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THE
SCHOOL ORATOR;

OR,

EXERCISES IN ELOCUTION,
THEORETICALLY ARRANGED;

FROM WHICH,

AIDED BY SHORT PRACTICAL RULES TO BE COMMITTED TO MEMORY,
AND REPEATED AFTER THE MANNER OF RECITING THE
RULES IN THE LATIN SYNTAX,

STUDENTS

MAY LEARN TO ARTICULATE EVERY WORD WITH PROPRIETY;

BE ASSISTED

In the Removal of minor Impediments;

Be taught to modulate the Voice, and to speak with Accuracy of
Inflexion, from the easiest to the most difficult Specimens of
English Oratorical Composition.

BY JAMES WRIGHT,

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LECTURER ON ENGLISH ELOCUTION;

AUTHOR OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF ELOCUTION, READINGS OF THE LITURGY,
ANTI-SCEPTICISM, &c.

Non enim tam præclarum est scire Latinè, quàm turpe nescire: neque tam id mihi oratoris boni, quàm civis Romani proprium videtur.—CIC. BRU.

Nam in alea Venerium aliquoties jacere casus esse potest: at centies si quis eundem jaciat, nemo erit qui non hoc ab arte aliqua dicat proficisci.—GROTIUS.

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TO THE
FIFTH EDITION.

THIS edition of the School Orator is considerably augmented. The Student is presented with "Final Elucidations in Prose," including Parliamentary Debates. PAGE 314.

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EXERCISES

IN

ARTICULATION.

THE following Exercises are purposely arranged for the first class, the junior pupils. In pronouncing them, as the meaning of each will be easily expressed by the jingle of the syllables¹, the little student will have

¹ Such a delivery of them as the following accentuated example (vulgarly called tum-te-ti) represents, must be carefully avoided.

“ Conversing *with*—your sprightly boys,

“ Your eyes have *spoke*—the Mother’s joys ;

“ With what *delight*—I’ve heard you quote

“ Their sayings *in*—imperfect note.”

Here, a pause is uniformly introduced exactly in the middle of each line ; the parts of speech *with* and *in* are accentuated ; the former word is pronounced with the extreme falling Inflexion, and the latter with the middle rising Inflexion. But a child, having the least accuracy of ear, may easily be corrected of such a canting method. The pronouncing of the following Fables with propriety, will, therefore, be of essential service ; because, if the student be taught to articulate and read composition of this sort *without* “*sing-song*” or “*tone*,” he will be duly prepared to receive further instructions in the Elementary branches of the science.

nothing to divert his attention from the acquirement of distinctness of articulation ; nor will the efforts of the teacher, to give an adequate idea of all the articulations of the vowels and consonants, be impeded by the mention of circumstances foreign to the immediate object of the lesson.

To accomplish a melodious pronunciation of the vowels, the mouth must exercise its full and easy power of extension ; and to be enabled to articulate with distinctness the S¹, Sh, Th, the aspirate H, the R, L, G, (nasal as ing), V, W, &c. the enunciative organs must be rapid in their motions and changes.

The H must be distinctly aspirated in the words, Who, which, what, &c. In the following words the H is mute : heir, heiress, honest, honesty, honour, honourable, herb, herbage, hospital, hostler, hour, humble ; and all words beginning with H, whose *accent* is *beyond* the *first* syllable : viz. historical, heroical, &c. By the best classical writers, these words, when the article indefinite is used, are preceded by *an*.

In articulating the liquids N, L, R, the tongue is applied to the roof of the mouth, near the teeth : they differ in as much as the voice, in articulating N, passes out at the nose, L at the mouth, and R nearly as L, but with particular vibration. In articulating the Th, as in 'thee,' or 'thought,' the tongue is placed between the teeth, and supplied with either audible or whispering voice.

¹ The letter S after B, D, G, L, M, N, R, V, W, is pronounced like Z. *Vide* "the PHILOSOPHY of ELOCUTION," page 57, respecting the vocal and whispering consonants.

The defect of pronouncing Th instead S, may be removed by repeatedly pronouncing such monosyllables as have the hissing sound joined with the first sound of the vowel A, viz. ace, face, base¹, &c.; that of not vibrating the R, by pronouncing such words as have D or T connected with R, viz. dread, tread, dray, tray, &c.

TO A MOTHER.

CONVERSING with your sprightly boys,
Your eyes have spoke the Mother's joys.
With what delight I've heard you quote
Their sayings in imperfect note !

I grant, in body and in mind,
Nature appears profusely kind ;
Trust not to that. Act you your part ;
Imprint just morals on their heart ;
Impartially their talents scan ;
Just education forms the man.

Perhaps (their genius yet unknown)
Each lot of life's already thrown ;
That this shall plead, the next shall fight,
The last assert the Church's right.—
I censure not the fond intent ;
But how precarious is the event !
By talents misapplied and crost,
Consider, all your sons are lost.

¹ This, however, does not usually succeed with boys at school ; but the summary method of gently tapping the under jaw of the pupil at every articulation of S and Z, and thereby causing him to pinch a little the tip of his tongue, is rarely known to fail.

One day (the tale's by Martial penn'd)
 A father thus address'd his friend.
 ' To train my boy, and call forth sense,
 ' You know I've stuck at no expense ;
 ' I've tried him in the sev'ral arts,
 ' (The lad no doubt hath latent parts)
 ' Yet trying all, he nothing knows ;
 ' But, crab-like, rather backward goes.
 ' Teach me what yet remains undone,
 ' 'Tis your advice shall fix my son.'

TO A NOBLEMAN.

BEGIN, my Lord, in early youth,
 To cherish and encourage truth :
 And blame me not for disrespect,
 If I the flatt'rer's style reject ;
 With that by menial tongues supplied,
 You're daily cocker'd up in pride.

The tree's distinguish'd by the fruit,
 Be virtue then your first pursuit ;
 Set your great ancestors in view,
 Like them deserve the title too ;
 Like them ignoble actions scorn :
 Let virtue prove you nobly born.

If you the paths of learning slight,
 You're but a dunce in stronger light ;
 In foremost rank the coward plac'd,
 Is more conspicuously disgrac'd.
 If you, to serve a paltry end,
 To knavish jobs can condescend,
 We pay you the contempt that's due ;
 In that you have precedence too.

Whence had you this illustrious name ?
 From virtue and unblemish'd fame.
 By birth the name alone descends ;
 Your honour on yourself depends :
 Think not your coronet can hide
 Assuming ignorance and pride !
 Learning by study must be won ;
 'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son.
 Superior worth your rank requires ;
 In that mankind reveres your sires.
 If you degen'rate from your race,
 Their merits heighten your disgrace.

