighbourhood. And you will do well, if you can prevail with some intimate and judicious friend to be your constant hearer, and to beg of him to give you notice, with the utmost freedom, of whatever he finds amiss either in your voice or gesture. For want of such early warning, many clergymen continue defective, and sometimes ridiculous, to the end of their lives. Neither is it rare to observe, among excellent and learned divines,

" a certain

" a certain ungacious manner, or unhappy tone of voice, which they have never been able to shake off." LETTER TO A YOUNG CLERGYMAN.

Are the faults complained of by these authors, who wrote almost fifty years ago, *amended*, or *likely* to be amended? Let the answer to this question be collected from the following verses, by Dr. BYRAM, prefixed to *Fordyce's ART OF PREACHING*, published a few years ago.

For, what's a sermon, good, or bad,
If a man *reads* it like a lad?
To hear some people, when they preach,
How they run o'er all parts of speech,
And neither *raise* a word, nor *seek*;
Our learned bishops, one would think,
Had taken *school-boys* from the rod,
To make *ambassadors* of God.

And afterwards,

In point of sermons, 'tis confess'd,
Our English clergy make the best :
But this appears, we must confess,
Not from the *pulpit*, but the *press*.
They manage, with disjointed skill,
The *matter* well, the *manner* ill ;
And, what seems paradox at first,
They *make* the best, and *preach* the worst.

If there is, as we have seen, so much room to lament the deficiencies of those who are to *lead* the *devotions* of congregations, and to *instruct* them in their *duty*, and whose business it is to *win* them, by every *engaging* and *powerful art*, to the faithful performance of it ; if there is so much reason to wish that those failures might be made up, and those errors amended, which are undoubtedly a great cause of the *reluctance* we observe in many to attend, and their *coldness* and *indifference* in, places of public worship and instruction ; if the *clergy* are so deficient in their public performances, what is left to me to say of those devotion-confounding, ear-splitting pests of our churches, I mean the *parish-clerks*, and *parish-children* ? I would only ask, whether, if we had declared a final and irreconcilable hostility against common *decency*, not to say *propriety*, and had set ourselves to find out the most effectual means possible for turning *worship* into *burlesque* ; I would ask, I say, whether, if this was our design, there

there could be a more certain way to gain it, than to place a set of people in every church, who should come in between every two sentences spoken by the minister, with a *squawl* as loud as the sound of ten trumpets, and totally *discordant* from one another, and from the *key* in which the minister speaks. If the minister speaks *properly*, why do not the clerk and the *charity-children* speak in concord with him? If the clerk speaks *properly*, why do not the minister and the children speak in the same key with him? Or if the children are *right*, why do not the minister and clerk scream as *high*, or, at least, take a *concordant key* with theirs?" They cannot be *all right*, and *all different*, from one another. How much more rational would it be to spend the time, which is now so ridiculously thrown away in teaching the poor children to set the ears of the whole parish on edge, in making them *understand* thoroughly what they so often repeat by rote, *without understanding*, I mean the answers to those useful questions in their catechism, "What is your duty to God?" and, "What is your duty to your neighbour?" This would be of *service* to them *all their lives*; whereas the other answers *no end*, that has the least connexion with common-sense.

It is by keeping clear of every thing *disagreeable* or grating, and by consulting all that may *please, entertain, and strike*, that the sagacious Roman Catholics keep up, in their people, a *delight* in the public services of their foolish religion. If we were wise, and as much in earnest, as we ought, we should imitate them in this. But what avails it to attempt to oppose that which has power to make *wrong right*, and *absurdity proper*; I mean, the irresistible tyrant, CUSTOM, whose dominion is in no nation more *absolute* (where there are so many so capable of judging) than in *this* our dear country.

LESSONS.

I.

HISTORICAL NARRATION^a.

THE *Trojans* (^bif we may believe *tradition*) were the *first founders* of the *Roman Commonwealth*; who under the conduct of *Aeneas*, having made their *escape* from their own ruined country, got to *Italy*, and there for some time lived a *rambling* and *unsettled life*, without any *fixed* place of abode, among the *natives*, an *uncultivated* people, who had neither *law* nor regular *government*, but were wholly *free* from all *rule* or *restraint*. This *mixed multitude*, however, *crowding* together into *one city*, though originally *different* in *extraction*,
NARRATION.

^a Narration requires very little of what is properly called *expression*, in pronouncing it; I have, however, ordered the *emphatical words* in this, and all the *lessons*, to be printed in *Italics*, for the reader's help. See in the *ESSAY, Narration*, and the other *passions* put upon the *margin* of the *lessons*.

^b Of the manner of pronouncing matter contained in a *parenthesis*, see the *ESSAY*, p. 10.

L E S S O N S.

~~these~~ *languages, and customs*, united into one
~~and in a very short~~ *short* space of time. And
 a short time that came to be *improved* by addi-
 tion, and *policy*, and by extent of *terri-*
tories and *forces* likely to make a *figure* among
 the *nations*, according to the *common course* of
~~things~~ the appearance of *prosperity* drew upon
 them the *envy* of the *neighbouring states*; so
 that the *princes* and *people* who *bordered* upon
 them, begun to seek occasions of *quarrelling* with
 them. The *alliances* they could form were but
few: for most of the *neighbouring states* *avoided*
embroiling themselves on their account. The
 Romans, seeing that they had *nothing* to *trust*
to, but their *own conduct*, found it necessary ^a to
bestir themselves with great *diligence*, to make
rigorous preparations, to *excite one another* to face
 their *enemies* in the *field*, to hazard their *lives* in
 defence of their *liberty*, their *country*, and their
families. And when, by their valour, they *re-*
pulsed the enemy, they gave assistance to their *allies*,
 and gained friendships by *often giving* ^c; and *seld-*
om demanding favours of that sort. They had,
 by this time, established a *regular form of govern-*
ment,

^a A small elevation of the voice will be proper here, to
 express moderate wonder. See *Wonder*.

^b This sentence is to be spoken somewhat *quicker* than the
 rest, to express earnestness.

^c The words *often giving*, and *seldom demanding*, being in
 antithesis to one another, must be expressed with such an *em-*
phasis, as may point out the antithesis, or opposition.

ment, to wit, the *monarchical*. And a *senate* consisting of men *advanced in years*, and grown *wise by experience*, though infirm of body, *consulted* with their *kings* upon all *important matters*, and, on account of their age, and care of their country, were called *Fathers*. Afterwards, when *kingly power*, which was originally established for the *preservation of liberty*, and the *advantage of the state*, came to degenerate into *lawless tyranny*, they found it necessary to *alter the form of government*, and to put the *supreme power* into the hands of *two chief magistrates*, to be held for *one year only*; hoping, by *this contrivance*, to prevent the *bad effects* naturally arising from the *exorbitant licentiousness* of princes, and the *indefeatable tenure* by which they *generally imagine* they hold their *sovereignty*, &c. [*Sal.¹ BELL. CATILINAR.*]

¹ The reader is, once for all, desired to take notice, that I have not scrupled to *alter* both the *sense* and the *words* in many, if not most, of the following passages, taken both from the ancients and the moderns. For my design was to put together a set of lessons *useful for practice*, which did not restrict me to the *very words* of any author. I have endeavoured to make each lesson a *complete piece*; which obliged me to insert matter of my own. I have excluded *improper sentiments*, and have substituted *modern expressions*, for some antiquated ones, which I thought young people would be puzzled to understand; and I have inserted a few *fancies*, which occurred to me in copying out some of the passages, to render them more diverting to youth, whose taste long experience has given me some knowledge of.

FEAR.

TREPIDATION, OF HURRY.

ments, chaplets of flowers, nor rich perfumes were wanting. The table was loaded with the most exquisite delicacies of every kind. Damocles fancied himself amongst the Gods. In the midst of all his happiness, he sees let down from the roof, exactly over his neck, ^s as he lay indulging himself in state, a glittering sword hung by a single hair ^h. The sight of destruction thus threatening him from on high, soon put a stop to his joy and revelling. The pomp of his attendance, and the glitter of the carved plate, gave him no longer any pleasure. He dreads to stretch forth his hand to the table. He throws off the chaplet of roses. He hastens to remove from his dangerous situation, and at last begs the king to restore him to his former humble condition, having no desire to enjoy any longer such a dreadful kind of happiness. [Cic. Tusc. QUEST.]

IV.

NARRATION.

NARRATION.

THE prætor had given up to the triumvir, a woman of some rank, condemned for a capital crime, to be executed in the prison. He, who had charge of the execution, in consideration

^s The ancients, every body knows, lay on couches at table.

^h This may be spoken with as much of the action proper to fear (See *Fear*, in the *Essay*, pag. 17.) as can be conveniently applied.

tion of her *birth*, did not *immediately* put her to *death*. He even ventured to let her *daughter* have *access* to her in *prison*; *carefully searching* her, however, as she went in, lest she should carry with her any *sustenance*; concluding, that, in a *few days*, the mother must, of course, perish for *want*, and that the *severity* of putting a woman of *family* to a *violent death*, by the hand of the *executioner*, might thus be *avoided*. Some days passing in this manner, the triumvir begun to *wonder* that the daughter *still came* to visit her mother, and could by *no means comprehend*, how the latter should *live so long*. *Watching*, therefore, *carefully*, what passed in the interview between them, he found, to his *great astonishment*¹, WONDER; that the *life* of the *mother* had been, all this while, supported by the *milk* of the *daughter*, who came to the prison every day, to give her *mother* her *breasts* to *suck*. The *strange contrivance* between them was represented to the *judges*, and procured a *pardon* for the *mother*. Nor was it thought sufficient to give to so *dutiful* a *daughter*, the forfeited life of her condemned mother, but they were both *maintained* afterwards by a *pension* settled on them for *life*. And the *ground*, upon which the prison stood, was *consecrated*, and a temple to *Filial Piety* built upon it.

What will not *filial duty contrive*, or what DECLAMATION.
hazards, will it not run; if it will put a daughter
E 3 upon

¹ See *Admiration*, in the *ESSAY*, pag. 22.

PITY.

upon venturing, at the *peril* of her *own life*, to maintain her *imprisoned* and *condemned mother* in so unusual a manner! For what was ever heard of more *strange*, than a *mother sucking the breasts* of her *own daughter*? It might even seem so *unnatural*, as to render it doubtful, whether it might not be, in some sort, *wrong*, if it were not, that *duty to parents* is the *first law of nature*.
[*Val. Max. Plin.*]

V.

HISTORICAL DESCRIPTION.

AVERSION.

WONDER.

LUCIUS CATILINE, by birth a *Patrician*, was, by nature, endowed with *superior advantages* both *bodily* and *mental*: but his *dispositions* were *corrupt* and *wicked*. From his youth, his *supreme delight* was in *violence*,^{*} *slaughter*, *rapine*, and *intestine confusions*; and such works were the employment of his *earliest years*. His constitution qualified him for bearing *hunger*, *cold*, and *want of sleep*, to a degree *exceeding belief*. His mind was *daring*, *subtle*, *unsteady*. There was *no character* which he could not *assume* and *put off* at pleasure. *Rapacious* of what belonged to *others*; *prodigal* of his *own*; violently *bent* on whatever

* Enumeration requires a short *pause* between the particulars.

whatever became the object of his *pursuit*. He possessed a considerable share of *eloquence*; but little *solid knowledge*. His *insatiable temper* was ever pushing him to grasp at what was *immoderate, romantic*, and out of his *reach*.

About the time of the *disturbances* raised by Sylla, Catiline was seized with a *violent lust of power*; nor did he *at all hesitate* about the *means*, so he could but *attain* his *purpose* of raising himself to *supreme dominion*. His *restless spirit* was in a *continual ferment*, occasioned by the *confusion* of his own *private affairs*, and by the *horrors* of his *guilty conscience*; both which he had brought upon himself by living the life *above described*. He was encouraged in his ambitious projects by the general *corruption of manners*, which then prevailed amongst a people *infected with two vices*, not less *opposite* to one another in their *natures*, than *mischievous* in their *tendencies*, I mean, *luxury*, and *avarice*. [Sal. BELL. CATILINAR.]

NARRATION.

HORROR.

AVERSION.

VI.

ARGUING¹.

NO one, who has made the *smallest progress* in *mathematics*, can avoid observing, that *mathematical demonstrations* are accompanied with *such a kind of evidence*, as overcomes obstinacy, insuperable

E 4

¹ See, in the ESSAY, the articles *Arguing, Teaching, &c.* Page 19.

insuperable by many *other* kinds of reasoning. Hence it is, that so many learned men have laboured to illustrate other sciences with *this* sort of evidence; and it is certain, that the study of mathematics has given light to sciences *very little* connected with them. But *what* will not wrong-headed men abuse! This advantage, which *mathematical reasoning* has, for discovering *truth*, has given occasion to *some* to reject *truth itself*, though supported by the most *unexceptionable arguments*. Contending, that nothing is to be taken for *truth*, but what is proved by *mathematical* demonstration, they, in many cases, take away *all criterion* of truth, while they boast, that they defend the only *infallible one*.

But how easy is it to shew the *absurdity* of such a way of philosophising? Ask those gentlemen, whether they have any more *doubt*, that there were, in former times, such men, as *Alexander* and *Cæsar*, than whether *all the angles* of a plain triangle amount to the sum of *one hundred and eighty degrees*? they *cannot pretend*, that they believe the *latter at all more firmly* than the *former*. Yet they have *geometrical demonstration* for the *latter*, and nothing more than mere *moral evidence* for the *former*. Does not this shew, that many things are to be received, are *actually* received, even by *themselves*, for *truth*, for *certain truth*, which are not capable of *mathematical demonstration*?

There

There is, therefore, an evidence, *different* from *mathematical*, to which we *cannot* deny our *assent*; and it is called by latter philosophers, *moral evidence*, as the *persuasion* arising from it is called *moral certainty*; a certainty as *real*, and as much to be *depended upon*, as *mathematical*, though of a *different species*. Nor is there any more *difficulty* in conceiving how this may be, than in conceiving, that two buildings may be both *sufficiently substantial*, and, to all the intents and purposes of buildings, *equally so*, though one be of *marble*, and the other of *Portland stone*.

The object of mathematics is *quantity*. The geometrician measures *extension*; the mechanic compares *forces*. Divinity, ethics, ontology, and history, are naturally *incapable* of *mathematical disquisition* or *demonstration*. Yet *moral subjects* are capable of being *enquired* into, and *truths* concerning them *determined* in *that way*, which is *proper* to them, as well as *mathematical* in *theirs*; in the same manner, as *money* is reckoned by *tale*, *bullion* by *weight*, and *liquors* by *measure*, &c.
[Graves. Orat. conc. Evid. MATHEM. ELEM. NAT. PHIL.]

VII.

ARGUING.

WONDER.

THE *regularity* of the *motions* and *revolutions* of the *beavens*, the *sun*, the *moon*, and *numberless stars*^m; with the *distinction*, *variety*, *beauty* and *order* of *celestial objects*; the *slightest* observation of which seems sufficient to convince *every beholder*, that they *cannot* be the effect of *chance*; these afford a proof of a Deity, which seems *irrefragable*. If he, who surveys an *academy*, a *palace*, or a *court of justice*, and observes *regularity*, *order*, and *economy* prevailing in them, is *immediately convinced*, that this *regularity* must be the effect of *authority*, and *discipline*, supported by persons *properly qualified*; how much *more reason* has he who finds himself *surrounded* by so *many* and such *stupendous* bodies, performing their various *motions* and *revolutions*, without the *least deviation* from perfect *regularity*, through the *innumerable ages* of past *duration*; how much *more reason* has he to conclude, that such *amazing revolutions* are governed by superior *wisdom* and *power*!

Is

^m Every body knows, that all the antients from Aristotle's time, held the Ptolemaic system, viz. of the earth's being unmoveable in the centre of the universe, and the whole heavens turning round her.

Is it not therefore *astonishing*, that any man should ever have *dreamed* of the possibility, that a *beautiful* and *magnificent system* might arise from the *fortuitous concourse* of certain bodies carried towards one another by I know not what *imaginary impulse* ! I see not, why he, who is capable of ascribing the production of a world to a cause *so inadequate*, may not expect, from the *fortuitous scattering about* of a set of letters of ivory, or metal, a *regular history* to appear. But, I believe, he who hopes to produce, in this way, *one single line*, will find himself *for ever disappointed*. If the casual concourse of atoms has produced a *whole universe*, how comes it, that we never find a *city*, a *temple*, or so much as a *portico*, which are all *less considerable works*, produced in the same manner ? One would imagine, they, who *prate so absurdly* about the origination of the world, had *no eyes*, or had never *opened them* to view the *glories of this immense theatre*.

CONTEMPT.

The reasonings of *Aristotle*, on this point, are *excellent*. " Let us suppose, says he, certain persons to have been born, and to have lived to mature age, *under ground*, in habitations accommodated with all the conveniences, and even magnificence of life, except the *sight* of this *upper world*. Let us suppose those persons to have heard by fame, of *superior beings*, and *wonderful effects* produced by *them*. Let the earth be imagined *suddenly to open*, and expose to the view of those

ARGUING.

WONDER.

DELIGHT.

those subterraneans, this *fair world*, which we inhabit. Let them be imagined to behold the *face* of the *earth* diversified with *hills* and *vales*, with *rivers* and *woods*; the *wide-extended ocean*; the *lofty sky*; and the *clouds* carried along by the *winds*. Let them behold the *sun*, and observe his *transcendent brightness* and *wonderful influence*, as he pours down the *flood of day* over the *whole earth*, from *east* to *west*. And when *night covered* the *world* with darkness, let them behold the heavens adorned with *innumerable stars*. Let them observe the various appearances of the *moon*, now *borned*, then *full*, then *decreasing*. Let them have leisure to mark the *rising* and *setting* of the *heavenly bodies*, and to understand that their *established courses* have been going on from *age* to *age*. When they have surveyed and considered all these things, *what could they conclude*, but that the *accounts* they had heard in their subterranean habitation, of the existence of *superior beings*, *must* be *true*, and that these *prodigious works* must be the effect of *their power*?"

Thus Aristotle. To which I will add, that it is only our being *accustomed* to the *continual view* of these *glorious objects*, that *prevents* our *admiring* them, and endeavouring to come to *right conclusions* concerning the *author* of them. As if *novelty* were a better reason for exciting our *enquiries*, than *beauty* and *magnificence*. [Cic. NAT. DEOR. Lib. II.]

VIII.

SNEER^a.

Receipt to make an Epic Poem.

FOR the *fable*. Take out of any old poem, TEACHING.
history-book, romance, or legend, (for instance, *Geoffrey of Monmouth*, or *Don Belianis of Greece*) those parts of the story, which afford most scope for *long descriptions*. Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures into *one tale*. Then take a hero, whom you may choose for the sound of his *name*, and put him into the *midst* of these *adventures*. There let him work for *twelve books*; at the end of which you may take him out ready to *conquer* or to *marry*: it being necessary, that the conclusion of an epic poem be *fortunate*.

For the *machines*. Take of *deities male* and *female* as many as you can *use*. Separate them into two *equal parts*, and keep *Jupiter* in the *middle*. Let *Juno* put him in a *ferment*, and *Venus* mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of *volatile Mercury*. If you have need of *devils*, draw them from *Milton*; and extract your *spirits*
from

^a The *gravity of look* and *manner* is to be kept up as much in reading this, as if it were Aristotle's or Horace's serious directions on the same subject.

from *Tasso*. When you cannot extricate your *hero* by any *human means*, or *yourself* by your *wits*, seek relief from *heaven*, and the *gods* will help you out of the scrape *immediately*. This is according to the direct *prescription* of *Horace* in his *ART OF POETRY*.

*Nec deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.*

That is to say, *A poet has no occasion to be at a loss, when the gods are always ready at a call.*

For the descriptions, as a *tempest*, for instance. Take *Eurus*, *Zephyrus*, *Auster*, and *Boreas*, and cast them together in *one verse*. Add to these, of *rain*, *lightning*, and *thunder* (the *loudest* you can get) *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows, till they *foam*; and *thicken* your description here and there with a *quicksand*. Brew your *tempest* well in your *head*, before you set it a *blowing*.

For a *battle*. Pick half a dozen *large handfuls* of images of your *lions*, *bears*, and other *quarrelsome animals*, from *Homer's Iliad*, with a *spice* or two from *Virgil*. If there remain an *overplus*, lay them by for a *skirmish* in an odd *episode*, or so. Season it well with *similies*, and it will make an *excellent battle*. For a *burning town*, if you choose to have one, old *Troy* is ready *burnt* to your *hands*, &c. [*Swift*, Vol. iv. p. 132.]

IX.

REMONSTRANCE and CONTEMPT of PRIDE.

DOES *greatness* secure persons of rank from **QUESTION-
ING.** *infirmities* either of *body*, or *mind*? Will the *head-ach*, the *gout*, or *fever*, spare a *prince* any more than a *subject*? When *old-age* comes to lie *heavy*^{*} upon him, will his *engineers* relieve him of the *load*? ^{FEAR.} Can his *guards* and *sentinels*, by *doub-
ling* and *trebling* their *numbers*, and their *watch-
fulness*, prevent the approach of *death*? Nay, if *jealousy*, or even *ill-humour*, disturb his *happiness*, **CONTEMPT,** will the *cringes* of his *fawning attendants* restore his *tranquillity*? What comfort has he, in reflecting, (if he can make the reflection) while the *celic*, like Prometheus's vulture, *tears* his *bowels*, that he is under a canopy of crimson *velvet*, fringed with *gold*? When the *pangs* of the *gout*, or *stone*, **ANGUISH.** extort from him *screams* of *agony*, do the titles of *Higness* or *Majesty* come *sweetly* into his *ear*? If he is agitated[†] with *rage*, does the sound of **BOASTING.** *Serene*, or *Most Christian*, prevent his *staring*, *red-
dening*,

* The word *heavy* to be *dragged out* as expressing *distress*. See *Complaining*, page 24.

† This sentence [*Can his guards, &c.*] to be spoken with fear. See *Fear*, page 17.

‡ If he is agitated, &c. to be spoken full-mouthed, as *boasting*. See *Boasting*, page 18.

dening, and gnawing with his *teeth*, like a mad-man? Would not a twinge of the *tooth-ach*, or an *affront* from an *inferior*, make the mighty *Cæsar* forget, that he was *emperor* of the *world*? [Montaigne.]

X.

HORRORS OF WAR.

TREPIDATION.

PERPLEXITY.

TREPIDATION.

HORROR.

NOW had the Grecians snatch'd a *short repast*,
And buckled on their shining arms in *haste*,
Troy rous'd as soon; for on that *dreadful day*
The fate of *fathers*, *wives*, and *infants* lay.
The gates unfolding pour forth all their train;
Squadrons on *squadrons* cloud the dusty plain;
Men, *steeds*, and *chariots*, shake the *trembling ground*;
The *tumult thickens*, and the *skies resound*.
' And now with *shouts* the *shocking armies* clos'd,
To *lances lances*, *shields* to *shields* oppos'd,
Host against *host* their shadowy legions drew;
The *sounding darts* in *iron tempests* flew;
Victors and *vanquish'd* join *promiscuous cries*;
Triumphant shouts and *dying groans* arise;
With *streaming blood* the *slipp'ry fields* are dy'd,
And *slaughter'd heroes* swell the *dreadful tide*.

Long,

' To be spoken quick and loud.

' To be spoken boldly.

' To be spoken faintly, and with pity. See *Pity*, page 16.

Long as the morning beams increasing bright,
 O'er heav'n's clear azure spread the sacred light,
Promiscuous death the fate of war confounds,
 Each adverse battle gor'd with equal wounds.
 But when the sun the height of heav'n ascends,
 * The *Sire of Gods* his *golden scales* suspends
 With *equal hand*. In these explores the fate AWE.
 Of Greece and Troy, and pois'd the *mighty weight*.
Press'd with its load; the *Grecian* balance lies
Low sunk on earth; the *Trojan* strikes the *skies*.
 † Then *Jove* from *Ida's* top his *horror* spreads; HORROR.
 The *clouds* burst *dreadful* o'er the *Grecian* heads;
 Thick *lightnings* flash; the *mutt'ring* thunder rolls,
 Their *strength* he withers, and unmans their souls.
 Before his *wrath* the ‡ *trembling* hosts retire, FEAR.
 The god in terrors, and the *skies* on fire.
 [Pope's HOM. IL. B. viii. v. 67.]

* To be spoken *slowly*, and with *veneration*. See *Venera-*
tian, page 20.

† To be spoken *hollow*, and *full-mouthed*.

‡ To be spoken with a *quivering* voice.

XI.

PETITIONING with DEJECTION.

Passages taken from sundry petitions^a presented to the French king by a disgraced minister.
[PENS. ING. ANC. MOD. p. 167.]

DEJECTION.

BEING *wearry* of the *useless* life I live at present, I take the liberty of *imploring*, with *profound submission*, your Majesty, that I may have leave to seek an *honourable death* in your Majesty's service. After the *disappointments*, and *reverses* of fortune, which I have had to *struggle* with, my *expectations* of rising again to prosperity are brought *low enough*. But it would be a satisfaction to me, that my *real character* were *known* to your Majesty; which if it *were*, I flatter myself, I should have your Majesty's *indulgence*, nay, your *esteem*. *Refuse not*, most *gracious Sovereign*, the means, for gaining this end, to a man, who is ready to shed his *blood* in proof of his *loyalty* and *affection* to your Majesty. Were my own *private* interest *alone* concerned, I should be peculiarly *cautious*, how I intruded upon your Majesty with these

HUMBLE
REMON.BESEECH-
ING.

^a Though petitions are commonly *presented* in *writing*, yet they may be imagined to be addressed to the prince *in voce*, and sometimes are.

these solicitations. But as the *only happiness* I desire in this world is, to have an opportunity of *serving my king and country*; I *humbly hope*, I may be *forgiven*, though I urge my suit with some warmth and importunity. I do not *presume*, Sire, to claim a *total exemption* from *bardship*. I pretend to no *right* to live a life of *indulgence*. All I *ask*, is, to change *one punishment* for another. And I *beseech* your Majesty to have *some consideration* for my *past services*; and that a *year's imprisonment*, *five years exile*, the ruin of my *fortune*, the *submission* with which I have borne these *punishments*, and the *zeal* I *still* am ready to shew for your Majesty's service, may plead in my favour, and *disarm* your Majesty of your *indignation* against me. It is true, that in making your Majesty the offer of my life, I offer what is of *little value* even to *myself*. But it is *all* I have to offer. The misfortune I have lain under, these *six years*, of your Majesty's *displeasure*, has rendered life *so insipid* to me, that, *besides* the *honour* of losing it in your Majesty's service, the prospect of an *end* being, by *death*, put to my *vexations*, makes the thought of my dissolution *pleasing* to me. If it *should seem good* to your Majesty to finish my distresses the *other way*, I mean, by your most *gracious pardon*, the obligation will be *still greater*; and to the *zeal* I have for your Majesty's *interest*, I shall think myself obliged to add *gratitude* suitable to so *important a favour*. And

EARNEST
SOLICITA-
TION.

REMORSE.

BESEECH-
ING.

HUMBLE
REMON.

DEJECTION.

PROFOUND
SUBMISSION.

RESOLUTION.

with *such sentiments*, there is *nothing* I shall not be willing to enterprize for your Majesty's *service*.

DEVOTION.

May *heaven* touch the *heart* of your Majesty, that you may *at last* forgive your *sincerely penitent subject*.

HUMBLE REMON.

No one knows better than your Majesty, that it is *as great* to *forgive*, as *to punish*. If I *alone* am doomed to have *no benefit* from that goodness, which extends to *so many*, my lot must be *peculiarly calamitous*.

XII.

PRAISE under the appearance of blame^b.

Voiture's whimsical commendation of the *Marquis de Pisany's* courage. [PENS. ING. ANC. MOD. p. 152.]

CONGRATULATION.

I AM *extremely glad* to hear, that you are grown so *hardy*, that neither *labour*, *watching*, *sickness*, *lead*, nor *steel*, can hurt you. I *could not* have *thought*, that a man, who lived on *water-gruel*, should have so *thick* a *skin*; nor did I imagine you had a *spell*, by which you was *powder-proof*. To account, how you come to be *still alive*,

WONDER.

^b This is to be spoken in the same manner as if one was *finding fault in earnest*. For it is the character of *Humour* to mean the *contrary* of what it *seems* to mean. And though the matter was originally part of a *Letter*, it may be imagined as *spoken*.

alive, after the *desperate hazards* you have run, is more than *I can pretend to*. But I had rather, it were by the help of the *Devil himself*, than that you were as poor *Attichy*, or *Grenville*; if you were *embalmed* with the richest *drugs* of the *East*. To tell you *my opinion plainly*, Sir; let a man die for his *country*, or for *honour*, or *what you please*, I cannot help thinking, he makes but a *filly figure*^c, when he is *dead*. It seems to me *great pity*, that some people should be *so careless* about their *lives*, as they are. For, *despicable as life* is, a man, when he has *lost it*, is not worth *half* what he was, when he *had it*. In short, a *dead king*, a *dead hero*, or even a *dead demy-god*, is, in *my mind*, but a *poor character*; and *much good* may it do *him*, who is *ambitious* of it.

CONGRATULATION.

DISAPPROBATION.

CONCERN.

REMORSE.

XIII.

A love-sick Shepherd's COMPLAINT^d.

AH well-a-day! how long must I endure
This pining pain^e? Or *who shall speed my cure*?
Fond love no cure will have; seeks *no repose*;
Delights in grief, nor *any measure* knows.

LAMENTATION.
 ANGUISH.

F 3

Lo!

^c The speaker will naturally utter these words, *filly figure*, with a *strug*.

^d See *Melancholy*, page 16.

^e The words *pining pain* cannot be spoken *too slowly*. See *Complaining*, page 24.

COMPLAINT 'Lo! now the moon begins in clouds to rise,
 The brightning stars bespangle all the skies.
 The winds are hush'd. The dews distil; and *sleep*
 Hath clos'd the eye-lids of my weary sheep.

ANGUISH. ² *I only* with the prowling wolf constrain'd
³ *All night* to wake. With *bunger* he is pain'd,
 And *I with love*. His *bunger* he may tame;
 But *who* can quench, ¹ *O cruel love*, thy flame?

LAMENTA-
 TION. Whilom did I, all as this poplar fair,
 Up-raise my heedless head, devoid of care;
 'Mong rustic routs the *chief* for wanton game;
 Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came.
Who better seen than I in shepherds arts,
 To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts?
How dextly to mine oaten reed so sweet
 Wont they upon the green to shift their feet!
 And *wearied* in the dance *how* would they *yearn*
 Some well-devised tale from me to learn?
 For many a *song*, and *tale* of *mirth* had I
 To chase the loit'ring sun adown the sky.
 But *ah!* since Lucy coy *deep* wrought her *spight*
 Within my *heart*, *unmindful* of *delight*,
 'The jolly youths I fly; and all alone
 To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan.
 Oh!

¹ These four lines² are to be spoken *slowly*, and with a *torpid* *uniformity* of tone.

² The speaker is to seem *roused* here, as by a sudden *pang*.

³ These four words to express extreme *anguish*.

¹ A *stop* before and after the words, *O cruel love*; which are to be expressed with exclamation of *anguish*.

L E S S O N S.

<p>Oh! <i>leave</i> thy <i>cruelty</i>, <i>relentless</i> fair ; Ere, <i>lingering</i> long, I <i>perish</i> through <i>despair</i>. Had <i>Rosalind</i> been <i>mistress</i> of my <i>mind</i>, <i>Though</i> not so <i>fair</i>, she <i>would</i> have prov'd more <i>kind</i>. O <i>think</i>, <i>unwitting</i> maid ! while yet is <i>time</i>, How <i>flying</i> years <i>impair</i> the <i>youthful</i> prime ! Thy <i>virgin</i> bloom will not <i>for ever</i> stay, And <i>flow'rs</i>, tho' left <i>ungather'd</i>, <i>will decay</i>. The <i>flow'rs</i>, <i>anew</i>, <i>returning</i> seasons bring ; But <i>faded beauty</i> has <i>no second spring</i>. *—My <i>words</i> are <i>wind</i> !—She, <i>deaf</i> to all my <i>cries</i>, Takes <i>pleasure</i> in the <i>mischief</i> of her <i>eyes</i>.</p>	<p>DEPRE- TION. COMPL. ADVICE DESPAIR</p>
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[A. Philips.]

XIV.

REMONSTRANCE.

Part of *Socrates's* speech to *Montaigne*, in the
 French DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD. [PENS.
 ING. ANC. MOD. p. 117.]

ANTIQUITY is an object of a *peculiar sort* : TEACH

Distance magnifies it. If you had been per-
 sonally acquainted with *Aristotle*, *Phocion*, and
me ; you would have found *nothing in us* very
different from what you may find in people of
 your *own age*. What commonly prejudices us in

F 4

favour

* A long pause.

DISAPPRO-
BATION.

favour of antiquity, is that we are prejudiced against our own times. We raise the antients, that we may depress the moderns. When we antients were alive, we esteemed our ancestors more than they deserved. And our posterity esteem us more than we deserve. But the very truth of the matter is, our ancestors, and we, and our posterity, are all very much alike.

XV.

AUTHORITY and FORBIDDING.

Jupiter forbids the gods and goddeffes taking any part in the contention between the Greeks and Trojans.

NARRATION.

AURORA now, fair daughter of the dawn,
Sprinkled with rosy light the dewy lawn;
When Jove conven'd the senate of the skies,
Where high Olympus' cloudy tops arise,

AWE.

The fire of gods his awful silence broke;
The heav'ns attentive trembled as he spoke;

AUTHO-
RITY.

“ Celestial states! immortal gods! give ear!
Hear our decree; and rev'rence what you hear;

The

¹ There are three pretty long *pauses* to be made in this line, at the words *states*, *gods*, and *ear*. The words *Celestial states*, may be spoken with the *right* arm extended, the palm upwards, and the *look* directed toward the *right*, as addressing that

The fix'd decree, which not *all* beav'n can move ;
Thou, Fate ! fulfil it ; and ye, Pow'rs ! approve.

What god shall enter yon' forbidden field,
Who yields assistance, or but *wills* to yield,
Back to the *skies* with *shame* he shall be driv'n,
Gash'd with dishonest wounds, the scorn of beav'n ;

THREATEN-
ING.

Or from our sacred bill with fury thrown
Deep, in the dark Tartarean gulf shall groan ;
With burning chains fix'd to the brazen floors,
And lock'd by bell's inexorable doors ;
As deep beneath th' infernal centre burl'd,
As from that centre to th' æthereal world.

Let each, submissive, dread those dire abodes,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the God of gods.

League all your forces, then, ye pow'rs above ;
Your strength unite against the might of Jove.

CHALLENGE-
ING.

Let

that part of the assembly. The words, *immortal gods !* with the *left* arm extended, in the same manner, (the right continuing likewise extended) and the look directed toward the left-hand part of the assembly. And the words, *give ear*, with the look bent directly forward. See *Authority*, page 18.

At the words, *What god shall enter*, the left arm, which should continue extended, with the right, to the beginning of this fourth line of the speech, may be drawn in, and placed upon the hip, while the right is brandished with the clenched fist, as in threatening. See *Boasting*, page 18.

The speaker will naturally here point downward with the fore-finger of his right hand.

"Let each," &c. The speaker may here again extend both arms, as before, the open palms upwards, casting a look over the whole room, supposed to be filled with the gods.

* CON-
TEMPT.
† CHAL-
LENGING.

*Let down our golden everlasting chain, [main.
Whose strong embrace holds heav'n and earth and
Strive all, of mortal and immortal birth,
To drag by this the thund'rer down to earth. --
'Ye * strive in vain. If I † but stretch this hand,
I beave the gods, the ocean, and the land.
I fix the chain to great Olympus' height,
And the vast world hangs trembling in my sight.
For such I reign unbounded, and above ;
And such are men, and gods, compar'd to Jove."*

XVI.

SUBLIME DESCRIPTION.

An Ode, from the xixth Psalm, [SPECT. N^o. 465.]

I.

ADMIRA-
TION.

THE lofty pillars of the sky,
And spacious concave rais'd on high
Spangl'd with stars, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Pours knowledge on his golden ray,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

VENERA-
TION.

II. Soon

* The speaker will do well, here, to have his arms in any other posture, rather than extended ; because, after the pause in the middle of the line, the right arm must be extended with great solemnity.

II.

Soon as the *ev'ning shades prevail,*
 The *moon* takes up the *wond'rous tale,*
 And *nightly* to the *list'ning earth*
Repeats the *story* of her *birth*;
 Whilst *all* the *stars,* that *round* her *burn,*
 And *all* the *planets* in their *turn,*
Confirm the *tidings,* as they *roll,*
 And *spread* the *truth* from *pole* to *pole.*

ADMIR.

III.

What, tho' in *solemn silence* all
 Move *round* the dark *terrestrial ball* ?
 What tho' no *real voice,* nor *sound*
 Amid their *radiant orbs* be found ?
 In *Reason's ear* they *all rejoice,*
 And utter forth a *glorious voice,*
 For ever *singing,* as they *shine,*
 "The *band,* that *made us,* is *divine,*"

QUEST.

VENERA-
TION.

XVII.

DESCRIPTION, sublime and terrible.

The fight about Patroclus's body, broke off by Achilles's appearing on the rampart, unarmed, and calling aloud. [*Pope's HOM. IL. xviii. v. 241.*]

ADMIRA-
TION.

————— THE hero rose,
Her *Ægis*, *Pallas* o'er his shoulder *throws*;
Around his brows a *golden cloud* she *spread*;
A *stream* of *glory* *flam'd* above his *head*.
As when from some beleagur'd town arise
The *smokes* *high-curling* to the *shaded skies*,
(Seen from some *island* o'er the main afar
When men distressed hang out the sign of war)
With *long-projected beams* the seas are *bright*,
And heav'n's wide *arch* *reflects* the *ruddy light*;
So from Achilles' head the *splendors* *rise*,
Reflecting *blaze* on *blaze* against the *skies*.
Forth *march'd* the *chief*, and, distant from the croud,
Highb on the *rampart* ^a *rais'd* his *voice* *aloud*.

With

^a The reader will hardly need to be told that such matter ought to be expressed with a *raised voice*.

With her own *shout* Minerva *swells* the *sound*;
 Troy *starts astonish'd*, and the *shores rebound*. TERROR.
 As the loud *trumpet's brazen mouth* from far,
 With *shrilling clangor sounds* th' alarm of war,
 So high his *dreadful voice* the hero rear'd;
 ' *Hosts drop'd* their *arms*, and *trembled* as they heard; TREPIDA-
TION.
 And *back* the *chariots roll*, and *courfers bound*,
 And *steeds* and *men* lie *mingled* on the *ground*.
Aghast they see the *living lightnings play*, TERROR.
 And *turn* their *eye-balls* from the *flashing ray*.
Tbrice from the trench his *brazen voice* he *rais'd*;
 And *tbrice* they *fled confounded* and *amaz'd*.
Twelve in the tumult *wedg'd*, untimely *rush'd*
 On their *own spears*, by their *own chariots crush'd*:
 While *shielded* from the *darts*, the Greeks obtain
 The *long-disputed carcase* of the *slain*.

' These three lines to be spoken *quicker* than the rest.

XVIII.

COMPLAINT.

Humourous petition of a French gentleman to the king, who had given him a title, to which his income was not equal, by reason of the weight of the taxes levied from his estate. [PENS. ING. ANC. MOD. p. 428.]

[After acknowledging the honour done him by the king's conferring on him a title, he goes on as follows.]

COMPLAINT.

YOUR Majesty has only made me *more unhappy* by giving me a title. For there is nothing more *pitiable* than a *gentleman loaded with a knapsack*. This *empty sound*, which I was such a *fool* as to be *ambitious* of, does not keep away *hunger*. I know well enough, that *glory* makes us *live* after we are dead; but in *this world*, a man has but a *poor* time on't, if he has not a bit of *bread* to put in his *mouth*. I had but a *little* bit of land on the banks of the Rhone, on which I made a *shift* to *live*. But as it is now *taxed*, *any body* may have it for *me*; for I suppose I shall soon, with my *title* and *estate*, be glad of an *alms-house* for my *seat*. I have no *resource*, if there be a *prosecution* commenced against me, as they threaten,

VEXATION.

APPREHENSION.

threaten, but in your Majesty's *goodness*. If indeed, my fate is to be decided by *that*, I am in no danger, but shall *laugh* at them *all*. If your Majesty were to seize my *poor patrimony whole*, what would a few *acres of marsh-land* be to the *mighty monarch* of *France and Navarre*? It bears nothing but *willows*, † and your Majesty values *no trees*, but the *laurel*. I, therefore, *beseech* your Majesty to give me leave to *enjoy* what my *little spot brings in*, without *deduction*. All that a *poor subject* asks of your Majesty is—That your Majesty would *ask nothing of him*.

COMFORT.

DEPRECA-
TION.

• POMP.
‡ CON-
TEMPT.
† SUBMIS-
SION.

INTREAT-
ING.

XIX.

TERRIBLE DESCRIPTION.

IN elder days, ere yet the Roman bands
Victorious, this our *distant* world subdu'd,
A *spacious city* stood, with *firmest walls*
Sure *mounded*, and with *num'rous turrets crown'd*,
Aërial spires and *citadels*, the *seat*
Of *kings* and *heroes resolute in war* ;
Fam'd Ariconium ; *uncontroul'd and free*,
Till *all-subduing Latian arms prevail'd*.
Then likewise, tho' to *foreign yoke* *submiss*,
Unelev'd she remained ; and ev'n till *now*
Perhaps had stood, of *antient British art*
A *pleasing monument*, not less *admir'd*
Than what from *Atric*, or *Etruscan bands*

NARRATION.

Arose ;

AWE.
NARRA-
TION.

HORROR.

AWE.
TREPIDA-
TION.

DESPAIR.

Arose; had not the *beav'nly pow'rs* averſe
Decreed her *final doom*. And now the fields
Labour'd with *thirſt*. *Aquarius* had not ſhed
His *wonted ſhow'rs*, and *Sirius* parch'd, with *beav'*
Solſtitial the *green herb*. Hence 'gan *relax*
The earth's *contexture*. Hence *Tartarian dregs*,
Sulphur, and *nitrous ſpume*, enkindling *fierce*,
Bellow'd tremendous in her *darkſome caves*,
More *difmal* than the *loud diſploded roar*
Of *brazen enginry*, that ceafeleſs *ſtorm*
The baſtion of a well-built city, deem'd
Impregnable. Th' *infernal winds*, till now
Cloſely imprifoned, by *Titanian warmth*
Dilating, and with *unſtuous vapour* fed,
Diſdain'd their narrow cells; and, their *full ſtrength*
Collecting, from beneath the ſolid maſs
Upbeav'd, and all her *caſtles rooted deep*
Shook from their *loweſt ſeat*. Old *Vaga's* ſteam,
Forc'd by the ſudden *ſhock*, her *wonted track*
Forſook, and drew her *humid train* aſlope,
Wrinkling her *banks*. And now the *low'ring ſky*
The *baleful lightning*, and loud *thunder*, voice
Of *angry beav'n*, fierce *roaring*, with diſmay
The *boldeſt* hearts appal'd. 'Where ſhould they turn
Diſtreſs'd? *Whence* ſeek for aid? When from below
Hell *threatens*; and when *fate ſupreme* gives *ſigns*
Of *wrath* and *deſolation*. *Vain* were *vows*,
And

* To be ſpoken quick from the words, *Where ſhould*, to
deſolation.

LESSONS.

81

And *plaints*, and suppliant hands to heav'n erect!
Yet some to temples fled, and humble rites
Perform'd to *Thor* and *Woden*, fabled gods,
Who with their *vor'ries* in *one* ruin shar'd,
O'erwhelm'd and crush'd. Others in *frantic mood*,
Run *howling* through the *streets*. Their hideous
yells

CONTEMPT.

TREPIDATION.

Rend the dark *welkin*. *Horror stalks* around
Wild *staring*, and his *sad* concomitant
Despair, of *abject* look. At ev'ry gate
The *thronging* populace with *hasty* strides
Press *furious*, and, too *eager* of escape,
Obstruēt the *spacious* way. The *rocking* street
Deceives their *footsteps*. To and fro they reel
Astonish'd, as with *wine* o'ercharg'd. When lo!
The parched earth her *ripen* mouth disparts,
Horrible chasm profound! With *swift* descent
Old *Ariconium* sinks; and *all* her tribes,
Heroes, and *senators*, down to the realms
Of *endless night*. Meanwhile the *loosen'd* winds
Insuriate, molten *rocks* and *globes* of *fire*
Hurl *high* above the *clouds*; till all their force
Consum'd, her *ravenous jaws*, earth, satiate, *clos'd*.

HORROR.

TREPIDATION.

HORROR.

[*A. Philips*]

XX.

RIDICULE,

*Swift's on Transubstantiation*¹. [TALE OF A
TUB, SECT. IV.]

Scene Lord Peter's house; a table covered, with
plates, knives, and forks, and a brown loaf in
the middle of the table.

Lord Peter, Martin, Jack.

Dictat-
ing.

Peter. **BREAD**, gentlemen, bread is the *staff*
of life. In bread is contained, *inclusive*,
the *quintessence* of *beef, mutton, veal, venison, par-*
tridge, plumb-pudding, and custard; and, to render
all complete, there is intermingled a due quantity
of *water*, whose *crudities* are *corrected* by *yeast*,
and which therefore becomes, to *all intents* and
purposes, a *wholesome fermented liquor*, *diffused*
through the *mass* of the *bread*. Therefore, he
who

¹ A pupil, in order to his expressing properly this lesson, must be let a little into the author's plot; that by Peter is meant the Pope; by Martin the Lutheran church; and by Jack, the Calvinists. That, in this passage, he exposes the doctrine of the wafer's being transubstantiated into the real body of Christ; the papists refusing the cup to the laity; the arrogance of the Popes; and the evils arising from persecution.

who eats bread, at the same time eats the best of food, and drinks the best of liquors. Come on, brothers, the cause is good; fall to, and spare not. Here is a shoulder of excellent Banstead mutton [pointing to the brown loaf] as ever was cut with knife. Here you may cut and come again. But, now I think on it, I had better help you myself, now my hand is in. Young people are bashful. Come, brother Martin, let me help you to this slice.

INVITING.

Martin. My lord! [so Peter ordered his brothers to call him] I doubt, with great submission, here is some little mistake. In my humble . . .

SURPRISE.

SUBMISSION.

Peter. What, you are merry? Come then, let us bear this jest, your head is so big with.

PEEVISHNESS.

Martin. No jest indeed, my lord. But unless I am very much deceived, your lordship was pleased, a little while ago, to drop a word about mutton; and I should be glad to see it upon the table.

SUBMISSION.

Peter. How! I don't comprehend you.

PEEVISH.

Jack. Why, my lord, my brother Martin, I suppose, is hungry, and longs to see the shoulder of Banstead mutton, you spoke of, come to table.

SUBMISSION.

Peter. Pray, explain yourselves, gentlemen. Either you are both out of your wits, or are disposed to be merry a little unseasonably. You had better keep your jokes till after dinner. Brother Martin, if you don't like the slice I have helped you to, I will cut you another; though I should think it the choice bit of the whole shoulder.

PEEVISH.

RECOLLECTION.

QUEST. Martin. What then, my lord, is this *brown*.
 WONDER. *loaf* a shoulder of Banstead *mutton* all this while?

REPROVING. Peter. Pray, Sir, *leave off* your *impertinence*,
 and eat your *viſuals* if you please. I am not
 disposed to *reliſh* your *wit* at present.

AFFIRMA- Martin. May I then, my lord, be *ſouſed over*
 TION. *bead* and *ears* in a *horſe-pond*, if it ſeems to my
eyes, my *fingers*, my *nose*, or my *teeth*, either *leſs*
 or *more*, than a ſlice of a ſtale ſixpenny *brown*
loaf.

Jack. If I *ever ſaw* a *ſhoulder* of *mutton* in my
life look *ſo like* a ſixpenny brown *loaf*, I am an
 old *basket-woman*.

REPROVING. Peter. *Look you*, gentlemen, to *convince* you,
 what a couple of *blind*, *poſitive*, *ignorant puppies*.
 you are, I will uſe but *one* plain argument. The
 EXECRA- *d—l* *roaſt both* your *ſouls* on his *gridiron* to all
 TION. *eternity*, if you don't believe *this* [clapping his
 hand upon the brown loaf] to be a *ſhoulder* of *as*
good mutton as ever was *ſold* in *Leadenball-market*.

RECOLLEC- Martin. Why, truly, upon more *mature con-*
 TION. *ſideration*

Jack. Why, ay, now I have thought *better*.
 on the thing, your lordſhip ſeems to be in the
right.

RECONCILI- Peter. O now you are *come to yourſelves*. *Boy*,
 AſION. fill me a bumper of *claret*. *Come*, brothers, here
 is good *health* to you both.

SUBMIS- Martin and Jack. *Thank* your good *lordſhip*,
 SION. and ſhall be glad to *pledge* you.

Peter. *That you shall, my boys. I am not a man to refuse you any thing in reason. A moderate glass of wine is a cordial. There.* [Giving them a crust each.] There is a bumper a piece for you.

GIVING.

True natural juice of the grape. None of your nasty balderdash vintners brewings.—What now!

SURPRISE.

[Observing them to stare.] Are you at your doubts again? *Here, boy, Call neighbour Dominic the blacksmith here. Bid him bring his tongs with him. Red-hot—d'ye hear. I'll teach you to doubt.*

THREATENING.

Martin. ** Come, Jack. This house is like to be too hot for you and me soon. He is quite raving mad. Let's get away' as fast as we can.*

TREPIDATION.

Jack. *A plague on his crazy head. If ever I put my nose within his door again, may it be pinched off in good earnest.* [Exeunt running.]

* Saint Dominic was the inventor of the inquisition.

* To be spoken quick to the end.

† Separation of the Protestants from the Romish church.

XXI.

EXHORTATION.

Prologue to Cato, by Mr. Pope.

- TEACHING. **T**O wake the soul by tender strokes of art;
 To raise the genius, and to mend the *heart*²;
 COURAGE. To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
 Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold;
 TEACHING. For *this* the tragic muse first trod the stage,
 Commanding tears to stream through ev'ry age.
 Tyrants no more their savage nature kept;
 WONDER. And foes to virtue wondered how they wept.
 CONTEMPT. ³Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move,
 The hero's glory, or the virgin's love.
 In pitying love, we but our weakness shew,
 And wild ambition well deserves its woe.
 EXCITING. Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
 Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws.

He

² The words *mend the heart* may be expressed with the right hand laid upon the breast.

³ I question, whether all readers of this line [*Our author shuns, &c.*] understand it as the author meant it. The sense, in plain prose, would be, "Our author thinks it beneath him
 " to endeavour to affect you by the common subject of tragic
 " distress, as the fall of a prince or statesman, or the misfor-
 " tunes occasioned by love."

He bids your <i>breast</i> with <i>ancient ardors</i> rise, And calls forth <i>Roman drops</i> from <i>British eyes</i> . <i>Virtue</i> <i>confeſt</i> in <i>human ſhape</i> he draws,	
What <i>Plato</i> thought, and <i>godlike Cato</i> was ;	VENERA- TION.
No <i>common object</i> to your ſight diſplays ;	
But what with <i>pleaſure Heav'n</i> itſelf ſurveys,	AWE.
A <i>brave man</i> ſtruggling in the ſtorms of fate,	ESTEEM.
And <i>greatly falling</i> with a <i>falling ſtate</i> . While <i>Cato</i> gives his <i>little ſenate laws</i> ,	
What <i>boſom</i> ^b beats not in his <i>country's cauſe</i> ?	EARNEST- NESS.
Who ſees him <i>aſt</i> , but <i>envies</i> ev'ry <i>deed</i> ?	
Who hears him <i>groan</i> , and does not <i>wiſh</i> to <i>bleed</i> ?	
Ev'n when proud <i>Cæſar</i> 'midſt triumphal <i>cars</i> ,	CONTEMPT.
The <i>ſpoils of nations</i> , and the <i>pomp of wars</i> ,	
<i>Ignobly vain</i> , and <i>impotently great</i> ,	
Shew'd <i>Rome</i> her <i>Cato's figure</i> drawn in ſtate,	DEJECTION.
As her dead <i>father's</i> rev'rend <i>image paſt</i> ,	
The <i>pomp</i> was <i>darken'd</i> , and the <i>day o'ercaſt</i> ;	
The <i>triumph ceaſ'd</i> . <i>Tears</i> <i>guſh'd</i> from ev'ry <i>eye</i> ;	GRIEF.
The <i>world's</i> great <i>viſtor</i> paſſ'd <i>unbeeded</i> by.	CONTEMPT.
Her <i>laſt good man</i> dejected <i>Rome</i> ador'd,	
And honour'd <i>Cæſar's</i> <i>leſs</i> than <i>Cato's ſword</i> .	GRIEF.
<i>Britons attend</i> . Be <i>worth</i> like this approv'd,	TEACHING.
And ſhew, you have the <i>virtue</i> ^c to be mov'd.	
With <i>honeſt ſcorn</i> the <i>fiſt</i> fam'd <i>Cato</i> view'd	CONTEMPT.
<i>Rome</i> <i>learning arts</i> from <i>Greece</i> , whom ſhe <i>ſubdu'd</i> .	

G 4

Our

^b The words, *What boſom beats not*, may be ſpoken with the right hand preſſed to the breaſt.

^c So may the word, *virtue*.

*Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song.*

EXCITING. *Dare to have sense yourselves: Assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage.
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to bear.*

XXII.

Humourous scene between Dennis the critic (satirically represented by Swift, as mad) and the Author.

Scene Dennis's garret.

