To the Rev.d John Shannon
from the Author

THE

MUSIC,

OR

MELODY AND RHYTHMUS

OF

LANGUAGE,

&c. &c &c.

MUSIC,

OR

MELODY AND RHYTHMUS

OR

LANGUAGE,

&c. &c. &c.

THE

MUSIC,

OR

MELODY AND RHYTHMUS

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE;

IN WHICH ARE EXPLAINED, AND APPLIED TO THEIR PROPER PURPOSES, ON PRINCIPLES NEW IN THIS COUNTRY,

THE

FIVE ACCIDENTS OF SPEECH, viz.

ACCENT, QUANTITY, EMPHASIS, PAUSE, AND FORCE, OR QUALITY OF SOUND, ILLUSTRATED WITH SYMBOLICAL MARKS,

AND A

MUSICAL NOTATION:

By which are Exhibited, and may be perpetuated,
The True Cadence, Metre, and Rhythmus of the English Language; the Rational mode of Scanning Poetry by Cadences as it ought to be Read, and not by the Rules of Prosody; the Tune and Time of Composition, and the Correct manner of Reading and Speaking.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

Outlines of Gesture,

AND A SELECTION OF PIECES IN VERSE AND PROSE.

SECOND EDITION.

BY THE REV. JAMES CHAPMAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE ORATOR," AND

TEACHER OF THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF ELOCUTION, EDINBURGH.

Est autem in dicendo etiam quidam cantus. CIC. ORAT.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by Michael Anderson,

FOR MACREDIE, SKELLY, AND CO., 52, PRINCE'S STREET; J. BRASH AND CO. GLASGOW; LONGMAN AND CO. AND T. AND G. UNDERWOOD, LONDON.

1819.

THE

MUSIC,

OR

MELODY AND RHYTHMUS

OF THE

ENGLISH LANGUAGE;

IN WHICH ARE EXPLAINED, AND APPLIED TO THEIR PROPER
PURPOSES, ON PRINCIPLES NEW IN THIS COUNTRY,

THE

TRUE ACCIDENTS OF SPEECH, viz.

QUANTITY, QUANTITY, EMPHASIS, PAUSE, AND TONE, OR QUALITY OF
SOUND, ILLUSTRATED WITH EXPRESSIVE MARKS,

AND A

MUSICAL NOTATION:

By which are Read, Heard, and may be Reproduced,
The Tones, Pauses, and Rhythmus of the English Language; the
Art of Reading or Speaking by Characters as a Guide to be
Read, and not by the Rules of Practice: the Tone
Also Visible of Language Sung, and of
Correct Pronunciation,
and Spelling.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

CHIMES OF CHANTS,

AND A SELECTION OF HYMNS IN VERSE AND PROSE.

BY

JACOBUS BENSON.

BY THE REV. JAMES CHAPMAN,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANTS," AND

LECTURER ON THE SCIENCE AND PRACTICE OF ELOCUTION, EDINBURGH.

[illegible] in Glenelg (Glen [illegible]) [illegible]. CIC. CLAV

EDINBURGH:

[illegible]

[illegible] BLACKIE, AND CO. [illegible] LONDON; AND [illegible] DUBLIN.

CONTENTS.

CHAP. III.

CHAP. IV.

CHAP. V.

CHAP. VI.

CHAP. VII.

CHAP. VIII.

CHAP. IX.

CHAP. X.

CHAP. XII.

CHAP. XIII.

CHAP. XIV.

CHAP. XV.

CHAP. XVI.

CHAP. XVII.

CHAP. XVIII.

CHAP. XIX.

CHAP. XX.

CHAP. XXI.

SELECT PIECES IN VERSE.

SELECT PIECES IN PROSE.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following Synopsis of the Music, or Melody and Rhythmus of Language, is published principally with the view of facilitating the improvement of the author's pupils. A regularly digested plan, as much simplified as possible, is indispensable, in order, successfully, to communicate instructions to the young. On the present system no such plan has appeared. Not only from the minuteness and peculiar accuracy and attention, which this mode of teaching requires, but especially from the misapplication of many of the Prosodial and Elocutionary terms made use of here, as employed by our Commentators, Prosodians and Grammarians, and their ignorance of others, notwithstanding all that has been written on the subject for many centuries, the following pages became still more necessary.

This system is taken from *Mr Steele's Prosodia Rationalis*, a work of great merit and ingenuity. I am convinced that if this book had been well understood, by teachers at least, it would not have been so long neglected; because, when comprehended, it must carry conviction along with it.

The intention of Mr Steele being to establish, upon the soundest philosophical principles, this fact, that the English language has the same accidents of speech, *viz.* accent, emphasis, quantity, pause, and quality of sound, as the ancient Greek and Latin languages, he was necessarily led into controversy; and, in order satisfactorily to prove his point,

it was proper that he should go much deeper into the science of music, and all the minutiæ of speech, than what is required in a system adopted entirely for instruction.

Mr Thelwall, Professor of Elocution in London, is the only gentleman in Great Britain who teaches upon the principles of the *Prosodia Rationalis*, with improvements of his own; and I have every reason to believe, has justly met with that success from the public, to which he is entitled. His *Illustrations of English Rhythmus* are particularly valuable, for the manner in which he accounts for the *Pulsation* and *Remission*, or *Thesis* and *Arsis* of the Greeks. I have taken the liberty of drawing some useful hints from this work.

I hope I have rendered the system, if not more complete, at least more simple, and easily comprehended, by illustrating many of its intricate parts more minutely, accompanied with a greater variety of examples, than is elsewhere to be found; to which are added, adapted exactly for instruction, a great number of exercises, marked with the different accidents of language, as the progressive nature of the lessons may require; proceeding gradually, and by easy steps, from the most simple elementary parts, to the complete developement, and practical application of the whole system.

In proving that we ought not to scan English verse with Greek and Latin feet, I have contrasted the mode of scanning, as practised by our most popular Prosodians, with the plan recommended in this system; so that the pupil, as it were at one glance, may perceive the astonishing difference.

This new system, as it may be called, being only taught in London by the gentleman already mentioned, and never till now, so far as I know, attempted in this country, as one of its natural consequences is to render totally untenable the scanning of English verse by Greek and Latin prosody, it may possibly meet with some opposition, especially from

those, who, by learning and prejudice, are indissolubly wedded to that mode of measuring our language: A system, which, if mere age be entitled to veneration, has that claim in no small degree; for it has been sanctioned by the learned since the days of Quintilian; and therefore, were it of any avail, may plead a *prescriptive*, though certainly not a *legitimate* right.

I respect classical learning and literary men; and since the ancient Greeks and Romans, as well as their languages, are all dead, it is not my intention to be drawn into any comparative contest about them. I have no doubt, but that I should be quite overborne by the numbers and abilities of their champions; for as nobody envies the dead, they have always on these occasions more friends than the living. *Mr Steele* has the following remark, the latter part of which I may apply here. "I made my request not to be drawn into any contest with the ancient Greeks and Romans. If it were possible for me to have a conversation with Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Demosthenes, Plato, or even Cicero, I should have no doubt of our general agreement in all these principles of Elocution: *But as their commentators, from Quintilian down to our own days, have confounded accent, quantity and emphasis, so as to make no account at all of the last, though the most important of the three, I cannot agree to be tried by their laws, though I am very ready to submit to be judged by those of common sense, that is, by the judgment of the ears on our native language.*"

It is to be hoped that the internal evidences are sufficiently strong to convince the candid and unprejudiced, that to measure our language as it *ought* to be read, preserving the proper accent and emphasis, the integral quantity of each cadence, and the complete rhythmus, instead of scanning it—a mode, however, which seems to be daily gaining ground, in such a manner as is destructive of all cadence and rhythmus, quantity and pause—is certainly of some consequence.

I have explained this system, as laid down in the following synopsis, to none who were not immediately convinced both of its truth and utility. But perhaps some of the *Amousoi*, though in other respects persons of genius and learning, may feel dissatisfied with the system, and attempt to cry it down, by endeavouring to show its inutility. However inconsistent this conduct may be, should it happen, I will neither be surprised nor discouraged; for we know by other instances among men, that it is not unnatural; for, do we not see many who are less ashamed to expose their vices, than to acknowledge their poverty.—But, while such are totally unqualified to judge of the cadence, melody, and rhythmus of music, they will not be very ready, it may be supposed, to obtrude their opinion with regard to the same accidents, when applied to language, where an equal degree of accuracy of ear is indispensable.

But there is surely good grounds to presume, that whatever attempts at opposition this system may meet with from the quarters above alluded to, it will receive the unqualified approbation of the *fair*. The study of music being almost universally thought a necessary part of their education, they will find no difficulty in easily comprehending this system, and consequently of perceiving its beauty and utility. And should they make the care of their nursery their principal amusement, as the best of them do, may we not expect to see the rising generation instructed by their mothers in the joint knowledge of letters and music; and the typical marks of accent, quantity, emphasis, pause, and quality of sound in their *proper* meaning, added to their spelling books, which will then be a complete *Gradus ad Parnassum*, and as familiarly known as the alphabet.

Then, if the Attic plant of literature should spring from the labours of these lovely instructors, it is surely not being too sanguine, to hope, that its branches may soon spread abroad, and its fruit at length be cultivated, not in our capital only,

so justly famous for its genius and learning, but through the whole of our country, so much admired and celebrated for its education, its patriotism, its morality, and its religion.

I am aware, that this system, by not being clearly understood by those who have no other means of judging it, but by the written words and symbolical marks, may be liable to misrepresentation. This difficulty, if it be one, is not peculiar to this plan—it is found in all our pronouncing Dictionaries, nay, even in the most approved initiatory books that are put into the hands of children. We must learn the meaning of these marks before we can pronounce according to their directions; they are as dead as the printed letter, until they are enlivened by the human voice. But I never heard it said, that the symbolical marks used in our best pronouncing Dictionaries, and those so frequently employed in the books of children, were of no use, because adults could not understand them without being taught,—experience has proved them to be of the utmost consequence in facilitating instruction.

This aptness to misunderstand this plan, may perhaps be increased in no small degree, by the previous misconception of our prosodial terms, and their consequent wrong application.—I have, however, endeavoured to render the plan as plain and intelligible as I possibly could; and though it should not be completely understood by those who consult the dead letter only, this will be found, I trust, no good reason either to attempt to disapprove or condemn it. I have never found any difficulty in making my pupils easily comprehend it in such a manner, as completely to be convinced of its truth and utility.

The medical student sees the origin and physical necessity of the *Thesis* and *Arsis*, upon which so much of the system depends, the moment it is pointed out to him; though in the whole course of his studies, his attention was never before directed to that important part of physiological science.

The student who has made any progress in languages and philosophy, though his mode of scanning has been uniformly classical, which, as was already mentioned, is, in almost all cases, contrary to the nature of a cadence, destructive of rhythmus, and consequently, the opposite to correct reading, yet with him I have never found any difficulty.—Extremely little explanation convinces him, that *quantity* must always be *subservient* to *rhythmus*, and that *scanning* can only be of use in so far as it assists and directs our reading with accuracy;—that measuring our verse by this system, the very soul of which is to direct us how we ought to read and speak, is not only consistent with the genuine harmony and melody of speech, but is, at the same time, established on the soundest principles of philosophical science, arising from the situation, and physical action and reaction of the enunciative organs.

With younger, and less scientific pupils, it is easy to conceive that more time and minuteness of explanation are necessary: But this difference is not peculiar in this case. The mind of the adult pupil, who has previously gone through a complete course of education, is in a very different state of preparation, having all his faculties developed and highly cultivated, to receive the principles of any art or science; not to mention his great desire for improvement, and his assiduous application, when compared with the junior pupil between the ages of twelve and sixteen. And yet I have not found any of my pupils, who have gone through a proper course of study, who have not been able, with surprising facility, to comprehend and practise this system.—

But the advantage of this plan would be very limited, were its object only to show, how we are to measure our verses in contradistinction to the mode practised by prosodians. It has much higher pretensions. Its great object is to establish a mode of teaching the art of reading and speaking hitherto unpractised, but in the single instance above

mentioned. We at present, in almost all cases, read and speak by *rote*, nor is it possible to do otherwise, upon the system which is taught. "Read as I read, without any reason for it," though the general practice ought now to be laid aside. It is only fit for mere children.

The leading design of the following synopsis, is to instruct us how we ought to read upon *principle*. The whole is regulated by scientific rules, which are founded in the very nature of the art itself. It does not stop short with merely giving a few general hints how particular sentences, or members of sentences in prose should be pronounced, and some lax, undefinable directions respecting the reading of poetry; but applying the whole five accidents of language to their proper and natural purposes, marking exactly the *pulsation* and *remission* of the organs, and preserving entire the cadence and rhythmus of both verse and prose, by symbolical marks which are as simple as the words. By this means we are able to give every author his exact *tune* and *time*; for these are a part, and as important a part of his meaning, as his words, and are always as various; we give distinctness of articulation, harmony of expression, and dignity, ease, and grace to the whole mode of delivery, on principles that cannot easily be mistaken. The *Notation* shows how every syllable ought to be pronounced, with regard to accent, quantity and emphases in their *proper* meaning; and at no time, is any one of the five grand accidents of language used instead of another. In this way, it must be evident to every one, that we cannot read by *rote*, but by *principle*, having distinctly before us reasons for every thing we do. The advantages, however, will be better appreciated by an accurate perusal of the synopsis itself.

But the mode of teaching the art of reading and speaking, according to the most approved authors, and as at present practised, is extremely different. From the ignorance under which they all labour, of some of the most important

accidents of language, and the palpable misapplication of others, we have the following confused and jumbled system, laid down in books of high authority, and taught, in garbled portions, as may suit the taste or fancy of the teacher, with great assiduity. The following chaotic mass is neither imaginary nor overcharged, but will be found, with very little research, in various disproportioned fragments, scattered in great profusion over the pages of our most celebrated writers on Grammar, Prosody, and Elocution.

ACCENT is a sort of Proteus:—At one time we hear of the *accent* of *prose*, at another of the *accent* of *poetry*;—applied to words of more than one syllable, *accent* means Thesis—monosyllables have no *accent* at all:—at one time we hear of the English accent, the Scotch accent, the Irish accent—at another, *accent* supplies the place of *quantity* in syllables;—we are told to pause at certain places in reading; no provision whatever is made for pauses in scanning—though we are told to make pauses in reading, we are never told that their length must be regulated by the *time* in which the author has composed; nor is it ever once hinted, that pauses constitute as important a part of rhythmus as sound:—At one time quantity, such as they make it, is of considerable consequence—at another, that it has little or nothing to do in English Prosody;—at another, that it is excluded altogether:—At one time, allowing quantity to be of such *importance* as to be entitled to a *time* and *half a time*, for this grand reason, because Prosodians tell us, the Greek and Latin languages are measured by this rule—at another, introducing a third species which they call *doubtful time*;—at one time, we are told that a Pyrrhic is a complete cadence or foot—at another, that a spondee is nothing more;—at one time, commencing a cadence with a syllable under *Arsis*, at another with a syllable under *Thesis*, just as it happens to suit the rules of Prosody—measuring verse by one set of rules, and reading it by another, with the nature of which they are totally unacquaint-

ed;—at one time we are to read by the rules of Prosody, at another, we are not to do so;—at one time we are told that Prosody teaches the proper quantity and *accent* of syllables and words, and the *measures* of verses—that quantity in prosody, means the length of syllables in pronunciation—and almost in the same breath, that the quantity or length of syllables is little regarded in English poetry, which is *entirely* regulated by their number and *accent*:—At one time we are informed that metre, or measure, in English poetry, consists in the *number* of the syllables and the position of the *accent*—(how very accommodating is this gentleman, ACCENT!!! he is almost all things to all Prosodians;)—at another, we find elision, synæresis, syncope, and apocope employed in cutting down, to a *certain measure*, some of the finest verses of our best poets;—by every possible means we are directed to cram the lines of our Poets, such as Shakespeare, Milton, Thomson, Aitkenside, &c. within ten syllables, in order that we may have exactly five feet or cadences: and when we cannot do this, by all the means of cutting and mangling, we then, with marked reluctance, acknowledge "a redundant syllable," and of course a bad line.—But I should never have done, were I to enumerate all that authors have written, and teachers, as may easily be supposed, have followed, on this important subject.

With such a heterogeneous mass of indigested directions, is it possible to communicate instructions accurately, or to teach the same language on the same principles? We find, as a natural consequence, the modes of teaching are as diversified and absurd, as the directions of authors. Hardly will two teachers be found who teach upon the same principles, or who use the same books. Is it to be wondered at, then, there should be such a diversity in our reading the same identical words? For we find, from the vagueness and multiplicity of rules, as laid down by authors, and the modes of instruction, as followed by teachers, many of them men

of distinguished merit and ability, almost an endless variety of ways in reading the same piece.

Not to mention the indistinctness of articulation, the frequent gross defects of utterance, the diversity of pronunciation, and the excessive silliness and bad taste, of aping what is called the *English accent*, (which, by the bye, is become very fashionable,) such an *accent*, however, as was never heard to proceed from the mouth of a *Mrs Siddons*, or a *Mrs Jordan*, but which may be heard in all its perfection from a Bond-Street lounger, or a haberdasher in the city of London—some pronounce without marking their emphatic words or syllables, so as in the least to distinguish them from other words in the sentence;—some make every third or fourth word strongly emphatic—some give so little force to their accented syllables, as hardly to distinguish them from others; here I use accent and emphasis in the vulgar acceptation;—some pronounce the smaller words and particles with such rapid flippancy, as to escape notice altogether; others make them of as much consequence as any noun or verb in the sentence;—some pronounce every thing in a stiff, formal, pompous manner; others reduce every author to the common standard of colloquial conversation;—some pronounce in a uniform monotony; others drawl their inflexions to such an immoderate length, as to produce a species of song;—some make their inflections constantly acute; others as frequently grave;—some read at the rate of three or four syllables in a second of time; others go on with the rapidity of eight or ten syllables in a second;—some pronounce every thing in common; others every thing in triple time, without any respect to the *tune* and *time* of the author;—some regulate their pauses by the grossly absurd rule of grammarians, viz. one, two, three, four; others stop only according to the imperious demands made upon them for supplies of breath;—some swell the voice at the beginning of every period, and gradually

lower it to the end of the sentence, throughout the whole of any piece of any given length ; others begin on some accidental pitch, which they regularly continue till the last word, which unfortunate word is so completely sunk as not to be audible, &c. &c.

These diversities and striking peculiarities, and many more might have been mentioned, must happen notwithstanding all the talent and industry of teachers, while they follow the present system of reading and speaking by *rote.*

It is not so in music, because every thing there is defined, and its use and importance ascertained exactly :—nor can it be so in language, when the whole accidents of speech are as evident before our eyes as the words themselves.

It can be demonstrated, that this system affords the best opportunities, not only for removing the defects of utterance, so very prevalent, but for curing *Impediments*, whether acquired, or what are commonly called hereditary. By not regulating our delivery according to a material part of this system, we destroy all distinctness of utterance, and all elocutionary grace ;—by ill-directed efforts, attempting to pronounce contrary to the capabilities of the principal enunciative organs ;—by endeavouring to counteract what nature has wisely established, the regular and periodical succession of *Thesis* and *Arsis*, which, from physical necessity, must be alternate, in defiance of every effort on the part of the speaker; but which, at the same time, may be so injured and impeded, or accelerated, in the proper dicsharge of their alternate *pulsations*, as to produce a species of articulation, if it deserve the name that cannot be understood;—by these, and similar causes, we give rise to almost all Impediments of speech.

On the principles of this system, I have removed many impediments and defects of utterance, which were considered irremediable, from the previous attempts that had been made, and the great length of time they had been established.—I beg to be understood as claiming no merit for this ;

because any one tolerably acquainted with this system, might have done the same thing. The merit, therefore, is in the system much more than in the person who applies it; "honour to whom honour is due:" I have already designated to whom it is due in this case.

To the classical scholar, I have only to observe, that if he is captivated with the beauties of Homer and Virgil, while he scans them by the rules of Prosody, he will find, if he makes the experiment, that these beauties are a thousand times magnified and heightened, when he measures the classics in such a manner as to preserve entire their inimitable cadence, metre, and rhythmus.—And it is to be hoped that the time is not far distant, when it will be not less an object of attention, and equally meritorious, to measure our own language, and to scan Shakespeare and Milton, by laws founded in nature, which preserve their true metre, cadence and rhythmus, and which give energy and grace, beauty and harmony, elegance and expression to their diction, as it is at present to measure the *dead languages*, or to be able to scan, with rules by which we never read, the hardest passages of the Iliad or the Æneid.

I would recommend to all grammarians and professors of Elocution, to acquire a little knowledge of music. Music and Grammar were, by the ancients, always taught together. They are of mutual advantage, and should never have been separated.

I will not, though there is a most ample field for it, enter at present upon the many important purposes which would naturally be the consequence, if this system were brought into general use; but conclude with remarking, that if this were the case, the Elocution of our modern Orators, whether of the Pulpit, the Senate, or the Bar, and also that of our most celebrated Tragedians, might be transmitted to posterity, as accurately as we have received the musical compositions of Corelli, Haydn, or Handel.

THE

MUSIC,

OR

MELODY AND RHYTHMUS

OF

SPEECH.

CHAPTER I.

MUSIC OF SONG AND MUSIC OF SPEECH DEFINED.—THE IMPORTANT USES OF THE VOCAL AND ENUNCIATIVE ORGANS POINTED OUT.—PLAYING BY ROTE, AND SPEAKING BY ROTE DESCRIBED.

MUSIC, which is equally applicable to speech as to song, whether applied to speaking, singing, or dancing, is divided into two great branches, viz. *sound* and *measure*, which are commonly called *tune* and *time;* instead of which words, it will suit my purpose better, to use the more classical terms of *Melody* and *Rhythmus*, being more significant as generals, than the vulgar terms.

When applied to song, music may be defined, a series of sounds *moving distinctly* from grave to acute, or from acute to grave, *by intervals*, and always dwelling for a perceptible space of time, on one certain tone.

But when music is applied to speech, it may be defined, *the melody of speaking;* in this application, it moves rapidly up or down, not by *notes*, but by *slides*, in which no graduated distinction of tones, or semi-tones can be measured by the ear; nor does the voice dwell distinctly, for any perceptible space of time, on any certain or uniform tone, except the last tone, on which the speaker rests or makes a pause.—

There are two grand classes of organs necessary to accomplish speech, viz. *Vocal* and *Enunciative*.

These ought to be well understood by the Professor of Elocution, or his instructions will be inaccurate and ineffectual. The various purposes for which they are intended; the physical effects which their peculiar applications produce; and, the important phenomena they give rise to in human speech, by the action and reaction of some of the most material of these organs; ought to be carefully elucidated to the pupil: And great pains should be taken to render him perfectly familiar, by proper examples, with the manner in which their combined operations produce either vowels or consonants, syllables or words.

The *Vocal organs*, are those by which we produce

voluntary and tuneable sounds: They are chiefly the *Larynx* and *Glottis*.

The *Enunciative organs*, are those by which we add to the *vocal* the specific and characteristic phenomena of literal and verbal utterance. The primary organs used here are, the throat, palate, teeth, tongue, lips, and nostrils: There are others more remote, which may be considered as *secondary*.

It must be evident, from these definitions, that an accurate knowledge of these organs, and the manner in which they co-operate in the production of language, is an indispensable requisite to every instructor who would teach others the proper and scientific mode of reading and speaking.—Without this knowledge, man, it is true, can be taught to speak and to read; and perhaps it is well that it is so: But to be able to speak and to read, as we generally hear these important offices performed, and to be able to do them *well*, are two things so obviously different, that no illustration is necessary to point them out.

The organs of speech, collectively, may be considered as an instrument upon which we play every time we speak or sing. In order then, to play well, we ought to be intimately acquainted with the instrument which we use. If we have no knowledge of its powers, how are we to employ them to advantage? If we are ignorant of the extent and variety of its compass, how are we to modulate its tones;—or produce that infinitely diversified intonation of which it is susceptible?

Public singers bestow great pains to acquire a knowledge and command of their voice, although their object be only to please: But how few of our public speakers bestow any attention upon this the most important part of their art, although *their* great object is, or ought to be, not only to regulate the affairs of mankind, but to convince them of the things most essential to their true interests, to instruct them in their most indispensable duty, and to persuade them to the performance of those things which are not only necessary for their happiness in this world, but for what is infinitely superior, their eternal welfare.

Were it not that bad speaking is so very common, we should be as much disgusted with it in public speakers, as we are with bad singing at public exhibitions.

How many performers of music have we, who, to superficial judges, play well, but who only play by *rote*, and are ignorant not only of the power of their instrument, but frequently cannot tell the key in which they are playing? So it is with the generality of speakers; they speak and read by *rote*, and frequently are totally ignorant, not only of the wonderful effects which the instrument they use *can* produce, but of the proper management of its *simplest tones*. Nay, we find *some* of those who play by *rote*, and sing by *rote*, are proficients in practice, without knowing that those arts are capable of rules, and of very subtile analyzation, any more than a child of five years of age comprehends, or can explain, how he stands and walks.

Our pedestrian performers on the pipe and fiddle, &c. are seldom farther advanced in the literate art of music, than Europe is in the musical part of language; that is, unconscious of notes, or any scientific method, they are talking and playing by rote and by ear, or, in the more vulgar phrase, by *air*.

There was a time when the Greeks, with regard to their language, were in the same situation; for we are told *accentual* slides, or notes, were not used by them, till long after the days of *Homer*.

Now, when an unlettered pedestrian performer, though perhaps of some fancy and considerable execution, meets with an inferior player possessed of the art by notes, it humbles the pride of his native talent, and he submits to the lettered man as his master.

But what is the effect produced upon an improved, polite, and intelligent audience by this excellent pedestrian, compared with the musician who excels in practice and in science? There can, indeed, be no comparison.

When a piece of music is properly played, or a speech properly spoken, the senses of the audience are immediately influenced, and carried along with the player or speaker, in whatever is the proper measure of his tune or his speech; and it is worthy of remark, that the effect of this periodical impulse is more immediate and more certain in speech than in music; in as much as we are all more perfect in our understandings of speech than of mu-

sic:—many people are not musicians, but all use their tongues, and listen to the discourses of others.

CHAPTER II.

ACCENT EXPLAINED, AND RESTORED TO ITS TRUE AND ORIGINAL MEANING.

SPEECH consists of the five following accidents, without a correct knowledge of which, accurate instructions in the art of reading and speaking cannot be communicated. 1. Accent. 2. Quantity. 3. Pause, or rest. 4. Emphasis, or Cadence. 5. Force, or quality of sound.

First, Accent. It is acute /, grave \, or both combined ⌣ ⌢, in a variety of circumflexes. These are, in this system, restored to their true, original meaning, viz. the *slides* of the voice, and are called the *accents* or *notes of melody.*

These *notes* or accents are totally distinct from force or want of force, upon any syllable or word; nor have they any thing to do with emphasis, rhythmus, metre or quantity.

The accents are the essential constituents of that characteristic manner of speaking, which is so easily marked, and which so forcibly strikes the ear of the most common observer; not only between those, who, in different parts of the country speak the same language, but between all nations who articulate words as signs of their ideas, with-

out the music of song.—These accents, though capable of being considerably diversified, all originate from *three* simple modifications of voice.

The application of the accents must always vary according to the position of the words, whether in question or answer, in a suspended, or in a final pause.

Besides these varieties, there is also a manner of gracing the notes, which, as in singing, is always at pleasure. This is done by what the Italians call the *Appogiatura* or supporter. As the quantities of these little notes, in music, are always taken out of the next note that follows, so it is in speech; instead of a plain *acute*, we may use a little *circumflex grave-acute*, thus ✓, or sometimes *acute-grave*, thus ^ ; and sometimes, instead of a plain *grave*, thus ^, or thus V.

It is said that this appogiatura, or grace-note, is also applicable to some particular syllables, and constitutes an essential part of the expressive harmony of the best writers, and should never be superseded by the barbarous expedient of elision, either in printing or in utterance, practised so much by those finger-counting critics who scan by their eyes rather than by their ears. The syllable meant here, is that which is generally cut out by Prosodians. It is printed in italics in the following lines :—

Girt am*i*able—a scene of pastoral joy.
Cover*i*ng the beach, and black*e*ning all the strand.
His gen*u*ine and less guilty wealth t*o* explore.

The cock's shrill clarion and the echoing horn.
Ungrateful offering to the immortal powers.

But the appogiatura is in no way *peculiarly applicable* to these vowels, or to any syllables that prosodians may absurdly cut out with elision, they are regulated by the next article, or accident of language, and not by accent.

CHAPTER III.

QUANTITY.

The term Quantity, is appropriated to discriminate the relative value of sounds in duration of time, being either the quantity of whole cadences, that is, it refers to the distinction of longer or shorter notes or syllables, or of longer and shorter pauses. It is, therefore, subservient to the cadences of rhythmus, as fractional or aliquot parts are to integers; and it is the business of Metre, to adjust the quantities of notes or syllables contained in each cadence or bar: Rhythmus is to keep, by its pulsations, all the cadences of an equal length.

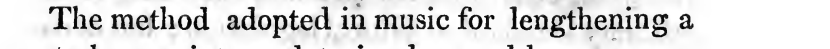
The time or duration, therefore, of every individual sound, syllable, or pause, is called its quantity, and may be marked

longest ⊐, long ♀, short ⅄, shortest |,

which, since the measures of time in music and in speech are the same, may be distinguished by the terms used in music, thus,

a semibrief = 2 minims = 4 crotchets = 8 quavers.

The method adopted in music for lengthening a note by a point or dot, is also used here, as



Long and short notes or syllables are the common component parts of all *metres*, of all *cadences*, under all kinds and species of rhythmus; that is, each cadence under any species of either of the general modes, may be metrically subdivided into fractional or aliquot parts.

The absolute quantity of every syllable, as to the positive time it requires, is to a certain extent latitudinary; or we should not be able to speak faster or slower, and consequently have no distinction of rhythmus. Hence it is, that in delivery, we find no difficulty in giving to a trochee or an iambus, the same entire *quantity* with a spondee, &c. or *vice versa*, though differing in the proportions of their integral parts.

When, therefore, the standard or preponderate cadences, are spondees, the whole measure will be stately and solemn, and the trochaic and iambic feet must have, in delivery, still without the least difference to their integral proportions, an increased quantity. If the trochee be the prevailing foot, the cadences of that passage must preserve the

same briskness of measure; and the spondees, though still maintaining their syllabic equality, must be pronounced comparatively short.

It must be evident, therefore, that syllables are not meted out by a Wintonian, an Oxonian, a Cantabrigian, or an Etonian measure, according to any arbitrary standard of critical legislation; but derive their quantities from the accidental association of their elements, and other independent circumstances.

The Greeks, we are told, gave rules for the long quantity equal to *two times*, and the short quantity equal to *one time;* only two propositions in all. They sometimes admitted a *third*, which they called *irrational:* it was shorter than the long and longer than the short. It is mentioned by *Meibomius Bacchius* senior. But this distinction has been little attended to by prosodians, if not altogether over-looked.

The English Language, notwithstanding all the efforts of Commentators, Grammarians and Prosodians to reduce it to the standard which *they* have assigned to the Greek and Latin Languages, has at least *eight* different proportions of quantity, as explained at the beginning of this chapter. All these and more different proportions of time are employed either in syllables or pauses. And whatever is either taken from, or added to, the pauses, is given to, or taken from the syllables; so that all these various proportions may be necessary in well regulated language.

It is a gross mistake to suppose, as many do, that quantity governs rhythmus. The truth is, that quantity is as subservient to rhythmus as materials are to the building of an edifice; where it is the business of the workman to choose the materials that will fit, and not accommodate the size of the apartments to the dimensions of the bricks and stones.

To a person not initiated in these degrees of quantity, but accustomed to consider all syllables as regulated by the rules of prosodians, it is probable that he may deny that there is any such thing as eight degrees of it in our language, for this plain reason, because he cannot perceive them.

But notwithstanding this want of the power of distinction in those who are unpractised in the art of reading, as here explained, these distinctions of quantity are perfect; and those who are versed in them, find no difficulty in accurately distinguishing them.

We know that those who are entirely ignorant of music, when they begin to acquire it, cannot easily perceive the difference between a *crotchet* and a *quaver;* yet the proportion of these notes are as two to one; and they have still more difficulty in distinguishing the difference between a *doted* crotchet and a *plain* one, which are to each other as three to two. But these novices never think of doubting, much less of denying that such facts exist, although their ears are, at first, too *obtuse* to *perceive* them; but they persevere, and by practice

come to find no difficulty, not only in discriminating these, but even in being able to distinguish, nay, perform twenty-four, or thirty-two notes in a second of time.