THE DEGENERATE BEES.

CONSIDER, friends, no hour rolls on
 But something of your grief is gone.
 Were you to schemes of business bred,
 Did you the paths of learning tread,
 Your hours, your days, would fly too fast ;
 You'd then regret the minute past ;
 Time's fugitive and light as wind !
 'Tis indolence that cloy's your mind !
 That load from off your spirits shake ;
 You'll own and grieve for your mistake.
 Awhile your thoughtless spleen suspend ;
 Then read, and, if you can, attend.

A Bee of cunning, not of parts,
 Luxurious, negligent of arts,
 Rapacious, arrogant, and vain,
 Greedy of pow'r, but more of gain,
 Corruption sow'd throughout the hive ;
 By petty rogues the great ones thrive.

As pow'r and wealth his views supplied,
 'Twas seen in overbearing pride :
 With him loud impudence had merit ;
 The Bee of conscience wanted spirit ;
 And those who follow'd honour's rules,
 Were laugh'd to scorn for squeamish fools ;
 Wealth claim'd distinction, favour, grace ;
 And poverty alone was base.
 He treated industry with slight,
 Unless he found his profits by't.
 Rights, laws, and liberties gave way,
 To bring his subject schemes in play.
 The swarm forgot the common toil,
 To share the gleanings of his spoil.

‘ While vulgar souls of narrow parts,
 ‘ Waste life in low mechanic arts,
 ‘ Let us (says he) to genius born,
 ‘ The drudg’ry of our fathers scorn.
 ‘ The wasp and drone, you must agree,
 ‘ Live with more elegance than we.
 ‘ Like gentlemen they sport and play ;
 ‘ No bus’ness interrupts the day :
 ‘ Their hours to luxury they give,
 ‘ And nobly on their neighbours live.’

A stubborn Bee, among the swarm,
 With honest indignation warm,
 Thus from his cell with zeal replied :
 ‘ I slight thy pow’rs and hate thy pride.
 ‘ The laws our native rights protect ;
 ‘ Offending thee, I those respect.
 ‘ Shall luxury corrupt the hive,
 ‘ And none against the torrent strive ?
 ‘ Exert the honour of your race ;
 ‘ He builds his rise on your disgrace.

' 'Tis industry our state maintains :
 ' 'Twas honest toil and honest gains,
 ' That rais'd our sires to pow'r and fame ;
 ' Be virtuous, save yourselves from shame.
 ' Know, that in selfish ends pursuing,
 ' You scramble for the public ruin.'

He spoke, and, from his cell dismiss'd,
 Was insolently scoff'd and hiss'd.
 With him a friend or two resign'd,
 Disdaining the degen'rate kind.
 ' Those drones' (says he) ' those insects vile,
 ' (I hate them in their proper style),
 ' May for a time oppress the state ;
 ' They own our virtue by their hate ;
 ' By that our merits they reveal,
 ' And recommend our public zeal ;
 ' Disgrac'd by this corrupted crew,
 ' We're honour'd by the virtuous few.'

 MAN.

ADAM, though blest above his kind,
 For want of social woman pin'd ;
 Eve's wants the subtle serpent saw ;
 Her fickle taste transgress'd the law :
 Thus fell our sires ; and their disgrace
 The curse entail'd on human race.

When Philip's son, by glory led,
 Had o'er the globe his empire spread ;
 When altars to his name were dress'd,
 That he was man, his tears confess'd.

The hopes of avarice are check'd :
 The proud man always wants respect.

What various wants on power attend !
 Ambition never gains its end.
 Who hath not heard the rich complain
 Of surfeits and corporeal pain ?
 He, barr'd from every use of wealth,
 Envies the ploughman's strength and health ;
 Another in a beauteous wife
 Finds all the miseries of life ;
 Domestic jars and jealous fear
 Embitter all his days with care.
 This wants an heir, the line is lost :
 Why was that vain entail engross'd ?
 Can'st thou discern another's mind ?
 Why is't you envy ? Envy's blind.
 Tell Envy, where she would annoy,
 That thousands want what you enjoy.

THE EAGLE AND THE ASSEMBLY OF ANIMALS.

As Jupiter's all-seeing eye
 Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,
 From this small speck of earth were sent
 Murmurs and sounds of discontent ;
 For every thing alive complain'd
 That he the hardest life sustain'd.
 Jove calls his Eagle. At the word,
 Before him stands the royal bird.
 The bird, obedient, from heaven's height,
 Downward directs his rapid flight ;
 Then cited every living thing,
 To hear the mandates of his king.
 ' Ungrateful creatures, whence arise
 ' These murmurs which offend the skies ?
 ' Why this disorder ? Say the cause :
 ' For just are Jove's eternal laws.

' Let such his discontent reveal ;
 ' To you, sour Dog, I first appeal.'
 ' Hard is my lot,' the Hound replies :
 ' On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies :
 ' While I, with weary steps, and slow,
 ' O'er plains and vales, and mountains go ;
 ' The morning sees my chace begun,
 ' Nor ends it with the setting sun.'

' When,' (says the Greyhound,) ' I pursue,
 ' My game is lost, or caught in view ;
 ' Beyond my sight the prey's secure :
 ' The Hound is slow, but always sure.
 ' And had I his sagacious scent,
 ' Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.'

' The Lion claim'd the Fox's art ;
 ' The Fox, the Lion's force and heart.
 ' The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight ;
 ' Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light :
 ' The Pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
 ' And the Cock's matchless valour priz'd :
 ' The Fishes wish'd to graze the plain ;
 ' The Beasts to skim beneath the main.
 ' Thus, envious of another's state,
 ' Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.

' The bird of heav'n then cried aloud,
 ' Jove bids disperse the murm'ring crowd ;
 ' The God rejects your idle prayers ;
 ' Would ye, rebellious mutineers,
 ' Entirely change your name and nature,
 ' And be the very envied creature ?
 ' What, silent all, and none consent ?
 ' Be happy then and learn content :
 ' Nor imitate the restless mind,
 ' And proud ambition of mankind.'

THE BEAR IN A BOAT.

A BEAR of manners shag and rough,
 At climbing trees expert enough :
 For dext'rously and safe from harm,
 Year after year he robb'd the swarm ;
 Thus thriving on industrious toil,
 He gloried in his pilfer'd spoil.

This trick so swell'd him with conceit,
 He thought no enterprise too great.
 Alike in sciences and arts,
 He boasted universal parts ;
 Pragmatic, bustling, busy, bold,
 His arrogance was uncontroll'd.
 And thus he made his party good,
 And grew dictator of the wood.