Dennis, Doctor, Nurse, Lintot the bookseller,
and another author.

Dennis. [Looking wise, and bringing out his words slowly and formally.]

WARNING. *Beware, Doctor, that it fare not with you,*
as it did with your predecessor, the *famous*
Hippocrates, whom the *mistaken* citizens of *Abdera*
sent for, in this very manner, to *cure* the philosopher *Democritus*. He returned full of *admiration*
at the wisdom of the person, whom he had supposed a *foolish*. **PRIDE.** *Beware, Doctor, it was thus that*
Aristotle himself, and all the great ancients, spent
their

their *days* and *nights*, wrapped up in *criticism*, and beset all round with their own *writings*. As for me, be assured, I have no *disease*, besides a *swelling* in my *legs*, of which I say nothing, since your art may farther certify you.

Doctor. Pray, Sir, how did you *contract* this *swelling*? QUESTIONING.

Dennis. By *criticism*.

Doctor. By *criticism*! That's a *distemper* I have never heard nor read of. WONDER.

Dennis. *Death*, Sir! A *distemper*! It is no *distemper*; but a *noble art*. I have sat *fourteen* hours a day at it, and are you a *doctor*, and don't know, that there is a communication between the *brain* and the *legs*? SUDDEN ANGER.

Doctor. What made you sit so many hours, Sir? QUEST.

Dennis. *Cato*, Sir.

Doctor. Sir, I speak of your *distemper*. What gave you this *tumour*? EARNEST.

Dennis. *Cato*, *Cato*, *Cato*! PREVISH.

Nurse. For *God's sake*, Doctor, name not this *evil spirit*; it is the *whole cause* of his *madness*. INTREAT.
Alas! *poor master* will have his *fits* again. GRIEF.

[Almost crying.]

Lintot. *Fits*! with a *pox*! A man may well have *fits*, and swell'd *legs*, that sits writing *fourteen* WONDER.

* He published remarks on Cato, in the year 1712.

teen hours in a day. The Remarks, the Remarks, have brought all his complaints upon him.

QUEST.
WONDER.
PEEVISH-
NESS.

Doctor. The *Remarks*! What are *they*?
Dennis. Death! Have you never read my *Remarks*? I'll be *bang'd* if this *niggardly bookseller* has *advertised* the book as it should have been.

Lintot. Not *advertise* it, quotha! Pox! I have laid out *pounds* after *pounds* in *advertising*. There has been as *much done* for the book, as could be done for *any book* in *Christendom*.

CAUTION-
ING.

Doctor. We had better not talk of *books*, Sir, I am *afraid* they are the *fuel* that *feed* his *delirium*. Mention *books no more*.

QUEST.

I desire a word in private with this gentleman.
I suppose, Sir, you are his *apothecary*.

Gent. Sir, I am his *friend*.

TEACHING.

Doctor. I doubt it not. What *regimen* have you *observed*, since he has been under your care? You remember, I suppose, the passage in *Celsus*, which says, " If the patient on the third day, " have an *interval*, *suspend* the *medicaments* at " *night*." Let *fumigations* be used to *corroborate* the *brain*. I hope you have, upon *no account*, promoted *sternutation* by *Hellebore*?

PRIDE and
ANGER.

Gent. Sir, you *mistake* the *matter quite*.

AUTHO-
RITY.

Doctor. What! An *apothecary* tell a *physician* he *mistakes*! You pretend to *dispute* my *prescription*! *Pharmacopola componat. Medicus solus prescribat. Fumigate* him, I say, this *very evening*, while he is relieved by an *interval*.

Dennis. *Death*, Sir! Do you take my friend for an *apothecary*! A man of *genius* and *learning* for an *apothecary*! Know, Sir, that this gentleman professes, like myself, the two *noblest* sciences in the universe, Criticism and Poetry. By the *immortals*, he *himself* is author of *three* whole paragraphs in my *Remarks*, had a hand in my *Public Spirit*, and assisted me in my description of the *Furies* and *infernal regions* in my *Appius*.

ANGER.

AUTHORITY.

Lintot. He is an *author*. You *mistake* the gentleman, Doctor. He has been an author these *twenty years*, to his *bookseller's* knowledge, if to *no one's else*.

SNEER.

Dennis. Is all the *town* in a *combination*? Shall *poetry* fall to the ground? Must our *reputation* in *foreign countries* be quite *lost*? O *destruction*! *Perdition*! *Cursed Opera*! *Confounded Opera*! As *poetry* once raised cities, so, when *poetry fails*, cities are *overturned*, and the *world* is no more.

VEXATION.

ANGUISH.

Doctor. He *raves*, he *raves*. He must be *pinioned*, he must be *strait-waistcoated*, that he may do *no mischief*.

ANXIETY.

Dennis. O I am *sick*! I am *sick* to death.

VEXATION.

Doctor. That is a *good symptom*; a very good symptom. To be sick to death (says the modern theory) is *symptoma præclarum*. When a patient is *sensible* of his pain, he is *half cured*. Pray, Sir, of *what* are you *sick*?

COMFORT.

QUEST.

Dennis.

* He wrote a *Treatise* to prove, that the decay of public spirit proceeds from the Italian Opera.

PREVISH-
NESS.

Dennis. Of *every thing*. Of *every thing*. I am sick of the *sentiments*, of the *diffusion*, of the *pro-tasis*, of the *epitasis*, and the *catastrophe*.---*Alas for the lost drama!* The *drama* is no more.

OBSEQUI-
OUSNESS.

Nurse. If you want a *dram*, Sir, I will bring you a couple of penn'orths of *gin* in a *minute*. Mr. Lintot has drank the last of the *noggin*.

PREVISH.

Dennis. O *scandalous want!* O *shameful omission!* By all the *immortals*, here is not the *shadow* of a *peripetia!* No *change* of *fortune* in the *tragedy*.

OBSEQ.

Nurse. *Pray*, Sir, don't be uneasy about *change*. Give me the *sixpence*, and I'll get you *change* immediately at the *gin-shop next door*.

DIRECT-
ING.

Doctor. Hold your *peace*, good woman. His *fit increases*. We must call for *help*. Mr. Lintot, a——*bold him*, pray. [Doctor gets behind Lintot.]

FEAR.

ANXIETY.

Lintot. *Plague* on the *man!* I am afraid he is *really mad*. And, if he *be*, who, the *devil*, will buy the *Remarks?* I wish [scratching his head] he had been *vest-t*, rather than I had meddled with his *Remarks*.

DIRECT-
ING.

ANXIETY.

Doctor. He must use the *cold bath*, and be *cupped* on the *head*. The *symptoms* seem *desperate*. Avicen says, "If *learning* be mixed with a *brain*, that is not of a contexture *fit* to receive it, the *brain ferments*, till it be totally *exhausted*." We must endeavour to *eradicate* these *indigested ideas* out of the *pericranium*, and to restore the patient to a competent *knowledge* of *himself*.

Dennis.

Dennis. *Caitiffs stand off! Unband me miscreants!* FURY
with
PRIDE.
[The Doctor, the Nurse, and Lintot, run out of the room in a hurry, and tumble down the garret stairs all together.] Is the *man* whose labours are calculated to bring the town to *reason, mad?* Is the *man*, who settles poetry on the basis of *anti-quity, mad?* See *Longinus* in my *right* hand, and *Aristotle* in my *left!* [Calls after the Doctor, the bookseller, and the nurse, from the top of the stairs.] *I am the only man among the moderns, that support the venerable antients. And am I to be assassinated? Shall a bookseller, who has lived upon my labours, take away that life to which he owes his support?* [Goes into his garret, and shuts the door.]

XXIII.

A D O R A T I O N.

Milton's Morning Hymn. [PARAD. LOST. B. V.
v. 153.]

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good VENERA-
TION.
Almighty! Thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! Thyself how wondrous then ADMIRA-
TION.
Un-

* “Thyself how wondrous,” &c.] The sense in prose would be, “If thy works be so wonderfully excellent, thine own original excellence is unspeakable and inconceivable.” It is not,

VENERA-
TION.

LOVE
with
VENER.
SACRED
RAPTURE.

ADMIR.

Unspeakable! who sitt'st above the heav'ns,
To us *invisible*, or *dimly* seen
In these thy *lowest* works; yet *these* declare
Thy *goodness* beyond *thought*, and *pow'r divine*.
Speak, ye who *best* can tell, ye *sons of light*,
Angels! For^e ye *behold* him, and with *songs*
And *choral symphonies*, day without *night*,
Circle his throne rejoicing. ^b *Ye in heav'n!*
On *earth* join all ye *creatures* to extol
Him first, *Him last*, *Him midst*, and *without end*.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of *night*,
If better thou belong not to the *dawn*,
Sure *pledge of day*, that *crown'st* the *smiling morn*
With thy bright *circlet!* praise him in thy *sphere*,
While *morn* arises, that *sweet hour of prime*.
ⁱ Thou, *sun*, of this *great world* both *eye* and *soul*,
Acknow-

not, I believe, generally understood so, else readers would not (as I have heard many) make a pause between the word *then* and *unspeakable*.

⁸ The reader need scarce be told, that such matter ought to be expressed with as much smoothness and liquidity of utterance as possible.

^b " *Ye in heav'n.*" This is generally ill pointed. These words are a complete sentence. The meaning is, " I call on you [Angels] to praise God in your celestial habitation." And then the poet goes on to call on the *terrestrials* to join their humble tribute.

ⁱ " Thou, *sun*, of this," &c.] To be spoken a little more *ore rotundo*, or *full-mouthed*, than the foregoing, to image the stupendous greatness of a world of fire, equal, as supposed by astronomers, to a million of earths.

Acknowledge *Him* thy greater. Sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou
fall'st:

LOWLY
SUBMIS-
SION.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their sphere on high,
And ye five other wand'ring orbs, that move
In mystic dance, not without song! resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From bill, or steaming lake, dusky, or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
Or cheer with falling show'rs the thirsty ground,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With ev'ry plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains; and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls. Ye birds,
That singing up to heav'n's high gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk

RAPTURE.

The

PROFOUND
SUBMIS-
SION.

*The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep.
Witness, if I be silent, morn or ev'n,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail universal Lord! Be bounteous still,
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd.
Disperse it, as now day the dark dispels.*

XXIV.

PEEVISHNESS.

The scene between Priuli, a Venetian senator, and Jaffier, who had married his daughter without his consent, and being afterwards reduced to poverty, and soliciting his father-in-law to relieve his distress, receives the following treatment. [VENICE PRESERVED.]

Priuli and Jaffier.

PREV.

Pr. **N**O more! I'll bear no more. Be gone, and leave me.

COURAGE.

Jaff. Not bear me! By my sufferings but you shall.

REMOM.

My lord! my lord! I am not that abject wretch
You think me. Where's the difference throws me
back

So far behind you, that I must not speak to you?

Pr.

LESSONS.

97

Pr. Have you not *wrong'd* me?

PREVISH.

Jaff. Could my nature e'er

COURAGE.

But have endur'd the *thought* of doing wrong,

I need not now thus *low* have bent myself

To gain a *bearing* from a *cruel* father.

DISTRESS.

You *cannot say* that I have *ever wrong'd* you.

REMON.

Pr. I say, you've *wrong'd* me in the *nicest point*,

PREVISH.

The *honour* of my *house*. You *can't defend*

Your *baseness* to me. When you first came home

REMON.

From travel, I with *open arms* receiv'd you,

Pleas'd with your *seeming virtues*; sought to *raise*
you.

My *house*, my *table*, *fortune*, *all* was *yours*.

And, in *requit*al of my *best endeavours*,

CHIDING.

You *treacherously* practis'd to *undo* me;

Seduc'd the *joy* of my *declining age*,

My *only child*, and stole her from my *bosom*.

Jaff. Is this your *gratitude* to him who *sav'd*

REMON.

Your daughter's *life*? You *know*, that, but for me,

You had been *childless*. I *restor'd* her to you,

SELF-DE-
FENCE.

When *sunk* before your *eyes* amidst the *waves*,

I *bazarded* my *life* for *her's*; and *she*

Has *richly paid* me with her *gen'rous love*.

Pr. You *stole* her from me, like a *thief* you

REPROACH-
ING.

stole her,

At *dead of night*. That *curst* hour you chose

To *rise* me of *all* my heart held *dear*.

But may your *joy* in her prove *false* as *mine*.

EXECRA-
TION.

May the *hard hand* of *pinching poverty*

Oppress and *grind* you; till at last you find

H

The

CHIDING.

The *curse of disobedience* all your *fortune*.
Home, and be *bumble*. Study to *retrench*.
Discharge the lazy *vermin* of thy *hall*,
 Those *pageants* of thy *folly*.
Reduce the *glitt'ring trappings* of thy *wife*
 To *bumble weeds*, fit for thy *narrow state*.
 Then to some *suburb-cottage* both retire,
 And with your *starveling brats* enjoy your *mifery*.
Home, home, I say. [Exit.]

XXV.

CONTEMPT of the common objects of pursuit.

FROM MR. POPE'S ESSAY ON MAN.

TEACHING.

HONOUR and *Shame* from *no condition* rise;
 Act well your *part*: *There* all the honour lies.
 Fortune in men has some *small difference* made;
 One *flaunts* in rags; one *flutters* in *brocade*;
 The *cobler apron'd*, and the *parson gown'd*;
 The *friar hooded*, and the *monarch crown'd*.

QUEST.
INFORM-
ING.

* *What differ more* (you cry) *than crown and cowl?*
 * I'll tell you, friend! A *wife man* and a *fool*.

You'll

* This line ["I'll tell you, friend," &c.] may be expressed in a sort of important *half-whisper*, and with significant *looks*, and *nois*, as if a grand *secret* was told.

LESSONS.

99

You'll *find*, if once the *wise man* acts the *monk*; TEACHING.
 Or, *sobler-like*, the *parson* will be *drunk*;
 † *Worth* makes the *man*, and * *want* of it the † APPROBA-
 fellow; TION.
 The *rest* is all but *leather* or *prunella*. * CON-
 Stuck o'er with titles, and *bung round with strings*, SNEER.
 That thou may'st be by *kings*, or *whores of kings*.
 Boast the *pure blood* of an *illustrious race* CONTEMPT.
 In *quiet flow* from *Lucrece* to *Lucrece*:
 But by your *father's worth* if *your's* you rate,
 Count me those only, who were *good* and *great*.
 Go! if your *ancient*, but *ignoble blood*,
 Has crept through *scoundrels* ever since the flood:
 Go! and pretend, your family is *young*;
 Nor own, your fathers have been *fools* so long.
 What can ennoble *jots*, or *slaves*, or *cowards*?
 Alas! not *all the blood* of all the *Howards*.
 Look next on *greatness*. Say, where *greatness* QUEST.
 lies?
 Where, but among the *heroes* and the *wise*? SNEER.
Heroes are all the *same*, it is agreed,
 From *Macedonia's madman* to the *Swede*. CONTEMPT.
 The whole *strange purpose* of their lives to *find*,
 † Or *make* an *enemy of all mankind*.
 Not *one* looks *backward*: *onward* still he goes;
 Yet ne'er looks *forward* farther than his *Nose*.

H 2

No

¹ I have put a *pause* after *make*, though contrary to general rules, to mark the *antithesis* between *find* and *make*, more distinctly.

- No less alike the *politic* and *wise* ;
 " All *fly*, *slow* things, with *circumspective* eyes.
 Men in their *loose*, *unguarded* hours they take ;
 Not that *themselves* are *wise* ; but *others* *weak*.
 REMON. But *grant* that *those* can *conquer* ; *these* can *cheat* ;
 'Tis phrase *absurd* to call a *villain* *great*.
 AVERSION. Who *wickedly* is *wise*, or *madly* *brave*,
 Is but the more a *fool*, the more a *knave*.
 APPROBA- Who *noble* ends by *noble* means obtains,
 TION. Or, failing, *smiles* in *exile*, or in *chains*,
 ADMIR. Like good *Aurelius* let him *reign* ; or *bleed*
 Like *Socrates* ; that man is *great* indeed.
 SUPERIOR What's *fame* ? A *fancy'd* life, in *others' breath* ;
 NEGLECT. A thing *beyond* us, ev'n *before* our *death*.
 Just what you *bear's* your own ; and what's *un-*
known,
 The same (my lord !) if *Tully's*, or your *own*.
 All, that *we feel*^a of it, *begins* and *ends*,
 In the *small circle* of our *foes*, or *friends* ;
 To all *besides*, as much an *empty shade*,
 An *Eugene* living, as a *Cæsar* dead ;
 Alike or *when*, or *where*, they *shone*, or *shine*,
 Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rhine*.
 CONT. A *wit's* a *feather*, and a *chief* a *rod* ;
 APPROBAT. A *honest* man's the *noblest* work of God.

Fame,

^a " All *fly*, *slow* things," to be pronounced very *slowly*, and with a *cunning* look.

^a " All that *we feel*," &c. to be expressed with the *right* hand laid upon the *breast*.

LESSONS.

101

<i>Fame, but from death a villain's name can save,</i>	
<i>As justice tears his body from the grave ;</i>	AVERSION.
<i>When what t' oblivion better were resign'd,</i>	
<i>Is hung on high to poison half mankind.</i>	BLAMING.
<i>All fame is foreign ; but of true desert ;</i>	
<i>Plays round the head ; but comes not to the heart^o.</i>	SUPERIOR NEGLECT.
<i>One self-approving hour whole years outweighs</i>	
<i>Of stupid flarers, and of loud buzzas ;</i>	CONTEMPT.
<i>And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,</i>	ADMIR.
<i>Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.</i>	CONTEMPT.
<i>In parts superior what advantage lies ?</i>	QUEST.
<i>Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ?</i>	RESPECT.
<i>'Tis but to know, how little can be known ;</i>	CONCERN.
<i>To see all others' faults, and feel our own :</i>	
<i>Condemn'd in bus'ness, or in arts, to drudge</i>	
<i>Without a second, and without a judge.</i>	
<i>Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land,</i>	
<i>All fear ; none aid you ; and few understand.</i>	
<i>Painful pre-eminence ! yourself to view</i>	SUFFERING.
<i>Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.</i>	
<i>Bring then these blessings to a strict account ;</i>	ARGUING.
<i>Make fair deductions : see to what they mount.</i>	
<i>How much of other each is sure to cost ;</i>	
<i>How each for other oft is wholly lost ;</i>	
<i>How inconsistent greater goods with these ;</i>	
<i>How sometimes life is risk'd, and always ease ;</i>	
H 3	Think.

^o —“ comes not to the heart,” to be spoken with the right hand laid upon the breast. And—“ Marcellus exil'd feels,” below.

- Think. And if *still* such things thy envy call,
 Say, would'st thou be the *man* to whom they *fall* ?
- QUEST. To sigh for *ribbands* if thou art so silly,
 CONTEMPT. Mark how they grace *Lord Umbra*, or *Sir Billy*,
 Is *yellow dirt* the passion of thy life ?
 Look but on *Gripus*, or on *Gripus' wife*.
- CONCERN. If *parts* allure thee, think how *Bacon* shin'd,
 The *wisest*, *brightest*, *meanest* of mankind :
- CONTEMPT. Or ravish'd with the *whistling* of a name,
- AVERSION. See *Cromwell* damn'd to *everlasting fame* :
- TEACHING. If all *united* thy ambition call,
 From *antient story* learn to *scorn* them all.

XXVI.

CLOWNISH BASHFULNESS, and AWKWARDNESS,

The meeting between Humphry Gubbin, and
 Mr. Pounce. [TEND. HUSB.]

- FOOLISH
 WONDER. Humph. **H**OW prettily this park is stock'd
 with *soldiers*, and *deer*, and *ducks*,
 and *ladies*. — *Ha!* Where are the *old fellows* gone ?
Where can they *be* trow ? I'll ask these people.
- QUEST. — A — a — you *pretty young gentleman* [to
 Fainlove] did you see *Vather* ?
 Fain. Your *father*, Sir ?

Humph.

Humph. Ey, my *Vatber*, a *weezle-fyaced*, *cross* old gentleman with *spindle-shanks*?

Fain. No, Sir.

Humph. A *crab-stick* in his hand.

Pounce. We have met no body with these *marks*. But *sure*, I have seen *you before*.—Are ATTEN.
not you Mr. *Humphry Gubbin*, *son* and *beir* to Sir QUEST.
Harry Gubbin?

Humph. *Ey, ey*, an *that* were all, I'fe his *son*;
but how lung I shall be his *beir*, I *can't* tell: for
a talks o' *disinberiting* on ma every day.

Pounce. Dear Sir, I am *glad* to see you. I Joy.
have had a desire to be acquainted with you ever
since I saw you *clench* your *fist* at your father,
when his back was turned toward you. I *love* a
young man of *spirit*.

Humph. Why, Sir, would it not *vex* a man VEXATION
to the very *heart*, *blood*, and *guts* on him, to have
a crabbed old fellow *snubbing* a body every minute
before *company*?

Pounce. Why, Mr. Humphry, he uses you EXCITING
like a *boy*.

Humph. Like a *boy*, quotha! He uses me COMPLAINING.
like a *dog*. A *lays me on* now and then, e'en as
if a were a breaking a *bound* to the game.—
You can't think what a *tantrum* a was in this
morning, because I boggled a little at marrying
my own *born cousin*.

Pounce. A man can't be too *scrupulous*, Mr. CAUTIONING.
Humphry; a man can't be too *scrupulous*.

H 4

Humph.

- COMPLAIN-
ING. Humph. Why, Sir, I could as soon love my own *flesh* and *blood*. We should squabble like *brother* and *sister*, not like *man* and *wife*. Do you think we *should not*, Mr. —. Pray, gentlemen, may I crave your *names*?
- QUEST. Pounce. Sir, I am the *very person*, that has been employed to draw up the *articles of marriage* between *you* and your *cousin*.
- WONDER. Humph. Ho, ho! say you so? Then mayhap, you can *tell* one some things one wants to know.—A—a—Pray, Sir, what *estyeate* am I heir to?
- INFOR. Pounce. To *fifteen hundred pounds* a year, *intailed estate*.
- JOY. Humph. 'Sniggers! I'm glad on't with *all my heart*. And—a—a—can you satisfy ma in *another question*—Pray, how *old* be I?
- QUEST. Pounce. *Three* and *twenty* last march.
- INFOR. Humph. *Plague on it!* As *sure* as you are there, they have kept ma *back*. I have been told, by goody *Clack*, or goody *Tipple*, I don't know which, that I was born the *very year* the stone *pig-stye* was built; and every body knows the *pig-stye* in the back close is *three* and *twenty* year *old*. I'll be *duck'd* in a *berse-pond*, if here has not been *tricks* play'd ma. But pray, Sir, mayn't I crave your *name*?
- QUEST. Pounce. My name, Sir, is *Pounce*, at your service.
- INFOR.

Humph.

Humph. *Pounce* with a P—— ?

Pounce. Yes, Sir, and *Samuel* with an S.

Humph. Why then, Mr. *Samuel Pounce*,
[chuckling, and wriggling, and rubbing his hands earnestly] do you know any *clever gentlewoman*
of your acquaintance, that you think I could *like*.
For I'll be *bang'd* like a *dog*, an I han't taken a
right down aversion to my cousin, ever since Vather
proposed her to ma.—And since every body
knows I came up to be *married*, I shou'd not
care to go down again with a *flea* in my *ear*, and
look *balk'd*, d'ye see.

EARNEST-
NESS.

Pounce. [After a pause.] Why, Sir, I have a
tbought just come into my *head*. And if you will
walk along with this gentleman and me, where
we are going, I will communicate it.

PLOTTING.

Humph. With all my heart, good Mr, Sa-
muel Pounce.

Joy.

[Exeunt.]

XXVII.

• MOURNFUL DESCRIPTION,

From Æneas's account of the Sack of Troy,
[Dryd. VIRG. ÆN. II.]

ATTEN-
TION.

RESPECT.

GRIEF.

ALL were *attentive* to the *godlike man*,
When from his lofty couch he thus *began*;
Great queen! What you command me to relate
Renews the *sad remembrance*^r of our fate;
An empire from its *old foundations rent*,
And *ev'ry woe* the Trojans *underwent*;
A *pop'lous city* made a *desert place*;
All that I *saw*, and part of which I *was*;
Not *ev'n* the *hardest* of our foes could hear,
Nor *stern Ulysses* tell without a *tear*.

* * * * *

HORROR.

PITY.

'Twas now the *dead of night*, when *sleep repairs*
Our *bodies worn* with *toils*, our *minds* with *cares*,
When *Hector's ghost*^q before my sight *appears*;
Shrouded in blood he *stood*, and *batb'd* in *tears*,
Such as when by the *fierce Pelides slain*,
Thessalian coursers *dragg'd* him o'er the *plain*.

Swoln

^r The words, "*sad remembrance*," may be spoken with a *figh*, and the *right hand* laid on the *breast*.

^q The words, "*Hector's Ghost*," may be spoken with a *start*, and the attitude of fear. See *Fear*, page 17.

Swoln were his feet, as when the *tbongs* were thrust
Through the *pierc'd limbs*: his *body black* with dust.
Unlike that *Heñor*, who *return'd* from toils
Of war triumphant in *Æacian spoils*,
Or him, who made the *fainting Greeks retire*,
Hurling amidst their *fleets* the *Phrygian fire*.
His hair and beard were *clotted stiff* with gore,
The *ghastly wounds*, he for his *country bore*,
Now *stream'd afresh*.

COURAGE,

PITY.

I *wept* to see the *visionary man*,
And whilst my *trance continu'd*, thus began,
 O light of *Trojans*, and *support* of *Troy*,
Thy *father's champion*, and thy *country's joy* !
O, *long expected* by thy *friends* ! From whence
Art thou so *late return'd* to our *defence* ?
Alas ! what *wounds* are *these* ? What *new disgrace*
Deforms the *manly honours* of thy *face* ?

GRIEF.

' The *speñtre*, *groaning* from his *inmost breast*,
This *warning* in these *mournful words* express'd ;
 Haste, *goddeſs-born* ! *Escape*, by *timely flight*,
The *flames* and *horrors* of this *fatal night*.
The *foes already* have *posseſs'd* our *wall* ;
 Troy nods from *high*, and *totters* to her *fall*.

HORROR.

WARNING.

Enough

' "*Hurling*," to be expressed by *throwing out* the arm,
with the *action* of *hurling*.

' "*O light* of *Trojans*," &c. to be expressed by *opening* the
arms with the *action* of *welcoming*.

' "*The speñtre*," &c. These two lines, and the ghost's
speech, are to be spoken in a *deep* and *hollow voice*, *slowly* and
solemnly, with little *rising* or *falling*, and a *torpid inertia* of *action*.

DIRECT-
ING.

*Enough is paid to Priam's royal name,
 Enough to country, and to deathless fame.
 If by a mortal arm my father's throne
 Could have been sav'd—this arm the feat had done.
 Troy now commends to thee her future state,
 And gives her gods companions of thy fate.
 Under their umbrage hope for happier walls,
 And follow where thy various fortune calls.*

*"He said, and brought, from forth the sacred
 choir,*

TREPIDA-
TION.

The gods, and relics of th' immortal fire.

*Now peals of shouts came thund'ring from afar,
 Cries, threats, and loud lament, and mingled war.
 The noise approaches, though our palace stood
 Aloof from streets, embosom'd close with wood;
 Louder and louder still, I hear th' alarms
 Of human cries distinct, and clashing arms.
 Fear broke my slumbers.*

*I mount the terrafs; thence the town survey,
 And listen what the swelling sounds convey.
 Then Hector's fate was manifestly clear'd;
 And Grecian fraud in open light appear'd.
 The palace of Deiphobus ascends
 In smoky flames, and catches on his friends.
 Ucalegon burns next; the seas are bright
 With splendours not their own, and shine with
 sparkling light.*

*New clamours and new clangors now arise,
 The trumpet's voice, with agonizing cries.*

With

"He said, and," &c. Here the voice resumes its usual key.

With *frenzy seiz'd*, I run to meet th' alarms,
Resolv'd on death, resolv'd to die in arms.

COURAGE.

But first to gather friends, with whom t' oppose
 If fortune favour'd, and repel the foes,
 By courage rous'd, by love of country fir'd,
 With sense of honour and revenge inspir'd.

Pantheus, Apollo's priest, a sacred name,
 Had 'scap'd the Grecian swords, and pass'd the
 flame.

TREPIDA-
 TION.

With *relics loaded*, to my doors he fled,
 And by the hand his tender grandson led.

What hope, O Pantheus? Whither can we run? QUEST.
 Where make a stand? Or what may yet be done?

Scarce had I spoke, when Pantheus, with a groan, GRIEF.
 * *Troy---is no more!* Her glories now are gone,

The fatal day, th' appointed hour is come,
 When wrathful Jove's irrevocable doom AWE.

Transfers the Trojan state to Grecian hands:

Our city's wrapt in flames: the foe commands,
 To sev'ral posts their parties they divide; HORROR.

Some block the narrow streets; some scour the wide.

The bold they kill; th' unwary they surprise;

Who fights meets death, and death finds him who
 flies, &c.

* "*Troy is no more.*" Such short periods, comprehending much in few words, may often receive additional force by a pause (not exceeding the length of a semicolon) between the nominative and the verb, or between the verb and what is governed by it; which, otherwise, is contrary to rule.

XXVIII.

RUSTICITY. AFFECTATION.

The scene of Humphry Gubbin's introduction to his romantic cousin. [TEND. HUSB.]

Humphry, Aunt, Cousin Biddy.

- RESPECT. Humph. *AUNT*, your *saarvant*—your *saar-*
 QUEST. *vant*, aunt.—Is *that*—*ba*, aunt?
- INFORMAT. Aunt. *Yes*, cousin Humphry, *that* is your
 with
 SATISF. *cousin Bridget*. Well, I'll leave you together.
 [Ex. Aunt. They fit.]
- QUEST. Humph. *Aunt* does as she'd be *done by*, cousin
 Bridget, *does not she*, cousin? [A long pause,
 WONDER. looking hard at her.] *What*, are you a *Londoner*,
 and *not* give a *gentleman* a *civil answer*, when he
 INDIF. asks you a *civil question*?—*Look ye, d'ye see*, cousin,
 the *old volks* resolving to *marry us*, I thought it
 would be proper to see how I *lik'd* you. For I
 don't love to buy a *pig* in a *poke*, as we sayn i' th'
 country, he, he, he. [Laughs.]
- STIFF Biddy. Sir, your *person* and *addreſs* bring to
 AFFECTAT. my mind the *whole story* of *Valentine* and *Orson*.
 AFFEC. *What*, would they give me for a *lover*, a *Titanian*,
 DELICACY. a *son of the earth*? *Pray*, answer me a *question* or
two.
- INDIF. Humph. *Ey, ey*, as many as you *please*, cousin
 Bridget, an they be not too *hard*.
- Biddy.

LESSONS.

III

Biddy. *What wood* were you *taken in*? How *AFFECTAT.*
long have you been *caught*? *of*

Humph. *Caught*!

WONDER.

Biddy. *Where* were you *baunts*?

QUEST.

Humph. My *baunts*!

SURPRISE.

Biddy. Are not *clothes* very *uneasy* to you? Is *QUEST.*
this strange dress the *first* you ever *wore*?

Humph. *How*!

WONDER.

Biddy. Are you not a great admirer of *roots* *QUEST.*
and raw flesh?—Let me look upon your *nails* *AFFECTAT.*
—I hope you won't *wound me* with them. *of*

Humph. *Whew*! [Whistles] *Hoity toity.*

FEAR.

What have we got? Is she *betwattled*? Or is she *WONDER.*
gone o' one side?

Biddy. Can't thou *deny*, that thou wert *suckled* *AFFECTED*
by a wolf, or at least by a female *satyr*? Thou *AVERS.*
hast not been so *barbarous*, I hope, since thou
can't among men, as to hunt thy *nurse*?

Humph. *Hunt my nurse*! *Ey, ey, 'tis so*, she's *PITY.*
out of her bead, poor thing, as *sure* as a *gun*.

[Draws away.] *Poor cousin Bridget*! *how long* *FEAR.*
have you been in this condition?

Biddy. *Condition*! *What* dost mean by *con-* *OFFENCE.*
dition, monster?

Hump. *How* came you upon the *bigb ropes*? *QUEST.*
Was you never in *love* with any body before *me*? *with*
PITY.

Biddy. I never *bated* any thing so heartily be- *AFFECTED*
fore thee. *AVERS.*

Humph. For the *matter of that*, cousin, an it *INDIF.*
were not a *folly* to talk to a *mad-woman*, there's

QUEST.
with
EARN.
AVERS.

no *batred* lost, I assure you. But do you *bate* me in earnest?

Biddy. Dost think *any human being* can look upon thee with *other eyes*, than those of *batred*?

DESIRE.

Humph. There is *no knowing* what a *woman* loves or *bates*, by her *words*. But an you were in your *senses*, cousin, and *bated* me in *earnest*, I should be *main contented*, look you. For, may I be *well horse-whipt*, if I love one *bone* in your *skin*, cousin; and there is a *fine woman*, I am told, who has a month's mind to ma.

AVERSION.

Biddy. When I think of such a *consort* as *thee*, the *wild boar* shall defile the *cleanly ermine*, or the *tyger* be wedded to the *kid*.

Humph. An I marry you, cousin, the *pole-cat* shall *caterwaul* with the *civet*.

ROMANTIC
AFFECTA-
TION.

Biddy. To imagine such a *conjunctiion*, was as *unnatura'*, as it would have been to describe *Stattira* in love with a *chimney-sweeper*, or *Oroondates* with a *nympb* of *Billinggate*; to paint, in romance, the *silver streams* running *up* to their *sources* in the sides of the *mountains*; to describe the *birds* on the leafy *boughs* uttering the *boarse sound* of *roaring bears*; to represent *knights errant* murdering distressed *ladies*, whom their profession obliges them to *relieve*; or *ladies* yielding to the suit of their enamoured *knights*, before they have *figbed* out *half* the *due* time at their feet.

CLOWNISH
PITY.

Humph. If this *poor gentlewoman* be not out of *herself*, may I be *bang'd* like a *dog*. [Exit.]

XXIX.

XXIX.

ASKING. REPROOF. APPROBATION.

From Mr. Pope's TEMPLE OF FAME¹.

A Troop came next, who crowns and armour
wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore.

"For thee," (they cry'd) "amidst alarms and CRINGING.
strife,

"We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;

"For thee whole nations fill'd with fire and blood,

"And swam to empire through the purple flood.

"Those ills, we dar'd, thy inspiration own;

"What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.

"Ambitious fools!" (the queen reply'd, and REPROOF.
frown'd)

"Be all your deeds in dark oblivion drown'd.

¹ The pupil, if he has not read the TEMPLE OF FAME, must be informed of the plot of the poem, viz. The author represents numbers of the pursuers of fame, as repairing, in crowds, to the temple of that goddess, in quest of her approbation, who are differently received by her, according to their respective merits, &c.

² "Those ills," &c. The meaning of this line (which is not too obvious) is, "Our being guilty of such extravagancies, shews how eager we were to obtain a name."

I

"There

LESSONS.

" There *sleep* forgot with mighty Tyrants gone ;
 " Your *statues* moulder'd, and your names un-
 known."

WONDER. A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my
sight,

And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the *smallest* tribe I yet had seen ;
 Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.

INDIFF. " Great idol of mankind ! We neither claim -

" The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame ;

" But safe in deserts from th' applause of men,

" Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.

" 'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight

" Those acts of goodness, which themselves requite.

DELIGHT. " O let us still the *secret joy* partake,

" To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake."

WONDER. " And live there men, who *slight* immortal fame?

" Who then with incense shall adore our name?

INFORM. " But, mortals ! know, 'tis still our greatest pride

" To blaze those virtues, which the good would hide.

EXCITING. " Rise, Muses ! Rise ! Add all your tuneful breath !

" These must not sleep in darkness, and in death."

PLEASING She said. In air the trembling music floats,

DESCRIP- And on the winds triumphant swell the notes ;

TION. So soft, tho' high ; so loud, and yet so clear ;

Ev'n list'ning angels lean from heav'n to hear.

To:

" The *secret joy*," to be expressed with the right hand
 laid upon the breast.

To be spoken as melodiously as possible.

LESSONS.

115

To farthest shores th' ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

While thus I stood intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear;
"What could thus high thy rash ambition raise?"
"Art thou, fond youth! a candidate for praise?"

QUEST.
with RE-
PROOF.
APOLOGY.

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came;
For who so fond, as youthful bards, of fame?
But few, alas! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.

CONCERN.

How vain that second life in others' breath,
Th' estate, which wits inherit---after death.
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign
(Unsure the tenure, and how vast the fine!)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Though wretched, flatter'd, and though envy'd,
poor.

All luckless with their enemies profess,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
As soothing folly, or exalting vice;
And if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still, where fortune leads the way;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame;

INDIFF.

APPREHEN-
SION of
EVIL.

I 2

Then

"What could thus high," &c. must be spoken with a lower voice than the foregoing.

DEPRECA-
TION.

Then *teach* me, *Heav'n*, to *scorn* the *guilty bay*.
Drive from my *breast* that *wretched* lust of *prai*
Unblemish'd let me *live*, or *die unknown* ;
O *grant* me *honest fame* ; or *grant* me *none*.

XXX.

POLITE CONVERSATION.

The scene between Mr. Bevil and Indiana,
which she endeavours to find out, whether
has any other regard for her, than that
rational esteem, or Platonic love. [Cons
Lov.]

RESPECT.

Bev. **M**ADAM, your most *obedient*. He
do you do to-day ? I am afraid you
wished me *gone* last night, before I *went*. B
you were partly to *blame*. For *who* could *lea*
you in the *agreeable humour* you was in ?

Ind. If *you* was pleased, Sir, we were *be*
pleased. For your company, which is *alwa*
agreeable, was more *peculiarly so* last night.

Bev. My company, Madam ! You *rally*.
said very *little*.

Ind. Too little you *always* say, Sir, for a
improvement, and for my *credit* ; by the *same* *toke*
that I am afraid, you gave me an opportunity
saying *too much* last night, and unfortunately

when a woman is in the talking vein, she wants *nothing so much* as to have leave to *expose herself*.

Bev. I hope, Madam, I shall always have the sense to give *you* leave to expose yourself, as you call it, without *interruption*.

[Bowing respectfully.]

Ind. If I had *your talents*, Sir, or your *power*, to make my *actions* speak for me, I might be *silent*, and yet pretend to somewhat *more* than being agreeable. But as it is —

Bev. Really, Madam, I know of *none* of my *actions*, that deserve your *attention*. If I might be *vain* of any thing, it is, that I have *understanding* enough to mark *you* out, Madam, from *all* your *sex*, as the most deserving object of my *esteem*. HUMILITY.

Ind. [Aside.] A *cold word*! Though I cannot *claim* even his *esteem*. [To him.] Did I think, Sir, that your esteem for me proceeded from any thing in *me*, and not altogether from *your own generosity*, I should be in danger of *forfeiting* it. ANXIETY. RESPECT.

Bev. How *so*, Madam?

Ind. *What* do you *think*, Sir, would be *so likely* to puff up a weak woman's *vanity*, as the *esteem* of a man of *understanding*? *Esteem* is the result of *cool reason*; the voluntary *tribute* paid to inward *worth*. *Who*, then, would not be *proud* of the *esteem* of a person of *sense*, which is always *unbiassed*; whilst *love* is often the effect of *weakness*.

[Looking hard at Bevil, who casts down his eyes respectfully.] *Esteem* arises from a *higher* source, the substantial *merit* of the *mind*.

Bev. True, Madam—And *great minds only* can *command* it, [bowing respectfully.] The utmost *pleasure* and *pride* of my *life*, Madam, is, that I endeavour to *esteem* you—as I *ought*.

APPREHENSION.

Ind. [Aside.] As he *ought*! Still *more perplexing*! He neither *saves* nor *kills* my *hope*. I will *try* him a little *farther*. [To him.] Now, I think on it, I must beg your *opinion*, Sir, on a point which created a *debate* between my *aunt* and me, just *before* you came in. She would *needs* have it, that no man ever does any *extraordinary kindness* for a *woman*, but from *selfish* views.

QUESTION.

RESPECT.

Bev. Well, Madam, I cannot say, but I am in the *main*, of *her opinion*; if she means, by *selfish* views, what *some* understand by the *phrase*; that is, his own *pleasure*; the *biggest* pleasure *human nature* is *capable* of, that of being conscious, that from his *superfluity*, an *innocent* and *virtuous spirit*, a person, whom he thinks one of the *prime ornaments* of the *creation*, is raised *above* the *temptations* and *sorrows* of *life*: the pleasure of seeing *satisfaction*, *health* and *gladness*, *brighten* in the countenance of one he *values*, above *all mankind*. What a man bestows in *such* a way, may I think, be said, in *one sense* to be laid out with a *selfish* view, as much as if he spent it in *cards*,

dogs,

dogs, bottle-companions, or loose women; with this difference, that he shews a better taste in expence. Nor should I think this any such extraordinary matter of heroism in a man of an easy fortune. Every gentleman ought to be capable of this; and I doubt not but many are. For I hope there are many, who take more delight in reflection than sensation; in thinking, than in eating.—But what am I doing? [Pulls out his watch hastily,] My hour with Mr. Myrtle is come.—Madam, I must take my leave abruptly. But, if you please, will do myself the pleasure of waiting on you in the afternoon. Till when, Madam, your most obedient,

—A. R. S.
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SUDDEN
RECOLLEC
TION.

[Exit.]

XXXI.

SERIOUS MEDITATION.

From Dr. Young's NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE clock strikes one. We take no note of ALARM.
time,
But by its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they?—With the years beyond the flood.

ADMI-
RATION.

It is the signal that demands dispatch.

*How much is still to do ! My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down---on what ?---A fathomless abyss.*

*How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man !
How passing wonder He, who made him such !
Who cent'ring in our make such strange extremes,
From different natures marvellously mixt,
Connexion exquisite of distant worlds !
Distinguish'd link in Being's endless chain,
Midway from nothing to the One Supreme,
A beam æthereal---sully'd, and absorb'd !
Though sully'd and dishonour'd, still divine !
Dim miniature of Greatness absolute !
An heir of glory ! A frail child of dust !
Helpless immortal ! Insect infinite !
A worm ! A God ! I tremble at myself !
What can preserve my life ? or what destroy ?
An Angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave.
Legions of angels can't confine me there.*

XXXII.

SEEMING CIVILITY.

The meeting between the knight of the Red
Croffe, attended by Truth, with Hypocrisy.
[Spenser's FAIRIE QUEENE^d.]

AT length they chaunft to *meet* upon the way DESCRIP-
TION.

An aged fire^e in long blacke weedes yclad^f,
His feete all bare, his beard all boarie grey,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had.
Sober he seem'd, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple of shew, and voide of malice bad.
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knock'd his brest, as one that did repent.

He faire the knight saluted louting^g low,
Who faire him quited^h, as that courteous was,
And after asked him, if he did know
Of straunge adventures which abroad did pas.
“ Ab

^d The edition, from which this is taken, viz. Church's, is, in my opinion, incomparably preferable, for correctness, to all the others.

^e Hypocrisy.

^f Clothed.

^g Bowing.

^h Returned his salutation,

CIVILITY.

" *Ab my deare jonne,*" (quoth he) " how should,
 " alas,
 " Silly *old man*, that lives in hidden *cell*,
 " *Bidding* his *beades*¹ all day for his trespass,
 " Tidings of *warre*, and worldly *trouble* tell?
 " With *boly father* fits not with such things to
 " *mell*^k.

" But if of *daunger*, which hereby doth dwell
 " And *homebred evil* ye desire to heare,
 " Of a *straunge man* I can you *tidings* tell,
 " That wasteth *all this country* far and neare."
 ALARM. " Of *such*;" (said he) " I chiefly do *inquire*,
 " And shall thee *well rewarde* to shew the *place*,
 " In which that *wicked Wight*¹ his dayes doth
 " *weare*^m.

THREATEN-
ING.

" For to all *knighthood* it is *foul disgrace*
 " That such a *curfed creature* lives so long a *space*.

FEAR.

" Far *bence* (quoth he) in *wastfull wildernesse*
 " His *dwelling* is, by which *no living wight*
 " May ever *pass*, but thorough *great distresse*."

ADVISING.

" *Now*" (said the *ladie*) " *draweth toward night*
 " And well I wote^o, that of your *later fight*
 " Ye all *forwearied* be; for what so *strong*,
 " But, *wanting rest*, will also want of *might*?
 " The *sunne*, that *measures heavens* all day long,
 " At *night* doth *baite* his *steeds* the *ocean waves*
 " *among*.

" Then

¹ Saying his prayers.

^k Meddle.

¹ Creature.

^m Pass.

ⁿ Truth.

^o Know.

“ Then with the *sunne*, take, Sir, you *timely rest*,
 “ And with new *day* new *worke* at once begin.
 “ *Untroubled night*, they say, gives counsell *best*.”
 “ *Right well*, Sir knight, ye have adviſed bin,” INVITING.
 Quoth then that aged man; “ the way to *win*,”
 “ Is *wisely* to *advise*; now *day* is *spent*;
 “ Therefore with me ye may take up your *in*
 “ For this *ſame night*.” The knight was well
 content :
 So with that godly father to his home they went.

XXXIII.

TREPIDATION. VEXATION.

The humourous ſcene of cramming Sir John Falstaff into the basket of ſoul linen, to prevent his being caught by jealous Ford⁹. [*Shakeſpeare's MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.*]

Falstaff, Mrs. Ford.

Serv. [Without.] *MADAM, Madam, Madam!* HASTE.

Here is Mrs. Page, *sweating* and *blowing*, and looking *wild*, and ſays ſhe *muſt ſpeak* with you *immediately*.

Falst.

Conquer.

⁹ In teaching the right utterance of this ſcene, the pupil muſt be let into the plot of it, if he has not read or ſeen the play. He muſt be made to underſtand, that Falstaff, a fat, old,

FEAR. Falst. She *shan't* see me. I will *ensconce* me behind the *arras*.

DIRECT-
ING. Mrs. Ford. Pray do. She is a very *tattling* woman.

Enter Mrs. Page.

QUESTION. Mrs. Ford. What's the *matter*? How *now*?

ALARM. Mrs. Page. O Mrs. Ford! *What* have you done? You're *sham'd*; you're *overtbrown*; you're *undone* for ever.

FEAR. Mrs. Ford. What's the *matter*, good Mrs. Page?

REPROOF. Mrs. Page. O *well a-day*, Mrs. Ford! Having an *honest man* to your *husband*, to give him such cause of *suspicion*.

QUESTION. Mrs. Ford. *What* cause of *suspicion*?

REPROOF. Mrs. Page. *What* cause of *suspicion*! *Out* upon you! How I'm *mistaken* in you! I could not have thought you *capable* of such a *thing*.

ANXIETY. Mrs. Ford. Why, *alas*! *What* is the *matter*?

ALARM. Mrs. Page. *Matter*! Why, woman, your *husband* is a *coming bither*, with all the *officers* in *Windser*,

old, humourous, worthless, needy knight, has, in the former part of the play, made love to Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page, with a view, merely, of getting money of them, and that they concert this interview, and its consequences, on purpose to be revenged on him for his attempt to corrupt them; while Ford is jealous in earnest; and Falstaff, from time to time, communicates to him, under the name of Brook, not knowing him to be Mrs. Ford's husband, an account of his intrigues, and their bad success.

Windfor, to search for a gentleman, that is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. It is not so, I hope.

FEAR.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have a man here. But it is most certain, that Mr. Ford is coming with half *Windfor* at his heels, to search the house. I came before to tell you. If you know yourself clear, I am glad of it. But if you have any body here, convey him out as fast as you can. Be not amazed. Call your senses to you. Defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your happiness for ever.

WARNING.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? There is a gentleman here, my dear friend. And I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril. I had rather than a thousand pound he were safe out of the house.

TREPIDATION.

Mrs. Page. Never stand crying; You had rather; You had rather. Your husband's at hand. Bethink you of some conveyance. In the house you cannot bide him. Look, here is a basket. If he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here, and you may throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking. It is whitening time; send him by your two men to Datchet-mead.

EXCITING.

ADVISING.

Mrs. Ford. He is too big to go in there. What shall I do?

CONFUSION.

Enter

Enter Falstaff from behind the arras.

HURRY. Falst. Let me *see* it. Let me *see* it. I'll *in*.
I'll *in*. Follow your friend's *counsel*. I'll *in*.

SURPR. Mrs. Page. *What*, Sir John Falstaff! Is *this* the
and RE- love you *professed* to me in your *letters*?
PROACH.

APOLOGY. Falst. I *do* love you for *all this*. Help me out
of this *scrape*. I'll *convince* you how much I *love*
you. [He goes into the basket. They cover
him with foul linen.]

HASTE. Mrs. Page. [To Falstaff's boy.] Help to cover
your *Master*, sirrah. [To Falstaff.] *Ab*, you are
a sad *dissembler*, Sir John. [To Mrs. Ford.] Call
REPROACH- your *men*, Mrs. Ford. *Quick*, *quick*.
ING.

HASTE. Mrs. Ford. What, *John*, *Robert*, *John*—Why,
ORDERING. *John*, I say. Make *haste*, and take up these *clothes*
here. *Where's* the *cowl-staff*? How you *gape*.
Carry them away *directly* to Mrs. Plash, the laun-
drefs, at *Datchet-mead*. [They carry away the
basket. Ford meets them. Is prevented search-
ing the basket. Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page retire,
and enjoy the punishment they had inflicted on
Falstaff,]

Scene changes to the Inn.

Enter Falstaff just out of the Thames.

Falst. *Bardolph*, I say.

CONFU. Bard. *Here*, Sir.

VEEXATION. Falst. Go, fetch me a *quart* of *sack*. Put a *toast*
in it. [Exit Bard.] Have I *lived* to be *carried*
in

in a *basket*, like a *barrow* of butchers *offal*, and to be *strrown* into the *Thames*? Well, if ever I let myself be served such *another* trick, I'll have my *brains*, if there be *any* in my *skull*, taken out, and *battered*, to be given my dog *Fowler* for his breakfast on *new-year's day*. The rogues *chucked* me into the river with as little *remorse*, as they would have drown'd a bitch's blind *puppies* *fifteen* i'the *litter*. And then a man of *my weight* must have a *comfortable alacrity* in *sinking*. If the bottom had been on a level with the bed of the river *Styx*, *down* I should have *gone*. For that matter, I had been fairly *drown'd*, if the shore had not been so *kind* as to *shelve* it a little in my favour. And then to *think*, only to *think* of *my* being *drown'd*! A man of *my size*!—For your fresh water swells you an *ordinary* man to the size of your middling *porpoise*. As for me, an I were to be drown'd, I suppose there is ne'er a *whale* of them all, that would not be out of *countenance* at the sight of me.—*Bardolph*—Is the *sack* *brew'd*?

SELF-CON-
DEMNATION

VEXATION.

To him enter Ford:

Ford. *Bless* you, Sir.

CIVILITY.

Falst. Now, Master *Brook*. You come to know what has passed between me and *Ford's* wife.

Ford. That is indeed my *business*, Sir John.

Falst. Master *Brook*, I will not *lie* to you. I was at her house at the *hour* she appointed me.

Ford.

Ford. And you *sped*, Sir.

VEXAT.

Falst. *Very ill-favour'dly*, Master Brook.

SURPRISE.

Ford. *How*, Sir, did she change her *mind*?

VEXATION.

Falst. *No*, Master Brook. But the *mischievous* old cuckold, her *husband*, Master Brook, dwelling in a *continual alarm* of *jealousy*, comes, *provoked* and *instigated* by his *distemper*, and at his heels a whole *rabble* of people, to *search* the house for his wife's *love*.

SURPRISE.

Ford. What! While you were *there*?

Falst. While *I* was *there*, Master Brook.

QUEST.

Ford. And did he *search* for you, and could *not find* you?

INFORM.
with VEXA-
TION.

Falst. Master Brook, you shall hear. As *good luck* would have it, *comes in* one Mrs. Page, gives intelligence of Ford's approach; and by *her invention*, and Ford's wife's *direction*, I was conveyed into a *buck-basket*.

WONDER.

Ford. A *buck-basket*!

VEXAT.
REMEM-
BRANCE.

Falst. *Yea*; a *buck-basket*; *rammed* in with *foul shirts* and *smocks*, *sweaty socks*, *dirty handkerchiefs*, *greasy night-caps*, and *infants clouts fresh* from their *stinking tails*; that, Master Brook, there was as great a *variety* of *villainous smells*, as there was of *living things* in Noah's ark. There I suffered the pangs of *three unnatural deaths*. First, the intolerable *fear* of being *detected* by a *jealous old bell-weather*; next, to be *coil'd up*, like an *overgrown snake* in a *dunghill*; *roll'd round* within

within the *circumference* of a *peck*, *bilt* to *point*, *beel* to *bead*; thirdly, and lastly, Master Brook, to be *stopt in*, like a *strong distillation*, with *stinking clozbes*, that *fermented* in their own *grease*. Think of *that*, Master Brook, a man of *my body*; that am as liable to *melt* as a lump of Epping *butter* exposed to the *sun-beams* on the twentieth of June at *noon-day*. Think of *that*, Master Brook, and *that*, while I was in the *midst* of this high *salivation*, from which, that I escaped without *suffocation*, is neither more nor less than a *miracle*; while I was in the height of this hot-bath, I say, with *my very bones melted* almost to the consistency of *calves-foot-jelly*, to be flung into the *Thames*, *cool'd gZowing-bat*, as I was, *case-hardened at once*; think of *that*, Master Brook; *bissing hot*; think of *that*, Master Brook.

XXXIV.

VARIOUS CHARACTERS.

From Mr. Pope's MORAL ESSAYS. [Epist. I.]