It has very properly been observed, that it would be unjust for any one to say, that there is no distinct power of description in the language of Japan, for this *special* reason, because *he* did not understand it, and that all the words of that language sounded to his ears exactly alike.

CHAPTER IV.

PAUSE, OR SILENCE.

PAUSES may be marked semibrief rest  , minim rest  , crotchet rest  , quaver rest 

All measured rests or pauses are as significant in computation of time, and in value of place, respecting cadence, or the *heavy* and *light*, as express notes of sound. If a syllable be too short, we may supply its deficiency by a pause; by which means an iambus or trochee may answer to fill a cadence as well as a spondee.

This, however, is only one of the many important purposes which rests or pauses serve in speech.

CHAPTER V.

EMPHASIS OR CADENCE.

All speech, prose as well as verse, naturally falls under emphatical divisions, which are here called *cadences;* which will be afterwards more minutely explained.

Our breathing, the beating of our pulse, and our movement in walking, make the divisions of time by *cadences* familiar and natural to us.

Each of these movements, or *cadences*, is divided into two alternate motions, significantly expressed by the Greek words Arsis and Thesis, *raising* and *posing*, or setting down; the latter of which, coming down as it were with weight, is called *heavy*, being the most energetic or emphatic of the two; the other, being more remiss, and with less emphasis, is called *light.* When we lift our foot, in order to walk, that motion is *arsis* or *light;* and when we put it on the ground, in order to proceed, that act of posing is *thesis* or *heavy.*

If we count every step or cadence which we make in walking, we shall find each of them consisting of, and sub-divided by, these *two* motions, *arsis*

and *thesis,* or the *light* and the *heavy ;* and if we count only on every second cadence or step, which makes a pace, we shall find each pace sub-divided by *four* motions; *two* of which will be *thesis* or *heavy,* and the other *two arsis* or *light.*

This division of the step by the even number *two,* and of the pace by the even number *four,* naturally arises from the walk of a sound or perfect man.

The halting of a lame man makes a pace divisible into *six,* instead of four; that is, the *thesis* or posing of one of his feet, rests twice as long on the ground as that of the other foot; consequently, in each pace of this lame walk, there will be *one thesis* of so much greater weight or emphasis than the other, that the *second thesis* appears, in comparison with it, to be *light.* This whole pace is, therefore, considered as *one cadence,* divided unequally into heavy, lightest, light, lightest. The following marks represent these degrees of poise. Heavy Δ, light ∴ lightest ..

Here, then, are two general modes or measures of time. The *first,* wherein each step makes a *cadence,* and is divided by the even number *two ;* and the pace or double *cadence,* by four: and this in music is called *common time,* andante, or the *measure* of a march.

The *second,* where the whole pace making only one *cadence,* may be equally divided by the number six, as the double of three ; and is called *triple time,* or the *measure* of the *minuet* or *jig.*

But it must be observed, that the *two* steps composing the pace of *triple time*, are so far dissimilar, that one of them is composed by $\overset{\Delta}{3} + \overset{\cdot\cdot}{1}$, and the other by $\overset{\therefore}{1} + \overset{\cdot\cdot}{1}$; which diversity when slow, makes the graceful variety of the minuet, and when faster the merry hobble of the jig.

The *thesis* and *arsis*, or *heavy* and *light*, pervade every language. They must always, from the very nature and conformation of the organs of speech, be alternate; and are as independent of volition, as the beating of the pulse, or the ebb and flow of the breath.—The reasons of this are so minutely pointed out to the pupil, and illustrated by such appropriate examples, as to render it perfectly obvious, and easily comprehended by any one of ordinary capacity.

It is a demonstrable fact, that the primary causes of the destruction of all the graces of Elocutionary utterance arise from efforts to articulate, without proper attention to the laws of *pulsation* and *remission*, or *thesis* and *arsis*. And this, in almost all cases, arises from improper modes of instruction.—It is a fact equally incontrovertible, that with very few exceptions, all the causes of impediments of speech, under the various phenomena which they assume, may be shown to have their origin in a gross violation of these natural affections.—To undertake, therefore, with almost certain success, the cure of impediments, the first and most indispensable

step, is to understand the peculiar structure of those organs of speech, which, by physical necessity, produce this pulsation and remission.

The *thesis* and *arsis,* and the powerful effect which they had upon articulated language, were well understood by the ancient Greeks, as the structure of their language evidently shows: but they have been entirely overlooked, or misunderstood by all the commentators, grammarians, and prosodians, with the single exception of Mr Steele, the author of the Prosodia Rationalis, which appeared in 1779.

This affection of heavy and light, when properly understood, demonstrates to all who can judge of language by their ears, the palpable absurdity of measuring verse by prosodial rules, which require a mode of pronouncing totally different from the manner in which the same reader pronounces a verse, either before or after he has scanned it.

Such power have the *thesis* and *arsis*, from the physical situation and power of the organs, over articulated sounds, that we cannot pronounce *even two* heavy sounds in succession, without a pause or remission between them.

It must be carefully remembered that these affections of *heavy* and *light,* or pulsation and remission, are totally independent of accent and quantity; they are always alternate, unless cut off by rests or long-holding tones, without change of articulation.

Examples of THESIS *and* ARSIS *differently arranged.*

1. A succession of heavy sounds, necessarily requiring a pause or rest after each, Δ ⌜ Δ ⌜ Δ ⌜ Δ ⌜ Δ ⌜ Δ ⌜ Δ ⌜.

2. A succession of heavy and light alternately, or the pauses between filled up with light, which is the natural order, Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴

3. A succession of light sounds ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

4. Light and heavy alternately ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ

The Thesis, or heavy, may be applied to such words as these; love, live, leap, learn, hill, keep,

Δ Δ Δ Δ Δ Δ

lame, walk, man, hand, horse, &c.

Δ Δ Δ Δ Δ

The Arsis, or light, may be applied to such words as, we, ye, you, of, to, for, by, it, in, or, &c.

∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

Heavy and light are exemplified, in the natural order, in such words as these, dissyllables: favour,

Δ ∴

honour, fervour, patron, matron, father, climbing,

Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴

falling, running, better, matter.

Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴

Light and heavy on such dissyllables, as, prefer,

∴ Δ

detest, relieve, molest, conceit, deceive, receipt,

∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ

deprive, propose, reprieve, &c.

∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ

Heavy, lightest and light syllables; or 3-4; as, consecrate, designate, numerous, syllable, abro-

Δ .. ∴ Δ.. ∴ Δ .. ∴ Δ .. ∴ Δ ..

gate, telescope, &c.

∴ Δ.. ∴

Light, lightest and heavy syllables; as, ac-

∴

quiesce, contravene, decompose, disbelieve, un-

.. Δ ∴ ..Δ ∴... Δ ∴...Δ ∴

derstood, reprimand, &c.

.. Δ ∴ .. Δ

Lightest, heavy and light syllables, as develope,

..Δ ∴

rejoicing, detested, convulsive, domestic, returning,

..Δ∴ ..Δ∴ .. Δ∴ .. Δ∴ ..Δ∴

carousing, reporter, &c.

.. Δ∴ .. Δ∴

It must be particularly noticed, that almost every syllable in our language, monosyllables excepted, is affected positively, either to the *Arsis* or *Thesis*, though some are of a common nature, and may be used with either.

Our heroic, or ten-syllable lines most commonly begin with a syllable under *Arsis;* and supposing a line to consist of five feet, or rather, according to this system, of five *bars* or *cadences*, of musical time, exclusive of rests or pauses, there will be half a *bar* at the beginning and half a *bar* at the end; that is, it will begin with *Arsis* and end with Thesis. But sometimes the affection of the first syllable is so positive to *Thesis* as to oblige the measure of the line to begin with a whole *bar;* for the beat or

Thesis constantly falls on the first note or syllable of the bar: but always some *rests* or *pauses* are necessary, as being more agreeable both to the sense and to the measure; so that, including the rests, a line of nominal *five feet*, or ten syllables in words, occupies at least the time of *six bars* or cadences, as in the following example; in which the syllable Oh! is positively *emphatical* and under *Thesis;* and the syllable *our*, agreeably to the sense in this expression, is as positively remiss and under *Arsis.*

But it may be observed, that this *emphasis* of *cadence*, and the *expression* of loudness are not to be considered as equivalent terms, or affections of the same kind: for *arsis* or *remiss* may be *loud* or *forte;* and the *thesis* or *emphatic* may be *piano* or *soft*, occasionally. The *Thesis* and *Arsis* being periodically alternate, whether expressed or supposed; whereas the *piano* and *forte*, in speaking as in singing, are always *ad libitum*, *or apropos.*

It may be proper here to show, that a line of heavy syllables, that is, where they are all under the affection of *Thesis*, has the same rhythmus, as when the pauses are filled up with a light syllable; as,

My hopes, fears, joys, pains, all centre in you,

∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴Δ ∴ Δ ∴ $\overset{\frown}{\Delta\therefore}$ Δ ∴ ∴ Δ

and

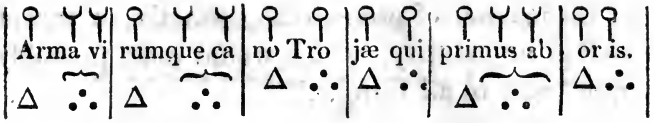
My hopes, & fears, & joys, & pains, all centre in you,

∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ∴ $\overset{\frown}{\Delta\therefore}$ Δ ∴∴ Δ

are both of the same length as to rhythmus, and this may be proved by the swings of a pendulum, or the strokes of a time-beater.

Were prosodians to attend to this, and, directed by their ears, acquire an accurate idea of rhythmus, we should not have so many of the best lines of our finest poets so shockingly mangled; nor meet with such barbarisms as *hov'ring* for hovering; *dang'rous* for dangerous: *th' autumnal*, for the autumnal: nor, in the sublime and perfect rhythmus of Milton, meet with such violences done to his finest lines as the following: *th' omnipotent*, for the omnipotent, *th' etherial*, for the etherial: *th' Almighty*, for the Almighty: Nor would many of the most beautiful lines of our best classics be deprived of their peculiar excellence. I shall give an example or two from Virgil; merely as a hint to my classical pupils. And I request them to observe, that determining Greek and Latin heroics, such as the Iliad and Æneid, to be hexametre lines, *excludes rhythmical pauses altogether.*

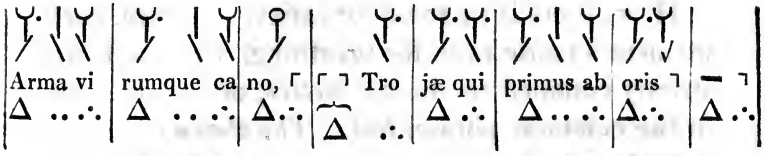
The following line of the Æneid, set (by our marks for quantity and pulsation), strictly according to the Latin prosody, will be thus, in common time:



Here, there is no room for variety of metre, nor a moment's pause even for breathing, the line being strictly confined to the *six metres*, or *cadences*, or, in the common phrase, *feet*. The above line is set according to the quantities prescribed by the *rules* of prosody; it may be proper also to exhibit it, as it is generally scanned in our schools; where, by making the last syllable of the dactyl longer than the first, in direct contradiction both to the rule and the real quantities, they turn dactyls into anapests.

Upon this and the three following lines of the Æneid, this remark will be found in the Prosodia Rationalis. "If I could meet with a living Virgil, I should ask him, why these lines might not be set in the following manner, in triple measure, still preserving the *long* and the *short* syllables, but with an extended variety of *long* and *longer*, *short* and *shorter*, and also with the proportion of *triples* and *thirds*, as well as of *doubles* and *halves?* And if he gave me a better reason why they should not, than either the grammarians, or the commentators have done, I would certainly submit to him, and

copy his manner of pronouncing exactly, in accent as well as in quantity, which would most probably be quite new to all Europe."

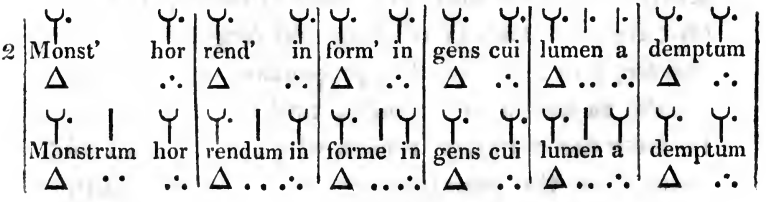


By reading the line in this manner, the rhythmus and the metre are preserved, and by the addition of necessary rests for breathing-time, and for stops of *expression*, it becomes an octometre instead of an hexametre.

How *monstrously* is the following line cut to pieces by the rules of prosodians.

It is here set first according to these rules, and also according to the rules of this system; and it will be found, that without any elision they are both pronounced exactly in the same time, if repeated to the swings of the same metronome, or pendulum.

Let the distance of time between Δ and Δ be equal to one step of walking.



When the construction of a language depends on the termination of its words, elisions by which these terminations are concealed, must, to say the least of them, tend to render such a language obscure.

But I have no doubt, that as good reasons can be given for elisions of the above kind, as for scanning verses, whether of the *dead* or of the *living* languages, in such a manner, as no good reader of either ever pronounces—Nay, I have strong reason to suspect whether even a Prosodian *can* read according to his own rules.

These are only two instances of thousands that might be given, of the absurdity that Commentators, Grammarians and Prosodians have been teaching since the days of *Quintilian the Rhetorician*, who died A. D. 95.—His Institutes of Eloquence were discovered A. D. 1415, in an old tower of a monastery at *St. Gall, by Poggio Bracciolini*, a native of *Florence*.

But perhaps there would be very little harm, if these absurdities were confined to what are called the *dead languages:* for it is believed, that the moderns know no more of the manner in which Cicero and Demosthenes pronounced their languages, than they know of the mode of pronouncing the language of Britain, in the time of King Alfred.

But this very *abstruse* and most *useful* part of classical erudition has found its way, even for ages past, into our own language. Every initiator of children, must *scan* his own *native tongue* with

Greek feet: and many of them, not contented with *teaching* this most *important* part of grammar, they must write upon it also; and cautiously copy all the blunders that the *literati* have handed down to them, with frequently not a few of their own.

It is surely matter of regret, that this strange inconsistency should have been persevered in, from the days of Quintilian down to the last treatise which I have seen upon the subject of scanning, published in London in 1816, with the exception of the book I have already mentioned, viz. The *Prosodia Rationalis.*

Were this book properly understood, this *monst' hor'*, with all his long irregular train of associates, would, huge as he is, be entirely rooted out of the deep, sacred recesses of our Universities, and other seminaries of learning. And then, in all probability, our native language would be *scanned* as it should be *read*, and not according to the measurement of the *ancient poetic feet.*

But till *accent*, *quantity*, and *emphasis*, especially the last, as it is the most important of all, be clearly understood, not only as separate affections of speech, but as totally independent of each other, this is not to be expected.

CHAPTER VI.

FORCE OR QUALITY OF SOUND.

THE variety of soft and loud, or, according to musicians, of *piano* and *forte*, should never be considered as a governing principle of rhythmus, because, though sometimes it may be accidentally coincident with rhythmical pulsation, yet it would be offensive if it continued for any considerable length of time; for the application of the *loud* and *soft*, both in music and in language, either for use or ornament, must not be indiscriminate or periodically alternate, but as occasion calls for it: Whereas, the rhythmical pulsation of Δ and ∴, or emphatic and unemphatic, is regularly periodical and constant as the swings of a pendulum, but of itself implies no sound or noise at all. And agreeably to this, a band of musicians are much better governed in their measures by a *silent* waving of the hand, or of any thing that may catch the eye, than by the more *noisy* way of beating time with the foot.

These affections of Δ and ∴ were always felt in music, though erroneously called by the moderns *accented* and *unaccented;* the *accented* or *heavy note*, however, was never understood to be *necessarily loud*, and the other *necessarily soft*. Because if this

were so, there would be no occasion for separate directions where to apply the *piano* and *forte*, in as much as the affections of *heavy* and *light* are continued in every sentence of every *air*, from the beginning to the end: Whereas the *forte* and *piano* are often applied directly contrary to *heavy* and *light*.

I repeat it, as I wish it to be clearly understood, that the distinction of *loud* and *soft*, must never, as is too often the case, be reckoned among the governing powers of rhythmus, though they may sometimes coincide with the heavy and the light, which are the only governing principles of it.

CHAPTER VII.

RHYTHMUS DEFINED—ITS POWERS AND USES POINTED OUT.

Rhythmus, as it signified with the Greeks number, that is, the number of metres contained in a line or cadence, so it may signify with us the number of cadences in a line or sentence; but we shall use it as the general term under which cadence is a division, and quantity a subdivision.

Rhythmus, then, in this acceptation, is divided into two general modes of time, *common* and *triple*, each of which is subdivided into specific differences of faster and slower; consisting of cadences whose

metres may be *uniform* or *mixed*, *even* or *pointed*. These diversities of *uniform* or *mixed*, *even* or *pointed*, arise from the different manner of subdividing or disposing the *quantities* contained in the whole of each *cadence* or *bar*.

For example, this *cadence* of *common time* ⊓ may be subdivided uniformly into -  or thus, the two genera of common and triple measure may be mixed, - -  or thus, pointed, - -  or thus, even, - - -  or any other way, so that the fractions, being aliquot parts, shall altogether make up the whole quantity of the *bar* or *cadence*.—The *bar* or *cadence* of *triple measure* may be subdivided in a similar manner.

It must be observed, that rhythmus takes notice of no quantity less than that of a whole cadence.

The lengths of verses, or lines of poetry, are no necessary constituent part of rhythmus; for, though every line should be composed of regular *metres* or *cadences*, yet the rhythmus will be good, whether the number of cadences in each line be equalized or not, as in the species of poems called Odes.—But a line may consist of *ten syllables*, which, for want of the proper poize, that is, the *thesis* and *arsis*, or the proper *quantities*, cannot be reduced to *metrical cadences*, without great assistance from pauses, or changing the position of the words, and of course will not be a rhythmical verse.—It is *emphasis*, *cadence*, or the poize of ∆ and ∴ which

alone governs, by its periodical pulsation, that part of music and poetry properly called rhythmus.

It may be remarked, that in the rhythmus of language, all polysyllables are affected to their *poize* of *heavy* and *light* so positively, and the poize determines the cadence, that nothing remains in doubt, except the difference between the fastest and the slowest speakers.—This, however, is of no consequence, since every speaker, if he preserves the proportions demanded by the natural quantity and *poize* of the words, must adopt that measure of quickness which the poize of the words points out; that is, he must allow himself time to mark the difference between long and short syllables: For, as has been mentioned, a cadence must begin with Δ and end with ∴, the .. being only an inferior species of the light; or, in other words, as every *cadence* begins with Δ, of course the whole of every *cadence* lies between Δ and Δ, as often as they occur.

It is the office of *rhythmus*, aided by the influence of this *instinctive* poize, to regulate the whole duration of every melody or movement, by an exactly equal and periodical pulsation, until it is thought proper to change the measure, for some other uniform pulsation, either quicker or slower.

CHAPTER VIII.

CADENCE.

THE space of time between each pulsation and the next succeeding pulsation is a *cadence* or *bar*. The word *bar*, properly speaking, is only the graphical mark of the beginning and ending, or of the boundaries of cadences: Whereas *cadence* itself is an essence co-existing with articulate sound, the subject both of sense and intellect, totally independent of any mark on paper.

Each *cadence*, as was already mentioned, must always begin with *thesis*, or a pause supplying its place; and end with *light*, or a pause. If there be only *one* note or syllable which fills the whole extent of a cadence, of course, that *one* note is at first heavy, and the latter continuance supposed light. If a cadence be subdivided into *many* notes or syllables, they are nearly divided under the several degrees of emphasis of Δ, .˙. . .

The whole time of a cadence or bar must be capable of being subdivided by the number 2, the essential and distinguishing mark of the genus of common measure, or by the number 3, the essential mark of the genus of triple measure.

The whole quantity of the time or duration of a cadence, may, at the pleasure of the composer, be subdivided by metrical articulation, in sound or in silence, into any unequal fractional quantities of time, provided their sum, altogether, be neither more nor less than the *integral quantity* of the said cadence or bar.

Something similar to the following example will be found in the preceding Chapter. Let the time of a whole bar be equal to 1, then the subdivisions of other bars in the same piece may be $\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2} = \frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{3} + \frac{1}{3} = \frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{4} + \frac{1}{4} = \frac{3}{6} + \frac{1}{6} + \frac{2}{6} = \frac{2}{3} + \frac{1}{3}$ &c. the sum of each bar making always 1. And this diversity of division within a bar, is the subject of quantity.

The division, as formerly noticed, of $\frac{1}{2} + \frac{1}{2}$ is naturally governed by the *andante*, or walking cadence of a perfect man.

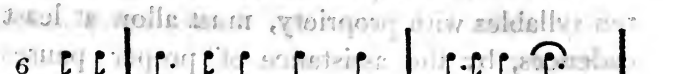
The division of $\frac{2}{3} + \frac{1}{3}$ is the halting of a lame man, or minuet measure.

And the $\frac{3}{12} + \frac{1}{12} + \frac{2}{12} + \frac{3}{12} + \frac{1}{12} + \frac{2}{12}$, or, as commonly marked by musicians $\frac{6}{8}$ *, equivalent to

---

* $\frac{6}{8}$ The denominator 8, shews into how many parts a semibrief is supposed to be divided, "*and the numerator* 6, *the number* "*of these parts in the bar*;" and consequently that a bar of this measure contains only three quarters of a semibrief. If a semibrief represented any positive length of time, this rule of making it appear as a standard would have some useful meaning; but as its length is only relative, it has little or none, and the figures 2 and 3 would be sufficient to denote all changes of measure, and be more simple and more satisfactory.—*Prosodia Rationalis.*

$\frac{3}{16} + \frac{1}{16} + \frac{2}{16} + \frac{3}{16} + \frac{1}{16} + \frac{2}{16}$ is the cantering of a horse or the measure of a jig. The proclamation of a parish clerk, announcing the psalm, is in this measure: the natural rhythmus and metres of the words will admit of no other.



The integral division of a cadence is properly called its METRE, according to which its aliquot quantities are metrically computed and disposed; that is, the cadence is either equally divided by the integral even number 2, or by the integral odd number 3, which constitute the two general modes of *metre* or *measure:* These two being the first numbers possible that occur, for the division of any length into two parts, and the next possible division is into three parts.

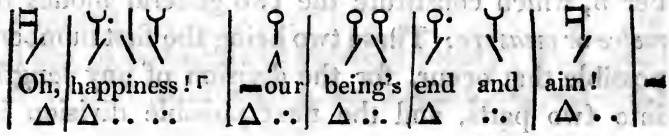
This division of all rhythmical sounds, by the multiples or subduples of 2 or of 3, is so strongly affected by our nature, that either a tune or a discourse will give some uneasiness, or at least not be quite satisfactory to nice ears *, if its whole duration be not measured by an even number of *complete cadences* commensurable with, and divisible, by 2 or by 3. For this reason, the judicious com-

* The last movement in the celebrated overture of *La Buona Figliuola*, has this defect, and every nice ear feels it.—*Prosodia Rationalis.*

poser or orator, unless he wishes to offend the ears of his audience, will lengthen his piece with proper expletives, or with adequate rests or pauses, so as to make his periods duly commensurable.—

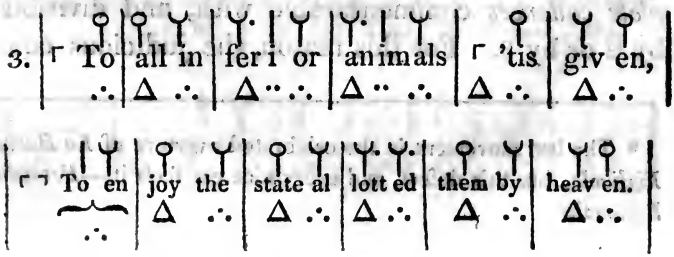
Whoever would pronounce our heroic lines of ten syllables with propriety, must allow at least six cadences, by the assistance of proper pauses to each line, and frequently eight: as in the following example. Not attending to this is *one* of the many reasons why we hear so much of our finest poetry wretchedly read and delivered, and the rhythmus of our most sacred songs totally destroyed.

Example in Six Cadences.



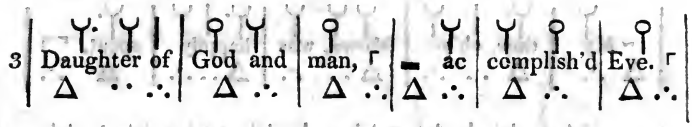
The same line in Eight Cadences or Bars.

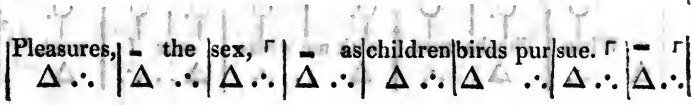
Another Example in Six Cadences.



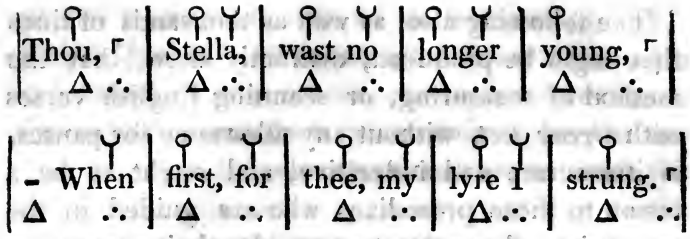
The following also, as well as thousands of lines that might be produced, distinctly show, that the method of measuring, or scanning English verses with *Greek feet*, without any allowance for pauses, is inaccurate and indecisive, and ought to be a lesson to those prosodians who are guided in the measuring of our finest verses, by their *eyes* rather than by their *ears*; which they will find, if they make the experiment, to be as fallacious guides, when applied to the rhythmus of a poetic line, as they are when applied to the rhythmus of music.

The following lines are set with the marks of rests, quantity, and cadence. It will appear that verses of *five feet* consist of from 6 to 8 cadences; and those of *four feet* generally consist of five cadences. Lines which consist of five cadences or metres, have less grace and dignity than those of eight.

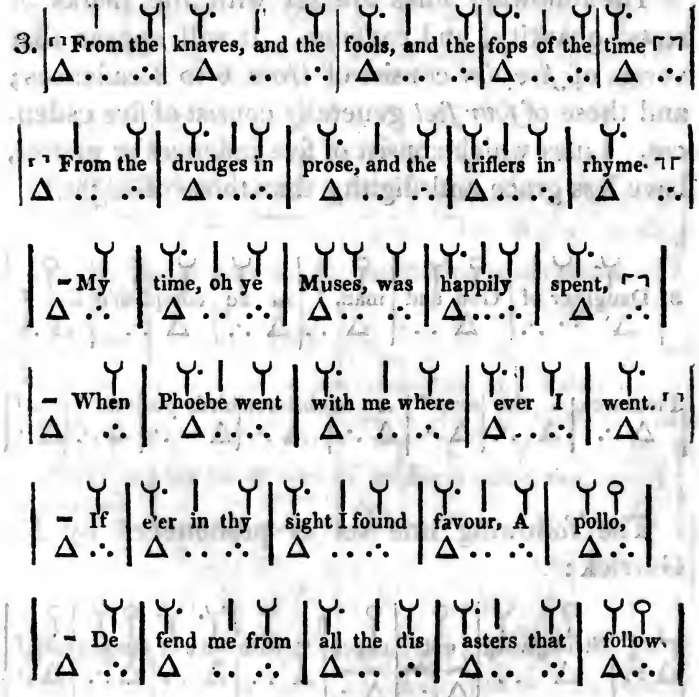




The following line set as pronounced by Mr Garrick:

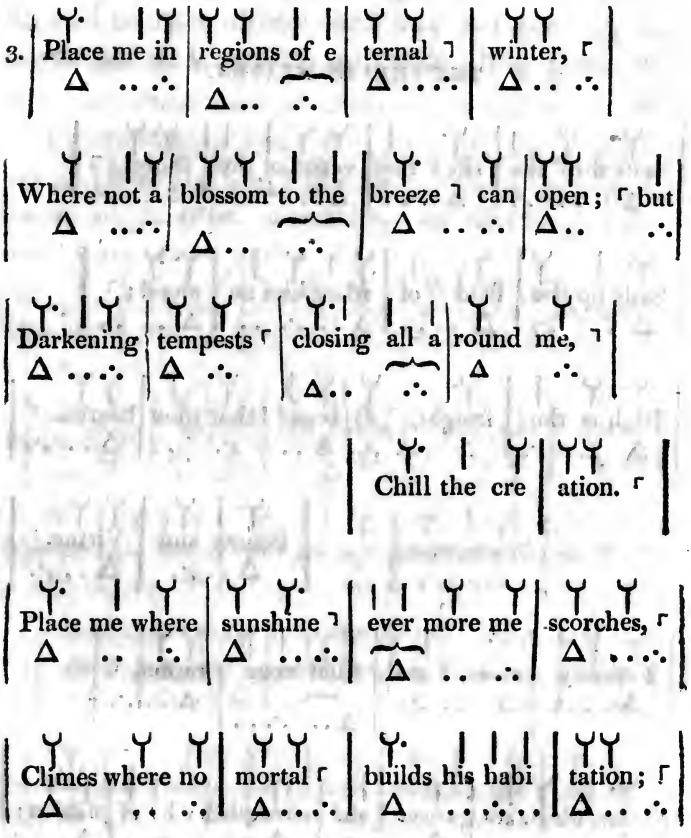


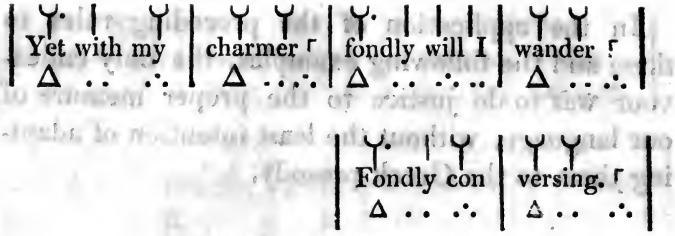
The three following distichs are all in triple time and jig measure, and the syllable more or less, at first, or at last, makes no difference in the rhythmus.



In the application of the preceding rules to these and the following examples, the only endeavour was to do justice to the proper measure of our language, without the least intention of adapting them to the Greek prosody.

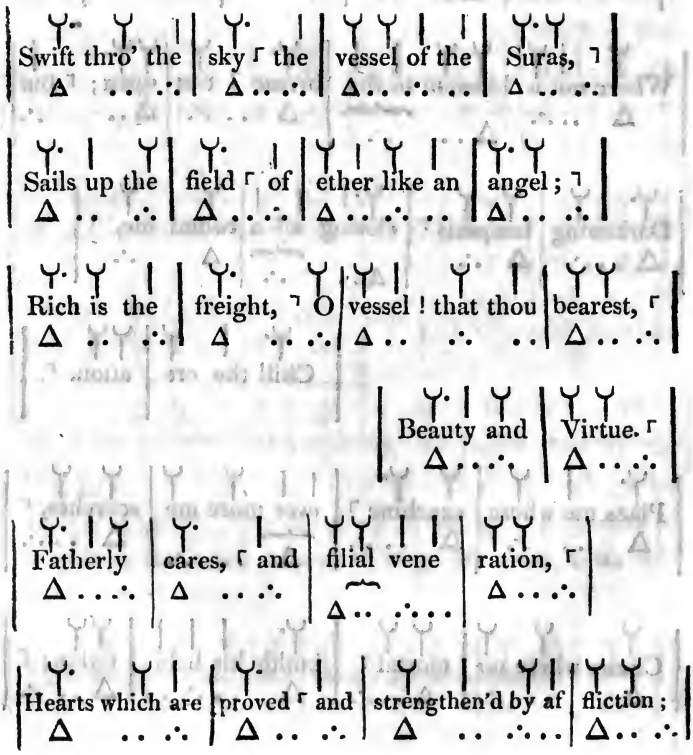
ENGLISH SAPPHICS.

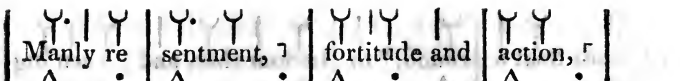


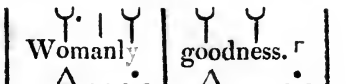


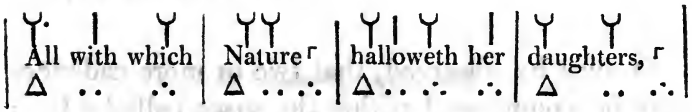
HERRIES' *Elements of Speech.*

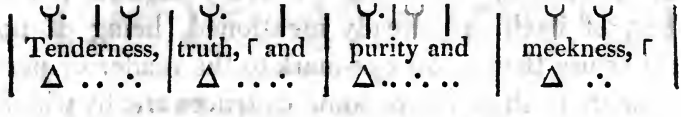
THE SHIP OF HEAVEN.