The beasts with admiration stare,
 And think him a prodigious Bear.
 Were any common booty got,
 'Twas his each portion to allot :
 For why, he found there might be picking,
 Ev'n in the carving of a chicken.
 Intruding thus, he, by degrees,
 Claim'd, too, the butcher's larger fees.
 And now his overweening pride
 In ev'ry province will preside.
 No task too difficult was found :
 His blund'ring nose misleads the hound.
 In stratagem and subtle arts,
 He over-rules the Fox's parts.

It chanc'd, as on a certain day,
 Along the bank he took his way,
 A boat, with rudder, sail, and oar,
 At anchor floated near the shore.

He stopt, and turning to his train,
Thus pertly vents his vaunting strain.

‘ What blundering puppies are mankind !
‘ In ev’ry science always blind !
‘ I mock the pedantry of schools :
‘ What are their compasses and rules ?
‘ From me that helm shall conduct learn,
‘ And man his ignorance discern.’

So saying, with audacious pride,
He gains the boat, and climbs the side.
The beasts astonish’d, lin’d the strand ;
The anchor’s weigh’d, he drives from land :
The black sail shifts from side to side ;
The boat untrimm’d admits the tide ;
Borne down, adrift, at random tost,
His oar breaks short, the rudder’s lost.
The bear, presuming in his skill,
Is here and there officious still ;
Till, striking on the dang’rous sands,
Aground the shatter’d vessel stands.

To see the bungler thus distress,
The very fishes sneer and jest.
Ev’n gudgeons join in ridicule,
To mortify the meddling fool.
The clam’rous watermen appear ;
Rant, threats, and rage, insult his ear :
Seiz’d, thrash’d, and chain’d, he’s dragg’d to land ;
Derision shouts along the strand.

TO A COXCOMB.

THAT man must daily wiser grow,
Whose search is bent himself to know ;
Impartially he weighs his scope,
And on firm reason founds his hope ;

He tries his strength before the race,
 And never seeks his own disgrace ;
 He knows the compass, sail, and oar,
 Or never launches from the shore ;
 Before he builds, computes the cost,
 And in no proud pursuit is lost :
 He learns the bounds of human sense,
 And safely walks within the fence ;
 Thus, conscious of his own defect,
 Are pride and self-importance check'd.

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
 Unless to one you stint the flame.
 The child whom many fathers share,
 Hath seldom known a father's care ;
 'Tis thus in friendships ; who depend
 On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who in a civil way,
 Complied with ev'ry thing, they say,
 Was known by all the bestial train
 Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
 Her care was never to offend,
 And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
 To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
 Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
 And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies ;
 She starts, she stops, she pants for breath ;
 She hears the near advance of death ;
 She doubles to mislead the hound,
 And measures back her mazy round ;
 Till, fainting in the public way,
 Half-dead with fear she gasping lay,

What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appear'd in view!

' Let me,' says she, ' your back ascend,
' And owe my safety to a friend ;
' You know my feet betray my flight ;
' To friendship every burden's light.

The Horse replied, ' Poor honest puss,
' It grieves my heart to see thee thus ;
' Be comforted, relief is near,
' For all your friends are in the rear.'

She next the stately bull implor'd ;
And thus replied the mighty lord :
' Since every beast alive can tell
' That I sincerely wish you well,
' I may, without offence, pretend
' To take the freedom of a friend ;
' Love calls me hence ; a fav'rite cow
' Expects me near yon barley-mow ;
' And when a lady's in the case,
' You know, all other things give place.
' To leave you thus might seem unkind ;
' But see, the Goat is just behind.'

The Goat remark'd, her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye ;
' My back,' says she, ' may do you harm ;
' The sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.'

The sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd ;
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears ;
For hounds eat sheep, as well as Hares.

She now the trotting Calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.

' Shall I,' says he, ' of tender age,
' In this important care engage?

‘ Older and abler pass’d you by!
 ‘ How strong are those! how weak am I!
 ‘ Should I presume to bear you hence,
 ‘ Those friends of mine may take offence.
 ‘ Excuse me, then. You know my heart;
 ‘ But dearest friends, alas! must part:
 ‘ How shall we all lament! Adieu!
 ‘ For see, the hounds are just in view.’

THE CUR, THE HORSE, AND THE SHEPHERD’S DOG.

THE lad of all-sufficient merit,
 With modesty ne’er damps his spirit,
 Presuming on his own deserts,
 On all alike his tongue exerts;
 His noisy jokes at random throws,
 And pertly spatters friends and foes;
 In wit and war, the bully race
 Contribute to their own disgrace.
 Too late the forward youth shall find
 That jokes are sometimes paid in kind;
 Or if they canker in the breast,
 He makes a foe who makes a jest.

A village cur, of snappish race,
 The pertest puppy of the place,
 Imagin’d that his treble throat
 Was blest with music’s sweetest note;
 In the mid-road he basking lay,
 The yelping nuisance of the way;
 For not a creature pass’d along
 But had a sample of his song.

Soon as the trotting steed he hears,
 He starts, he cocks his dapper ears;

Away he scours, assaults his hoof,
 Now near him snarls, now barks aloof;
 With shrill impertinence attends,
 Nor leaves him till the village ends.

It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
 A Pad came pacing down the way;
 The Cur, with never-ceasing tongue,
 Upon the passing traveller sprung,
 The Horse, from scorn provok'd to ire,
 Flung backward; rolling in the mire,
 The puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay;
 The Pad in peace pursu'd his way.

A Shepherd's Dog, who saw the deed,
 Detesting the vexatious breed,
 Bespoke him thus; 'When coxcombs prate,
 'They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate;
 'Thy teasing tongue, had judgment tied,
 'Thou hadst not, like a puppy, died.'

THE POET AND THE ROSE.

I HATE the man who builds his name
 On ruins of another's fame.
 Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
 Imagine that they raise their own.
 Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
 Think slander can transplant the bays.
 Beauties and bards have equal pride;
 With both all rivals are decried.
 Who praises *Lesbia's* eyes and feature,
 Must call her sister, awkward creature;
 For the kind flattery's sure to charm,
 If we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day,
 A Poet sought the sweets of May,
 The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
 And ev'ry stalk with odour bends.
 A rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
 Thus singing as the muse inspir'd :

' Go, rose, my *Chloe's* bosom grace ;
 ' How happy should I prove,
 ' Might I supply that envied place
 ' With never-fading love !
 ' There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,
 ' Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die !
 ' Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find
 ' More fragrant roses there ;
 ' I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
 ' With envy and despair !
 ' One common fate we both must prove ;
 ' You die with envy, I with love.'