'TIS from *bigb life bigb cbaracters* are drawn: SNEER,
A faint in *crape* is *twice* a faint in *lawn*. OF
A judge is *just*; a *chanc'lor*—*juster still*; MOCK-
A *gownman* learn'd; a *bishop*—what you will; PRAISE.
Wise, if a *minister*; but if a *king*,
More wise, more just, more learn'd, more ev'ry thing.—

K

'Tis

- TEACHING. 'Tis *education* forms the common mind;
Just as the *twig* is *bent*, the *tree's* inclin'd.
- BOASTING. ' *Boastful* and *rough*, your *first* son is a 'squire;
- SMOOTH. The *next* a *tradesman*, *meek*, and *much* a *lyar*;
- STRUT. *Tom* *struts* a *soldier*, *open*, *bold*, and *brave*;
- SNEAKING. *Will* *sneaks* a *scrivener*, an *exceeding* *knave*.
- PRIDE. Is he a *churchman*? Then he's fond of *pow'r*;
- * FORM. A *quaker* *? *Sly*. A *presbyterian* †? *Sour*.
- † PEEV. A *smart free-thinker*? *All* things in an *hour*.—
- FOPPERY. }
- TEACHING. *Manners* with *fortunes*, *humors* turn with *climes*,
Tenets with *books*, and *principles* with *times*.
Search then the *ruling passion*. *There* alone
The *wild* are *constant*, and the *cunning* *known*.
This *cue* once *found* *unravels* *all* the *rest*;
The *prospect* *clears*, and *Wharton* stands *confest*;
Wharton! the *scorn* *, and *wonder* †, of our days,
Whose *ruling passion* was the *lust* of *praise*.
Born with *whate'er* could *win* it from the *wife*,
EAGER. *Women*, and *fools*, *must* *like* *him*, or he *dies*.

Tho'

' Tho' these lines contain *descriptions*, or *characters*, they may be expressed with *action* almost as if they were *speeches*. This first line, "*Boastful* and *rough*," &c. may be spoken with the action of *boasting*. See *Boasting* in the *Essay*, page 18. The next with that of *tempting*. See *Tempting*, page 22. The *soldier's* character may be represented by the *arms a-kimbo*, the *lips peaking out*, and a *blustering* manner of reading the line. The *scrivener's* with the *eyes turn'd a-squint*, a *low voice*, and the action of *shame*. See *Shame*, page 17. The *quaker's* with the *words* spoken through the *nose*, and the appearance of *affectation* of *piety*. See *Affectation*, page 22.

LESSONS.

131

Tho' *wond'ring* *senates* *hung* on all he *spoke*,
The *club* must *bail* him *master* of the *joke*.
Shall parts *so various* aim at nothing *new*?
He'll shine a *Tully*, and a *Wilmot* too.

ADMIR.
CONTEMPT.

Then turns *repentant*, and his *God* *adores*,
With the *same spirit* as he *drinks* and *whores*.
Enough, if *all* around him but *admire*,
And now the *punk* applaud, and now the *friar*.—
A *salmon's belly*, *Helluo*^a, was thy *fate*^b.

The *doctor* call'd, declares all help *too late*.

TREPI.
DEPRECAT.

"*Mercy*" (cries *Helluo*) "*mercy* on my *soul*!"
"Is there *no hope*?—*Alas*!----then bring the
"jowl".—

GRIEF
with
SICKNESS.
AVERSION.

"*Odious*! In *woollen*! 'T would a *saint* *provoke*."

(Were the *last words* that poor *Narcissa* *spoke*)

"*No*—let a *charming cbintz*, and *Brussels lace*,
"Wrap these *cold limbs*, and *shade* this *lifeless face*.

WEAKNESS.

"One *need not*, sure, be *ugly*, though one's *dead*;

"And—*Betty*---give this *cheek*---a *little*---*red*." EXPIRING.

The *courtier smooth*, who *forty years* had *shin'd*
An *bumble servant* to all *human kind*,
Just brought out *this*, when scarce his *tongue*
could *stir*;

"If---where I'm *going*---I could---*serve* you,
"Sir."

CIVILITY
with
WEAK.

K 2

"I give,

^a *English* readers may not, perhaps, know, that *Helluo* signifies *Glutton*.

^b That is, a surfeit of fresh salmon was thy death.

^c The glutton will indulge appetite (so indeed will every habitual offender in every kind) in spite of all consequences.

- GRIZEL. "I give, and I desire," (old Eccles said,
And sign'd) "my *lands and revenues* to Ned!"
"Your *money*, Sir,"—"My *money*, Sir!—*What*
—*all?*"
- WEEPING. "Why—if I *may*,"—(then wept)—I give it
"Paul."
- "The *manour*, Sir?"—"The *manse*—"*Held*"
—(he cry'd)
- WEAK. "I *cannot*—*must* not part with *that*"—and dy'd.
- DIGNITY. And *you*, brave Cobham! at your *latest breath*
Shall feel your *ruling passion strong* in death.
Such in *that* moment, as in *all* the *past*,
- PRAYING. "O *save* my *country*, *Heav'n!*—shall be your
last."

XXXV.

RECONCILIATION.

The scene between Mr. Bevil and Mr. Myrtle.
[CONSC. LOV.]

- COMPLAIS. Bev. **S**IR, I am *extremely obliged* to you for
this *honour*.
- ANGER. Myrt. The *time*, the *place*, our *long acquaint-*
ance, and *many* other *circumstances*, which *affect*
me on this *occasion*, oblige me, without *ceremony*
or *conference*, to desire, that you will *comply* with
the request in my *letter*, of which you have *al-*
ready acknowledged the *receipt*.

Bev.

Bev. Sir, I have received a letter from you in a very unusual style. But, as I am conscious^x of the integrity of my behaviour with respect to you, and intend that every thing in this matter, shall be your own seeking, I shall understand nothing, but what you are pleased to confirm face to face. You are therefore to take it for granted, that I have forgot the contents of your epistle.

COMPLAIS.

Myrt. Your cool behaviour, Mr. Bevil, is agreeable to the unworthy use you have made of my simplicity and frankness to you. And I see, your moderation tends to your own advantage; not mine; to your own safety, not to justice for the wrongs you have done your friend.

ANGER.

Bev. My own safety! Mr. Myrtle.

OFFEN.

Myrt. Your own safety, Mr. Bevil.

REPROACH.

Bev. Mr. Myrtle, there is no disguising any longer, that I understand what you would force me to. You know my principle upon that point; and you have often heard me express my disapprobation of the savage manner of deciding quarrels, which tyrannical custom has introduced, to the breach of all laws, both divine and human.

DISPLEASURE.

FIRMNESS.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, Mr. Bevil! It would be a good first principle in those, who have so tender a conscience that way, to have as much abhorrence at doing injuries, as — [Turns away abruptly.]

REPROACHING.

K 3

Bev.

^x —“conscious of the integrity,” &c. may be expressed with the right hand laid on the breast.

Bev. As what?

IRRITAT-
ING.
SELF-VIN-
DICATION.

Myrt. As *fear* of *answering* them.

SERIOUS-
NESS.

PIOUS
VENERA-
TION.

COURAGE.

RAGE.
IRRITAT-
ING.

FIRMNESS.

Bev. Mr. Myrtle, I have *no fear* of answering *any* injury I have done *you*; because I have *meant* you none; for the *truth* of which I am ready to appeal to *any indifferent person*, even of *your own choosing*. But I *own* I am afraid of doing a *wicked action*, I mean, of *shedding your blood*, or *giving you* an opportunity of *shedding mine*, *cold*. I am not afraid of *you*, Mr. Myrtle. But I *own*, I am afraid of *Him*, who *gave me this life in trust*, on *other conditions*, and with *other designs*, than that I should *bazard*, or throw it *away*, because a *rash, inconsiderate man* is pleased to be *offended*, without *knowing* whether he is *injured* or not. No---I *will not*, for *your*, or *any man's* humour, commit a *known crime*; a crime which I *cannot repair*, or which may, in the *very act*, cut me off from all *possibility* of *repentance*.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, I must tell you, this *coolness*, this *moralizing*, shall not *cheat* me of my *love*. You may *wish* to preserve your life, that you may *possess Lucinda*. And I have reason to be *indifferent* about it, if I am to *lose all that* from which I expect *any joy* in life. But I shall first try *one means* toward recovering her, I mean, by *showing* her what a *dauntless hero* she has chosen for her protector.

Bev. Shew me but the least *glimpse* of argument, that I am *authoriz'd* to contend with you
at

at the peril of the *life* of one of us, and I am ready upon your *own terms*. If *this* will not satisfy you, and you will make a *lawless assault* upon me, I will defend myself as against a *russian*. There is *no such terror*, Mr. Myrtle, in the *anger* of *those*, who are *quickly hot*, and *quickly cold* again, they know not *how*, or *why*. I defy you to shew wherein I have *wrong'd* you.

Myrt. Mr. Bevil, it is easy for you to talk *coolly* on this occasion. You who *know not*, I suppose, *what it is to love*, and from your large *fortune*. and your *specious outward carriage*, have it in your *power* to come, *without much trouble or anxiety*, to the *possession* of a *woman of honour*; you know *nothing* of what it is to be *alarmed*, *distracted* with the *terror* of *losing* what is *dearer* than *life*. You are *happy*. Your *marriage* goes on like *common business*; and, in the *interim*, you have, for your soft moments of *dalliance*, your *rambling captive*, your *Indian princess*, your *convenient*, your *ready Indiana*.

IRRITATING.

JEALOUSY.

SARCASM.

Bev. You have *touched* me beyond the *patience* of a *man*; and the defence of *spotless innocence* will, I hope, excuse my *accepting* your *challenge*, or at least my *obliging* you to retract your *infamous aspersions*. I *will not*, if I can avoid it, *shed your blood*, nor shall you *mine*. But *Indiana's purity* I *will defend*. Who *waits*?

ANGER ROUSED.

Serv. Did you *call*, Sir?

Bev. Yes, go *call a coach*.

AUTHOR.

SUBMIS.

COMMAND.

TREPIDAT.
with
SUBMIS.
* ANGER.

Serv. Sir—Mr. Myrtle—Gentlemen—You are friends—I am but a *Servant*—But——

Bev. * *Call a coach.* [Exit Serv.]

[A long pause. They walk fullenly about the room.]

RECOL-
LECTION.

[Aside.] Shall I (though provoked beyond *sufferance*) *recover* myself at the entrance of a *third person*, and that my *servant* too; and shall I not have a due *respect* for the dictates of my own *conscience*? for what I owe to the *best of fathers*, and to the *defenceless innocence* of my lovely *Indiana*, whose very *life* depends on *mine*?

[To Mr. Myrtle.] I have, *thank heaven*, had time to *recollect* myself, and have *determined* to *convince* you, by *means* I would willingly have *avoided*, but which yet are preferable to *murderous duelling*, that I am more innocent of *nothing*, than of *rivalling* you in the affections of *Lucinda*.

REMON.

Read this letter; and consider, what effect it would have had upon you to have *found* it about the man you had *murdered*.

SULLEN-
NESS.

[Myrtle reads.] “ I hope it is *consistent* with
“ the laws a woman ought to impose upon her-

SURPRISE.

“ self to acknowledge, that your manner of *de-*
“ *clining* what has been *proposed* of a treaty of

RISING
LOPE.

“ marriage in our family, and *desiring*, that the
“ *refusal* might come from *me*, is more engaging,
“ than the *Smithfield courtship* of *him*, whose arms

“ I am

† To be spoken with the *right hand* on the *breast*.

" I am in danger of being *thrown* into, unless Joy.

" your friend *exerts* himself for our common

" *safety and happiness*."—O, I want no more, to
clear your innocence, my injured, worthy friend— SHAME.

I see her dear name at the bottom— I see that you
have been far enough from designing any obstacle
to my happiness, while I have been treating my
benefactor as my betrayer—O Bevil, with what
words shall I— REMORSE.
CONFUSION

Bev. There is no need of words. To convince BENEV.
is more than to conquer. If you are but satisfied,
that I meant you no wrong, all is as it should be.

Myrt. But can you— forgive—such mad- ANGUISH.
ness? REMORSE.

Bev. Have not I myself offended? I had almost BENEV.
been as guilty as you, though I had the advantage and
of you, by knowing what you did not know. FORGIV.

Myrt. That I should be such a precipitate ANGUISH.
wretch? REMORSE.

Bev. Prithee no more. FORGIV.

Myrt. How many friends have died by the hand SELF-
of friends, merely for want of temper! What do I CONGRAT.
not owe to your superiority of understanding? What with
a precipice have I escaped! O my friend— Can HORROR.

you ever----forgive----Can you ever again look INTREAT.
upon me---with an eye of favour? with
REMORSE.

Bev.

* In reading the letter, the countenance of Myrtle ought to
quit, by degrees, the look of anger, and to pass to those
marked on the margin.

BENEVO-
LENCE.

Bev. Why should I *not*? *Any* man may *mis-*
take. *Any* man may be *violent*, where his *love* is
concerned. I was *myself*.

ADMIRA-
TION.

Myrt. O *Bevil*! You are capable of *all that*
is great, all that is heroic

[Enter a servant to Bevil, and gives a letter.]

XXXVI.

CHARACTERS.

From Mr. *Pope's* MORAL ESSAYS. [Epist. III.]

NARRA-
TION.

WHERE London's column, pointing to
the skies,

Like a tall bully, lifts its head, and lies,

There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,

A plain, good man, and Balaam was his name;

Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;

His word would pass for more than he was worth.

One solid dish his week-day meal affords;

An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's.

Constant at church, and change. His gains were sure,

His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

VEXATION.

EARNEST.

NARRA-
TION.

The Dev'l was *piq'd* such *saintship* to behold,

And long'd to tempt him, like good *Job* of old;

But Satan now is *wiser* than of yore,

And tempts by making *rich*; not making *poor*.

Rous'd by the prince of air, the *whirlwinds* sweep

The surge, and plunge his father in the deep;

Then full against his *Cornish lands* they *roar* ;
And two *rich shipwrecks* *blest* the *lucky shore*.

Sir Balaam now ! He *lives* like *other folks* ;
He takes his *chirping pint*, and *cracks* his *jokes*.

PRIDE.

“ *Live* like *yourself* ;” was soon my *lady’s* word ;
And lo ! two *puddings* *smok’d* upon the *board*.

Asleep, and *naked*, as an *Indian* lay,

An *honest factor* *stole* a *gem* away ;

CRAFT.

And *pledg’d* it to our *knight*. Our *knight* had *wit* ;
He *kept* the *diamond*, and the *rogue* was *bit*.

Some *scruple* *rose*. But *thus* he *eas’d* his *thought* ;

ANXIETY.

“ I’ll now give *six-pence*, -where I gave a *groat* ;

AFFECTED

“ Where *once* I went to *church*, I’ll now go *twice*,

PIETY.

“ And am *so* *clear*, too, of all *other vice*.”

The *tempter* saw his *time* ; the *work* he *ply’d* ;

CRAFT.

Stocks and *subscriptions* *pour* on *ev’ry side* ;

Till *all* the *demon* makes his *full descent*,

EARNEST-
NESS.

In one *abundant show’r* of *cent per cent* ;

Sinks *deep* within him, and *possesses* *whole* ;

Then *dubs* *director*, and *secures* his *soul*.

Behold ! *Sir Balaam*, now a man of *spirit*,

PRIDE.

Ascribes his *gettings* to his *parts* and *merit*.

What late he call’d a *blessing*, now was *wit*,

And *God’s* good *providence*, a *lucky bit*.

Things change their *titles*, as our *manners* turn ;

NARRA-
TION.

His *compting-house* employs the *Sunday-morn*.

Seldom at *church*, (’twas such a *busy life*)

But *duly* sent his *family* and *wife*.

There (to the *Dev’l* ordain’d) one *Christmas-tide*

My good old lady *caught* a *cold*, and *dy’d*.

A nymph

A nymph of *quality* admires our knight.
 He *marries*; bows at court; and grows *polite*;
 Leaves the *dull city*, and joins (to please the fair)
 The *well-bred* cuckolds in St. James's air.
 First, for his son a *gay commission* buys,
 Who *drinks*, *whores*, *fights*, and in a *duel* dies.
 His *daughter* struts a *viscount's* tawdry wife;
 And bears a *coronet*, and *p—x* for life.
 In Britain's *senate* he a *seat* obtains;
 And *one more pensioner* St. Stephen's gains.
 My lady takes to *play*, so *bad* her chance,
 He *must* repair it. Takes a *bribe* from *France*.
 The *house* impeach him. Coningsby *barangues*.
 The *court* forsake him; and Sir Balaam *bangs*.
 Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own;
 His wealth, yet *dearer*, forfeit to the crown.
 The *Devil* and the *king* divide the prize.
 And *sad* Sir Balaam *curses* God, and dies.

CONFU-
 SION.

XXXVII.

ANXIETY. RESOLUTION.

Cato sitting in a thoughtful posture. In his hand
Plato's book on the immortality of the soul.
A drawn sword on the table by him. After
a long pause, he lays down the book, and
speaks.

IT must be so—*Plato, thou reason'st well—*

Else whence this *pleasing hope, this fond desire**,

This *longing after immortality*?

Or whence this *secret dread, and inward horror*

Of *falling into nought*?—Why *shrinks the soul*

Back on *herself*, and startles at *destruction*?

'Tis the *Divinity* that *stirs within us*;

'Tis *Heav'n itself* that *points out an Hereafter*,

And *intimates eternity* to man.

* *Eternity!* — *thou pleasing* * — *dreadful* †
thought!

Through what *variety of untry'd being*,

Through what *new scenes and changes* must we
pass?

DEEP
CONTEMPL.

COMFORT.

DESIRE.

FEAR.

AWE.

* SATISF.
† APPRE.

CURIOSITY.

The

* ——"this *fond desire*," may be spoken with the *right hand laid on the breast*.

† "Eternity!—*thou pleasing*," &c. requires an *eye fixed*, with *profound thoughtfulness*, on one point, throughout this line.

- The gods, the unnumber'd spirits live before me,
 But passions, passions, and desires, rest upon it.
 * Here will I stand—If there's a Power above us
 And that there is, let nature's voice aloud
 Through all her works—He must delight in
 twice,
 And that, which He delights in must be happy.
 ANXIETY. But when '— or where!—This world was made
 for Cæsar.
 * COUR. I'm weary of conjectures—* This must end them.
 [Laying his hand on his sword.]
 FIRMNESS. Thus am I doubly arm'd. ' My death, my life:—
 My bane and antidote, are both before me;
 APPRE. This---in a moment, brings me to an end.
 COMFORT. Whilst this informs me, I shall never die.
 NOBLE. The scut, secur'd in her existence, smiles
 PRIDE. At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 TRIUMPH. The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt

* —“ My death, my life,” &c. Long pauses between, and pointing, or looking at the sword in pronouncing “ my death,” and at the book in pronouncing “ my life,” and so in “ my bane, and antidote,” and in the two following lines.

* “ The soul, &c. may be pronounced with the right hand laid upon the breast.

* “ The stars,” &c. may be spoken with the eyes raised toward heaven, and the arms moderately spread.

* —“ thou—shalt flourish,” &c. The right hand upon the breast.

LESSONS.

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** Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush^b of worlds.*

XXXVIII.

ANGER. THREATENING.

Satan's speech to Death stopping his passage
through the gate of Hell; with the answer.
[*Milt. PARAD. LOST, B. II. v. 681.*]

WHENCE, and *what* art thou, *execrable shape*! QUEST.
with
ANGER.
That *dar'st*, though *grim* and *terrible*, ad-
vance

Thy *miscreated front* *athwart* my way RESOL.
To *yonder gates*? through *them* I mean to *pass*, CONF.
That be *assur'd*, *without* leave ask'd of *thee*. THREATEN-
Retireⁱ; or *taste* thy *folly*, and learn by *proof*, ING.
Hell-born, not to *contend* with *spirits* of *Heav'n*.

To whom the goblin full of wrath reply'd.
"Art *thou* that *traitor Angel*, art *thou He*, ANGER.
Who *first* *broke* *peace* in *Heav'n*, and *faith*, till
" *then*

" *Unbroken*,

^a "Unhurt," &c. The arms spread again as before.

^b —"the crush," &c. The hands brought together with force.

ⁱ "Retire;" is to be spoken as a whole sentence, and with the greatest force of threatening. See *Anger*, page 23.

- “ *Unbroken, and in proud, rebellious arms*
 “ *Drew after him the third part of Heav’n’s sons,*
 “ *Conjur’d against the Highest, for which both thou*
 “ *And they, outcast from God, are here condemn’d*
 “ *To waste eternal days in woe and pain?*
 CONTEMPT “ *And reckon’st thou thyself with spirits of Heav’n,*
 with “ *Hell-doom’d, and breath’st defiance here, and scorn,*
 ANGER. “ *Where I reign king, and to enrage thee more,*
 PRIDE. “ *Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,*
 THREATEN- “ *False fugitive^k, and to thy speed add wings,*
 ING. “ *Left with a whip of scorpions I pursue*
 “ *Thy ling’ring, or with one stroke of this dart*
 “ *Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before.”*

^k —“ and to thy *speed*,” &c. to be spoken quick.

XXXIX.

DEPRECATION. RECOLLECTION.

The speech of Sin to Satan, to prevent a hostile encounter between the latter and Death; with the effect of her speech. [*Milt. PARAD. LOST.* B. II. v. 726.]

- "¹ *O Father! what intends thy band,*" (she cry'd) EXCLAM.
 " *Against thy only son? What fury, O son,* REPROOF.
 " *Possesses thee to bend that mortal dart*
 " *Against thy father's head? And know'it for*
 " *whom;*
 " *For Him, who sits above, and laughs the while* VEXATION.
 " *At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute*
 " *Whate'er his wrath, which he calls justice, bids;*
 " *His wrath; which one day will destroy ye both."* ALARM.
 She spoke, and at her words the hellish pest NARRA-
Forbore, then these to her Satan return'd: TION.
 " *So strange thy outcry, and thy words so strange* SURPRISE.
 " *Thou interposest, that my fudden hand*
 " *Prevented, spares to tell thee yet by deeds* RECOLLECT.
 " *What it intends; till first I know of thee,*
 " *What thing thou art, thus double form'd, and* QUEST.
 " *why*

¹ "O Father," &c. must be spoke *quick*, as people do, when they mean to prevent imminent mischief.

“ In this infernal vale *first met*, thou call’st
 “ *Me Father*, and that *phantasm* call’st *my son* ;
 “ I *know thee not* ; nor ever *saw*, till now,
 AVERS. “ *Sight more detestable than him and thee.*

XL.

VEXATION. PERTNESS. CRINGING.

Part of Mr. Pope’s complaint of the impertinence
 of scribblers. [From the PROLOGUE to his
 IMITATIONS of HORACE’S SATIRES.

GRATI-
 TUDE.

VEXATION.

FRIEND^m to my *life* ! (which did not *you*
prolong,
ⁿ The *world* had *wanted*---many an *idle song*)
 What *drop*, or *nostrum*, can this *plague* remove ?
 Or *which* must *end* me, a *fool’s wrath*, or *love* ?
 A *dire dilemma* ! *Either way* I’m *sped* ;
 If foes, they *write*, if friends, they *read* me *dead*.
Seiz’d, and *ty’d down* to *judge*, how *wretched I* !
 Who *can’t* be *silent*, and who *will not lie*.
 To *laugh* were want of *goodness*, and of *grace* ;
 And to be *grave* exceeds all *pow’r* of *face*.

I fit

^m Dr. Arbuthnot.

ⁿ “ The *world* had *wanted* ”—Thus far ought to be spoken
 with great emphasis, as if somewhat very important were
 coming ; and the remaining part of the line, “ many an *idle*
song,” in a ludicrous manner.

L E S S O N S.

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I fit with *sad civility*. I read

° With *serious anguish*, and an *aking bead*;

Then drop, at last, but in *unwilling ears*,

This *saving counsel*, "Keep your piece *nine* ADVISING.
" *years*."

"*Nine years*!" cries he, who high in Drury- OFF. with
lane, SURPR.

Lull'd by *soft zephyrs* through the *broken pane*,

Rhymes ere he *wakes*, and *prints* before *term ends*,

Oblig'd by *hunger*--- and *request* of *friends*;

"The piece, you think, is *incorrect*. Why *take it*, PERTN.

"I'm all *submission*; what you'd *have it*, *make it*." CRING.

Three things another's *modest wishes* bound; VEXAT.

My friendship, and a *prologue*, and *ten pound*. CRING.

Pitholeon¹ sends to me; "You know his *Grace*."

"I want a *patron*---Ask him for a *place*."

"Pitholeon *libell'd* me---" ° "But here's a *letter* OFF.

"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew *no* ° CRIN.

" *better*."

"Dare you *refuse* him? " Curl invites to dine; THREATEN-

"He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn *divine*." ING.

L 2

Bless

° "With *serious anguish*," &c. may be spoken as if sick.
See *Sickness*, p. 26.

° Alluding to Horace's "Nonumque prematur in annum."

¹ Pitholeon. The name of a foolish ancient poet.

° "Curl invites," &c. Mr. Pope was, it seems, ill used
by Curl, a bookseller, by the writer of a *Journal* or *News-*
paper, and by a "parson much bemus'd in beer."

- Or from *without*, to all *temptations* arm'd.
 SELF-CORR. Had'it thou the same *free-will*, and *pow'r* to *stand*?
 Thou *had'st*: *whom* hast thou then, or *what*
 t'accuse,
 But Heav'n's *free love* dealt equally to all?
 BLASPHE. Be then his *love* *accurs'd*: since *love* or *bate*,
 RAGE. To me alike it deals *eternal woe*.
 SELF-CORR. Nay *curs'd* be *thou*; since against *his*, *thy will*
 Chose *freely* what it now so justly *rues*.
 DESPERATION. O *wretched spirit*! *which way* shall I *fly*
 Infinite *wrath*, and infinite *despair*?
 Which way I *fly* is *Hell*, *myself* am *Hell*;
 And in the *lowest deep*, a *lower deep*
 Still *threat'ning* to *devour* me *opens wide*,
 To which the *Hell*, I suffer, seems a *Heav'n*---
 Essay toward REPENT. O then, at *last*, *relent*. Is there *no place*
 • PRIDE. Left for *repentance*? *None* for *pardon* left?
None left, but by *submission*; * and *that word*
Disdain forbids me, and my *dread of shame*
 Among the *sp'rits* *beneath*, whom I *seduc'd*
 With *other promises*, and *other vaunts*
 Than to *submit*; boasting I could *subdue*
 ANGRY. Th' Omnipotent. *Ay me!* *they* little know
 How *dearly* I abide that *boast* so *vain*;
 Under what *torments* inwardly I *groan*,
 While they *adore* me on the throne of *Hell*,
 With *diadem* and *sceptre* high *advanc'd*,
 The *lower* still I fall, only *supreme*
 In *misery*; such *joy* *ambition* finds.
 PRIDE. But say I *could* *repent*, and *could* *obtain*,

By



LESSONS.

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By act of grace, my former state ; how soon
Would *beight* recal *high thoughts*, how soon *unsay*
What feign'd *submission* swore ? *Ease* would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.

For never can true reconciliation grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep :
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse,
And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher, therefore as far
From granting *He*, as I from begging peace :
All hope excluded thus, behold instead
Of us outcast, exil'd his new delight,
Mankind created, and for them this world.

So farewel hope ; and with hope farewel fear,
Farewel remorse : all good to me is lost ;

Evil be thou my good ; by thee at least
Divided Empire with Heav'n's King I hold,
By thee, and more than half, perhaps, shall reign ;
As man, ere long, and this new world shall know.

MALICE.

HOPELESS
ANGUISH.
MALICE.

FIXED
DESP.

RESOLVED
OBDUR.
MAL. bent
on Mischief.

XLII.

WALKING in SLEEP, and a DISTURBED CON-
SCIENCE. [MACBETH.]

Enter Lady Macbeth', with a taper.

LISTENING. Gent. *LOOK you! here she comes. This is her
guise. Observe her. Stand close.*

WOND. Doct. *Her eyes are open.*

Gent. *Ay, but their sense is shut.*

ATTEN. Doct. *What is it she does now? Look how she
rubs her hands.*

Gent. *It is an accustomed action with her to
seem thus washing her hands. I have known her
continue this a quarter of an hour.*

GUILT. La. Macb. *Yet here's a spot'.*

ATTEN. Doct. *Hark, she speaks.*

La. Macb.

³ The pupil, if he has not seen MACBETH, must be informed, that Duncan, one of the ancient kings of Scotland, was, according to Buchanan and other historians, murdered by Macbeth, one of the nobles of that kingdom, at the instigation of his Lady, in their own house, in order to Macbeth's ascending the throne; and that *Shakespeare*, in this scene, intends to represent her troubled in her sleep with guilt and fear.

⁴ There must be but little emphasis used in expressing what Lady Macbeth says, because it is but *dreaming*.

La. Macb. *Out, cursed spot. Out, I say—* GUILT.
One, two. Now is the time to do it—Hell is HORROR.
murky—Fie, my lord! A soldier afraid! What ENCOU.
need we fear? Who knows it? Who has power to
call us to account?—But who could have thought, GUILT.
the old man had so much blood in him?

Gent. Do you mark that?

La. Macb. The Thane of Fife is a married
man. Where is his wife now? Murdered, did you ATTEN.
say? Who could be so bloody to mangle such sweet- with
ness?—What, will these hands never be clean? No SUSP.
more of that, my lord; no more of that. You GUILT.
mar all with your starting---Here is the smell of ENCOU.
blood still---All the perfumes of Arabia will not GUILT.
sweeten this little band. Oh, oh, oh!

Doct. What a *fig* was there! That *heart* is ANGUISM.
so sorely charged. This disease is beyond my prac- SUSPICION.
tice.

La. Macb. *Wash, your hands, put on your* ENCOU.
night-gown. Take courage---I tell you Banquo
is buried, all but the blood that was shed at his dis-
patching; and that has no likeness to be known by.
Are you afraid he'll come out of his grave again?
To bed, to bed, to bed. There is a knocking at the FEAR.
gate. Come, come, come. What is done cannot be
undone. To bed, to bed, to bed.

• "One, two," must be spoken as counting a great clock.

XLIII.

INTREATING. COMPLAINT OF INJURY.
REFUSING.

The Embassy from Agamemnon to Achilles (after the latter had, in disgust, retired from the army) to endeavour to prevail with him to return, and join the allies against the Trojans. Ulysses at table, in Achilles's tent, speaks.

SUBMIS-
SION.

*HEALTH to Achilles! Happy are thy guests!
Not those more honour'd whom Atrides feasts:
Tho' gen'rous plenty crown thy loaded boards;
That Agamemnon's regal tent affords.*

ANXIETY.

*But greater cares sit heavy on our souls;
Not eas'd by banquets, or by flowing bowls.*

SYMPATHY.

*What scenes of slaughter in yon fields appear,
The dead we mourn, and for the living fear.*

APPREHEN-
SION.

*Greece on the brink of fate all doubtful stands,
And owns no help, but from thy saving hands.
Troy, and her sons, for ready vengeance call:
Their threat'ning tents already shade our wall.
Hear how with shouts their conquests they proclaim,
And point at ev'ry ship the vengeful flame.
For them the Father of the gods declares;
Theirs are his omens, and his thunder theirs.*

AWE
with
APPR.

See,

*See, full of force, avenging Hector rise !
All human force the raging chief defies ;
What fury in his breast, what lightning in his eyes !
He waits but for the morn, to sink in flame
The ships, the Greeks, and all the Grecian name.
Return, Achilles ! Ob return, tho' late,
To save thy Greeks, and stop the course of fate ;
If in that heart or grief, or courage lies,
Rise to redeem : ah yet to conquer rise.
The day may come, when, all our warriors slain,
That heart shall melt, that courage rise in vain.*

TERROR.

BESEECH-
ING.

WARNING.

He afterwards enumerates the advantageous conditions offered by Agamemnon, to engage him to return. To all which Achilles gives the following answer.

————— *Ulysses* * !—hear
A faithful speech, that knows nor art, nor fear.
What in my secret soul is understood
My tongue shall utter, and my deeds make good.
Let Greece then know, my purpose I retain,
Nor with new treaties vex my peace in vain.
Long toils, long perils in their cause I bore :
But now th' unfruitful glories charm no more.
Fight, or not fight, a like reward we claim ;
The wretch and hero, find their prize the same ;
Alike regretted in the dust he lies,
Who yields ignobly, or who bravely dies.

STERN
FIRMNESS.

DISPLEAS.

EXPROBRA-
TION.

Of

* " *Ulysses* !" is to be spoken as a whole sentence.

Of all my dangers, all my glorious pains,
 A life of labours ! lo, what fruit remains !
 As the bold bird her helpless young attends,
 From danger guards them, and from want defends;
 In search of prey she wings the spacious air,
 And with untasted food supplies her care ;
 For thankless Greece such hardships have I brav'd,
 Her matrons, and her tender infants sav'd,
 Long sleepless nights in heavy arms have stood,
 And spent laborious days in dust and blood.
 I sack'd twelve ample cities on the main,
 And twelve lay smoking on the Trojan plain.
 Then at Atrides' baughty feet were laid
 The wealth I gather'd, and the spoils I made.
 Your mighty monarch these in peace possess ;
 Some few my soldiers had ; himself the rest.
 Wrong'd in my love, all proffers I disdain ;
 Deceiv'd for once, I trust not kings again.
 Ye have my answer—* What remains to do,
 Your king, Ulysses, may consult with you.
 What needs he the defence this arm can make ?
 Has he not walls, no human force can shake ?
 Has he not fenc'd his guarded navy round
 With piles, with ramparts, and a trench profound ?
 And will not these, the wonders he has done,
 Repel the rage of Priam's single son ?
 There was a time ('twas when for Greece I fought)
 When Hector's prowess no such wonders wrought.
 He kept the verge of Troy, nor dar'd to wait
 Achilles' vengeance at the Scæan gate.

SNEER
 with
 REPR.

RESOL.

REFU.

• SNEER.

SELF-
 COMMEND.

But

L E S S O N S.

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But now those *deadly contests* are no more.
To-morrow we the *fav'ring gods* implore ;
 Then shall ye see our *parting vessels* crown'd,
 And hear with ears the *Hellefpont* resound.
 Then *tell your king*, that *all the Greeks* may bear,
 And learn to *scorn* the man they *basely* fear.
 (For arm'd in *impudence*, mankind he *braves*,
 And meditates new *cheats* on all his *slaves* ;
 Tho' *shameless* as he is, to meet these *eyes*
 Is what he *dares not* : if he *dares*, he *dies*.)
 Tell him, *all terms*, *all commerce*, I *decline*,
 Nor *share* his *counsels*, nor his *battles* join :
 For, *once* deceiv'd was *his* ; but *twice* were *mine*.
My fates, long since by *Thetis* were *disclos'd* ;
 And each alternate, *life*, or *fame*, *propos'd*.
Here if I *stay* before the *Trojan town*,
Short is my *date* ; but *deatblefs* my *renown*.
 If I *return*, I quit *immortal praise*
 For *years on years*, and *long* extended *days*.
 Convinc'd, tho' *late*, I *find* my *fond mistake*,
 And *warn* the *Greeks* the *wiser* choice to make ;
 To *quit* these *shores* ; their *native seats* enjoy,
 Nor hope the *fall* of *beav'n-defended Troy*.
Life is not to be *bought* with *heaps of gold* ;
 Not all, *Apollo's* *Pythian treasures* bold,
 Or *Troy once* *beld*, in *peace* and *pride* of *sway*,
 Can *bribe* the *poor* *possession* of a *day*.
 Lost *berds* and *treasures* we by *arms* *regain*,
 And *steeds* *unrival'd* on the *dusty plain*.

RESOLU-
TION.

INSULT.

FIXED
HATRED.

RESOLU-
TION.

ADVISING.

SERIOUS
REFLEXION.

But,

LESSONS.

But, from our lips the *vital spirit* fled
Returns no more to wake the *silent dead*.

He concludes with declaring his determined resolution not to return. And the ambassadors take their leave, to go back to the army.

XLIV.

Humorous scene from *Shakespeare's* MIDSUMMER
NIGHT'S DREAM.

Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snowt, and
Starveling.

ENQV.

DIRECTING.

Quince. IS all our company *here*?

Bot. You had best call them *conjunctly* and *severally*, *generally* and *specially*, that is, whereof to call them *man* by *man*, according to the *scrip*.

INFORMING.

Quin. Here is the scroll of *every* man's *name*, in *this town*, that is fit to be seen upon the *stage* before the *duke* and *duchefs*.

DIRECTING.

Bot. 'Good *Peter Quince*, go to *work* in a *method*. Begin at the *top*, and go on to the *bottom*; that is, whereof as a man may say, first tell us what the *play treats of*, then read the *names* of

7 "Good *Peter Quince*," &c. To be spoken with a great affectation of *wisdom*; but in a *clumsy* and *rustic manner*.

LESSONS.

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of the *actors*, and so your business will stand by itself as *regular*, as a *building* set upon the very *pinnacle* of its *foundation*.

Quin. Why then, the play is the most *delectable* and *lamentable* comedy entituled and called, The *cruel tragedy* of the death of *Pyramus* and *Thisby* ! INFORMING.

Bot. A very *moving play*, I warrant it. A very *deep tragedy*, I know by the *sound* of the *title* of it. *Pyramus* and *Thisby* ! I suppose they are to have their *throats cut* from *ear* to *ear*, or their *bellies ripped up* from the *waist-bands* of their *breeches* to their *cbins*. Well, now, *good Peter*, DIRECTING. call forth your *actors* by the *scrowl*. *Masters*, spread yourselves out into a *clump*, every man, *conjunctly* by *himself*.

Quin. *Answer*, as I *call* you. *Nick Bottom*, AUTH. *weaver*.

Bot. *Ready*. *Name my part*, and *proceed*. AFFEC.

Quin. You, *Nick Bottom*, are set down for *Pyramus*. SMARTNESS.

Bot. I am to play *Pyramus* ? Well, and *who* is *Pyramus* ? A *gentleman* or a *simple man* ? AUTH. ENQU.

Quin. *Pyramus* is a *lover*, and *Thisby* is his *sweetheart*. *Pyramus kills himself* for *grief*, because a *lion* had got hold of *Thisby's cloak*, and *tore* it, which makes *Pyramus conclude*, as how he had *tore her* too, and *eaten her up*, all but the *cloak* ; whereof he had not touched her. So that poor *Pyramus loses his life*, d'ye see, for *nothing* TEACHING.
at

at all; whereof you know, that is enough to make a man *hang himself*.

ENQU.

Bot. What then, am I to hang myself for *ver-
ation*, because I had *killed* myself for *nothing*?

DENY.

Quin. No; that is not in the *play*.

APPREHEN-
SION.

Bot. Here will be *salt tears wept*, or I am mistaken. An *I be the man*, that acts this same *Pyramus*, let the ladies look to their *eyes*. I will *condole* and *congratulate* to some *tune*. I will *break every heart* that is not *double-booped* with *flint*. I have a *main notion* of acting your *lover*, that is *crossed* in *love*. There is but *one thing*, that is *more* to my *humour* than your tribulation *lover*. That is, your tyrant; your *thundering tyrant*. I

BOMBAST.

could play you, for example, I could play you such a tyrant as *Herricoles*², when he gets on the *brimstone shirt*, and is all on *fire*; as the unlucky boys burn a great rat alive with spirits. And then, when he takes up little—what's his name—to *squir* him off of the *cliff* into the *sea*. O

RANT.

then 'tis *fine*^b, "I'll *split* the *raging rocks*; and
" *shiv'ring shocks*, with *thund'ring knocks*, shall
" *break the locks* of *prison gates*. And *Febal's*
car shall *shine* from *far*, and *kindle war*, with
" *man*

² Hercules.

^a Lichas.

^b This bombastic passage (probably intended to ridicule some play written in Shakespeare's time) cannot be too much *mouthed* and *rant*ed.

^c Phœbus's.

"many a scar, and make and mar the stubborn
"fates." There is your right tragedy stuff. APPLAUSE.
This is *Herricole's vein* to a hair. This is your
only true tyrant's vein. Your lawyer's vein is more
upon the condoling and congratulating. Now, *Peter Quince*, name the rest of the players. DIRECT-
ING.

Quin. *Francis Flute, bellows-mender.* AUTHO.

Flute. *Here, Peter Quince.* AFFECTAT.

Quin. * Francis, you must take *Thibby* on you. SMARTN.

Flute. † *What*, that is to be *Nick Bottom's*
sweetheart, and to have my cloak worried alive by
the great beast? Why, *Peter*, I have a beard a
coming. I shan't make a clever woman, as you
may say, unless it were Mrs. *What d'ye call her*,
Mrs. *Tibby's mother* or *aunt*. Has not the gen-
tlewoman of the play a mother, or an aunt, that
appears? * AUTH.
† ENQU.
DOUBT.

Quin. Yes; but you must do *Thibby*. You ENCOU.
will do *Thibby* well enough, man. You shall do it
in a mask. *Robin Starveling, taylor.* AUTHO.

Star. *Here, Peter Quince.* AFFECTAT.

Quin. § You must play *Pyramus's father*; I SMARTN.
will play *Thibby's father*; *Flute* must play *Thibby*; § AUTH.
and *Snowt Thibby's mother*. *Simon Snug, joiner.*

Snug. *Here, Peter Quince.* AFFECTAT.

Quin. || *Simon*, you must act the part of the *lion*. SMART.
|| AUTH.

Snug. *Heb!* the part of the *lion*, do you say, ENQU.
Peter Quince? Why I never made a beast of my-
self

self in my *life*, but *now* and *then*, when I have drunk a *cup too much*.

ENCOUR.

Quin. *Pshaw, pshaw*, a *better man*, than *you or I either*, has been made a *beast* before *now*, ay, and a *born'd beast* too. But the *lion* is a *royal beast*, the *king of beasts*. So, Simon, you must play the part of the *lion*.

DOUBT.

Snug. Well, but an it be a *long part*, I can't remember it; for I have but a *poor brain*. Let me see how many *pages*.

ENCOUR.

Quin. Why, Simon, it is not *written*. And, for the matter of that, you may do it *off hand*. It is nothing but *roaring*.

ADVISING.

Bot. I'll tell you *what*, *Peter Quince*; you were better to let *me* act the part of the *lion*. *Simon Snug* is but a *ben-bearted* sort of a fellow. He won't roar you so loud as a *mouse* in the hole in the *wall*. But, if you will let *me* play the part, I will make such a *noise*, as shall do any man's heart *good* to hear me. I will roar, that the duke shall cry, *Encore, encore*, let him *roar*, let him *roar*, once *more*, once *more*.

BOASTING.

CAUTION-
ING.

Quin. But if you were *too terrible*, you might *frighten* the *duchess* and the *ladies*, that they would *shriek*, and that were enough to *hang us all*.

SELF-VIN-
DICATION.

Bot. *Ay*, if the *duchess* and the *ladies* were *frighted* out of their *wits*, to be sure, perhaps, they might have *no more wit*, than to get us all *hang'd*;

bang'd; but do you think, Peter Quince, that I have no more *inhumanity* in my nature, than to frighten people? I would *refrain* and *aggravate* my voice, that I would roar you as *gentle* as any *sucking dove*; I would roar you as it were any *nightingale*.

Quin. I tell you, Nick Bottom, hold your AUTH.
tongue, with your *roaring*, and set your heart at rest. You shall play *nothing* but *Pyramus*.

Bot. Well; if I *must*, I *must*. What cannot be SUBMIS-
endur'd, you *know*, *must* be *cur'd*. But what SION.
beard were I best to play it in? ENQU.

Quin. You must not have on a *grey beard*, DISACT-
you know; because it will not look *natural* for ING.
a man with a *grey beard* to be acting the part of
a *lover*.

Bot. Why, *look you*, Master Peter Quince, I SELF-VIN-
don't think it so very *unnatural* to see people, DICATION.
with *grey beards*, acting the part of *lovers*; at
least, I am sure, it had not *need* be *unnatural*; for
it is *common* enough. But, howsomdever, it will
look a little *unnatural*, as you say, to see the
young woman, Mrs. Tibby, *fondling* and looking
sweet upon a man with a *grey beard*. Wherefore
upon *minture liberation*, I will play it in a beard
black as jet.

Quin. Here, then, *Masters*; take your parts, EXHORT.
and *con* them over with as much *retention* as you
can; that you may be ready to *rehearse* by to-
morrow night.

M 2

Bot.

ENQU.

Bot. But *where* must we *rehearse*, Peter Quince?

APPREHENSION.

Quin. Why, you know, if we should go to rehearse in a *garret*, or a malt-loft, we should but draw a *mob*, and perhaps get ourselves taken up for *cromancers*. Therefore we must go to the *palace wood*, and do it by *moonlight*. Then you know, we shall do it with *dacity* and *imposure* of mind, when there is no body to *deplaud*, or to *bifs*.

CONTRIV.

Bot. *Right*, Peter Quince. We will be *ready* for you. [Exeunt.]

XLV.

C H I D I N G.

The speech of Hector to Paris, on his avoiding, on the field of battle, Menelaus, the husband of Helen, whom he had decoyed from Sparta to Troy, which occasioned the Trojan war—
[Pope's Hom. Il. III. v. 53.]

NARRATION.

AS godlike Hector sees the prince retreat, He thus upbraids him with a gen'rous heat =

REPROV.

" Unhappy Paris! But to women—brave!

VEXATION.

" So fairly form'd, and only to deceive!

" Oh hadst thou dy'd, when first thou saw'st ~~st~~
" light,

CONTEMPT.

" Or dy'd at least before the nuptial rite!

" A better fate, than vainly thus to boast

" And fly, the scandal of the Trojan host.

" God

L E S S O N S.

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- “ *Gods! how the scornful Greeks exult to see* VEXATION.
 “ *Their fears of danger undeceiv'd in thee!*
 “ *Thy figure promis'd with a martial air;* CONTEMPT.
 “ *But ill thy soul supplies a form so fair.*
 “ *In former days, in all thy gallant pride,*
 “ *When thy tall ships triumphant stemm'd the*
 tide,
 “ *When Greece beheld thy painted canvas flow,*
 “ *And crowds stood wond'ring at the passing show;*
 “ *Say, was it thus, with such a baffled mien,* ENQU.
 “ *You met th' approaches of the Spartan queen?* with
 “ *Thus from her realm convey'd the beauteous prize,* CONTEMPT.
 “ *And both her warlike lords⁴ outshone in Helen's*
 eyes?
 “ *This deed, thy foes delight, thy own disgrace,*
 “ *Thy father's grief, and ruin of thy race,*
 “ *This deed recalls thee to the proffer'd fight;*
 “ *Or hast thou injur'd whom thou dar'st not right?* CHAL-
 “ *Soon to thy cost his sword would make thee* LENCE.
 know,
 “ *Thou keep'st the consort of a braver foe.*
 “ *Thy graceful form, instilling soft desire,*
 “ *Thy curling tresses, and thy silver lyre,*
 “ *Beauty and youth—in vain to these you trust,* WARNING.
 “ *When youth and beauty shall be laid in dust.*
 “ *Troy yet may wake, and one avenging blow* THREATEN-
 “ *Crush the dire author of his country's woe.”* ING.

M 3

XLVI.

⁴ Theseus, her first, and Menelaus, her second husband.

LXVI.

REMORSE. CONFESSION. VIRTUOUS RESOLUTION. AFFECTION. JOY. RAPTURE.

Scene between Sir Charles Easy and his lady (to whom he had been false) after his coming to understand, that his falsehood was known to her, though borne without the least complaint, or outward appearance of dissatisfaction, on her part.

SERIOUS
CONVERS.

Sir Ch. **S**IT still, my dear—I want to talk with you—and, which you well may wonder at, what I have to say is of importance too. But it is in order to our *friendship's* being upon a *better foot* hereafter, than it has been *hitherto*.

AFFEC.
with
SUBMIS.

Lady Easy. Your behaviour to me, Sir Charles, has *always* been *friendly* and *loving*; nor can I charge you with a *look*, that ever had the *appearance* of *unkindness*.

COMPLIM.

Sir Ch. The *perpetual spring* of your *good humour*, Madam, lets me draw *no merit* from what I have *appeared* to be. For you seem to be of a *temper* to *love*, or at least to behave *kindly*, to your *husband*, let his *character* be *what it will*. Yet I cannot, *even now*, reconcile, with your *good sense*,
your

your venturing upon marriage with a man of my indolent character.

Lad. Easy. I never thought it such a hazard. And your having never shewn, even in the time of courtship, the least affection to be any thing, but what you was by nature; and your shewing, through that carelessness of temper, an undesigned honesty of mind, which I suspected a want of in smoother behaviour, won me by taking no pains to win me, and pleased and courted me by taking no pains to please or court me. I concluded, that such a temper could never be deliberately unkind. Or, at the worst, I hoped, that any errors which might arise from want of thinking, might be borne; and that one moment's thought would end them. Thus, Sir Charles, you see my worst of fears. And these, weighed against the hopes I had of winning your heart (as you know, our sex are not too diffident of the power of our own charms) were as nothing.

SUBMISSIVE
AFFECTION.

Sir Ch. My dear, your understanding, when I consider my own conduct, startles me; and makes my own look despicable. I blush to think, I have worn so valuable a jewel in my bosom, and, till this hour, have scarce had the curiosity, or rather the common sense, to think of looking upon its lustre.

WONDER.

SHAME.

Lad. Easy. You set too high a value, Sir Charles, on the common qualities of harmlessness and good-nature in a wife.

SELF-DE-
NIAL.

- PRAISE. Sir Ch. *Virtues, like benefits, are doubled by being modestly concealed.* And I confess, I *suspect* you, Madam, of *virtues*, which, as much as they *exalt your character, disgrace mine.*
- SHAME.
- APPREHEN. Lad. Easy. I don't *understand* you, Sir Charles.
- TREPIDATION. Sir Ch. I must speak *plainer* then—Be *free*, and tell me, *where* did you leave this *handkerchief*?
- START. Lad. Easy. *Ha!*
- TENDERN. Sir Ch. What do you *start* at?—You have nothing to be *troubled* about.—Would to *Heaven* I had as *little.* [Aside.]
- SHAME.
- ANXIETY. Lad. Easy. I *cannot speak*—and I could *wish* you would not *oblige* me—It is the *only* thing I *ever refused* you—And, though I *cannot* give you a *reason*, why I *would* not speak, yet I *hope* you will *excuse* me, *without* a reason.
- INTREATING.
- STINGING REMORSE. Sir Ch. *What then!* Does this *delicate creature* scruple to *accuse* me of what I have *so little scrupled* to be *guilty of!* *Monster!* To *injure* such *goodness!* [Aside.]
- TENDERN. *Well, then, Madam, your will shall be a reason.* I will *urge* the *point* no *farther.* And, indeed, it would *ill become* me. Since you are *so generously tender* of *reproaching* me, I will *declare* to you, that what your *delicacy* avoids *charging* me with, that
- with ADMIR.

* It was by the handkerchief, that he knew his baseness was discovered by his lady.

That my own reflection bears home upon me with tenfold force. Your heroic behaviour has wak'd me to a sense of your disquiet past—disquiet so unworthily caused by me—and—and—[hesitating through fullness of heart] so nobly borne by—her—who least deserved to be forced to bear it.—But, Madam,—[sighing] if I have used you ill—I hope I have sentiment enough still left to secure you from all fear of my offending hereafter. As an earnest of which, let me beg of you to discharge your woman.

REMORSE.

VIRTUOUS
RESOLU-
TION.

INTREAT.

Lad. Easy. My dearest! I think not of her. Your tenderness overcomes me. [Weeping.]

OVER-
POWER.

Sir Ch. Nay, surely, you have no room to praise my tenderness. Such tenderness, as I have shewn to worth like yours, might—but I see you are in pain to give me this confusion. I will not, therefore, increase your uneasiness by reflections on what I have been; but rather, reserving them for my private recollections, try to soothe your anguish by the prospect of happiness to come—happiness from my recovery to a sense of your inimitable excellence, which hereafter I intend shall be the business and the joy of my life to study, and admire. Expect then, thou best of womankind, from my future affection, all that can be conceived of tender and of kind. Nothing, you can expect, shall come up to what you shall experience; for no tenderness can equal your deservings at the hands of such a husband

JOY.
SELF-
DENIAL.
REMORSE.
TENDERN.

PROTEST.
of
AFFECT.

husband as I have *bitberto* been. *Receive me*, then, *entire at last*, and take what *no woman ever truly bad*—not even your *incomparable self*—my *conquered heart*. [Embracing.]

INEXPRESS.
TRANS.
of
LOVE and
JOY.

Lad. Easy. O my *recovered*, my *almost lost*, my *inestimable jewel*!—My *husband*!—My *love*!—O *extasy of joy*!—Too much for *human nature*!—Thus to have all I love on *earth* come *voluntarily and unsolicited*, to load me with *kindness*, and crown me with *happiness*! What is the rapture of the *lover sighing at our feet*, to the *solid joy of receiving the relenting, returning husband*! O *dearest love*! Be not so *profusely kind*. O *Heaven*! Teach me to shew *gratitude suitable* to such a *blessing*!

PIOUS
GRAT.

XLVII.

DISCONTENT. EXCITING. REPROACHING.
PLOTING.

The scene, in which Cassius excites Brutus to oppose Cæsar's power. [Shakepear's JUL. CÆS.]

DISCON.

Cas.—HONOUR is the *subject of my story*:

I cannot tell, what *you*, and *other men*

Think of this *life*, but for *my single self*,
I'd rather *sleep i' th' dust*, than live to be

CONTEMPT.
PRIDE.

In *awe* of such a thing as *I myself*.

I was born *free as Cæsar*. So were *you*.

We

LESSONS.