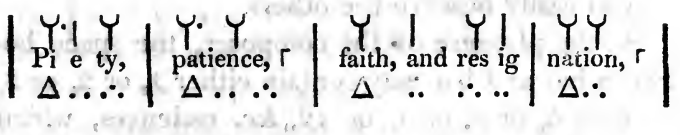


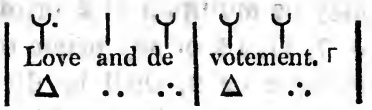

Manly re sentment, fortitude and action,

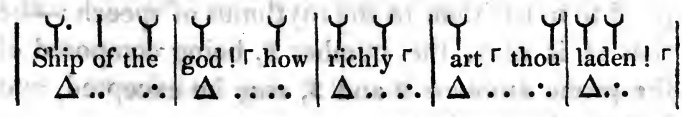

Womanly goodness.

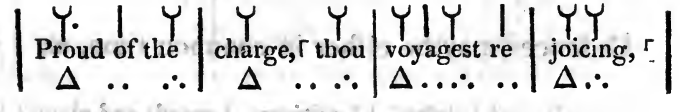

All with which Nature halloweth her daughters,

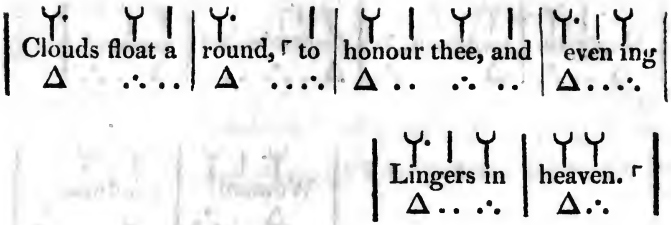

Tenderness, truth, and purity and meekness,


Pi e ty, patience, faith, and res ig nation,


Love and de votement.


Ship of the god! how richly art thou laden!


Proud of the charge, thou voyagest re joicing,



SOUTHEY'S *Curse of Kehama.*

It must be observed, that two or more cadences may be compressed within the space called a bar; or there may be a bar at every cadence; the bar, of itself, as already mentioned, being of no other use than as an eye-mark to the reader or performer, to shew where some cadences are, by which he can easily observe the others.

At the pleasure of the composer, the space between bar and bar may contain either 1, or 2, or 3, or 4, or 6, or 8, or 9, or 12, &c. cadences, which may be multiples of 2 or of 3, but whereof neither 5, 7, 11, 13, or any prime number, except the foregoing 2 or 3, shall be divisors or factors. This, however, may be considered, as more strictly applied to music than to the rhythmus of speech:—be that as it may, the number 5, being composed of the prime numbers 2 and 3, *may* be excepted, and is the only exception.

Cadences may be either in common time, as,

| Ye | hills and | dales, ⌜ | ⌜ ye rivers, | woods and plains ⌜ |

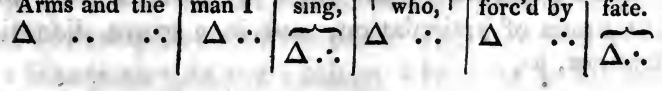
Or in triple time, as,

| Where is the | mother that | look'd on my | childhood. ⌜ |

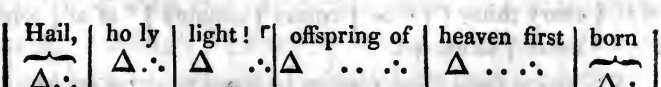
The quality of Cadences are various.

1. The best cadences are those that are made up of two or of three syllables, that is, common or triple time; and as the one or other of these prevail, it gives the denomination to the verse.

2. The next kind in excellence, and which may be called the *Emphatic* cadence, is when a cadence or foot is made by a single protracted syllable, beginning with *Thesis* and ending with *Arsis ;* for a cadence may have only one syllable or note, in the rhythmus of speech, as well as in music. Examples of this are frequently to be found. It occurs in the following lines. In the first example the words *sing* and *fate,* constitute each a cadence.



And the words *hail* and *born* in the following line:



3. The next of inferior degree may be called

the accelerated cadence, or foot of four syllables, as,

⌜ The | admirable, | ⌜ the in | imitable | Poem of | Paradise | Lost ⌜ | is com | posed of | these ⌜ | three kinds, | ⌜ the last in | deed ⌜ | ⌜ is but | sparingly | used, ⌜ | ⌜ but | when it is, | ⌜ it is | placed in the | best ⌜ | possible | station | ⌜ for the | rhythmus | ⌜ of the | line.⌜ |

4. The foot or cadence of 5 syllables, may be considered as a base foot for the reasons already mentioned. It is seldom found but in familiar conversational prose, and is more generally the result of carelessness in the speaker, than from any necessity in the language, or even in the arrangement. I shall exemplify this in the following prose sentence. Pronounced in a careless indistinct manner, as,

If the | mind be im | proved and | happily dis | posed, | every thing be | comes | capable of af | fording enter | tainment. |

How different is it, when pronounced with distinctness of articulation, and in a grave didactic manner, as,

If the mind ⌜ | ⌜ be im | proved and | happily dis | posed, ⌜ | every thing ⌜ | ⌜ be | comes | capable | ⌜ of af | fording | ⌜ enter | tainment.

Monosyllables that are long or short, at discretion, as most of our monosyllables are, must be pro-

nounced Δ or ∴ or .. just as the syllable with which they are combined may require, and the state of the organs will, at the time, permit.

The progress of the voice, in the formation of the cadences, both in reading and in speaking, must be regularly perceptible from Δ to ∴ without respect to the nature of the syllable with which the line may begin. For though the mode of marking the cadence may be discretionary, yet the alternation is inevitable.

Pause and emphasis may, and frequently do, increase the number of cadences, but they must never alter in any degree their proportion.

CHAPTER IX.

SYLLABLES.

Without an accurate knowledge both of the quantity and quality of syllables, no distinct reading and speaking can be taught.

There may be some things, I have no doubt, that it may be possible to teach, if the instructor be well acquainted with the principles upon which they proceed, although he cannot exemplify them: he may, for example, describe them, which may be sufficient. But parents ought to know that reading and speak-

ing are none of these. If the teacher is obliged to be upon his *guard* when he teaches, least he pronounce wrong, he will teach a stiff, affected, mouthing manner of speaking; he may even give something like the language of an illiterate Englishman—nay, he may give some sounds as fine as a Cockney; but, though such vulgarity is too often mistaken for what is correct, it is, however, at a vast distance from that ease, accuracy, and elegance inseparable from genuine English.

Even the articulation of the first elements, the letters, is of much more consequence, than most parents and teachers seem to be aware. It is at the age when these are generally taught, that distinctness and accuracy, or the reverse, are most easily acquired. To this period can be traced that drawling, cluttering, indistinct articulation, which is so very prevalent, and which generally remains during life, bidding defiance to all future attempts to ameliorate, or destroy, what time and custom has formed into a second nature.

They are, therefore, miserably mistaken, who either deceive themselves or the public into the belief, that any instructor can teach children the first elements; or that a man may be a very good teacher, not only of the initiatory part of the English language, but even of Elocution, (for almost every initiator is a Professor of Elocution,) although his mode of pronouncing, when in conversation, does not place him above the level of those

who are destined to drudge in the illiterate arts of life, and who have, from their education and profession, no pretensions either to accuracy or elegance in the pronunciation of their *native language.*

English syllables, and indeed the syllables of every language, differ from one another in a vast variety of ways. Those teachers who wish to acquire an accuracy and neatness in articulating and pronouncing the language, and who are desirous of making good readers, will particularly attend to this. Many of these varieties are of a very delicate nature, and take their rise from the various passions, emotions, sentiments, &c. with which we are affected. Many of the most important of these can only be exemplified to the pupil, when he is studying those passages that require particular and appropriate intonations of voice, arising from the various degrees of agitation with which the mind is affected, when reading or delivering such passages.—These are most prevalent in the higher degrees of oratory, and in Epic and Dramatic speaking. But the principal, and indeed, the indispensable differences, because they are constantly occurring in all ordinary cases, are the following, viz.

I. Syllables differ from one another in their enunciative elements, that is, in the qualities of the letters of which they are composed.

II. In their respective quantities, that is, in the time required in pronouncing them. This difference takes in a much wider range than commentators,

grammarians, and prosodians allow in the Greek and Latin languages. These literati, not the languages, for, in many respects, these languages are more perfect than the English; allow only *a time* and *half a time* to their syllables; whereas, in our language, we have all the degrees, from *a time* to the *eighth of a time.*

III. Syllables differ from each other in their poize, viz. in the affections of heavy and light—the *Thesis* and *Arsis* of the Greeks. These alternations, understood by so very few, constitute those measureable cadences, by which alone the proportion and varieties of rhythmus can be rendered palpable to the ear. Without a thorough knowledge of these most important affections of speech, in vain will we attempt to measure, or read English poetry.

IV. Syllables differ from one another by the *quality* of percussion. By this is meant an additional explosive force; not arising from organic affection, as just mentioned, though always upon the syllable under *Thesis*, but from the sense of the passage. This additional force upon the heavy syllable, or word, is independent, for its place, of the taste, feeling, or judgment of the reader, but inherent in the very nature of the sentence, and may properly be called the *emphasis of sense.*

This species of emphatic percussion, must be carefully distinguished from that commonly called *emphasis of force*, which is entirely at the option and taste of the reader, and which we use when we

wish to be animated, forceful, or impressive. But although this additional force may grace, enforce, or enliven our reading and speaking, it cannot, in any degree, affect the sense of any passage. Whatever degree of percussive force we may give to such words or syllables, it must always be inferior to that degree of percussion which exclusively belongs to the emphasis of sense, if any such occur in the sentence.

Even this emphasis of sense has its varieties of percussive force; and this depends entirely upon the nature of the emphasis. We have, under the general term *Emphasis* or *Thesis*, the five following varieties, viz.

1. The *Thesis* or heavy syllable, constantly alternate with the *light*.

2. The additional percussion given to the heavy syllable, called emphasis of *force*.

3. The percussion given to the heavy syllable, called emphasis of *sense*, when the antithesis is expressed, and not denied.

4. The force given to the emphasis of sense, when the antithesis is expressed and denied. In the *last* place, the highest degree of emphatic force, is that which is given to the emphatic word, when it affirms something in the emphasis, and denies what is opposed to it in the antithesis, while the antithesis is not expressed but understood.—No emphasis of sense can take place without an antithesis either expressed or understood; whereas the

emphasis of force, though frequently mistaken for it, is infinitely of inferior moment, and always at the option of the reader.

5. Syllables are still farther diversified by their degrees of loudness and softness, *piano* and *forte*, and other varieties of modulation. As a general rule, for I cannot here go into particulars, substantives, verbs, and adjectives require more swelling loudness than the smaller and less significant words and syllables.

6. Syllables differ from each other in those most evanescent, yet highly important properties, their musical *accents* which constitute the *melody of speech.*

CHAPTER X.

DISTINCTION BETWEEN PROSE AND VERSE, &c.

VERSE is constituted of a regular succession of similar cadences, or of a limited variety of cadences, divided by grammatical pauses and emphasis, into proportional clauses, so as to present sensible responses to the ear, at regular proportioned distances.

Prose differs from verse, not in the proportions, or in the *individual character* of its cadences, but in

the *indiscriminate* variety of the feet that occupy these cadences; and in the *irregularity* of its clausular divisions. "It is composed of all sorts of cadences, arranged without attention to obvious rule, and divided into clauses that have no obviously ascertainable proportion, and present no responses to the ear, at any legitimate or determined intervals."

The two following passages exemplify these definitions; they consist of the same words or syllables, and differ only in that arrangement which is peculiar to each:

PROSE.

Hail, ⌜ | therefore, | patroness of | contem | plation, |⌜ of | health and | ease, ⌜ | heart ⌜ | solacing | joys, ⌜ | ⌜ and | harmless | pleasures, | ⌜ unknown in the | thronged a | bode of | multitudes! | Hail! ⌜ | rural | life! |

VERSE.

Hail, ⌜	therefore,	patroness of	health ⌜	⌜ and	ease, ⌜
⌜ And	contem	plation,	heart ⌜	solacing	joys, ⌜
⌜ And	harmless	pleasures,	⌜ in the	throng'd a	bode ⌜
⌜ Of multitudes un	known; ⌜	Hail! ⌜	rural	life! ⌜

COWPER'S *Task*.

PROSE.

Then I will | not be | proud of my | beauty or my | youth, | since ⌜ | both of them | fade and | wither; | ⌜ but ⌜ | gain a | good ⌜ | name by | doing my | duty | well; | this, ⌜ | when I am | dead, ⌜ | will | scent like a | rose.

VERSE.

⌜ Then	I'll not be	proud ⌜	⌜ of my	youth or my	beauty,
⌜ Since	both ⌜	⌜ of them	wither and	fade ; ⌜
⌜ But	gain a good	name ⌜	⌜ by well	doing my	duty ; ⌜
This will	scent like a	rose ⌜	when I'm	dead. ⌜

CHAPTER XI.

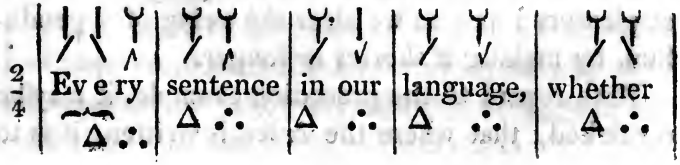
MEASURING PROSE AND VERSE.—CHANGE OF *TIME* OR RHYTHMUS—COMMON AND TRIPLE.—FARTHER ILLUSTRATION OF THE INUTILITY OF *GREEK FEET* IN THE MEASURING OF ENGLISH VERSES, &c.

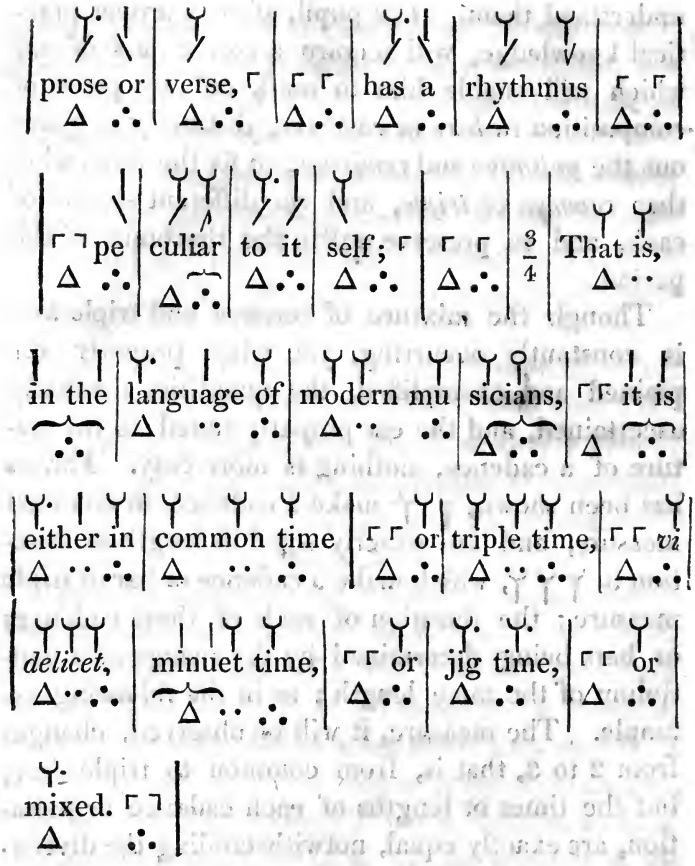
When the *cadences* of our language, whether verse or prose, are marked according to the preceding rules, every person, properly initiated, can easily

understand them. The pupil, after a proper practical knowledge, will acquire a correctness of ear which will enable him to mark off any piece of composition in *bars* or *cadences*, distinctly to point out the *pulsation* and *remission*, to fix the time, whether *common* or *triple*, and the different species of each, and to preserve entire the rhythmus of the period.

Though the mixture of *common* and triple *time* is constantly occurring, yet when properly explained and exemplified, the quantities distinctly ascertained, and the ear properly tuned to the nature of a cadence, nothing is more easy. For, as has been shown, ♈· ♈· make a cadence in common measure, and are exactly equal in length or duration to ♈♈♈, which make a cadence or bar in triple measure; the duration of each of these cadences or bars being determined by the swings of a pendulum of the same length; as in the following example. The measure, it will be observed, changes from 2 to 3, that is, from common to triple time, but the times or lengths of each cadence or pulsation, are exactly equal, notwithstanding the diversity of the subdivisions into 2, or 3.

Example.

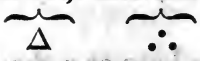




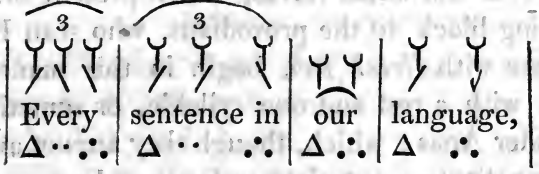
It will be observed, that we can make the pulsations, and of course, the cadences quicker or slower at pleasure; just as we alter the swing of a pendulum, by making it shorter or longer.

With regard to the preceding example, it may be remarked, that where the *brace* is written, it is to

show, that all the syllables or rests under it, are to pass as one in respect of the Δ, or the ∴; thus, in *minu*, or *in the*.

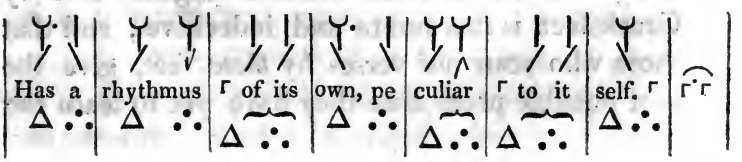


It admits of some alterations also, which may be worthy the attention of the pupil: similar alterations are frequently occurring, particularly in prose.



This mark ③ shews that the *three* notes written under that arch must pass off in the *time* of *two*; by which means, the two modes of common and triple time are easily intermixed.

Besides, by this alteration the syllable *in*, one of our pliant monosyllables, which before was heavy and acute, is become light and grave; and *our* is become heavy on the diphthong *ou*, and light on the liquid *r*, and extending to the length of two syllables, is accented with a circumflex as before.



It must always be remembered, that the *Thesis*, or pulsation, is not peculiar to a long syllable, nor the Arsis or remission to a short one, but may be upon either.

Whether a cadence begins with a long or a short syllable, or note, or with a rest in silence, is quite indifferent to rhythmus; but the syllable, or note, or rest, must invariably carry with it the heavy poize or *Thesis*.—

Many of our finest verses, which present such a stumbling block to the prosodians, who scan English verse with *Greek feet*, begin in this manner; that is, with a rest and one syllable, or sometimes two under Arsis; which, though they are not aware of it, constitute a complete cadence or bar.

The Greek feet, under all their various names, cannot answer in any suitable degree to the rhythmus of our language; for the commentators have told us, and our learned prosodians and grammarians scrupulously follow their directions, that their long and short syllables were in proportion to each other as 2 to 1; whereas, in our rhythmus, we have the several proportions of 2, 1, $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{1}{4}$: and 3, 1, $\frac{1}{3}$, $\frac{1}{6}$; and when we add to this, that no allowance, by this learned mode of scanning, is made for pauses, we must conclude, that to measure English verse by Greek feet is inaccurate and indecisive; and that those who scan our verses by *these* feet, give the best possible proof that they have yet to learn the

nature, power, and effect of pulsation and remission, quantity, cadence, and rhythmus.

However *important* the difference may be between a dactyl, an anapest and a cretic; or between a spondee and a trochee, or an iambus, to those who scan by their eyes rather than by their ears, it will be found upon *experiment*, which is paramount to a *host* of such prosodians, that the difference is extremely unimportant in our language, provided the *thesis* or heavy poize is not put out of its proper place.

As mechanical instruments for the composition of Poetry, the Greek feet were ingenious, though intricate and inaccurate, compared with our musical rhythmus: But now, if joined with ours, the two together may become useful for the better reading of the ancient classics, and perhaps for modern composition in our own language.—

It may be affirmed, that according to this method of rhythmical divisions by bars, or cadences, and by the metrical subdivisions of these cadences into sub-duples, and sub-triples, or any such mixed fractional numbers as are aliquot parts of the whole *cadence*, there are no words, or form of words, but what may be reduced to an exact rhythmus.

The invention of our modern notes, the figures of which denote accurately their *metrical quantities*, together with the bar to mark the pulses or rhythmical divisions, has rendered the Greek feet totally useless in the practice of modern music.—

Poetry is often read in a certain formal manner, supposing the ten syllables of *our heroics* must be cut exactly into five *cadences* of two syllables in each, or of four whole, and two half *cadences;* whereas they always require the *time* of *six cadences* at least, and sometimes seven, and even eight; but those who have only the idea of *five cadences* seldom attend to the necessary rests or pauses, or to a nice metrical subdivision of the *cadences* according to the natural and necessary emphasis or poize, and the quantity of such syllables, and therefore frequently misplace the light and the heavy.—

Several of our monosyllables, such as *our, hour, worn, torn, borne,* and the like, are so long, that any one of them, with eight other syllables, will make an unexceptionable hexametre line. However, long syllables so employed have evidently the effect, and nearly the same sound as two syllables, though in other lines they may be sounded as merely monosyllables.

Example of a line of *nine* syllables in *six cadences,* coupled with an Alexandrine of *eight cadences.*

3 | ⌜ So | Britain | worn | out with | crops of | men, ⌜ |
| ⌜⌝ Must| now be| stock'd with| brutes, ⌜| ⏑ a| wilderness a| gain. ⌜ |

Measured lines, therefore, of whatever lengths, are, or may be rhythmical *clauses;* and are otherwise distinguished both in ancient and modern language, by the names of hexametres, pentametres,

tetrametres, &c.—It may be remarked, that if it were not for the rhymes in modern Poetry, the ear would never discover the ends of verses, when properly pronounced; because the rhythmus never stops, not even at pauses; for, though there is a discontinuance of sound, the rhythmus still continues to the end of the piece, and by that continuance every pause is measured. These, however, would be tiresome and offensive, if we found them at equal and periodical distances; and hence it is, that the cæsure is never offensive in blank verse.

From this is evident, not only the indispensable necessity of pauses, but the propriety of *measuring* them in every line. But we find them not only frequently improperly placed, both by readers and authors, but their time or measurement totally neglected.—

Many instances might also be adduced, where both poize and quantity have been violated by our best poets; but a poetical license, the offspring of hard necessity, is not a sufficient authority to violate the laws of nature. For, though speech is artificial, yet *pause*, *accent*, *quantity*, and *poize* are natural principles, without which it could not be constructed.

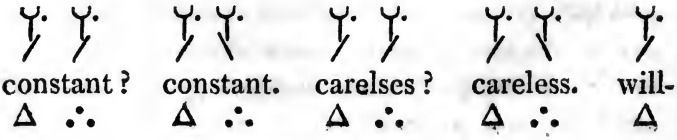
CHAPTER XII.

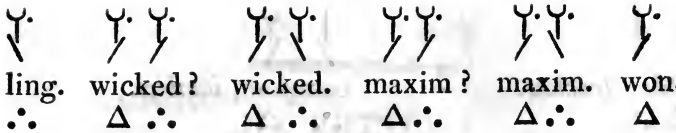
WORDS MARKED WITH PROPER ACCENT, QUANTITY AND EMPHASIS.

It was mentioned in the last Chapter, that perhaps the Greek method of composing by feet, joined with ours, might be of some use in modern compositions: In this view, I shall set down, from the *Prosodia Rationalis*, several English words, marking them with the notes of *accent*, *quantity*, and *poize;* and likewise give them the names of such *Greek feet* as their *quantities* seem to refer them to.

The following specimen will shew that our language has the same title to syllabic accents, and perhaps as fixed as those of the Greek; for it is not probable that the *Greek tongue* should have been denied the convenient power of marking the *difference* between an *interrogative* and a *positive* expression, by the change of *accent.*

The following are Spondees:





music, *trochee.* eager, *trochee.*

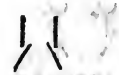
music, *spondee.* eagerly, *dactyl.*

able, *trochee.*

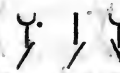
compose, *iambus.*

a bi li ty, *choriambic.*

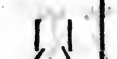
composition, *third epitrite.*



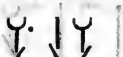
ever,



wonderful,



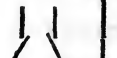
never,



absolute?

pyrrhic.

dactyl, or anapest à majore.



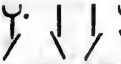
sever,

absolute.

compensate, *molossus.*

impossible?

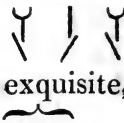
compensation, *choriambus.*



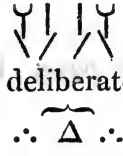
impossible,

choriambic or 1st pæon.

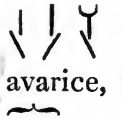

various, *dactyl or spondee.*


exquisite, *anapest.*

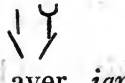

varie ty, *choriambic.*

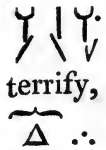

deliberate, *choriambic.*

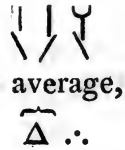

curious, *dactyl or spondee.*

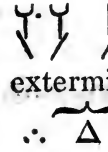

avarice, *anapest.*


cu ri o sity, *iambus & anapest per copulam.*

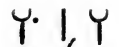

aver, *iambus.*

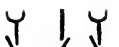

terrify, *anapest.*

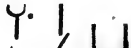

average, *anapest.*


exterminate, *choriambic.*

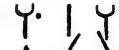

confess, *iambus.*

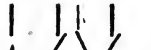

confession, *dactyl.*

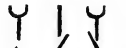

or, successor, *cretic.*


or, confession, 1*st pæon.*

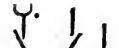

beauty, *spondee.*


confessor, *dactyl.*

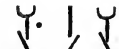

beautifully, *proceleusmatic.*


or, confessor, *cretic.*


beautiful, *cretic.*


succession, 1*st pæon.*

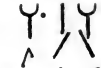

consider, *cretic.*


successor, *dactyl.*


consideration, *cretic-iambic.*

declare, *iambus.*

∴ Δ

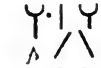


musical, *dactyl.*

Δ ·· ∴

declaration, *diambic.*

Δ ·· Δ ∴



musician, *dactyl.*

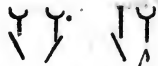
∴ Δ ∴

to demonstrate, *bacchic.*

∴ Δ ∴

differ, *pyrrhic.*

Δ ∴



a demonstrative, 2*d pæon.*

∴ Δ ·· ∴

defer, *iambus.*

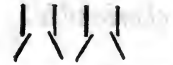
∴ Δ

demonstration, *diambic.*

Δ ∴ Δ ∴

difference, *anapest.*

Δ ·· ∴

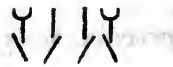


necessary, *proceleusmatic.*

Δ ∴ Δ ∴

deference, *anapest.*

Δ ·· ∴



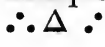
necessity, *choriambic.*

∴ Δ ∴

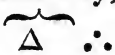
delicate, *anapest.*

Δ ·· ∴

delinquent, *bacchic.*

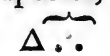


mis e ry, *anapest.*



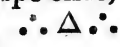
a project, *iambus.*

species, *dactyl or spondee.*

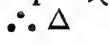


to project, *spondee.*

spe cific, *cretic.*

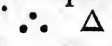


respect, (in suspense)

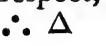


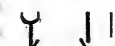
iambics.

compare, *iambus.*

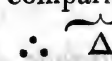


respect, (final)

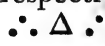




comparison, *choriambic.*

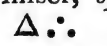


respective, *molossus.*



comparable, *proceleusmatic.*

miser, *spondee.*



instant, *spondee.*

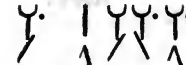
Δ ∴

instantaneous, *spond. &*

Δ ∴ Δ ‥ ∴ *dact.*

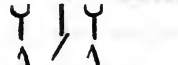
communicate, *choriambus.*

∴ Δ ‥ ∴



communication, *dact. &*

Δ ‥ ∴ Δ ∴ *spondee.*



continue, *cretic.*

∴ Δ ‥

continual, *choriambus.*

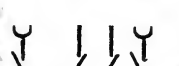
∴ Δ ‥ ∴

continu | ation, *dact. &*

Δ ‥ ∴ Δ ∴ *spondee.*

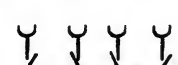
constitution, *dis-spondee.*

Δ ‥ Δ Δ



consti tu ent, *choriambus.*

∴ Δ . . . ∴



constanti | nople, *molossus &*

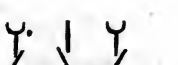
Δ . . ∴ Δ . . *spondee.*

instruct, *spondee.*

∴ Δ

instruction, *molossus.*

∴ Δ ∴



instrument, *dactyl.*

Δ ‥ ∴

to produce, *iambus.*

∴ Δ

the produce, *iambus.*

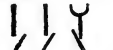
Δ ∴

product, *ditto.*

Δ ∴

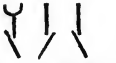
production, *bacchic.*

∴ Δ ∴



syllable, *anapest.*

Δ . . ∴



sylla bic, *dactyl.*

∴ Δ ∴

to frequent,

∴ Δ

adj. frequent,

Δ ∴

spon-dee.

inspire, *iambus.*

∴ Δ

inspira tion, *dis-spondee.*

Δ ∴ Δ ∴

or inspira tion, *ionicus à minore.*

∴ Δ ∴

vibrate, *spondee.*

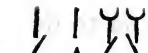
Δ ∴

vibration, *molossus.*

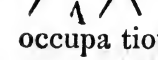
∴ Δ ∴

occupy, *dactyl.*

Δ ∴

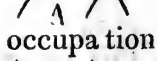


occupa tion, *ionicus à mi-*



nore.

or occupa tion, *diambic.*



CHAPTER XIII.

EXAMPLES OF VARIOUS KINDS OF VERSE, MEASURED BY THIS PLAN, AS THEY SHOULD BE READ, CONTRASTED WITH THE MODE OF SCANNING THEM BY *GREEK FEET.*

In measuring the different kinds of verse in this Chapter, according to the system laid down in the preceding pages, I have contrasted them with the mode of scanning practiced by our modern prosodians. According to their mode of scanning, viz. by Greek feet, it is impossible to read our poetry; and if prosody is not to assist and direct us how we ought to read, I confess I know not its use. Although I have heard repeatedly the best speakers in Britain,—have studied with the most eminent professors of the art of reading and speaking, and have been in the practice of teaching elocution for twenty years, I never found one who read poetry according to the rules laid down by prosodians for

scanning it; indeed, I believe it is impossible to do so.

Nor can this be wondered at, when we find these accidents of language, poize, accent, quantity, &c. so much mistaken and misapplied. *

---

* "As these Greek and Roman names of feet and verses have (with the substitution of English *accent* for Greek and Latin *quantity*), been applied to English versification by other writers before me, and as they are convenient terms to save circumlocution, I have deemed it expedient to adopt them after the example of my predecessors, and to apply to our *accented* and *unaccented* syllables, the marks generally employed to indicate *long* and *short* syllables in the Greek and Latin prosodies: as, for example, the marks, thus applied to the Greek *Pēgăsŏs*, or the Latin *Pēgăsŭs*, signify that the first syllable of that animal's name is long, and the other two short; whereas, in English prosody, the same marks are to be understood as simply meaning, that the first syllable in *Pēgăsŭs* is accented, and the other two un-accented. This observation applies to every other case.——

"It might be thought improper to pass, wholly unnoticed, a fourth species—the *Dactylic*—of which Mr Murray observes, that it is "*very uncommon*:" and indeed he has not quoted any admissible example of such metre; for, as to that which he adduces, thus marked with the *appearance* of three dactyles—

"*Frōm thĕ lŏw plēasŭres ŏf thĭs fāllĕn nātŭre.*—

I cannot discover in it even one *real* dactyl.—If the fault be mine, I am sorry for it; but I have been taught (whether right or wrong, I leave to better scholars than myself to determine), that, in scanning verse, whether Greek, Latin, or English, we are not arbitrarily to connect or disjoin syllables, with the view of producing whatever kind and number of feet we choose; much less to alter, at our pleasure, the accent or quantity of

EXAMPLES.

The first example has six cadences ; each line begins with a syllable under *Arsis*, which is filled up with a pause equal to a heavy syllable or *Thesis ;* it being always remembered, that every cadence must begin with a Δ syllable, or a pause. These two lines, therefore, are two complete hexametres.