' Spare your comparisons,' replied
 An angry Rose, who grew beside ;
 ' Of all mankind you should not flout us ;
 ' What can a Poet do without us ?
 In ev'ry love-song roses bloom ;
 ' We lend you colour and perfume.
 ' Does it to *Chloe's* charms conduce,
 ' To found her praise on our abuse ?
 ' Must we, to flatter her, be made
 ' To wither, envy, pine, and fade ?'

THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

IN other men we faults can spy,
 And blame the mote that dims their eye ;
 Each little speck and blemish find,
 To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
 Forsook the barn, and sought the wood ;
 Behind her ran her infant train,
 Collecting here and there a grain.

‘ Draw near, my birds,’ the mother cries,
 ‘ This hill delicious fare supplies ;
 ‘ Behold the busy *Negro* race ;
 ‘ See millions blacken all the place !
 ‘ Fear not. Like me with freedom eat ;
 ‘ An ant is most delightful meat.
 ‘ How blest, how envied were our life,
 ‘ Could we but ’scape the poul’ter’s knife ;
 ‘ But man, vile man, on turkeys preys,
 ‘ And *Christmas* shortens all our days :
 ‘ Sometimes with oysters we combine,
 ‘ Sometimes assist the sav’ry chine.
 ‘ From the low peasant to the lord,
 ‘ The turkey smokes on ev’ry board.
 ‘ Sure men to gluttony are prone ;
 ‘ For this huge sin they stand alone.’

An Ant, who climb’d beyond her reach,
 Thus answer’d from the neighbouring beech :
 ‘ Ere you remark another’s sin,
 ‘ Bid thy own conscience look within.
 ‘ Control thy more voracious bill,
 ‘ Nor for a breakfast nations kill.’

THE OLD HEN AND THE COCK.

RESTRAIN your child ; you’ll soon believe
 The text, which says, we sprung from Eve.

As an old Hen led forth her train,
 And seem’d to peck to show the grain ;
 She rak’d the chaff, she scratch’d the ground,
 And glean’d the spacious yard around.

A giddy chick, to try her wings,
 On the well's narrow margin springs,
 And prone she drops. 'The mother's breast
 All day with sorrow was possess'd.

A Cock she met, her son she knew;
 And in her heart affection grew.

'My son,' says she, 'I grant your years
 'Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.
 'I see you vig'rous, strong, and bold;
 'I hear with joy your triumphs told.
 ' 'Tis not from cocks thy fate I dread;
 'But let thy ever-wary tread
 'Avoid yon well; that fatal place
 'Is sure perdition to our race.
 'Print this my counsel on thy breast;
 'To the just gods I leave the rest.'

He thank'd her care; yet day by day
 His bosom burn'd to disobey;
 And ev'ry time the well he saw,
 Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law:
 Near and more near each day he drew,
 And long'd to try the dang'rous view.

'Why was this idle charge?' he cries:
 'Let courage female fears despise.
 'Or did she doubt my heart was brave,
 'And therefore this injunction gave?
 'Or does her harvest store the place,
 'A treasure for her younger race?
 'And would she thus my search prevent?
 'I stand resolv'd, and dare th' event.'

Thus said, he mounts the margin's round,
 And pries into the depth profound.
 He stretch'd his neck; and from below,
 With stretching neck advanc'd a foe:

With wrath his ruffled plumes he rears,
 The foe with ruffled plumes appears :
 Threat answer'd threat, his fury grew ;
 Headlong to meet the war he flew ;
 But when the wat'ry death he found,
 He thus lamented as he drown'd :

‘ I ne'er had been in this condition,
 ‘ But for my mother's prohibition.’

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG AND THE WOLF.

A WOLF, with hunger fierce and bold,
 Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold :
 Deep in the wood secure he lay ;
 The thefts of night regal'd the day.
 In vain the shepherd's wakeful care
 Had spread the toils and watch'd the snare ;
 In vain the dog pursued his pace,
 The fleeter robber mock'd the chace.

As *Lightfoot* rang'd the forest round,
 By chance his foe's retreat he found.

‘ Let us awhile the war suspend,
 ‘ And reason as from friend to friend.’
 ‘ A truce,’ replies the Wolf. ‘ 'Tis done.’

The dog the parley thus begun.

‘ How can that strong intrepid mind
 ‘ Attack a weak defenceless kind ?
 ‘ Those jaws should prey on nobler food,
 ‘ And drink the boar's and lion's blood ;
 ‘ Great souls with generous pity melt,
 ‘ Which coward tyrants never felt.
 ‘ How harmless is our fleecy care !
 ‘ Be brave, and let thy mercy spare.’
 ‘ Friend,’ says the Wolf, ‘ the matter weigh ;
 ‘ Nature design'd us beasts of prey ;

- ‘ As such when hunger finds a treat,
 ‘ ’Tis necessary Wolves should eat.
 ‘ If, mindful of the bleating weal,
 ‘ Thy bosom burn with real zeal,
 ‘ Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech ;
 ‘ To him repeat the moving speech :
 ‘ A Wolf eats sheep but now and then,
 ‘ Ten thousands are devour’d by men.
 ‘ An open foe may prove a curse,
 ‘ But a pretended friend is worse.’
-

THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

THE wind was high ; the window shakes,
 With sudden start the Miser wakes ;
 Along the silent room he stalks,
 Looks back and trembles as he walks ;
 Each lock, and ev’ry bolt he tries,
 In every creek and corner pries,
 Then opes the chest with treasure stor’d,
 And stands in rapture o’er his hoard.
 But now, with sudden qualms possest,
 He wrings his hands, he beats his breast ;
 By conscience stung he wildly stares,
 And thus his guilty soul declares :

- ‘ Had the deep earth her stores confin’d,
 ‘ This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
 ‘ But virtue’s sold. Good gods ! what price
 ‘ Can recompense the pangs of vice ?
 ‘ O bane of good ! seducing cheat !
 ‘ Can man, weak man, thy power defeat ?
 ‘ Gold banish’d honour from the mind,
 ‘ And only left the name behind ;
 ‘ Gold sow’d the world with every ill ;
 ‘ Gold taught the murd’rer’s sword to kill :

- ' 'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
- ' In treachery's more pernicious arts.
- ' Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
- ' Virtue resides on earth no more!