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We *both* have *fed* as well, and we can *both*
 Endure the winter's *cold* as well as he.
 For once upon a *raw* and *gusty* day,
 The troubled Tiber *chaffing* with his *shores*,
 Cæsar says to me, " *Dar'st* thou, Cassius, now
 " *Leap in* with me into this *angry flood*,
 " *And swim* to yonder *point* ?" Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, ' I *plunged in*,
 And bad him *follow* ; so indeed he *did*.
 The torrent *roar'd*, and we did *buffet* it
 With *lusty sinews*, *throwing* it *aside*,
 And *stemming* it with hearts of *controversy*.
 But ere we could *arrive* the point *propos'd*,
 Cæsar cry'd, "*Help* me, Cassius, or I *sink*."
 * Then, as *Aeneas*, our great *ancestor*,
 Did from the *flames* of *Troy* upon his *shoulders*
 The old *Anchises* bear, so, from the *waves* of *Tiber*,
 Did I the *tired Cæsar* : † and *this man*
 Is *now* become a *god*, and *Cassius* is
 A *wretched creature*, and must *bend* his *body*,
 If *Cæsar* carelessly but *nod* to him.
 He had an *ague*, when he was in *Spain*,
 And when the *fit* was on him, I did *mark*
 How he did *shake* : 'tis *truth*, this *god* did *shake* ;
 His *coward lips* did from their *colour fly*,
 And that same *eye*, whose *bend* doth *awe* the *world*,
 Did *lose* its *lustre* ; I did *bear* him *groan* :

NARRAT.
 with
 CONT.
 QUEST.

COURAGE.

FEAR.
 DISTRESS.
 and
 INTREAT.
 * COURAGE.

† WONDER.

CONTEMPT.

NARRAT.
 with
 CONT.

RANT.

CONTEMPT.

As,

* This passage cannot be expressed with *life*, without something of the *action* of *swimming*.

- Ay, and that tongue of his, that bad the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,*
SICKNESS. *Alas, it cry'd, "Give me some drink, Titinius,"—*
WONDER. *As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.*
- LISTEN. Bru. *Another general shout!*
WONDER. I do believe, that their *applauses* are
DISCON. For some *new honours* that are *heap'd* on *Cæsar*.
RANT. Cæf. Why, *man*, he doth *bestride* the *narrow*
world
Like a *Colossus*, and we sorry dwarfs
Walk under his *huge legs*, and *peep* about,
To find ourselves *dishonourable graves*.
REGRET. Men *sometimes* have been *masters* of their *fates* :
The *fault*, dear Brutus, *is not* in our *stars*,
But in *ourselves*, that we are *underlings*.
EXCITING. Brutus and *Cæsar* ! *what* should be in that *Cæsar* !
Why should that *name* be *sounded* more than *yours* ? —
Write them *together* ; *yours* is as *fair* a *name* ;
Sound them ; it doth *become* the *mouth* as *well* ;
Weigh them ; it is as *heavy* ; *conjure* with them ;
Brutus will *start* a *ghost* as *soon* as *Cæsar*.
WONDER. Now in the *names* of *all* the *gods* at *once*,
Upon what *medit* doth this our *Cæsar* feed,
* CON- That he is grown so *great* ? * *Age* thou art *sham'd* ;
TEMPT. *Rome*, thou hast *lost* the *breed* of *noble bloods*.
When went there by an *age*, since the *Sun* *shone*,
But it was *fam'd* with more than *one* man ?

When

*When could they say, 'till now, who talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
Ob! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
A whip-gall'd slave to lord it over Rome
As soon as this dread Caesar.*

EXCITING.

Brut. * That you do love me, I am *nothing*
jealous;

APPROBA-
TION.

*What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter. For this present,
I would not (so with love I might intreat you)
Be any farther mov'd. What you have said,
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience bear, and find a time
Both meet to bear, and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus——had rather be a Lybian,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome,
Under such hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.*

SERIOUS
CONSIDERA-
TION.

PLOTTING,

DISCON-
TENT.

[Excunt.]

* The character of Brutus being cool courage, his speech is to be expressed accordingly.

XLVIII.

JOY. TROUBLE. FLATTERY. DARING. FEAR.
ROMANTIC IMAGINATION.

Eve's account of her troublesome Dream.
[PARAD. LOST. B. V. v. 28.]

JOY and
LOVE.

DISAGREE-
ABLE
REMEMB.

WHEED.

PLEASING
DESCRIP-
TION.

O Sole in whom my thoughts find *all repose*,
My *glory, my perfection!* Glad I see
Thy *face*, and morn return'd. For I this night
(*Such night till this I never pass'd*) have *dream'd*—
^b *If dream'd—not as I oft am wont, of thee;*
Works of day past; or morrow's next design;
But of *offence, and trouble*, which my mind
Knew *never till this irksome night.* Methought,
Close at mine ear one call'd me forth to walk,
With *gentle voice.* I thought it *thine.* It said,
“*Why sleep'st thou, Eve? Now is the pleasant*
“ *time,*
“ *The cool, the silent, save where silence yields*
“ *To the night warbling bird, that now awake,*
“ *Tunes sweetest his love-laboured song; now reigns*
“ *Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light*
“ *Shadowy sets off the face of things.* ¹ *In vain,*
“ *If*

^b “*If dream'd.*” The impression being so strong, that she was in doubt, whether it was a dream, or a reality.

¹ “*In vain,*” &c. The pupil must be told, that this means, “No matter whether any *earthly* creature is awake
“ to admire your beauty.”

- " *If none regards. Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,* FLATTERY.
 " *Whom to behold but thee, nature's desire?*
 " *In whose sight all things joy with ravisment,*
 " *Attracted by thy beauty—still to gaze."*
 I rose, as at thy call; but found thee not. NARRA-
 To find thee I directed then my walk; TION.
 And on, methought, alone I pass'd through ways,
 That brought me on a sudden to the tree APPREHEN-
 Of interdicted knowledge. Fair it seem'd, SION.
 Much fairer to my fancy, than by day: WONDER.
 And as I wond'ring look'd, beside it stood
 One shap'd and wing'd like one of those from Heav'n
 By us oft seen; his dewy locks distill'd
 Ambrosia. On that tree he also gaz'd;
 And, "O fair plant," said he, "with fruit sur- PLEASURE
 " *charg'd,* and
 " *Deigns none to ease thy load, and taste thy sweet,* DESIRE.
 " *Nor god, nor man? Is knowledge so despis'd?* ENQU.
 " *Or envy, or what reserve forbids to taste?*
 " *Forbid who will, none shall from me withhold* RESOLU-
 " *Longer thy offer'd good, why else set here?"* TION.
 This said, he paus'd not, but with vent'rous arm FEAR.
 He pluck'd, he tasted. Me damp horror chill'd
 At such bold words, vouch'd with a deed so bold.
 But he thus overjoyed, "O fruit divine, JOY.
 " *Sweet of thyself, but much more sweet thus cropt;*
 " *Forbidden here, it seems as only fit*
 " *For gods; yet able to make gods of men:*
 " *And why not gods of men, since good, the more*
 " *Communicated, more abundant grows,*
 " The

- INVITING. " The Author *not impair'd*, but *honour'd more* ?
 " *Here, happy creature ! fair, angelic Eve !*
 " *Partake thou also ; happy though thou art,*
 FLATT. " *Happier thou may'st be ; worthier can'st not be :*
 TEMPTING. " *Taste this, and be henceforth among the gods,*
 " *Thyself a goddess, not to earth confin'd,*
 " *But sometimes in the air, as we ; sometimes*
 " *Ascend to Heav'n, by merit thine, and see*
 " *What life the gods live there, and such live thou."*
 FEAR. So saying, he drew nigh, and to me held,
 Ev'n to my mouth of that same fruit held part,
 RISING DESIRE. Which he had pluck'd. The pleasant, sav'ry smell
 So quicken'd appetite, that I, methought,
 Could not but taste. Forthwith up to the clouds
 ROMANTIC IMAGINAT. With him I flew, and underneath beheld
 The earth outstretch'd immense, a prospect wide
 And various. Wond'ring at my flight and change
 To this high exaltation ; suddenly
 My guide was gone, and I, methought, sunk down,
 JOY. And fell asleep. But O how glad I wak'd
 To find this but a dream.

XLIX.

ANGUISH followed by TRANSPORT.

The scene of Indiana's being found to be Mr.
Sealand's daughter. [CONSC. LOV.]

Ind. I AM told, Sir, you come about *business*, CIVILITY.
which requires your speaking with *me*.

Seal. Yes, Madam. There came to my hands
a bill drawn by Mr. Bevil, which is payable to-
morrow; and as I have *cash* of his, I have made
bold to bring you the money *myself*.—A—a—a— CONFUSION.
and, to be *free*, Madam, the *fame* of your *beauty*,
and the *regard* which Mr. Bevil is but *too well*
known to have for you, excited my *curiosity*.

Ind. *Too well known* to have for *me*! Your OFFEN.
fober appearance, Sir, made me expect no *rude-*
ness, or *absurdity* from you—*Who waits?*—Sir, if
you pay the money to a *servant*, it will be as *well*.

[Going.]

Seal. Pray, Madam, be not *offended*. I came APOLOGY.
hither with an *innocent*, nay, a *virtuous* design.
And, if you will have patience to *bear* me, it may
be of *service* to you, as well as to my *only daughter*,
on *whose account* I come, and whom I was *this*
day to *dispose* of.

Ind. [Aside.] In *marriage* with Mr. Bevil, APPREHENS,
I fear. What I *dreaded* is *come*. But I must
N *compose*

RECOLLECT *compose myself, if possible. [To him.] Sir, you may suppose I shall desire to know any thing, which may be interesting to Mr. Bevil, or to myself.*

CONFU. *As appearances are against me with regard to his behaviour, I ought to forgive your suspicion,*

APOL. *Sir. Be free then; I am composed again. Go on, Sir.*

WOND.
with
DISAP. *Seal. I feared, indeed, an unwarranted passion here. But I could not have thought any man capable of abusing so much loveliness and worth, as your appearance, and behaviour, bespeak. But the youth of our age care not what excellence they destroy, so they can but gratify—*

VINDIC. *Ind. [Interrupting.] Sir, you are going into very great errors. But please to keep your suspicions, and acquaint me, why the care of your daughter obliges a person, of your seeming rank, to be thus inquisitive about a wretched, helpless, friendless—[Weeps.] I beg your pardon, good*

DISTR. *Sir,—I am an orphan, who can call nothing in this world my own, but my virtue—Pray, good Sir, go on.*

APOL.

PITY with
DISAP. *Seal. How could Mr. Bevil think of injuring such sweetness!*

VINDIC. *Ind. You wrong him, Sir. He never thought of injuring me. His bounty he bestows for my support, merely for the pleasure of doing good.*

PRAISE. *You are the gentleman, I suppose, for whose happy daughter he is designed by his worthy father; and he has consented, perhaps, to the proposal.*

ENQU.
with
APPREHENS. *Seal.*

Seal. I own, such a *match* was *proposed*; but it *shall not proceed*, unless I am *satisfied*, that your *connexion* with him may be *consistent* with it.

CAUT.

RESOL.

Ind. It is *only*, Sir, from his *actions* and his *looks*, that I have had *any reason* to flatter myself into the notion of his having *any particular affection* for me. From *them*, I own, I was led into the *hope* of what I *earnestly wished*, that he had *thoughts* of making me the *partner* of his *heart*. But now I find my *fatal mistake*. The *goodness* and *gentleness* of his *demeanour*, with the *richness* of his *benevolence*, made me *misinterpret all*——'Twas my own *hope*, my own *passion*, that *deluded* me—He never made *one amorous advance* to me—His *generous heart* and *liberal hand* meant *only* to help the *miserable*. And I—O *fool* that I was! —I *fondly* suffered myself to be drawn into *imagination* too *high*, and too *ambitious* for my *lowly wretchedness*—Oh—oh—oh!

DISTRESS.

SELF-COND.

[Weeping.]

Seal. Make yourself *easy*, Madam, upon the score of my *daughter*, at *least*. The *connexion* between Mr. *Bevil* and *her* is not gone *so far* as to render it *necessary* that your *peace* should be *destroyed* by such a *marriage*. Depend upon it, Madam, my *daughter* shall never be the cause of your *disappointment*.

COMFORT.

Ind. Sir, your speaking so, makes me still *more wretched*. Shall I be the cause of *injury* to my noble *benefactor*? Shall I, who have no pre-

DISTRESS
HEIGHTEN-
ED.

- PERSU. *terrors to him, be the hindrance of his happiness? Heaven forbid! No, Sir; give your daughter to the worthiest of men. Give her to my generous Bevil—*
 DISTR. *They may be happy, though I should run distracted. And, whilst I preserve my senses, I will weary Heaven with my prayers for their felicity.*
 with
 GRAT. *As for my own fate, it is likely to bold on as it begun, a series of wretchedness—'Twas Heaven's high will that I should be wretched—Taken captive in my cradle—tossed on the seas—there deprived of my mother—that I should only hear of my father; but never see him—that I should then be adopted by a stranger—then lose my adopter—that I should then be delivered from the very jaws of poverty by the most amiable of mankind—that I should give my fond, unthinking heart to this most charming of his sex—and that he should disappoint all my romantic hopes, without leaving me the right, or the pretence of blaming any one but myself. For, oh, I cannot reproach him, though his friendly hand, that raised me to this height, now throws me down the precipice.*
 Oh! [Weeping.]
 COMF. *Seal. Dear lady! Compose yourself to patience—*
 PITY. *if possible. My heart bleeds for your distress—*
 And there is something in your very strange story, that resembles—Does Mr. Bevil know your history particularly?
 ENQU.
 LAMEN. *Ind. All is known to him perfectly. And it is my knowledge of what I was by birth; and what I should have been—*

should be now, that embitters all my misery. I'll tear away all traces of my former self; all that can put me in mind of what I was born to, and am miserably fallen from. [In her disorder she throws away her bracelet, which Mr. Sealand takes up, and looks earnestly on it.] FRENZ.

Seal. *Ha! what means this? Where am I? It is the same! the very bracelet which my wife wore at our last mournful parting.* AMAZE.

Ind. *What said you, Sir? Your wife! What may this mean? That bracelet was my mother's. But your name is Sealand. My lost father's name was——* RECOLLECT. TREPIDATION.

Seal. [Interrupting.] *Danvers, was it not?*

Ind. *What new amazement! That was his name.* AMAZE.

Seal. *I am the true Mr. Danvers, though I have changed my name to Sealand—O my child, my child.* [Catching Indiana in his arms] JOY.

Ind. *All-gracious Heaven! Is it possible? Do I embrace my father?*

Seal. *O my child, my child! My sweet girl! My lost Indiana! Restor'd to me as from the dead! I now see every feature of thy lamented mother in thy lovely countenance! O Heaven! how are our sorrows past o'erpaid by such a meeting! To find thee thus, to have it in my power to bestow thee on thy noble lover, with a fortune not beneath his acceptance.* RAPTURE.

Ind. O it is *more like a dream than reality* !
Have I then a *father's sanction* to my love ! *His*
bounteous hand to give, and make my heart a *pre-*
sent worthy of my generous Bevil ?

Seal. Let us send *immediately* to him, and in-
form him of this *wondrous turn* ; which shews,
that

What'er the gen'rous mind *itself denies*,
The secret care of *Providence supplies*.

L.

R E P R O O F .

Callisthenes's honest speech in reproof of Cleon's
flattery to Alexander, on whom Cleon wanted
divinity to be conferred by vote. [Q. CURT.
VIII.]

DISPLEAS.

REPROOF.

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

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

LI.

INCUICATING. COMMANDING. INTREATING.
WARNING.

The dying charge of Micipsa, king of Numidia, to Jugurtha, whom he had adopted, and made joint-heir to his kingdom, with his two sons Adherbal and Hiempsal.

EXCITING
TO GRATI-
TUDE.

COMMENDA-
TION.

YOU know, Jugurtha, that I *received* you under my *protection* in your *early youth*, when left a *helpless*, and *hopeless orphan*. I advanced you to *high honours* in my *kingdom*; in the full assurance that you would prove *grateful* for my *kindness* to you; and that, if I came to have *children* of my own, you would study to *repay* to *them* that you *owed* to *me*. Hitherto I have had *no reason* to *repent* of my *favours* to you. For, to *omit* all former instances of your *extraordinary merit*, your *late behaviour* in the *Numantian war* has reflected upon *me*, and *my kingdom*, a *new* and *distinguished* glory. You have, by your *valour*, rendered the *Roman commonwealth*, which before was well *affected* to our interest, much more *friendly*. In *Spain*, you have *raised* the *honour* of my *name* and *crown*. And you have *surmounted* what is justly reckoned one of the *greatest difficulties*;

ties; having, by your merit, silenced envy. My dissolution seems now to be fast approaching. I therefore beseech and conjure you, my dear Jugurtha, by this right hand; by the remembrance of my past kindness to you; by the honour of my kingdom, and by the majesty of the gods; be kind to my two sons, whom my favour to you has made your brothers; and do not think of forming a connexion with any stranger to the prejudice of your relations. It is not by arms, nor by treasures, that a kingdom is secured, but by well-affected subjects and allies. And it is by faithful and important servicest hat friendship (which neither gold will purchase, nor arms extort) is secured. But what friendship is more perfect than that which ought to obtain between brothers? What fidelity can be expected among strangers, if it is wanting among relations? The kingdom, I leave you, is in good condition, if you govern it properly; if otherwise, it is weak. For by agreement, a small state increases: by division, a great one goes to ruin. It will lie upon you, Jugurtha, who are come to riper years, than your brothers, to provide, that no misconduct produce any bad effect. And if any difference should arise between you and your brothers, (which may the gods avert!) the public will charge you, however innocent you may be, as the aggressor, because your years and abilities give you the superiority. But I firmly persuade myself, that

INTREAT.

WARNING.

TEACHING.

REMON.

WARNING.

INCULCAT.

DEVOT.

HOPE.

you

you will treat *them* with *kindness*, and that *they* will honour and esteem *you*, as your *distinguished* *virtue* deserves.

LII.

D R U N K E N N E S S ^k.

[*Shakepear's* OTHELLO.]

Cassio. I'LL be ha—[hiccoughs] I'll be hang'd, if these fellows han't given me a fil— a fil— a fillip on the brain-pan——a little one.

Montano. Why, good master lieutenant, we are not beyond pints a-piece, as I'm a fo— as I'm a fo— as I'm a soldier. And that is a shallow brain-pan, which will not hold a poor pint of good liquor.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [Sings.]

And let me the cannakin clink, clink,

And let me the cannakin clink.

A soldier's

^k It may, perhaps, seem strange to some, that such a lesson as this should have a place. But, besides the diversion of seeing drunkenness well imitated, the moral is good. For this very frolic cost Cassio his place.

It is needless to mark the emphatical words in this passage. For drunkenness destroys all emphasis and propriety.

A soldier's a man, and man's life's but a span,
Why then let a soldier have drink, drink,
Why then let a soldier have drink.

Some wine, boy !

Cassio. I'll be shot for a cow— for a cow—
for a coward, if that ben't an excellent song.

Iago. I learnt it in England, where indeed
they are most potent at the pot. Your Dane,
your German, and your swag-belly'd Hollander,
are nothing to your freeborn Englishman. Did
you ever hear an Englishman reckon up the pri-
vileges he has by birth-right ?

Cassio. No, good Iago. What are they,
pray ?

Iago. Why, to say what he pleases of the go-
vernment ; to eat more roast beef, and drink
more port, than any three subjects of any other
country ; and to do whatever he pleases, where-
ever he is. Therefore he raves at the best king,
while your Frenchman worships the worst ; he
breaks this week, the law he voted for last week ;
and in all countries, he is winked at, when he
does what would send a native to a mad-house ;
he eats you up the whole ox in less time than
your Frenchman swills the soup he makes of the
skins ; and as to drinking, he lays you France,
Austria, and Russia, among the table's feet, with
no more conscience at the tavern, than in the
field of battle.

Cassio.

LESSONS.

Cassio. Here is our noble ge— our noble ge—
our noble general's health for ever.

Montano. Ay, ay, good master lieutenant,
and as much longer as you please.

Iago. O sweet England!

King Stephen he was an a worthy peer,
His breeches cost him a whole crown;
He held them six-pence all too dear,
With that he call'd his taylor lown.
He has a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride, that pulls the country down.
So take thy old cloke about thee.

LIII.

VEXATION. SPITEFUL JOY.

The scene between Shylock and Tubal. [*Shakefp.*
MERCH. OF VEN¹.]

QUEST. with
ANXIETY.

Shyl. *HOW* now, Tubal, what news from Ge-
nea? Have you heard any thing of
my *backsliding* daugbter?

Tub.

¹ The pupil must, if he does not know it, be told a little of
the plot, viz. That Shylock had sent Tubal in search of his
daughter, whom his ill usage, and the importunity of her
lover, had occasioned to elope from his house. And that

Antonio

LESSONS.

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Tub. I often *came* where I *heard* of her ; but DISAPP.
could not find her.

Shyl. Why, *there, there, there ! A diamond* VEXAT.
gone, that cost me two thousand ducats at Frank-
fort ! The curse never fell upon our nation till
now. I never felt it before. Two thousand ducats EXECRAT.
in that, and other precious, precious jewels ! I wish
she lay dead at my foot, with the jewels in her ear.
I would she were bears'd with the ducats in her VEXATION.
coffin. No news of them ! And I know not what
spent in the search. Loss upon loss. The thief
gone with so much ; and so much to find the thief ;
and no satisfaction, no revenge, no ill luck stirring,
but what lights on my shoulders ; no sighs, but o' my
breathing ; no tears, but o' my shedding.

Tub. *Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio,* NARRA-
as I heard in Genoa — TION.

Shyl. *What ! Has he had ill luck ?* SPITEF.
[Earnestly.] JOY.

Tub. *Has had a ship cast away coming from* NARRA-
Tripoli. TION.

Shyl. *Thank God ; thank God. † Is it true ? Is* SPITEF.
it true ? JOY.

Tub. *I spoke with some of the sailors, that* † QUES.
'scaped from the wreck. NARRA-
TION.

Shyl.

Antonio was a merchant, mortally hated by Shylock, who had borrowed a sum of money of Shylock on the terms of his forfeiting a pound of his flesh, wherever Shylock pleased to cut it, in case of his failing to discharge the debt on the day it was due.

SPITEF.
JOY.
• QUEST.

Shyl. I thank thee, good Tubal, good news, good news. * What in Genoa, you spoke with them?

NARRA-
TION.

Tub. Your daughter spent, in Genoa, as I heard, in one night, twenty ducats.

ANGU.

Shyl. Thou stick'st a dagger in me. I shall never see my gold again. Twenty ducats at a fitting; Twenty ducats!—O Father Abraham!

NARRA-
TION.

Tub. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that say, he cannot but break.

SPITEF.
JOY.

Shyl. I'm glad of it. I'll plague him. I'll torture him. I'm glad of it.

NARRA-
TION.

Tub. One of them shewed me a ring he had of your daughter for a Monkey.

ANGU.

Shyl. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal. It was my ruby. I had it of Leah. I would not have given it for as many monkeys as could stand together upon the Rialto.

NARRAT.
SPITEF.
JOY.
|| DIREC.
• CRUEL
RESOL.

Tub. Antonio is certainly undone.

Shyl. Ay, ay, there is some comfort in that. || Go, Tubal, see me an officer; bespeak him to be ready. * I will be revenged on Antonio. I will wash my bands, to the elbows, in his heart's blood.

[Exit.]

LIV.

SELF-VINDICATION. REPROOF.

The speech of C. Marius to the Romans, shewing the absurdity of their hesitating to confer on him the rank of general in the expedition against Jugurtha, merely on account of his extraction. [*Salust. BELL. JUGURTHIN.*]

^a IT is but *too common*, my countrymen, to observe a *material difference*, between the behaviour of those, who stand *candidates* for places of power and trust, *before*, and *after* their obtaining them. They *solicit* them in *one* manner, and *execute* them in *another*. * They set out with a great appearance of *activity*, *humility*, and *moderation*; † and they quickly fall into *sloth*, *pride*, and *avarice*. It is, undoubtedly, *no easy matter* to discharge, to the *general* satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander in *troublesome times*. I am, I hope, *duly sensible* of the *importance* of the *office* I propose to take upon me, for the service of *my country*. ⁿ To carry on, with

EXPLAIN-
ING.
* SNEER.
† REPR.
HUMILITY.
ANXIETY.

^a This speech begins calm and cool. See *Tranquillity*, p. 14. *Teaching*, p. 19, &c.

ⁿ "To carry on," &c. The *antitheses*, in this sentence, must be carefully marked in pronouncing it.

with *effect*, an *expensive* war, and yet be *frugal* of the public money; to *oblige* those to *serve*, whom it may be *delicate* to *offend*; to conduct, at the same time, a *complicated variety* of operations; to concert measures at *home* answerable to the state of things *abroad*; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of *opposition* from the *envious*, the *factionaries*, and the *disaffected*; to do all this, my countrymen, is *more difficult* than is *generally* thought. And, besides the disadvantages, which are common to me with all others in eminent stations, my

CONTEMPT.

case is, in this respect, *peculiarly hard*; that, whereas a commander of *patrician* rank, if he is guilty of a neglect, or breach of duty, has his great *connections*, the *antiquity* of his *family*; the important *services* of his *ancestors*, and the *multitudes* he has by *power* engaged in his *interest*, to screen him from condign *punishment*: my whole safety depends upon *myself*; which renders it the more *indispensably necessary* for me to take care, that my conduct be *clear* and *unexceptionable*. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the *public* is upon me; and that, though the *impartial*, who prefer the *real advantage* of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favour

SELF-
DEFINITION.
ANXIETY.

PROMISING.

my *pretensions*, the patricians want *nothing so much* as an *occasion* against me. It is, therefore, my *fixed resolution*, to use my *best endeavours*, that you be not *disappointed* in me, and that *their* indirect

LESSONS.

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indirect *designs* against me may be defeated. I have, from my *youth*, been *familiar* with *toils*, and with *dangers*. I was *faithful* to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for *no reward* but that of *honour*. It is not my design to *betray* you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of *profit*. You have committed to my *conduct* the war against *Jugurtha*. The patricians are *offended* at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of *their* honourable body, a person of *illustrious birth*, of *ancient family*, of innumerable *statues*, but — of *no experience*? What *service* would his long line of *dead ancestors*, or his multitude of *motionless statues*, do his country in the day of *battle*? What could *such* a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some *inferior* commander, for *direction* in *difficulties*, to which he was not *himself equal*? Thus, your *patrician general* would, in fact, have a *general over him*; so that, the *acting* commander would *still* be a *plebeian*. So true is this, my countrymen, that I have *myself* known those, who have been chosen consuls, *begin then* to read the *history* of their *own country*, of which till *that time*, they were *totally ignorant*; that is, they *first* obtained the employment, and *then* bethought themselves of the *qualifications necessary* for the proper *discharge* of it. I submit to your judgment,

SELF-DE-
FENCE.

GRATI-
TUDE.

CONTEMPT

O
Romans,

Romans,

- CONTEMPT. Romans, on *which side* the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between *patrician haughtiness* and *plebeian experience*. The very *actions*, which *they* have only *read*, I have partly *seen*, and partly *myself* *achieved*. What *they* know by *reading*, I know by *action*. *They* are pleased to *flight* my mean birth: I *despise* their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me: Want of *personal worth* against *them*. But are not *all* men of the *same* species? What can make a *difference* between one man and another, but the *endowments* of the *mind*? For my part, I shall always look upon the *bravest* man as the *noblest* man. Suppose it were enquired of the fathers of such patricians, as *Albinus* and *Bessia*, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire *sons* of *their* character or of *mine*; what would they answer; but that they should wish the *worthiest* to be their sons? If the patricians have *reason* to despise *me*, let them likewise *despise* their *ancestors*, whose *nobility* was the *fruit* of their *virtue*. Do they *envy* the *honours* bestowed upon me? Let them *envy* likewise my *labours*, my *abstinence*, and the *dangers* I have undergone for my country; by *which* I have *acquired* them. But those *worthless* men lead such a life of *inactivity*, as if they *despised* any *honours* you can bestow; whilst they *aspire* to *honours*, as if they had *deserved* them by the most *industrious* *virtue*. They arrogate the
rewards
- QUEST.
- CONTEMPT.
- ARGU.
with
REPR.
ANTITH.
- CONTEMPT.

rewards of activity for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury. Yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors. And they imagine they honour themselves by celebrating their forefathers. Whereas they do the very contrary. For, by how much their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, by so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity: but it only serves to shew what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own, I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers: but I hope I may answer the cavils of the patricians, by standing up in defence of what I have myself done. Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the patricians. They arrogate to themselves honours on account of the exploits done by their forefathers, whilst they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. "He has no statues," they cry, "of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors."—What then! Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors than to become illustrious by his own good behaviour? What, if I can shew no statues of my family? I can shew the standards, the armour, and the trappings, which I have myself taken from the

LAUD.
PRIDE°.

ARGU.
with
CONT.

AFFECTA-
TION.

COUR.
CONT.

SELF-VIN-
DICATION.

O 2

vanquished:

* LAUD. PRIDE. See *Courage*, p. 18.

CONT.

vanquished: I can shew the scars of those *wounds*, which I received by *facing* the enemies of my country. *These* are my *statues*. *These* are the *honours* I *best* of; not left me by *inheritance*, as *theirs*; but earned by *toil*, by *abstinence*, by *valour*, amidst *clouds* of *dust*, and *seas* of *blood*; scenes of action, where those *effeminate patricians*, who endeavour, by indirect means, to *depreciate me* in your *esteem*, have never *dared* to *shew* their *faces*.

LV.

PLOTING. CRUELTY. HORROR.

Macbeth, full of his bloody design against good king Duncan, fancies he sees a dagger in the air.

START.

COURAGE.

IS this a *dagger*, which I see before me,
The *handle* tow'rd my *hand*?—^r Come, let
clutch thee—

WOND.

HORROR.

I *have* thee *not*, and yet I *see* thee *still*.
Art thou not, *fatal vision*! sensible
To *feeling*, as to *sight*? or art thou but
A *dagger* of the *mind*, a *false creation*,
Proceeding from the *beat oppressed brain*?

I see

^r Reaching out his hand, as to snatch it. The first eight lines to be spoken with the eyes staring, and fixed on one point in the air, where he is supposed to see the dagger. See *Despair*, p. 17. *Malice*, 24. *Obstinacy*, 18. *Fear*, 17. *Plotting*, 16.

L E S S O N S.

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I see thee yet, in form as <i>palpable</i> ,	STARTING.
As <i>this</i> which now I <i>draw</i> . —	
Thou <i>marshal'st</i> me the way that I was <i>going</i> ,	HORROR.
And <i>such</i> an instrument I was to <i>use</i> . —	
Mine eyes are made the <i>fools</i> o' th' <i>other</i> senses,	
Or else <i>worth</i> all the rest. — I see thee <i>still</i> ,	START.
And on thy blade and dudgeon, <i>drops</i> of <i>blood</i> ,	HORROR.
Which <i>was</i> not so before. — There's <i>no such thing</i> . —	DOUBT.
It is the <i>bloody business</i> , which informs	HORROR.
<i>This</i> to mine eyes. Now o'er one half the world	PLOTTING.
Nature seems <i>dead</i> , and <i>wicked dreams</i> abuse	
The curtain'd <i>sleep</i> ; now <i>witchcraft</i> celebrates	
<i>Pale Hecate's offerings</i> : and <i>midnight murder</i> ,	HORROR.
(Alarmed by his centinel, the <i>wolf</i> ,	
Whose <i>howl's</i> his <i>watch</i>) thus with his <i>stealthy pace</i> ,	
Like Tarquin's ravishing <i>brides</i> , tow'rd his design	
<i>Moves</i> like a <i>ghost</i> — Thou <i>sound</i> and <i>firm-set earth</i> ,	GUILT.
Hear not my steps, which way they <i>walk</i> , for fear	
Thy very <i>stones</i> should <i>prate</i> of <i>royal blood</i>	
Soon to be <i>spilt</i> . [Shakeſp. MACBETH.]	

⁹ Drawing his dagger, and looking on it, and then on that in the air, as comparing them.

⁷ A long pause. He recollects and composes himself a little, and gives over fixing his eyes upon the air-drawn dagger.

• Plotting is always to be expressed with a low voice; especially such a passage as this, to the end.

LVI.

AFFECTION. JOY. FEAR of OFFENDING.
GRATITUDE.

A speech of Adam to Eve. [*MIL. PARAB. Lost.*
B. IV. l. 411.]

TENDER- AWE. PIETÝ.	<p><i>SOLE partner, and solè part of all these joys, Dearer thyself than all. Needs must the Pow'r, That made us, and for us this ample world, Be infinitely good, and of his good As liberal and free, as infinite;</i></p>
GRATI- TUDE.	<p><i>That rais'd us from the dust, and plac'd us here In all this happiness, who at his hand Have nothing merited, nor can perform Ought whereof he hath need; he who requires From us no other service, than to keep This one, this easy charge, of all the trees In paradise, that bear delicious fruit</i></p>
SERIOUS- NESS.	<p><i>So various, not to taste that only tree Of knowledge, planted by the tree of life,</i></p>
APPREHEN- SION.	<p><i>So near grows death to life; whate'er death is; Some dreadful thing no doubt; for well thou know'st God hath pronounc'd it death to taste that tree, The only sign of our obedience left,</i></p>
GRAT.	<p><i>Among so many signs of pow'r and rule</i></p>

Conferr'd

Confer'd upon us, and *dominion* given
 Over *all* other *creatures*, that possess
Earth, air, and sea. Then let us not think hard
 One easy prohibition, who enjoy
Free leave so large to all things else, and choice
Unlimited, of manifold delights.
 But let us ever *praise* him, and extol
 His *bounty*, following our *delightful task* PITY.
 To *prune* these growing *plants*, and 'tend these Jov.
 flow'rs,
 Which *were* it *toilsome*, yet with *thee* — were TENDERN.
 sweet.

LVII.

INTERCESSION. OBSTINACY. CRUELTY.
 FORCED SUBMISSION.

Duke. MAKE room, and let him stand before AUTH.
 our face. —
Shylock, the *world* thinks, and *I* think so too, PLEADING
 That thou but *lead'st* this *fashion* of thy *malice*
 To the *last* hour of *act*; and then, 'tis thought
 Thou'lt shew thy *mercy* and *remorse* more *strange*
 Than is thy *strange* apparent *cruelty*.
 And, where thou *now exact'st* the *penalty*,
 Which is a *pound* of this *poor* merchant's *flesh**, PITY.
 O 4 Thou

* See the note, p. 188, 189.

Thou wilt not only *lose* the *forfeiture*,
 PLEADING. But, touch'd with *human gentleness*, and *love*,
Forgive a *moiety* of the *principal*,
 PITY. Glancing an *eye* of *pity* on his *losses*,
 That have of late brought down such *ruin* on him,
 Enough to make a *royal merchant bankrupt*.
 We all expect a *gentle answer*, Jew.

OBSTIN. Shyl. I have *possess'd* your Grace of what I
purpose,

HYPO. " And by our *holy sabbath* have I *sworn*

CRUEL. To have the *due* and *forfeit* of my *bond*,

THREATEN- If you *deny it*, let the *danger* light
 ING. Upon your *charter*, and your *city's freedom*—

MALICE. You'll *ask* me, why I rather chuse to have
 A weight of *carriion flesh*, than to receive

OBSTIN. *Three thousand ducats* ! I'll not *answer* that ;

MALICE. But, say it is my *humour* ; Is it *answer'd* ?

OBSTIN. What if my *house* be *troubled* with a *rat*,
 And I be pleas'd to give *ten thousand ducats*,
 To have it *ban'd* ? What, are you *answer'd* yet ?
 REPROOF. Bassanio. This is *no answer*, thou *unfeeling* man,
 T'excuse the current of thy *cruelty*.

MALICE. Shyl. I am not bound to *please thee* with my
 answer.

DEJECT. Antonio. I pray you, think, you *question* with
 a *Jew*.

You may as well go stand upon the *beach*,
 And bid the *main flood* 'bate his *usual height* ;
 You

* See *affectation*, hypocritical, p. 221.

You may as well plead *pity* with the *wolf*,
When you behold the ewe *bleat* for the *lamb*,
As try to *melt* his *jewish heart* to *kindness*.

Bass. For thy *three thousand ducats*, here are INTREAT.
six.

Shyl. If *ev'ry ducat* in *six thousand ducats* OBSTIN. —
Were in *six parts*, and *ev'ry part a ducat*,
I *would not* draw them; I would have my *bond*. —

Duke. How shalt thou hope for *mercy*, ren- GRAVE
d'ring none? REB.

Shyl. What *judgment* shall I *dread*, doing no OBST. —
wrong?

The pound of *flesh*, which I *demand* of him, CRUEL.
Is *dearly bought*: 'tis *mine*; and I *will* have it.

Enter Portia disguised like a Doctor of Laws.

Duke. Give me your *band*. You come from WELC.
learn'd Bellario?

Portia. I *do*, my lord.

Duke. You're *welcome*: take your *place*.
Are you *acquainted* with the cause in *question*? QUEST.

Port. I am *informed thoroughly* of the *case*. —ANSW.
Which is the *merchant* here? and which the *Jew*? QUEST.

Duke. *Antonio* and *Shylock*, both stand *forth*. AUTH. —

Port. [To Shylock.] Is your name *Shylock*? QUEST.

Shyl. *Shylock* is my *name*. OBST. —

Port. [To Antonio.] You are *obnoxious* to QUEST.
him, are you not?

Ant. Ay, so *he says*. DEJECT.

Port. Do you *confess* the *bond*? QUEST.

Ant. I *do*. DEJECT.

Port.

INTR.

Port. Then must the Jew be *merciful*.

QUEST.

Shyl. On what *compulsion* must I? Tell me that?

ADVIS.

Port. The quality of *mercy* is not *strain'd*.

PLEAS.

It *droppeth* as the gentle rain from Heav'n
Upon the *bappy* soil. It is *twice blest*,
In him, who *gives* it, and in him who *takes*.

REVER.

'Tis *mightiest* in the *Mightiest*. It becomes
The *throned monarch* better than his *crown*.Itself enthroned in the *hearts* of kings.It is the *loveliest attribute* of *Deity*;
And *earthly pow'r* shews *likest* to *divine*,

ADVIS.

When *mercy* seasons *justice*. Therefore, Jew,
Tho' *justice* be thy *plea*, *consider* this,

SERIOUS

That in the course of *justice* none of us

REFLEC.

Should see *salvation*. We do *pray* for *mercy*,
And that same *pray'r* doth teach us all to *render*
The *deeds* of *mercy*.

QUEST.

Shyl. My *deeds* upon my *head*.I crave the *legal forfeit* of my *bond*.

INTREAT.

Bass. For *once* I beg the court to *bend* the *law*
To *equity*. 'Tis *worth* a *little wrong*
To *curb* this cruel *devil* of his *will*.

FORB.

Port. It *must not* be. There is *no pow'r* in
Venice,Can *alter* a *decree establish'd*.'Twill be recorded for a *precedent*,And many an error by the *same example*
Will *rush* into the *state*. It *cannot be*.

Shyl.

LESSONS.

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Shyl. A *Daniel* come to judgment! Yea a **APPLAUSE.**

Daniel.

O *wise young judge!* How do I honour thee!

Port. I pray you, let me look upon the *bond*. **CURIOS.**

Shyl. *Here'tis, most reverend doctor! Here it is.* **APPL.**

Port. *Shylock!* — there's thrice thy money **ADVIS.**
offer'd thee.

Shyl. An *oath!* An *oath!* I have an *oath* in **HYPOC.**
Heav'n!

Shall I lay *perjury* upon my *soul?*

No, not for *Venice.*

Port. * Why, this *bond* is *forfeit*, **DECL.**
And *lawfully* by this the Jew may *claim*
A *pound* of *flesh*, to be by him *cut off*
Nearest the merchant's *heart*. — *Be merciful.* **ADVIS.**

Take *thrice* thy *money*. Bid me *tear* the *bond*.

Shyl. When it is *paid* according to the *tenor*. **OBST.**
There is no *power* in the *tongue* of *man*
To *alter* me. I *stay* upon my *bond*.

Anton. Most heartily I do *beseech* the *court* **DEJECT.**
To give the *judgment*.

Port. Why then, *thus* it is; **PASS.**
You must *prepare* your *bosom* for his *knife*. **SENT.**

Shyl. Ay, his *breast*;
So *saith* the *bond*; *doth* it not; *noble judge?* **THIRST OF**
Nearest his *heart*. *These* are the very *words*. **BLOOD.**

Port.

* Portia speaks all, to "Stop him, guards," without looking off the bond.

QUEST. Port. It *is so*. Are there *scales* to *weigh* the *flesh*?

ANSW. Shyl. I have them *ready*.

INTERC. Port. Have here a *surgeon*, Shylock, at your charge,

To *stop* his *wounds*, lest he should *bleed* to *death*.

CRUEL. Shyl. Is it so *nominated* in the *bond*?

INTERC. Port. It is not so *expressed*: but what of *that*?
'Twere good you do so much for *charity*.

CRUEL. Shyl. I cannot *find* it. 'Tis not in the *bond*.

SENT. Port. A *pound* of that same *merchant's* *flesh* is *thine*.

The court *awards* it, and the *law* doth *give* it.

APPL. Shyl. Most *rightful* judge!

SENT. Port. And you must cut this *flesh* from off his *breast*.

The *law* *allows* it, and the court *awards* it.

APPL. Shyl. Most *learned* judge! A *sentence*! * *Come*,
• THIR. *prepare*.

BLOOD. Port. Tarry a *little*. There is *something else* —
DOUBT. This *bond* — doth give thee here — no *jot* of *blood*.

The *words* *expressly* are a *pound* of *flesh*.

DIREC. Then *take* thy *bond*. Take thou thy *pound* of *flesh*;

THREATEN- But, in the cutting it, if thou dost *shed*
ING. One *drop* of christian *blood*, thy *lands* and *goods*
Are, by the laws of *Venice*, *forfeited*.

APPL. Grat. O *upright* judge! Mark, Jew! O *learned*
judge!

L E S S O N S.

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Shyl. Is that the <i>law</i> ?	CONFUS.
Port. <i>Thyself</i> shall see the <i>act</i> .	POSIT.
For, as thou urgest <i>justice</i> , be <i>assur'd</i> ,	REPR.
Thou shalt have <i>justice</i> , more than thou <i>desir'st</i> .	
Grat. O <i>learned judge</i> ! Mark, <i>Jew</i> ! A <i>learned</i>	APPL.
<i>judge</i> !	
Shyl. I take his <i>offer</i> then. Pay the sum	CONFUS.
<i>thrice</i> ,	
And let the <i>Christian</i> go.	YIELD.
Baffan. <i>Here</i> is the <i>money</i> .	GIV.
Port. <i>Softly</i> . No <i>haste</i> . The <i>Jew</i> shall have	FORB.
<i>strict justice</i> .	
His <i>claim</i> is <i>barely</i> for the <i>penalty</i> .	
Grat. A second <i>Daniel</i> ! <i>Jew</i> .	APPL.
<i>Now, infidel</i> , I have <i>full bold</i> of thee.	TRIUM.
Port. <i>Why</i> doth the <i>Jew</i> <i>pause</i> ? Take thou	QUEST.
thy <i>forfeiture</i> .	
Shyl. Give me my <i>principal</i> , and let me go.	CONFU.
Baffan. I have it <i>ready</i> for thee. <i>Here</i> it is.	GIV.
Port. He hath <i>refus'd</i> it in the <i>open court</i> .	FORB.
He shall have merely <i>justice</i> and his <i>bond</i> .	REPR.
Grat. A <i>Daniel</i> <i>still</i> , say I; a second <i>Daniel</i> !	APPL.
I <i>thank</i> thee, <i>Jew</i> , for <i>teaching</i> me that <i>word</i> .	REPR.
Shyl. Shall I not <i>barely</i> have my <i>principal</i> ?	SNEAK.
Port. Thou shalt have <i>nothing</i> but the <i>forfei-</i>	REFUS.
<i>ture</i> ,	
To be so <i>taken</i> at thy <i>peril</i> , <i>Jew</i> .	
Shyl. Why then the <i>Devil</i> give him <i>good</i>	DISAP.
of it.	
I'll stay no <i>longer question</i> .	SPITE.
Port.	

- FORB.** Port. *Stop him, guards.*
COND. The law hath yet *another bold on you.*
TEACH. It is *enacted* in the *laws of Venice*,
 If it be prov'd against an *alien*,
 That by *direct* or *indirect attempt*,
 He *seek* the *life* of any *citizen*,
 The *party* 'gainst the which he doth *contrive*,
 Shall *seize* on *half* his *goods*. The *other half*
 Goes to the *privy coffer* of the *state*;
 And the *offender's life* lies in the *mercy*
 Of the *Duke only*, 'gainst *all other voice*.
CONDEMN. In which *predicament*, I say, *thou stand'st*.
 For it appears by *manifest proceeding*,
 That *indirectly*, and *directly too*,
 Thou hast *contriv'd* against the very *life*
 Of the *defendant*; so that thou *incurr'st*
 The *danger* formally by me *rebears'd*.
ADVIS. *Down*, therefore, and beg *mercy* of the *Duke*.
GRANT. Duke. That thou may'st see the *difference* of
our spirit,
 I *pardon* thee thy *life*, *before* thou *ask* it.
DESP. Shyl. Nay, *take my life* and *all*. *Pardon not*
that,
 You *take my life*, *taking whereon I live*.
QUEST. Port. What *mercy* can you *render* him, An-
 tonio?
TRIUM. Grat. A *halter's price*, and *leave* to *hang him-*
self.
GRANT. Anton. So please my Lord the *Duke*, and *all*
 the *court*,

To

To quit *their right* in *one half* of his *goods*,
I shall be well contented, if I have
The *other half* in *use*, until his *death*,
Then to *restore* it to the *gentleman*,
Who lately *stole* his *daughter*.

Duke. He shall *do* this, or else I do *recant* THREAT.

The *pardon*, I had *promis'd* to *bestow*.

Port. Art thou *contented*, Jew? *What* dost QUEST.
thou *say*?

Shyl. I *pray* you give me *leave* to go from DESP.
hence.

I am *not well*. *Send* the *deed* *after* me,
And I will *sign* it.

Duke. *Get* thee *gone*. But *do* it. THREAT.

[Exeunt omnes.]

[Shakefp. MERCH. of VENICE.]

LVIII.

Conjugal AFFECTION with DISTRESS.

The scene between Hector and his wife Andromache. [*Pope's HOM. IL. VI. v. 488.*]

NARRA-
TION.

HASTE.

TENDER
DESCRIPT.

* SOFT.
† COUR.
DESCR. of
BEAUT. in
DISTR.

COMP. with
AFFECT.

FEAR.

HECTOR, this heard, return'd without
delay;

Swift through the town he took his former way.

Thro' streets of palaces and walks of state;

And met the *mourner* at the Scæan gate.

With *haste* to meet him *sprung* the joyful fair,

His blameless wife, Aëtion's wealthy heir.

The nurse stood near, in whose embraces prest

His *only hope* hung *smiling* at her breast;

Whom each *soft charm* and *early grace* adorn,

Fair as the new-born *star* that *gilds the morn*.

Silent the warrior *smil'd*, and pleas'd, resign'd

To * *tender passions* all his † *mighty mind*.

His beauteous princess cast a *mournful look*;

Hung on his *hand*, and then, *dejected* spoke.

Her bosom *labour'd* with a *boding sigh*,

And the big *tear* stood *trembling* in her eye.

"*Too daring* prince! *Ab whither* dost thou run?

" *Ab too forgetful* of thy wife and son!

" And *think'st* thou not how *wretched* we shall be,

" A *widow* I, an *helpless orphan* he!

" For

- " For sure such *courage length of life denies,*
 " And thou *must fall*, thy *virtue's sacrifice.*
 " Greece in her *single heroes strove in vain:*
 " Now *boists* oppose thee; and thou *must be slain.*
 " O grant me, *gods!* ere Hector meets his doom, DEPRECAT.
 " *All* I can ask of *heav'n*, an *early tomb!*
 " So shall my days in *one sad tenor* run,
 " And *end* with *sorrows*, as they first *began.*
 " No parent now remains, my *griefs* to *share,* LAMEN.
 " No *father's aid*, no *mother's tender care.*
 " The fierce *Achilles* wrapt our *walls* in *fire,*
 " Laid *Thebè* waste, and *slew* my *warlike fire,*
 " His *fate, compassion* in the victor bred;
 " Stern as he was, he yet *rever'd* the *dead;*
 " His radiant *arms preserv'd* from hostile *spoil,*
 " And laid him decent on the *fun'ral pile.*
 " By the *same arm* my *sev'n brave brothers fell,*
 " In *one sad day* they view'd the *gate of hell.*
 " While the fat herds and snowy flocks they fed,
 " Amid their fields the *hapless heroes bled.*
 " My *mother* liv'd to bear the *victor's bands,*
 " The queen of *Hippoplacia's sylvan lands.*
 " Redeem'd too late, she scarce beheld again
 " Her *pleasing empire*, and her *native plain,*
 " When *ah!* oppress'd by life-consuming woe,
 " She *fell*, a victim to *Diana's bow.*
 " Yet while my *Hector* still *survives*, I see COMFORT.
 " My *father, mother, brethren, all in thee.*
 " *Alas!* my *parents, brothers, kindred, all,* APPREHENS.
 " Once more will *perish*, if my *Hector fall.*

- " Thy *wife*, thy *infant*, in the *danger* share ;
 INTREAT. " O prove a *husband's* and a *parent's* care.
 APPREHENS. " *That* quarter *most* the skilful Greeks annoy,
 " Where yon' wild fig-trees join the wall of Troy.
 " Thou from *this* tow'r defend th' *important* post,
 " There Agamemnon points his *dreadful* host,
 " *That* pass Tydides, Ajax, strives to gain,
 " And there the *vengeful* Spartan fires his train.
 " *Thrice* our bold foes the *fierce* attack have giv'n,
 " Or led by *hopes*, or *dictated* from heav'n.
 INTREAT. " Let *others* in the field their arms employ ;
 " But *stay* my Hector *here*, and guard his Troy."
 COURAGE. The chief reply'd, " *That* post shall be my
 " care ;
 " Nor *that* alone ; but *all* the works of war.
 " How would the *sons* of Troy, in arms *renown'd*,
 " And Troy's proud *dames*, whose garments sweep
 " the ground,
 " Attaint the *lustre* of my former name,
 AVERSION. " Should Hector *basely* quit the *field* of fame ?
 COURAGE. " My *early* youth was bred to *warlike* pains ;
 " My *soul* impels me to the *martial* plains.
 " Still *foremost* let me stand to guard the *throne*,
 " To save my *father's* honours, and my own.
 APPREHENS. " Yet *come* it will ! the day decreed by *fates* !
 " (How my *heart* trembles, while my *tongue* re-
 " *lates* !)
 PATR. " The day, when *thou*, imperial Troy ! must bend ;
 GRIEF. " Must see thy *warriors* fall ; thy *glories* end.
 " And

LESSONS.

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“ And yet *no dire presage* to wounds my mind,
 “ *My mother’s death*, the ruin of my kind,
 “ Not *Priam’s hoary hairs* defil’d with gore,
 “ Not *all my brothers* gasping on the shore,
 “ *As thine, Andromache!*—*Thy griefs* I dread!
 “ I see thee *trembling, weeping, captive led*,
 “ In *Argive looms* our battles to design,
 “ And *woes*, of which so large a part was *thine*.
 “ There while you *groan* beneath the load of life,
 “ They cry,”——“ *Behold the mighty Hector’s* INSULT.
 “ *wife!*”

GRIEF
with
AFFECT.

“ Some *haughty Greek*, who lives thy tears to see,
 “ *Embitters* all thy woes by *naming me*.
 “ The thoughts of *glory past*, and *present shame*, PITY.
 “ A *thousand griefs* shall *waken* at the name!
 “ May I *lie cold* before that *dreadful day*,
 “ *Press’d* with a load of *monumental clay!*
 “ Thy *Hector*, wrapt in *everlasting sleep*,
 “ Shall neither *bear thee sigh*, nor *see thee weep.*”

Thus having spoke, th’ *illustrious chief* of Troy NARRA-
Stretch’d his *fond arms*, to *clasp* the *lovely boy*. TION.
The babe clung, *crying*, to his *nurse’s breast*, TENDER-
Scar’d with the *dazzling helm*, and *nodding crest*. NESS.
With secret pleasure each *fond parent* *smil’d*,
And Hector *hasted* to *relieve* his *child*;
The glitt’ring terrors from his *brows unbound*,
And plac’d the *beaming helmet* on the *ground*.
Then kiss’d the *child*, and *lifting high* in *air*,
Thus to the *gods* *preferr’d* a *parent’s pray’r*.

INTERCESS.

" O *Thou*, whose glory fills th' *ætherial throne*,
 " And all ye *deathless Pow'rs* !—*protect* my son !
 " Grant him, like me, to purchase just *renewal*,
 " To guard the *Trojans*, to defend the *crown*,
 " Against his *country's* foes the war to wage,
 " And rise the *Hector* of the future age !
 " So, when *triumphant* from *successful toils*,
 " Of *heroes slain*, he bears the *reeking spoils*,
 " Whole *hosts* may hail him with *deserv'd acclaim*,
 " And say,"—" This chief transcends his *father's*
 " *fame*."
 " While *pleas'd*, amidst the gen'ral shouts of *Troy*,
 " His *mother's* *conscious heart* o'erflows with *joy*."

TENDER-
NESS.