---

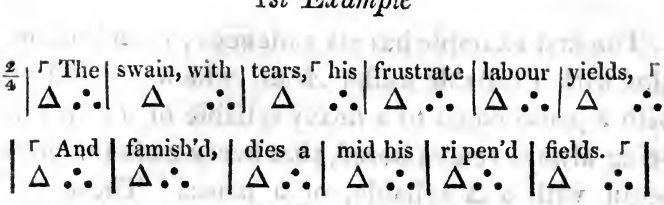
syllables for that purpose, as in *From*, *Low*, and *Fall*, in the example above quoted; but that each foot must independently stand on its own ground, without any violation of accent or quantity; and that we must produce the due number of feet, whatever those feet may be: otherwise there would be an end of all metre; and no reader could tell the difference between verse and prose. The observance of those rules, of which I never have heard the propriety disputed, compels me, however reluctant, to differ from Mr Murray, and to scan the verse as follows—

" Frŏm thĕ | lōw plēa- | sŭres ŏf | thīs fāll- | ĕn nā- | tŭre—

making it a five-foot *Iambic*, with a redundant syllable at the end, as is common in every kind of English metre, without exception."——

" We see that a Pyrrhic, of two light, un-accented syllables, equally makes a foot with us, as a spondee of two heavy, accented syllables; and this, not only in cases where a contiguous spondee might be supposed to compensate, by the additional length of its time, for the stinted brevity of the Pyrrhic, but also in verses innumerable which contain no spondee, though sometimes *two* Pyrrhics occur in the same line." And elsewhere we have these remarkable words—" The quantity or length of syllables is little regarded in English poetry, which is entirely regulated by their number and accent."—CAREY'S *English Prosody.*

1st Example

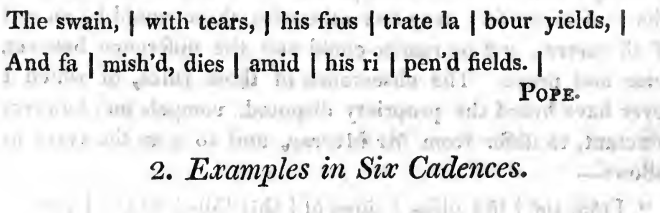


These lines, scanned by the latest prosodians, with Greek feet, have only five cadences in the line, and each of these cadences, contrary to nature, begins with a syllable under ∴

The swain, | with tears, | his frus | trate la | bour yields, |
And fa | mish'd, dies | amid | his ri | pen'd fields. |

POPE.

2. Examples in Six Cadences.

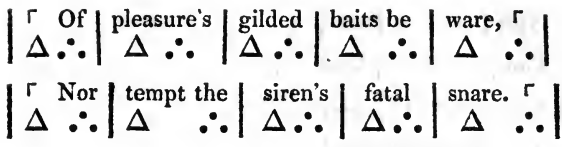


Improperly scanned with *Greek feet* in 5.

In mo | dera | tion pla | cing all | my glo | ry, |
While To | ries call | me Whig, | and Whigs | a To | ry. |

POPE.

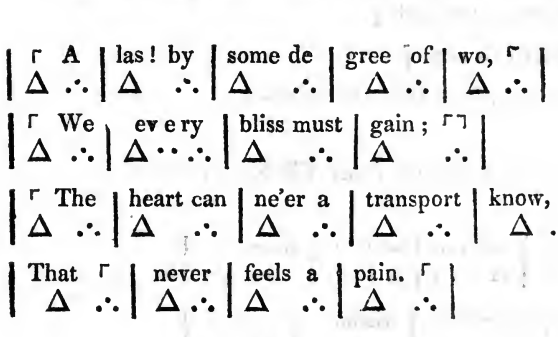
3. *Examples in Five Cadences.*



Improperly scanned, with Greek feet, in 4.

Of pleas | ure's gild | ed baits | beware, |
Nor tempt | the si | ren's fa | tal snare. |

4. *Example in Five and Four Cadences.*



Improperly scanned in Four and Three.

Alas! | by some | degree | of wo, |
We ev | 'ry bliss | must gain; |
The heart | can ne'er | a trans | port know, |
That nev | er feels | a pain. |

5. Example in Three Cadences.

⌜ With	ravish'd	ears,⌜
⌜ The	monarch	hears,⌜
⌜ As	sumes the	god,⌜
⌜ Af	fects to	nod,⌜
⌜ And | seems to | shake the | spheres.⌜ |

Improperly scanned thus,

With ra | vish'd ears, |
The mo | narch hears, |
Assumes | the god, |
Affects | to nod, |
And seems | to shake | the spheres.

6. Example in Four Cadences complete.

Man a	lone, in	tent to	stray, ⌜
Δ ∴	Δ ∴	Δ ∴	Δ ∴
Ever	turns from	wisdom's	way. ⌜
Δ ∴	Δ ∴	Δ ∴	Δ ∴

MOORE.

These lines, scanned by Greek feet, are called trochaic verses, of *three feet and a half.* Let it be observed, that the three feet in each of the lines, as exemplified below, are accidentally right, be-

cause each of these feet forms a cadence. I say *accidentally*, because, in scanning by these feet, we find no attention paid to the cadence, whether it begins with a syllable under *pulsation* or *remission*, but as it happens to suit the foot; and, of course, it it will be found, that cadences formed by these feet, are frequently begun with a syllable under arsis, which should never be the case, as already explained. By not knowing the value of a pause, they call the last syllable half a foot, whereas, by a proper pause, viz. a crotchet, it is a complete cadence; because every pause or rest is counted in the rhythmus of a line, as well as sound, and is frequently even more expressive; but our learned prosodians, not being aware of this, are constantly, according to their rules, destroying the rhythmus of our verses.

Scanned according the laws of Greek prosody;

Man a | lone, in | tent to | stray,
Ever | turns from | wisdom's | way.

7. *Example in Five Cadences.*

3. | ⌜'Tis the | voice of the | sluggard; I | hear him com | plain,⌜ |
∴ ..	Δ ∴ ··	Δ ∴ ··	Δ ∴ ··	Δ
⌜You have	wak'd me too	soon,¬ I	must⌜	slumber a	gain.⌜
∴ ··	Δ ∴ ··	Δ ∴	Δ	Δ ∴ ··	Δ

WATTS.

Mark how these lines are spoiled by the rules of prosody, by making every cadence begin with a light syllable, and allowing no time for pauses :

'Tis the voice | of the slug | gard ; I hear | him complain, |
You have wak'd | me too soon, | I must slum | ber again. |

Should any of those prosodians, who scan according to the Greek terms of prosody, be of opinion that there is nothing in this improved mode, but a direct tendency to spoil that manner of scanning which has been sanctioned for many centuries, they are at full liberty to remain in that opinion, and will, no doubt, do so, until they are able to understand what, in the preceding pages, is meant by *Thesis* and *Arsis*, the value of quantity in rhythmus,—the meaning and proper application of the term *accent*, as an affection which is totally distinct from quantity and rhythmus,—the meaning and music of a *cadence*, and that it may be completed with rests or pauses, as well as with syllables, &c. I write this, not so much with the view of reforming prosodians, as to put my own pupils upon their guard against false modes of scanning, by which they cannot read, and to teach them the method of preserving, in their reading and speaking, the proper melody and rhythmus of the English language.

8. *Example in Four and Three Cadences, with the light syllables, as formerly exemplified, placed at the beginning of each, with an unnecessary elision in the word* powers.

Ye pow'rs | who make beau | ty and vir | tue your care! |
Let no sor | row my Phil | lis molest! |
Let no blast | of misfor | tune intrude | on the fair, |
To ruf | fle the calm | of her breast. |

Anon.

These lines ought to be marked thus, in six and four cadences, totally independent of the Greek feet. The verses are in $\frac{3}{4}$.

⌜ Ye ⌝	powers who	make ⌝	beauty and	virtue your	care !⌜
Let no	sorrow my	Phillis	molest, ⌜
Let no	blast of mis	fortune in	trude on the	fair, ⌜
⌜ To	ruffle the	calm of her	breast.⌜

As examples that the Pyrrhic forms a complete foot or cadence in our language, we find the two following lines scanned thus:

Ăs ŏn | a day, | reflect | *ĭng ŏn* | his age.

Louth.

Solem | *nĭtў's* | a co | ver for | a sot.

Young.

This doctrine, I make no doubt, may suit very well all prosodians who scan our verses with Greek feet; but that it will direct any one to read a line so as to preserve the integral quantities of a cadence or bar, and produce the rhythmus, I hold to be impossible; these lines ought to be measured and read in this manner:

| ⌜ As on a | day re | flecting ⌜ | ⌜ on his | age. ⌜ |
| ⌜ So | lemnity's | ⌜ a ⌜ | cover | ⌜ for a | sot. ⌜ |

Here, it may be observed, that the integral quantity of every cadence, including the pauses, is alike, and may be measured by the same swings of a pendulum.

The spondee is equally mistaken by giving it the same time in a cadence as a Pyrrhic, not being aware that two heavy syllables cannot be in one cadence, nor can two heavy syllables succeed each other, and be pronounced without a pause between them; and, as was formerly shown, cadence is always from heavy to heavy; as,

| Rocks,⌜ | caves,⌜ | lakes,⌜ | bogs,⌜ | dens,⌜ | fens and | shades of | death,⌜

where the pulsation, the cadence, and rhythmus are exactly the same, as if the line were thus filled up with light syllables, and which would add nothing to the *length* of the line were it measured by a time-beater.

Rocks, & | caves, & lakes, | & | bogs, & | dens, & | fens, & | shades of | death.

But mark how it is scanned by our learned prosodians :

Rocks, caves, | lakes, dens, | bogs, fens, | and shades | of death.

But farther, let us observe the scanning of the following inimitable lines of Milton, and how dreadfully they are mangled ; and the minuteness of the directions how to do so.

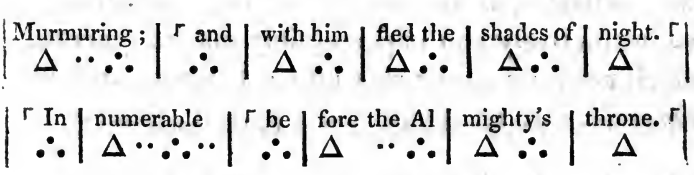
" The fact is," says a modern prosodian, " that we do not, in the utterance of these lines, *(viz. the two following,)* pronounce *murmuring* as three complete syllables, or *innumerable* as five ; in each case, we instinctively and imperceptibly make a syncope, which converts *murmuring* into a trochee, and *innumerable* into an iambus and a pyrrhic, thus :—

Murm'ring ; | and, with | him fled | the shades | of night.—
Innu | m'rable | before | th' Almigh | ty's throne."—

It *may* be matter of regret, but really we are not conscious of any such *instinct* or *imperceptibility* as to lead us to barbarize Milton's fine verses in such a manner. Such *instinct* and *imperceptibility* may indeed belong, or be imagined to belong to those who are so completely fettered by the prejudices of learning, as to consider it a species of the *grossest heresy* to scan *any* verses by *any* rules, but those dictated by prosodians, viz. the Greek feet ; but un-

questionably by none who have *perceptibility* enough to be guided in the cadence, metre, and rhythmus of our verses by their *ears*, which, though infinitely superior, are not, with prosodians at least, so *legitimate* guides, as the eyes.

These lines ought to be measured and read thus, by which means we preserve entire Milton's peculiarly expressive and highly poetic verses, and also the complete cadence, metre, and rhythmus of each line, without either syncope, or apocope, or any other necessary implement of *cutting* and *mangling*. Each line has six cadences, instead of five, as marked by the rules of prosody.



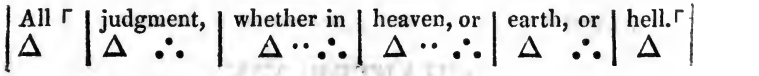
The following line of Milton is directed to be *scanned* and *read* thus:

All judg | ment, whe | th'r in heaven, | or earth, | or hell,

where the author is much indebted to Swift for his authority, which is *established* by the following lines:

> And thus fanatic saints, though *neith'r in*
> Doctrine or discipline our *brethren.*

which is quite sufficient grounds for barbarizing Milton's line, as measured above, and cramming it within five cadences; whereas it should be measured and read in six cadences, without any elision; thus,

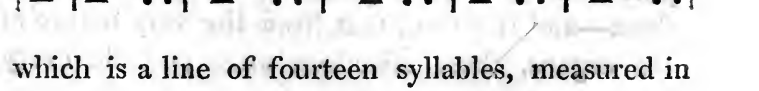


As to the authority of Swift on this point, I consider it equally good, or equally bad with the thousands who have gone before him, that scanned English verse with *Greek feet.*

But perhaps the measure of this learned absurdity is not complete, without the following example from Shakespeare; where, in order to make it obedient to this most imperious law, the exact number of feet, we have this extraordinary line:

O Ro | meo! Ro | meo! where | fore art | thou Ro | meo?

Instead of the beautifully complete rhythmus of Shakespeare, which ought to be measured and read thus, without any syncœneris or redundance,



which is a line of fourteen syllables, measured in six cadences, instead of the eleven syllables, scan-

ned in five feet with a redundant syllable, by the rules of prosody.

CHAPTER XIV.

VARIOUS PASSAGES OF POETRY SELECTED AS EXERCISES, TO BE MARKED WITH THE THESIS Δ AND ARSIS ∴ OR THE PULSATION AND REMISSION.—THE FIRST THREE EXAMPLES ARE MARKED.

To be able accurately to mark the syllables under Δ and ∴ is a most important step in this system, so much so, that, without this, which may be considered as the basis of rhythmus, no proficiency can be acquired. In going over these exercises, the student is made acquainted with the degrees of pulsation and remission, how they are accomplished by the action and re-action of the enunciative organs; why these organs cannot pronounce two pulsations without a pause or remission between them—and is shown, that from the very nature of the organs, these affections must pervade every language.

1.

Soft ⌜ rising now the eastern breeze,
Δ Δ∴ Δ ∴Δ ∴ Δ
Plays ⌜ rustling through the quivering trees.
Δ Δ∴ Δ ∴Δ ∴ Δ

2.

Come ⌜ lovely health! divinest maid!
Δ Δ ∴Δ Δ ∴ Δ
And lead me through the rural shade.
∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴Δ∴ Δ

3.

Soft ⌜ is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
Δ Δ ∴ Δ ∴ Δ ∴Δ ∴ Δ
And the smooth ⌜ stream in smoother numbers flows;
∴ ·· Δ Δ ∴ Δ ∴Δ ∴ Δ
But ⌜ when ⌜ loud ⌜ surges lash the sounding shore,
Δ Δ Δ Δ∴Δ ∴Δ ∴ Δ
The hoarse ⌜ rough ⌜ verse should like the torrent roar.
∴ Δ Δ Δ ∴ Δ ∴Δ ∴ Δ
When Ajax strives ⌜ some ⌜ rock's ⌜ vast ⌜ weight to throw,
∴Δ∴ Δ Δ Δ Δ Δ ∴ Δ
The line, too, labours, and the words ⌜ move ⌜ slow.
∴Δ ∴ Δ∴ ∴ ∴Δ Δ Δ

Pope.

4.

Judge we by nature? habit can efface,
Interest o'ercome, or policy take place:

By actions? those uncertainty divides:
By passions? those dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they will take a wider range,
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change,—
Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Pope.

5.

'Tis with our judgements as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets, as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom in the critics share;
But must alike from heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others, who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgements too?

Pope.

6.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend:
Bless'd be that spot, where cheerful guests retire,
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;

Bless'd that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair:
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family, around,
Laugh at the jests or pranks, that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale:
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

Goldsmith.

7.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore;
" For thee," they cried, " amid alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee, whole nations fill'd with arms 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 replied, and frown'd,
" Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!"
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my sight,
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Pope.

8.

See the sole bless heaven could on all bestow!
Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know;
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find:
Slave to no sect,—who takes no private road,
But looks through nature, up to nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
Join heaven and earth, and mortal and divine:
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above and some below;
Learns from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last, purpose of the human soul;
And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end in love of God and love of man.

For him alone hope leads from goal to goal,
And opens still, and opens on his soul,
Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.

Pope.

9.

SLAVERY.

Hark! heard ye not that piercing cry,
Which shook the waves and rent the sky?

Even now, even now, on yonder western shores,
Weeps pale Despair, and writhing Anguish roars:
Even now, in Afric's groves, with hideous yell,
Fierce Slavery stalks, and slips the dogs of hell:
From vale to vale the gathering cries rebound,
And sable nations tremble at the sound!

Ye bands of Senators! whose suffrage sways
Britannia's realms, whom either Ind obeys,
Who right the injur'd and reward the brave,
Stretch your strong arm, for ye have power to save!
Thron'd in the vaulted heart, his dread resort,
Inexorable Conscience holds his court;
With still small voice the plots of guilt alarms,
Bares his mask'd brow, his lifted hand disarms;
But wrapp'd in night, with terrors all his own,
He speaks in thunder when the deed is done.
Hear him, ye Senates; hear this truth sublime,
'He who allows oppression shares the crime.'

No radiant heart, which crested fortune wears,
No gem, that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Nor the blue stars, which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising suns, that gild the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre, as the tear that breaks
For others' wo, down virtue's manly cheeks.

Darwin.

10.

ON A LADY SLEEPING.

Where my Laura is laid beneath this old tree,
Asleep to the whispers that die on the gale,
Ye wood-nymphs attend, as kind guardians, and see
That no harsh intrusion her slumbers assail.

Swell gently thy murmur, O, soft rolling stream,
And gently, ye zephyrs, skim o'er the sweet maid;
By rustling your pinions, disturb not her dream,
Nor ruffle the bank where my Laura is laid.

May her dreams be of rapture, and through her dear breast,
May pleasure, quick darting, give transports divine;
Such transports as lovers oft feel unexpress'd,
Too poignant for language, for utterance too fine.

O let me for ever, unconscious of change,
Still, sleeping or waking, protect the sweet maid;
Still range the same groves that my Laura shall range,
And lie on the bank where my Laura is laid.

A. M'D.

CHAPTER XV.

VARIOUS PASSAGES OF POETRY SELECTED AS EXERCISES TO BE MARKED WITH THE Δ AND ∴, THE PAUSES, AND ALSO TO BE CUT INTO RHYTHMICAL CADENCES OR BARS.

1.

⌜The ∴	man ⌜ that Δ ⌜ ∴	hath no Δ ∴	mu sic Δ ∴	in him Δ ∴	self, ⌝ Δ
⌜Nor, ∴	is not Δ ∴	mov'd⌜ with Δ ∴	concord of Δ ∴ ··	sweet⌝ Δ	sounds,⌝ Δ
⌜ Is ∴	fit for Δ ∴	treasons, ⌜ Δ ∴	stra ta gems, ⌜ Δ ·· ∴	⌜ and ∴	spoils: Δ
⌜ The ∴	mo tions Δ ∴	in his Δ ∴	spi rit ⌜ are Δ ∴ ··	dull as Δ ∴	night, ⌜ ∴
⌜ And ∴	his af Δ ∴	fections ⌜ Δ ∴	dark as Δ ∴	Ere bus: Δ ·· ∴	
Let ⌜ Δ	no such Δ ∴	man be Δ ∴	trusted. Δ ∴		

Merchant of Venice.

2.

A STORM, ⌜ WITH ITS CONTRAST.

∴ Δ Δ ∴ Δ ∴

⌜A | mighty | wind o'er | flows the | hills,⌜ |
∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ |

⌜And | pours its | current | down the | vale,—⌝ |
∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ |

How,⌝ | yonder, | many | forest | stoops |
Δ | Δ ∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ |

⌜Be | neath its | fu ry! |
∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ ∴ |

⌜And | lo!⌜ | on the in | dignant | main,⌝ |
∴ | Δ | Δ ⁀ ∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ |

What ⌜ | a gi | ta tion | ⌜of its | waves;⌝ |
Δ | Δ ∴ | Δ ∴ | ∴ ·· | Δ |

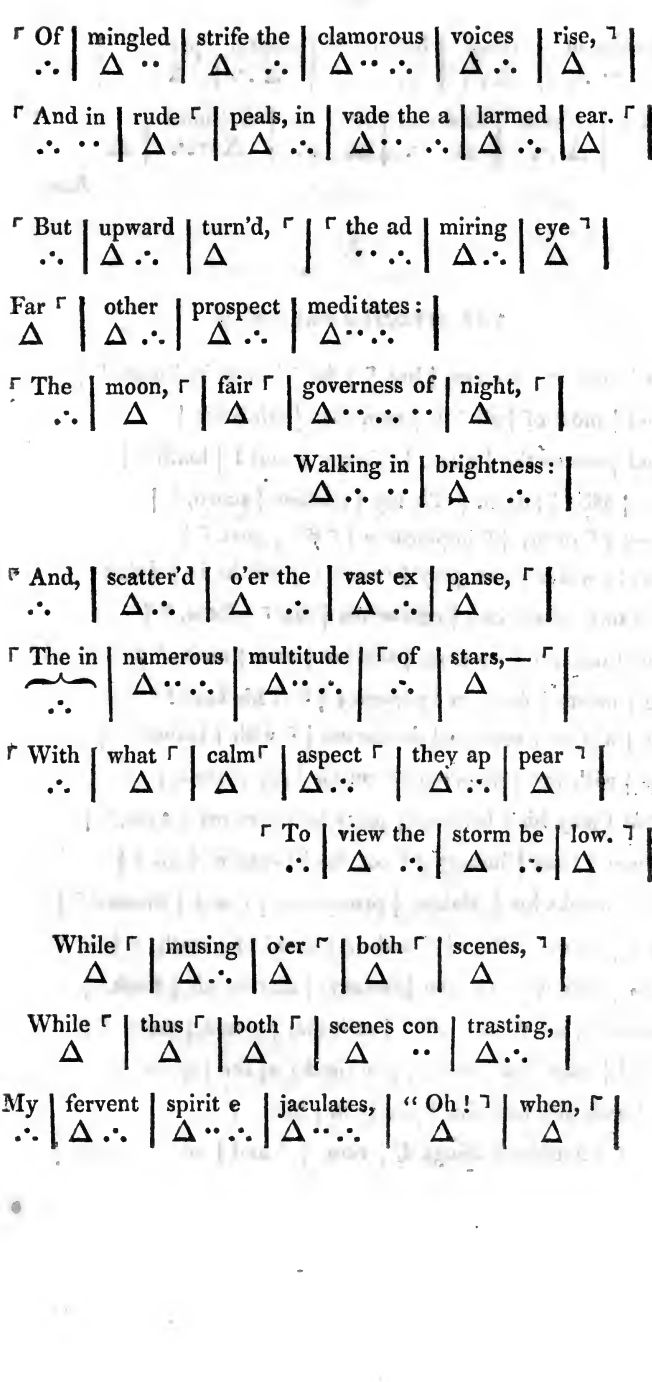
⌜Or | tossing | high their | foamy | heads, ⌜ |
∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ |

⌜ Or | dashing ⌜ | 'gainst the | shore.⌜ |
∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ |

Onward in | billowy | gusts,⌜ |
Δ ·· ∴ | Δ ·· ∴ | Δ |

⌜ The im | perious | tempest | rushes, |
⁀ ∴ | Δ ·· ∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ ∴ |

⌜ And | aught its | force with | standing | fiercely as | sails:⌝ |
∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ ··∴ | Δ |


Of mingled strife the clamorous voices rise,
And in rude peals, in vade the a larmed ear.
But upward turn'd, the ad miring eye
Far other prospect meditates:
The moon, fair governess of night,
Walking in brightness:
And, scatter'd o'er the vast ex panse,
The in numerous multitude of stars,—
With what calm aspect they ap pear
To view the storm be low.
While musing o'er both scenes,
While thus both scenes con trasting,
My fervent spirit e jaculates, "Oh! when,

From the se | rener | heights of | mental | peace, ⌜ |
Δ ∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ |

Shall ⌜ | I look | down on | life's tu | multuous | cares."⌝ |
Δ | Δ ∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ ∴ | Δ ∴ ∴ | Δ ∴ ∴ |

Roe.

3.

THE AFFECTED PREACHER.

⌜ In | man or | woman, | but ⌜ | far ⌜ | most in | man, ⌜ |
⌜ And | most of | all ⌜ in | man that | ministers |
⌜ And | serves the | altar, | ⌜ in my | soul I | loath ⌝ |
All ⌜ | affec | tation. | 'Tis my | perfect | scorn, ⌜ |
Object | ⌜ of my | ⌜ implacable | ⌜ dis | gust. ⌜ |
What ! | will a | man play | tricks, ⌜ | will he in | dulge ⌜ |
⌜ A | silly | fond con | ceit of his | fair ⌜ | form, ⌜ |
⌜And | just pro | portion, | fashion | able | mein, ⌜ |
And | pretty | face, in | presence | ⌜ of his God ? ⌜
⌜ Or | will he | seek to | dazzle me | ⌜ with | tropes, ⌜ |
⌜ As | with the | diamond | ⌜ on his | lily | hand, |
⌜ And | play his | brilliant | parts be | fore my | eyes, ⌜ |
⌜ When | I am | hungry | ⌜ for the | bread of | life ? |
⌜ He | mocks his | Maker, | prostitutes | ⌜ and | shames ⌜ |
His ⌜ | noble | office, | ⌜ and, in | stead of | truth, ⌜ |
⌜ Dis | playing his | own | beauty, | starves his | flock ! |
Therefore, a | vaunt | all ⌜ | attitude, | ⌜and | stare, ⌜ |
⌜ And | start the | atric, | practised | at the | glass ! |
⌜ I | seek di | vine sim | plicity in | him ⌜ |
Who ⌜ | handles | things di | vine ; | ⌜ and | all be | sides, |

Though ⌜ | learn'd with | labour, | ⌜ and tho' | much ad | mir'd |
By ⌜ | curious | eyes and | judgments | ill in | form'd, |
⌜ To | me is | odious | ⌜ as the | nasal | twang ⌜ |
Heard ⌜ | at con | venticle, | where ⌜ | worthy | men, |
⌜ Mis | led by | custom, | strain ce | lestial | themes ⌜ |
Through the | press'd | nostril | spectacle | ⌜ bestrid. |

Cowper.

4.

THE NEGRO SLAVE.

Force, ruffian force, and guilty hands,
Has torn me from my joys away;
Condemn'd to toil in distant lands,
And doom'd to weep each passing day.
The sounding whip and clanking chain,
With horrid din disturb my rest;
And curses dire, from lips profane,
Shoot sudden terrors through my breast.
Divided far from all I love,
Remov'd from all my heart holds dear,
Death's sharpest pangs each day I prove,
And shed, each hour, the fruitless tear.

5.

A JANUARY NIGHT IN TOWN.

THERE vice and folly run their giddy rounds;
There eager crowds are hurrying to the sight
Of feign'd distress, yet have not time to hear
The shivering orphan's prayer. The flaring lamps
Of gilded chariots, drawn by pamper'd steeds,
Illume the snowy street: the silent wheels
On heedless passenger steal unperceiv'd,
Bearing the splendid fair to flutter round
Amid the mazy labyrinths of the dance.

6.

TO PEACE.

HAIL, long lost Peace! hail, dove-ey'd maid divine!
See at thy feet a suppliant votary bend:
Oh! deign to view him with an eye benign;
So dying hope shall find in thee a friend:
Ah! turn not thy angelic face away!
If thou'lt be mine, no more I quit this vale,
But sit beside thee all the live-long day,
And list in silence to thy rural tale.—

There may we live, unsought for, and unseen
By fortune's train, fantastic, cold, and rude;
Nor let the sons of Comus mark the green,
Nor lounging triflers on our hours intrude—
If ought be welcome to our sylvan shade,
Be it the traveller who has lost his way;
Who knows not where to rest his anxious head,
Who knows not where his weary limbs to lay.

7.

TO PEACE.

O THOU who bad'st thy turtles bear
Swift from his grasp thy golden hair,
And sought'st thy native skies:
When War, by vultures drawn from far,
To Britain bent his iron car,
And bade her storms arise!

Tir'd of his rude tyrannic sway,
Our youth shall fix some festive day,
His sullen shrine to burn;
But thou who hear'st the turning spheres,
What sounds may charm thy partial ears,
And gain thy blest return!

O Peace, thy injur'd robes up-bind!
O rise, and leave not one behind
Of all thy beamy train:
The British lion, Goddess sweet,
Lies stretch'd on earth to kiss thy feet,
And own thy holier reign.

Let others court thy transient smile,
But come to grace thy western isle,
By warlike honour led!
And, while around her ports rejoice,
While all her sons adore thy choice,
With him for ever dwell.

8.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

I AM monarch of all I survey;
My right there is none to dispute,
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude! what are the charms,
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach;
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech,
I start at the sound of my own.—
Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon men!
Oh! had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!—
Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore,
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.

9.

TO A BEECH TREE, WITH TWO NAMES CUT IN ITS BARK.

Fair Beech, that bear'st our interwoven names
Here grav'd, the token of our mingled flames,
Preserve the mark, and as thy head shall rise,
Our love shall heighten till they reach the skies:
The wounds in us, as these in thee, shall spread,
Larger by time and fairer to be read.
Stand sacred Tree, here still inviolate stand,
By no rude axe profan'd, by no unhallow'd hand.
Be Thou the Tree of Love, and here declare,
That once a nymph was found as true as she was fair.

10.

THE TEMPEST.

1.

ALL bloody sunk the evening sun,
And red the wild wave gleam'd,
And loud and billowy o'er the deep,
The angry tempest scream'd.

2.

When Mary, weeping, kiss'd her babes,
And laid them down to rest,
As slow the sad thought pal'd her cheek,
And chill'd her heaving breast.

3.

Blow, blow, she cried, thou wintry wind,
Then cast her streaming eyes,
Where, foaming o'er the rocky cliff,
The bursting breaker dies.

4.

Ah me! to Mary's harass'd heart,
How welcome yon rude tone,
That swells on sorrow's saddening ear,
And, wailing, seems to moan.

5.

Tho' many a day be past and gone,
Tho' many a month be fled,
Since Henry left his tender wife,
And shar'd her faithful bed;

6.

I've seen his form, when still at eve,
The moan on ocean slept;
I've heard his voice, when o'er the rock,
The dying breeze hath crept.

7.

She scarce had said, when from the deep,
Slow peal'd the sullen swell;
Dark grew the heavens, and dark the wave,
And fast the chill rain fell.

8.

When Mary thought on Henry dear,
And breath'd the tender sigh;
When wild, as scream'd the untimely ghost,
Was heard the seaman's cry.

9.

She left her cot, and turn'd the cliff,
Where plain'd the dismal sound;

She flew, on hopeless Henry call'd,
And wav'd her hand around.

10.

That moment rush'd the billowy surge,
And o'er the rough rock roll'd;
And far through ocean's viewless depths,
The knell of Mary toll'd.

11.

Her children slept till morning's dawn,
Then kiss'd each other's cheek;
As pouring o'er their guileless heads,
They heard the tempest break.

12.

They wept, they call'd for Mary dear,
Her soft embrace delay'd,
Then turn'd their dewy eyes to heaven,
And clasp'd their hands and pray'd.

13.

The wild wind ceas'd, the sun beam'd forth,
Red shone the tinted ray;
The children rose, and Edward smil'd
His Charlotte's tears away.

14.

They went to seek their lost mamma,
They reach'd the craggy shore,
When lo! to land poor Mary's corse,
The tide deep heaving bore.

15.

When nought she answer'd, their fond hearts
Did almost burst with grief,
And won't mamma, then, speak to us?
And won't she bring relief?

16.

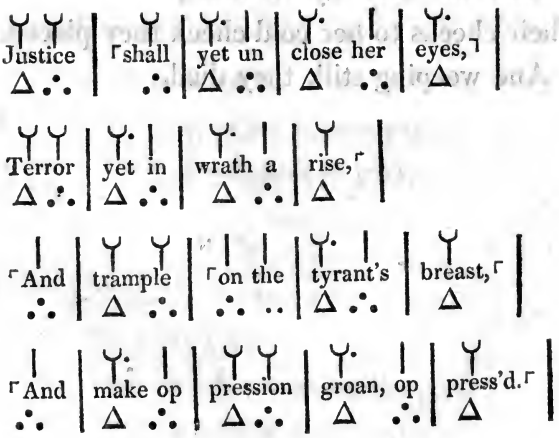
They kiss'd her pale lips, kiss'd her hands,
And laid down by her side;
Their cheeks to her cold cheek they placed,
And weeping still, they died.

Drake.

CHAPTER XVI.