He spoke and sigh'd. In angry mood,
Plutus, his god, before him stood;
 The Miser trembling lock'd his chest,
 The vision frown'd, and thus address'd:

- ' Whence is this vile ungrateful rant?
- ' Each sordid rascal's daily cant:
- ' Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind?
- ' The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
- ' Because my blessings are abus'd,
- ' Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
- ' Ev'n virtue's self, by knaves is made
- ' A cloak to carry on the trade;
- ' And power (when lodg'd in their possession)
- ' Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.
- ' Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
- ' Gold is the canker of the breast;
- ' 'Tis av'rice, insolence, and pride,
- ' And ev'ry shocking vice beside.
- ' But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
- ' It blesses like the dews of heaven;
- ' Like heav'n, it hears the orphan's cries,
- ' And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
- ' Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
- ' Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?
- ' Let bravos then (when blood is spilt)
- ' Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.'

How weak, how vain is human pride!
 Dares man upon himself confide?
 The wretch who glories in his gain,
 Amasses heaps on heaps in vain.

Why love we life in anxious cares,
 To lay in hoards for future years?
 Can those (when tortur'd by disease)
 Cheer our sick heart, or purchase ease?
 Can those prolong one gasp of breath,
 Or calm the troubled hour of death?

THE GAMESTER.

COULD fools to keep their own contrive,
 On what, on whom, could gamesters thrive?
 Is it in charity you game,
 To save your worthy gang from shame?
 Unless you furnish'd daily bread,
 Which way could idleness be fed?
 Could these professors of deceit
 Within the law no longer cheat,
 They must run bolder risks for prey,
 And strip the trav'ler on the way.
 Thus, in your annual rents they share,
 And 'scape the noose from year to year.
 Consider ere you make the bet,
 That sum might cross your tailor's debt.
 When you the pilf'ring rattle shake,
 Is not your honour too at stake?
 Must you not, by mean lies, evade
 To-morrow's duns from ev'ry trade?
 By promises so often paid,
 Is yet your tailor's bill defray'd?
 Must you not pitifully fawn,
 To have your butcher's writ withdrawn?
 This must be done. In debts of play
 Your honour suffers no delay:
 And not this year's and next year's rent
 The sons of rapine can content.

TO A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

THE man of pure and simple heart
 Through life disdains a double part ;
 He never needs the screen of lies
 His inward bosom to disguise.
 In vain malicious tongues assail ;
 Let envy snarl, let slander rail,
 From virtue's shield (secure from wound)
 Their blunted venom'd shafts rebound.
 So shines his light before mankind,
 His actions prove his honest mind.
 If, in his country's cause, he rise,
 Debating senates to advise,
 Unbrib'd, unaw'd, he dares impart
 The honest dictates of his heart ;
 No ministerial frown he fears,
 But in his virtue perseveres.

THE MAN, THE CAT, THE DOG, AND THE FLY.

To my Native Country.

HAIL, happy land, whose fertile grounds
 The liquid fence of Neptune bounds !
 By bounteous Nature set apart,
 The seat of industry and art !
 O Britian ! chosen port of trade,
 May luxury ne'er thy sons invade ;
 May never minister (intent
 His private treasures to augment)
 Corrupt thy state. If jealous foes
 Thy rights of commerce dare oppose,

Shall not thy fleets their rapine awe ?
 Who is't prescribes the ocean law ?

Whenever neighb'ring states contend,
 'Tis time to be the gen'ral friend.
 What is't, who rules in other lands ?
 On trade alone thy glory stands.
 That benefit is unconfin'd,
 Diffusing good among mankind ;
 That first gave lustre to thy reigns,
 And scatter'd plenty o'er thy plains ;
 'Tis that alone thy wealth supplies,
 And draws all Europe's envious eyes.
 Be commerce then thy sole design ;
 Keep that, and all the world is thine.

When naval traffic ploughs the main,
 Who shares not in the merchant's gain ?
 'Tis that supports the regal state,
 And makes the farmer's heart elate :
 The num'rous flocks that clothe the land,
 Can scarce supply the loom's demand ;
 Prolific culture glads the fields,
 And the bare heath a harvest yields.

Nature expects mankind should share
 The duties of the public care.
 Who's born for sloth ? 'To some we find
 The plough-share's annual toil assign'd.
 Some at the sounding anvil glow ;
 Some the swift-gliding shuttle throw ;
 Some, studious of the wind and tide,
 From pole to pole our commerce guide ;
 Some (taught by industry) impart
 With hands and feet the works of art ;
 While some, of genius more refin'd,
 With head and tongue assist mankind ;

Each, aiming at one common end,
 Proves to the whole a needful friend.
 Thus, born each other's useful aid,
 By turns are obligations paid.

The monarch, when his table's spread,
 Is to the clown oblig'd for bread ;
 And when in all his glory dress'd,
 Owes to the loom his royal vest :
 Do not the mason's toil and care
 Protect him from th' inclement air ?
 Does not the cutler's art supply
 The ornament that guards his thigh ?
 All these in duty, to the throne
 Their common obligation own.
 'Tis he (his own and people's cause)
 Protects their properties and laws :
 Thus they their honest toil employ,
 And with content the fruits enjoy.
 In every rank, or great or small,
 'Tis industry supports us all.

The animals, by want oppress'd,
 To man their services address'd :
 While each pursued their selfish good,
 They hunger'd for precarious food ;
 Their hours with anxious cares were vex'd,
 One day they fed, and starv'd the next :
 They saw that plenty sure and rife,
 Was found alone in social life ;
 That mutual industry profess'd
 The various wants of man redress'd.

The Cat, half-famish'd, lean, and weak,
 Demands the privilege to speak.

‘ Well, Puss, (says Man) and what can you
 ‘ To benefit the public do ?’

The cat replies, "These teeth, these claws,
 ' With vigilance shall serve the cause.
 ' The mouse, destroy'd by my pursuit,
 ' No longer shall your feasts pollute ;
 ' Nor rats, from nightly ambuscade,
 ' With wasteful teeth your stores invade.'

' I grant,' says Man, ' to gen'ral use
 ' Your parts and talents may conduce ;
 ' For rats and mice purloin our grain,
 ' And threshers whirl the flail in vain :
 ' Thus shall the Cat, a foe to spoil,
 ' Protect the farmer's honest toil.'

Then turning to the Dog, he cried,
 ' Well, Sir ; be next your merits tried.'

' Sir,' says the Dog, by self-applause
 ' We seem to own a friendless cause.
 ' Ask those who know me, if distrust
 ' E'er found me treach'rous or unjust ?
 ' Did I e'er faith or friendship break ?
 ' Ask all those creatures ; let them speak.
 ' My vigilance and trusty zeal
 ' Perhaps may suit the public weal.
 ' Might not your flocks in safety feed,
 ' Were I to guard the fleecy breed ?
 ' Did I the nightly watches keep,
 ' Could thieves invade you while you sleep ?'