He spoke, and fondly gazing on her *charms*,
 Restor'd the *pleasing burden* to her arms ;
 Soft on her fragrant *breast* the *babe* she laid,
 Hush'd to *repose*, and with a *smile survey'd*.

APPREHEN-
SION.

The *troubled pleasure* soon *chastis'd* with *fear*,
 She mingled with the *smile* a *falling tear*.

LIX.

REMOUSE. Attempt toward REPENTANCE.
 OBDURACY. DESPAIR.

The wicked king's soliloquy, expressing his remorse for the murder of his brother Hamlet king of Denmark. [*Shakeſp.* HAMLET.]

King. *O* *H* my offence is rank! It smells to heav'n! It hath the eldest curse of heav'n upon it—

COMPUNCTION.

A brother's murder!—Pray, alas! I cannot:

Though sore my need of what the guilty pray for;

HARDNESS
 OF HEART.

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,

And, like a man to double bus'ness bound,

I stand in pause where I shall first begin,

And both neglect.—* What if this cursed hand

* GLIM. OF
 HOPE.

Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?

Is there not rain enough in the sweet heav'n's

To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,

But to confront the visage of offence?

And what's in pray'r, but this two-fold force,

To be forestall'd, ere yet we come to fall,

Or pardon'd, being down?—Then I'll look up.

My fault is past.—|| But oh! what form of pray'r

|| GUILT.

Can serve my turn?—† "Forgive me my foul

† DEPR.

"murder!"

That cannot be, since I am still possess

GUILT.

- Of those *effects*, for which I *did* the *murder* ;
 My *crown*, mine own *ambition*, and my *queen*.
 May one be *pardon'd* and *retain* th' *offence* ?
 In the *corrupted currents* of *this world*,
 Offence's *gilded band* may *shove* by *justice* ;
 Nay, oft 'tis seen, the *wicked prize* *itself*
 • TERROR. *Buys out* the *law*. * But 'tis not so *above* :
There is no shuffling : there the *action* lies
 In his *true nature* ; we ourselves *compell'd*,
 Ev'n to the *teeth* and *forehead* of our *faults*,
 † ANX. To give in *evidence*—— † *What* then ?—*What*
rests ?—
 HOPE. Try what *repentance* can.—*What* can it not ?—
 OBDUR. Yet *what* can it, when one *cannot* *repent* ?
 DESPAIR. Oh *wretched state* ! oh *bosom*, *black* as *death* !
 Oh *limed soul* ! that *struggling* to be *free*,
 § ANGU. Art *more engag'd* ! § *Help*, *Angels* ! Make *essay*,
Bow, *stubborn knees* ; and *heart* with *strings* of *steel*,
 Be *soft* as *sinews* of the *new-born babe* !
 HOPE. *All* may be *well*.

[The king kneels, and, by his looks and gestures, expresses great agony and horror ; but no penitential melting of heart : after continuing a short time in that posture, he rises in despair, and speaks the following.]

- DESPAIR. My *words* fly *up*—My *thoughts* remain *below*—
Words without *thoughts* never to *Heaven* go.

LX.

· REPROACHING. EXCITING to Self-defence.

The speech of T. Q. Capitolinus to the Roman people, when the Æqui and Volsi, taking the advantage of the animosities then prevailing between the patricians and plebeians, joined their forces, and, after plundering the Roman territories, advanced, in a hostile manner, to the very walls of the city. [T. Liv. *Hist. Rom.*]

THOUGH I am not *conscious* to myself, VEXAT.
 Romans, of *any offence* I have committed
 against my country; it is with *confusion* that I
 address you thus publicly on such an occasion.
 For what can be imagined more *shameful*, than
 that it should be known to the *world*—that it
 should be known to *ourselves*!—and must be
 handed down to *posterity*—that in the *fourth con-*
sulship of Titus Quintius Capitolinus, the Æqui
 and Volsi, so lately found scarce a *match* for the
 Hernici, advanced, in arms—*uninterrupted*, and
unpunished—to the very walls of Rome! Had I
 imagined, that such a *disgrace* as *this* would
 have come upon my country in the year of my
 fourth consulship (though our affairs have of late
 gone in such a way, that *every thing* was to be
 P 4 feared)

- feared) I would have *avoided* the consular honour — * the *shame* rather — by *banishment*, or even by *death*. How much more *desirable* to have *died* in my *third* consulship, than to live to see the *dishonours*, which the times are like to bring upon us. But *whom* does the insolence of so contemptible an enemy *disgrace*? Is it *us*, the *consuls*? Or is it *you*, *Romans*? If the *fault* be in *us*; *take* from us that *authority*, we are so *unworthy* to *enjoy*. And if that be not *enough*, inflict on us the *punishment* we have *deserv'd*. ¶ If it is owing to *you*, my countrymen, that the enemy have thus *dared* to insult us, § *all* I beg of the gods is, that they will *forgive* you; † and I wish *no other* punishment to come upon you, than *repentance* for your misconduct. † Our enemies have not presumed upon any *want* of *bravery* in *you*, *Romans* nor upon any imagined *superiority* in *themselves*. They know both *you* and *themselves* too well. They have not forgot how often they have been *routed* in *battle*, how often put to *shameful flight*, deprived of their *lands*, and even made to pass under the *yoke*, by the *Romans*. It is the fatal *diffension* between the *patricians* and *plebeians*, that gives *courage* to the enemies of the Roman name. Our *quarrels* amongst *ourselves* are the *poison* of our *state*. While *you* are *dissatisfied* with the *powers* enjoyed by the *patricians*, and we are *jealous* of the *plebeians*; the *enemy*, seeing their *time*, have *surprised* us.

But

But *what* (in the name of *all the gods!*) *will* REMON.
satisfy you? You demanded *plebeian* tribunes.
 For the sake of peace, *we*, patricians, *consented*.
 You then called for *decemviri*. *We* agreed, that
 the *decemviral* power should be *established*. You
 were quickly *tired* of *this* form of government.
 We obliged the *decemviri* to *abdicate*. Your *re-*
sentment pursuing them even to their *retirement*, we
 gave our *consent* to the *exile* and *death* of some of GRIEF.
 the *first* men of *Rome* for *birth* and *merit*. Then REMON.
 you insisted, that the *tribunitial* authority should
 be *re-established*. You did accordingly *re-establish*
 it. We *bore* with the innovation of conferring the
consular power upon men of *plebeian* rank, though
 we saw how *injurious* it was to *our own*. We *bore*
patiently, and do *still* bear, with the *tribunitial*
power; with the right of *appeal* to the *people*;
 with the *obligation* upon the *patricians* to *submit*
 to the *popular decrees*; and with the *alienation* of
 our *peculiar rights* and *privileges*, under pretence
 of *equaling* the different ranks, and reducing
 things to *order* in the commonwealth. But, my
 countrymen, *when* will you put an *end* to these
wranglings? When shall this *unhappy state* be
united? When shall we look upon *Rome* as our
common country? We, of the *patrician* rank,
 though *losers*, are more disposed to *peace*, than
 you, who have *gained* all your *ends*. Is it not
enough, that you have made yourselves *formidable*
 to your *superiors*? Now you assemble, in a sedi-
 tious

- ROUSING. tious manner, on the *Mount Aventine*; then on the *Mons sacer*; and against us your *vengeance* is always directed. You were in *no haste* to prevent the enemy from seizing on the *Esquilie*, or from mounting our *works*. It is only against the *patricians*, that you dare to shew your *valour*. Go on, then, if you are so determined; and when you have surrounded the *senate house*, made the *forum* dangerous for any of *patrician* rank to be seen in, and got the *prisons* filled with persons of the *first eminence*; keep up the same *heroic spirit* you shew against your own *countrymen*; sally out at the *Esquiline-gate*, and repulse the *enemy*. Or if your *valour* is not sufficient to enable you to do *this*, at least shew, that you have the *heroism* to view, from the *walls*, your *lands* wasted by *fire* and *sword*, and plundered by the *irresistible army* of the *Æqui* and *Volsci*.
- SNEER.
- REMON. Will any one pretend to answer to this, that it is only the *public* that suffers by the inroads of the enemy, and that the main of the *loss* will be only that of a little national *honour*? Were *that* the case, *what Roman* could think of it with *patience*? But, *besides* the loss of our *honour*, what effect, do you think, these ravages will have upon *private property*? Do you expect any thing else, than that every individual of you should quickly have accounts of what he *himself* has *lost*? And how are those *losses* to be *made up*? Will your darling *tribunes* make good the *damages*? They will be ac-
- ROUSING.
- HON.
- ALARM.
- REMON.
- REFR.
- tive

tive enough in *inflaming* you with their *speeches*; they will commence suits against the *principal* men in the *state*; they will gather *seditions assemblies*, and multiply *laws on laws*, and *decrees on decrees*. But which of you, my countrymen, has *gained* any thing by such proceedings? Has any Roman *carried home* to his family, from those tumultuous meetings, any thing, but *hatred*, *quarrels*, and *mischiefs*, *public* and *private*? The case was, in *former happier times*, *very different*, when you *submitted* to the rightful *authority* of the *consuls*, and were not, as now, the *dupes* of your *tribunes*; when you exerted yourselves in the *field of battle*, not in the *forum*; when your *shouts of courage* struck terror into your *enemies*; not your *seditions clamours* into your *countrymen*. Then you used to return home *enriched with spoils*, and *adorned with trophies*: instead of which you *now ingloriously* suffer the enemy ——— and that enemy a *contemptible* one—to go off *unmolested*, and *loaded* with your *substance*. But go on with your *seditions assemblies*, as long as you *can*. The time is approaching, when you will find yourselves *obliged to quit* them, though *so agreeable* to you, and to *betake* yourselves to what you have the greatest *reluctance* to, I mean your *arms*. You thought it a mighty *hardship* to be obliged to *march* against the *Æqui* and *Volsci*. They have *spared* you that *trouble*. They are now at your *gates*. And if you don't *drive* them

REMON.

REGRET.

REPROACH.

REMON.

ALARM.

REPROACH.

ALARM.

REGRET.

REPR.

PROP.

SINC.

ALARM.

PROP.

SINC.

ALARM.

APOL.

REMON.

REPR.

them from *thence*, they will soon be in the *city*, in the *capitol*, and in your *bouſes*. Two years ago an order was given by authority of the *ſenate*, that *levies* ſhould be *made*, and that the *army* ſhould *march*. Inſtead of executing this *ſalutary* order, we have been *loitering* at home *unemployed*, except in *wranglings*, *forgetful*, while our *peace* was *undisturbed* from abroad, that this long *indolence* would probably be the very *cauſe* of *troubles* coming upon us from *various quarters* at *once*.

I know full well, my countrymen, that there are many ſubjects more *agreeable* to you than *theſe* I have now *ſpoken* to you upon. But the *neceſſity* of the *times* obliges me (if I were *leſs inclinable* of *myſelf*) to lay *truth* before you, rather than to *tickle* your *ears*. I wiſh I could *humour* your *inclinations*: but I had rather ſecure your *ſafety*, than gain your *good-will*. It is commonly obſerved, that thoſe who addreſs the public from *ſelfiſh* *views* are *more acceptable*, than thoſe whoſe *ſole diſintereſted* aim is the *general advantage*. And I think you can *hardly imagine*, that thoſe *flatterers* of the *plebeians*, who neither *ſuffer* you to *reſt* in *peace*, nor in *war*, mean *your good* by continually *exciting* you to *tumult* and *ſedition*. When they work you up to *diſcontent* and *rage*, they are *ſure* to gain their *avaricious* or their *ambitious ends*. And, as in times of *peace* they find themſelves to be of *no conſequence*, rather than

than be *undistinguished*, they set themselves to promote *mischief*.

If you are at last, (as I am sure you have reason to be) *sick* of such *absurd* and *ruinous proceedings*, and have a mind to resume your *own characters*, and to act agreeably to that of your *ancestors*; I am myself *ready now* to *head* you, and am willing to undergo *any penalty*, if I do not, in a few days, *force* these *plunderers* of our lands to *abandon* their *camp*, and if I do not carry the *terror of war*, which now *alarms* you, from *our gates*, to those of the *enemy*.

EXCITING.

SELF-
DEFENCE.

COURAGE.

LXI.

DOUBTING. VEXATION. SERIOUS REFLECTION.

Hamlet's soliloquy, upon his finding that the king his father was murdered by his uncle; in which he considers of the consequence of putting an end to a burthensome life. [*Shakefp. HAMLET.*]

Ham. **T**O be,—or not to be—that is the question——

ANXIETY.

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The

"To be—or not to be—" The thought, at length, would run thus, "Is death the total destruction of consciousness?"

"Or

	The <i>slings</i> and <i>arrows</i> of outrageous fortune;
COURAGE.	Or to take <i>arms</i> against a <i>host</i> of troubles,
• DEEP	And by <i>opposing</i> , <i>end</i> them.—* But to <i>die</i> —
THOUGHT-	To <i>sleep</i> —No more—— ² And by a <i>sleep</i> to <i>end</i>
FULNESS.	The <i>heart-ach</i> , and the <i>thousand</i> natural <i>shocks</i> ;
VEXAT.	That <i>flesh</i> is <i>heir</i> to—'Tis a <i>consummation</i>
§ THOUGH.	² <i>Devoutly</i> to be <i>wish'd</i> .—To § <i>die</i> —To <i>sleep</i> —
† APPRE-	To <i>sleep</i> —† <i>Perchance</i> to <i>dream</i> ----A <i>startling</i>
HENSION.	<i>thought</i> —
	For in that <i>sleep</i> of <i>death</i> what <i>dreams</i> may come,
	When we have <i>shuffled</i> off this <i>mortal</i> coil,
	Must give us <i>pause</i> . There's the <i>respect</i>
	That makes <i>calamity</i> of so <i>long</i> life.
VEXAT.	For <i>who</i> would bear the <i>whips</i> and <i>scorns</i> of <i>time</i> ,
	Th' <i>oppressor's</i> wrong, the <i>proud</i> man's <i>contumely</i> ,
ANGUISH.	The <i>pangs</i> of <i>love</i> <i>despis'd</i> , the <i>law's</i> delay,
	The <i>insolence</i> of <i>office</i> , and the <i>spurns</i> ,
§ MEEK.	That <i>patient</i> § <i>merit</i> of the <i>unworthy</i> takes;
AVERS.	When he <i>himself</i> might his <i>quietus</i> make
† COURAGE.	With a <i>bare</i> <i>bodkin</i> ? † Who would <i>bend</i> to <i>earth</i> ,
COMPLAI.	And <i>groan</i> and <i>sweat</i> under a <i>weary</i> life?

But

“ Or do the *dead* still continue to *think* and *act*, though in a
“ different manner from that of the present state?” The
thought in the second line is different, viz. “ Whether is it
“ truly *heroic* to put an *end* to *life*, when it becomes *irksome*?”

² “ —But to *die*—To *sleep*—No more.” The pauses must
be equal. The sense, at length, being, “ Is dying only fall-
“ ing asleep, and nothing else?”

* *Devoutly* to be *wish'd*.” To be spoken with the eyes
raised earnestly to heaven. See *Veneration*, p. 20.

But that the *dread of something after death*,
 (That *undiscover'd country*, from whose *bourne*^b
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather *bear* those ills we have,
 Than *fly* to others, which we know not yet?
 Thus *conscience* makes *cowards* of us all:
 And thus the *native bue* of resolution
 Is *sicklied o'er* with a *pale cast of thought*,
 And *enterprises* of great *strength* and *moment*,
 With *this regard* their *currents* turn away,
 And *lose* the *name* of *action*.

LXII.

EAGERNESS. CHIDING. INTREATING.

Ghosts of various characters press to be admitted
 into Charon's boat. Are repulsed by him and
 Mercury, on account of their coming loaded
 with their vices, follies, and wrong attach-
 ments. [*Lucian. DIAL. MORT. CHAR. MERC.*
&c.]

Charon. **L**OOK you, gentlemen and ladies, CHIDING.
this will never do. My boat is but
small; and *old*, and *leaky* into the *bargain*; so that,
 if it be either in the *least over-loaded*, or not *exactly*
trimmed,

^b — "whose *bourne*." This is, *border*, or *coast*.

- trimmed*, you will be among the Stygian *frogs* presently, *every single ghost* of you. You come *pushing* and *crowding* in such *foals*, and I know not how much *luggage* along with you, that you are like to *repent* of your being in such a *hurry*, at least those of you, who *cannot swim*.
- THREATEN-
ING. 1st Ghost. But you don't *consider*, Mr. Ferryman, how much we are *tired* of *dodging* about here, where we have neither *house* nor *home*, where there is nothing but *mud*, in which we sink over *shoes*, over *boots*, nor so much as a *tree*, to hang a dog upon. *Pray, good Charon, push us over as fast you can.*
- COMPL. Char. What a *plague* ails the *brainless* ghost? Would you have me do *impossibilities*? Do, *Mercury, bear a hand* a little. *Push them back.* Don't let above *one* come into the boat at a *time*; that you may examine them *ghost* by *ghost*, and make them *strip*, and leave their *luggage*, before they set a *foot* in the *boat*.
- INTREAT. EXCITING. REFUS. PROM. SUBMIS. Merc. *Ay, ay, I'll take care of that, Charon.*
- REFUS. —Hold. *Who are you?*
- SUBMIS. 2d Ghost. My name is *Menippus*, by trade a *cynic philosopher*. And to shew you how willing I am to be *conformable*, look you *there*, away go my *wallet* and my *staff* into the *Styx*. And as for my *cloke*, I did not *bring it with me*.
- APPR. Merc. *That's my honest cynic.* Come into the *boat*, *Menippus*. Here is a ghost of *sense* for you.

you: Go, go forward by the *helm*, where you may have *good sitting*, and may see all the *passengers*.—Your *servant*, Madam. *Who* may you be, if a man, I mean, if a *god* may be so *bold*?

3d Ghost. Sir, I am the celebrated *beauty*, who rated my favours so *high*, as to receive a *talent* for a *kiss*. It is true, a certain *philosopher* did *grudge* my *price*, saying he had no notion of paying an *exorbitant sum* for so *unpleasant* a *bar-gain* as *repentance*. But my *comfort* is, that it was a *poor old fellow*, and a *philosopher*, that made this *clownish speech*, so *different* from what I was used to.

AFFECT.
BEAUTY.

REFUS.

CONTEMPT.

Merc. Look you, Madam, *this country* is not famous for *gallantry*. And, as you will make *nothing* of your *beauty* where you are going, I must desire you to leave it *all behind*, or you don't set a *foot* in the *Stygian ferry-boat*.

REFUS.

3d Ghost. Pray, Sir, *excuse* me. *Why* must one be *ugly*, because one is *dead*?

INTR.

Merc. Come, come, Madam, off with your whole apparatus of *temptation*, if you mean to cross the *Stygian pool*. You must not only lay aside the *paint* on your cheeks, but the *cheeks themselves*. You must throw off not only the gorgeous *attire* of your *head*, but the *hair*, and the very *skin* to the *bare skull*. So far from granting you a passage with all your *finery* about you; we shall expect you to strip off both *skin* and *flesh* to the very *bones*. So, Mrs. *Beauty*, if

INSIST.
with
BLAME and
SNEER.

Q

you

you please to step aside, and *dispose* of your *tackle*, and present yourself by and by, in the *plain dress* of a *skeleton*, we shall perhaps carry you over the water.

VEHAT.

3d Ghost. It is *deadly hard*; and——

INSIST.

Merc. *This is our way*, Madam— *Stop—*

REFUS.

who are you? You seem to brush *forward*, as who should say, “ I am no *small fool*.”

PRIDE.

4th Ghost. Why, Sir, I am *no less person* than *Lampicbus the Tyrant*.

SNEER.

Merc. *Pray, good Mr. Lampicbus the tyrant, where do you intend to stow all that luggage?*

REFUS.

INTR.

4th Ghost. *Consider*, Mercury, it is not *proper* that a *king* should travel without his *conveniencies* about him.

REFUS.

Merc. Whatever may be proper for you in quality of a *king*, you must allow *me* to determine of the necessities of life requisite for you in quality of a *ghost*. I shall therefore desire, that your tyranny will be pleased to *leave your bags* of *gold*, your *pride*, and your *cruelty*, behind. For, if you were to go into our *poor crazy wherry* with them, you would *sink* it, if there were *no passenger* but *yourself*.

INSIST.

BLAME.

APPREHENSION.

INTR.

4th Ghost. *Pray, good Mercury*, let me carry my *diadem*^c. It is not much *heavier* than an old fashioned *wedding-ring*. How will the ghosts
know,

^c Diadems are thought to have been only a sort of ring to go round the head, like a wreath.

LESSONS.

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know, that I am a *king*, without something of a *royal ensign* about me?

Merc. There is no *difference*, where you are going, between a *king* and a *cobler*, unless the *cobler* has been the *better man*, which happens *commonly enough*.—But *who* are you, with your *rosy gills*, and your *round paunch*?

5th Ghost. I am only a *harmless, good-natured fellow*, known by the name of *Damafias*, the *parasite*. You see I am *naked*. I hope, therefore, you will let me into the *boat*.

Merc. I like such *naked passengers* as you. Pray, do you think, you can cross the *Styx* with such a load of *flesh* about you? One of your *legs* would *sink* the *boat*.

5th Ghost. *What*, must I *put off* my very *flesh*?

Merc. *Yes, surely*.

5th Ghost. If I *must*, I *must*. * *Now then*, let me *come*.

Merc. *Hold*. *What* have you got under your *arm*?

5th Ghost. It is only a little *book* of *compliments* and *poems*, in praise of *great folks*, which I have *written out*, and keep *ready* by me, to put *any name* at the head of them, as *occasion offers*, you know.

Merc. You *filly fellow*! Do you think you will have occasion for *panegyrics* on the *other side* of the *Styx*?

Q 2

5th Ghost.

- DISAP. 5th Ghost. *What, are there no great folks there?*
- CONT. Merc. Why, you simpleton, don't you know, that those, who were *greatest* in t'other world, are *meanest* in *that* you are *going* to? Besides, there are neither *places* nor *pensions* to *give* there.—
- QUEST. *Who* are you, pray?
- CHID. 6th Ghost. A *conqueror*. I am the fa-
- BOAST. mous——
- RESOL. Merc. You shan't conquer *me*, I can tell you,
- REFUS. Mr. *Famous*; and, therefore, if you don't throw your *sword* and your *spear*, and all these *trophies*, into the *Styx*; you shan't set a *foot* in the *boat*.
- VENAT. 6th Ghost. What, must not my *immortal* *honours* accompany me? If I had not thought of *enjoying* them in the other *world*, I had not taken the *pains* I did *about* them.
- THREATEN- Merc. You will see presently what *honours* ING. judge *Minos* will *confer* on you for *ravaging* *man-kind*, and *deluging* the *world* with *blood*.—*Stop*.
- QUEST. *Who* are you?
- AFFECT. 7th Ghost. Sir, I am an *universal* *genius*.
- LEARN. Merc. † That is to say, in plain English, a
- † CONT. *Jack* of *all* *trades*, and *good* at *none*.
- BOAST. 7th Ghost. Why, Sir, I have *written* upon *all* *manner* of *subjects*. I have published *ten* volumes in *folio*, *sixteen* *quartos*, *thirty-five* *octavos*, *nineteen* volumes in *twelves*, and *twenty-two* *pamphlets*. I am a *standard* *author* in *astronomy*, in *natural* *history*, in *physic*, in *criticism*, in *history*, in *epic*,
tragic,

tragic, and comic poetry, in metaphysics, in grammar, in —

Merc. *Plague on thy everlasting tongue; is it never to lie still any more. What mountain of a folio is that, thou hast under thine arm?* CONT. QUEST.

7th Ghost. Sir, it is only my *common-place-Book*. INTR.

Merc. Well, if you will go and dispose of it, and of your *learned pride*, and your *scurrility* to all your *cotemporary authors*, and of your *arrogance* in *pretending to be master of so many different subjects*, and of your *ostentation*, in giving yourself so many *filly airs of learning needlessly*; and come back in the dress and disposition of a *modest, well-behaved skeleton*, we shall think of giving you your *passage*.—Now, *who are you?* CONT. QUEST.

8th Ghost. Sir, I am worth a *plumb*, as I can shew you by my *Ledger*. Look you *here*. BOAST.

“BALANCE Dr. Per Con. Cr.” CHID. CONT.

Merc. *What*, in the name of *Plutus*⁴; has the *filly ghost* gotten in his *pericranium*? Dost think, friend, that there is *cheating*, and *usury*, and *stock-jobbing*, in the *lower regions*? Stand out of the way.—*Who are you?* REFUS. QUEST.

9th Ghost. Sir, I am a *gentleman*, rat me. FOOP.

Merc. Ay, there's little doubt of your *rotting*, now you are *dead*. You was *half-rotten* before you *died*. CONT.

Q 3

9th Ghost.

⁴ The god of riches.

FOPPERY.

BOAST.

9th Ghost. Sir, I have been the *happiest* of all mortals in the favour of the ladies, *split me*. The tender creatures could *refuse me nothing*, I *conquered* wherever I *tried*, *stop my vitals*.

CHIDING.

Merc. I cannot but *admire your impudence* to tell me a *lie*. Don't you *know*, sirrah, that *Mercury* is a god? No lady, whose *favours were worth having*, ever *cared a farthing for you*, or any *pig-tail'd puppy of your sort*. Therefore let me *have none of your nonsense*; but go and *throw your snuff-box, your monkey airs, your rat me's, and your split me's, your pretensions to favours you never received, your foolish brains, and your chattering tongue; throw them all into the Styx, and then we shall perhaps talk to you.*

BOAST.

with INTR.

10th Ghost. I am an *emperor*, and could bring *three hundred thousand men* into the *field*, and—

AFFEC. with

INTR.

11th Ghost. I am a *female conqueror*, and have had *princes* at my feet. My *beauty* has been always thought *irresistible*, nor has—

AFFEC. of

PIETY.

SELF-VINDI-

CATION.

12th Ghost. I am a *venerable priest* of the temple of *Apollo*, and you *know*, Mercury, whether the *report of the Delphic oracle's* being only a *contrivance* among us, be not a *malicious fiction*; and whether the *priests* in all ages, and in all places, *have not been, and will not always be, eminent for their artless, undesigning simplicity, their contempt of riches, their honest opposition to the vices of the great, and their zeal in promoting truth and liberty of conscience, and—*

13th Ghost.

13th Ghost. I have the *honour* to tell you, Sir, FAWN.
 I am the *darling* of the *greatest* prince on earth.
 I have kept *in* favour *five* and *twenty* years in
spite of the *hatred* of a *whole* nation, and the *arts*
of *hundreds* of *rivals*. There is not, I will take
upon me to say, Sir, a *fetch* in *politics*, nor a *con-*
venience for *worming* in, and *screwing* out, that I
 am not *master* of. I had, I *assure* you, Sir, (a WHISP.
word in your ear) I had my *king* as much at my
command as a *shepherd* has his *dog*. Sir, I should
 be *proud* to *serve* you, Sir, if you——

14th Ghost. I *presume*, *illustrious* Sir, you STIFF
 won't *binder* me of my *passage*, when I inform you, APPR.
 I only want to *carry* with me a few *nostrums*, a LEARN.
 little *physical* *Latin*, and a small collection of
learned *phrases* for expressing *common* things more
magnificently, which if they were put into a *ver-*
nacular *tongue*, would be too *easily* *understood*.
Besides, I have, I believe——

15th Ghost. *Great* *god* of *eloquence*, you will APPR.
 not, I am persuaded, *stop* a *famous* *lawyer* and with
orator. I am *master* of every *trope* and *figure* that WHISD.
 ever was *heard* of. I can make any *cause* *good*. BOAST.
 By the time I have *talked* *half* an *hour*, there is
 not a *judge* on the *bench*, that *knows* *which* *side*
 the *right* is on, or whether there be any *right* on
 either *side*. And then, for *brow-beating*, and
 finding *useful* and *seasonable* *demurs*, *quirks*, and
 the like, I dare *challenge*——

HYPOC.
and FAWN.

16th Ghost. Mercury, I do *intreat* you to let me come into the *boat*. I am sure, judge *Minos* will pass a very *favourable sentence* on me. For it is *well known*, that *no body ever was* a more *exact observer* of the religious *ceremonies* appointed by *authority*, and established by *custom*, than *myself*. And what was alledged against me, of my being given to *censoriousness*, *pride*, and *private sins*, is all *false*—almost—and—

CONFID.

17th Ghost. I am sure, Mercury, I shall be very well received by judge *Minos*, judge *Rhadamanthus*, and judge *Æacus*. For I never did *harm* to *any body*; but was always ready to do *any kindness* in my *power*. And there is *nothing* can be alledged *against me*, worth *naming*. For it is not *true*, that I believed neither *god* nor *future state*. I was *no atheist*, as has been alledged, but only a *free-thinker*.

SELF-VINDICATION.

INTR.

PITY.

18th Ghost. *Pray*, Mercury, let a *brave soldier* come into the *boat*. See what a *stab* in my *back* I *died* of.

19th Ghost. *Pray*, Mercury, *don't* keep out an *industrious citizen*, who died of living too *frugally*.

20th Ghost. *Pray*, Mercury, let an *honest farmer pass*, who was knocked on the *head* for *not selling corn* to the *poor* for a *song*.

IMPATIENCE.

Merc. Hoity, toity! *What* have we got! *Why* don't you all *bawl together*? Now, in the name of the three *Furies*, *Alecto*, *Typhoea*, and *Megara*,
of

of the *Vejoves*, the *Numina lava*, and all the *Robigus's* and *Averruncus's* that stand on *Aulus Gellius's* list of *mischievous deities*, what must we do, Charon?

Char. Push them away. Push them into the ANGER.

Styx. There is not one of them fit to be carried over. One comes loaded with pride of beauty and CHILD. lust, another with arrogance and cruelty, another with falsehood and flattery, another with love of fame, and desire of boundless dominion, another with false learning, another with learned pride, another with spiritual pride and hypocrisy, another with avarice and churlishness, another with foppery and false pretensions to ladies favours, another with political craft, bribery, and corruption, another with law quirks, another with quackish nostrums, and another with priestcraft; and they expect, that my poor little old half-rotten wherry should carry them and all their nasty luggage over at one list. Why, Mercury, it would require such a vessel, as those they will build at the island of Albion two thousand years hence, which will be called first rate men of war, to carry such a cargo. Therefore we DETERM. must e'en put off, with this half-dozen of passengers, and, perhaps, by the time we come back, some of them will be stripped to the buff, I mean to the bones, and disencumbered of their respective appurtenances, so as to be fit for the voyage.

Merc. We have nothing else for it, Charon. AGREE.
Therefore, gentlemen and ladies, if you don't clear

- THREAT. *the way, I must be rude to you. Fall back, fall*
 COMM. *back. I have not room to push the boat off—*
[Standing a tiptoe, and looking as at a distant
 DOUBT. *object.] O—Methinks I see a couple of modest-*
looking ghosts whom I should know, standing at a
 INVIT. *distance. Ay, ay, it is the same. Hark ye, you*
 APPROBA- *good people, come this way. You seem to have*
 TION. *shaken off all your useless lumber. I remember you.*
You lived in a little cottage on the side of a hill
in the Chersonesus Cimbrica. You were always
good, honest, contented creatures.
- KINDN. *Char. Take them in, Mercury. They are*
worth an hundred of your cumbrous emperors, con-
querors, beauties, and literati. Come, let us pass
off.

LXIII.

ACCUSATION.

From Cicero's ORATION against Verres, entitled
 DIVINATIO.

APOLOGY.

HAVING formerly had the honour of being
quaestor in Sicily, and leaving that people
with such grateful impressions of me on account
of my behaviour, while I was among them, as,
I hope, will not soon be effaced, it appeared, that,
as they had great dependence upon their for-
mer patrons for the security of their properties,
they

they likewise reposed *some* degree of confidence in me. Those *unhappy* people being *plundered* and *oppressed*, have made *frequent* and *public* applications to me, intreating, that I would undertake the defence of them, and their *fortunes*; which, they told me, were they encouraged to *request* of me, by *promises* I had given them (of the *sincerity* of which they had had several *substantial* proofs) that if *ever* they should have *occasion* for my *friendship*, I would not be wanting in any *respect* in which I could be *useful* to them. The time was now come, they told me, when they had but *too much* occasion to claim my *promise*; for that they were now in want of *protection*, not for their *property* only, but even for their *lives*, and for securing the very *being* of the *province*. That for *three* years they had suffered by the injustice of Caius Verres, every *hardship*, with which *daring* impiety, rapacious insolence, and wanton cruelty could distress a *miserable* and *helpless* people. It gave me no small concern, to find myself obliged either to falsify my *promise* to those who had reposed a confidence in me, or to undertake the *ungrateful* part of an *accuser*, instead of that which I have always chosen, I mean of a *defender*. I referred them to the patronage of Quintus Cæcilius, who succeeded me in the *quaestorship* of the *province*. I was in hopes I should thus get free of the *disagreeable* office they had solicited me to engage in. But to my great disappointment, they told me, so

PITT.

PROM.

INTR.

PITT.

ACCUS.

VEXAT.

DECLIN.

VEXAT.

- Accus. far from their having any *hopes* from *Cæcilius*, their distresses had been *heightened* by him; and that he had, by his *conduct*, during his *questorship*, made their application to me *more necessary*, than
- APPL. *otherwise* it would have been. You see, therefore, Fathers, that I am *drawn* to engage in this cause by *duty*, *fidelity*, and *commiseration* for the *distressed*, and that, though I may *seem* to take the *accusing* side, it is, in *fact*, the *defence* of the *oppressed*, that I undertake, the defence of many *thousands*, of many *great cities*, of a *whole province*. And indeed, though the cause were of *less consequence* than it is; though the Sicilians had *not requested* my assistance; and though I had not been by my *promise*, and my *connexions* with that unfortunate people, *obliged* to undertake their defence, though I had *professedly commenced* this prosecution
- Accus. with a view to the *service* of my *country* *merely*; that a man *infamous* for his *avarice*, *impudence*, and *villainy*, whose *rapaciousness*, and other crimes of *various kinds*, are *notorious*, not in *Sicily* only, but in *Achaia*, *Asia Minor*, *Cilicia*, *Pamphylia*, and even here at *home*; that *such a man* might, at *my instance*, be brought upon his *trial*, and receive the *punishment* he *deserves*; though I had had *no other view* in *this prosecution* than that *justice* should be done upon a *cruel oppressor*, and the *distressed* be *delivered*; what Roman could have *blamed* my *proceeding*? How could I do a more *valuable* service to the *commonwealth*? What ought
- SELF-VINDICATION. . .

ought to be more *acceptable* to the *Roman people*, to our *allies*, or to *foreign nations*? *What* more *desirable* towards securing the *properties*, *privileges*, and *lives* of mankind, than *exemplary justice*, inflicted on *notorious abusers* of *power*? *Deplorable* is the *situation* of the *tributary states* and *provinces* of the *commonwealth*. *Oppressed*, *plundered*, *ruined*, by those who are set over them, they do not now presume to hope for *deliverance*. All they desire, is a little *alleviation* of their *distresses*. They are willing to *submit* their *cause* to the *justice* of a *Roman senate*. But they, who ought to *undertake* their *vindication*, are their *enemies*. They, who ought to *commence* the *prosecution* against their *oppressors*, deserve *themselves*, to be brought upon their *trial* for their *own* mal-administration.

PITY.

ACCUS.

It is sufficiently *known* to you, *Fathers*, that the *law* for recovery of *tributes unjustly seized*, was intended expressly for the *advantage* of the *allied*, and *tributary states*. For in cases of *injustice* done by *one* citizen to *another*, redress is to be had by *action* at *common law*. The present cause is, therefore, to be tried by the *law* of *recovery*. And, under the *umbrage* of that *law*, and in hopes of *redress* by it, the *province* of *Sicily*, with *one voice*, accuses *Verres* of *plundering* her of her *gold* and *silver*, of the *riches* of her *towns*, her *cities*, and *temples*, and of *all* she enjoyed under the *protection* of the *Roman commonwealth*, to the value of *many millions*, &c.

TEACH. OF
EXPL.

ACCUS.

From

From his other Orations against Verres.

TEACH. OR
EXPL.

AWK.
INFOR.

ACCUS.

APOL.

EXCIT.

The time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for, towards allaying the envy, your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is (not by human contrivance, but superior direction) effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the state, viz. That, in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however, clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial before you, to the confusion, I hope of the propagators of this slanderous imputation, one, whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons; but who, according to his own reckoning, and declared dependance upon his riches, is already acquitted; I mean Caius Verres. I have undertaken his prosecution, Fathers, at the general desire, and with the great expectation of the Roman people, not that I might draw envy upon that illustrious order, of which the accused happens to be; but with the direct design of clearing your justice and impartiality before the world. For I have brought upon his trial, one, whose conduct has been such that, in passing a just sentence upon him, you will have an opportunity of re-establishing

ing the *credit* of such trials; of *recovering* whatever may be *lost* of the *favour* of the *Roman people*; and of *satisfying* foreign *states* and *kingdoms* in *alliance* with us, or *tributary* to us. I demand *justice* of you, Fathers, upon the *robber* of the *public treasury*, the *oppressor* of *Asia Minor* and *Pamphylia*, the *invader* of the *rights* and *privileges* of *Romans*, the *scourge* and *curse* of *Sicily*. If that *sentence* is *passed* upon him which his *crimes* *deserve*, your *authority*, Fathers, will be *venerable* and *sacred* in the *eyes* of the *public*. But if his *great riches* should *bias* you in his *favour*, I shall still gain *one point*, viz. To make it *apparent* to all the *world*, that what was *wanting* in this case was not a *criminal*, nor a *prosecutor*; but *justice*, and *adequate punishment*. And, to confess the *very truth*, Fathers, though various *snares* have been laid for me, on *sea* and *land*, by *Verres*, which I have partly avoided by my *own vigilance*, partly *baffled* with the *help* of my *friends*; I have never been *so apprehensive* of *danger* from him, as *now*. Nor does my *anxiety* about my *own insufficiency* for conducting such a *trial*, nor the *awe*, with which so great a *concourse* of people *strikes* me, *alarm* my *apprehensions* so much, as the *wicked arts* and *designs*, which I *know* he has framed against *Marcus Glabrio* the *prætor*, against the *allied* and *tributary states*, against the *whole senatorial rank*, and against *myself*. For he makes no *scruple* publicly to declare, " That in his opinion

INSIST.
ACCUS.
EXCIT.
APPREH.
ACCUS.

" they

" *they alone* have reason to *fear* being called to
 " *account*, who have only amassed what is suffi-
 " *cient* for *themselves*. That, for *his part*, he
 " has *prudently* taken care to secure what will be
 " *sufficient* for *himself* and many *others* besides.
 " That he knows there is *nothing so sacred*, but
 CONT. " it may be made *free with*, nothing so well
 " *secured*, but it may be *come at* by a *proper ap-*
 " *plication* of *money*." It is true, we are *so far*
 obliged to him, that he joins with his *daring*
wickedness, such *bare-faced folly*, that it must be
 our *own egregious* and *inexcusable fault*, if we are
 ACCUS. *deceived* by him. For, as those acts of *violence*,
 by which he has gotten his *exorbitant riches*, were
 done *openly*, so have his attempts to *pervert judg-*
ment, and *escape* due *punishment*, been *public*, and
 in open *defiance* of *decency*. He has accordingly
 said, that the *only time* he *ever* was afraid, was,
 when he found the prosecution *commenced* against
 him, by *me*; lest he should not have *time enough*
 to dispose of a sufficient number of *presents* in
proper hands. Nor has he attempted to *secure*
 himself by the *legal way* of *defence* upon his *trial*.
 And, indeed, where is the *learning*, the *eloquence*,
 or the *art*, which would be *sufficient* to qualify
 any one for the *defence* of *him* whose *whole life*
 has been a continued *series* of the most *atrocious*
crimes? To pass over the *shameful irregularities* of
 his *youth*, what does his *quæstorship*, the first public
employment he held, *what* does it *exhibit*, but one
 continued

continued *scene of villanies*; *Cneius Carbo* plundered of the public money by his *own treasurer*; a *consul* stripped and betrayed; an *army* deserted and reduced to want; a *province* robbed; the *civil and religious rights* of a people violated. The *employment* he held in *Asia Minor* and *Pamphylia*, what did it produce, but the *ruin* of those countries; in which *houses, cities, and temples* were robbed by him. There he acted over again the *scene* of his *questorship*, bringing by his bad practices, *Cneius Dolabella*, whose *substitute* he was, into disgrace with the *people*, and then *deserting* him; not only *deserting*, but even *accusing* and *betraying* him. What was his *conduct* in his *prætorship* here at home? Let the *plundered temples and public works neglected*, that he might *embezzle* the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. How did he discharge the *office* of a judge? Let those, who suffered by his *injustice*, answer. But his *prætorship* in *Sicily*, crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a *lasting monument* to his *infamy*. The *mischief*s done by him in that *unhappy country*, during the *three years* of his *iniquitous administration*, are such, that *many years* under the *wisest and best* of *prætors*, will not be sufficient to *restore* things to the *condition* in which he found them. For it is *notorious*, that, during the time of his *tyranny*, the *Sicilians* neither enjoyed the *protection* of their own original *laws*, of the *regulations* made for their *benefit* by the

PITY.

R

Roman

Accus.

Roman senate, upon their coming under the protection of the *commonwealth*, nor of the *natural* and *unalienable* rights of *men*. No inhabitant of that *ruined country* has been able to keep possession of any thing, but what has either *escaped* the rapaciousness, or been neglected by the satiety of that *universal plunderer*. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years. And his decisions have broken all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by *arbitrary taxes*, and *unheard-of impositions*, extorted from the *industrious poor*, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies. Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures. The most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters, condemned, and banished, unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers. The soldiery and sailors, belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death. Whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish. The antient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples stripped of the images. The infamy of his lewdness has been such, as decency forbids to describe. Nor will I, by mentioning particulars, put those unfortunate persons to fresh pain,

pain, who have not been able to save their *wives* and *daughters* from his *impurity*. And these his *atrocious crimes* have been committed in so *public* a manner, that there is *no one*, who has *heard* of his *name*, but could *reckon up* his *actions*.

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

DEPRECA-
TION.
ACCUS.

I *ask*, now, *Verres*, what you have to *advance* against this *charge*? Will you pretend to *deny* it? Will you pretend, that any thing *false*, that even any thing *aggravated*, is alledged against you? Had any *prince*, or any *state*, committed the *same outrage* against the privilege of *Roman citizens*, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate *war* against them? What *punishment* ought, then, to be inflicted upon a *tyrannical* and *wicked prætor*, who *dared*, at no greater *distance* than *Sicily*, within *sight* of the *Italian coast*, to put to the infamous death of *crucifixion* that *unfortunate* and *innocent* citizen, *Publius Gavius Coſanus*, only for his having *asserted* his privilege of *citizenship*, and declared

CHALL.

REMOM.

ACCUS.

PITY.

- his intention of *appealing* to the *justice* of his *country* against a *cruel oppressor*, who had *unjustly confined* him in *prison* at *Syracuse*, from whence he had just made his *escape*? The *unhappy man arrested*, as he was going to *embark* for his *native country*, is brought before the *wicked prætor*.
- ACCUS. With *eyes darting fury*, and a *countenance distorted with cruelty*, he orders the *helpless victim* of his *rage* to be *stripped*, and *rods* to be brought; *accusing* him, but without the least *shadow of evidence*, or even of *suspicion*, of having come to *Sicily* as a *spy*. It was in vain, that the *unhappy man* cried out, "I am a *Roman citizen*, I have "*served* under *Lucius Pretius*, who is *now* at "*Panormus*, and will *attest* my *innocence*." The *blood-thirsty prætor*, deaf to all he could urge in his own *defence*, ordered the *infamous punishment* to be *inflicted*. Thus, *Fathers*, was an *innocent Roman citizen* publicly mangled with *scourging*; whilst the *only words* he uttered amidst his *cruel sufferings* were, * "I am a *Roman Citizen*." With *these* he *hoped* to *defend* himself from *violence* and *infamy*. But of so little *service* was this *privilege* to him, that while he was thus *asserting* his *citizenship*, the order was given for his *execution*—for his execution upon the *cross*!—
- PITY.
- * DEPR. O *liberty*!—O *sound* once *delightful* to every *Roman ear*!—O *sacred privilege* of *Roman citizenship*!—once *sacred*!—now *trampled* upon!—But *what* then! Is it come to *this*? Shall an *inferior* *magistrate*,
- ACCUS.
- PITY.
- DEPRECATION.
- ACCUS.
- HORROR.
- LAMEN.
- EXCITING TO VINDIC.

magistrate, a governor, who holds his wretched power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red hot plates of iron, and at the last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

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

LXIV.

TERROR. DISCOVERY of secret Wickedness.

The ghost of Hamlet king of Denmark, murdered by his brother, in concert with his queen, appears to Hamlet his son. [*Shakeſp.*
HAMLET,]

ALARM,
START.

Horatio. *LOOK*, my lord, it comes!
Hamlet. *Angels and Miniſters of*
*grace defend us!**—

TERROR.

Be thou a ſpirit of *health*, or goblin *damn'd*;
Bring with thee *airs* from *Heav'n*, or *blaſts* from
hell,

Be thy intents *wicked* or *charitable*,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch *queſtionable*[†] *ſhape*,
That I *will ſpeak* to thee. I'll call the *Hamlet*,
King,

* Hamlet, ſtanding in converſation with Horatio and Marcellus, is ſuppoſed to be turned from the place where the gholt appears, and is ſeen by Horatio. When Horatio gives the word, that the gholt appears, Hamlet turns haſtily round toward it in great conſternation, and expreſſes his fear in the firſt line, "*Angels and miniſters*," &c. Then, after a *long pauſe*, looking earneſtly at the ſpectre, he goes on, "Be thou "a ſpirit," &c. See *Fear*, p. 17.

[†] *Queſtionable*, means *inviting queſtion*. The gholt appeared in a ſhape ſo intereſting to the young prince, viz. That of his father, that he could not help venturing to ſpeak to it, though with great reluctance from fear.

LESSONS.

247

*King, Father, Royal Dane! O answer me,
Why thy bones, bears'd in canonized earth,
Have burst their cearments*? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee forth again? What may this mean,
That thy dead corse again in warlike steel
Revisits thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous?*

EARNEST

*Say, why is this? What would'st thou have done
for thee?*

QUEST.

*Ghost. ^h I am thy father's spirit, to earth
return'd*

HORROR.

*Foul murder to disclose—Lift, then, O Hamlet!—
'Tis given out, that sleeping in my garden,
A serpent stung me. So the ear of Denmark
Is, by a forged process of my death,
Grossly abus'd. But know, thou princely youth,
The serpent, that did sting thy father dead,
Now wears his crown. Sleeping within an alcove,
On my security thy uncle stole
With juice of cursed hebenon distill'd,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leprous poison, whose contagious nature*

COMPL.
OF
INJURY.

R 4

Holds

* *Cearments* are the medicated swathings put about a dead body, to preserve it longer from putrefaction; from *cera*, wax.

^h The speech of the ghost to be spoken without action, very slow and solemn, with little variation of voice, and in a hollow dreary tone.

Holds such an *enmity* with the *life* of *man*,
 That with a *sudden vigour* it doth *curdle*
 The *thin* and *wholesome blood*. So did it *mine*,
 And *instantly* a *tetter* bark'd about,
 Most *lazar like*, with *vile* and *loathsome crust*,
 All my *smooth body*.

Thus was I, *sleeping*, by a *brother's hand*,
 Of *life*, of *crown*, of *queen*, at once bereft,
 Cut off, ev'n in the *blossom* of my *sins* ;
 No *reck'ning* made, but sent to my *account*,
 With all my *imperfections* on my *head*.

EXCITING. If thou hast *nature* in *thee*, *hear* it *not*.

Let not the *royal bed* of *Denmark* be

AVERSION. A couch for *filthiness*, and *beastly incest*.

But howsoever thou pursu'st *redress*,

CAUTION-
ING.

Taint not thy *mind*, nor let thy soul *contrive*
 Against thy *mother aught*. *Leave* her to *heav'n*,

ANGUISH.

And to those *thorns*, that in her bosom *ledge*,
 To *goad* and *sting* her. *Fare thee well* at once,
 The *glow-worm* shews the *morning* to be *near* ;
 His *ineffectual fire* begins to *pale*.

Farewel. *Remember me*.

LXV.

EXHORTATION. REPROACHING.

The Athenians, being unsuccessful in the war against Philip of Macedon, assembled, in great dejection, in order to consult what measures were to be taken to retrieve their seemingly desperate affairs. Demosthenes endeavours to encourage them, by shewing them, that there was nothing to fear from Philip, if they prosecuted the war in a proper manner. [*Demost.* PHILIP. ORAT.]

ATHENIANS!

HAD this assembly been called together on APOL.
an *unusual* occasion, I should have waited
to hear the opinions of *others*, before I had offered my *own*; and if what *they proposed* had
seemed to me *judicious*, I should have been *silent*;
if *otherwise*, I should have given my *reasons* for SUBMIT.
differing from those, who had spoken *before* me.
But as the subject of our present deliberations APOL.
has been *often* treated by *others*, I hope I shall be
excused, though I rise up *first* to offer my opinion.
Had the schemes, *formerly* proposed, been
successful, there had been *no occasion* for the *present*
consultation,

First,

- ENCOUR. First, then, my countrymen, let me *intreat* you not to look upon the state of our affairs as *desperate*, though it be *unpromising*. For, as on *one* hand, to compare the *present* with times *past*, matters have indeed a very *gloomy aspect*; *so*, on the *other*, if we extend our views to *future times*,
- CONCERN. I have good hopes, that the *distresses* we are *now* under will prove of *greater advantage* to us, than
- HOPE. if we had *never fallen* into them. If it be asked, what *probability* there is of this; I answer, I hope it will appear, that it is our *egregious misbehaviour alone* that has brought us into these *disadvantageous circumstances*. From whence follows the
- DIREC. necessity of *altering* our conduct, and the prospect of *bettering* our *circumstances* by doing so
- HOPE. If we had *nothing* to *accuse* ourselves of, and yet found our affairs in their *present disorderly condition*; we should not have *room* left even for the
- APPREHEN. *hope* of *recovering* ourselves. But, my countrymen, it is known to you, partly by your own remembrance, and partly by information from
- EXCITING. others, how *gloriously* the *Lacedæmonian war* was *sustained*, in which we engaged in *defence* of our own *rights*, against an enemy *powerful* and *formidable*; in the *whole conduct* of which war *nothing* happened *unworthy* the *dignity* of the *Athenian state*; and this within these *few years* past. My
- COURAGE. *intention* in recalling to your memory this *part* of our history is, to shew you, that you have *no* reason to *fear any enemy*, if your operations be
- APPROBATION. *wisely*

wisely planned, and vigorously executed; as, on the contrary, that if you do not exert your natural strength in a proper manner, you have nothing to look for but disappointment and distress; and to suggest to you, that you ought to profit by this example of what has actually been done by good conduct against the great power of the Lacedæmonians, so as in the present war to assert your superiority over the insolence of Philip; which it is evident from experience may be effected, if you resolve to attend diligently to those important objects, which you have of late shamefully neglected. The Enemy has indeed gained considerable advantages, by treaty, as well as by conquest. For it is to be expected, that princes and states will court the alliance of those, who, by their counsels and arms, seem likely to procure for themselves and their confederates distinguished honours and advantages. But, my countrymen, though you have of late been too supinely negligent of what concerned you so nearly; if you will even now resolve to exert yourselves unanimously, each according to his respective abilities and circumstances; the rich, by contributing liberally towards the expence of the war, and the rest by presenting themselves to be enrolled, to make up the deficiencies of the army and navy; if, in short, you will at last resume your own character, and act like yourselves, it is not yet too late, || with the help of Heaven, to recover what you have lost, and † to inflict the just vengeance

APPREHENSION.

EXCITING.

COURAGE.

REPR.

ENCOUR.

REPR.

ENCOUR.

EARNESTNESS.

ENCOUR.

|| REVER.

*-REPR.

† COUR.

	<i>vengeance on your insolent enemy. Philip is but a mortal. He cannot, like a god, secure to himself, beyond the possibility of disappointment, the acquisitions he has made. There are those, who</i>
EXCITING.	<i>bate him; there are, who fear, and there are who envy him; and of these some, who seem most inseparably connected with him. These your inactivity obliges, at present, to stifle their real sentiments, which are in your favour. But when will you, my countrymen, when will you rouse from your indolence, and bethink yourselves of what is to</i>
REFR.	<i>be done? When you are forced to it by some fatal disaster? When irresistible necessity drives you?</i>
EXCITING.	<i>What think ye of the disgraces, which are already come upon you? Is not the past sufficient to stimulate your activity? Or do ye wait for somewhat yet to come, more forcible and urgent? How long will you amuse yourselves with enquiring of one another after news, as you ramble idly about the streets? What news so strange ever came to</i>
APPREHENS.	<i>Athens, as, That a Macedonian should subdue this state, and lord it over Greece? Again, you ask one another, "What, is Philip dead?" "No," it is answered, "but he is very ill," How foolish this curiosity! What is it to you, whether Philip is sick, or well? Suppose he were dead. Your inactivity would soon raise up against yourselves another Philip in his stead. For it is not his strength, that has made him what he is; but your indolence; which has, of late, been such, that you seem neither</i>
ROUSING.	
SHAME.	
REPROV. with	
CONTEMPT.	
ROUSING.	
SHAME.	
CONTEMPT.	
CHIDING.	

ther in a condition to take any *advantage* of the *enemy*, nor to *keep* it, if it were *gained* by *others* for you.

But what I have *hitherto* observed to your *re-* RECOL.
proach, will be of *no service* toward *retrieving*
the *past miscarriages*, unless I proceed to offer a
plan for raising the necessary *supplies* of *money*,
shipping, and *men*.