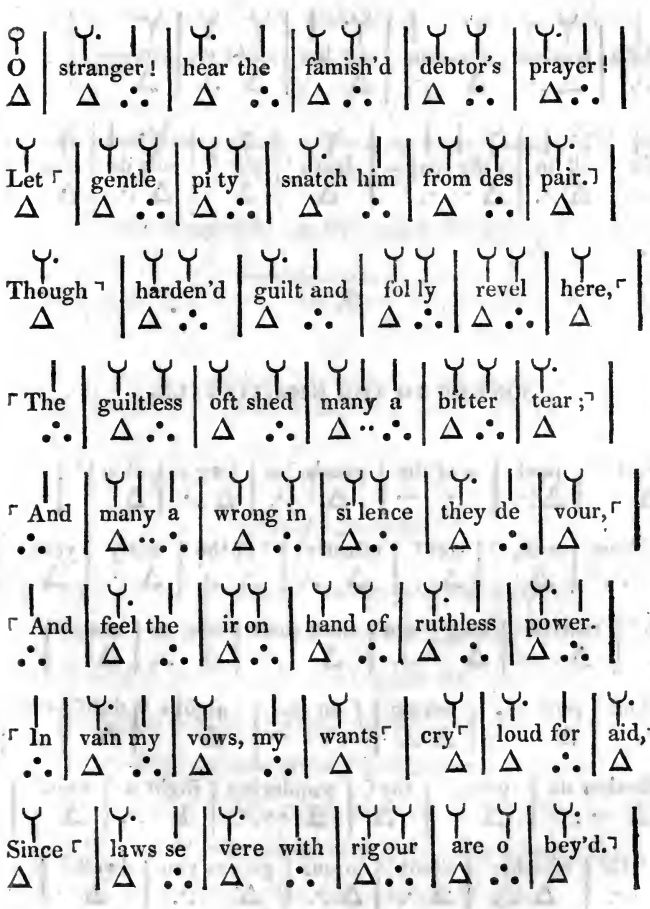
VARIOUS PASSAGES OF POETRY SELECTED AS EXERCISES, TO BE MARKED WITH THE Δ AND ∴, THE PAUSES, BARS OR CADENCES, AND THE QUANTITY.

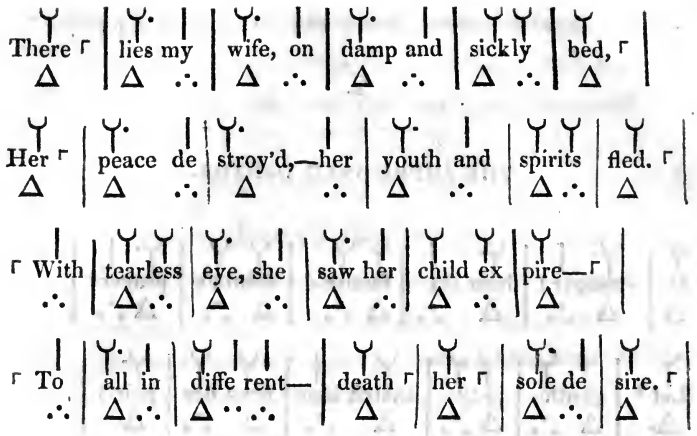
1.



2.

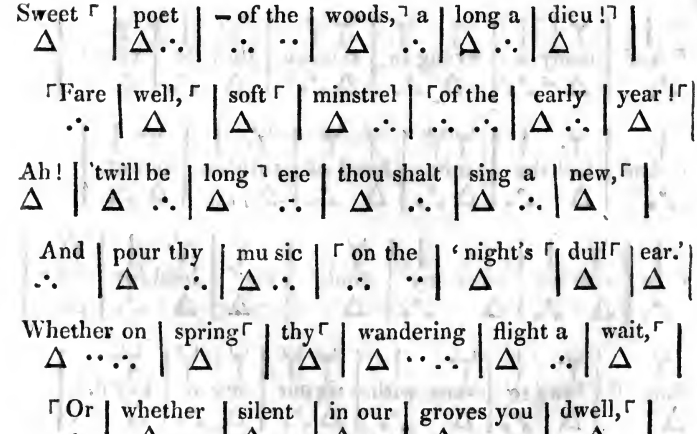
THE IMPRISONED DEBTOR.

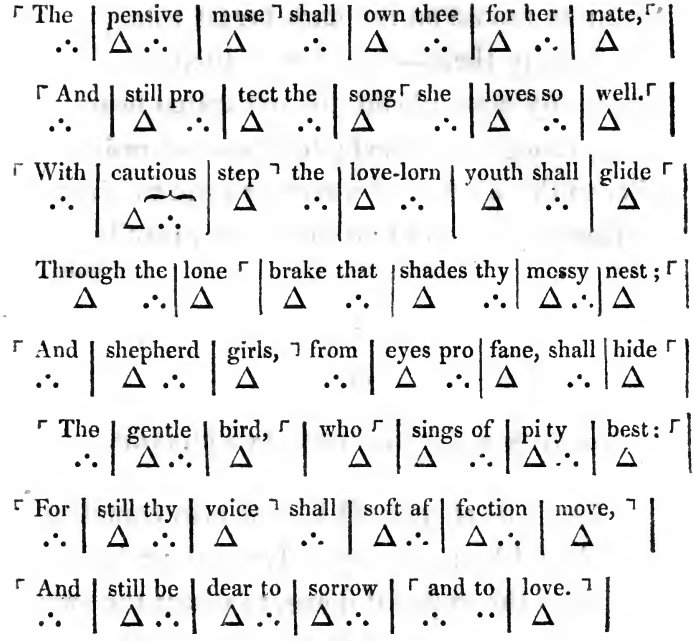




3.

SONNET TO THE NIGHTINGALE.





4.

SONNET TO NIGHT.

I LOVE thee, mournful sober-suited night,
When the faint moon, yet lingering in her wane,
And veil'd in clouds, with pale uncertain light,
Hangs o'er the waters of the restless main.
In deep depression sunk, the enfeebled mind
Will to the deaf, cold elements complain,
And tell the embosom'd grief, however vain,
To sullen surges, and the viewless wind.

Though no repose on thy dark breast I find,
I still enjoy thee,—cheerless as thou art;
For in thy quiet gloom, the exhausted heart
Is calm, though wretched; hopeless yet resign'd:
While, to the winds and waves its sorrows given,
May reach, though lost on earth, the ear of heaven.

Smith.

5.

ON THE EFFECTS OF TIME AND CHANGE.

Of chance or change, O let not man complain,
Else should he never, never cease to wail;
For, from the imperial dome, to where the swain
Rears the lone cottage in the silent dale,
All feel the assault of fortune's fickle gale;
Art, empire, earth itself, to change are doom'd;
Earthquakes have rais'd to heaven the humble vale,
And gulfs the mountain's mighty mass entomb'd,
And where the Atlantic rolls wide continents have bloom'd.

But sure to foreign climes we need not range,
Nor search the ancient records of our race,
To learn the dire effects of time and change,
Which in ourselves, alas! we daily trace.

Yet at the darken'd eye, the wither'd face,
Or hoary hair, I never shall repine:
But spare, O Time, whate'er of mental grace,
Of candour, love, or sympathy divine,
Whate'er of fancy's ray, or friendship's flame is mine.

Beattie.

6.

ON TRUE DIGNITY.

Hail, awful scenes, that calm the troubled breast,
And woo the weary to profound repose;
Can passion's wildest uproar lay to rest,
And whisper comfort to the man of woes?
Here Innocence may wander, safe from foes,
And Contemplation soar on seraph wings.
O Solitude, the man who thee foregoes,
When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall never know the source whence real grandeur springs.

Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire?
Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid:—
To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire?
It is thy weakness that requires their aid:—
To palaces, with gold and gems inlay'd?
They fear the thief, and tremble in the storm:

To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade?
Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm!
Behold what deeds of wo ⌜ the locust can perform!

True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has rais'd above the things below,
Who, every hope and fear to heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not, though Fortune aims her dreadful blow:—
This strain from midst the rocks was heard to flow
In solemn sounds. Now beam'd the evening star;
And from embattled clouds emerging slow,
Cynthia came riding on her silver car,
And hoary mountain-cliffs ⌜ shone faintly from afar.

Beattie.

7.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

3. Our bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars ⌝ set their watch in the sky:
And thousands had sunk ⌝ on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, ⌝ and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night ⌝ on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot ⌝ that guarded the slain;
At the dead of the night ⌝ a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning ⌝ I dream'd it again.

Methought from the battle-field's ⌝ dreadful array,
Far, far I had roam'd ⌝ on a desolate track:
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcom'd me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields, ⌝ travers'd so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats ⌝ bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain ⌝ that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledg'd we the wine cup, and fondly I swore,
From my home ⌝ and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me ⌝ a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud ⌝ in her fulness of heart.

Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn;
And fain ⌝ was their war-broken soldier to stay—

But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

Campbell.

8.

THE HAMLET.

The hinds how bless'd, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew;
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

'Midst gloomy shades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue;
In their lone haunts, and woodland rounds,
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds:

And startle from her aspen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay:
Each native charm their steps explore,
Of Solitude's sequester'd lore.

For them, the moon, with cloudless ray,
Mounts to illume their home-ward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadows incense breathe at eve.
No riot mars the simple fare
That o'er a glimmering hearth they share:
But when the curfew's measur'd roar
Duly, the darkening valleys o'er,
Has echo'd from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophied canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or through the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill
To loiter at the shady rill:

Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest,
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flowers
The curling woodbine's shade embowers:
From the trim garden's thymy mound,
Their bees in busy swarms resound:
Nor fell Disease before his time,
Hastes to consume Life's golden prime;
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar,
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flowery turf they sleep.

Warton.

9.

TO EVENING.

If ought of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales,

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon eastern tent, whose cloudy skirts,
With brede etherial wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eye'd bat,
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small, but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
Now teach me, Maid compos'd,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing thro' thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
As musing slow, I hail
Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet
Prepare their shadowy car—

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod,
By thy religious gleams;

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all,
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

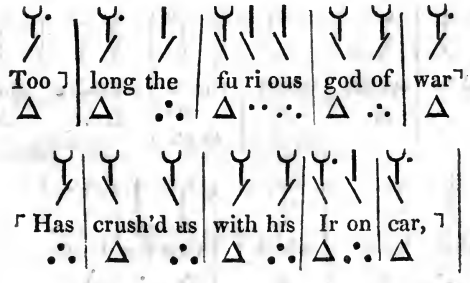
While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
Or Winter, yelling thro' the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:

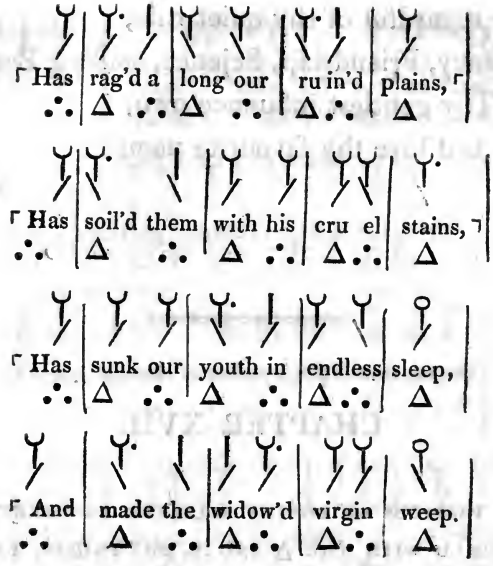
So long regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

Collins.

CHAPTER XVII.

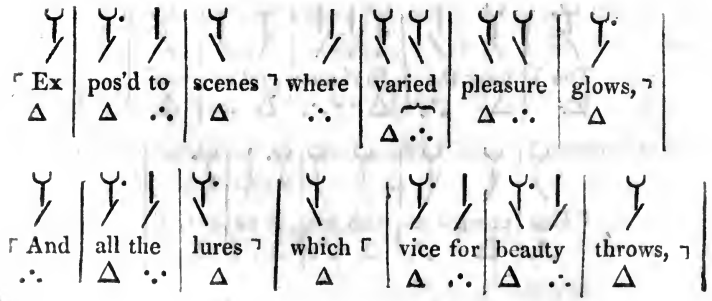
VARIOUS PASSAGES OF POETRY SELECTED AS EXERCISES TO BE MARKED WITH THE Δ AND ∴, THE PAUSES, BARS, OR CADENCES, THE QUANTITY AND THE ACCENTS.



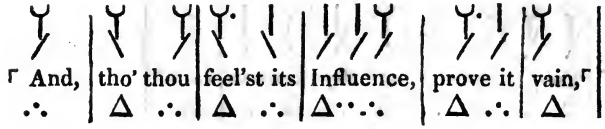


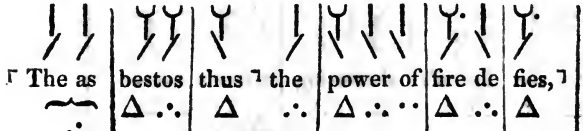
2.

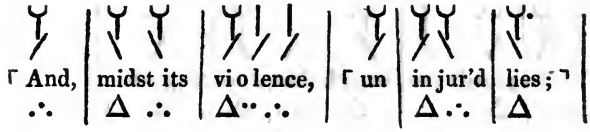
TO MRS SIDDONS.



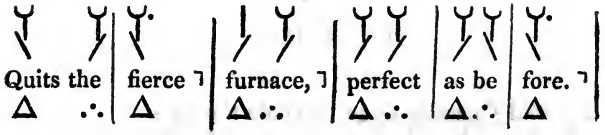

'Tis thine, un hurt midst dangers to re main,

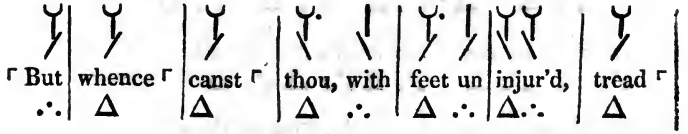

And, tho' thou feel'st its Influence, prove it vain,

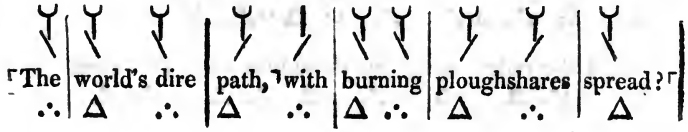

The as bestos thus the power of fire de fies,

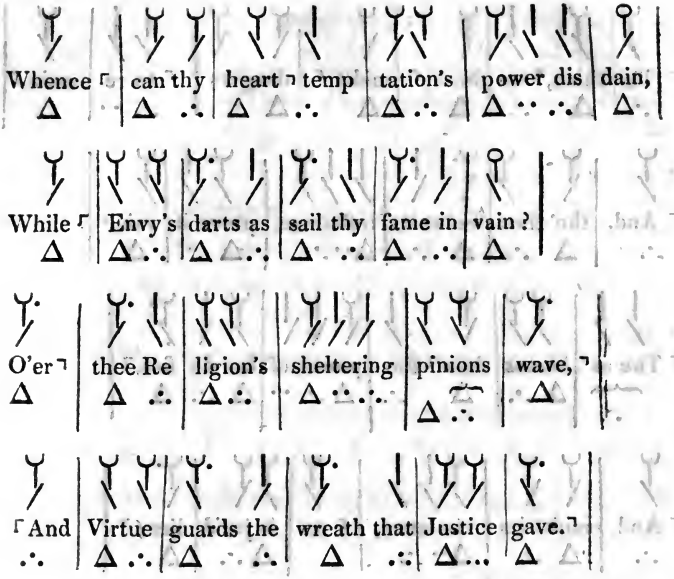

And, midst its vi o lence, un in jur'd lies;


And, tho' de structive flames a round it roar,


Quits the fierce furnace, perfect as be fore.


But whence canst thou, with feet un injur'd, tread


The world's dire path, with burning ploughshares spread?



3.

THE MANIAC.

Hark ! the wild ⌜ maniac sings, to chide the gale
⌜ That wafts so slow ⌝ her lover's distant sail.
She, ⌜ sad spectatress ! ⌜ on the wintery shore,
Watch'd the rude ⌜ surge, his shroudless corse that bore,

Knew the pale ⌜ form, and, shrieking, in amaze,
Clasp'd her cold ⌜ hands, and fix'd her maddening gaze.
Poor ⌜ widow'd wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain,
Till ⌜ me mo ry fled ⌜ her a go nis ing brain.
⌜ But mercy gave, to charm the sense of wo,
⌜ I de al peace, that truth could ne'er bestow.
Warm ⌝ on her heart, the joys of fancy beam,
⌜ And aimless hope de lights her darkest dream.

4.

DOUGLAS'S ACCOUNT OF THE HERMIT.

BENEATH a mountain's brow, the most remote
And inaccessible, by shepherds trod,
In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hand,
A hermit liv'd;—a melancholy man,
Who was the wonder of our wandering swains.
Austere and lonely, cruel to himself,
Did they report him; the cold earth his bed,

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

Home.

5.

HELENA CHIDING HERMIA.

Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid,
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us; oh! and is all forgot?
All school-days friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Created with our needles both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,—
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. Lo, we grew together,
Like to a double cherry,—seeming parted,
But yet a union in partition;
Two lovely berries, moulded on one stem;
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats of heraldry,
Due but to one, and crowned with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?

It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Shakespeare.

6.

GRIFFITH'S DESCRIPTION OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

MEN's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good word? This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour from his cradle:
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty and sour, to them that lov'd him not,
But to those that sought him, sweet as summer;
And tho' he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
Which was a sin, yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely; ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and Oxford! One of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it:
The other, tho' unfinish'd yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.

His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him ;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little :
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, *he died fearing God.*

Shakespeare.

7.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan,
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth,
And bade thee form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore ;
What sorrow was thou bad'st her know ;
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others wo.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flattering foe;
By vain prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom, in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend,
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chastening hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band,
(As by the impious thou art seen,)
With thundering voice and threatening mein,
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell disease, with ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, Oh, Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there,
To soften, not to wound my heart:
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a man.

10.

TO LIBERTY.

STROPHE.

WHO shall awake the Spartan fife,
And call in solemn sounds to life,
The youths, whose locks divinely spreading,
Like vernal hyacinths in sullen hue,
At once the breath of fear and virtue shedding,
Applauding Freedom lov'd of old to view?
And now Alcæus, fancy-blest,
Shall sing the sword, in myrtles drest,
At Wisdom's shrine a-while its flame concealing,
(What place so fit to seal a deed renown'd?)
Till she her brightest lightnings round revealing,
It leap'd in glory forth, and dealt her prompted wound!

O Goddess, in that feeling hour,
When most its sounds would court thy ears,
Let not thy shell's misguided power,
E'er draw thy sad, thy mindful tears.
No, Freedom, no, I will not tell,
How Rome, before thy weeping face,
With heaviest sound, a giant-statue, fell,
Push'd by a wild and artless race,
From off its wide ambitious base,
When Time his northern sons of spoil awoke,
And all the blended work of strength and grace,
With many a rude repeated stroke,
And many a barbarous yell, to thousand fragments broke.

FIRST EPODE.

Yet even, where'er the least appear'd,
The admiring world thy hand rever'd;
Still, 'midst the scatter'd states around,
Some remnants of her strength were found;
They saw, by what escap'd the storm,
How wonderous rose her perfect form;
How in the great, the labour'd whole,
Each mighty master pour'd his soul!

For sunny Florence, seat of art,
Beneath her vines preserv'd a part,
Till they, whom Science lov'd to name,
(O who could fear it?) quench'd her flame.
And lo, an humbler relic laid
In jealous Pisa's olive shade!
See small Marino joins the theme,
Tho' least, not last in thy esteem.
Strike, louder strike the ennobling strings
To those, whose merchant sons were kings;
To him, who, deck'd with pearly pride,
In Adria weds his green-hair'd bride:
Hail port of glory, wealth, and pleasure,
Ne'er let me change this Lydian measure:
Nor e'er her former pride relate,
To sad Liguria's bleeding state.
Ah, no! more pleas'd thy haunts I seek,
On wild Helvetia's mountains bleak;
(Where, when the favour'd of thy choice,
The daring archer heard thy voice;
Forth from his eyrie rous'd in dread,
The ravening Eagle northward fled:)
Or dwell in willow'd meads more near,
With those * to whom thy stork is dear:

---

* The Dutch.

Those whom the rod of Alva bruis'd,
Whose crown a British queen refus'd!
The magic works, thou feelst the strains,
One holier name alone remains;
The perfect spell shall then avail,
Hail Nymph! ador'd by Britain, hail!

ANTISTROPHE.

Beyond the measure vast of thought,
The works, the wizard time has wrought!
The Gaul, 'tis held of antique story,
Saw Britain link'd to his now adverse strand,
No sea between, nor cliff sublime and hoary,
He pass'd with unwet feet thro' all our land.
To the blown Baltic then, they say,
The wild waves found another way,
Where Orcas howls, his wolfish mountains rounding;
Till all the banded west at once 'gan rise,
A wide wild storm even Nature's self confounding,
Wither'd her giant sons with strange uncouth surprise.
The pillar'd earth so firm and wide,
By winds and inward labours torn,
In thunders dread was push'd aside,
And down the shouldering billows borne.

And see, like gems, her laughing train,
The little isles on every side,
Mona,* once hid from those who search the main,
Where thousand Elfin shapes abide,
And Wight who checks the western tide,
For thee consenting heaven has each bestow'd,
A fair attendant on her sovereign pride:
To thee this last divorce she ow'd,
For thou hast made her vales thy lov'd, thy last abode!

SECOND EPODE.

Then too, 'tis said, a hoary pile,
'Midst the green centre of our isle,
Thy shrine in some religious wood,
O soul-enforcing Goddess, stood!
There oft the painted natives' feet
Were wont thy form celestial meet:
Though now with hopless toil we trace
Time's backward rolls, to find its place:
Whether the fiery-tressed Dane,
Or Roman's self o'erturn'd the fane,
Or in what heaven-left age it fell,
'Twere hard for modern song to tell.

* The isle of Man.

Yet still, if truth these beams infuse,
Which guide at once, and charm the Muse,
Beyond yon braided clouds that lie,
Paving the light-embroider'd sky,
Amidst the bright pavilion'd plains,
The beauteous Model still remains.
There happier than in islands blest,
Or bowers by Spring or Hebe drest,
The chiefs who fill our Albion's story,
In warlike weeds, retir'd in glory,
Hear their consorted Druids sing
Their triumphs to the immortal string.

How may the poet now unfold,
What never tongue nor numbers told?
How learn delighted, and amaz'd,
What hands unknown that fabric rais'd?
Even now, before his favour'd eyes,
In Gothic pride it seems to rise!
Yet Grecia's graceful orders join,
Majestic thro' the mix'd design;
The secret builder knew to choose,
Each sphere-found gem of richest hues:
Whate'er heaven's purer mold contains,
When nearer suns emblaze its veins;

There, on the walls, the Patriot's sight
May ever hang with fresh delight,
And, grav'd with some prophetic rage,
Read Albion's fame thro' every age.

Ye forms divine, ye laureat band,
That near her inmost altar stand!
Now soothe her, to her blissful train,
Blithe Concord's social form to gain:
Concord, whose myrtle wand can steep
Even Anger's blood-shot eyes in sleep:
Before whose breathing bosom's balm,
Rage drops his steel, and storms grow calm;
Her let our sires and matrons hoar
Welcome to Britain's ravag'd shore,
Our youths, enamour'd of the fair,
Play with the tangles of her hair,
Till, in one land applauding sound,
The nations shout to her around,
O how supremely art thou blest,
Thou, Lady, thou shalt rule the west!

Collins.

CHAPTER XVIII.

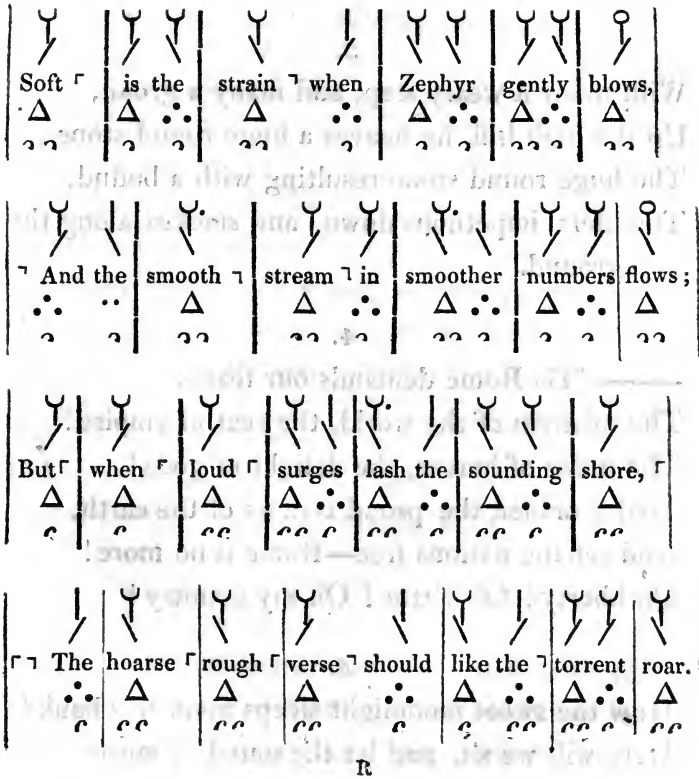
VARIOUS PASSAGES OF POETRY SELECTED AS EXERCISES, TO BE MARKED WITH THE FIVE ACCIDENTS OF LANGUAGE, VIZ. Δ AND .·., PAUSES, QUANTITY, AND ACCENTS, AND FORCE OR QUALITY OF SOUND.—LOUD MARKED ^, LOUDER MARKED ^^.—SOFT MARKED ˇ, SOFTER MARKED ˇˇ.—

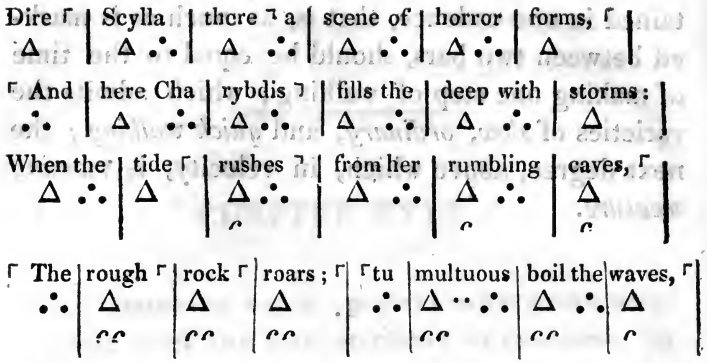
This accident of language, viz. *Force or Quality of Sound*, is only occasionally used; it depends on the nature of the subject, and the taste and judgment of the reader or speaker; it is, therefore, *ad libitum;* it is totally independent of the *heavy* and the *light* syllables, which are never *ad libitum*, but positively fixed, in all words, except monosyllables. —The loud or soft, *i. e.* the *Forte* or *Piano*, is always upon whole words or sentences, never upon syllables.

The following four lines are spoken in *slow walking measure.—Walking measure* means, that the duration of the whole quantity of syllables con-

tained in one cadence, that is, as much as is marked between two bars, should be equal to the time of making one step of walking; which admits the varieties of *slow*, *ordinary*, and *quick walking;* the next degree, above which, in velocity, is *running measure.*

1.





3.

With many a weary step, and many a groan,
Up the high hill, he heaves a huge round stone;
The huge round stone resulting with a bound,
Thunders impetuous down, and smokes along the ground.

4.

———'Tis Rome demands our tears:
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire!
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods!
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free—Rome is no more!
Oh liberty! Oh virtue! Oh my country!

5.

How the sweet moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sound of music

Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

6.

———Thou slave! thou wretch! thou coward!
Thou little valiant great in villany!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!
Thou Fortune's champion, thou dost never fight
But when her humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! Thou art perjur'd too,
And sooth'st up greatness. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool; to brag, and stamp, and swear,
Upon my party! Thou cold blooded knave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! Doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

Shakespeare.

7.

Ye amaranths! ye roses like the morn!
Sweet myrtles, and ye golden orange groves!
Joy-giving, love-inspiring, holy bower!
Know, in thy fragrant bosom thou receiv'st
A murderer! Oh, I shall stain thy lilies,
And horror will usurp the place of bliss!

———Ah, she sleeps,———
The day's uncommon heat has overcome her.
Then take, my longing eyes, your last full gaze.—
Oh! what a sight is here! how dreadful fair!
Who would not think that being innocent!
Where shall I strike? Who strikes her strikes himself—
My own life-blood will issue at her wound—
But see! she smiles!—I never shall smile more—
It strongly tempts me to a parting kiss.—
Ha! smile again! she dreams of him she loves.—
Curse on her charms!—I'll stab her through them all!

Young's Revenge.

8.

You have resolv'd your faithless bride shall die:
That's truly great. What think you 'twas set up
The Greek and Roman name in such a lustre,
But doing right in stern despite to nature,—
Shutting their ears to all her little cries,
When great, august, and god-like justice call'd?
At Aulis, one pour'd out a daughter's life,
And gain more glory than by all his wars;
Another, in just rage, his sister slew:
A third, the theme of all succeeding times,
Gave to the cruel axe a darling son:

Nay, more, for justice some devote themselves,
As he at Carthage, an immortal name!
Yet there is one step left above them all,
Above their history,—above their fable:
A wife, bride, mistress of your heart—do that,
And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory.

Young's Revenge.

8

ZANGA'S REASON FOR HATING ALONZO.

'Tis twice five years since that great man
(Great let me call him, for he conquer'd me,)
Made me the captive of his arm in fight.
He slew my father, and threw chains o'er me,
While I, with pious rage, pursu'd revenge.
I then was young; he plac'd me near his person,
And thought me not dishonour'd by his service.
One day (may that returning day be night
The stain, the curse, of each succeeding year!)
For something, or for nothing, in his pride
He struck me: (while I tell it, do I live?)
He smote me on the cheek!—I did not stab him:
That were poor revenge.—E'er since, his folly
Has striven to bury it beneath a heap
Of kindnesses, and thinks it is forgot:

Insolent thought, and like a second blow!
Has the dark adder venom? So have I,
When trod upon. Proud Spaniard, thou shalt feel
me!—
By nightly march, he purpos'd to surprise
The Moorish camps: but I have taken care
They shall be ready to receive his favour.
Failing in this, (a cast of utmost moment,)
Would darken all the conquests he has won.—
Be propitious, O Mahomet, on this important hour;
And give, at length, my famish'd soul revenge!

Young's Revenge.

9.

ZANGA.

O Joy, thou welcome stranger! twice three years
I have not felt thy vital beam, but now
It warms my veins, and plays around my heart:
A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground,
And I could mount—the spirits numberless
Of my dear countrymen, which yesterday
Left their poor bleeding bodies on the field,
Are all assembled here, and o'er inform me—
O bridegroom! great indeed thy present bliss,
Yet even by me unenvy'd; for be sure
It is thy last, thy last smile, that which now
Sits on thy cheek: enjoy it while thou may'st:

Anguish, and groans, and death, bespeak to-morrow.
Thus far my deep-laid plots and dark designs
Go well——
———Ah! what is well? O pang to think!
O dire necessity! is this my province?
Whither, my soul, Ah! whither art thou sunk
Beneath thy sphere? Ere while, far, far above
Such little arts, dissemblings, falsehoods, frauds;
The trash of villany itself, which falls
To cowards and poor wretches wanting bread.
Does this become a soldier? this become
Whom armies follow'd, and a people lov'd?
My martial glory withers at the thought.
But great my end: and since there are no other,
These means are just, they shine with borrow'd light,
Illustrious from the purpose they pursue.
And greater sure my merit, who, to gain
A point sublime can such a task sustain;
To wade thro' ways obscene, my honour bend,
And shock my nature, to attain my end.
Late time shall wonder; that my joys will raise,
For wonder is involuntary praise.

Young's Revenge.

10.

GLOCESTER'S SOLILOQUY ON HIS OWN DEFORMITY.

Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;
Our stern alarms are chang'd to merry meetings;
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures:
Grim-visag'd war has smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.—
But I, that am not made for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass;
I, that am curtail'd of man's fair proportion,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
And that so lamely and unfashionably
That dogs do bark at me as I halt by them;
Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
Have no delight to pass away my hours,
Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
And descant on my own deformity.
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, and o'erbear such
As are of happier person than myself,

Why, then, to me this restless world's but hell,
Till this mis-shapen trunk's aspiring head
Be circled in a glorious diadem.
But then, 'tis fix'd on such a height—Oh! I
Must stretch the utmost reaching of my soul.
I'll climb betimes, without remorse or dread,
And my first step shall be on Henry's head.

Richard III.

CHAPTER XIX.

SELECT EXAMPLES IN PROSE, WHERE THE STUDENT IS EXERCISED IN APPLYING THE PRECEDING RULES.