The Man replies, 'Tis just and right,
 ' Rewards such service should requite.
 ' So rare, in property, we find
 ' Trust uncorrupt among mankind,
 ' That, taken in a public view,
 ' The first distinction is your due.
 ' Such merits all reward transcend ;
 ' Be then my comrade and my friend.'

Addressing now the fly,—‘ From you
 ‘ What public service can accrue?’

‘ From me!’ the flutt’ring insect said ;
 ‘ I thought you knew me better bred.
 ‘ Sir, I’m a gentleman. Is’t fit,
 ‘ That I to industry submit ?
 ‘ Let mean mechanics, to be fed,
 ‘ By bus’ness earn ignoble bread :
 ‘ Lost in excess of daily joys,
 ‘ No thought, no care, my life annoys.
 ‘ At noon (the lady’s matin hour)
 ‘ I sip the tea’s delicious flower ;
 ‘ On cakes luxuriously I dine,
 ‘ And drink the fragrance of the vine.
 ‘ Studious of elegance and ease,
 ‘ Myself alone I seek to please.’

The Man his pert conceit derides,
 And thus the useless coxcomb chides :

‘ Hence from that peach, that downy seat ;
 ‘ No idle fool deserves to eat.
 ‘ Could you have sapp’d the blushing rind,
 ‘ And on the pulp ambrosial din’d,
 ‘ Had not some hand, with skill and toil,
 ‘ To raise the tree, prepar’d the soil ?
 ‘ Consider, sot, what would ensue
 ‘ Were all such worthless things as you :
 ‘ You’d soon be forc’d (by hunger stung)
 ‘ To make your dirty meals on dung,
 ‘ On which such despicable need,
 ‘ Unpitied, is reduc’d to feed.
 ‘ Besides, vain, selfish insect, learn
 ‘ (If you can right and wrong discern)
 ‘ That he, who, with industrious zeal,
 ‘ Contributes to the public weal,

‘ By adding to the common good,
 ‘ His own hath rightly understood.’

So saying, with a sudden blow,
 He laid the noxious vagrant low
 Crush’d in his luxury and pride,
 The spunger on the public died.

THE PLUM CAKES.

A FARMER who some wealth possess’d,
 With three fine boys was also bless’d ;
 The lads were healthy, stout, and young,
 And neither wanted sense nor tongue ;
 Tom, Will, and Jack, like other boys,
 Lov’d tops and marbles, sport and toys.
 The father scouted that false plan,
 That money only makes the man ;
 And to the best of his discerning,
 Was bent on giving them good learning.
 He was a man of observation ;
 No scholar, yet had penetration :
 So with due care a school he sought,
 Where his young sons might well be taught.
 Quoth he, ‘ I know not which rehearses
 ‘ Most properly his themes or verses ;
 ‘ Yet I can do a father’s part,
 ‘ And school the temper, mind, and heart ;
 ‘ The natural bent of each I’ll know,
 ‘ And trifles best that bent may show.’

’Twas just before the closing year,
 When Christmas holidays were near,
 The farmer call’d to see his boys,
 And asked how each his time employs.
 Quoth Will ; ‘ There’s father, boys, without :
 ‘ He’s brought us something good, no doubt.’

The father sees their merry faces ;
 With joy beholds them, and embraces ;
 Then from his pocket straight he takes
 A vast profusion of plum cakes ;
 He counts them out a plenteous store,
 No boy shall have or less or more ;
 Twelve cakes he gives to each dear son,
 When each expected only one :
 And then with many a kind expression,
 He leaves them to their own discretion ;
 Resolv'd to mark the use each made
 Of what he to their hands convey'd.

The twelve days pass'd, he comes once more,
 And brings the horses to the door,
 The boys with rapture see appear
 The poney and the dappled mare.
 Each moment now an hour they count ;
 And slash'd their whips, and long'd to mount.
 As with the boys his ride he takes,
 He asks the history of the cakes.

Says Will, ' Dear father, life is short,
 ' So I resolv'd to make quick sport ;
 ' The cakes were all so nice and sweet,
 ' I thought I'd have one jolly treat.
 ' Why should I baulk, said I, my taste ?
 ' I'll make at once a hearty feast.
 ' So snugly by myself I fed,
 ' When every boy was gone to bed ;
 ' I gorg'd them all, both paste and plum,
 ' And did not waste a single crumb.
 ' Howe'er, they made me to my sorrow,
 ' As sick as death upon the morrow ;
 ' This made me mourn my rich repast,
 ' And wish I had not fed so fast.'

Quoth Jack, ' I was not such a dunce,
' To eat my quantum up at once ;
' And though the boys all long'd to clutch 'em,
' I would not let a creature touch 'em ;
' Nor, though the whole were in my power,
' Would I myself one cake devour ;
' Thanks to the use of keys and locks,
' They're all now safe within my box.
' The mischief is, by hoarding long,
' They're grown so mouldy and so strong,
' I find they won't be fit to eat,
' And I have lost my father's treat.'

' Well, Tom,' the anxious parent cries,
' How did you manage?' Tom replies,
' I shunn'd each wide extreme to take,
' To glut my maw or hoard my cake ;
' I thought each day its wants would have,
' And appetite again might crave.
' Twelve school-days still my notches counted,
' To twelve my father's cakes amounted :
' So every day I took out one :
' But never ate my cake alone ;
' With every needy boy I shar'd,
' And more than half I always spar'd.
' One every day, 'twixt self and friend,
' Has brought my dozen to an end.
' My last remaining cake to-day
' I would not touch, but gave away ;
' A boy was ill and scarce could eat ;
' To him it proved a welcome treat.
' Jack call'd me spendthrift, not to save ;
' Will dubb'd me fool because I gave ;
' But when our last day came, I smil'd,
' For Will's were gone, and Jack's were spoil'd
' Not hoarding much, nor eating fast,
' I serv'd a needy friend at last.'

THE BOY AND THE RAINBOW.