The orator then goes on to treat of ways and means. But that part of his speech being less entertaining, and his demands of men, money, and shipping, being pitiful, compared with the immense funds, and stupendous armaments, we are accustomed to, I leave it out. Afterwards she shews Philip's insolence, by producing his letters to the Eubœans; and then makes remarks on them.

The present *disgraceful* state of your affairs, REGRET.
my countrymen, as it appears from the *insolent*
strain of the *letters* I have just read, may not,
perhaps, be a very *pleasing* subject for your *re-*
flections. And if, by *avoiding* the *mention* of *dis-* RELUC.
agreeable *circumstances*, their *existence* could be
prevented or *annihilated*, there would be *nothing* to
do, but to *frame* our *speeches* so as to give the
most *pleasure* to the *bearers*. But, if the unrea- APPREHENS
sonable *smoothness* of a speech tends to *lull* a peo-
ple into a *fatal security*, how *shameful* is such *self-*
deceit !

- REPR. *deceit! How contemptible the weakness of putting off the evil day, and through fear of being shocked*
 APPREHENSION. *at the sight of what is disordered in our affairs, to suffer the disorder to increase to such a degree, as will soon be irretrievable! Wisdom, on the contrary, directs, that the conductors of a war always anticipate the operations of the enemy, instead of waiting to see what steps he shall take.*
 COURAGE. *Superiority of genius shews itself by taking the start of others; as in marching to battle, it is the general who leads, and the common soldiers that follow.*
 REPR. with INDIGN. *Whereas you, Athenians, though you be masters of all that is necessary for war, as shipping, cavalry, infantry, and funds, have not the spirit to make the proper use of your advantages, but suffer the enemy to dictate to you every motion you are to make. If you hear, that Philip is in the Chersonesus; you order troops to be sent thither. If at Pylæ; forces are to be detached, so secure that post. Wherever he makes an attack, there you stand upon your defence. You attend him in all his motions, as soldiers do their general.*
 ROUSING. *But you never think of striking out of yourselves any bold and effectual scheme for bringing him to reason, by being before-hand with him. A pitiful manner of carrying on war at any time: but,*
 SHAME. *in the critical circumstances you are now in, utterly ruinous. However you might trifle, so long as things were in a tolerable state of safety you will not, I hope, think of going on in this*
 CHIDING. *san*
 CONTEMPT. *san*
 APPREHENS. *san*

same way, now that the very *being* of the *state* is come to be *precarious*. I would willingly *flatter* myself with the hope, that things being come to a *crisis*, the hasty *brides* made by Philip toward the conquest of this *commonwealth* will prove the means of *defeating* his *design*. Had he proceeded *deliberately* and *prudently*, you seem so disposed to *peace*, that I do not imagine you would have *troubled* yourselves about his taking a few *towns* and *provinces*, but would have given him leave, without *molestation*, to affront your *standards* and *flags* at his *pleasure*. But now, that you see him making *rapid advances* toward your *capital*, perhaps you may at *last* be *alarmed*, if you be not *lost* to all sense of *prudence*, *honour*, or *safety*.

HOPE.

SARCASM.

O *shame* to the *Athenian name*! We undertook this war against Philip, in order to obtain *redress* of *grievances*, and to force him to *indemnify* us for the *injuries* he had done us. And we have conducted it so *successfully*, that we shall by and by think ourselves *happy*, if we escape being *defeated* and *ruined*. For *who* can think that a prince, of his *restless* and *ambitious temper*, will not improve the *opportunities* and *advantages* which our *indolence* and *timidity* present him? Will he give *over* his designs against us, without being *obliged* to it? And *who* will *oblige* him? *Who* will *restrain* his *fury*? Shall we wait for *assistance* from some *unknown country*? In the name of all that is *sacred*, and

ROUSING.

SHAME.

SARCASM.

APPREHENS.

REMOM.

ALARM.

SOIL.

INCREAT.

- APPREHENS. Therefore these *strops* of thine *fright* me the *more* :
 For such things in a *false disloyal knave*
 Are *tricks* of *custom*; but in a man, that's *just*,
 They're *distillations* working from the *heart*,
 EARN. Which *passion* cannot *rule*. Therefore I tell thee
 CHARG. Thou dost *conspire* against thy *friend*, Iago,
 If thou but *think'st* him *wrong'd*, and mak'st his
 ear
 A *stranger* to thy *thought*.
 PRET. Iago. I do *beseech* you,
 RELUCT. From one, that so *imperfectly* conceits,
 Your *wisdom* would not *build* yourself a *trouble*
 Out of my *scattering* and *unsure observance*.
 It were not for *your quiet*, nor *your good*,
 Nor for *my manhood*, *honesty*, and *wisdom*,
 To let you *know* my *thoughts*.
 QUEST. Oth. *What dost* thou *mean* ?
 PRET. Iag. *Good name* in *man*, or *woman*, dear my
 Lord,
 RELUC. Is the *immediate jewel* of their *souls*.
 CONT. Who *steals* my *purse*, *steals trash*; 'tis *something*—
nothing—
 'Twas *mine*—'tis *his*—it has been *slave* to *thou-*
sands :
 CONC. But he who *filches* from me my *good name*,
Robs me of *that*, which makes not *him* the
richer,
 And makes *me poor* indeed.
 CHARG. Oth. I'll *know* thy *thoughts*.

Iag.

Iag. You *cannot*, if my *heart* were in your *REFUS.*
*band*¹;

Beware, my Lord, *beware* of *jealousy*, CAUT.
That *ghastly green-ey'd monster*, which doth *make* HORROR.
The *meat* it *feeds* on^k. The *injur'd husband's*
happy,

Who, *certain* of his *fate*, *loves* not his *traitress*:
But, oh, what *cruel minutes* tells *he o'er*,
Who *dotes*, yet *doubts*; *suspects*, yet *strongly loves*. ANGU.

Oth. O *mifery*! [Aside.]

Iag. *Poor*, and *content*, is *rich*, and *rich*
enough:

But *wealth* *unbounded* is as *poor* as *winter*,
To him, who *ever fears*, he shall be *poor*.— PRET.
I *doubt*, this hath a little *dash'd* your *spirits*. STMP.

Oth. *Not a jot*; *not a jot*. Farewel. PRET.
If thou dost *more perceive*, let me *know more*. INDIFF.

[Exit Iago.]

Why did I *marry*? This *honest fellow*, doubtless, JEAL.
Sees, and *knows more*, *much more*, than he *unfolds*.
He *knows* all *qualities*, with a *learned spirit*
Of *human dealings*¹—Should I prove her *faitblefs*, ANGU.

S 2

Tho'

¹ Iag. You *cannot*, &c.] That is, "I hardly know,
" myself, what to think; and yet I cannot help suspecting
" Cassio."

^k —doth *make* the *meat* it *feeds* on.] That is, "Jealousy
" creates to itself, out of nothing, grounds of suspicion."

¹ He *knows* all *qualities*, &c.] That is, "He knows the
" characters of men and women, and is learned in human
" nature."

THREAT. Tho' that her *charms* were bodied with my *heart*,
I'd rend it into *twain*, to throw her from me.

LXVII.

COMPLAINT. INTREATING.

The speech of Adherbal, son of Micipsa, king of Numidia, complaining to the Roman senate, and imploring assistance against the violence of Jugurtha, adopted, and left co-heir of the kingdom, by Micipsa, with himself and Hiempsal, which last Jugurtha had procured to be murdered. [*Sal. BELL. JUGURTHIN.*]

FATHERS,

EXPLAIN-
ING.

SUBMIT.

IT is known to you, that king *Micipsa*, my father, on his *death-bed*, left in charge to *Jugurtha*, his *adopted son*, conjunctly with my unfortunate brother *Hiempsal*, and myself, the children of his own body, the *administration* of the kingdom of Numidia; directing us to consider the *senate*, and *people* of *Rome*, as *proprietors* of it. He charged us to use our *best endeavours* to be serviceable to the Roman commonwealth, in *peace* and *war*; assuring us, that your protection would prove, to us, a *defence* against *all enemies*, and would be instead of *armies*, *fortifications*, and *treasures*.

While

LESSONS.

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While my brother and I were thinking of *nothing*, but how to regulate ourselves according to the *directions* of our deceased father;—*Jugurtha*;—the most infamous of mankind!—*breaking through all ties of gratitude, and of common humanity, and trampling on the authority of the Roman commonwealth, procured the murder of my unfortunate brother, and has driven me from my throne, and native country, though he knows I inherit from my grandfather Massinissa, and my father Micipsa, the friendship and alliance of the Romans.*

GRIEF.

INTR.

COMPL.

COMPL.

For a prince to be reduced, by *villainy*, to my *distressful* circumstances, is *calamity enough*; but my misfortunes are *heightened* by the consideration, That I find myself obliged to *solicit* your *assistance*, Fathers, for the *services* done you by my *ancestors*; not for any I have been able to render you in my *own person*. *Jugurtha* has put it out of my power to *deserve any thing* at your hands, and has forced me to be *burdensome*, before I could be *useful*, to you. And yet, if I had *no plea*, but my *undeserved misery*, who, from a *powerful prince, the descendant of a race of illustrious monarchs*, find myself, without *any fault* of my own, *destitute of every support*, and reduced to the *necessity* of begging *foreign assistance* against an *enemy*, who has *seized my throne and kingdom*; if my *unequalled distresses* were all I had to plead, it would become the *greatness* of the Roman *commonwealth*, the *arbitress* of the world, to *protect*

GRIEF.

COMPL.

COMPL.

COMPL.

SUBMIS.

INTR.

EXCIT.
TO
VINDIC.

the injured, and to check the triumph of daring wickedness over helpless innocence. But to provoke your vengeance to the utmost, Jugurtha has driven me from the very dominions, which the senate and people of Rome gave to my ancestors, and from whence my grandfather, and my father, under your umbrage, expelled Syphax, and the Carthaginians. Thus, Fathers, your kindness to our family is defeated, and Jugurtha, in injuring me, throws contempt on you.

LAMEN.

O wretched prince! O cruel reverse of fortune! O father Micipsa! Is this the consequence of your generosity; that he, whom your goodness raised to an equality with your own children, should be the

HORROR.
LAMEN.

murderer of your children! Must then, the royal house of Numidia always be a scene of havoc and blood? While Carthage remained, we suffered, as was to be expected, all sorts of hardships from their hostile attacks; our enemy near; our only powerful ally, the Roman commonwealth, at a distance; while we were so circumstanced, we were always in arms, and in action. When that scourge of Africa was no more, we congratulated ourselves on the prospect of established peace. But instead of peace, behold the kingdom of Numidia drenched with royal blood, and the only surviving son of its late king flying from an adopted murderer, and seeking that safety in foreign parts, which he cannot command in his own kingdom.

GLIM.
HOPE.

HORROR.

Whitber

Whither—O whither shall I fly? If I return ANGR.
to the royal palace of my ancestors, my father's DISTR.
throne is seized by the murderer of my brother.
What can I there expect, but that Jugurtha should DREAD.
hasten to imbrue in my blood, those hands which
are now reeking with my brother's? If I were HORROR.
to fly for refuge, or for assistance, to any other DISTR.
court, from what prince can I hope for protection,
if the Roman commonwealth gives me up? From
my own family or friends, I have no expectations. GRIEF.
My royal father is no more. He is beyond the
reach of violence, and out of bearing of the com-
plaints of his unhappy son. Were my brother
alive, our mutual sympathy would be some alle-
vation. But he is buried out of life in his early
youth, by the very hand, which should have been
the last to injure any of the royal family of Nu-
midia. The bloody Jugurtha has butchered all, HORROR.
whom he suspected to be in my interest. Some
have been destroyed by the lingering torment of
the cross; others have been given a prey to wild
beasts, and their anguish made the sport of men
more cruel than wild beasts. If there be any yet
alive, they are shut up in dungeons, there to drag
out a life more intolerable than death.

Look down, illustrious senators of Rome, from SUBM.
that height of power, to which you are raised, on INTR.
the unexampled distresses of a prince, who is, by the
cruelty of a wicked intruder, become an outcast SUBM.
from all mankind. Let not the crafty insinuations CAUT.

- HORROR. . . of him, who returns *murder* for *adoption*, *prejudice* your judgment. Do not listen to the wretch who has *butchered* the son and relations of a king, who gave him power to sit on the *same throne* with his *own sons*. I have been informed that he labours by his *emissaries*, to prevent your determining any thing against him in his *absence*, pretending that I *magnify* my *distress*, and might, for *him*, have staid, in *peace* in my *own kingdom*.
- ACCUS. But, if ever the *time comes*, when the due *vengeance*, from *above*, shall overtake him, he will then *dissemble* in the very *same* manner as I do. Then he, who now, *hardened* in wickedness, *triumphs* over those whom his *violence* has laid low, will, in his *turn*, feel *distress*, and suffer for his *impious ingratitude* to my father, and his *blood-thirsty cruelty* to my brother.
- COMP. O murdered, butchered brother! O dearest to my heart—now gone for ever from my sight.—But why should I lament his death? He is indeed deprived of the *blessed light* of heaven, of *life*, and *kingdom*, at once, by the very person, who ought to have been the first to hazard his own life in defence of any one of Micipsa's family: but, as things are, my brother is not so much deprived of these *comforts*, as delivered from *terror*, from *flight*, from *exile*, and the *endless train* of *miseries*, which render *life* to me a *burden*. He lies full low, gored with wounds, and *festering* in his own blood. But he lies in *peace*. He feels none of the *miseries* which
rend
- LAMEN.
- HORROR.
- ANGU.

rend my soul with agony and distraction; whilst I am set up a spectacle, to all mankind, of the uncertainty of human affairs. So far from having it in my power to revenge his death, I am not master of the means of securing my own life. So far from being in a condition to defend my kingdom from the violence of the usurper, I am obliged to apply for foreign protection for my own person.

Fathers! Senators of Rome, the arbiters of the world! To you I fly for refuge from the murderous fury of Jugurtha. By your affection for your children, by your love for your country, by your own virtues, by the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, by all that is sacred, and all that is dear to you; deliver a wretched prince from undeserved, unprovoked injury; and save the kingdom of Numidia, which is your own property, from being the prey of violence, usurpation, and cruelty.

VERHEM.

SOLICIT.

LXVIII.

ACCUSATION. PITY.

Pleadings of Lysias the orator in favour of certain orphans defrauded by an uncle, executor to the will of their father. [*Dion. Halicarn.*]

VENERABLE JUDGES !

SUBM.

APOL.

AVERS.

SUBM.

PITY.

AVERS.

PITY.

APOL.

PITY.

IF the *cause*, which now comes under your cognisance, were not of extraordinary importance, I should *never* have given *my* consent, that it should be *litigated* before you. For it seems to me *shameful*, that near *relations* should commence *prosecutions* against one another; and I know, that, in such trials, not only the *aggressors*, but even those, who *resent* injuries too *impatiently*, must appear to you in a *disadvantageous* light. But the *plaintiffs*, who have been *defrauded* of a very large sum of money, and *cruelly* injured by one, who ought to have been the *last* to *hurt* them; have applied to *me*, as a *relation*, to *plead* their *cause*, and *procure* them *redress*. And I thought, I could not *decently* excuse myself from undertaking the patronage of persons in such *distressful* circumstances, with whom I had such close *connections*. For the *sister* of the *plaintiffs*, the niece of Diogiton the defendant, is my *wife*.

When

When the plaintiffs *intreated* me, as they did **APOL.**
often, to *undertake* the *management* of the *suit*, I
advised them to *refer* the *difference*, between them
and their uncle the defendant, to *private arbitra-* **AVERS.**
tration; thinking it the *interest* of *both* parties to
conceal, as much as possible from the knowledge
of the *public*, that there *was* any *dispute* between
them. But as Diogiton *knew* that it was *easy* **ACCUS.**
to *prove* him *guilty* of *detaining* the *property* of the
plaintiffs his nephews, he *foresaw*, that it would,
by no means, *answer* his *purpose*, to *submit* his
cause to the decision of *arbitrators*. He has,
therefore, determined to proceed to the utmost
extremity of *injustice*, at the *hazard* of the *conse-*
quences of a *prosecution*.

I most humbly *implore* you, venerable judges, **SUBM.**
to grant the plaintiffs *redress*, if I *show* you, as I **INTR.**
hope I shall in the most *satisfactory* manner, that
the defendant, though so *nearly* related to the **PITY.**
unhappy *orphans*, the plaintiffs, has treated them **BLAME.**
in *such a* manner, as would be *shameful* among
absolute *strangers*.

I beg leave to lay before you, venerable **SUBM.**
judges, the *subject* of the present *prosecution*, as
follows.

Diodotus and *Diogiton* were *brothers*, the chil- **NARRA-**
dren of the *same* father and the *same* mother. **TION.**
Upon their father's decease, they *divided* be-
tween them his *moveables*; but his *real* estate
they

they enjoyed *conjunctly*. Diodotus growing *rich*, Diogiton offered him his *only daughter* in *marriage*^m. By her Diodotus had *two sons* and a *daughter*. Diodotus happening afterwards to be enrolled, in his turn, to go to the *war* under *Tbrasyllus*, he called together his *wife*, his *brother's daughter*, and his *wife's brother*, and his *own brother*, who was likewise his *father-in-law*, and both *uncle* and *grandfather* to his *children*. He thought, he could not trust the care of his *children* in *properer* hands, than those of his *brother*. He *leaves* in his custody, his *will*, with *five talents*ⁿ of *silver*. He gives him an account of *seven talents*, and *forty minæ* besides, which were out at *interest*, and a *thousand minæ*, which were *due* to him by a person in the *Cber-fonesus*. He had ordered in his will, that, in case of his death, *one talent*, and the *household furniture*, should be his *wife's*. He bequeathed, farther, to his *daughter*, *one talent*, and *twenty minæ*, and *thirty Cyzicenean stateres*, and the *rest* of his *estate* *equally* between his *sons*. *Settling* his *affairs thus*, and leaving a *copy* of his *will*, he *sets out* along with the *army*. He *dies* at *Ephesus*. Diogiton *conceals* from his *daughter* the death of her *husband*. He gets into his *hands* the

Conc.

Accus.

^m Among the ancients, marriage was allowed between persons very nearly related:

ⁿ See, for the value of talents, minæ, drachmæ, and stateres, Gronov. DE PECUN. VET.

the *will* of his deceased *brother*, by *pretending*, that it was necessary for him to *show* it as a *voucher*, in order to his *transacting* some *affairs* for his *brother*, during his *absence*. At length, when he thought the *decease* of his brother could not much longer be *concealed*, he formally *declares* it. The family goes into *mourning*. They stay *one year* at Piræum, where their *moveables* were.

PITY.

In this time the *produce* of all that could be *sold* of the *effects*, being *spent*, he sends the children to *town*, and gives his *daughter*, the *widow* of his brother *Diodotus* to a *second husband*, and with her *five thousand drachmæ*, of which the *husband* returns him *one thousand* as a *present*. When the *eldest son* came to *man's estate*, about *eight years* after the *departure* of *Diodotus*, *Dio-giton* calls the *children together*; tells them, that their father had left them *twenty minæ* of *silver*, and *thirty stateres*. "I have laid out, (says he) of my own money, for your maintenance and education, a considerable sum. Nor did I grudge it, while I was in flourishing circumstances, and could afford it. But, by unforeseen and irre-mediable misfortunes, I am reduced to an incapacity of continuing my kindness to you. Therefore as you" (speaking to the eldest son) "are now of an age to shift for yourself, I would advise you to resolve upon some employment, by which you may gain a subsistence."

NARRATION.

ACCUS.

PRET.

CONC.

ADVIS.

The

SHOCK.

DISTR.

INTR.

ACCUS.

REMON.

NARR.

ACCUS.

The *poor fatherless children* were *thunderstruck* upon hearing this *barbarous speech*. They *fled* in *tears*, to their *mother*, and, with *her*, came to request *my protection*. Finding themselves *stripped* of the *estate* left them by their *father*, and reduced by their *hard-hearted uncle* and *grandfather*, to absolute *beggary*, they *intreated*, that I would not *desert* them *too*; but, for the sake of their *sister*, my *wife*, would undertake their *defence*. The mother begged, that I would bring about a *meeting* of the *relations*, to *reason* the *matter* with her *father*; and said, that though she had never before *spoke* in any *large company*, especially of *men*, she would endeavour to lay before them the *distresses* and *injuries* of her *family*.

Diogiton, being, with *difficulty*, brought to the *meeting*, the mother of the plaintiffs asked him, how he could have the *heart* to use her sons in such a *manner*. "Are you not, Sir," (says she) "the *uncle* and the *grandfather* of the two *fatherless youths*? Are they not the *children* of your own *brother*, and of your own *daughter*? How could they be *more nearly* related to you, unless they were your own *sons*? And, though you *despised* all *human authority*, you ought to *reverence* the *gods*, who are *witnesses* of the *trust* reposed in you by the deceased *father* of the unhappy *youths*."

She then *enumerated* the several *sums*, the *property* of the *deceased*, which had been *received* by
Diogiton,

Diogiton, and charged him with them, producing authentic evidence for every particular. "You REMON.
 " have driven" (says she) " out of their own
 " house, the children of your own daughter, in
 " rags, unfurnished with the common decencies of
 " life. You have deprived them of the effects,
 " and of the money left them by their father.
 " But you want to enrich the children you have
 " had by my step-mother ; which, without doubt,
 " you might lawfully and properly do, if it were
 " not at the expence, and to the utter ruin of those, SEV.
 " whose fortunes were deposited in your hands, and CHARG.
 " whom, from affluence, you want to reduce to
 " beggary; impiously despising the authority of the
 " gods, injuring your own daughter, and violating
 " the sacred will of the dead."

The distressed mother having vented her grief NARR.
 in such bitter complaints as these, we were all, by PITY.
 sympathy, so touched with her afflictions, and the
 cruelty of her injurious father, that when we con-
 sidered, in our own minds, the hard usage, which
 the young innocents had met with, when we re-
 membered the deceased Diodotus, and thought how BLAME.
 unworthy a guardian he had chosen for his children,
 there was not one of us who could refrain from PITY.
 tears. And I persuade myself, venerable judges,
 that you will not be unaffected with so calamitous a
 case, when you come to consider, attentively, the
 various aggravations of the defendant's proceedings.
 Such unfaithfulness, in so solemn a trust, were it to Accus.
 pass

WONDER.

pass unpunished, and, consequently, to become common, would destroy all confidence among mankind, so that nobody would know how, or to whom, he could commit the management of his affairs, in his absence, or after his death. The defendant, at first, would have denied his having had any effects of his brother's left in his hands. And when he found, he could not get off that way, he then produced an account of sums, laid out, as he pretended, by him for the children, to such a value, as is beyond all belief; no less, than seven talents of silver, and seven thousand drachmæ. All this, he said, had been expended in eight years, in the clothing and maintenance of two boys, and a girl. And when he was pressed to shew how their expences could amount to such a sum, he had the impudence to charge five oboli a day for their table; and for shoes, and dying their cloaths*, and for the barber, he gave in no particular account, neither by the month, nor by the year; but charged in one gross sum, a talent of silver. For their father's monument, he pretends to have been at the expence of five thousand drachmæ, of which he charges one half to the account of the children. But it is manifest, that it could not cost twenty minæ. His injustice to the children appears sufficiently in the following article

* In those simpler ages, the cloth, or stuff, of which the cloaths of persons even of high rank, were made, was commonly manufactured, from the wool to the dying, at home.

article *alone*, if there were *no other* proof of it. He had occasion to buy a *lamb* for the feast of *Bacchus*, which cost, as he pretends, *ten drachmæ*; and of these he charges *eight* to the account of his *wards*.

Had the *defendant* been a man of any *principle*, Accus. he would have bethought himself of laying out to *advantage* the *fortune* left in his hands by the deceased, for the *benefit* of the fatherless children. Had he bought with it *lands* or *houses*, the children might have been *maintained* out of the yearly *rents*, and the *principal* have been kept *entire*. But he does not seem to have *once thought* of *improving* their fortune; but, on the contrary, to have contrived *only* how to *strip* them.

But the most *atrocious* (for a *single* action) of NARRA. all his proceedings, is what *follows*. When he was made *commander* of the *gallies*, along with *Alexis*, the son of *Aristodicus*, and, according to his *own* account, had been, on occasion of fitting out the *fleet*, and *himself*, at the *expence* of *forty-eight minæ*, out of his *own* private *purse*,—he charges his *infant-wards*, with *half* this *sum*. Accus. Whereas the state not only exempts *minors* from WOND. public *offices*, but even grants them immunity, for *one* year, at least, *after* they come of *age*. And when he had fitted out, for a voyage to the *Adriatic*, a ship of burden to the value of *two talents*, he told his *daughter*, the mother of his *wards*, that the adventure was at the *risque*, and

for the *benefit* of his *wards*. But, when the *returns* were made, and he had *doubled* the *sum* by the *profits* of the *voyage*, — the *gains* were, he said, *all his own*. — The *fortune* of his *wards* was to answer for the *damages*; — but was not to be at all the *better* for the *advantages*! If, in this manner, one is to trade at the *peril* and *loss* of others, and engross to *himself* the whole *profits*; — it is not difficult to conceive how his *partners* may come to be *undone*, while he *enriches himself*.

To lay before you *all* the *particulars*, which have come to our knowledge, of this *complicated scene* of *wickedness*, would but *disgust* and *shock* you. We have *witnesses* here to *prove* what we have *alleged* against this *cruel invader* of the property of *helpless innocents*, his *own near relations*, entrusted to his *charge* by his *deceased brother*.

[The witnesses examined.]

SUM. You have *heard*, venerable judges, the *evidence*
AFFIR. given against the *defendant*. He himself *owns* the
 actual *receipt* of *seven talents* and *forty minæ* of the
ACCUS. *estate* of the *plaintiffs*. To say nothing of what
 he *may have*, or rather *certainly has*, gained by
 the *use* of this *money*; I will *allow*, what every
GRANT. reasonable person will judge *more* than *sufficient*
 for the *maintenance* of *three children*, with a *gover-*
nor and a *maid*; a *thousand drachmæ* a year, which
 is something *less* than *three drachmæ* a day. In
 3. eight

eight years, this amounts to eight thousand drachmae. So that, upon balancing the account, there remain due to the plaintiffs, of the seven talents and forty minæ, six talents and twenty minæ. For the defendant cannot pretend, that the estate of the plaintiffs has suffered by fire, by water, or by any other injury, than what himself has done it. . . .
[The rest is wanting.]

LXIX.

C O N S U L T A T I O N.

The speech of Satan, in his infernal palace of Pandæmonium, in which he proposes to the consideration of his angels, in what manner it would be proper to proceed, in consequence of their defeat, and fall. [*Milt. PARAD. LOST. B. II.*]

POW'RS and Dominions! Deities of Heav'n!

For (since *no deep* within her gulph can *bold*
Celestial vigour, though *opprest* and *fall'n*)

I give not *heav'n* for *lost*. From this *descent*

Celestial virtues rising will appear

More glorious and more dread, than from *no fall*,

And trust *themselves* to fear no *second* fate.

Me though just *right*, and the fix'd laws of *Heav'n*, AUTHO.

Did *first* create your leader, next free choice,

MAJ.
with
DISTRESS.

COUR.

With what *besides*, in *council*, or in *fight*,
 Hath been *atchiev'd* of *merit* ; yet this *loss*
Thus far, at least, *recover'd*, hath much *more*
Establisb'd in a *safe*, *un-envied throne*,
 Yielded with *full consent*. The *happier state*
 In *Heav'n*, which follows *dignity*, might draw

- APPREHENS. *Envy* from each *inferior* ; but *who* here
 Will *envy* whom the *bigbest place* *exposes*
 Foremost to *stand* against the *Tbund'rer's aim*
- COMPL. Your *bulwark*, and condemns to *greatest share*
- COUR. Of *endless pain*. With this *advantage* then
 To *union*, and firm *faith*, and firm *accord*,
 More than can be in *Heav'n*, we now *return*
 To claim our just *inheritance* of *old*,
 Surer to *prosper*, than *prosperity*
- CONFID. Could have *assur'd* us, and by what *best way*,
 Whether of *open war*, or *covert guile*,
 We now *debate*. Who can *advise*, may *speak*.

LXX.

FIERCENESS. DESPERATION.

The speech of the fallen angel Moloch, exciting the infernal crew to renew the war against the Messiah¹. [Ibid.]

MY sentence is for open war. * Of wiles
 More *inexpert*, I boast not. Then let *those* COUR.
 Contrive, who need; *unworthy* of our might. * CONT.
 For while *they* sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions, now under arms, who *longing* wait COUR.
 The signal to ascend, sit *ling'ring* here
 Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place CONT.
 Accept this *dark opprobrious den* of shame, RAGE.
 The prison of his tyranny, who reigns
 By our delay! —² No—let us rather choose,
 Arm'd with bell-flames and fury, all at once FIERCE.
 O'er Heav'n's high tow'rs to force *resistless* way, COUR.
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms

T 3

Against

¹ The author represents Satan's hostility as directed against the Supreme Being. But this seems (with all deference) to be incredible. For no created being can, without losing all use of reason, imagine itself a match for Omnipotence.

² "No, let us," &c. to, "But perhaps," can hardly be over-acted, if the dignity of the speaker be kept up in pronouncing the passage. At the words, "But perhaps," &c. the angel composes himself again.

Against our *torturer*. When to meet the *noise*
 Of his terrific *engine*, he shall hear
Infernal thunder, and for *lightning* see
Black fire, and *horror*, shot with *equal rage*
 Amongst his *angels*; and his *throne itself*
 Mix'd with *Tartarean sulphur* and *strange fire*,
 RECOL. His *own* invented *torments*.-- But perhaps
 The way seems *difficult*, and *steep*, to *scale*
 With *adverse wing* against a *higher foe*.—
 Let such *bethink* them, if the *sleepy drench*
 Of that *forgetful lake* *benumb* not *still*,
 That, in our *proper motion*, we *ascend*
 Up to our *native seat*. *Descent* and *fall*
 To us is *adverse*. *Who* but *felt* of late
 When our *fierce foe* hung on our *broken rear*,
Insulting, and *pursu'd* us through the *deep*;
 SLOW. With what *compulsion*, and *laborious flight*
 * AGR. We *sunk* thus *low*?—* Th' *ascent* is *easy* then,—
 Th' *event* is *fear'd*.— Should we *again provoke*
 Our *enemy*, some *worse way* he may find
 To our *destruction*; if there be in *hell*
Fear to be *worse destroy'd*.—What can be *worse* .
 Than to dwell *here*, *driv'n* out from *bliss*, *condemn'd*
 COMP. In this *abhorred deep* to utter *woe*,
 Where *pain* of *unextinguishable fire*
 Must *exercise* us without *hope* of *end*,
 The *vassals* of his *anger*, when the *scourge*
Inexorable, and the *tort'ring hour*

Call

Calls us to *penance*?—*More* destroy'd than *thus*
We must be quite *abolish'd*, and *expire*.

What *fear* we then?—What *doubt* we to *incense* FIERCE.

His *utmost* ire; which, to the *height* enrag'd,

Will either quite *consume* us, and *reduce*

To *nothing* this *essential*; *happier* far

Than *miserable* to have *eternal being*. COMPL.

Or if our *substance* be indeed *divine*, COUR.

And *cannot cease* to *be*, we are, at *worst*,

On *this side* *nothing*. And by *proof* we *feel*

Our *pow'r* *sufficient* to *disturb* his *Heav'n*, MALICE.

And with perpetual *inroads* to *alarm*,

Though *inaccessible*, his *fatal throne*;

Which, if not *victory*, is yet *revenge*'. FURY.

* The voice, instead of falling toward the end of this line, as usual, is to rise; and in speaking the word *revenge*, the *fierceness* of the *whole speech* ought, as it were to be expressed in *one word*.

LXXI.

CONSIDERATION. DISSUASION. DIFFIDENCE.

The speech of the fallen angel Belial, in answer
to the foregoing. [Ibid.]

DELIB.

*I Should be much for open war, O peers!
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
Main reason to persuade immediate war,*

APPREHENS.

*Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
When he, who most excels in feats of arms,
In what he counsels, and in what excels
Mistrustful; grounds his courage on despair,
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.*

ARG.

*But what revenge?—The tow'rs of Heav'n are
fill'd*

APPREHENS.

*With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable. Oft on the bord'ring deep
Encamp their legions; or with flight obscure,
Scout far and wide into the realms of night,
Scorning surprize Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound*

AWE.

Heav'n's purest light; yet our great enemy

All

All incorruptible would on his throne
 Sit unpolluted, and th' ethereal mold,
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
 Is flat despair. We must exasperate
 Our conqueror to let loose his boundless rage,
 And that must end us; that must be our cure,
 To be no more.—Sad cure!—For who would lose,
 Tho' full of pain, this intellectual being,
 These thoughts that wander through eternity,—
 To perish utterly; for ever lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
 Devoid of sense and motion?—But will he,
 So wise, let loose at once his utmost ire,
 Belike through impotence, or unawares,
 To give his enemies their wish, and end
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
 To punish endless?—"Wherefore cease we then,"
 Say they, who counsel war; "we are decreed,
 "Reserv'd and destin'd to eternal woe.
 "Whatever doing, what can we suffer more?
 "What can we suffer worse?" Is this then worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
 What, when we fled again, pursu'd and struck
 By Heav'n's afflicting thunder and besought
 The deep to shelter us; this place then seem'd
 A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
 Chain'd on the burning lake? That sure was worse.
 What if the breath, that kindled these grim fires,
 Awak'd,

HORROR.

ARG.

COUR.

ANGU.

DESP.

* ARG.

TERROR.

APPREHENS.

- Awak'd, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? Or from above
Should intermitted vengeance arm again*
- HORROR.** *His red right hand to plague us? What, if all
Her stores were open'd; and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threat'ning bideous fall
One day upon our heads, while we, perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be burl'd,
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wrecking whirlwinds, or for ever sunk
Under yon boiling ocean wrapt in chains,*
- ANGU.** *There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreliev'd,*
- APPR.** *Ages of hopeless end?—This would be worse.—*
- DISSUAS.** *War, therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice dissuades.—*
- REMON.** *“ Shall we then live thus vile! The race of*
with
CONT. *“ Heav'n*
- DISSUAS.** *“ Thus trampled, thus expell'd, to suffer here
“ Chains and these torments!”—Better these than
worse,*
- ARG.** *By my advice. To suffer, as to do,
Our strength is equal; nor the law unjust,
That so ordains. This was at first resolv'd,
If we were wise, against so great a foe
Contending, and so doubtful what might fall.*
- CONT.** *I laugh, when those, who at the spear are bold,
And vent'rous, if that fail them, shrink and fear*
What

*What yet they know must follow ; to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,
The sentence of their conqu'ror. This is now
Our doom ; which if with courage we can bear, Encov.
Our foe supreme, in time, may much remit
His anger, and, perhaps, thus far remov'd
Not mind us, not offending, satisfy'd
With what is punish'd ; whence these raging fires
Will slacken, if his breath stir not their flames.
Our purer essence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour, or enur'd, not feel,
Or chang'd, at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper, and in nature, will receive,
Familiar, the fierce heat, and void of pain.
This horror will grow mild, this darkness light.
Besides what hope the never-ending flow
Of future days may bring ; what chance, what change,
Worth waiting. Since our present lot appears,
For happy, dismal ; yet, for ill, not worst,
If we procure not to ourselves more woe.*

LXXII.

SUBMISSION. COMPLAINT. INTREATING,

The speech of Seneca the philosopher to Nero, complaining of the envy of his enemies, and requesting the emperor to reduce him back to his former narrow circumstances, that he might no longer be an object of their malignity. [The substance is taken from *Corn. Tacit. ANNAL. xiv.*]

SUBMISS.

MAY it please the imperial *Majesty* of *Cæsar* favourably to *accept* the humble *submissions* and grateful acknowledgments of the *weak*, though *faithful guide* of his *youth*.*

GRAT.

It is now a great *many years* since I first had the honour of attending your imperial Majesty as *preceptor*. And your *bounty* has *rewarded* my *labours* with such *affluence*, as has *drawn upon me*,

COMPL.

what I had reason to *expect*, the *envy* of many of those

* Seneca was one of Nero's preceptors; and the emperor seemed, during the first part of his reign, to have profited much by his instructions. The egregious follies, and enormous, unprovoked cruelties he afterwards committed, of which his ordering Seneca to put himself to death, is among the most flagrant, seem hardly otherwise accountable, than by supposing that he lost the use of his reason.

those persons, who are always ready to *prescribe* to their *prince*, where to *bestow*, and where to *withhold* his *favours*. It is well known, that your illustrious ancestor, *Augustus*, bestowed on his *deserving favourites*, *Agrippa*, and *Mæcenas*, *honours* and *emoluments* suitable to the *dignity* of the *benefactor*, and to the *services* of the *receivers*: Nor has *his conduct* been *blamed*. My *employment* about your imperial Majesty has, indeed, been purely *domestic*: I have neither *headed* your *armies*, nor *assisted* at your *councils*. But you know, Sir, (though there are *some*, who do not seem to *attend* to it) that a prince may be served in *different* ways, some *more*, others *less conspicuous*, and that the *latter* may be, to him, as *valuable* as the *former*.

“ But *what*,” say my enemies, “ shall a *private person*, of *equestrian rank*, and a *provincial* by *birth*, be *advanced* to an *equality* with the *patri- cians*? Shall an *upstart*, of no *name*, nor *family*, rank with *those*, who can, by the *statues*, which make the *ornament* of their *palaces*, reckon backward a *line* of *ancestors*, long enough to *tire out* the *fasti*? Shall a *philosopher* who has writ, for *others*, precepts of *moderation*, and *con- tempt* of all that is *external*, *himself* live in *afflu- ence* and *luxury*? Shall he purchase *estates*, and
“ lay

APOL.

PRIDE.

REMOR.

¹ The *Fasti*, or *Calendars*, or, if you please, *Almanacs*, of the ancients, had, as our *Almanacs*, tables of kings, consuls, &c.

“ lay out money at *interest*? Shall he build *palaces*, plant *gardens*, and adorn a *country*, at his *own expence*, and for his own *pleasure*?”

GRAT.

APOL.

COMPL.

FATIGUE.

INTR.

GRAT.

INTR.

APOL.

Cæsar has given royally, as became *imperial magnificence*. *Seneca* has received what his prince bestowed: nor did he ever ask: he is only guilty of—not refusing. *Cæsar's* rank places him above the reach of *invidious malignity*. *Seneca* is not, nor can be, high enough to despise the *envious*. As the overloaded soldier, or traveller, would be glad to be relieved of his burden, so I, in this last stage of the journey of life, now that I find myself unequal to the lightest cares, beg, that *Cæsar* would kindly ease me of the trouble of my unwieldy wealth. I beseech him to restore to the *imperial treasury*, from whence it came, what is to me *superfluous and cumbrous*. The time and the attention, which I am now obliged to bestow upon my villa, and my gardens, I shall be glad to apply to the regulation of my mind. *Cæsar* is in the flower of life. Long may he be equal to the toils of government. His goodness will grant to his worn-out servant, leave to retire. It will not be derogatory from *Cæsar's* greatness, to have it said, that he bestowed favours on some, who, so far from being intoxicated with them, shewed—that they could be happy, when (at their own request) divested of them.

LXXIII.

J E A L O U S Y.

Iago goes on to inflame Othello's jealousy (see page 256.) against his innocent wife. Othello is by him worked up to rage. [*Shakesp.* OTHHEL.]

Iago. [Alone.] I Will in *Cassio's lodging* drop this PLOTTING.
handkerchief,
 That *he* may find it; then *persuade* the Moor,
 His wife did give it.—*Trifles light as air,*
 Are to the *jealous confirmations strong,*
 As *proofs* from *holy writ.* *This will work mischief.* MALICIOUS
Dangerous conceits are in their nature *poisons.* JOY.
 Which at the *first* are *scarce* found to *distaste*;
 But with a little *action* on the *blood,*
 Burn, like the *mines of sulphur.*

[Othello appears.]

'Tis as I *said,*
 Look where he *comes!* Not all the *drowsy potions,*
 That e'er *calm'd* raging *anguish* to *repose,*
 Shall medicine thee to that *blessed sleep,*
 Which thou *ow'd'st* the *past night.*

Enter Othello. Does not see Iago.

Oth. *Ha! False to me!*

PERTURBA-
TION.
Iago.

- SOOTHING. Iago. *How now, noble general? No more of that.*
- RAGE. Oth. *Avaunt! Be gone! Thou'lt fet me on the rack.*
- Better, *unknowing*, to be *much abus'd*,
 Than but to *doubt* the *least*.
- PRET. Iago. *How, my Lord?*
- SURPR. Oth. *What sense* had I of her unfaithfulness?
- REPR. *for lost* I *thought not* of it; felt *no injury*;
 Repose. I *slept untroubled*; I wak'd *free and chearful*.
 ANGU. *O now, farewel for ever, blessed peace*
 of Of *mind! Farewel the tranquil breast,*
 GRIEF. The *plumed troops, the thunders of the war,*
 The *fire of valour, and the pride of triumph.*
- PRET. Othello is a *wicked woman's mock'ry*.
- SURPR. Iago. Is't *possible*, my Lord, you should be
 thus. . . .
- RAGE. Oth. *Villain! Be sure thou prove my love a*
traitress, [Catching him by the throat.]
- THREATEN- Or, by the *worth* of mine *eternal soul*,
 ING. 'Twere *better* for thee t'have been born a *dog*,
 Than *answer* my wak'd *wrath*.
- PRET. Iago. Is it *come to this!* Good Heav'n defend
 me!
- SURPR. with
- VEXAT. * Are you a *man?* Have you a *soul, or sense?*
- PRET. I've *done*. Take my *office*. — † *Wretched fool,*
- REPR. of That liv'st to make thine *honesty* a *vice!*
- INGRAT. † PRET. † O *monstrous world!* What *times* are we *fall'n*
 SELF- upon?
 ACCUS.
 † ASTON.

LESSONS.

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To be *dire* and *bonest*, is not *safe*.
I *thank* you for this *profit*, and henceforth
I'll *love* no *friend*; since *love* breeds such *offence*.

REPR. of
INGRAT.

[Going.]

Oth. Nay *stay* — thou *should'st* be *bonest*.

RECOL.

Iag. I *should* be *wise*; for *bonesty's* a *fool*,
That *loses* what it *works* for.

PRET.
sense of
INJURY.

Oth. In my *anguish*

I think my *wife* is *bonest*, and think she *is not*.

APOL.

I think that *thou* art *just*, and that thou *art not*.

PERTURB.

I'll have some *proof*. * Her *name*, "that was as
fresh,

* REGR.

As *Dian's visage* *, is now *begrin'd* and *black*,

FURY.

As mine *own face*. If there be *cords* or *knives*,

Poison, or *fire*, or *suffocating steams*,

I'll *not endure* it. *Would* I were but *satisfy'd*,

Iag. I see, Sir, you are *eaten up* with *passion*.

PRET.
CONC.

I do *repent* me that I ever *started* it.

Oth. Give me a living *reason* she's *disloyal*.

ANX.

Iag. I do not like the *office* :

PRET.
RELUC.

But since I'm *enter'd* in this *cause* so *far*,

Urg'd on by foolish *bonesty* of *friendship*,

APOL.

I must *go on*, or bear the name of *slanderer*;

NARRA-
TION.

I *lay* in the *same room* with *Cassio* lately,

And being troubled with a raging tooth,

I *could not sleep*. There is a kind of men,

EXPL.

U

So

* "Her name," that is, her character, or reputation.

* "Dian's visage." Diana is represented in the heathen mythology as a goddess of extraordinary purity.

- So *loose of soul*, that in their sleep, will *mutter*
All their *affairs*. One of *this kind* is *Cassio*.
In sleep I heard him say, "*Sweet Desdemona!*"
"Let us be *wary*; let us *bide* our *loves*.
"O *curfed fate*, that gave thee to the *Maor*."
Oth. O *monstrous!* I will *tear* her *limb* from
limb.
Sooth. Iag. *Nay*; but be *calm*. This may be *nothing*
yet.
Quest. *She* may be *honest* still. But *tell* me this,
Have you not sometimes seen a *handkerchief*
Spotted with *strawberries*, in your wife's hand?
Alarm. Oth. I gave her *such* a one. 'Twas my *first*
gift.
Accus. Iag. *That* I *knew* not. But *such* a *handkerchief*
(I'm *sure*, it was the *same*) did I to-day
See *Cassio* wipe his *beard* with.
Despera- Oth. O that the *slave* had *twenty thousand*
tion. *lives!*
One is too *poor*—too *weak* for my *revenge*.
Iag. Yet be *patient*, Sir.
Bound. Oth. O *blood, blood, blood!*
Fury. *Hot, reeking blood* shall wash the *pois'nous stain*,
Which *souls* mine *honour*. From *this hour*, my
thoughts
Shall *ne'er* look back, nor *ebb* to *humble love*,
Horror. 'Till a *capacious*, and *wide revenge*,
Equal to their *gross guilt*, *swallows* them up.
Come, go with me *apart*. I will *withdraw*,
Plotting. To furnish me with some *swift means* of *death*
For

For the fair *fort'refs*, and her smooth *adulterer*.—
From hence thou'rt my *lieutenant*.

Iag. As you *will*, Sir.

GRAT.

PRET.

ACKNOWL.

LXXIV.

CRAFT. FOOLISH FEAR. VEXATION.

Mafcarille, a crafty servant in the interest of Leander, his master's son, contrives to send his old master into the country, and, in the mean time, persuades his friend Anselm, that he is dead suddenly ; and, on that pretext, borrows of him a sum of money for Leander. [See Moliere, L'ETOURDI.]

Ans. *WHAT*, my good friend Pandolph dead ! SURPR.

Masc. I don't wonder the news surprises you. CONC.

Ans. To die so very suddenly ! SURPR.

Masc. It is a very *hurrying* way of doing things, to be sure. But who can make people live, CONC.
you know, if they *will* die ?

Ans. But how does your young master take it ? QUEST.

Masc. Take it ! why worse than he would WHIM.
a kicking. He *welters* on the ground like a GRIEF.
wounded adder, and says he will absolutely go
into the same grave with his dear *papa*. If it
were not that they who take on so violently do
not, for the most part, hold it long, I should
U 2 expect

APOLOGY.

expect him to go quite *compompous* about it.—But—a—you must know, Sir, that we are all in a *pucker* at our house. The old gentleman must be *buried*, you know, and that requires some of the *ready*. And my *young master*, if he were in his *best wits*, knows no more than a *broomstick*, where to find a *penny* of *money*. For you know, the *old one*, rest his soul, kept all that *same* as *snug* as if he had thought the *day-light* would *melt* it. Now, Sir, you would do us a *great kindness* if you will be so good as to help us with a *score* or two of *pieces*, till we can *turn* ourselves *round* a little.

ASK.

FAY.

ANX.

AVAR.

RESOL.

Ans. Hum—[Aside.] He will have a *good estate*. And will not *grudge* to pay handsome *interest*. [To Masc.] I will *come* to him *immediately*, and bring the *money* with me; and try to *comfort* him a little. [He goes. Gives the money. Is deceived by an artificial corpse laid out on the bed. Returns full of anxiety.]—*Lawk-a-day!* what a *sad* thing *this* is. He was but *sixty-eight*, or *sixty-nine*; about the *same age* with *myself*. It *frightens* me to *think* of it. Suppose *I should die suddenly* too. I believe I had better think of *repenting*, and making my *peace*. It is true, he was a little *asthmatic*, and, thank God, *no body* has *better lungs*—hem—hem—hem—than *myself*.—Well, but I must go, and send neighbour *Cloak'um* the *undertaker*, as I promised. [Going. He meets the supposed dead man, who

ANX.

ALARM.

COUR.

HASTE.

who had been stopped on his way to his country-house, by persons who informed him of the falsehood of the reports which had occasioned his setting out.] *Ab! mercy on my soul!* SUD.
FEAR.
What is *that!* My old friend's *ghost!* They say, none but *wicked folks walk.* I wish I were at the *bottom* of a *coal-pit!* *Law!* How *pale,* and how *long* his *face* is grown since his *death.* He *never* was *handsome.* And *death* has *improved* him very *much* the *wrong way.*—*Pray,* do not INTR.
come near me. I *wished* you very *well* when you was *alive.* But I could never *abide* a *dead man* *cheek* by *jowl* with me. *Rest* your *soul!* *Rest* your *soul,* I *pray!* *Vanish, vanish,* in the TREM.
name of

Pandolph. What the *plague* is the *matter,* old WONDER.
friend! Are you gone out of your *wits?* I came to ask your *advice;* but

Anf. *Tell,* me, then, *pray,* without coming a INTR.
step nearer, what you would have me do for the *repose* of your *soul.* *Ab, ab, eb, eb, mercy* on us! *no nearer,* *pray!* If it be only to take your *leave* TREM.
of me that you are come *back,* I could have *excused* you the *ceremony* with all my *heart.* [Pandolph comes nearer, to convince Anselm, that he is not dead. He draws back as the other advances.] Or if you—*mercy* on us—*no nearer* *pray,*—or if you have *wronged* any body, as you always *loved money* a little, I give you the *word* of a *frighted christian,* I will *pray* as long PROTEST.

as you please, for the *deliverance* and *repose* of your departed soul. My good, worthy, noble friend, do, pray disappear, as ever you would wish your old friend *Anselm* to come to his senses again.

Pand, [Laughing.] If I were not most *con-*
foundedly out of *humour*, I could be *diverted* to a

pitch. But *prithee* now, old friend, *what* is in the wind; that you will have me to be *dead*?

This is some *contrivance* of that rogue *Mascarille*; I guess by what I have just found out of his tricks.

Anf. Ah, you are *dead*, too sure. Did not I see your *corpse* laid out upon your own bed, and

Pand. *What* the *duce*! I am *dead*, and *know* nothing of it! But don't you see that I am *not* dead?

Anf. You are *clothed* with a *body* of *air*, which *resembles* your own person, when you was *alive*—only—you'll *excuse* me—a good deal

plainer. But, pray, now, don't assume a *figure* more *frightful*. I am within a hair's *breath* of *losing* my senses *already*; and if you should turn yourself into a *giant*, with *sawcer-eyes*, or a *black horse* without a *head*, or any of the *ugly shapes*—I ask pardon—you *apparitions* sometimes put on, I am sure I should go *clean o' one side* at the first *glimpse* of you. Pray, then, in the *name* of the *blessed virgin*, and all the *saints*, *male* and *female*, be so good as to *vanish* quietly, and leave your

EARN.
INTR.

your poor frightened old friend wit enough to keep him out of a madhouse.

Pand. This is undoubtedly that *rogue Mascarille's manufacture*. He has, for some *gracious purpose*, contrived to send me to the *country* on a *fool's errand*, and I suppose, in my *absence*, he has, to answer some other *pious end*, persuaded you that I am *dead*. Come, give me thy *band*, and thou wilt be *convinced* I am not *dead* more than *thyself*. VEXAT. ENCOU.

Ans. [Drawing back.] *What* was it I saw *laid out* upon the *bed* then? RELUC.

Pand. How should *I know*? It was not *I*, however. ENCOU.

Ans. If I were *sure* you are not *dead*, I should not be *afraid* to *touch* you: but the *band* of a *dead man* must be so *c—o—o—ld*! RELUC. SHUDD.

Pand. *Prithee* now, *give over*. I tell you, it is nothing but *Mascarille's invention*. [He seizes Anselm's hand, who screams out.] ENCOU.

Ans. *Ab! Saint Anthony preserve me!—Ab—ab—eb—eb—Why—why—after all*, your hand is not so *co—o—o—ld*, *neither*. Of the *two*, it is rather *warmer* than my *own*. Can it *be*, though, that you are not *dead*? TERR. RETURN. COUR.

Pand. *Not I*. ENCOU.

Ans. I begin to *question* it a little *myself*. But still my mind *misgives* me *plaguily* about the *corpse* I saw *laid out* upon your *bed*. If I could but *find out* what *that* was— RECOL.

ENCOR. Pand. *Pshaw, prithee, what signifies it what it was? as long as you see plainly I am not dead.*

RECOL. Ans. *Why yes, as you say, that is the point. But yet the corpse upon the bed haunts me. But — [pauses] I'll be bang'd if it be not as you say.*

VEXAT. Mascarille is a *rogue*. But, if you be *not dead*, I am in *two sweet scrapes*. One is, the *danger* of being *dubbed* Mascarille's *fool*. The other of *losing* fifty *pieces*, I furnished him for your *interment*.

DISCOV. Pand. O, you have lent him *money*, *have you?* Then the *secret* is *out*.

APOL. Ans. *Yes*; but you know, it was upon the *credit* of your *estate*, and for your own *personal benefit*. For, if you had been *dead*, you must have been *buried*, you know. And Mascarille told me, your son could come at *no ready cash*, you know. So that I hope you will see me *paid*, you know.

INSIN.

REFUS.

Pand. I'll be *bang'd* if I *do*. I have *enough* to pay on *that score*, *otherwise*.

VEXAT.

Ans. I'll *pluck off* every *single grey hair* that is upon my *old foolish head*.—*What!* to have *no more wit* at this time of life!—I expect nothing else than that they should make a *farce* in praise of my *wisdom*, and *act* me, till the *town* be *sick* of me.

[Exeunt different ways.]

LXXV.

EXHORTATION.

The speech of Galgacus the general of the Caledonii⁷, in which he exhorts the army he had assembled, in order to expel the Romans, to fight valiantly against their foes under Jul. Agricola. [*Corn. Tacit. VIT. AGRIC.*]

COUNTRYMEN, and FELLOW SOLDIERS !