It will be observed, perhaps, with surprise, that Prose is not the *leading* article in this selection; although it is always placed *first* in school-books, being considered the more simple composition, and consequently the more easily read. And indeed, according to the present mode, *generally* practised, of teaching Elocution, I might almost have said *universally*, for I know of only *one exception*, it is of

no consequence whether prose or verse is the initiatory article. The student may, I believe, acquire, by practice, a little more readiness in reading by *rote* or mere imitation; but while the necessary *accidents* of language, explained in the *eight* first chapters, are so completely misunderstood, and of course neglected or misapplied, no higher degree of accuracy in reading either prose or verse can reasonably be expected.

So far is prose from being easier than verse, that it is by far the more difficult of the two. It must be evident to all who are versed in the rhythmus of language, that prose is much more irregular in its cadences; and the integral quantities of each are not, as in verse, limited to any obviously determined rule. While experience, on the contrary, proves to us, that the measured rhythmus of verse, the regularity of its cadences, and the nice adjustment of their integral quantities, though diversified in themselves within the cadence, are, beyond all question, best adapted to give that smoothness, harmony and expression to Prose, which, I have no hesitation in saying, can never be acquired merely through the medium of prose alone.

But, till a correct knowledge of the melody or music of language, viz. the accents, of quantity, of pulsation and remission, &c. and consequently, a more distinct and accurate perception of cadence and rhythmus be acquired, we must not be surprised to hear such peculiarities of tone, such same-

ness of inflection, such unvaried monotony, and such a perversion of musical cadence and rhythmus, as violently to shock any tolerably cultivated ear, and totally to destroy our finest verses; and frequently so completely to eclipse the sense, with sounds which none but a prosodian, equipped *cap-a-pee* with all the prosodial machinery, could be able

——————————————‘ To scan
With Midas ears, committing short and long.’

It must be through the medium of verse that the ear can be properly tuned, and taught that accuracy and delicacy of perception, by which alone harmonious reading can be effectually acquired. It need hardly be noticed, that this can only be obtained by the living instructor. No rules presented in the dead letter, will ever make an accurate pronouncer, much less a good reader or speaker. Nor will mere imitation ever accomplish this important purpose. The student may, it is true, in proportion as he possesses the power of mimickry, pronounce what his teacher pronounced before him, with tolerable accuracy; but present him with a piece he has never heard read, and, as he has nothing to imitate, he cannot *read*—he may, however, *pronounce* the piece.

But hard necessity compels the *professors* of the art of reading to teach in this manner, and naturally induces them to condemn what they do not understand; to exclaim against all rules; to assert

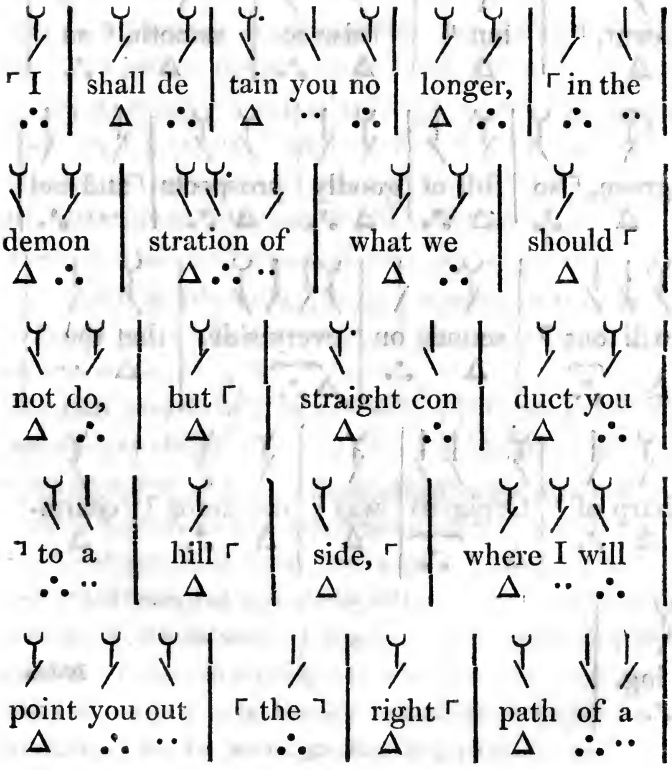
that science, and hard technical names, as *they* call them, are merely the machinery of empirics, and have nothing to do with the *plain, simple, natural* mode of teaching, with elegance, to read both prose and verse. I have heard this sometimes said, I have seen it advertised, and I know the ignorant and crafty play it off with too much success against the uninformed parent and guardian, and the credulous and unsuspecting pupil.

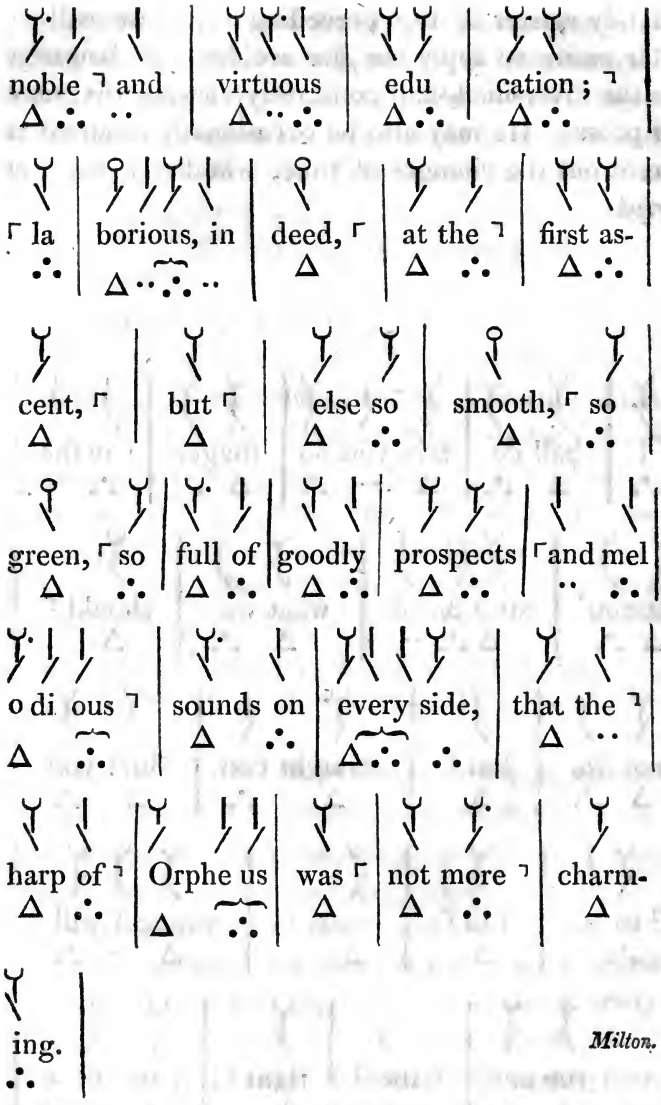
I have never heard one of these readers but with pain, generally accompanied with emotions of pity. I never knew a pupil taught upon such principles, and I have had many who have attended such professors. The truth is, that nature, in this, as in many other things, must lay the foundation, but science and art must raise the superstructure. And the reader or speaker, who is master of his art, never forgets this grand rule, *Ars est celare artem.*

The student should be exercised in marking the pulsation and remission of as many of the following passages as may be necessary to make him thoroughly acquainted with prosaic rhythmus; he may then mark the cadences, which he will find to be very different from those of verse, with which he has been accustomed; he should proceed and mark the pauses or rests, the quantity, the accents—and, lastly, he should be taught to distinguish where the *loud* and *soft*, the *forte* and *piano*, should be placed, with all their different shades of variety. By this mode of tuition, presuming always that he is com-

pletely master of the preceding rules, he will be able easily to apply the *five* accidents of language to the diversified, and constantly varying rhythmus of prose. He may also be occasionally required to point out the changes of time, whether *common* or *triple*.

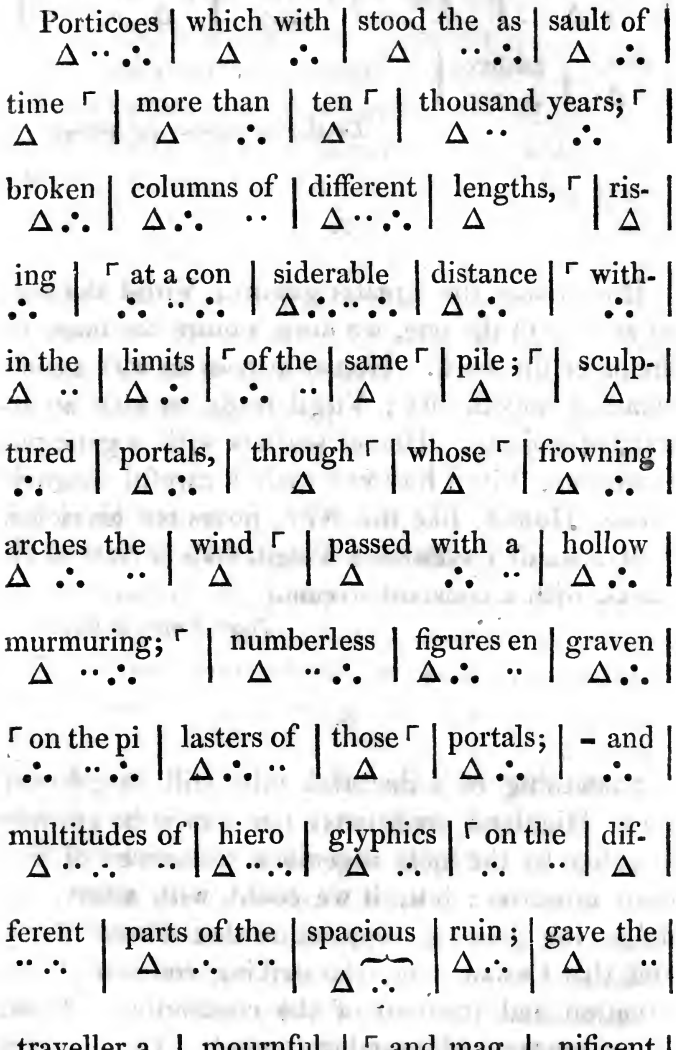
1.

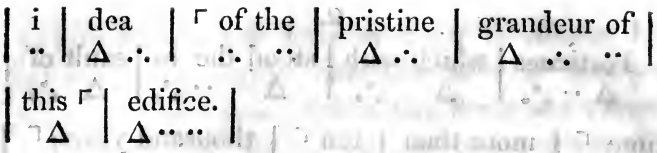



noble ⌝ and | virtuous | edu | cation ; ⌝
⌜ la | borious, in | deed, ⌜ | at the ⌝ | first as-
cent, ⌜ | but ⌜ | else so | smooth, ⌜ so
green, ⌜ so | full of | goodly | prospects | ⌜and mel
o di ous ⌝ | sounds on | every side, | that the ⌝
harp of ⌝ | Orphe us | was ⌜ | not more ⌝ | charm-
ing.

Milton.

2.


Porticoes | which with | stood the as | sault of |
time ⌜ | more than | ten ⌜ | thousand years; ⌜ |
broken | columns of | different | lengths, ⌜ | ris- |
ing | ⌜ at a con | siderable | distance | ⌜ with- |
in the | limits | ⌜ of the | same ⌜ | pile ; ⌜ | sculp- |
tured | portals, | through ⌜ | whose ⌜ | frowning |
arches the | wind ⌜ | passed with a | hollow |
murmuring; ⌜ | numberless | figures en | graven |
⌜ on the pi | lasters of | those ⌜ | portals; | - and |
multitudes of | hiero | glyphics | ⌜ on the | dif- |
ferent | parts of the | spacious | ruin ; | gave the |
traveller a | mournful | ⌜ and mag | nificent |



Langhorne's Solyman and Almena.

3.

Homer was the greater genius; Virgil the better artist; in the one, we must admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries us with a commanding impetuosity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majesty. Homer scatters with a generous profusion; Virgil bestows with a careful magnificence. Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a sudden overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a constant stream.

Pope's Preface to Homer.

4.

Something of a doubtful mist still hangs over these Highland traditions; nor can it be entirely dispelled by the most ingenious researches of modern criticism; but, if we could, with safety, indulge the pleasing supposition that Fingal lived, and that Ossian sung, the striking contrast of the situation and manners of the contending nations, might amuse a philosophical mind. The parallel would be little to the advantage of the more civil-

ized people, if we compared the unrelenting revenge of Severus with the generous clemency of Fingal; the timid and brutal conduct of Caracalla, with the bravery, the tenderness, the elegant genius of Ossian; the mercenary chiefs who, from motives of fear or interest, served under the imperial standard, with the free-born warriors who started to arms at the voice of the king of Morven; if, in a word, we contemplated the untutored Caledonians, glowing with the warm virtue of nature, and the degenerate Romans, polluted with the mean vices of wealth and slavery.

Gibbon.

5.

It is well known that constitutions framed for the preservation of liberty, must consist of many parts; and that senates, popular assemblies, courts of justice, magistrates of different orders, must combine to balance each other, while they exercise, sustain, or check, the executive power. If any part is struck out, the fabric must totter or fall; if any member is remiss, the others must encroach. In assemblies constituted by men of different talents, habits, and apprehensions, it were something more than human that could make them agree in every point of importance: having different opinions and views, it were want of integrity to abstain from disputes; our very praise of unanimity, therefore, is to be considered as a danger to liberty. We wish

for it at the hazard of taking in its place the remissness of men grown indifferent to the public; the venality of those who have sold the rights of their country; or the servility of others, who give implicit obedience to a leader, by whom their minds are subdued. The love of the public, and respect to its laws, are the points on which mankind are bound to agree; but if, in matters of controversy, the sense of any individual or party is invariably pursued, the cause of freedom is already betrayed.

Ferguson's Hist. of Civ. Society.

6.

But how can these considerations consist with pride and insolence, which are repugnant to every social and virtuous sentiment? Do you, proud man! look back with complacency on the illustrious merits of your ancestors! Show yourself worthy of them by imitating their virtues, and disgrace not the name which you bear by a conduct unbecoming a man. Were your progenitors such as you are fond to represent them, be assured that if they rose from the grave, they would be ashamed of you. If they resembled yourself, you have no reason to boast of them, and wisdom will dictate to you to cultivate those manners which alone can dignify your family. Nothing can be conceived more inconsistent than to exult in illustrious ancestry, and to do what must disgrace it, than to mention with ostentation the distinguished merits of progeni-

tors, and to exhibit a melancholy contrast to them in character. Will you maintain that, because your fathers were good and brave men, you are authothorised to abandon the pursuit of all that is decent and respectable? For, to this sentiment, the pride of family, whenever it forms a characteristic feature, never fails to lead the mind. In a word, considered in its specific nature, and carried to its utmost extent, it lays down this maxim, "That "ancestry gives a right to dishonour and degrade "itself."

After all, what is high birth? Does it bestow a nature different from that of the rest of mankind? Has not the man of ancient line human blood in his veins? Does he not experience hunger and thirst? Is he not subject to disease, to accidents, and to death? and must not his body moulder in the grave, as well as that of the beggar? Can he, or any of his race, "redeem his brother by any means, or give God a ransom for him?" Go back only a few generations, of which the number is much smaller than you imagine it to be, and you arrive at Adam, the progenitor of us all.

Brown's Sermons.

7.

We sympathise even with the dead, and, overlooking what is of real importance in their situation, that awful futurity which awaits them, we are chiefly affected by those circumstances which strike our

senses, but can have no influence upon their happiness. It is miserable, we think, to be deprived of the light of the sun; to be shut out from life and conversation; to be hid in the cold grave, a prey to corruption and the reptiles of the earth, to be no more thought of in this world, but to be obliterated in a little time, from the affections, and almost from the memory of their dearest friends and relations. Surely, we imagine, we can never feel too much for those who have suffered so dreadful a calamity. The tribute of our fellow-feelings seems doubly due to them now, when they are in danger of being forgot by every body; and, by the vain honours which we pay to their memory, we endeavour, for our own misery, artificially to keep alive our melancholy remembrance of their misfortune. That our sympathy can afford them no consolation, seems to be an addition to their calamity; and to think that all that we can do is unavailing; and that what alleviates all other distress, the regret, the love, and the lamentation of their friends, can yield no comfort to them, serves only to exasperate the sense of their misery.

The happiness of the dead, however, most assuredly is affected by none of these circumstances; nor is it the thought of these things which can ever disturb the profound security of their repose. The idea of that dreary and endless melancholy which the fancy naturally ascribes to their condition, arises altogether from our joining to the change

which has been produced upon them, our own consciousness of that change, from our putting ourselves in their situation, and from our lodging, if I may be allowed to say so, our own living souls in their inanimated bodies, and thence conceiving what would be our emotions in this case. It is from this very illusion of the imagination, that the foresight of our own dissolution is so terrible to us, and that the idea of those circumstances, which undoubtedly, can give us no pain when we are dead, makes us miserable while we are alive.

Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments.

8.

I consider a generous mind as the noblest work of the creation, and am persuaded, wherever it resides, no real merit can be wanting. It is, perhaps, the most singular of all the moral endowments; I am sure at least, it is often imputed where it cannot justly be claimed. The meanest self-love, under some refined disguise, frequently passes upon common observers for this god-like principle; and I have known many a popular action attributed to this motive, when it flowed from no higher a source than the suggestions of concealed vanity. Good-nature, as it hath many features in common with this virtue, is usually mistaken for it; the former, however, is but the effect, possibly, of a happy disposition of the animal structure, or, as Dryden somewhere calls it, of a certain "milkiness of

blood;" whereas the latter is seated in the mind, and can never subsist where good sense and enlarged sentiments have no existence. It is entirely founded, indeed, upon justness of thought, which, perhaps, is the reason this virtue is so little the characteristic of mankind in general. A man whose mind is warped by the selfish passions, or contracted by the narrow prejudices of sects or parties, if he does not want honesty, must undoubtedly want understanding. The same clouds that darken his intellectual views, obstruct his moral ones; and his generosity is extremely circumscribed, because his reason is exceedingly limited. True generosity rises above the ordinary rules of social conduct, and flows with much too full a stream to be comprehended within the precise marks of formal precepts. It is a vigorous principle in the soul, which opens and expands all her virtues far beyond those which are only the forced and unnatural productions of a timid obedience. The man who is influenced singly by motives of the latter kind, aims no higher than at certain authoritative standards; without even attempting to reach those glorious elevations, which constitute the only true heroism of the social character. Religion, without this sovereign principle, degenerates into a slavish fear, and wisdom into a specious cunning; learning is but the avarice of the mind, and wit its more pleasing kind of madness. In a word, generosity sanctifies every passion, and adds grace to every acqui-

sition of the soul; and if it does not necessarily include, at least it reflects a lustre upon the whole circle of moral and intellectual qualities.

Melmoth's Letters of Fitzosborne.

9.

There is a kind of voice that speaks through the universe. The language of nature is that of delight; and even the parts incapable of admitting this delight, have yet the means of imparting it. Behold the sun! The lustre which it spreads, and the beauties which it enables you to discover, kindle your admiration. The Indian views it with rapture. He feels gratitude for its bounty. He addresses the God of Fire with hymns of praise, and songs of triumph. But in vain should he attempt to make that sun share his gratification. It heeds no protestations; it feels no emotions: but that orb administers to the comfort of the devotee, and conveys animation and cheerfulness to millions. The structure of the heavens manifests such design, and wisdom, that some of the ancient philosophers supposed man born only to view and admire them. The bounty displayed in the earth, equals the grandeur conspicuous in the heavens. There is no region in which the volume of instruction is not unfolded. In every climate is found proper food for the support of the inhabitants, and proper medicines for the removal of their diseases. And should every age even change its food, and its diseases, there would

still be found in the world supplies sufficient for the inhabitant. So bountiful and provident is nature! The distribution of oceans, seas, and rivers; the variety of fields, meadows, and groves; the luxuriance of fruits, herbs, and flowers; the return of spring, summer, autumn, and winter, not only regular in their approaches, but bringing with them presents, to make their return desirable; the pleasant vicissitudes of day and night; all have a voice which, by telling man he is constantly receiving favours, reminds him he should be ready to bestow them.

Dyer's Dissertation on Benevolence.

CHAPTER XX.

SACRED PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE.

WITHIN the whole range, through which the exercise of this valuable talent, the art of Reading is extended, IMPRESSIVE reading will be found no where so requisite, as in delivering the Scriptures. Impressive reading, besides possessing the requisites

of *intelligible* and *correct* reading, must, in addition, have the following, viz. expression of the voice, expression of the countenance, direction of the eye, variety of manner, as to rapidity of delivery, and rhetorical pauses.

The composition of the Sacred Oracles is of that original and various character, which demands every effort on his part, who is called upon to deliver them for the instruction of others.

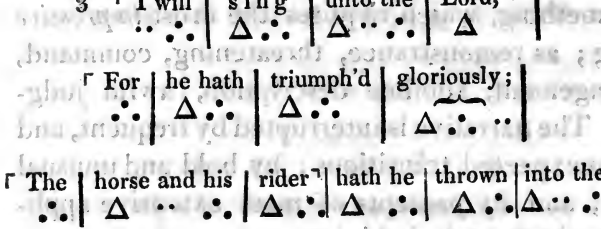
Hardly is there a chapter, which does not contain something, which requires the most *impressive* reading; as remonstrance, threatening, command, encouragement, sublime description, awful judgments. The narrative is interrupted by frequent, and often unexpected transitions; by bold and unusual figures; and by precepts of most extensive application and most admirable use.

In the narrative, the reader should deliver himself with a suitable simplicity and gravity of demeanour.—In the transitions, which are often rapid, he should manifest a quick conception, and by rhetorical pauses and suitable changes of voice, express and render intelligible, the new matter or change of scene.—In the figurative and sublime, which every where abound, his voice should be sonorous, and his countenance expressive of the elevation of his subject.—In the precepts, he should deliver himself with judgment and discretion; and when he repeats the words and precepts of our Lord himself, with more distinguished mildness,

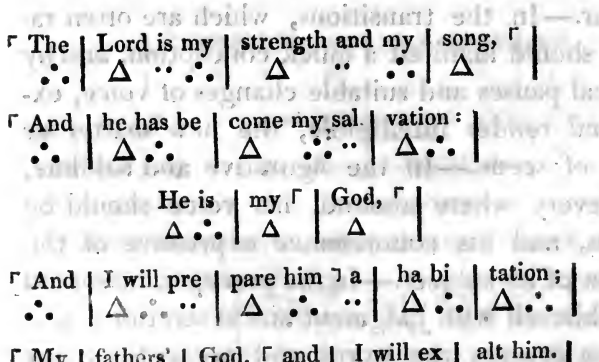
mingled with dignified authority. Such reading would be a perpetual and luminous commentary on the Sacred Writings; and would convey more solid instruction than the most learned and brilliant sermons.

1.

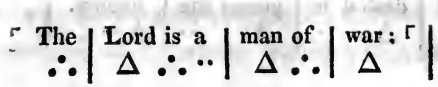
MOSES' SONG. *Exod. chap.* XV.



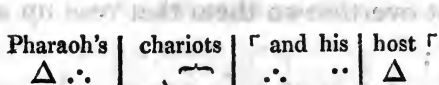
2.



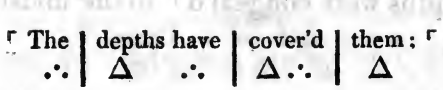
3.


The Lord is a man of war;
The Lord is his name.

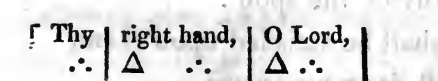
4.

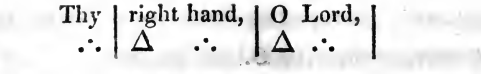

Pharaoh's chariots and his host
Hath he cast into the Sea;
His chosen captains also
Are drown'd in the Red sea.

5.


The depths have cover'd them:
They sank into the bottom as a stone.

6.


Thy right hand, O Lord,
Is be come glorious in power:



7.

And in the greatness of thine excellency,
Thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee;
Thou sentest forth thy wrath,
Which consum'd them as a stubble.

8.

And with the blast of thy nostrils
The waters were gather'd together:
The floods stood upright as a heap,
And the depths were congeal'd in the midst of the sea.

9.

The enemy said, I will pursue,
I will overtake,
I will divide the spoil:
My lust shall be satisfied upon them,
I will draw my sword,
My hands shall destroy them.

10.

Thou didst blow with thy winds,
The sea cover'd them :
They sank as lead ⌜ in the mighty waters.

11.

Who is like unto thee, O Lord, amongst the gods?
Who is like thee,
Glorious in holiness,
Fearful in praises,
Doing wonders?

12.

Thou stretchedst out thy right hand,
The earth ⌝ swallow'd them.

13.

Thou, in thy mercy,
Hast led the people which thou hast redeem'd ;
Thou hast guided them in thy strength,
Unto thy holy habitation.

14.

The people shall hear, and be afraid :
Sorrow shall take hold on the inhabitants of Palestina.

15.

Then the dukes of Edom shall be amaz'd;
The mighty men of Moab,
Trembling shall take hold upon them;
All the inhabitants of Canaan shall melt away.

16.

Fear and dread ⌝ shall fall upon them:
By the greatness of thine arm,
They shall be still as a stone;
Till the people pass over, O Lord,
Till the people pass over,
Which thou hast purchas'd.

17.

Thou shalt bring them in,
And plant them in the mountain of thine inheritance;
In the place, O Lord,
Which thou hast made for thee to dwell in;
In the sanctuary, O Lord,
Which thy hands have establish'd.

18.

The Lord shall reign ⌜ for ever and ever.

19.

For the horse of Pharaoh went in, with his chariots,
And with his horsemen into the sea,
And the Lord brought again the waters of the sea upon them,
But the children of Israel went on dry land,
In the midst of the sea.

21.

Sing ye to the Lord,
For he hath triumph'd gloriously,
The horse and his rider
Hath he thrown into the sea.

2. *Habakkuk, chap.* iii.

O Lord, I have heard thy speech, and was afraid.
O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years,
In the midst of the years made known;
In wrath remember mercy.
God came from Teman,
And the Holy One from Mount Paran,—
His glory cover'd the heavens,
And the earth was full of his praise.
And his brightness was as the light,
He had horns coming out of his hand,

And there was the hiding of his power.
Before him went the pestilence,
And burning coals went forth at his feet.
He stood and measur'd the earth:
He beheld, and drove asunder the nations,
And the everlasting mountains were scatter'd,
The perpetual hills did bow:
His ways are everlasting.
I saw the tents of Cushan in affliction;
And the curtains of the land of Midian did tremble.—
Although the fig-tree should not blossom;
Neither shall fruit be in the vines;
The labour of the olives shall fail,
And the fields shall yield no meat;
The flock shall be cut off from the fold,
And there shall be no herd in the stalls:
Yet I will rejoice in the Lord,
I will joy in the God of my salvation.

3. *Isaiah, chap.* i.

Hear, O heavens, and give ear, O earth,
For the Lord hath spoken:
I have nourish'd and brought up children,
And they have rebelled against me.
The ox knoweth his owner,
And the ass his master's crib;

But Israel doth not know,
My people doth not consider.
Ah sinful nation,
A people laden with iniquity,
A seed of evil doers;
Children that are corrupters;
They have forsaken the Lord;
They have provok'd the Holy One of Israel unto anger;
They are gone away backward.

Hear the word of the Lord,
Ye rulers of Sodom;
Give ear unto the law of our God,
Ye people of Gomorrah.
To what purpose is the multitude of your sacrifices unto me?
Saith the Lord:
I am full of the burn'd offerings of rams,
And the fat of fed beasts,
And I delight not in the blood of bullocks,
Or of lambs,
Or of he-goats.
When ye come to appear before me,
Who hath requir'd this at your hand,
To tread my courts?

Bring no more vain oblations,
Incense is an abomination unto me ;
The new-moons and sabbaths,
The calling of assemblies
I cannot away with ;
It is iniquity,
Even the solemn meeting.
Your new-moons,
And your appointed feasts,
My soul hateth ;
They are a trouble unto me,
I am weary to bear them.
And when you spread forth your hands,
I will hide mine eyes from you ;
Yea, when you make many prayers,
I will not hear :
Your hands are full of blood.

Wash ye, make ye clean,
Put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes,
Cease to do evil ;
Learn to do well ;
Seek judgment ;
Relieve the oppress'd,
Plead for the widow.

Come now, let us reason together,
saith the Lord;
Though your sins be as scarlet,
They shall be white as snow;
Though they be red like crimson,
They shall be as wool.
If ye be willing and obedient,
Ye shall eat the good of the land.
But if ye refuse and rebel,
Ye shall be devour'd with the sword;
For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

4. *Matthew, Chap.* v.

And seeing the multitudes,
He went up into a mountain;
And when he was set,
His disciples came unto him;
And he open'd his mouth,
And taught them,
Saying;
Blessed are the poor in spirit,
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are they that mourn,
For they shall be comforted.
Blessed are the meek,
For they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness,
For they shall be filled.
Blessed are the merciful,
For they shall obtain mercy.
Blessed are the pure in heart,
For they shall see God.
Blessed are the peace-makers,
For they shall be called the children of God.
Blessed are they who are persecuted for righteousness' sake,
For theirs is the kingdom of heaven.
Blessed are ye when men shall revile you,
And persecute you,
And shall say all manner of evil against you,
Falsely, for my sake.
Rejoice and be exceeding glad,
For great is your reward in heaven;
For so persecuted they the prophets who were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth;
But if the salt have lost his savour,
Wherewith shall it be salted?
It is thence good for nothing,
But to be cast out,
And trodden under feet of men.

Ye are the light of the world :
A city that is set on a hill
Cannot be hid.
Neither do men light a candle,
And put it under a bushel ;
But on a candlestick,
And it giveth light unto all that are in the house.
Let your light so shine before men,
That they may see your good works,
And glorify your Father who is in heaven.

5.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

1.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

2.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image,
Or any likeness of any thing,
That is in heaven above,
Or that is in the earth beneath,
Or that is in the water under the earth.
Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them,
Nor serve them ;
For I the Lord thy God,
Am a jealous God,

Visiting the iniquities of the fathers upon the children,
Unto the third and fourth generation
Of them that hate me;
And shewing mercy
Unto thousands of them that love me,
And keep my commandments.

3.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain;
For the Lord will not hold him guiltless,
That taketh his name in vain.

4.

Remember the Sabbath day,
To keep it holy,
Six days shalt thou labour,
And do all thy work.
But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God;
In it thou shalt not do any work,
Thou, nor thy son,
Nor thy daughter,
Thy man-servant,
Thy maid-servant,
Nor thy cattle,
Nor thy stranger that is within thy gates.

For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth,
The sea,
And all that in them is,
And rested the seventh-day:
Wherefore the Lord blessed the Sabbathday,
And hallowed it.

5.

Honour thy father and thy mother;
That thy days may be long upon the land,
Which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

6.

Thou shalt not kill.

7.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

8.

Thou shalt not steal.

9.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

10.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house,
Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife,

Nor his man-servant,
Nor his maid-servant,
Nor his ox,
Nor his ass,
Nor any thing ⌜ that is thy neighbour's.

6.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

⌜ Our | Father | ⌜ who | art in | heaven, |
Hallowed | be thy | name; |
⌜ Thy | kingdom | come;
⌜ Thy | will be | done in | earth ⌝ as | it is in | heaven. |
Give us this | day ⌜ our | daily | bread; |
⌜ And for | give us our | debts, |
⌜ As | we for | give our | debtors. |
⌜ And | lead us | not in | to temp | tation, |
But de | liver us from | evil: |
⌜ For | thine is the | kingdom, |
⌜ And the | power, | ⌜ and the | glory, |
⌜ For | ever. | A ⌜ | men. |

7.

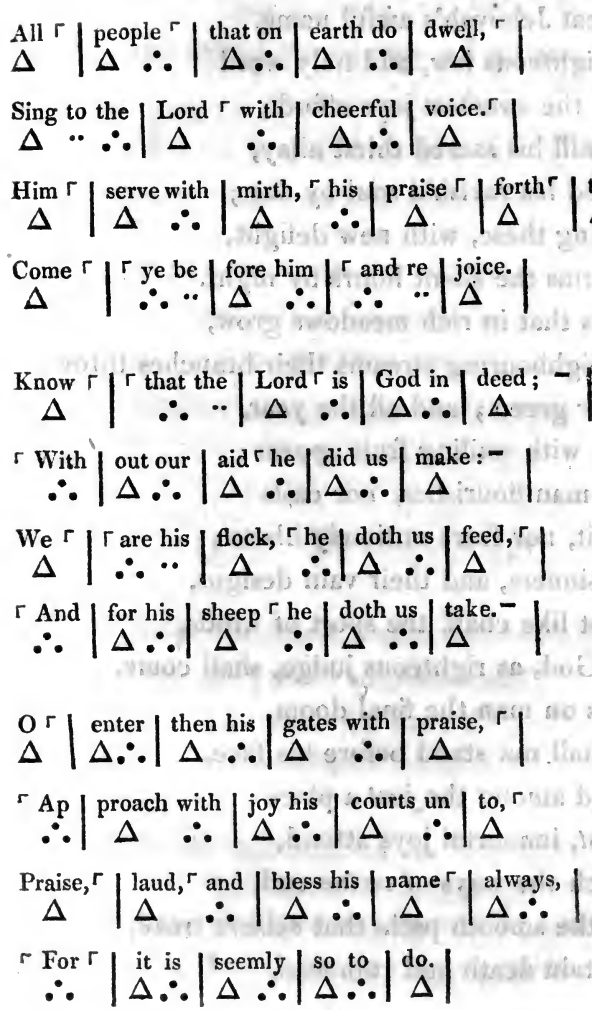
THE FIRST PSALM.