ONE evening, as a simple swain
His flock attended on the plain,
The shining bow he chanc'd to spy,
Which warns us when a shower is nigh ;
With brightest rays it seem'd to glow ;
Its distance eighty yards or so.
This bumpkin had, it seems, been told
The story of the cup of gold,
Which fame reports is to be found
Just where the Rainbow meets the ground :
He, therefore, felt a sudden itch
To seize the goblet and be rich ;
Hoping (yet hopes are often vain)
No more to toil through wind and rain,
But sit indulgent by the fire,
'Midst ease and plenty like a squire.
He mark'd the very spot of land
On which the rainbow seem'd to stand ;
And, stepping forward at his leisure,
Expected to have found the treasure.
But, as he mov'd, the colour'd ray
Still chang'd its place, and slipt away,
As seeming his approach to shun ;
From walking he began to run :
But all in vain ; it still withdrew
As nimbly as he could pursue.
At last, through many a bog and lake,
Rough craggy rock, and thorny brake,
It led the easy fool, till night
Approach'd, then vanished in his sight,
And left him to compute his gains,
With nought but labour for his pains.

THE DROWNING FLY.

IN yonder vase behold a drowning fly!
 Its little feet how vainly does it ply!
 Its cries I understand not, yet it cries,
 And tender hearts can feel its agonies;
 Poor helpless victim! And will no one save?
 Will no one snatch thee from the threat'ning grave?
 Is there no friendly hand, no helper nigh?
 And must thou, little struggler, must thou die?
 Thou shalt not, while this hand can set thee free;
 Thou shalt not die! this hand shall rescue thee!
 My finger's tip shall prove a friendly shore:—
 There, trembler, all thy dangers now are o'er;
 Wipe thy wet wings, and banish all thy fear;
 Go join thy buzzing brothers in the air.
 Away it flies—resumes its harmless play,
 And sweetly gambols in the golden ray.

Smile not, spectators, at this humble deed!
 For you, perhaps, a nobler task's decreed;
 A young and sinking family to save,
 To raise the infant from destruction's wave;
 To you for help the victims lift their eyes;
 Oh! hear, for pity's sake, their plaintive cries!
 Ere long, unless some guardian interpose,
 O'er their devoted heads the flood may close.

 THE HARE AND THE TORTOISE.

IN days of yore, when time was young,
 When birds convers'd as well as sung,
 When use of speech was not confin'd
 Merely to brutes of human kind,
 A forward hare, of swiftness vain,
 The genius of the neighbouring plain,

Would oft deride the drudging crowd ;
 For geniuses are ever proud.
 He'd boast his flight 'twere vain to follow ;
 For dog and horse, he'd beat them hollow ;
 Nay, if he put forth all his strength,
 Outstrip his brethren half a length.

A Tortoise heard his vain oration,
 And vented thus his indignation :
 ' O puss ! it bodes thee dire disgrace
 ' When I defy thee to the race.
 ' Come, 'tis a match ; nay, no denial ;
 ' I'll lay my shell upon the trial.'
 'Twas done, and done—all fair—a bet—
 Judges prepar'd—and distance set.
 The scampering Hare out-strip'd the wind ;
 The creeping Tortoise lagg'd behind,
 And scarce had pass'd a single pole,
 When puss had almost reach'd the goal.
 ' Friend Tortoise,' quoth the jeering Hare,
 ' Your burden's more than you can bear ;
 ' To help your speed, it were as well
 ' That I should ease you of your shell :
 ' Jog on a little faster, 'pr'y thee ;
 ' I'll take a nap, and then be with thee.'
 So said, so done ; and safely sure,
 For nay, what conquest more secure ?
 Whene'er he wak'd (that's all that's in it,)
 He could o'ertake him in a minute.

The Tortoise heard his taunting jeer,
 But still resolv'd to persevere :
 Still drawl'd along, as who should say,
 ' I'll win like Fabius by delay :'
 On to the goal securely crept,
 While Puss unknowing soundly slept.
 The bets were won, the Hare awoke ;
 When thus the victor Tortoise spoke :

' Puss, though I own thy quicker parts,
 ' Things are not always done by starts ;
 ' You may deride my awkward pace,
 ' But slow and steady wins the race.'

THE BUNDLE OF STICKS.

A GOOD old man, no matter where,
 Whether in York or Lancashire,
 Or on a hill, or in a dale,
 It cannot much concern the tale,
 Had children very much like others,
 Compos'd of sisters and of brothers ;
 In life he had not much to give,
 Save his example how to live ;
 His luck wa's what his neighbours had,
 For some were good, and some were bad !
 When of their father death bereft 'em,
 His good advice was all he left 'em.

This good old man, who long had lain
 Afflicted with disease and pain,
 With difficulty drew his breath,
 And felt the sure approach of death.

He call'd his children round his bed,
 And with a feeble voice he said :
 ' Alas, alas, my children dear,
 ' I well perceive my end is near ;
 ' I suffer much, but kiss the rod,
 ' And bow me to the will of God.
 ' Yet ere from you I'm quite remov'd,
 ' From you whom I have always lov'd ;
 ' I wish to give you all my blessing,
 ' And leave you with a useful lesson ;

‘ That when I’ve left this world of care,
 ‘ Each may his testimony bear,
 ‘ How much my latest thoughts inclin’d,
 ‘ To prove me tender, good, and kind!
 ‘ Observe that faggot on the ground,
 ‘ With twisted hazel firmly bound.’

The children turn’d their eyes that way,
 And view’d the faggot as it lay;
 But wonder’d what their father meant;
 Who thus expounded his intent:

‘ I wish that all of you would take it,
 ‘ And try if any one can break it.’

Obedient to the good old man,
 They all to try their strength began:
 Now boy, now girl, now he, now she,
 Applied the faggot to their knee;
 They tugg’d and strain’d, and tried again,
 But still they tugg’d and tried in vain:
 In vain their skill and strength exerted;
 The faggot every effort thwarted;
 And when their labour vain they found,
 They threw the faggot on the ground.

Again the good old man proceeded
 To give the instruction which they needed:

‘ Untwist,’ says he, ‘ the hazel bind,
 ‘ And let the faggot be disjoin’d.’

Then stick by stick, and twig by twig,
 The little children and the big,
 Following the words their father spoke,
 Each sprig and spray they quickly broke:

‘ There, father!’ all began to cry,
 ‘ I’ve broken mine!—and I!—and I!’

Replied the sire: ‘Twas my intent
 ‘ My family to represent!

' While you are join'd in friendship's throng,
 ' My dearest children you'll be strong :
 ' But if by quarrel and dispute
 ' You undermine affection's root,
 ' And thus the strength'ning cord divide,
 ' Then will my children ill betide :
 ' E'en beasts of prey in bands unite,
 ' And kindly for each other fight ;
 ' And shall not every Christian be
 ' Join'd in sweet links of amity ?
 ' If separate, you'll each be weak ;
 ' Each, like a single stick, will break ;
 ' But if you're firm, and true, and hearty,
 ' The world, and all its spite, can't part ye.'
 The father, having clos'd his lesson,
 Proceeded to pronounce his blessing :
 Embrac'd them all, then pray'd and sigh'd,
 Look'd up, and dropp'd his head—and died.