WHEN I consider the *cause*, for which we COUR.
 have *drawn* our *swords*, and the *necessity*
 of striking an *effectual blow* before we *beat* VEXAT.
 them again, I feel joyful *hopes* arising in my *mind*,
 that *this day* an *opening* shall be made for the
restoration of British *liberty*, and for *shaking off*
 the infamous *yoke* of Roman *slavery*. *Caledonia* COUR.
 is yet *free*. The *all-grasping power* of *Rome* has WARN.
 not yet been able to seize *our liberty*. But it is
 only to be *preserved* by *valour*. By *flight* it
cannot : for the *sea confines* us ; and *that* the
 more *effectually*, as being *possessed* by the *fleets*
 of the *enemy*. As it is by *arms* that the *brave*
 acquire immortal *fame*, so it is by *arms* that the
sordid

⁷ The Caledonii were, according to Ptolemy, the inhabitants of the interior parts of what before the union was called Scotland, now North-Britain.

ENCOUR.

sordid must defend their lives and *properties*, or lose them. You are the very *men*, my friends, who have hitherto set *bounds* to the unmeasurable *ambition* of the *Romans*. In consequence of your inhabiting the more *inaccessible* parts of the island, to which the shores of those countries on the continent, which are *enslaved* by the *Romans*, are *invisible*, you have hitherto been *free* from the common *disgrace*, and the common *sufferings*. You lie almost out of the reach of *fame itself*.

WARN.

But you *must not expect* to enjoy this untroubled *security* any longer, unless you *bestir* yourselves so *effectually*, as to put it out of the *power* of the *enemy* to *search* out your *retreats*, and *disturb* your *repose*. If you *do not*, *curiosity alone* will set them a *prying*, and they will conclude that there is somewhat *worth* the *labour* of *conquering* in the *interior parts* of the *island*, merely because they *have never seen* them. What is *little known* is often *coveted*, because *so little known*. And you are not to *expect* that you should *escape* the *ravage* of the general *plunderers* of *mankind*, by any sentiment of *moderation* in them. When the *countries*, which are more *accessible*, come to be *subdued*, they will then *force* their way into *those* which are *harder* to be come at. And if they should conquer the *dry land* over the *whole world*, they will then think of carrying their arms beyond the *ocean*, to see whether there be not certain *unknown regions*, which they may *attack*, and *reduce* under sub-

ACCUS.

jection

jection to the *Roman empire*. For we see, that if a country is thought to be *powerful* in arms, the Romans attack it, because the conquest will be *glorious*; if *inconsiderable* in the *military art*, because the victory will be *easy*; if *rich*, they are drawn thither by the hope of *plunder*; if *poor*, by the desire of *fame*. The *east* and the *west*, the *south* and the *north*, the face of the *whole earth*, is the *scene* of their *military achievements*; the *world* is too *little* for their *ambition*, and their *avarice*. They are the *only nation* ever known to be *equally* desirous of conquering a *poor* kingdom as a *rich* one. Their *supreme joy* seems to be *ravaging*, *fighting*, and *shedding of blood*; and when they have *unpeopled* a *region*, so that there are *none left alive* able to bear arms, they say, they have given *peace* to that country,

HORROR.

Nature itself has peculiarly *endeared* to all men, their *wives*, and their *children*. But it is known to you, my countrymen, that the conquered *youth* are daily *draughted off* to supply the deficiencies in the *Roman army*. The *wives*, the *sisters*, and the *daughters* of the *conquered* are either exposed to the *violence*, or at least corrupted by the *arts* of these *cruel spoilers*. The *fruits* of our *industry* are *plundered*, to make up the *tributes* imposed on us by *oppressive avarice*. *Britons* sow their fields; and the greedy *Romans* reap them. Our very *bodies* are worn out in carrying on their *military works*; and our *toils* are rewarded by them

TEND.

HORROR.

ACCUS.

COMPL.

- INDIGN. them with *abuse* and *stripes*. Those, who are *born to slavery*, are *bought and maintained* by their *masters*. But *this unhappy country* pays for being *enslaved*, and *feeds* those who *enslave* it. And *our portion of disgrace* is the *bitterest*, as the inhabitants of *this island* are the *last*, who have fallen under the *galling yoke*. Our native *bent* against *tyranny*, is the *offence*, which most *sensibly irritates* those *lordly usurpers*. Our *distance* from the *seat of government*, and our *natural defence* by the *surrounding ocean*, render us *obnoxious* to their *suspensions*: for they know that *Britons* are *born* with an *instinctive love of liberty*; and they conclude that we must be *naturally* led to think of taking the *advantage* of our *detached situation*, to *disengage* ourselves, *one time or other*, from their *oppression*.
- WARN. Thus, my countrymen, and fellow-soldiers, *suspected* and *hated*, as we ever *must be* by the Romans, there is no *prospect* of our enjoying even a tolerable state of *bondage* under them. Let us then, in the name of all that is *sacred*, and in defence of all that is *dear* to us, resolve to *exert* ourselves, if not for *glory*, at least for *safety*; if not in *vindication* of British *honour*, at least in defence of our *lives*. How near were the *Brigantines*^z to *shaking off* the *yoke*—led on too by a *woman*?
- COUR.
- COMMEND.

^z The Brigantines, according to Ptolemy, inhabited what is now called Yorkshire, the bishopric of Durham, &c.

woman? They burnt a Roman settlement: they attacked the dreaded Roman legions in their camp. Had not their partial success drawn them into a fatal security, the business was done. And shall not we, of the Caledonian region, whose territories are yet free, and whose strength entire, shall we not, my fellow-soldiers, attempt somewhat, which may shew these foreign ravagers, that they have more to do than they think of, before they be masters of the whole island?

REGR.

COUR.

But, after all, *who are these mighty Romans?* Are they *gods, or mortal men, like ourselves?* Do we not see, that *they* fall into the same errors, and weaknesses as *others*? Does not *peace effeminate* them? Does not *abundance debauch* them? Does not *wantonness enervate* them? Do they not even go to excess in the most *unmanly vices*? And can you imagine that they, who are remarkable for their vices, are likewise remarkable for their *valour*? What, then, do we *dread*?—Shall I tell you the very *truth*, my fellow-soldiers? It is by means of our *intestine divisions*, that the Romans have gained so great *advantages* over us. They turn the *mismanagements* of their *enemies* to their *own praise*. They *boast* of what *they* have done, and say *nothing* of what *we* might have done, had we been so *wise* as to *unite* against them.

CONT.

REMON.

COUR.

REGR.

What is this formidable Roman army? Is it not composed of a *mixture* of *people* from *different countries*; some *more*, some *less*, disposed to *military achievements*;

CONT.

- COUR.** *achievements; some more, some less, capable of bearing fatigue and hardship? They keep together, while they are successful. Attack them with vigour: distress them: you will see them more disunited among themselves than we are now. Can any one imagine, that Gauls, Germans, and, —*
- REGR.** *with shame I must add, Britons, who basely lend, for a time, their limbs, and their lives, to build up a foreign tyranny; can one imagine, that these will not be longer enemies than slaves? or that such an army is held together by sentiments of fidelity or affection? No: the only bond of union among them is fear. And, whenever terror ceases to work upon the minds of that mixed multitude, they, who now fear, will then hate their tyrannical masters. On our side there is every possible incitement to valour. The Roman courage is not, as ours, inflamed by the thought of wives and children in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. The Romans have no parents, as we have, to reproach them, if they should desert their infirm old age. They have no country here to fight for. They are a motley collection of foreigners, in a land wholly unknown to them, cut off from their native country, hemmed in by the surrounding ocean, and given, I hope, a prey into our hands, without all possibility of escape. Let not the sound of the Roman name affright your ears. Nor let the glare of gold or silver, upon their armour dazzle your eyes. It is not by gold, or silver,*
- COUR.**
- CONT.** *that*

that men are either *wounded* or *defended*; though they are rendered a *richer prey* to the *conquerors*. Let us *boldly attack* this *disunited rabble*. We COUR. shall find among *themselves* a *reinforcement* to our *army*. The *degenerate Britons*, who are *incorporated* into *their forces*, will, through *shame* of their *country's cause* *deserted* by them, quickly *leave* the *Romans*, and come over to us. The *Gauls*, remembering their *former liberty*, and that it was the *Romans* who *deprived* them of it, will *forsake* their *tyrants*, and *join* the *assertors* of *freedom*. The *Germans*, who remain in their *army*, will *follow* the *example* of their *countrymen*, the *Ussippii*, who so lately *deserted*. And *what* will there be *then* to *fear*? A few *half-garrisoned forts*; a few CONT. *municipal towns* inhabited by *worn-out old men*, *discord* universally prevailing, occasioned by *tyranny* in those who *command*, and *obstinacy* in those who should *obey*. On our side, an *army united* in COUR. the *cause* of their *country*, their *wives*, their *children*, their *aged parents*, their *liberties*, their *lives*. At the *head* of this *army*—I hope I do not offend A POL. against *modesty* in saying, there is a *General* ready to *exert all* his *abilities*, such as they are, and to *hazard* his *life* in leading you to *victory*, and to *freedom*.

I conclude, my *countrymen*, and fellow-sol- ENCOUR. diers, with putting you in mind, that on your *behaviour* *this day* depends your future *enjoyment* of *peace* and *liberty*, or your *subjection* to a *tyrannical*

tyrannical enemy, with all its grievous consequences. When, therefore, you come to engage—think of your ancestors—and think of your posterity.

LXXVI.

DOUBTING. VEXATION. AFFECTATION of
LEARNING. COMPULSION, &c.

[See *Moliere's* MARRIAGE FORCE'.]

Longhead solus, with an open letter in his hand.

VEXAT.
APPREH.

APOL.
BLAME.

APPREH.

COUR.
RECOL.
DES.

DOUBT.
DES.
APPREH.

I WAS *wrong* to proceed so far in this matter so *basily*. To *fix* the very day, and then *fail*. Her father will *prosecute* me, to be *sure*, and will recover *heavy damages* too, as he *threatens* me. But then, *what* could I *do*? Could I *marry* with the *prospect* I had *before* me? To tell me, she married to get *free* from *restraint*, and that she expected I should make *no enquiry* into her *conduct* more than *she* would into *mine*! If she *speaks* so *freely* before marriage, how will she *act* after? No, no, I'll *stand* his *prosecution*. Better be a *beggar* than a *cuckold*.—But hold.—Perhaps I am more *afraid* than *hurt*. She might mean only *innocent freedom*.—She is a *charming* girl. But I am *thirty years* older than *she* is.—I would wish to *marry* her; but I should not like what I am *afraid* will be the *consequence*. *What resolution* shall

shall I *take*? I'll be *bang'd*, if I know *what* to do. ANX.
 On *one* hand, *beauty* *inviting*; on the *other*, *cuck-* DRI.
olds as *ugly* as the *d—l*. On *one* hand, *marriage*; APPR.
 on the *other*, a *law-suit*. I am in a *fine dilemma*. VEXAT.
 —*Lancelot Longhead*; *Lancelot Longhead*; [striking himself on the forehead.] I'll tell you *what*,
 old friend, I doubt you are but a *simpleton* all this
while, that you have been thinking yourself a
 little *Solomon*. I'll e'en go and *consult* with some
friends, what I must do. For I cannot deter-
 mine, within *myself*, whether I had better try to DOUBT.
make it up with the family, and go on with my
 intended *marriage*, or set them at *defiance*, and
 resolve to have *nothing to do* with *matrimony*.—
 If any body advises me to *marry*, I'll *venture* it,
 I think. Let me see, what *wise*, *sagacious* people CONSID.
 are there of my *acquaintance*?—Oh—my two RESOL.
 neighbours, Dr. *Neverout*, and Dr. *Deubty*; men
 of *universal learning*! I'll go to them *directly*.—
 And here is Dr. *Neverout* coming out of *this*
house very *fortunately*.
 . *Neverout*, [talking to one in the house.] I *tell* ANGER.
 you, friend, you are a *filly fellow*, *ignorant* of all
good discipline, and fit to be *banished* from the
republic of *letters*. I will undertake to *demonstrate*
 to you by *convincing arguments*, drawn from the
 writings of *Aristotle himself*, the *philosopher* of *phi-*
losophers; that, *ignarus es*, you *are* an *ignorant*
fellow; that *ignarus eras*, you *was* an *ignorant*
fellow; that, *ignarus fuisti*, you *have been* an
 X *ignorant*

APPR.
of
LEARN.

tyrannical enemy, with
When, therefore, you
your ancestors—and

DOUBTING.

LEAR.

[See

Longhea

VENAT.

APPREH.

APOL.

BLAME.

APPREH.

COUR.

RECOL.

DES.

DOUBT.

DES.

APPREH

...er, you had
...at, ignarus eris,
...through all the
...moods, tenses, and
...the nouns, the pronouns,
...the adverbs, prepositions,
...tions.

...must have used him very
...so many hard names. Dr.
...A word with you, if

...pretend to reason! You don't so
...the first elements of the art of rea-
...don't know the difference between
...predicament, nor between a major

...His passion blinds him so, he does
...Doctor, I kiss your hands. May

...Do you know, what a blunder you have
...Do you know what it is to be guilty
...in Balordo? Your major is foolish,
...impertinent, and your conclusion ridi-

...Pray, Doctor, what is it, that so
...your philosophy?

...The most atrocious provocation in the
...An ignorant fellow would defend a propo-
...the most erroneous, the most abominable, the
...most execrable that ever was uttered, or written.

Longh.

ay I ask, *what* it is?

ENQU.

Longhead, all is *ruined*. The

APPREHENS.

en into a *general depravity*. A degree

of *sin*, that is *alarming*, reigns *univer-*

REFR.

and the *governors of states* have reason to

be of themselves, who have *power* in

hands for maintaining good *order* among

land, and *suffer* such *enormities* to pass *un-*
checked.

ugh. *What* is it, pray, Sir?

ENQU.

v. Only *think*, Mr. Longhead, only *think*,

ACCUS.

in a *christian* country, a person should be

ed to use an expression *publicly*, that one

I think, would *frighten* a *nation*, an expres-

that one would expect to raise the *devil*!

think of—"The *form* of a *bat*!"—*There*,

AMAZ.

Longhead, *there's* an expression for you! Did

think you should have *lived* to hear such an

tion as—"The *form* of a *bat*!"

ugh. *How*, Sir? I don't understand wherein

ENQU.

the of such an expression *consists*.

v. I *affirm*, and *insist* upon it, with *bands*

POSIT.

et, pugnīs et calcibus, unguibus et rostro, that

, "The *form* of a *bat*," is as *absurd*, as to

at, *datur vacuum in rerum naturā*, there is

vacuum in *nature*. [Turning again to the per-

son to whom he had been disputing in the

] Yes, *ignorant creature*, a *bat* is an *ina-*

DISP.

substance, and, therefore, *form* cannot be

CONT.

used of it. Go, *illiterate wretch*, and read

LEARN.

X 2

Aristotle's

PRIDE.

ignorant fellow; that, *ignarus fueras*, you *had been* an ignorant fellow; and that, *ignarus eris*, you *will be* an ignorant fellow, through all the genders, cases, numbers, voices, moods, tenses, and persons, of all the articles, the nouns, the pronouns, the verbs, the participles, the adverbs, prepositions, interjections, and conjunctions.

WONDER. Longh. Somebody must have used him very ill, to make him call so many *hard names*. Dr. CIVIL. *Neverous*, your servant. A word with you, if you please, Sir.

CONT. Nev. You pretend to *reason*! You don't so much as know the first *elements* of the art of *reasoning*. You don't know the difference between a *category* and a *predicament*, nor between a *major* and a *minor*. LEARN. PRIDE.

Longh. His *passion blinds* him so, he does not see me. Doctor, I kiss your hands. May one CIVIL.

CONT. Nev. Do you know, what a *blunder* you have committed? Do you know what it is to be guilty of a *syllogism* in *Balordo*? Your *major* is *foolish*, your *minor* *impertinent*, and your *conclusion* *ridiculous*. PRIDE.

ENQU. Longh. Pray, Doctor, what is it, that so *disturbs* your *philosophy*?

ANG. Nev. The most *utracious* *propagation* in the world. An *ignorant fellow* would defend a *proposition* the most *erroneous*, the most *abominable*, the most *execrable* that ever was *uttered*, or *written*. PRIDE.

Longh.

Longh. May I ask, *what* it is?

ENQU.

Nev. Mr. Longhead, all is *ruined*. The world is fallen into a *general depravity*. A degree of *licentiousness*, that is *alarming*, reigns *universally*; and the *governors of states* have reason to be *ashamed* of themselves, who have *power* in their hands for maintaining good *order* among mankind, and *suffer* such *enormities* to pass *unpunished*.

APPREHENS.

REPR.

Longh. *What* is it, pray, Sir?

ENQU.

Nev. Only *think*, Mr. Longhead, only *think*, that in a *christian country*, a person should be allowed to use an expression *publicly*, that one would think, would *frighten* a *nation*, an expression, that one would expect to raise the *devil*! Only think of—"The *form* of a *bat*!"—*There*, Mr. Longhead, *there's* an expression for you! Did you think you should have *lived* to hear such an expression as—"The *form* of a *bat*!"

ACCUS.

AMAZ.

Longh. *How*, Sir? I don't understand wherein the *barm* of such an expression consists.

ENQU.

Nev. I *affirm*, and *insist* upon it, with *hands and feet*, *pugnis et calcibus*, *unguibus et rostro*, that to say, "The *form* of a *bat*," is as *absurd*, as to say, that, *datur vacuum in rerum natura*, there is a *vacuum* in *nature*. [Turning again to the person, with whom he had been disputing in the house.] Yes, *ignorant creature*, a *bat* is an *inanimate substance*, and, therefore, *form* cannot be *predicated* of it. Go, *illiterate wretch*, and read

POSIT.

DISP.

CONT.

LEARN.

PRIDE.

Aristotle's chapter of *qualities*. Go, study *Aquinas*, *Burgersdicius*, and *Scheiblerus*, of the *ten predicaments*. Go; and then say, "The *form* of "a *bat*," if you *dare*.

SATISF.

Longh. O, I thought, Doctor, something *worse*, than all *this*, had happened.

APPRE-
HENS.
OSTEN.
of
LEARN.

Nev. What would you have *worse*, unless a *comet* were to come from beyond the *orbit* of *Saturn*, and either *burn* the world by its near *approach*; *drown* it by *attracting* the *sea*, and *raising* a *tide* three miles *high*; or *force* it from its *orbit* by *impinging* against it, and make it either *fly out* into *infinite space*, or *rush* to the *sun*, the *centre* of our *system*. Except *this*, what can be *worse*, than confounding *language*, destroying *qualities*, demolishing *predicaments*, and, in short, *overturning* all *science* from the *foundation*? For *Logic* is the *foundation* of *science*.

APPRE-
HENS.

CONS.

Longh. Why, it may be a *bad thing*, for what I know. But, pray, Doctor, let a body *speak* with you.

INTR.

ANQ.

Nev. [To the person in the house.] An *impertinent fellow*!

INTR.

Longh. He *is so*; but I want your *advice*, Doctor, in

ANG.

Nev. A *blockhead*!

INTR.

Longh. Well, I *own* he is *so*; but *no more* of *that*, pray, *good Doctor*.

PRIDE

Nev. To *pretend* to *dispute* with *me*!

Longh.

Longh. He is very much in the *wrong*, to be sure. But now let me ask you a *question*, Doctor. You must know, Sir, that I have been thinking of *marrying*. Only I am a little *afraid* of that, you *know* of; the *misfortune*, for which *no body* is *pitied*. Now, I should be glad you would, as a *philosopher*, give me your *opinion* on this *point*.

CONS.

INTR.

ASK.

ADV.

Nev. Rather than *admit* such an *expression*, I would *deny* *substantial forms*, and *abstract entities*.

ANG.

Longh. *Plague* on the man! He *knows nothing* of what I have been *saying*. Why, *Dr. Neverout*, I have been *talking* to you, this *hour*; and you give me *no answer*.

VEXAT.

INTR.

Nev. I ask you *pardon*. I was engaged in supporting *truth* against *ignorance*: but now I *have done*. If what I have said will not *convince*, let the *ignorant* be *ignorant still*. What would you *consult* me upon?

APOL.

Longh. I want to *talk* with you about an affair of *consequence*.

INTR.

Nev. Good. And what *tongue* do you intend to use in the *conversation* with me?

ENQU.

Long. What *tongue*? Why, the *tongue* I have in my *mouth*.

WOND.

Nev. I mean, what *language*; what *speech*? Do you intend to talk with me in *Latin*, *Greek*, or *Hebrew*?

ENQU.

Longh. Not I. I don't *know one* of them from *another*.

WOND.

- ENQU. Nev. Then, you will use a *modern* language, I suppose, as the *Italian*, perhaps, which is *sweet* and *musical*.
- VEXAT. Longh. No.
- ENQU. Nev. The *Spanish*, which is *majestic* and *sonorous*.
- VEXAT. Longh. No.
- ENQU. Nev. The *English*, which is *copious* and *expressive*.
- VEXAT. Longh. No.
- ENQU. Nev. The *High Dutch* is but an *indifferent* language. You won't, I suppose, make use of it in this conversation.
- VEXAT. Longh. No.
- ENQU. Nev. And the *Low Dutch* is *worse* still. Will you talk to me in *Turkish*? it is a *lofty* language.
- VEXAT. Longh. No.
- ENQU. Nev. What think you of the *Syriac*, the *Arabic*, the *Chaldaic*, the *Persian*, the *Palmyrene*? Do you choose *any* of *them*?
- VEXAT. Longh. No.
- ENQU. Nev. *What* language *then*?
- VEXAT. Longh. Why, the *language* we are talking *now*.
- SATIS. Nev. Oh! you will speak in the *vernacular* tongue? If so, please to come on the *left side*. The *right ear* is for the *foreign*, and the *learned* languages.
- VEXAT. Longh. Here is a deal of *ceremony* with *such* sort of *people*. I want to *consult* you, Doctor, about an affair of *consequence*.

LESSONS.

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Nev. O! I *understand* you. You want my **AFFECT. LEARN.**
opinion upon some of the *difficulties* in *philosophy*,
as, for example, Whether *substance* and *accident*,
are terms *synonymous*, or *equivocal*, with regard
to the *being*?

Longh. No, that is *not* it. **VEXAT.**

Nev. Whether *Logic* is an *art* or a *science*? **AFFECT.**

Longh. No, no. I don't care a *halfpenny*, **VEXAT.**
which.

Nev. If it has for its object the *three operations* **AFFECT.**
of the *mind*, or the *third* only.

Longh. That is not the *affair*. **VEXAT.**

Nev. Whether, properly speaking, there are **AFFECT.**
six categories, or only *one*?

Longh. I don't care, if there were *six bushes* **VEXAT.**
of *catechisms*. That is not what I *want*. I
am

Nev. Perhaps you want to know, whether **AFFECT.**
the *conclusion* is of the *essence* of the *sylogism*?

Longh. No, no, no. It is not about *any such* **VEXAT.**
point; but

Nev. Whether the *essence* of *good* is *appetibi-* **AFFECT.**
lity, or *suitableness*?

Longh. I am going to tell you my *business*, **VEXAT.**
if

Nev. You would know, perhaps, if the *good*, **AFFECT.**
and the *end* are *reciprocal*?

Longh. Not a *bit*. **VEXAT.**

Nev. Whether the *end* *influences* us by its *real* **AFFECT.**
essence, or by its *intentional*?

- VEXAT. Longh. *No, no, it is quite another affair, I tell you.*
- AFFECT. Nev. You must *explain yourself*, then; for I have mentioned the most *difficult* points, and those, that are commonly *agitated* in the *schools* in our times.
- VEXAT. Longh. I should have *told* you my *business* an *hour ago*, if you would have *heard* me.
- AFFECT. Nev. *Pronounce* then.
- JNTR. Longh. and { The *affair*, I want to *consult*
- AFFECT. Nev. together. { *Speech* was given to man on
 { you about, Dr. Neverout, is *this*; I have had
 { *purpose*, that by it he might *express* his *thoughts*:
 { thoughts of *marrying* a young lady, who is *very*
 { and as the *thoughts* are the *images* of *things*, so
 { *handsome*, and *much* to my *liking*. I have asked
 { *words* are the *images* of our *thoughts*. Make
 { her *father's consent*, and he has *granted* it. Only
 { use therefore, of *words* to *explain* to me your
 { I am *afraid*
 { *thoughts*.
- IMPAT. Longh. *Plague* on this everlasting *talker*. *Who* is like to be the *wiser* for *him*; if he will not so much as *bear* what one has to *say* to him? I'll go to Dr. *Doubty*. Perhaps he will be more *reasonable*.—And, very *fortunately*, here he *comes*.
- Joy. I will *consult* him at *once*.—Dr. *Doubty*, I beg
- CIVIL. your *wise advice* about a matter of *great concern* to me.

Doub.

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Doub. Be pleased, good Mr. Longhead, to AFFECT. LEARN.
alter your phraseology. Our philosophy directs to
give out no decisive propositions; but to speak of
all things with uncertainty; and always to suspend
our judgment. Therefore you ought not to say,
—"I beg your advice," but,— "I seem to
" beg it."

Longh. *I seem!* What signifies talking of SURPR.
seems; when I am here on the spot with you?

Doub. That is *nothing to the purpose.* You AFFECT.
may imagine a thousand things, in which there is
no reality.

Longh. *What!* is there no reality in my WORD.
being here talking with Dr. Doubty?

Doub. It is *uncertain; and we ought to doubt* AFFECT.
of every thing. You appear to my external senses
to be here, as I, perhaps, to yours. But nothing
is certain. All things are doubtful.

Longh. *Sure, Dr. Doubty, you are disposed* WORD.
to be merry. Here am I: there are you: here is
no seem; no uncertainty; nothing doubtful; but all
as plain, as the nose on your face. Let us, for CHID.
shame, drop these whims, and talk of my business. INTR.
You must know, Dr. Doubty, that I have had
thoughts of marrying, and should be glad of your
opinion and advice.

Doub. I don't *know*, that you have had AFFECT.
thoughts of marrying.

Longh. But I *tell* it you. VEXAT.

Doub. That *may be*, or it *may not be.* AFFECT.

Longh.

- ANX. Longh. The young lady I had made choice of, is very *young*, and very *handsome*.
- AFFEC. Doub. That *may be*, or it *may not be*.
- ANX. Longh. Do you think, I shall do *wisely* in marrying her?
- AFFEC. Doub. You may do *wisely*, for aught I *know*, or you may do *unwisely* for aught I *know*.
- ANX. Longh. I am very much in *love* with the young lady.
- AFFEC. Doub. That is *not impossible*.
- ANX. Longh. But, as she is *much younger* than me, I am afraid of, you *know what*.
- AFFEC. Doub. You may be *afraid*, for aught I *know*.
- ANX. Longh. Do you think, I should run the hazard of being a *cuckold* if I should *marry* her?
- AFFEC. Doub. There is no *natural impossibility* in it. But, if you should, you may, *perhaps*, *not* be the *first*, nor the *last*. But *all things* are *uncertain*.
- ANX. Longh. But what would you *do*, if you were in *my place*, Dr. Doubty?
- AFFEC. Doub. It is *uncertain*, as *all things* are.
- ANX. Longh. But what do you *advise me* to do?
- INDIFF. Doub. What you *please*.
- VEXAT. Longh. I shall go *mad*.
- INDIFF. Doub. I *wash* my *bands* of it.
- ANG. Longh. A *plague* on the old *dreamer*!
- INDIFF. Doub. *Happen* what will, I am *clear*.
- PASS. Longh. I'll *make* you *change* your *cuckow-note*, you old philosophical *humdrum*, you—
[beats him]—I will—[beats him] I'll *make* you
say

LESSONS.

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say *some* what else, than "*All things are doubtful ;
" all things are uncertain—*" [beats him] *I will,*
you old *fussy* pedant.

Doub. *Ab !—ob !—eb !—*What beat a *phi-* COMPL.
losopher !—Ab !—ob !—eb !

Longh. Be *pleased*, Dr. Doubty, [mimicking STIPH.
the Doctor,] to *alter* your *phraseology*. Your *phi-*
losophy, directs you to give out no *decisive propo-*
sitions ; but to speak of all things with *uncertainty*,
and always to *suspend* your *judgment*. Therefore,
you ought not so say,—"*I have been beaten ;*"
but ——" *I seem to have been beaten.*"

Doub. I will have you *prosecuted* with the ANG.
utmost rigour of the *law*.

Longh. I *wash* my *bands* of it. THREAT.

Doub. I will shew the *marks* of the *blows* I ANG.
have received from you. INDIFF.

Longh. You may *imagine* a *thousand things*, INDIFF.
in which there is *no reality*.

Doub. I will go *directly* to a *magistrate*, and ANG.
have a *warrant* for you. [Exit Doubty.]

Longh. There is no *natural impossibility* in it. INDIFF.

Enter Captain Pinkum, with two swords in one
hand, and a cane in the other.

Pink. Mr. *Longbeard*, I am your most *obedient*, RESP.
most *bumble servant*.

Longh. Sir, your *servant*. INDIFF.

Pink. Sir, I have the honour of *waiting* on RESP.
you, to let you *know*, that, as you was pleased
to

to *disappoint* us yesterday, which was the *day* fixed by *yourself* for your *marriage* with my *sister*, you and I must *settle* that *affair* in an *honourable* way.

VEXAT.

Longh. Why, Sir, it is with *regret* that I *failed* you; but

RESP.

Pink. *Ob!* Sir, there is no *harm*, as we shall *order matters*.

VEXAT.

Longh. I am *sorry* it so *happens*. But some little *scruples* chanced to come into my *mind* about the *difference* between our *ages*, which, you know, is pretty *considerable*. And I put *off* the *marriage* for a little time, only that I might *consider* of it, and *advise* with my *friends*. And now, that the *day* is *past*, I think it may be *better* for us *both*, that it be *let alone altogether*.

RESP.

Pink. Sir, as you *please*. You know it is not an *object* of any *consequence*. But, Sir, *what* I have done myself the honour of *waiting* on you for, is, only to beg the *favour* of you, Sir, to *choose* which you please of these two *swords*.

AFFIR.

They are both good, I *assure* you, Sir, and as *fairly matched*, as I could. If my *judgment* deserves any *regard*, you need not *hesitate* long. *Either* of them is *very fit* for a gentleman to be *run through* with.

SURPR.

Longh. Sir, I don't *understand* you.

RESP.

Pink. O, Sir, I *wonder* at *that*. The thing is not *hard* to be *understood*. It is no more than *this*, Sir, that if a *gentleman* promises a *lady marriage*,

riage, and, especially, if he *fixes* the *day*, and *fails* of performing his *contract*, the *relations* of the *lady*, (whose *character*, and *fortune* in life are injured by it, you know, Sir,) generally think it proper to commence a *prosecution* against the gentleman; and the law gives, in those cases, *heavy damages*. My father had thoughts of *prosecuting* you, Sir, as he *wrote* you. But as law is *tedious*, we chose rather, Sir, upon *second* thoughts, to *vindicate* the *honour* of our *family* in a more *expeditious* way. Therefore, if you please, Sir, I will endeavour to whip you through the lungs in the *neatest* manner now practised in the *army*. And I offer you your *choice* of one of these two *swords* to *defend* yourself with. This, you must own, Sir, is treating you *genteelly*. For, you know, I could *run* you through the *body now*, without giving you the *opportunity* of *defending* yourself. —Please, Sir, to make your *choice*.

Longh. Sir, your *bumble servant*. I shall make REFUS.
no such choice, I assure you.

Pink. Sir—you *must*, if you please, *fight* me. RESP.
You shall have *fair play*, upon my *honour*.

Longh. Sir, I have *nothing* to say to you. REFUS.
[Going.] Sir, your *bumble servant*.

Pink. O *dear Sir*, [stopping him] you must RESP.
excuse me for *stopping* you. But you and I are
not to *part*, till *one* or *the other drops*, I assure you,
Sir.

Longh.

Longh. *Mercy on us ! Was ever such a bloody-minded fellow !*

Pink. Sir, I really have a little *business* upon my hands ; so that I must beg, you will give me leave to run you *through* as soon as possible.

REFUS.

Longh. But I don't intend that you shall run me *through* at all. For I will have *nothing* to say to you.

RESP.

Pink. If you mean, Sir, that you *won't* fight me, I must do myself the honour of telling you, that you are in a little *mistake*, Sir. For the order of such things is *this*, Sir. First, a gentleman happens to *affront* another gentleman or a family, as you have done *ours*, Sir. Next, the gentleman *affronted*, or *some one* of the *family*, in order to vindicate their honour, challenges to *single combat*, the gentleman who did the injury, as I have done *you*, Sir. Then the gentleman who did the injury, perhaps, *refuses* to fight. The other proceeds to take the *regular course* of beating, [counting on his fingers] *bruising, kicking, cuffing, pulling by the nose and ears, rolling in the dirt, and stamping* on him, till the *breath* be fairly out of his *body*, and there is an *end* of *him*, and of the *quarrel*, you know. Or if the gentleman, who happened to do the injury, will *fight*, which, to be sure, is doing the thing *genteelly*, you know ; why then, *one*, or *the other* is decently run *through* the *body*, and there is an *end* of the *matter* another way,

you

you know. Now, Sir, you see plainly, that my RESP.
proceedings are *regular*, and *gentleman-like*—~~not~~
gentleman-like—absolutely. So, Sir, *once* more,
and but *once* more, will you be pleased to *accept*
of *one* or *t'other*, of these two *swords*?

Long. *Not I, truly.*

REFUS.

Pink. Why then, Sir, the first *step* I am to *take*,
you know, is to *save* you, which I humbly beg
leave to *proceed* to *accordingly*. [Canes him.] RESP.

Long. *Ab!—ch!—ab!* COMPL.

Pink. Then, Sir, the *next* operation is *cuffing*
—no, I am *wrong*; *kicking* is *next*. [Kicks him.] RESP.

Long. *Hold, hold*. Is the *d—l* in you? Oh! COMPL.
I am *bruised* all over!

Pink. Sir, I *ask* you *pardon*, if I have *offended*
you: I did *not mean* it. I assure you, Sir, All RESP.
I *want*, is to *vindicate* the *honour* of our *family*.

If you had *fulfilled* your *contract*, you had *spared*
me all this *trouble*. Besides, I am *really pressed*
for time; therefore must take the liberty of *pro-* HASTE.
ceeding, as *expeditiously* as *possible*, to the *remaining*
operations of *cuffing* you, *pulling* you by the *nose*
and ears, *rolling* you in the *dirt*, and *stamping* the
breath out of your *body*. Come, Sir, if you please. RESP.

Long. *Hold a little, pray*.—*Oh!*—my *bones*
are *bruised* to *jelly*.—Is there *no way* of *compound-* INTR.
ing this *affair* but by *blood* and *murder*? COMPL.

Pink. O yes, Sir. You have only to *fulfil* your INTR.
contract, and *all* will be *well*. RESP.

Long.

- DISTR.** Longh. [Aside.] What the *duce* must I do?—
I had better be *cuckolded*, I believe, than *trod* to
death.—[To him] I am *willing*—I am *willing*
RELUC.—to *perform* the *contract*.—Oh! my *poor bones*!
Oh!
- RESP.** Pink. Sir, you are a *gentleman* every *inch* of
JOY. you. I am very *glad* to find you are come to a
COMPLAIS. *right way* of thinking. I *assure* you, Sir, there is
no man in the *world*, for whom I have a *greater*
regard, nor whom I should *rather* wish to have
INVIT. for a *brother-in-law*. Come, Sir, the *ceremony*
shall be *performed* *immediately*. [Exeunt.]

LXXVII.

WARNING. BLAMING. COMMENDATION.
INSTRUCTION.

The substance of Isocrates's Areopagitic oration,
which is celebrated by *Dion. Halicarn.* Tom.
II. p. 40.

- APOL.** I DOUBT not, Athenians, but many of you
will *wonder* what should *excite* me to address
you upon public affairs, as if the state were in
immediate danger, whilst, to you, we seem to be in
perfect safety, a general *peace* prevailing, and the
commonwealth secured by formidable *fleets* and
armies, and strengthened by powerful *allies*, and
tributary

tributary states, to support the public *expences*, and *co-operate* with us in every *emergency*. All which circumstances seeming to be in our *favour*, I suppose most of those who now hear me, imagine we have *nothing to do* but *congratulate* ourselves on our *happiness*, and *enjoy* ourselves in *peace*; and that it is only our *enemies* who have any thing to *fear*. I therefore take for granted, Athenians, you do, in your own minds, *despise* my *attempt* to *alarm* you; and that, in your *imaginations*, you already *grasp* the empire of all *Greece*. But *what* would you *think*, my countrymen, if I should tell you, it is on *account* of the seemingly *favourable* circumstances I have mentioned, that I am *apprehensive*. My observation has presented me so many instances of states, which at the very *time* they seemed to be at the *height* of *prosperity*, were in fact upon the *brink* of *ruin*; that I cannot help being *alarmed* at the *security* in which I see my *country* at present *sunk*. When a nation is *puffed up* with an opinion of her own *strength* and *safety*, it is then that her *counsels* are likely to be *rash* and *imprudent*, and their *consequences* *fatal*. The condition of *kingdoms*, as of *individuals*, is *variable*. Permanent tranquillity is *eldom* seen in this world. And with *circumstances*, the *conduct* both of *individuals* and of *nations*, is commonly seen to *change*. *Prosperity* generally produces *arrogance*, *rashness*, and *folly*. *Want* and *distress* naturally suggest *prudent* and *moderate* resolutions.

TRIUMPH.

CONT.

PRIDE.

ALARM.

CAUT.

INST.

resolutions. Therefore it is not so *easy*, as at first view it may seem, to determine, *which condition* is, for the purpose of *real happiness*, the *most* to be desired for *individuals*; or, with a view to *national prosperity*, *which state* one should wish *public affairs* to be in during his *own life*, and that of his *children*; whether of perfect *superiority to danger and fear*, or of *circumstances* requiring *caution, frugality, and attention.* For *that condition*, which is most desired by mankind, I mean of perfect *prosperity*, generally brings with it the *causes* and the *fore-runners* of *misfortune*; whilst *narrower circumstances* commonly lead on to *care, prudence, and safety.* Of the *truth* of this *observation*, better proofs cannot be desired than those which the *histories* of our *own commonwealth* and of *Lacedæmon* furnish. Was not the taking of our city by the barbarians, the very *cause* of our applying, with such *diligence*, to the arts of *war and government*, as set us at the head of *Greece*? But when our *success* against our enemies misled us into the *imagination*, that our *power* was *unconquerable*, we soon found ourselves on the *verge of destruction.* The *Lacedæmonians*, likewise, from inhabiting a few *obscure towns*, came, through a *diligent attention* to the *military art*, to conquer *Peloponnesus.* And upon this, *increasing* their *power*, by sea and land, they were soon *puffed up* to such a height of *pride and folly*, as brought them into the *same dangers*, which we had

ARG.

APPREH.

ARG.

CONT.

L E S S O N S.

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had run into. Whoever attends to these particulars, and yet thinks our commonwealth in a *safe condition*, must be extremely *thoughtless*; especially as our affairs are now in a *worse* state than at the *period* I refer to; for we have both the *envy* of the *other states* of Greece, and the *hostility* of the king of Persia to fear.

ARG.

APPREH.

When I consider these things, I am in doubt, whether I should conclude that you have *lost all care* for the public safety; or that you are *not indifferent*, but wholly *ignorant* of the present *dangerous* state of our affairs. May it not be said, that we have *lost* the cities of *Thrace*; that we have *squandered* above a *thousand talents* in military pay, by which we have gained *nothing*; that we have drawn upon ourselves the *suspicion* of the *other states* of Greece, and the *enmity* of the *barbarous king*^a; and that we are necessitated to *take* the side of the *Thebans*, and have *lost* our *own natural allies*? And for these signal *advantages* we have twice appointed public *thanksgivings* to the *gods*; and shew, in our deliberations, the *tranquillity*, which could only be proper, if all were in *perfect safety*. Nor is it to be *wondered*, that we fall into *wrong measures*, and consequent *misfortunes*. Nothing is to be *expected* to go right in a state, unless its governors know how by *prudence* and *sagacity*, to *consult* the *general advantage*. Fortune may, *occasionally*, bring

BLAME.

CONT.
ALARM.

BLAME.

INSTR.

Y 2

partial

^a Of Persia.

BLAME.

partial success, and *temporary* prosperity: but upon this there can be no *dependence*. When the command of all Greece fell into our hands, in consequence of the naval victory gained by Conon and Timotheus, we could not *keep* what we were in *actual possession* of. The very *constitution* of our commonwealth is gone *wrong*, and we have not the *least thought* of entering upon ways and means to set it *right*; whilst we all know that it is not the surrounding of a city with *high* and *strong walls*, nor assembling together a *multitude* of *people* that makes a *great* and *flourishing state*, but *wholesome laws*, a *wise police*, and a *faithful administration*.

INSTR.

DESIRE.

How much therefore, is it to be *wished*, that the commonwealth could be brought *back* to the condition in which the *wise legislation* of *Solon* placed it (than whom *no one* ever had the good of the *people* more at heart) and to which *Cleisthenes* restored it, when enslaved by the thirty tyrants, whom he *expelled*; *re-establishing* the commonwealth in the hands of the *people*, according to the *original constitution*. It is *notorious*, that in the *happier* times, when the republic was administered according to the *original constitution*, there was not, as since, a *nominal liberty*, with a *real tyranny*; but that the people were accustomed to *other principles*, than those, which *now* lead them to consider *democracy* as the same with *anarchy*, *liberty*, with *licentiousness*; and that their *happiness* consists

INSTR.

BLAME.

consists in the *unpunished violation* of the laws. In COMMEND.
those times, the *equal distribution* of justice, which
 prevailed, brought adequate *punishment* upon
 those who deserved it, and conferred the due *ho-*
nours upon such as had *earned* them by their
virtue. *Preferment*, to stations of *power* and *trust*, BLAM.
 was not, in *those days*, open to *all promiscuously*.
They, who appeared to the public to have the *best* COMM.
claim by merit and character, obtained them. For
 they *wisely* considered, that to promote to *high*
stations men of superior *eminence* for *virtue*, was
 the likeliest means to excite a *general emulation*
 among persons of *all ranks*, even to the *lowest*; as INSTR.
 the people are constantly observed to *form* their
manners upon the model of their *superiors*. In-
 stead of the *public treasures plundered*, to fill the BLAM.
 coffers of *private* persons; it was common to see
large sums of *private wealth* *voluntarily contributed* COMM.
 for defraying the *public expence*. In *those times*,
 the *difficulty* was, to prevail with the persons *quali-*
fied for filling important stations, to *assume* them :
 whereas in *our days*, all are *aspiring* to *preferment*, BLAM.
worthy and *unworthy*, *qualified* and *unqualified*. In
those times, they, who *refused*, were the most *soli-* COMM.
cited to assume high stations; as it was considered
 that *merit* is commonly *diffident* of itself. In *our* BLAM.
days, they, who *elbow others*, and *thrust themselves*
forward, obtain the most *readily*, what they, by
 this *very conduct*, shew themselves the most *unwor-* CONT.
thy of. Our *ancestors* did not look upon a *place* COMM.

CONT.

COMM.

of authority as an *emolument*; but as a *charge*: the successor did not enquire what his predecessor had *gained* while he held his employment; but what he had left *undone*, that the *deficiency* might be *supplied* as soon as possible. They held it proper, that the administration should be trusted to those who had the *most to lose*, in case of a subversion of the state; but so, that *no riches*, or *power* should *screen* any person from an enquiry into his *conduct*, nor from *suffering adequate punishment* in case of *delinquency*. The *rich* thought extreme *poverty* in the *lower people* a *reflexion* upon them, as having *failed* in their *patronage* of them; and the *poor*, far from *envying* the *wealth* of their *superiors*, rejoiced in it, considering the *power* of the *rich* as their *protection*. Sensible of the supreme *importance* of right *education* toward the happiness of a state, they bestowed the *strictest attention* upon forming the *manners* of the *youth*, to *modesty*, *truth*, *valour*, and *love* of their *country*. Nor did they think it sufficient to lay a *foundation* of *good principles* in the minds of *young people*, and *leave* them after they were *grown up*, to *act* as they *pleased*: on the *contrary*, the *manners* of *adult persons* were more strictly inspected than those of the *youth*; and the general *censorship* was vested in this very *court* of *Areopagus*, of which *none* could be *members*, but persons *eminent* for their *birth*, and their *virtues*; so that it is not to be wondered, that *this*

court bore at that time, a character superior to that of all the other councils of Greece.

It is from ignorance that *they* speak, who CONT. would persuade us that there is *nothing more necessary* toward making a state great and happy, than a body of *good laws*. The laws by which our commonwealth was governed in her most flourishing times, were *known to all the other* REMONT. *states of Greece*, and they might adopt as many of them as they *pleased*. But were *all the other states of Greece*—was *any of them*—upon as *advantageous a foot* as the *Athenian republic*? What *chiefly* tends to the establishment of a state, INSTR. is a *police* founded in habitual *modesty, temperance, integrity, valour, and patriotism*. The general prevalence of these dispositions in a people is not brought about by *laws or sanctions*, but by *education, example, and a judicious exertion of the discretionary power*, which *is, and ought to be*, in the hands of *magistrates*, whereby they *discountenance vice*, without directly *punishing it*, and *draw the subjects into that voluntary rectitude of behaviour*, which *force will never produce*. CONT. *Laws* heaped upon *laws*, and *sanctions* added to *sanctions*, shew an *unruly and perverse* disposition in the people, who would not *otherwise* require such *various terrors* to *restrain* them. COMM. The *sagacity* of *governors* appears in their shewing, that they have the address to plant their laws in the *hearts of a tractable and obedient people*. The most

INSTR.

most tremendous *sanctions* will be incurred by men of *ungovernable dispositions*; but those, whose *minds* have received, from *education* and good *police*, a *proper bent*, will *behave well*, though left to *themselves*. The business therefore is not so much to find ways of *punishing offenders*, as to *form* the *minds* of the *people* so, that they shall have no *disposition to offend*.

SELF-DEF.

I hope no Athenian, who hears me this day, will shew such *malice* as to accuse me of attempting to promote *innovations*. To advise, that we should *return* to the *institutions* of our *ancestors*, is, surely, a very *different* matter from proposing *innovations*. And to propose the *re-establishment* of those arts of government, which we *know* to have been *judicious*, from their producing the most *desirable effects*, is *far enough* from shewing a love of *novelty*. *Experience* may *teach*

APOL.

us, if we be *disposed to learn*, what we have to *expect*, if we *go on* in the track we are *now* in; and what the *consequences* will be, if we *restore* the commonwealth to the *condition* in which our *wise ancestors* *established* and *maintained* it. Let us attend to the *effects* which our conduct will have upon *those* we are most *concerned* with, viz. the *other states* of Greece our *rivals*, and the *Persians* our *enemies*. The truth is too *notorious* to be *dissembled*: we have, by our *misconduct*, and *neglect* of the *public concerns*, brought matters to such a *pass*, that part of the rival states *despise*, and part *bate*

ALARM.

ENCOUR.

INTR.

REPR.

US,

us. And, as for the *Persian* monarch, we have *his sentiments* of us in his *letters*.

I have in *perfect sincerity* declared to you, APOL.
Athenians, as far as *my judgment* reaches, the
precarious state of the commonwealth at *present* ;
with its *causes* and *cure*. You will shew your ADVIS.
wisdom and your *patriotism*, by taking into your
serious consideration these *important objects* ; and
setting yourselves with *speed* and *diligence* to *find*
out, and carry into execution the most *proper* and
effectual means of *redressing* those *evils*, which
otherwise will draw after them the most *ruinous* ALARM.
consequences.

LXXVIII.

BLUNT REPROOF. WARNING. OFFERING
FRIENDSHIP.

The speech of the Scythian ambassadors to Alexander, who was preparing war against them.
[2. Curt. xii.]

IF your *person* were as *gigantic* as your *desires*, RESP,
the *world* would not *contain* you. Your *right*
hand would touch the *east*, and your *left* the *west*,
at the *same time*. You *grasp* at *more* than you are
equal to. From *Europe* you *reach* to *Asia* : from
Asia you *lay bold* on *Europe*. And if you should
conquer *all mankind*, you seem disposed to wage
war

WARN.

CONT.

WARN.

REMON.

COUR.

war with *woods* and *snows*, with *rivers* and wild *beasts*, and to attempt to *subdue nature*. But have you considered the usual *course of things*? Have you reflected that *great trees* are many years *growing* to their height, and are *cut down* in an *hour*? It is foolish to think of the *fruit only*, without considering the *height* you have to *climb*, to come at it. Take *care*, lest, while you *strive* to reach the *top*, you *fall* to the *ground* with the *branches* you have laid *bold* on. The *lion*, when *dead*, is *devoured* by *ravens*; and *rust* *consumes* the *hardness* of *iron*. There is nothing so *strong*, but it is in *danger* from what is *weak*. It will, therefore be your *wisdom* to take care how you venture beyond your *reach*. Besides, what have you to do with the *Scythians*, or the *Scythians* with you? We have never invaded *Macedon*: why should you attack *Scythia*? We inhabit *vast deserts*, and *pastless woods*, where we do not want to hear of the *name* of *Alexander*. We are not disposed to *submit* to *slavery*; and we have no ambition to *tyrannize* over *any nation*. That you may understand the *genius* of the *Scythians*, we present you with a *yoke of oxen*, an *arrow*, and a *goblet*. We use these *respectively* in our commerce with *friends* and with *foes*. We give to our *friends* the *corn* which we raise by the labour of our *oxen*. With the *goblets* we join with them in pouring *drink-offerings* to the *gods*; and with *arrows* we attack our *enemies*. We have *con-*
quered

quered those who have attempted to tyrannize over us in our *own country*, and likewise the kings of the *Medes* and *Persians*, when they made *unjust war* upon us; and we have opened to ourselves a way into *Egypt*. You pretend to be the *punisher* of robbers; and are yourself the general robber of mankind. You have taken *Lydia*: you have seized *Syria*: you are master of *Persia*: you have subdued the *Bactrians*; and attacked *India*. All this will not satisfy you, unless you lay your greedy and insatiable hands upon our flocks and our herds. How imprudent is your conduct? You grasp at riches, the possession of which only increases your avarice. You increase your hunger by what should produce satiety; so that the more you have, the more you desire. But have you forgotten how long the conquest of the *Bactrians* detained you? While you were subduing them, the *Sogdians* revolted. Your victories serve no other purpose, than to find you employment by producing new wars. For the business of every conquest is twofold; to win and to preserve. And though you may be the greatest of warriors, you must expect that the nations you conquer, will endeavour to shake off the yoke as fast as possible. For what people chooses to be under foreign dominion? If you will cross the *Tanais*, you may travel over *Scythia*, and observe how extensive a territory we inhabit. But to conquer us is quite another business. Your army is loaded with the cumbrous

Accus.

Remon.

Instr.

Warn.

Cour.

Warn.

spoils

spoils of many nations. You will find the poverty of the Scythians at one time, too nimble for your pursuit; and, at another time, when you think we are fled far enough from you, you will have us surprise you in your camp. For the Scythians attack with no less vigour than they fly. Why should we put you in mind of the vastness of the country you will have to conquer? The deserts of Scythia are commonly talked of in Greece; and all the world knows that our delight is to dwell at large, and not in towns or plantations. It will therefore be your wisdom to keep, with strict attention, what you have gained. Catching at more, you may lose what you have. We have a proverbial saying in Scythia, "That Fortune has no feet; and is furnished only with hands, to distribute her capricious favours, and with fins to elude the grasp of those to whom she has been bountiful." You give yourself out to be a god, the son of Jupiter Hammon. It suits the character of a god to bestow favours on mortals, not to deprive them of what they have. But, if you are no god, reflect on the precarious condition of humanity. You will thus shew more wisdom than by dwelling on those subjects which have puffed up your pride, and made you forget yourself. You see how little you are likely to gain by attempting the conquest of Scythia. On the other hand, you may, if you please, have in us a valuable alliance. We command the borders of both Europe and Asia. There

is *nothing* between us and *Bactria* but the river *Tanais*; and our territory extends to *Thrace*, which, as we have heard, *borders* on *Macedon*. If you decline attacking us in a *hostile* manner, you may have our *friendship*. Nations, which have never been at *war*, are on an *equal footing*. But it is in *vain* that *confidence* is reposed in a *conquered* people. There can be no *sincere friendship* between the *oppressors* and the *oppressed*. Even in *peace*, the *latter* think themselves *entitled* to the *rights* of *war* against the *former*. We will, if you think good, enter into a *treaty* with you, according to *our manner*, which is, not by *signing*, *sealing*, and taking the *gods* to *witness*, as is the *Grecian custom*; but by doing *actual services*. The *Scythians* are not used to *promise*, but to *perform* without *promising*. And they think an *appeal* to the *gods* *superfluous*; for that those who have *no regard* for the esteem of *men*, will not *hesitate* to *offend* the *gods* by *perjury*. You may therefore *consider* with *yourself*, whether you had *better* have a people of *such a character* (and so *situated*, as to have it in their power either to *serve* you, or to *annoy* you, according as you *treat* them) for *allies*, or for *enemies*.

OFF.

WARN.

OFF.

BLUNT.

ADV.

LXXIX.

OUTCRY. EXAMINATION. SELF-DEFENCE.
CHIDING. LAMENTATION. THREATENING.
REFUSAL. RELUCTANT COMPLIANCE.

[See Moliere's L'AVARE.]