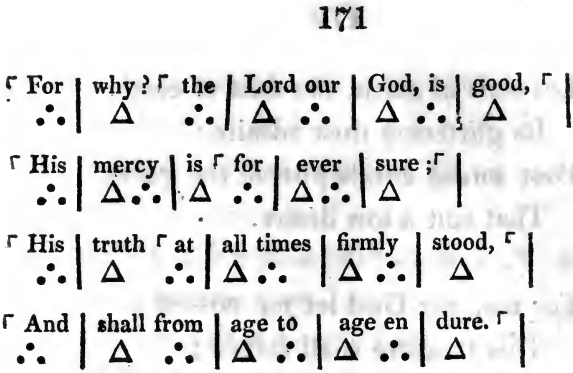
Blest man! whose steady soul, to vice
No power can draw, no charms entice;

Who shuns the paths, where, on each hand,
Deluding pleasures tempting stand;
And hates bold sinners, who blaspheme
The great Jehovah's awful name.
God's righteous law, and holy word
To him the sweetest joys afford;
These still his sacred thirst allay,
And feed his ravish'd soul by day;
Revolving these, with new delight,
He charms the silent hours by night.
As trees that in rich meadows grow,
O'er neighbouring streams their branches throw,
For ever green; and all the year,
Loaden with smiling fruit appear:
So this man flourishes, nor casts
His fruit, nor fears untimely blasts;
While sinners, and their vain designs,
Are tost like chaff, the sport of winds.
When God, as righteous judge, shall come,
To pass on man the final doom,
They shall not stand before his face,
Nor find among the *just* a place:
The *just*, immortal joys attend,
In which the ways of *virtue* end,
While the smooth paths that *sinners* tread,
To certain death and ruin lead.

8.

THE HUNDRED PSALM.





9.

HYMN.

What holy, what sincere delight,
Religion does afford!
How sweet to a refined taste,
Thy rich provision, Lord!

Honours let others chace, and feed
Their starving souls with air;
Or guilty and polluted joy,
With short delusion share.

Let mine be more substantial bliss!
Be mine more solid food!
My heart to nobler heights aspires,
And seeks the Eternal God.

Let sons of earth, the dust of earth,
  Its glittering dust admire:
Poor sordid minds pursue the gains,
  That suit a low desire.

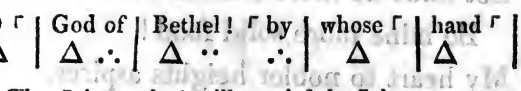
For me, my God let me possess;
  This treasure shall suffice;
My glory this, my joy, my all!—
  All else I can despise.

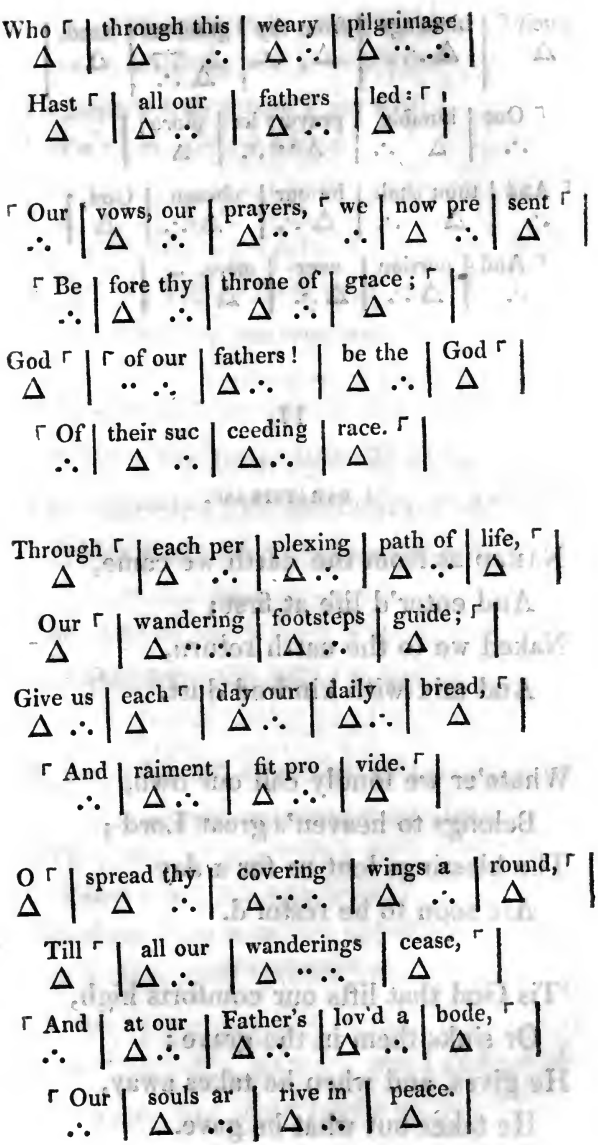
When on her high original
  My heaven-born soul reflects,
With a becoming pride, the world
  Disdainful she rejects.

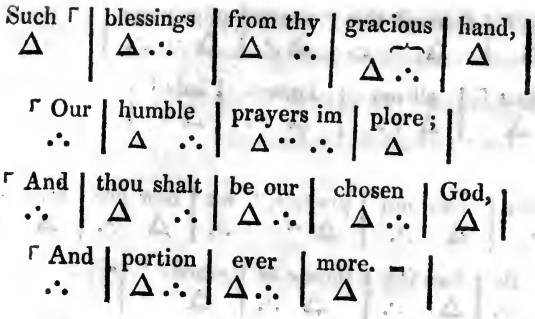
Nor stoops to court these humble goods,
  So much beneath her state;
Such condescension is too low,
  And she herself too great.

10.

A PARAPHRASE.




Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led:
Our vows, our prayers, we now pre sent
Be fore thy throne of grace;
God of our fathers! be the God
Of their suc ceeding race.
Through each per plexing path of life,
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit pro vide.
O spread thy covering wings a round,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd a bode,
Our souls ar rive in peace.



11.

A PARAPHRASE.

NAKED as from the earth we came,
And enter'd life at first;
Naked we to the earth return,
And mix with kindred dust.

Whate'er we fondly call our own,
Belongs to heaven's great Lord;
The blessings lent us for a day
Are soon to be restor'd.

'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave:
He gives, and when he takes away,
He takes but what he gave.

Then, ever blessed be his name!
His goodness swell'd our store;
His justice but resum'd its own;
'Tis ours still to adore.

12.

A PARAPHRASE.

How still and peaceful is the grave?
Where, life's vain tumults past,
The appointed house, by Heaven's decree,
Receives us all at last.

The wicked there from troubling cease;
There passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.

There rest the prisoners, now releas'd
From slavery's sad abode;
No more they hear the oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.

There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;

And there, in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.

All levell'd by the hand of death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb;
Till God in judgment calls them forth,
To meet their final doom.

13.

A PARAPHRASE.

Who can resist the Almighty arm
That made the starry sky?
Or who elude the certain glance
Of God's all-seeing eye?

From him no covering veils our crimes;
Hell opens to his sight;
And all destruction's secret snares,
Lie full disclos'd in sight.

Firm on the boundless void of space
He pois'd the steady pole;
And in the circle of his clouds,
Bade secret waters roll.

While Nature's universal frame
Its Maker's power reveals;
His throne, remote from mortal eyes,
An awful cloud conceals.

From where the rising day ascends,
To where it sets in night,
He compasses the floods with bounds,
And checks their threatening might.

The pillars that support the sky
Tremble at his rebuke;
Through all its caverns quakes the earth,
As though its centre shook.

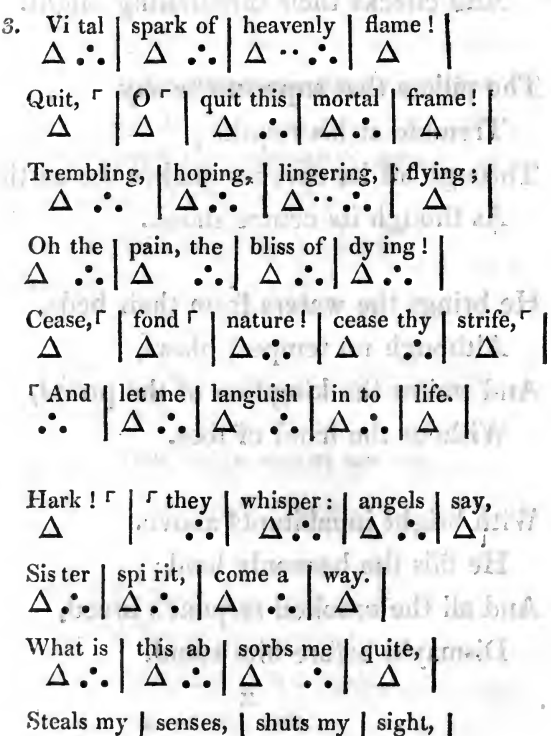
He brings the waters from their beds,
Although no tempest blows,
And smites the kingdom of the proud,
Without the hand of foes.

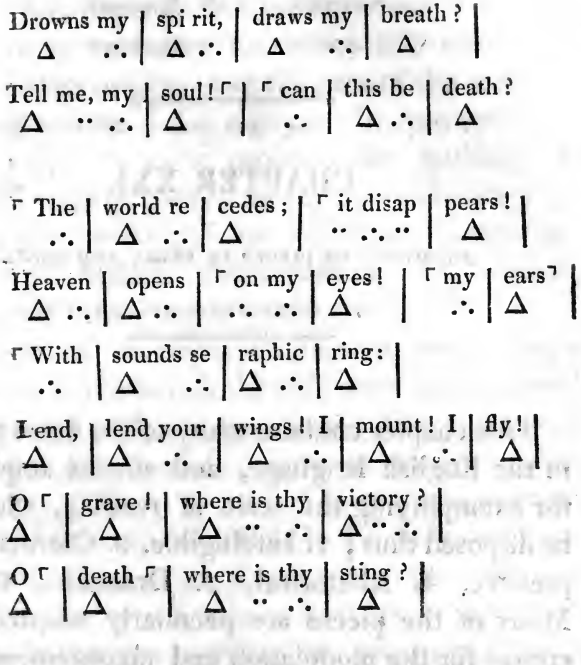
With bright inhabitants above
He fills the heavenly land;
And all the crooked serpent's breed,
Dismay'd before him stand.

Few of his works can we survey;
These few our skill transcend:
But the full thunder of his power
What heart can comprehend?

18.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.




Drowns my | spi rit, | draws my | breath ?
Tell me, my | soul! ⌜ | ⌜ can | this be | death ?
⌜ The | world re | cedes ; | ⌜ it disap | pears !
Heaven | opens | ⌜ on my | eyes ! | ⌜ my | ears ⌝
⌜ With | sounds se | raphic | ring :
Lend, | lend your | wings ! I | mount ! I | fly !
O ⌜ | grave ! | where is thy | victory ?
O ⌜ | death ⌜ | where is thy | sting ?

CHAPTER XXI.

PROMISCUOUS PIECES IN VERSE AND PROSE.

This chapter contains many of the finest passages in the English language, and affords ample scope for exemplifying the scale of reading, which may be disposed thus; 1. Intelligible, 2. Correct, 3. Impressive, 4. Rhetorical, 5. Dramatic, 6. Epic. Many of the pieces are peculiarly adapted as exercises for the modulation and management of the voice.

As the voice is the organ of eloquence, and has the entire dominion over one sense, all that language and tones can effect to influence the understanding, and win the affection, must depend on the power of the voice addressed to the ear. To understand and to be able to manage the voice, therefore, must be of the highest importance to the public speaker.

The modulation of the voice consists in the proper management of its tones, so as to produce grateful melodies to the ear. Upon the modulation

of the voice, depends that variety which is so pleasing, and so necessary to relieve and refresh the organs of the speaker, and the ears of the audience in a long oration. To regulate the various states of the voice, so as to produce that striking and beautiful variety, which always prevails in good reading and speaking, is one of the most important qualities of oratory, and, according to Quintilian, alone constitutes eloquent delivery.

It may not be improper here, to state what is frequently confounded, the difference between loud and soft, and high and low tones. They are totally different. *Piano* and *forte* have no relation to pitch or key, but to force or want of force; and when applied to the voice, they relate to the body or volume which the speaker or singer gives out. We can, therefore, be very soft in a high note, and very loud in a low one.—When we take a high pitch and give little force, we speak high and soft; when we take a high pitch and give great force, we speak high and loud; when we take a low pitch and give little force, we speak low and soft; and when we give to the same pitch great force, we speak low and loud.—

Several pieces in this chapter being peculiarly adapted for Recitation, they are selected for the express purpose of exercising the student of oratory in that important part of public speaking.—Gesture, which is too much neglected, though the language of nature, is a just and elegant adaptation of every

part of the body, to the nature and import of the subject we are pronouncing; it has always been considered as one of the most essential parts of oratory: Cicero says, its power is much greater than that of words.—

The different modes of public speaking, to each of which a different style of gesture is necessary, may be reduced to these three, admitting different sub-divisions according to the accuracy of discrimination; 1. *Colloquial.* 2. *Rhetorical.* 3. *Epic.*

Colloquial Gesture, when concerned in the higher scenes of polite life, requires principally simplicity and grace. Precision will follow of course. It may occasionally demand something of energy and variety, but never magnificence or boldness. *Colloquial gesture*, which is at the opposite extreme from Epic, differs from it essentially in the manner of the arm. Instead of unfolding the whole of the oratorical weapon as in tragedy, in description, and sometimes in the more vehement passages of oratory, the upper arm in *colloquial gesture* is barely detached from the side; and the elbow instead of the shoulder becomes the principal centre of motion; hence the action must be short and less flowing in every respect. This kind of gesture is generally used by persons who deliver their orations or lectures in a sitting posture; the arm is seldom extended altogether, and the action is made sharp and short by the hand, the fingers, and the wrist, with the assistance of the fore-arm alone.—

Rhetorical Gesture, requires principally energy, variety, simplicity, and precision. Grace is desirable.—Magnificence is rarely wanting, but may sometimes have place. Appropriate or significant gestures are seldom to be used; yet propriety in a limited sense, should be observed.—Boldness of gesture is inadmissable.—Among the different classes of gestures,* those which suit best the objects of oratory, are the commencing, the discriminating, the suspending, and the emphatical; and the qualities suited to those gestures, are principally energy, variety, simplicity, precision, and grace.—

The *Epic*, or Tragic stile of delivery, requires every natural and acquired power on the part of the speaker; and in its perfection, is implied every excellence of the highest class. The following different qualities, which constitute the perfection of gesture, are all necessary in this species of public speaking, viz. Magnificence, Boldness, Energy, Variety, Simplicity, Grace, Propriety, Precision. —The compositions which require Epic gestures in the delivery, are tragedy, epic poetry, lyric odes, and sublime description.

These very general hints on gesture, are illustrated and exemplified by the *Author* to his students, in a manner too minute to be explained here:— and the various gestures proper for the Pulpit, the

---

* See Orator, Vol. II. Outlines of Gesture.

Bar, and the Senate, and also for the different parts of an Oration or Discourse, are particularly attended to, in the recitation of pieces selected as exercises for the student, according to the profession he may have in view, in each of these kinds of Public speaking.

SELECT PIECES IN VERSE.

1.

FROM THE BRIDE OF ABYDOS.

Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle
  Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime,
Where the rage of the vulture—the love of the
    turtle—
  Now melt into sorrow—now sadden to crime?—
Know ye the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever
    shine,

Where the light wings of Zephyr, oppress'd with
perfume,
Wax faint o'er the gardens of Gul * in her bloom;
Where the citron and olive are fairest of fruit,
And the voice of the nightingale never is mute;
Where the tints of the earth, and the hues of the sky,
In colour though varied, in beauty may vie,
And the purple in Ocean is deepest in dye;
Where the virgins are soft as the roses they twine,
And all, save the spirit of man, is divine—
'Tis the clime of the East—'tis the land of the Sun—
Can he smile on such deeds as his children have done?
Oh! wild as the accents of lovers' farewell,
Are the hearts which they bear, and the tales which
they tell.

Byron.

2.

LINES WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

At the silence of midnight's contemplative hour,
I have mus'd in a mournful mood,
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower
Where the home of my forefathers stood.
All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree;

* The Rose.

And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode,
To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering, I found on my ruinous walk,
By the dial-stone aged and green,
One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,
To mark where a garden had been.
Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race,
All wild in the silence of Nature, it drew,
From each wandering sun-beam, a lonely embrace;
For the night-weed and thorn overshadow'd the place,
Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all
That remains in this desolate heart!
The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall;
But patience shall never depart!
Tho' the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,
In the days of delusion by fancy combin'd,
With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,
Abandon my soul like a dream of the night,
And leave but a desert behind.

Be hush'd, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns
When the faint and the feeble deplore;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore!

Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,
May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate!
Yea! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain,
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again;
To bear is to conquer our fate.

Campbell.

3.

THE ACCOUNT OF AZIM'S ENTRY TO THE PALACE OF MOKAMA.

Meanwhile, through vast illuminated halls,
Silent and bright, where nothing but the falls
Of fragrant waters, gushing with cool sound
From many a jasper fount is heard around,
Young Azim roams bewilder'd,—nor can guess
What means this maze of light and loneliness.
Here, the way leads, o'er tesselated floors
Or mats of Cairo, through long corridors,
Where, rang'd in cassolets and silver urns,
Sweet wood of aloe or of sandal burns;
And spicy rods, such as illume at night
The bowers of Tibet, send forth odorous light,
Like Peris' wands when pointing out the road
For some pure Spirit to its bless'd abode!—
And here, at once, the glittering saloon
Bursts on his sight, boundless and bright as noon;
Where, in the midst, reflecting back the rays
In broken rainbows, a fresh fountain plays

High as the enamell'd cupola, which towers
All rich with Arabesques of gold and flowers;
And the mosaic floor beneath shines through
The sprinkling of that fountain's silvery dew,
Like the wet, glistering shells, of every dye,
That on the margin of the Red Sea lie.

Here, too, he traces the kind visitings
Of woman's love in those fair, living things
Of land and wave, whose fate—in bondage thrown
For their weak loveliness—is like her own!
On one side, gleaming with a sudden grace
Through water, brilliant as the crystal vase
In which it undulates, small fishes shine,
Like golden ingots from a fairy mine;—
While, on the other, lattic'd lightly in
With odoriferous woods of COMORIN,
Each brilliant bird that wings the air is seen;—
Gay, sparkling loories, such as gleam between
The crimson blossoms of the coral tree,
In the warm isles of India's sunny sea:
Mecca's blue sacred pigeon, and the thrush
Of Hindostan, whose holy warblings gush,
At evening, from the tall pagoda's top;—
Those golden birds, that in the spice-time, drop
About the gardens, drunk with that sweet food
Whose scent hath lur'd them o'er the summer flood;—
And those that under ARABY's soft sun
Build their high nests of budding cinnamon.

Moore's Lalla Rookh.

4.

ZELICA AND AZIM'S DEATH.

" But live, my Azim;—Oh! to call thee mine
Thus once again!—*my* Azim—dream divine!
Live if thou ever lov'dst me, if to meet
Thy Zelica hereafter would be sweet,
Oh live to pray for her—to bend the knee
Morning and night before that Deity,
To whom pure lips and hearts without a stain,
As thine are, Azim, never breath'd in vain,—
And pray that He may pardon her,—may take
Compassion on her soul, for thy dear sake,
And, nought remembering but her love to thee,
Make her all thine, all His, eternally!
Go to those happy fields, where first we twin'd
Our youthful hearts together,—every wind
That meets thee there, fresh from the well-known flowers,
Will bring the sweetness of these innocent hours
Back to thy soul, that thou mayest feel again
For thy poor Zelica as thou didst then.
So shall thy orisons, like dew that flies
To heaven, upon the morning's sunshine, rise
With all love's earliest ardour, to the skies!"

Time fleeted—years on years had pass'd away,
And few of those who, on that mournful day,
Had stood, with pity in their eyes, to see
The maiden's death, and the youth's agony,

Were living still—when, by the rustic grave
Beside the swift Amoo's transparent wave,
An aged man, who had grown aged there
By that lone grave, morning and night in prayer,
For the last time knelt down—and, tho' the shade
Of death hung darkening over him, there play'd
A gleam of rapture on his eye and cheek,
That brighten'd even Death—like the last streak
Of intense glory on the horizon's brim,—
When night o'er all the rest hangs chill and dim,—
His soul had seen a Vision, while he slept;
She for whose spirit he had pray'd and wept
So many years, had come to him, all dress'd
In angel smiles, and told him she was blest!
For this the old man breath'd his thanks, and died.—
And there, upon the banks of that lov'd tide,
He and his ZELICA sleep side by side.

Moore's Lalla Rookh.

5.

HOPE, THE FRIEND OF THE BRAVE.

FRIEND of the Brave! in peril's darkest hour,
Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power;
To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,
On stormy floods, and carnage-cover'd fields,
When front to front the banner'd hosts combine,
Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.
When all is still on Death's devoted sail,
The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil;

As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high
The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye—
Hails in his heart the triumphs yet to come,
And hears the stormy music in the drum!
And such thy strength-inspiring aid, that bore
The hardy Byron to his native shore—
In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep
Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep,
'Twas his to mourn Misfortune's rudest shock,
Scourg'd by the winds and cradled on the rock,
To wake each joyless morn, and search again
The famish'd haunts of solitary men;
Whose race, unyielding as their native storm,
Knows not a trace of Nature but the form:
Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued,
Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdu'd,
Pierc'd the deep woods, and, hailing from afar,
The moon's pale planet, and the northern star;
Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before,
Hyænas in the wild, and mermaids on the shore;
Till, led by thee, o'er many a cliff sublime,
He found a warmer world, a milder clime,
A home to rest, a shelter to defend,
Peace and repose, a Briton, and a friend.

Campbell.

6.

ODE TO HARMONY.

Nymph, we woo thee from the steeps
That bend o'er Tyber's classic wave,

Where Rome's dejected genius weeps
In anguish o'er her Brutus' grave.

We woo thee from the vine-wove bowers,
That breathe and bloom o'er Arno's vale,
Where, sunk at eve, on closing flowers,
Thou lists the Tuscan shepherd's tale :

" Or, near some rich cathedral pile,
Hearest the anthem-chorus roll,
Soft-swelling through the darken'd aisle,
The requiem of the parting soul :

" Or from some antique minstrel's tomb,
Thy harp, with many a wild rose twin'd,
Sighing through the vesper gloom,
Pours the slow dirge along the wind.

" Nymph, we woo thee from a soil
Sunk in slavery and shame ;
Nymph, we hail thee to an isle,
Dear to science, dear to fame!

" Though Britain boasts no Handel's strains,
No Titian's tints, no breathing stone,
Yet Freedom loves her emerald plains,
And Beauty calls the land her own.

" There, there alone, Man's hallow'd form,
In native grandeur, towers sublime,

Bold, dark, and lonely as the storm,
That, thundering, sweeps his northern clime?

"A mingled wonder—mild and brave—
Stern as the midnight ocean's roar,
Yet softer than the murmuring wave,
That dies along its mossy shore.

"And Woman—loveliest Woman! there
From roseate lip and diamond eye,
Like the sweet eve-star, chaste and pure,
Beams love, and peace, and purity.

"Genius of Song! our Spirit woos
The potent magic of thy charms,
And bids thee twine around our brows,
The wreath of arts as well as arms."

Queen of the soul-subduing art!
A generous people claim thy smile,
Give thee the homage of the heart,
And hail thee to the Western Isle.

Anonymous.

7.

MEDORA'S SONG.

Oh! many a night on this lone couch resign'd,
My dreaming fear with storms hath wing'd the wind,

And deem'd the breath that faintly fann'd thy sail—
The murmuring prelude of the ruder gale ;
Though soft—it seem'd the low prophetic dirge,
That mourn'd thee floating on the savage surge :
Still would I rise—to rouse the beacon fire,
Lest spies less true should let the blaze expire ;
And many a restless hour outwatch'd each star,
And morning came—and still thou wert afar !
Oh ! how the chill blast on my bosom blew,
And day broke dreary on my troubled view,
And still I gazed and gazed—and not a prow
Was granted to my tears—my truth—my vow !
At length—'twas noon—I hail'd and blest the mast
That met my sight—it near'd—Alas ! it past !
Another came—Oh God ! 'twas thine at last !
Would that those days were over ! wilt thou ne'er,
My Conrad ! learn the joys of peace to share ?—

Byron's Corsair.

8.

THE PARTING OF CONRAD AND MEDORA.

She rose—she sprung—she clung to his embrace,
Till his heart heav'd beneath her hidden face.
She dar'd not raise to his that deep-blue eye,
That downcast droop'd in tearless agony.
Her long fair hair lay floating o'er his arms,
In all the wildness of dishevell'd charms ;

Scarce beat that bosom—where his image dwelt—
So full—*that* feeling seem'd almost unfelt!
Hark—peals the thunder of the signal gun!
It told 'twas sunset—and he curs'd that sun.
Again—again—that form he madly press'd,
Which mutely clasp'd—imploringly caress'd!
And tottering to the couch his bride he bore,
One moment gazed—as if to gaze no more—
Felt—that for him earth held but her alone,
Kiss'd her cold forehead—turn'd—is Conrad gone?
O'er every feature of that still pale face,
Had sorrow fix'd what time can ne'er erase:
The tender blue of that large loving eye
Grew frozen with its gaze on vacancy—
Till—Oh, how far! it caught a glimpse of him—
And then it flow'd—and, frenzied, seem'd to swim
Through those long, dark, and glistening lashes, dew'd
With drops of sadness oft to be renew'd.
" He's gone!"—against her heart that hand is driven,
Convuls'd and quick—then gently rais'd to Heaven;
She look'd and saw the heaving of the main;
The white sail set—she dared not look again.

Byron's Corsair.

9.

THE DEATH OF SELIM.

One bound he made, and gained the sand—
Already at his feet hath sunk
The foremost of the prying band—
A gasping head, a quivering trunk;
Another falls—but round him close
A swarming circle of his foes;
From right to left his path he cleft,
And almost met the meeting wave;—
His boat appears—not five oars' length—
His comrades strain with desperate strength—
Oh! are they yet in time to save?
His feet the foremost breakers lave;
His band are plunging in the bay,
Their sabres glitter through the spray;
Wet—wild—unwearied to the strand
They struggle—now they touch the land!
They come—'Tis but to add to slaughter—
His heart's best blood is on the water!
Escaped from shot—unharmed by steel,
Or scarcely grazed its force to feel—
Had Selim won—betrayed—beset—
To where the strand and billows met—
There as his last step left the land,
And the last death-blow dealt his hand—

Ah! wherefore did he turn to look
For her his eye but sought in vain?
That pause—that fatal gaze he took—
Hath doomed his death—or fix'd his chain—
Sad proof—in peril and in pain
How late will Lover's hope remain!—
His back was to the dashing spray—
Behind but close—his comrades lay—
When at the instant, hissed the ball,
"So may the foes of Giaffir fall!"
Whose voice is heard? whose carbine rang?
Whose bullet through the night-air sang?
Too nearly—deadly aimed to err—
'Tis thine—Abdallah's Murderer!
The father slowly rued thy hate,
The son hath found a quicker fate—
Fast from his breast the blood is bubbling,
The whiteness of the sea-foam troubling,
If aught his lips essayed to groan
The rushing billows choaked the tone!"—

Byron's Bride of Abydos.

10.

ON DEATH.

WHERE the prime actors of the last year's scene,
Their port so proud, their buskin and their plume?
How many sleep who kept the world awake
With lustre and with noise! Has Death proclaimed

A truce, and hung his sated lance on high?
'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the present year
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless *monuments* to wake the thought:
Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality,
Though in a style more florid, full as plain
As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
What are our noblest ornaments but deaths
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint or marble,
The well-stained canvass, or the featur'd stone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene:
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

Profest *diversions:* cannot these escape?
Far from it: these present us with a shroud,
And talk of death like garland o'er a grave.
As some bold plunderers for buried wealth,
We ransack tombs for pastime; from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement; how like gods
We sit; and, wrapped in immortality,
Shed generous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget our *own!*
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors:
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
While buried towns support the dancer's heel.

Nor man alone; his breathing bust expires;
His tomb is mortal: empires die. Where, now,
The Roman? Greek? They stalk an empty name:
Yet few regard them in this useful light,
Though half our learning is their epitaph.—
When down thy vale, unlocked by midnight thought,
That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O death, I stretch my view,—what visions rise!
What triumphs, toils imperial, arts divine,
In wither'd laurels, glide before my sight!
What lengths of far-famed ages, bellow'd high
With human agitations, roll along
In unsubstantial images of air!—
The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause,
With penitential aspect as they pass,
All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,
The wisdom of the wise and prancings of the great.

Young.

11.

MONODY ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE OF WALES, WHO DIED 6TH NOV. 1817.

Britons! although our task is but to show
The scenes and passions of fictitious wo,
Think not we come this night without a part
In that deep sorrow of the public heart;
Which, like a shade, hath darken'd every place,
And moisten'd with a tear the manliest face.
The bell is scarcely hush'd in Windsor's piles,
That toll'd a requiem through the solemn aisles,

For her, the Royal Flower, low laid in dust,
That was your fairest hope, your fondest trust.
Unconscious of the doom, we dreamt, alas!
That e'en these walls, ere many months should pass,
(Which but return sad accents for her now,)
Perhaps had witness'd her benignant brow,
Cheer'd by the voice ye would have rais'd on high,
In bursts of British love and loyalty:
But Britain, now, thy chief, thy people mourn,
And Claremont's house of love is left forlorn;
There, where the happiest of the happy dwelt,
The scutcheon glooms—and Royalty hath felt
A grief that every bosom feels its own—
The blessing of a father's heart o'erthrown,—
The most belov'd and most devoted bride,
Torn from an agonising husband's side,
Who, long as Memory holds her seat, shall view
That speechless, more than spoken, last adieu!
When the fix'd eye long look'd connubial faith,
And beam'd affection in the trance of Death.

Sad was the pomp that yesternight beheld,
As with the mourner's heart the anthem swell'd,
While torch succeeding torch illum'd each high
And banner'd arch of England's chivalry—
The rich plum'd canopy—the gorgeous pall—
The sacred march—and sable-vested wall—
These were not rites of inexpressive show,
But hallow'd as the types of real wo.

Daughter of England! for a nation's sighs,
A nation's heart went with thy obsequies;
And oft shall Time revert a look of grief
On thine existence, beautiful as brief.
Fair Spirit! send thy blessing from above,
To realms where thou art canonized by love;
Give to a father's, husband's bleeding mind
The peace that angels lend to human kind,—
To us, who in thy lov'd remembrance feel
A sorrowing, yet a soul-ennobling zeal,
A loyalty that touches all the best
And loftiest principles of England's breast;—
Still may thy name speak comfort from the tomb,—
Still in the Muse's breath thy memory bloom—
They shall describe thy life, thy form pourtray;
But all the love that mourns thee swept away,
'Tis not in language or expressive arts
To paint—*ye feel it, Britons, in your breasts.*

Campbell.

12.

THE DEATH OF MOZART.*

" Oh! leave me, leave me, to my task;
My genius wakes—I feel its flame;

---

* Mozart having been employed to compose a requiem for a Catholic Prince, applied himself to study with uncommon ardour but was visited with a presentiment that the requiem was for himself. Madame Mozart endeavonred to remove this con-

Soon shall you have the notes you ask,
A requiem worthy of my fame."

So spake divine Mozart—and seized
The pen, which taught whole choirs to ring;
The pen, which unborn thoughts released,
And dealt out sweets to voice and string.

But as he wrote, the vital spark
By rapture's breath too bright was blown;
It blazed—it sunk—and boding dark
Told him the requiem was his own.