OUTCRY. Scrapely. *THIEVES! Robbers! Thieves! Robbers! Thieves! Robbers! Traitors!*

LAMEN. *Murderers! Justice! Help! I am robbed! I am ruined! I am dead! I am buried! O my money, my money! My guineas! My golden guineas! My thousand guineas! My precious treasure! My comfort! My support! My life! My all is gone, plundered, robbed, carried off, strong box and all! O that I had never been born! O that the earth would open, and swallow me up alive! [Throws himself down on the floor. Lies some time, as stupified with the fall. Then gathers himself up.] Oh! oh! oh! Who has done this? Who has robbed me? Who has got my money? Where is the thief? the murderer, the traitor? Where shall I go to find him? Where shall I search? Where shall I not search? Is he gone this way? [Running to the right.] Is he gone that way? [Running the contrary way.] Stop thief, stop thief, stop thief. Here is nobody. Are they all gone out of the house? They have robbed me, and*

EXTR. DISTR.

OUTCRY,

LESSONS.

335

and are all gone off. My son, my daughter, my servants, are all concerned; they have conspired together to ruin me.—*Heb*, [Listening] what do you say? Is he caught? *Villain!* [Catching himself.] I have you.—*Alas*, I have caught myself. I am going out of my senses; and that is not to be wondered at.—I will go to a magistrate. I will have every body examined that ever was in my house. I will have half the town imprisoned, tried, and hanged; and if I cannot, with all this, recover my money, I will hang myself. [Exit.]

LIST.

SEIZ.

LAMEN.

DISTR.

Returns with Justice Nosewell.

Just. Nosewell. Let me alone. I know what I have to do, I'll warrant you. This is not the first piece of roguery I have found out. If I had but a purse of ten guineas for every fellow I have been the hanging of, there are not many of his Majesty's Justices of the peace, would carry their heads bigger. There were, you say, in your strong-box?

AFFECT,
WISD.

QUEST.

Ser. A thousand guineas well told.

Nose. A thousand guineas! A large sum.

LAM.

Ser. A thousand guineas of gold. Hoo, hoo, hoo! [Weeps.]

WOND.

WEEPING.

Nose. Have you any suspicion of any particular person?

QUEST.

Ser. Yes, I suspect every body.

Nose. Your best way, Sir, will be, to keep very quiet, and not to seem to suspect any one, till you

LAM.

APP.

can
WISD.

can lay bold of some *proof*, or *presumption at least*. Then you may proceed to the *rigour of the law*: [While they are talking without the door of Scrapely's house, James, the cook, comes out, and speaks with his face from them, leaving directions with the scullion boy.]

DIREC. James. You understand me, Jack. I shall be *back presently*. Kill him *directly*. Put him in *boiling water*. *Scrape* him, and *hang* him up.

ANG. Scr. What, the *rogue* who has *robbed* me? *Do hang* him, *drown* him, *burn* him, *slay* him *alive*.

SUBM. James. I mean a *pig*, Sir, that is come from Mr. *Rackum*, your honour's worship's *steward* in the *country*.

ANG. Scr. *Pig* me no *pigs*, Sir. I have *other* things to think of than *pigs*.—You may be the *rogue* for what I *know of*. A *cock* may carry off a *strong-box* as soon as *another man*. *Examine* him, *pray*, good Mr. Justice Nofewell.

AFFECT. Nofe. Don't *frighten* yourself, friend. I am
WISD. not a man who loves to *blaze* things *abroad*.

SUBM. James. Sir, your honour, I ask your honour's *pardon*; I am a little *hard of bearing*, your honour. Often *hot*, and often *cold*, your honour. Your honour's worship *supps* this evening with my master's honour's worship, I suppose, and your honour's worship would, mayhap, like to have a little *plate* of something *tossed up* to your honour's

honour's worship's *liking*, mayhap. If your honour's worship pleases to let me *know* what your honour's worship *fancies*, I will do my best to *please* your honour's worship. FLAT.

Nosew. *No, no*, my business with you is quite *another matter*. Friend, it will be your *wisdom*, not to *conceal* any thing from your *master*. It will be the *better* for you. AFF. WISD.

James. Sir, your honour, I *assure* your honour's worship, I will do my very *best* to *please* your honour's worship upon my *honour*. If there is a *better* way than another, I will *use* it, as far as I have *minterials* and *ingrattitudes*. I wish my master's honour's worship would go to the expence of a few *morrels* and *truffles*, and a little *right East India catchup*. There's your high *flavour*, your honour. And our niggardly *steward*, *bang* him, downright *spoils* my master's honour's worship. I could engage to send up as *pretty* a little *collation*, as your honour's worship could wish to *sit down* to, if that *narrow-bearded soul*, Rackum, our *steward*, did not *clip* my *wings* with the *scissars* of his *niggardliness*. DES. FLAT. ACCUS. FLAT. ACCUS.

Scr. Hold your *tongue*, you scoundrel. We don't want to hear your *nonsense* about *eating*. Hold your *tongue*, and *answer* to the *questions*, which Justice Nosewell is going to put to you about the *money*, I have *lost*, and which I suppose you have *taken*. ANG.

Z

James.

SURPR.

James. *I take your honour's worship's money, Sir! Mercy defend me from thinking of such a thing! I did not so much as know, that your honour's worship had lost any money.*

SELF-
DEF.

THREAT.

Scr. *Yes, you rogue, I have lost money, and I'll have you and twenty others, hang'd, if I don't recover it.*

ANX.

SELF-
DEF.

James. *Mercy defend me, your honour. Why should your honour's worship suspect me of such a thing? Did your honour's worship ever know me rob your honour's worship of a farthing, or a farthing's worth?*

AFF.
WISD.

DIR.

Nosew. *Hold, Mr. Scrapely. There is no need of scolding. My clerk shall administer to him the oath. Here, Mr. Longscroll, administer the oath to this man. Not the common oath. No body minds kissing the book now-a-days. Give him the great oath. [Clerk comes forward.]*

AFF.
AUTH.
AUTH.
FEAR.

Clerk. *Fall down on your knees before his worship, and say after me. [James kneels before the Justice, in great trepidation.] May the d—l.*

AUTH.
TREM.
AUTH.
TERR.
AUTH.
FRIGHT.
INTR.

James. *May the d—l.*

Clerk. *The great d—l.*

James. *The gre—e—e—at d—l.*

Clerk. *The great d—l of d—ls.*

James. *The gre—e—e—at d—l of d—ls.*

Clerk. *With his great iron claws.*

James. *With his gre—e—e—at iron—Ab! Mercy defend me, your noble honour's worship, I*

'am frightened out of my wits! I can't say any more of this dreadful oath. I expect the d—l to come up through the ground before my very nose in a minute. I'll tell your honour's worship all the whole truth without the oath, if your honour's worship will but give me a little time to fetch breath.

Nosew. Rise then, James. Don't frighten yourself; but frankly confess the foul fact like an honest christian. [To Scrapely.] I knew he would not trifle with the great oath. We shall have a full confession presently.

AFF.
WISD.

James. Why then — why then — I confess the foul fact frankly, and like an honest christian, that I do not know, who has taken my master's worship's money, no more than the child that was unborn forty years ago, as I am a sinner to be saved for ever and ever and amen.

SELF-
DEF.

Nosew. O that won't do, James. You must kneel down again, and take all the whole great oath. And, if you won't give up the truth, my clerk shall write your mittimus to prison, James.

AFF.
WISD.
THR.

James. O mercy defend me! O your noble honour's worship, have mercy on a poor harmless criminal, that is as innocent of the fact he is convicted of, as your honour's worship, or your honour's worship's clerk, there where he stands. If I ever do such a thing again, you worship shall bang me twenty times over. For I am sure, I never touched my master's honour's worship's money, nor

FRIGHT.

SELF-
DEF.

any man's money, in all my born days, in an *unfair* or *unconscionable* way, saving your honour's worship's *presence*, and my master's honour's worship's *presence*, and

Enter Smoothly, leading in Mariana, Scrapely's daughter.

SUBM. Smooth. *Behold*, Sir, your *son* and *daughter* present themselves to beg your *pardon*, *favour*, and *bleffing*.

ANG. Scr. My *son*, (if you be my *son*) and my *daughter* may *hang* themselves. That is *all* the *bleffing*

LAMEN. I have to *bestow* on *them*, or *myself*. O my dear *strong-box*! O my *lost guineas*! O *poor*, *ruined*, *beggared old man*! *Hoo, boo, boo!* [Weeps.]

WEEP.

SUBM. Smooth. Sir, if you please to look upon our *union* with a *favourable eye*, *no uneasiness* about your *strong-box* need *trouble* your *repose*. It shall be *forth-coming* *immediately*.

PROM.

SURPR. and JOY. Scr. *What* do you *say*? My *strong-box*? With *all* that was in it? The *thousand guineas*? The *whole thousand*? Shall it be *forth-coming*? If you make your *words good*, you shall *eat* my *daughter*, if you please, and my *son* too.

SELF-DEP.

James. I *told* your honour's worship, I *knew* *nothing* of your honour's worship's *money*.

DES.

JOY.

Scr. *Where* is my *precious*, *precious treasure*, my *life*, my *joy*, my *all*?

BLAM. with SUBM.

Mar. Sir, your *unreasonable anxiety* about *money*, which appears on the *present*, as on many

many former *accasions*, in your *lamentations* about what, to a man of *your fortune*, are *trifles*, has been the cause of *constant anxiety*, to *yourself*, and all your *family*, and has *forced* me upon what I am *ashamed* of. This *worthy gentleman* has long had a *regard* for me, *much* above my *deserving*. He has always *declared*, that he desired *no fortune* with me. Your *excessive penuries* denied me the *decencies* of *dress* *suitable* to your *daughter*. I thought myself *entitled* to *some* part of *what* you can *very well* *spare*. I took the liberty of having your *strong-box* seized, that I might have *wherewith* to furnish myself *suitably* to the *daughter* of a man of *fortune*, and the *bride* of a man of *fortune*. His *generous heart* could not bear the *thought* of my *taking* any thing from you, which you did not *choose* to give me. He therefore *insists* upon my delivering you *up* the *strong-box*, if you *require* it. But I am in *hopes*, Sir, you will not only *grant* me the *trifling sum* contained in it, but allow me a *fortune* *suitable* to your *estate*, and to the *gentleman's*, who is so *kind* as to marry me *without* the *prospect* of *any*.

APOL.

GRAT.

EST.

BLAME.

with

SUBM.

APOL.

EST.

INTA.

Scr. *Where* must I have it? Can I make money? *Where* is my *strong-box*? If this gentleman has *married* you *without* a *fortune*, let him keep you *without* a *fortune*. *Where* is my *strong-box*? He cannot say, I ever *promised* him a *fortune* with you. *Where* is my *strong-box*?

PREV.

Z 3

Enter

Enter Mr. Sagely.

DEM.

Sage. Mr. Scrapely, *this gentleman*, my nephew, has, in consequence of a *long mutual affection* between *him* and your daughter, married her *this day*. He has a *fortune* sufficient to *maintain* his lady and family, without *any addition* by marriage; and he *desires nothing* with your daughter. But as it is *well known*, you can afford to give her a *fortune*, I *insist* upon it, though *he* is *indifferent* about the *matter*, that you *sign this bond*, which is ready *filled up*, for *twenty thousand pound*, which is much *less* than you *ought* to give with your daughter to such a son-in-law.

AFFEC.
SURPR.
MIS.

Scr. Mr. Sagely! are you out of your wits? *I twenty thousand pound! Where* should I have the *tenth part* of *twenty thousand pound*?

THREAT.

Sage. Harkye, Mr. Scrapely, [takes him aside] I *know enough* of your *tricks*, your *smuggling*, your *extortion*, and the like (you *know*, I know enough of them) to *bang* you. If, therefore, you don't *directly sign this bond*, I will go and lay the *informations* against you before the *proper persons*; so that before you be a *day older*, you may *depend* on being *safe* in *custody*.

VEXAT.
FEAR.
MIS.

Scr. [Aside.] O d—l on him. He *has me*, I feel the *noose* under my *left ear* already. [To him.] Why, Mr. Sagely, *twenty thousand pound* is a *great sum*. How should I *raise twenty thousand pound*?

pound? I believe I might, with the help of some friends, raise two thousand; but . . .

Sage. Will you *sign* and *seal directly*; or shall I go, and *inform directly*? I ask you *only* this once. [Going.]

Scr. *Hold*; you are so *hasty*. Let me *see* the *bond*. [Aside.] I wish I had you in a *private place*, and a *knife* at your *throat*; I'd soon *spoil* your *informing*. [To him.] I will *sign* and *seal*. But I *know* not where the *money* is to *come from*.

James. Now, Sir, I hope you are *satisfied* I am entirely *conscious* of meddling with your honour's worship's *money*; that I am a *conscionable* man, and not such a *rogue*, as your honour's worship [makes a long pause] was pleased to *take* me for,

LXXX.

D I S S U A S I O N.

The wise advice of Charidemus, an Athenian exile at the court of Darius, when he was asked his opinion of the event of the warlike preparations making by Darius against Alexander. [2. Curt. L. III.]

PERHAPS your majesty may not *bear* the *truth* from the mouth of a *Grecian* and an *exile*; and if I do not declare it *now*, I *never will*;

- perhaps I may never have another *opportunity*.
WARN. Your majesty's *numerous army*, drawn from *various nations*, and which *unpeoples the east*, may seem *formidable* to the *neighbouring countries*. The
CONT. *gold*, the *purple*, and the *splendor of arms*, which *strike the eyes of beholders*, make a *shew*, which *surpasses the imagination of all*, who have not *seen*
ALARM. it. The *Macedonian army*, with which your majesty's forces are going to contend, is, on the contrary, *grim*, and *horrid of aspect*, and clad in
COMM. *iron*. The *irresistible phalanx* is a body of men, who, in the field of battle, *fear no onset*, being practised to *bold together, man to man, shield to shield, and spear to spear*, so that a *brazen wall* might as soon be *broke through*. In *advancing*, in *wheeling to right or left*, in *attacking*, in *every exercise of arms*, they act as *one man*. They answer the *slightest sign* from the *commander*, as if *his soul* animated the *whole army*. Every soldier has a knowledge of *war* sufficient for a *general*. And *this discipline*, by which the *Macedonian army* is become so *formidable*, was *first established*, and has
CONT. been *all along kept up*, by a fixed *contempt* of what your majesty's *troops* are so *vain of*, I mean,
COMM. *gold and silver*. The *bare earth* serves them for *beds*. Whatever will satisfy *nature*, is their *luxury*. Their *repose* is always *shorter than the night*. Your majesty may, therefore, *judge*, whether the *Thessalian, Acarnanian, and Aetolian cavalry*, and
the

the *Macedonian phalanx*,—an army, that has, in spite of *all opposition*, *over-run half the world*,—
 are to be *repelled* by a *multitude* (however *numerous*) armed with *slings*, and *stakes* hardened at the *points* by *fire*. To be upon *equal terms* with
Alexander, your majesty ought to have an army composed of the *same sort* of *troops*. And they are *no where* to be *had*, but in the *same countries*, which *produced* those *conquerors* of the *world*. It is therefore *my opinion*, that, if your majesty were to apply the *gold* and *silver*, which now so *superfluously* adorns your *men*, to the purpose of *hiring* an *army* from *Greece*, to contend with *Greeks*, you might have *some chance* for *success*; otherwise
 I see *no reason* to *expect* any *thing else*, than that your army should be *defeated*, as *all the others* have *been*, who have *encountered* the *irresistible Macedonians*.

CONT,

ADV.

ALARM.

LXXXI.

A SERMON,

TEACH-
ING.

THE end of preaching is twofold; To *instruct* mankind in the sacred *truths* contained in *scripture*; and, To *persuade* them to *live* agreeably to the *laws* of the *Christian* religion. It is, therefore, my present purpose, my brethren, to endeavour, with the Divine assistance, to promote your spiritual and temporal happiness, by desiring your attention to what shall be spoken to you from the following passage of the Epistle of the Apostle Paul to Titus, the second chapter, and eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth verses.

“ The *grace* of *God*, which bringeth *salvation*,
 “ hath *appeared* to *all men*, teaching us, that
 “ *denying*

^b I did not know where to find a *single* sermon containing a sufficient *variety* of *species* of *matter*, for *exercising*, generally, the *talents* of a *preacher*. The reader will perceive, that this discourse is composed with a direct view to *expression* or *delivery*. And whoever has considered the *strain* of the popular addresses of the *prophets* and *apostles*, and of the *Fathers*, and best *French* preachers, to say nothing of the *orations* of *Demosthenes*, *Cicero*, and the rest, will not, I hope, be offended at a *vivacity* of remonstrance, and description, unusual in our English sermons; which are, *otherwise*, the best

“ *denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we
“ should live soberly, righteously, and godly,
“ in this present world, looking for the blessed
“ hope, and glorious appearance of the great
“ God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ.*”

We may represent to ourselves the great *Apostle* of the Gentiles *speaking* as follows: for it is, I think, probable, he meant what follows:

“ The favour of God, to which we owe all,
“ that we enjoy, or hope for, particularly our
“ *deliverance* from Heathen *ignorance* and *immo-*
“ *rality*, and the prospect of *future rescue* from
“ the *tyranny* of *Satan*^c, and from *death*^d; this
“ *Divine goodness* is, in the *Christian revelation*,
“ gloriously *displayed* before *mankind*; the new
“ religion being established upon the unques-
“ tionable evidence of *miracles*, *prediction*, and
“ its own *internal character*, and that of its di-
“ vine *Author*, and of its *propagators*, who are Coun-
“ ready to lay down their *lives* in attestation of
“ the truth of his *resurrection* from the *dead*^e;
“ of the *reality* of which they are *sure* beyond a
“ *possibility* of *mistake*, and cannot be suspected
“ of a design to *deceive others*, having *no worldly*
“ *temptation* to *propagate*, but *much* to *conceal*, or
“ *deny the fact*.

“ And

^c Acts xxvi. 18.

^d Heb. ii. 14, 15.

^e Acts i. 3.

“ And this heavenly religion giveth full *sa-*
 “ *tisfaction* to the anxious and inquisitive mind
 “ upon the most *interesting subjects*; where the
 “ *light of nature*, and the *sagacity of philosophers*
 “ had left men in *great uncertainty*, as, Wherein
 “ the *chief good of man consisteth*: *Who is the only*
 “ *Object of worship*, and *how he is to be accept-*
 “ *ably worshipped*: Of the *other orders of beings*,
 “ *inferior to the one indivisible and unoriginated*
 “ *Supreme*, but *superior to us*; and *how we are*
 “ *concerned with them*: How *evil*, and, parti-
 “ cularly, *death*, came into *God's world*: Of the
 “ *future redress of the disorderly state*, in which
 “ this world is at *present*: The *will of God*, or
 “ *duty of man*, fixed by laws *authoritatively pro-*
 “ *mulgated*: What will be the *effect of repentance*
 “ and *reformation*: How, and *when*, the *good*,
 “ and the *wicked* are to receive their respective
 “ *retributions of reward and punishment*: The
 “ *possibility of rising from the dead*, *demonstrated*
 “ by *actual resurrections*, especially that of *Christ*
 “ *himself*: That the *whole human species* is to be
 “ *raised from the dead*, in *bodies*, and that the
 “ *beatben notions of Elysian fields*, and of *Tartarus*,
 “ as well as of *transmigration of some souls into*
 “ *other bodies*, without end, and of the *re-union of*
 “ *others to the Deity*, are *fables and fictions*; and
 “ that all mankind are to be judged at *one time*,
 “ and that this is to be done by *Christ*: That the
 “ retribution

“ retribution for the *virtuous* is *glory, honour,*
 “ and *immortality*; and of obdurate *wickedness,*
 “ final *destruction* from the presence of God,
 “ and the glory of his power; *both* sentences
 “ *irreversible.*

“ And the new religion inculcates in the most
 “ powerful manner, the necessity of *forsaking* the
 “ *impious superstitions,* and *vicious abominations,* AVERS.
 “ *allowed,* or *not reformed,* by the *heathen religions,*
 “ as the *worship* of *deified* men, and of innumerable
 “ imaginary *gods* and *goddesses,* *celestial, terrestrial,*
 “ and *infernal,* with *rites absurd, obscene,* and
 “ *cruel*; the *promiscuous, excessive,* and *unnatural*
 “ indulgence of *fleshly lust*; the arbitrary violation
 “ of the matrimonial union by causeless separa-
 “ tion; the horrid practices of *exposing children*;
 “ of *self-murder*; or inflicting *arbitrary revenge,*
 “ and the like¹. And this blessed religion doth TEACH.
 “ also prohibit, in general, the indulgence of
 “ *every wicked disposition* (for its authority
 “ reacheth to the *heart*) and *every wicked prac-*
 “ *tice*; all *malice, hatred, envy, injustice, selfishness,*
 “ *pride, covetousness, intemperance, lasciviousness,*
 “ *anger, revenge, backbiting, lying, craft, unchari-*
 “ *table zeal, impiety, profane swearing, blasphemy,*
 “ *obscenity, idleness, sedition, rebellion, and neglect* of
 “ public and private *religion.* The Christian law
 “ forbiddeth all *unwarrantable* pursuit of the
 “ three great objects of the desires of wicked and
 “ worldly

¹ Rom. i.

“ worldly men; viz. *riches, power, and pleasure*;
 “ and it requireth the *faithful and unreserved*
 “ performance of our *whole threefold duty*.

“ First, That which respecteth *ourselves*, The
 “ due *regulation* of every *passion, appetite, and in-*
 “ *clination* of our nature; and a proper attention
 “ to, and careful *cultivation* of, all our *powers,*
 “ *bodily and mental*, so that the *wise ends* of the
 “ beneficent *Giver* of them may *best* be *answer-*
 “ *ed*, and the *least disappointed*: therefore no
 “ one can justly pretend to be a *sincere proselyte*
 “ to the new religion, who does not study to be
 “ *humble, meek, forgiving, pure in heart, sincere,*
 “ *diligent* in improving his *knowledge and virtue,*
 “ *courageous* in the cause of *truth, temperate, fru-*
 “ *gal, industrious, decent, cautious, fearful of offend-*
 “ *ing, penitent* for his *weaknesses, heavenly-minded,*
 “ and *richly furnished* with *every grace and virtue,*
 “ *flourishing, and growing, and rising to higher and*
 “ *higher degrees of perfection* continually.

“ The second head of duty required by the
 “ new religion is, That which respecteth our
 “ *fellow-creatures*, viz. The conscientious ob-
 “ servance of *justice, negative and positive*, as to
 “ the interests of the *body, the soul, the reputation,*
 “ and the *worldly estate* of our neighbour; and
 “ over and above mere *justice*, a *generous disposi-*
 “ *tion* to shew *kindness* on every proper occasion,
 “ and in every prudent manner, to *all* within
 “ our *reach*; and the discharge of every *relative*
 “ duty

“ duty according to our respective situations of
 “ *governors, subjects, countrymen, parents, children,*
 “ *husbands, wives, masters, servants, and the rest.*

“ The third head of duty required by the
 “ new religion, is, That which respecteth our
 “ *Creator, viz. Thinking and speaking, and acting*
 “ *in the constant fear, and sense of the universal*
 “ *presence of Almighty God; with love and grati-*
 “ *tude to Him for all his goodness to us, especially*
 “ *for his last and best gift, the Christian religion;*
 “ *worshipping Him in spirit and truth, both pub-*
 “ *licly and privately; obedience to all his laws;*
 “ *acceptance, upon due examination, of the blessed*
 “ *religion of his Son, and adherence to it in spite*
 “ *of the terrors of persecution, with an unreserved*
 “ *submission to its heavenly precepts*, sincerely*
 “ *repenting of, and thoroughly reforming all our*
 “ *faults; with gratitude to our illustrious Deli-*
 “ *verer from Satan, sin, and death, and observance*
 “ *of his institution for commemorating his suffer-*
 “ *ings and death.*

VENERA-
TION.

“ And this heavenly religion teacheth us to
 “ *expect* the future glorious *appearance* of its
 “ divine Author, to *restore* this ruined world, to
 “ put an end to the *tyranny of Satan*^h, to abolish
 “ death

* The gospels, and particularly that by St. Matthew, in the 5th, 6th, and 7th chapters of which we have the peculiar laws of christianity summed up, was not probably, at this time, written.

^h Rev. xxi.

“ death, and to judge the *whole human race*, both
 “ those, who shall then be alive, and also all,
 “ who have lived in all parts of the earth, from
 “ the creation of man; who shall universally be
 “ *restored to life*, by the same power which first
 “ gave them life; and to *reward* them according
 Joy. “ to their *respective characters*, to *fix* the *penitent*
 “ and *virtuous*, in a state of *safety* and *everlasting*
 Horror. “ *happiness*, and *condemn* the *obdurate* to utter
 “ *destruction*.”

Alarm. This is, in part, the *vast* and *weighty sense* of
 the passage of Scripture, from which I have
 chosen to speak to you at this time. And *what*
 is there, my Christian brethren, of *consequence* to
 us, with regard either to our *peace* of mind *here*,
 or our *happiness hereafter*, that is not virtually
 comprehended in this *short passage* of *three verses*?
 What *various matter* for *consideration* is here *sug-*
 Fear. *gested*? To *think* of the *state* we are at *present* in,
 and of the *task* prescribed us, of which you have
 heard only the principal *heads*, which task if we
 do not *labour* to perform, with the *fidelity* which
 becomes those, who know, that the *all-piercing eye*
 is upon them, it were better we had *never* been
 born—to think of this, is it not enough to make
 Joy. us *tremble* at ourselves?—To consider the *prosp-*
ect we have, and the *hope* set before us, if we
 endeavour, with *sincere* diligence, to act worthily
 our part—is it not enough to *overwhelm* us with
 Excite. *rapture*? If we are not *stocks* and *stones*, if we have
 in

in us either *hope* or *fear*, *desire* of our own *happiness*, or *horror* at the thought of *misery* and *ruin*; here is what ought to *alarm* us to the *highest pitch*. There is not *one* here present, whose condition may not hereafter be *blissful* or *calamitous*, beyond *imagination*. And *which* of the two it *shall be*, depends upon every *individual himself*. Then surely no man, who *thinks* for a moment, can imagine, that the period of our present existence, however *transient*, is to be *trifled* with. No one, who has ever heard of a future *appearance* of a general *Judge*, as in the text, can think it a matter of *indifference* what *life* he *leads*. Hear the *voice* of inspiration on this important point; "Be not *deceived*. God is not to be *mocked*. "Whatsoever a man *soweth*, that shall he also *reap*¹. God shall render to every man according to his *works*; to them, who by patient *continuance* in *well-doing*, seek for *glory*, *honour*, and *immortality*, *everlasting life*; but to them who are *contentious*, and obey not the *truth*, but obey *unrighteousness*; *indignation* and *wrath*, *tribulation* and *anguish* upon every soul that worketh *wickedness*, of the *Jew first*, and *also* of the *Gentile*; for there is *no respect* of persons with God²."—What can be more *awful* than this *warning*! It is not for *vain parade*, like the triumphant *entry* of a *conqueror*,
A a that

¹ Gal. vi. 7.

² Rom. ii. 6.

PROTEST.

ALARM.

REMON.

PROTEST.

that the son of man is to come with the sound of the trumpet, attended with hosts of angels, and armed in flaming fire. Every one of us is interested in the solemn business of that dreadful day. It is therefore, my Christian brethren, in the sincerity of my heart, and the agony of my soul¹, that I stand forth to warn you, in the name of the great and terrible One, who sitteth upon the throne of heaven, whose creatures we are, and to whom we must answer, and to declare to you without flattery, without reserve, that there is no safety, no chance of escape for you, but by a constant and faithful attention to the performance of every one of the duties I have mentioned to you, and a fixed aversion against every one of the vices I have pointed out, and all others. You have the word of God for it. And his word shall stand; he will do all his pleasure²; and the Judge of the earth will do what is right³. Would you have the preacher say smooth things? Would you have him betray the truth of God? Shall he, like a faithless hireling⁴, leave his flock unwarned a prey to the enemy of mankind? Would you have him heap on his own soul the damnation of a whole people⁵? No, not for the riches of this wide world. By the help of God, I will be faithful to my trust. I will set before you life and death, the blessing, and

¹ Rom. ix. 1, 2, 3.² Isa. xlii. 10.³ Gen. xviii. 25.⁴ John. x. 13.⁵ Ezek. iii. 18, 19.

and the *curse* ¹. It *shall appear*, in that day, when you and I shall stand before the general judgment seat, that I have *done* the *duty* of my *office*, and if you *listen not*, those *above*, who *now look on*, though to us invisible, shall *witness against* you, that you have *murdered* your own *souls*.

WARN.

I would not have you imagine, that it is so *easy* a matter to *secure* your own *salvation*, as to render *care* on your ² part, and *apprehension* on mine, *unnecessary*. He, who *best knew*, has declared, that the way to *happiness* is *strait*, and the gate *narrow*; that the way to *destruction* is *broad*, and the gate *wide*; and that the *number* of those who shall reach *happiness* will be *small*, compared with that of those who shall go to *destruction*³. Can I then address you with *indifference*, when I know ⁴ that you are in *danger*?—But why should I say *you*?—I am *myself* in danger. *Every individual*, who shall come to salvation, will be one *escaped* from extensive *ruin* and *wreck*.

ALARM,

FEAR.

Yet I would not have you think, my Christian brethren, that the charge of your souls is a *burden* too *grievous* to be *borne*; or your duty a task *impossible* to be performed. Tho' it is true, that the *reward* offered, and the *punishment* threatened by the Christian religion, are *motives sufficient*, if we think aright, to excite in us *desires* and *fears* to carry us through any *abstinence* from pleasure,

COMFORT.

A 2

or

¹ Dent. xi. 26.

² Mat. vii. 13. Luke xiii. 24.

or any *suffering* of punishment; though this is true, yet so *little* does our *kind* and *merciful* Lord deserve the character of a *hard task-master*, that all he requires of us—of us, who enjoy these *happy* times, untroubled with the terrors of *persecution*—all he requires of us, is—To be *happy* *here*, and *hereafter*. Even in the life that *now is*¹, I appeal to the *feelings* of *every* man of common decency in this assembly, (for I hold not the abandoned *profligate* a *judge* of what *virtue* is, or what its *effect*) I appeal to every *heart*, that is not *hardened* beyond feeling, whether *virtue* is not, even in *this world*, its *own reward*? And I ask thy *conscience*, O sinner, whether *vice* be not its *own tormentor*? Canst thou say, the imaginary *pleasure*, the *profit*, and the *honour*, which *vice* bestows, are sufficient to *arm* thee against the *pang* of *guilt*? Does not its envenomed *sting* often pierce thee through that *weak*, though *threefold* *armour* of *defence*, to the very *soul*? What, then, dost thou *gain* by thy fatal attachment, if thou art not by it secured from *suffering*? Thou hast but *one objection*, and that, God knows, a *wretched one*, against a life of strict *virtue*; that it may chance to *deprive* thee of some fancied *pleasures*, and subject thee to certain imaginary *austerities*. Now, if thy favourite *vices* were capable of affording thee, at *present*, a *pleasure untainted*, *unpoisoned*, and of *securing* thee against all *pain*; and
thou

ANGUSH.

RAMON.

thou knewest that *virtue* is, in the present state, pure *misery*, thou mightest pretend, thy *scheme* of *life* had the whole *advantage* against a course of *virtue*, as far as *this world* goes; and for the *next*, thou might'st, if thou wert *desperate* enough, set it at *defiance*. But thou *darest* not pretend, that *vice* will yield thee, even in *this life*, the copious harvest of substantial *happiness*, which *virtue* gives. Which of thy *lawless pleasures* affords, on reflection, an untroubled *enjoyment*? Does the *smile* of the *great*, bought with *perjury*, light up in thy soul the sunshine of *undisturbed tranquillity*? Does the *glittering trash*, by *unjust* means wrested from the *reluctant* hand of *industry*, satisfy the ever-craving *thirst* of *gold*? Does *lawless lust* indulged, does *virgin innocence betrayed*, do *broken marriage-vows* yield, on reflection, a continual *feast* to thy *mind*? In *what condition* is thy *breast* from the moment of *conceiving* wickedness, to that of its *execution*? Does the *dark conspirator* enjoy himself in *quiet*? Can *happiness* dwell with *anxiety*, *tumult*, and *horror*? Will *sweet peace* take up her habitation with discordant *desires*, with *warring passions*, with *fear* of *discovery*, with apprehension of public *shame* and exemplary *punishment*? Is the reflection on *revenge*, gratified by the shedding of *blood*, a subject of *calm enjoyment*? Why, then, is the *murderer* afraid to be *alone*? What is it that *breaks* his *slumbers*, whilst all *nature* is at *rest*? Why does he *start* at every *noise*? What does he

CHAL.

HORROR.

TREPIDATION.

- see?* With what does his scared *imagination* fill the void? Does not the horror of his *conscience* even raise the murdered out of the *earth* again? Whence came the frightful imaginations of *charnel-houses opening*, and *graves* casting forth their *dead*? What is it, but *guilt*, that presents the bloody *apparition* of the mangled innocent, dumb and ghastly before the eyes of the assassin? We know that the *dead* (excepting a few raised by miracle) are to *sleep* till the *resurrection*. Yet the murderer does not find himself *safe*, even when the hapless victim of his cruelty is *dust*. The pang of remorse proves so *intolerable*, that a *violent death* is *relief*. He flies from his internal *tormentor* to the more *friendly halberd or dagger*. To deliver himself from his present ceaseless *gnawings*, he is content to *lose* this blessed *light*: he throws himself headlong into *eternity*, and, committing the crime, which *cuts itself off* from *repentance*, seals his own *damnation*. Such are the *fruits* of atrocious *wickedness*. Do not, therefore, O presumptuous sinner! I *charge* thee on thy *soul*, do not pretend, that the *ways of vice* are ways of *pleasantness*, or that her *paths* are *peace*. The *history of mankind*—thy own *feelings*—will give thee the *lie*.
- Didst thou but consider, what *figure* thou makest in the eye of the *discerning* among thy own *species*, thou wouldst think of *altering* thy *conduct*. Thy *wisdom*

wisdom is easily understood to be at best but *low cunning*. Thy *honours* are but the applause of fools, dazzled by thy *riches*, or of *knaves*, who flatter thee for what they hope to gull thee of.

SARCASM.

Thy *arts* over-reach only the *weak*, or the *un-guarded*. The eye of *experience* pierces the *cob-web veil* of *hypocrisy*; not to mention a more *penetrating eye*, which thou art sure thou *canst* not

AWK.

deceive. But go on, if thou *wilt*. Take the advantage, while thou canst, of thy *honest* neighbour,

SARCASM.

who *suspects* not thy *worthlessness*. It will not be long, that thou wilt have it in thy *power* to *over-reach any one*. *Craft* is but for a *day*. O fool! *whom* art thou *deceiving*? Even thy *wretched self*.

And of what art thou *cheating thyself*? Of thy *reputation*, thy *prosperity*, and thy *peace*; to say nothing of thy *miserable soul*; which thou art *consigning* to the *enemy of man*, for what thou hadst *better* a thousand times be *without*, if the *future* consequences were *nothing*. Remember I

have told thee, what thou acquirest by *lawless means*, whether thou hast been used to dignify it by the name of *profit*, *pleasure*, or *honour*; and the *wickedness* thou drinkest in with *greediness*, will either *poison* thy *life*, or else must be *disgorged*, with the horrible pangs of *remorse*. Where then will be thy *gains*? I say, therefore, were there no

TEACHING.

state ordained for us *beyond the present*, the *wisdom* of a man would direct his choice to *virtue*. To be conscious of that cloudless *serenity* within,

JOY.

which proceeds from *passions subdued* under the superior authority of *reason*; to feast upon that *uninterrupted joy*, which this vain world can neither give, nor take away; to *bless*, and be *blessed*, to *love*, and be *loved*, to be *eyes* to the *blind*, and *feet* to the *lame**, to be a *guardian angel* to his fellow-creatures; to serve *Him*, whose service is the *glory* of those, who sit *enthroned* in *heaven*†; to have neither *thought*, nor *wish*, which would not do him *honour*, if published before the *universe*—what sense of *dignity*, what *self-enjoyment* must not this *consciousness* yield?—I tell thee, thoughtless *libertine*! there is more joy in *repenting* of, and *flying* from *vice*, nay, in *suffering* for *virtue*, than ever thou wilt taste in the *cloying draught* of *swinish impurity*‡. What, then, must be the *undisturbed fruition* of that which makes the *happiness* of every *superior* nature?

ALARM.
REVER.

But *this life* is not *all*. There is—there *is*, full *surely*, another state abiding us. The *soul* of man *feels* itself formed for something *greater* than all that is here *below*; and it cannot think what is *noblest* in its nature to be given in *vain*. The power of *lifting* its thought to its *Creator*; the unconquerable *dread* of an *account* hereafter to be *given*; the *thirst* for *immortality* (to say nothing of that *surest proof* given by the messenger of Heaven, who *shewed* us, in *himself*, man actually raised from

* Job xxix. 15.

† Rev. iv.

‡ 2 Pet. ii. 22.

from the *grave to immortality*²) all these confirm that there is a *life to come*. And if there is—*what is thy prospect, O remorseless obdurate?*

The *present state* would teach thee, if thou REMON,
wouldst be taught, what will be prevalent in the
future. The world is now under the moral go- TEACH.
vernment of the *One Supreme*. The *life to come*
will be under the *same* direction. The *present* APPR.
state of things, for the most part, brings on
vice, the present *punishments* of fear, remorse,
with worldly shame, and often bitter poverty,
and death, from a constitution shattered by vice,
or from the iron hand of justice. The natural
course of *this world* rewards the virtuous with JOY.
peace of mind, with approbation from every wor-
thy character, and, generally, with length of days,
prosperity and affluence³. What does this con- ARGU.
clude? Is it not from hence evident, that when
the temporary irregularity of the present state,
which hinders equal retribution from being uni-
versal, when the influence of the Enemy^b is at an
end, under which this world now groans^c, and,
when at the appointed time, order shall spring
out of confusion; then, what now appears in part
will prevail universally; then virtue will rise
superior, and evil be, for ever, sunk to its proper
place.

To

² Cor. xv. 20.

³ Prov. iii. 16.

^b Matt. xiii. 39.

^c Rom. viii. 20—24.

ROUSING
SHAME.

GRIEF.
ROUS.

SHAME.

SORTK.

RAGE.

REMON.

To a *generous* mind there is little need of *terror*. Such are better won to *goodness* by the view of its *own* apparent *excellence*, which wants only to be *beld forth* to be *perceived*; is no sooner *perceived* than *admired*. But, alas, I sadly fear the *generous-minded* are but *few*. For, if otherwise, how could the number of the *wicked* be what *it is*. Every *hardened sinner* is one *lost* to all that is *truly great* or *worthy* in the rational nature. And are there *any* in this *assembly*, is there *one*, fallen to so *low* an *ebb* of *sentiment*, so *stupidised* beyond all *feeling*, as to go on to offend, without *remorse*, against the *goodness* of his *heavenly Father*? Think, wretched mortal, that thou art *insulting* the very *power* which *supports* thee in thy *insolence* against *itself*. The gentle *mercy* of the Almighty, like the fructifying moisture of the spring, *droppeth* on thee from on high; and, instead of producing the fruit of *repentance* in thee, is, by thy *impiety*, dashed back in the *face* of *Heaven*. What could thy *best friend* on earth, what could pitying *angels*, what could the *Author* of all *good* do for thee, that has *not been done*? Thy Creator hath given thee *reason* to *distinguish* between *good* and *evil*; to know what is thy *life*, and what will seal thy *ruin*. He hath placed *conscience* in thy breast, to *warn* thee in the moment of thy *guilt*. He hath sent down to thee, Him, whom he had *dearest* in all Heaven, to give thee yet *ampler instruction* in

L E S S O N S.

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the way to bliss, And the *Son* condescended to come with the same *willingness* as the *Father* sent him, though with the certain knowledge that, like a *patriot* rising in defence of his *country*, his coming must *cost* him his *life*. The *richest blood* that ever *flowed*, has been shed for *thy* *worthlessness*, and for such as thou art. *Shame* and *torture* have been despised for the sake of bringing *thee* to good. And wilt thou grudge to *forego* a little *fordid pleasure* to shew thyself *grateful* for all this *goodness*? Go with me then, to *Golgotha*, and *insult* thy *Suffering Saviour* in his agonies. Behold there a *fight*, which the *Sun* would not look upon^a. View with dry eyes what made *angels weep*. *Harden* thy heart at an object which *rent* the *rocks*^b, and brought the *dead* out of their *graves*^c. His *arms* stretched on the *curved*^d tree, invite thee to *bliss*. Though now *feeble* and *languid*, they will quickly *raise* a world from the grave, and lay the *angel of death* full low. I am not describing a *fancied scene*. The *witnesses* of the *death* and *resurrection* of *Jesus* have *sealed* the truth of what they *saw* with their *blood*. But canst thou find a *heart* to *crucify* him *afresh*^e, by *persisting* in the *crimes*, which brought on him this cruel *death*? If thou hast been so *wicked*, *be- think* thee of thy *obstinacy*. If thou dost, even

MOV.
 PITY.
 REPROAC.
 PITY,
 AWK.
 AFFIR,
 REMON.
 WARN.
 ENCOU.
 now,

^a Matt. xxvii. 45.

^b Ibid. 51.

^c Ibid. 53.

^d Gal. iii. 13.

^e Heb. vi. 6.

- now, repent, he has prayed for thee, "*Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do!*"
- PITY. — Behold, how deadly *pale* his sacred countenance! Cruel are the *agonies* which rend his tender frame. His *strength fails*; his *heart breaks*; the strong *pangs* of death are on him. Now he utters his *last solemn words*—"It is *finished* ^k."
- WEAK. What is *finished*? The *suffering* part, to which his dear love for mankind exposed him. The
- PATH. rest is *victory* and *triumph*; and the *salvation* of a world will reward his glorious toil. But what
- QUEST. *salvation*? Not of the *obdurate*, with all their *vices* about them; but of the heart-bleeding *penitent*, whose streaming sorrows have *washed* away his *impurity*, and who has bid a last *farewell* to
- PITY. *vice*, and to every *temptation* which leads to it. To such, the blessed Gospel which I preach, speaks nothing but *peace*. For *them* it has no
- JOY. terrors. Be of good *cheer*, then, my *disconsolate*, *broken-hearted* mourner. Though thy *sins* have been as *scarlet*, they shall be *white* as the *wool*, which never received the *tincture* ^l. They shall be *blotted out*, as if they were covered with a *cloud* ^m. They shall no more come into *remembrance* ⁿ. For our God is *long-suffering*, and of *great mercy*, and will abundantly *pardon* ^o.
- PATH. O suffer
- QUEST. O suffer
- INFORM. O suffer
- PITY. O suffer
- ADVERS. O suffer
- CONF. O suffer

^l Luke xxiii. 34.^k John xix. 30.^l Isa. i. 18.^m Isa. xlv. 22.ⁿ Ibid. lxxv. 17.^o Ibid. lv. 7.

O *suffer* then, my *unbinking fellow-creatures*, BESAREM.
suffer the word of *exhortation*[†]. Every *encourage-*
ment, every *incitation*, is on the side of *virtue*. It
 has the promises of *this life*, and of that which is
to come[†]. Let me beseech you, by the *superior*
love of your *Maker*; by the *streaming blood* of
 the *Saviour*, and by the *worth* of your *immortal*
souls; to *cast off* your *ruinous vices*, and to *return*
 to *Him*, who is *ready to receive* the *returning sin-*
ner, and never *casts him out*, who *comes to Him*[†].
Listen! Oh *listen to Him*, who *speaketh from*
Heaven. It is not the *voice* of an *enemy*. It is
 your *heavenly Father*, who *calls you*. AWE. Behold!
 the very *Majesty* of the *universe* *bends forward*
 from his *throne* to *invite you*. He *veils* uncre-
 ated *brightness* to *allure you to return to your own*
happiness. He proclaims himself the “*Lord*
 “*merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abun-*
 “*dant in goodness*.” He condescends to *assure*
 you with an *oath*, that he has *no pleasure* in the
death of him that *dies*[†]. He *encourages*, he *threa-*
tens, he *promises*, he *remonstrates*, he *laments*, he BESERCH.
wooos his wretched creatures, as if his *own un-*
changing happiness depended on *theirs*. He
 leaves the door of *mercy* open; he gives them
space to repent, he does not take them by *surprize*.
Return—O yet *return to the Father of spirits*,
my

[†] Heb. xiii. 22.

[†] 1 Tim. iv. 8.

[†] John vi. 37.

[†] Exod. xxxiv. 6.

[†] Ezek. xxxiii. 11.

PITY.

my poor *deluded* wanderers. *Whom* have ye *for-*
saken? *What* have you been in pursuit of?
Whose conduct have you put yourselves under?
 You have forsaken the *Fountain* of your *happi-*
ness. You have pursued your own *ruin*. You
 have given yourselves up to the guidance of the
Enemy of *souls*. But it is not, even *now*, too late
 to *retrieve* all; all may yet be well, if you will yet
 be *wise*.

ENCOUR.

GRIEF.

Can you *shut* your *ears*, and *steel* your *hearts*
 against all that is *tender*? Are you *determined* on
 your own *ruin*? Must I then *lose* my *crown*, of
rejoicing? Must I be deprived of the *joy* of our
 mutual endless *congratulations* for our *escape* from
 the hideous *wreck* of *souls*? Must I reap *no fruit*
 of my *labour* of *love*? Shall the blessed message^r
 from Heaven prove your *death*, what was in-
 tended to be your *life*? If you will not listen
 to the *still small voice*^a, which now speaks to
 you from the *mercy-seat*, the time will quickly
 come, when your ears, if they were of *rock*, will
 be *pierced* by the *thunder* of that *voice*, which will
 terrify this great world from the *throne* of *judg-*
ment. *Think*, O hardened offender, think, the
 time

COMPL.

ALARM.

^r 1 Theff. ii. 19.^a 1 Theff. i. 3.

^r The literal signification of the Greek word *εὐαγγέλιον*,
 which our English word Gospel (i. e. Good Book) expresses
 but weakly.

^a 2 Cor. ii. 16.^a 1 Kings xix. 12.

time will *quickly* come, when, as *sure* as thou *now* hearest this awful warning, thou *shalt* bear (—it would be thy wisdom to think thou *now* bearest—) the sound of that *trumpet*^b, which will startle the *silent dust*, and *break* the *slumbers*, which were *begun* before the general *flood*. Think, that thou *beholdest* the whole *species* around thee, *covering* the face of the *earth* beyond the *reach* of *fight*^c. Think of universal *trepidation* and *amazement*^d, TERROR. to which all the *routed armies*, the *cities sacked*, the *fleets dashed in pieces*, the *countries whelmed by inundation*, and the *nations swallowed by earthquakes*, which make the terrors of *history*, are but the *diversions* of a *stage-play*. Behold the *heavens* involved in *flame*; the brightness of the *Sun* extinguished by the superior lustre of the *throne*; and the heavens and the earth ready to fly away from the terrible face of *Him*, who sitteth upon it^e. Imagine *thyself* called *forth*; thy *life* and *character displayed* before *men* and *angels*. Thy GUILT. *conscience awakened*^f, and all thy *offences* full in the eye of thy *remembrance*. What will then be thy *defence*, when thy various uncanceled *guilt* is *charged* upon thy *soul*? No frivolous *shuffle* will ALARM. *blind* the avenging *Judge*. The very *counsel now rejected* by thee against *thyself*^g, if thou hadst never had another invitation to repentance, will
condemn

^b 1 Cor. xv. 52. ^c Rev. xx. 13. ^d Rev. vi. 14, 15, 16.
^e Rev. xx. 11. ^f Ibid. 12. ^g Luke vii. 30.

condemn thee; the very warning given thee *this* day will be thy undoing.

HORROR.

To attempt a *description* of the terrors hidden under those dreadful words, "Depart from me "ye *curst!* into everlasting fire, prepared for the "Devil and his *angels*;" to reach, as it were, over the *brink* of the bottomless *pit*, to look down where ten thousand *volcanos* are *roaring*, and millions of miserable *beings* *tossed* aloft in the fiery *whirlwind* of the *eruption*; what *employment* would this be for *human imagination*! But what *human imagination* can conceive how *fearful* a thing it is to *fall* into the *hands* of the *living God*!

FEAR.
with
WOND.

When we see a raging *hurricane* *tear* up the rooted *oaks*, and *shake* the ancient *bills* on which they grow; when we hear of the mountainous *ocean's* *dashing* with ease, the strong-jointed *ships* in *pieces*, *overflowing* a *continent*, and *sweeping* whole *towns* before it; when we see the black *thunder-cloud* pour down its *cataract* of *fire*; whose *burst* *shivers* the massy *tower* or solid *rock*; or when we read of the *subterraneous* *explosions* *heaving* up the *ground*, *shattering* *kingdoms*, and *swallowing* *nations* *alive* to one *destruction*; do not such scenes exhibit to us a tremendous view of *power*? And *whose* *power* is it that works these terrifying effects? The *laws* of *nature* are the *living energy* of the *Lord* of *Nature*. And what art *thou*, wretched

REMON.

worm,

^a Mat. xxv. 41.

¹ Heb. x. 31.

worm of earth, to resist such power? But what we see at present, is but part of his ways^k. What the direct exertion of omnipotence against his hardened enemies will produce; what the condition of those will be, who stand in the full arm of its fury—where is the imagination to be found equal to the conception, or tongue to the description, of such terrors? Yet this may be the situation of some, now known to us.—O frightful thought! O horrible image!—Forbid it, O Father of mercy! If it be possible, let no creature of thine ever be the object of that wrath, against which the strength of thy whole creation united would stand but as the moth against the thunder-bolt!—Alas, it is not the appointment of Him, who would have all saved, that brings destruction on any one. On the contrary, it is his very grace that brings salvation^l. He has no pleasure in the death of him, who will die. It is the rebellion of the Enemy, and the unconquerable obduracy of those, who take part with him, that hath given a being to the everlasting fire, which otherwise had never been kindled^m.

FEAR.

APPRE.

HORR.

EARN.

DEPRECATION.

GRIEF.

But let us withdraw our imagination from this scene, whose horror overcomes humanity. Let us turn our view to joys, of which the supreme joy is, That every one of us, if out own egregious fault and folly hinder not, may be partaker of them. Every one of us may, if he will, gain his portion in that state, which the word of truth holds forth to

RELIEF.

JOY.

B. b

the

^k Job xxvi. 14. ^l Tit. ii. 11. the text. ^m Mat. xxv. 41.

DELIGHT.

RAPT.

SER.

REMON.

CONCERN.

the present weakness of human understanding under all the emblems of *magnificence* and *delight*. To *walk* in *white robes*^a; to *eat* of the *fruit* of the *tree of life*^b; to *sit* on *thrones*^c; and to *wear crowns*^d; to be *clothed* with the *glory* of the *firmament* of Heaven, and of the *stars*^e; what do these images present to our understandings, but the promised *favour* of the *One Supreme*; the *approbation* of the *general judge*; the *total purification* of our *nature*; and an *assured establishment* in *immortal honour* and *felicity*. This, and much more, than *eye* hath *seen*, or *ear* heard, or *heart* conceived^f, is laid up for those who properly receive that *saving grace* of God, which hath *appeared* to all men; who study to live *seberly*, *righteously* and *godly*, in this present world, as those, who look for the *blessed hope*, and future glorious *appearance* of our *Saviour Jesus Christ*^g.

Thus have I (my dear fellow-creatures, and fellow-christians, my flock, for whose *inestimable souls* I am to *answer* to the *great Shepherd*) thus have I, in much *weakness*, but in perfect *integrity* of *heart*, endeavoured to *excite you*, and *myself*, to a more strict *attention*, than I fear is commonly given, to the *care* of all *cares*, the *business* of all *businesses*. I have, for this purpose, given you, in
an

^a Rev. iii. 4. vi. 11. vii. 9, 13, 14. ^b Rev. ii. 7. xxii. 2, 14.
^c Rev. iii. 21. ^d Rev. ii. 10. iii. 11. 1 Pet. v. 4. Jam. i. 12.
^e 2 Tim. iv. 8. 1 Cor. ix. 25. ^f Dan. xii. 3. ^g 2 Cor. ii. 9.
^h Tit. ii. 11, 12, 13.

an explanatory *paraphrase* on the text, an abridged *view* of your threefold *duty*. I have fairly *warned* you of your *danger*, if you *neglect* or *violate*, habitually, any part of it. I have put you in mind, that it is but *too common* to *neglect* the *great salvation*, whilst with a *reasonable diligence*, and at no *greater expence* of *hardship*, or *suffering*, generally with *less*, than *vice* exposes men to, it might be made *sure*. I have *appealed* to your own *feelings*, whether *virtue* be not the *best wisdom*, if there were no *future state*. I have laid before you some of the *arguments* for the *reality* of a *world* to come, with a view of the *probabilities*, from what we see in the *present state*, of what will be the immensely *different consequences* of *virtue*, and of *vice*, in the *future*. I have tried to *rouse* your sense of *gratitude*, and of *shame*. I have set your *suffering Saviour* before your view. I have invited you in the name of your *heavenly Father* to return to him and to your own happiness. I have intreated you by your *regard* — (I hope you are not *altogether* without *regard*) for your weak, but faithful *pastor*, the servant of your souls. I have put you in mind of the *future appearance* of your *Saviour* and *Judge*; and of the *sentences* of *approbation*, and *condemnation*, under *one*, or *other* of which, *every human individual* will be *comprehended*, from which there is no *appeal*. If *these considerations* be not *sufficient* to stir up, in your minds, a sense of

WARN.

REMON.

ARG.

ROUS.
sense of
GRAT.
and
SHAME.
BEESECH.

MOD.

ALARM.

GRIEF.

B b 2

danger,

▪ Heb. ii. 3.



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IN THE

ESSAY AND LESSONS.

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