'Tis done—convoke the band—prepare the hall;
Spread forth the leaves, but also spread the pall:
With sable scarfs yon organ must be hung;
In silent grief each harp and viol strung;
The fine-drawn bow shall speak to saddened ears,
While he who moves it scarce can read, for tears;
And at each well-wrought close, the tuneful crowd
Struggles with sighs, and longs to sob aloud.
No second "Titus" now, shall try their art;
No new "Enchanted flute" shall soothe the heart.
Hark! how the discords jangle and complain;
But yon mute coffin speaks not back again.

---

viction, but soon after had to attend him on his death-bed, where he called for the score which he had been writing, and looked over it for the last time. It is one of his most celebrated works.

Death loves not resonance, for he is dight
In weeds, that drink up sound as well as light,
And, anxious for those chords, which close the lay,
Sits with his hour-glass grinning o'er his prey.

Anonymous.

13.

THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC.

From Chindara's warbling fount I come,
  Call'd by that moonlight garland's spell;
From Chindara's fount, my fairy home,
  Where in music, morn and night, I dwell.
Where lutes in the air are heard about,
  And voices are singing the whole day long,
And every sigh the heart breathes out
  Is turn'd, as it leaves the lips, to song.
    Hither I come
    From my fairy home,
And if there's a charm in Music's strain,
    I swear by the breath
    Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

For mine is the lay that lightly floats,
And mine are the murmuring, dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow in the sea,
And melt in the heart as instantly!
And the passionate strain that, deeply going,
  Refines the bosom it trembles through,

As the musk-wind, over the water blowing,
Ruffles the wave, but sweetens it too!

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

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

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

And if there's a magic, in Music's strain,
I swear by the breath
Of that moonlight wreath,
Thy Lover shall sigh at thy feet again.

Moore's Lalla Rookh.

14.

SONG.

Come hither, come hither—by night and by day,
We linger in pleasures that never are gone;
Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away,
Another as sweet and as shining comes on.
And the Love that is o'er, in expiring, gives birth,
To a new one as warm, as unequall'd in bliss;
And oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here maidens are sighing, and fragrant their sigh
As the flower of the Amra just op'd by a bee;
And precious their tears as that rain from the sky,
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the sea.
Oh! think what the kiss and the smile must be worth,
When the sigh and the tear are so perfect in bliss;
And own if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Here sparkles the nectar that, hallow'd by love,
Could draw down those angels of old from their sphere,

Who for wine of this earth left the fountains above,
And forgot heaven's stars for the eyes we have here.
And, bless'd with the odour our goblet gives forth,
What Spirit the sweets of his Eden would miss?
For oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

There's a bliss beyond all that the Minstrel has told,
When two, that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And oh! if there *be* an Elysium on earth,
It is this, it is this.

Moore's Lalla Rookh.

15.

SONG.

Fly to the desert, fly with me,
Our Arab tents are rude for thee;
But oh! the choice what heart can doubt
Of tents with love, or thrones without?

Our rocks are rough, but smiling there
The acacia waves her yellow hair,
Lonely and sweet, nor lov'd the less
For flowering in a wilderness.

Our sands are bare, but down their slope
The silvery-footed antelope,
As gracefully and gaily springs
As o'er the marble courts of Kings.

Then come—thy Arab maid will be
The lov'd and alone acacia-tree,
The antelope, whose feet shall bless
With their light sound thy loneliness.

O! there are looks and tones that dart
An instant sunshine thro' the heart,—
As if the soul that minute caught
Some treasure it thro' life had sought;

As if the very lips and eyes
Predestin'd to have all our sighs,
And never be forgot again,
Sparkl'd and spoke before us then!

So came thy every glance and tone,
When first on me they breath'd and shone;
New, as if brought from other spheres,
Yet welcome as if lov'd for years!

Then fly with me,—if thou hast known
No other flame, nor falsely thrown
A gem away, that thou hadst sworn
Should ever in thy heart be worn.

Come, if the love thou hast for me
Is pure and fresh as mine for thee,—
Fresh as the fountain under ground,
When first 'tis by the lapwing found.

But if for me thou dost forsake
Some other maid, and rudely break
Her worshipp'd image from its base,
To give to me the ruin'd place;—

Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make
My bower upon some icy lake
When thawing suns begin to shine,
Than trust to love so false as thine!

Moore's Lalla Rookh.

16.

SPEECH OF CASSIUS AGAINST CÆSAR.

Well,—honour is the subject of my story—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar said 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 bade 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 Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulders,
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber,
Did I the tired Cæsar.—And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod at him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain;
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly,
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its lustre. I did hear him groan!
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,—

Alas! it cry'd, *Give me some drink, Titinius!*—
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
Men at some times are masters of their fate:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus! and Cæsar! What should be in that Cæsar?—
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together.—Yours is as fair a name.
Sound them.—It doth become the mouth as well.
Weigh them.—It is as heavy. Conjure with them.—
Brutus! will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar!
Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost thy breed of noble bloods!
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
O! you and I have heard our fathers say—
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
"A whip-gall'd slave" to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Shakespeare.

17.

HENRY V. BEFORE HARFLEUR.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends! once more;—
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility:
But, when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger:
Stiffen the sinews,—summon up the blood,—
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd rage:
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon;—let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swill'd with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To its full height!—Now, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is set from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers. Now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you!
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,

And teach them how to war! And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand, like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start.
The game's afoot.
Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
Cry—God for Harry! England! and Saint George!

Shakespeare.

18.

SATAN CALLING THE FALLEN ANGELS FROM THE OBLIVIOUS POOL.

He scarce had ceas'd, when the superior fiend
Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield
(Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round)
Behind him cast; the broad circumference
Hung on his shoulders, like the moon, whose orb,
Thro' optic glass, the Tuscan artist views,
At evening, from the top of Fiesolé,
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.
His spear (to equal which the tallest pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast

Of some great admiral, were but a wand)
He walk'd with to support uneasy steps
Over the burning marl—(not like those steps
On heaven's azure!)—and the torrid clime
Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.
Nathless he so endur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed sea he stood, and call'd
His legions, angel forms, who lay, intranc'd,
Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
In Vallombrosa, where the Etrurian shades,
High over-arch'd, imbower; or scatter'd sedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds, Orion, arm'd,
Hath vex'd the Red Sea coast—whose waves o'erthrew
Busiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they pursu'd
The sojourners of Goshen,—who beheld,
From the safe shore, their floating carcases
And broken chariot wheels: so thick bestrown,
Abject, and lost, lay these, covering the flood,
Under amazement of their hideous change.

He call'd so loud, that all the hollow deep
Of hell resounded.

"Princes! potentates!
"Warriors! the flower of heaven, once yours; now lost,
"If such astonishment as this can seize
"Eternal spirits: or have ye chosen this place,

" After the toil of battle, to repose
" Your wearied virtue,—for the ease you find
" To slumber here, as in the vales of heaven?
" Or in this abject posture have ye sworn
" To adore the conqueror? who now beholds
" Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood,
" With scatter'd arms and ensigns; till, anon,
" His swift pursuers, from heaven-gates, discern
" The advantage, and, descending, tread us down,
" Thus drooping; or, with linked thunderbolts,
" Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.
" ——Awake! arise!—or be for ever fallen!"

Milton.

19.

SATAN'S SOLILOQUY,

ON FIRST BEHOLDING THE SUN, AND NEW-CREATED UNIVERSE.

O THOU! that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st, from thy sole dominion, like the god
Of this new world! at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads! to thee I call,—
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
O Sun! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell:—how glorious once above thy sphere!
Till pride, and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King.

Ah! wherefore?—He deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none: nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,—
The easiest recompense; and pay him thanks,
How due! Yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice. Lifted up so high,
I disdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,—
So burthensome, still paying, still to owe—
(Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd,)
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not; but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharg'd. What burden then?

O had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had rais'd
Ambition.——Yet, why not?—Some other power,
As great, might have aspir'd, and me, tho' mean,
Drawn to his part: but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand, unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.

Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?—
Thou hadst. Whom hast thou then, or what to accuse,

But heaven's free love, dealt equally to all?
—Be then his love accurs'd,—since love, or hate,
To me, alike, it deals eternal wo.
—Nay, curs'd be thou; since, against His, thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.

Me miserable! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair?
—Which way I fly is hell: myself am hell;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep,
Still threatening to devour me, opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.

O, then, at last relent.——Is there no place
Left for repentance?—none for pardon left?

None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduc'd
With other promises, and other vaunts
Than to submit:—boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent.
Ah me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain;—
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell!
With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,
The lower still I fall; only supreme
In misery: such joy Ambition finds.

But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state,—how soon
Would height 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 reconcilement 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 him this world.
So farewell hope; and, with hope, farewell fear;
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;—
Evil be thou my good: by thee, at least
Divided empire with heaven's King I hold;
By thee, and more than half, perhaps, will reign;—
As man, ere long, and this new world shall know.

Milton.

20.

HOHENLINDEN.

AN EPIC SONG.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,

And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden shew'd another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
Each horseman drew his battle blade,
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, by thunder riven;
Then flew the steed to battle driven;
And, rolling, like the bolts of heaven,
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet their fires shall glow
On Linden's heights of crimson'd snow,
And bloodier still the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

The combat deepens!—On ye brave,
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave;
And charge with all thy chivalry!

'Tis morn;—but scarce yon level sun,
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,

Where fiery Frank and furious Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy!

Few, few shall part, where many meet!
The snow shall be their winding sheet;
And every sod beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre!

Campbell.

21.

THE EXILE OF ERIN.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sigh'd, when, at twilight, repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion;—
For it rose on his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fervour of youth's warm emotion,
He sung the bold anthem of Erin go bragh.

Sad is my fate! (said the heart-broken stranger)—
The wild-deer and wolf to a cover can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger:
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again in the green sunny bowers
Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet hours,
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin go bragh.

Erin! my country! tho' sad and forsaken,
In dreams, I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more.
Oh! cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace, whence no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me!—
They died to defend me, or live to deplore.

Where is my cabin-door, fast by the wild wood?—
Sisters and sire, did ye mourn for its fall?
Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all!
Ah! my sad soul, long abandon'd by pleasure!
Why did it doat on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears, like the rain-drops, may fall without measure,
But rapture and beauty they cannot recal.

Yet, all its fond recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw.—
Erin!—an exile bequeaths thee his blessing:
Land of my forefathers!—Erin go bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean,
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud, with devotion,
Erin, mavourin! Erin go bragh!

Campbell.

22.

THE MORNING HYMN OF ADAM AND EVE IN PARADISE.

THESE are thy glorious works—Parent of good,
Almighty!—thine this universal frame,
Thus wonderous fair: thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible;—or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works: yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.

Speak ye, who best can tell,—ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him; and, with songs,
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne, rejoicing.—Ye, in heaven;
On earth, join all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars! last in the train of night,—
If better thou belong not to the dawn,—
Sure pledge of day! that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet,—praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun! of this great world both eye and soul!
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course; both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou
fall'st.
Moon! that now meet'st the orient sun, now flyest,

With the fix'd stars,—fix'd in their orb, that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song,—resound
His praise,—who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements! the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb; that, in quaternion, run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix,
And nourish all things;—let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or 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, the uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,—
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds! that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft, or loud! and wave your tops, ye pines!
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs,—warbling, tune his praise.
—Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That, singing, up to heaven's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep!
Witness if I be silent, morn, or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.

Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good: and, if the night
Have gather'd ought of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it,—as now, light dispels the dark.

Milton.

23.

THE SEASONS,

A HYMN.

These, as they change, Almighty Father! these,
Are but the varied God. the rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks,—thy tenderness and love:
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense—and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heat refulgent: Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks;
And oft, at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter, awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown,—tempest o'er tempest roll'd,—
Majestic darkness!—on the whirlwind's wing,

Riding sublime, thou bid'st the world adore,
And humblest Nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! What skill.—what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train;
Yet so delightful!—mix'd with such kind art,—
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;—
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But, wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee; marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;—
Works in the secret deep; shoots steaming, thence,
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the Spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth the grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent raise
One general song! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh talk of Him, in solitary glooms,
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe!
And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonish'd world,—lift high to heaven

The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune,—ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and, thou, majestic main,
(A secret world of wonders in thyself!)
Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers
In mingled clouds to Him; whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him;—
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven (as earth, asleep,
Unconscious, lies) effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations! while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.

Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator,—ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On Nature write, with every beam, His praise.

The thunder rolls. Be hush'd the prostrate world—
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.

Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks

Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundless song
Burst from the groves! and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela, charm
The listening shades, and teach the night His praise.

Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,—
(At once the head, the heart and tongue of all)
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men;—to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice,—oft-breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or, if you rather chuse the rural shade,
And find a fane in every secret grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,—
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of Seasons, as they roll.

Thomson.

SELECT PIECES IN PROSE.

I.

ON DELIVERY.

How much stress was laid upon pronunciation, or delivery, by the most eloquent of all orators,

Demosthenes, appears from a noted saying of his, related both by Cicero and Quinctilian; when being asked, What was the first point in oratory? he answered, Delivery; and being asked, What was the second? and afterwards, What was the third? he still answered, Delivery. There is no wonder, that he should have rated this so high, and that for improving himself in it, he should have employed those assiduous and painful labours, which all the ancients take so much notice of; for, beyond doubt, nothing is of more importance. To superficial thinkers, the management of the voice and gesture, in public speaking, may appear to relate to decoration only, and to be one of the inferior arts of catching an audience. But this is far from being the case. It is intimately connected with what is, or ought to be, the end of all public speaking, persuasion; and therefore deserves the study of the most grave and serious speakers, as much as of those, whose only aim it is to please.

For, let it be considered, whenever we address ourselves to others by words, our intention certainly is to make some impression on those to whom we speak; it is to convey to them our own ideas and emotions. Now the tone of our voice, our looks and gestures, interpret our ideas and emotions no less than words do; nay, the impression they make on others, is frequently much stronger than any that words can make. We often see that an expressive look, or a passionate cry, unaccompanied

by words, conveys to others more forcible ideas, and rouses within them stronger passions, than can be communicated by the most eloquent discourse. The signification of our sentiments, made by tones and gestures, has this advantage above that made by words, that it is the language of nature. It is that method of interpreting our mind, which nature has dictated to all, and which is understood by all; whereas, words are only arbitrary, conventional symbols of our ideas; and, by consequence, must make a more feeble impression. So true is this, that, to render words fully significant, they must, almost in every case, receive some aid from the manner of pronunciation and delivery; and he who, in speaking, should employ bare words, without enforcing them by proper tones and accents, would leave us with a faint and indistinct impression, often with a doubtful and ambiguous conception of what he had delivered. Nay, so close is the connection between certain sentiments and the proper manner of pronouncing them, that he who does not pronounce them after that manner, can never persuade us, that he believes, or feels, the sentiments themselves.

Blair.

2.

ON THE COMPARATIVE MERIT OF HOMER AND VIRGIL.

Upon the whole, as to the comparative merit of those two great princes of epic poetry, Homer and

Virgil; the former must, undoubtedly, be admitted to be the greater genius; the latter, to be the more correct writer. Homer was an original in his art, and discovers both the beauties and the defects, which are to be expected in an original author, compared with those who succeed him; more boldness, more nature and ease, more sublimity and force; but greater irregularities and negligences in composition. Virgil has, all along, kept his eye upon Homer; in many places, he has not so much imitated, as he has literally translated him. The description of the storm, for instance, in the first Æneid, and Æneas's speech upon that occasion, are translations from the fifth book of the Odyssey; not to mention almost all the similies of Virgil, which are no other than copies of those of Homer. The pre-eminence in invention, therefore, must, beyond doubt, be ascribed to Homer. As to the pre-eminence in judgment, though many critics are disposed to give it to Virgil, yet, in my opinion, it hangs doubtful. In Homer, we discern all the Greek vivacity; in Virgil, all the Roman stateliness. Homer's imagination is by much the most rich and copious; Virgil's the most chaste and correct. The strength of the former lies, in his power of warming the fancy; that of the latter, in his power of touching the heart. Homer's style is more simple and animated; Virgil's more elegant and uniform. The first has, on many occasions, a sublimity to which the latter never attains; but the latter, in

return, never sinks below a certain degree of epic dignity, which cannot so clearly be pronounced of the former. Not, however, to detract from the admiration due to both these great poets, most of Homer's defects may reasonably be imputed, not to his genius, but to the manners of the age in which he lived; and for the feeble passages of the Æneid, this excuse ought to be admitted, that the Æneid was left an unfinished work.

Blair.

3.

SENSE, TASTE, AND GENIUS, DISTINGUISHED.

The human genius, with the best assistance, and the finest examples, breaks forth but slowly; and the greatest men have but gradually acquired a just taste, and chaste simple conceptions of beauty. At an immature age, the sense of beauty is weak and confused, and requires an excess of colouring to catch its attention. It then prefers extravagance and rant to justness, a gross false wit to the engaging light of nature, and the shewy, rich, and glaring, to the fine and amiable. This is the childhood of taste; but, as the human genius strengthens and grows to maturity, if it be assisted by a happy education, the sense of universal beauty awakes; it begins to be disgusted with the false and mis-shapen deceptions that pleased before, and rests with de-

light on elegant simplicity, on pictures of easy beauty and unaffected grandeur.

The progress of the fine arts, in the human mind, may be fixed at three remarkable degrees, from their foundation to the loftiest height. The basis is a sense of beauty and of the sublime, the second step we may call taste, and the last genius.

A sense of the beautiful and of the great is universal, which appears from the uniformity thereof in the most distant ages and nations. What was engaging and sublime in ancient Greece and Rome are so at this day; and, as I observed before, there is not the least necessity of improvement or science, to discover the charms of a graceful or noble deportment. There is a fine, but an ineffectual, light in the breast of man. After nightfall we have admired the planet Venus; the beauty and vivacity of her lustre, the immense distance from which we judged her beams issued, and the silence of the night, all concurred to strike us with an agreeable amazement. But she shone in distinguished beauty, without giving sufficient light to direct our steps, or shew us the objects around us. Thus, in unimproved nature, the light of the mind is bright and useless. In utter barbarity, our prospect of it is still less fixed; it appears, and then again seems wholly to vanish in the savage breast, like the same planet Venus, when she has but just raised her orient beams to mariners above the waves, and is now

descried, and now lost, through the swelling billows.

The next step is taste, the subject of our inquiry, which consists in a distinct, unconfused knowledge of the great and beautiful. Although you see not many possessed of a good taste, yet the generality of mankind are capable of it. The very populace of Athens had acquired a good taste by habit and fine examples, so that a delicacy of judgement seemed natural to all who breathed the air of that elegant city: we find a manly and elevated sense distinguish the common people of Rome and of all the cities of Greece, while the level of mankind was preserved in those cities; while the plebeians had a share in the government, and an utter separation was not made between them and the nobles by wealth and luxury. But, when once the common people are rent asunder wholly from the great and opulent, and made subservient to the luxury of the latter; then the taste of nature infallibly takes her flight from both parties. The poor, by a sordid habit, and an attention wholly confined to mean views, and the rich, by an attention to the changeable modes of fancy, and a vitiated preference for the rich and costly, lose the view of simple beauty and grandeur. It may seem a paradox, and yet I am firmly persuaded, that it would be easier at this day to give a good taste to the young savages of America, than to the noble youth of Europe.

Genius, the pride of man, as man is of the crea-

tion, has been possessed but by few, even in the brightest ages. Men of superior genius, while they see the rest of mankind painfully struggling to comprehend obvious truths, glance themselves through the most remote consequences, like lightning through a path that cannot be traced. They see the beauties of nature with life and warmth, and paint them forcibly without effort, as the morning sun does the scenes he rises upon; and, in several instances, communicate to objects a morning freshness and unaccountable lustre, that is not seen in the creation of nature. The poet, the statuary, the painter, have produced images that left nature far behind.

Usher.

4.

THE FUNERAL OF MARIA.

Maria was in her twentieth year. To the beauty of her form, and excellency of her natural disposition, a parent equally indulgent and attentive had done the fullest justice. To accomplish her person, and to cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been used; and they had been attended with that success they commonly meet with, when not prevented by mistaken fondness, or untimely vanity. Few young ladies have attracted more admiration—none ever felt it less: With all the charms of beauty, and the polish of education, the plainest were not less affected, nor the most igno-

rant less assuming. She died when every tongue was eloquent on her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

It is by such private and domestic distresses, that the softer emotions of the heart are most strongly excited. The fall of more important personages is commonly distant from our observation; but even where it happens under our more immediate notice, there is a mixture of other feelings by which our compassion is weakened. The eminently great, or extremely useful, leave behind them a train of interrupted views, and disappointed expectations, by which the distress is complicated beyond the simplicity of pity. But the death of one, who, like Maria, was to shed the influence of her virtues over the age of a father, and the childhood of her sisters, present to us a little view of family-afflictions, which every eye can perceive, and every heart can feel. On scenes of public sorrow, and national regret, we gaze, as upon those gallery-pictures which strike us with wonder and admiration; domestic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our bosoms, and keep for secret looks and solitary enjoyment.

The last time I saw Maria, was in the midst of a crowded assembly of the fashionable and the gay, where she fixed all eyes by the gracefulness of her motion, and the native dignity of her mien; yet so tempered was that superiority which they conferred with gentleness and modesty, that not a murmur

was heard, either from the rivalship of beauty, or the envy of homeliness. From that scene the transition was so violent, to the hearse and the pall, the grave and the sod, that once or twice my imagination turned rebel to my senses; I beheld the objects around me as the painting of a dream, and thought of Maria as living still.

I was soon, however, recalled to the sad reality. The figure of her father bending over the grave of his darling child, the silent suffering composure in which his countenance was fixed; the tears of his attendants, whose grief was capable of tears; these gave me back the truth, and reminded me, that I should see her no more. There was a flow of sorrow with which I suffered myself to be borne along, with a kind of melancholy indulgence; but when her father dropt the cord with which he had helped to lay his Maria in the earth, its sound on the coffin chilled my heart, and horror for a moment took place of pity.

It was but for a moment——He looked eagerly into the grave; made one involuntary motion to stop the assistants who were throwing the earth into it; then, suddenly recollecting himself, clasped his hands together, threw up his eyes to heaven; and then first I saw a few tears drop from them. I gave language to all this. It spoke a lesson of faith, of piety, and resignation. I went away sorrowful, but my sorrow was neither ungentle nor unmanly; cast on this world a glance, rather of pity

than of enmity; on the next a look of humbleness and hope.

Such, I am persuaded, will commonly be the effect of scenes like that I have described, on minds neither frigid nor unthinking; for of feelings like these, the gloom of a sceptic is as little susceptible as the levity of the giddy. There needs a certain pliancy of the mind, which society alone can give, though its vices often destroy, to render us capable of that gentle melancholy, which makes sorrow pleasant, and affliction useful.

If the influence of such a call to thought, can only smother in its birth one allurement to evil, or confirm one wavering purpose to virtue, I shall not have unjustly commended that occasional indulgence of pensiveness and sorrow, which will thus be rendered, not only one of the refinements, but one of the improvements of life.

Mirror.

5.

THE PATRIOT SOLDIER.

Another brilliant example of tried fidelity, flashes upon my mind. When Lord Rawdon was in South Carolina, he had to send an express of great importance through a country filled with the enemy; a Corporal of the 17th dragoons, of known courage and intelligence, was selected to escort it. They had not proceeded far, until they were fired upon

—the Express killed—and the Corporal wounded in the side. Careless of his wound, he thought but of his duty—he snatched the dispatch from the dying man and rode on—till, from the loss of blood, he fell: when fearing the dispatch might be taken by the enemy, he thrust it into the wound, until it closed upon it! He was found next day by a British Patrole, with a benignant smile of conscious virtue on his countenance, with sufficient life remaining to point to the fatal depository of his secret. In searching the wound, was found the cause of his death. For the surgeon declared that it was not in itself mortal, but rendered so by the irritation of the paper.—Thus fell the Patriot Soldier!

Cut off from glory's course!
Which never mortal was so fond to run;
Unheard he fell!

In rank a Corporal, he was in mind, a Hero—his name O'Lavery—his country Ireland.—Down was his county, and his parish Moira, in which a chaste monument records at once his fame, and the gratitude of his illustrious countryman, Lord Rawdon.

While memory holds her seat, thy deed, O generous Victim, shall be present to my mind! I would not for *worlds* have lost thy name. How would it have lived in Greek or Roman story! Nor the Spartan hero of Thermopylæ, nor the Roman Curtius

have in self-devotion gone before thee. Leonidas fought in the presence of a grateful country; thou wert in a strange land, unseen—Curtius had all Rome for his spectators; the Corporal was alone in a desert. He adopted the sentiment, without knowing the language, and chose for his Epitaph,

DULCE ET DECORUM EST, PRO PATRIA MORI!

Doyle.

6.

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

Sir,—We have heard a great deal about parliamentary armies, and about an army continued from year to year. I always have been, Sir, and always shall be, against a standing army of any kind. To me it is a terrible thing; whether under that of parliamentary or any other designation, a standing army is still a standing army, whatever name it be called by: they are a body of men distinct from the body of the people; they are governed by different laws; and blind obedience, and an entire submission to the orders of their commanding officer, is their only principle. The nations around us, Sir, are already enslaved, and have been enslaved by those very means: by means of their standing armies they have every one lost their liberties: it is indeed impossible that the liberties of the people

can be preserved in any country where a numerous standing army is kept up. Shall we then take any of our measures from the examples of our neighbours? No, Sir; on the contrary, from their misfortunes we ought to learn to avoid those rocks upon which they have split.

It signifies nothing to tell me, that our army is commanded by such gentlemen as cannot be supposed to join in any measures for enslaving their country. It may be so; I hope it is so; I have a very good opinion of many gentlemen now in the army; I believe they would not join in any such measures; but their lives are uncertain, nor can we be sure how long they may be continued in command; they may all be dismissed in a moment, and proper tools of power put in their room. Besides, Sir, we know the passions of men, we know how dangerous it is to trust the best of men with too much power. Where was there a braver army than that under Julius Cæsar? Where was there ever an army that had served their country more faithfully? That army was commanded generally by the best citizens of Rome, by men of great fortune and figure in their country; yet that army enslaved their country. The affections of the soldiers towards their country, the honour and integrity of the under officers, are not to be depended on: by the military law, the administration of justice is so quick, and the punishment so severe, that neither officer nor soldier dares offer to dispute the orders of his supreme

commander; he must not consult his own inclinations: if an officer were commanded to pull his own father out of this house, he must do it; he dares not disobey; immediate death would be the sure consequence of the least grumbling. And if an officer were sent into the court of request, accompanied by a body of musketeers with screwed bayonets, and with orders to tell us what we ought to do, and how we were to vote, I know what would be the duty of this House; I know it would be our duty to order the officer to be taken and hanged up at the door of the lobby; but, Sir, I doubt much if such a spirit could be found in this house, or in any House of Commons that will ever be in England.

Sir, I talk not of imaginary things; I talk of what has happened to an English House of Commons, and from an English army: not only from an English army, but an army that was raised by that very House of Commons, an army that was paid by them, and an army that was commanded by generals appointed by them. Therefore do not let us vainly imagine, that an army raised and maintained by authority of Parliament will always be submissive to them; if an army be so numerous as to have it in their power to over-awe the Parliament, they will be submissive as long as the Parliament does nothing to disoblige their favourite general; but when that case happens, I am afraid that in place of the Parliament's dismissing the army, the army will dismiss the Parliament, as they

have done heretofore. Nor does the legality or illegality of that Parliament, or of that army alter the case; for, with respect to that army, and according to their way of thinking, the Parliament dismissed by them was a legal Parliament; they were an army raised and maintained according to law, and at first they were raised, as they imagined, for the preservation of those liberties which they afterwards destroyed.

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

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

7.

MR HORATIO WALPOLE.

Sir,—I was unwilling to interrupt the course of this debate while it was carried on with calmness and decency, by men who do not suffer the ardour of opposition to cloud their reason, or transport them to such expressions as the dignity of this Assembly does not admit. I have hitherto deferred to answer the gentleman who declaimed against the bill with such fluency and rhetoric, and such vehemence of gesture, who charged the advocates for the expedients now proposed with having no regard to any interest but their own, and with making laws only to consume paper, and threatened them with the defection of their adherents, and the loss of their influence, upon this new discovery of their folly and their ignorance.

Nor, Sir, do I now answer him for any other purpose, than to remind him, how little the clamour of rage and petulancy of invectives contribute to the purpose for which this Assembly is called together; how little the discovery of truth is promoted, and the security of the nation established by pompous diction and theatrical emotion.

Formidable sounds, and furious declamation, confident assertions, and lofty periods, may affect the young and unexperienced, and, perhaps, the gentleman may have contracted his habits of oratory by conversing more with those of his own age

than with such as have more opportunities of acquiring knowledge, and more successful methods of communicating their sentiments.

If the heat of his temper, Sir, would suffer him to attend to those whose age and long acquaintance with business give them an indisputable right to deference and superiority, he would learn in time to reason rather than declaim, and to prefer justness of argument, and an accurate knowledge of facts, to sounding epithets and splendid superlatives; which may disturb the imagination for a moment, but leave no lasting impression on the mind.

He will learn, Sir, that to accuse and prove are very different; and that reproaches, unsupported by evidence, affect only the character of him that utters them. Excursions of fancy and flights of oratory, are, indeed, pardonable in young men, in no other; and it would surely contribute more, even to the purpose for which some gentlemen appear to speak (that of depreciating the conduct of Administration,) to prove the inconveniences and injustice of this bill, than barely to assert them, with whatever magnificence of language, or appearance of zeal, honesty or compassion.

8.

MR PITT'S REPLY.

Sir,—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with

such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience.

Whether youth can be attributed to any man as a reproach, I will not, Sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appear to prevail when the passions have subsided. The wretch, that after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the object either of abhorrence or contempt, and deserves not that his grey head should secure him from insults.

Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation—who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

But youth, Sir, is not my only crime; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part.—A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and the adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

In the first sense, Sir, the charge is too trifling to be confuted, and deserves only to be mentioned that it may be despised. I am at liberty, like every other man, to use my own language; and though I may, perhaps, have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience.

But if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain; nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. I shall on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity entrench themselves, nor shall any thing but age restrain my resentment: age, which always brings one privilege, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

But with regard, Sir, to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that if I had acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure; the heat which offended them is the ardour of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope nor fear shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned while my liberty is invaded, nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavours, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief

to justice, whoever may protect him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

9.

ON RELIGION.

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

Let eloquence exhaust its art, and paint these vanities in deceitful colours; let our inclinations concur with it in seducing us. Precarious, fleeting happiness! Illusion of short duration! I know not what secret languor moves along with us in this confined sphere. A sentiment of satiety and disgust attaches itself to the return of these vain objects. We feel that we are not made to be always busied about this world; and that the pleasures which we here taste are only introductory to others. Our thoughts require subjects more vast to occupy them, our affections demand objects more noble to fix them. It is to religion that we must look for them. It is at the foot of the altars raised in our

temples to its honour, that man, throwing aside the burden of human things, and extricating himself from cold occupations, from grovelling interests, and from puerile attachments, hears a voice which exalts, elevates, and rejoices the soul.

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

Reybaz.

10.

THE ACCOMPLISHED PREACHER.

POLITIANO (in the preface to his *Miscellanea*) inveighing against those who affected to consider the study of polite letters as inconsistent with the

performance of sacred functions, adduces Mariano as an illustrious instance of their union. "On this account," says he, to Lorenzo, "I cannot sufficiently admire your highly esteemed friend Mariano; whose proficiency in theological studies, and whose eloquence and address, in his public discourses, leave him without a rival. The lessons which he inculcates, derive additional authority from his acknowledged disinterestedness, and from the severity of his private life: yet there is nothing morose in his temper; nothing unpleasingly austere; nor does he think the charms of poetry, or the amusements and pursuits of elegant literature, below his attention."——

——"I was lately induced to attend one of his lectures: rather, to say the truth, through curiosity, than with the hope of being entertained. His appearance, however, interested me in his favour. His address was striking; and his eye marked intelligence. My expectations were raised. He began;—I was attentive: a clear voice—select expression—elevated sentiment. He divides his subject;—I perceive his distinctions: Nothing perplexed; nothing insipid; nothing languid. He unfolds the web of his argument;—I am enthralled. He refutes the sophism;—I am freed. He introduces a pertinent narrative;—I am interested. He modulates his voice;—I am charmed.—He is jocular;—I smile. He presses me with serious truths;

—I yield to their force. He addresses the passions;—the tears glide down my cheeks. He raises his voice in anger;—I tremble, and wish myself away."

Roscoe.

THE END.

PRINTED BY
MICHAEL ANDERSON,
EDINBURGH.