ODE TO CHILDHOOD.

CHILDHOOD, happiest stage of life !
 Free from care and free from strife,
 Free from memory's ruthless reign,
 Fraught with scenes of former pain ;
 Free from fancy's cruel skill,
 Fabricating future ill ;
 Time, when all that meets the view,
 All can charm, for all is new ;
 How thy long lost hours I mourn,
 Never, never to return.

Then to toss the circling ball,
 Caught rebounding from the wall ;
 Then the mimic ship to guide
 Down the kennel's dirty tide ;

Then the hoop's revolving pace
 Through the dusty streets to chase ;
 O what joy!—it once was mine,
 Childhood, matchless boon of thine!—
 How thy long-lost hours I mourn,
 Never, never to return.

INFLEXION.

PUPILS of the *Second Class* can be taught to understand the nature of speaking sounds, to value the analysis of Walker, and comprehend the full power of Inflexion. They may be told, that one of the principal circumstances to be regarded in first attending to the speaking voice, is its power of conveying, by one single percussion, independently of articulation, an idea of continuation or completion. In explaining to them the rising and falling Inflexion, it will readily occur to their remembrance, that every conversation exhibits this distinction ; that in every part of a discourse, the upward or downward slide of the voice suggests, either that the speaker has not finished the sentence, or that he has entirely concluded the period. This recollection, enforced by elucidation, will be sufficient to prepare the ear to judge of inflexions as simple sounds, i. e. unaccompanied by the utterance of syllables¹ : but as there are some words in sentences

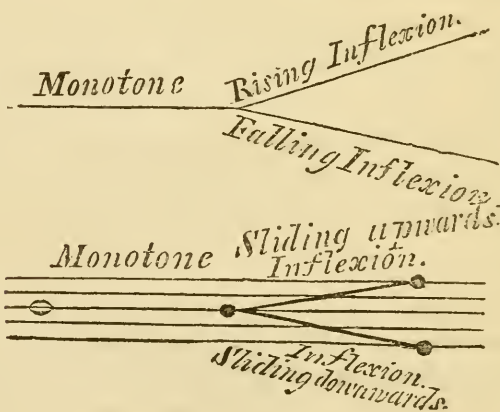
¹ As all qualities are better imagined and felt by speaking of their contraries, or by presenting them to the eye in one point of view, so may the nature of Inflexion be better understood by producing the Monotone. The *Monotone* is one continued quality

succeeded by pauses, which every reader of this class cannot fail to pronounce of himself, with *suitable Inflexions*, it, perhaps, will facilitate the progress of each Pupil, to point out such words in a given sentence, show their precise signification, and, after reading the line, explain the advantage of imitating nature in similar instances, by adopting this or that Inflexion.

‘Nothing valuable can be gained without labour.’

Students will perceive that, in pronouncing this sentence, Rising Inflexions (upward slides of the voice, or tunes of continuation), are particularly observable on the words ‘valuable,’ and ‘gained;’ that the former of them is pronounced in a higher voice; and, in the whole sentence, ‘labour,’ is the only word accompanied by an

of sound without either elevation or depression, and may be well expressed on paper by the straight line ————. *Inflexion* is sound departing from the Monotone in one continued elevation or depression, and, as opposed to the Monotone, may be represented on paper thus:—



accentuated Falling Inflexion, or that voice signifying completion ¹.

The two Inflexions may be further exemplified by asking a question beginning with a verb, having two particulars, separated by the disjunctive, 'or,' as: Is it

A or B? The former letter has the Rising, the latter the Falling Inflexion.

COMPACT SENTENCES.

WHEN each clause or portion of a sentence is connected in signification with that which has preceded, and the meaning of the speaker or writer cannot be known until

¹ The distance of each Inflexion is governed by the exciting feeling: in melancholy, the accents are not inflected above a quarter of a musical note; but supposing the mind to be in a state of tranquillity when pronouncing the above sentence, and on this occasion an Inflexion to occupy the distance of a Musical fifth, the tunes of the words 'valuable,' 'gained,' and 'labour,' might bear the same proportions to each other as the slides exemplified by the following scale:—

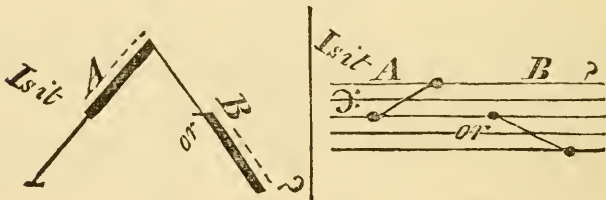


Birds, when they are supposed to cry 'sweet,' exemplify Inflexion. Inflexion may be further understood by attending to a violin performer, when he is sliding to what is termed the shift; or by listening to any Musical Instrument while in the act of being tuned.

the concluding accent of the last word is repeated or read, the *whole* is called a *Compact Sentence*.—*Example*: ‘Having already shown how the fancy is affected by the works of nature, and afterwards considered in general both the works of nature and of art, how they mutually assist and complete each other, in forming such scenes and prospects as are most apt to delight the mind of the beholder, I shall now throw together some reflections on that particular art, which has a more immediate tendency than any other to produce those primary pleasures of the imagination which have hitherto been the subject of this discourse.’

A Scale of the principal Inflexions in Compact Sentences.

Is it Á or B?



The voice in pronouncing ‘A’ ascends from the middle of the syllables of the former oratorical word;—(‘isitá?’) ‘or’ is the unaccentuated syllable of the oratorical word ‘orbè¹’.

The voice in pronouncing ‘B’ it descends from the middle to the bottom: they are called, therefore, the extreme Rising and Falling Inflexions.

Pupils should be taught to pronounce the whole Alphabet in this manner, until the ear be rendered perfectly familiar to both these Inflexions. Is it Á or B?—Is it B or C?—Is it C or D? &c. &c.

¹ *Vide* the ‘Philosophy of Elocution,’ respecting oratorical words.

In this and all compact sentences there are two principal constructive parts; the former terminates and the latter commences where the meaning begins to be formed. To pronounce such sentences with propriety, every accent should be supported by suitable suspensions of the voice¹: the Inflexions should rise gradually to the last accent of the former division; the speaker should then pause; and afterwards sink the voice by degrees to the end of the sentence.

TO BE COMMITTED TO MEMORY.

A Compact Sentence is composed of a number of words so placed as not to convey the meaning of the writer until the whole be read or pronounced. As, 1st. 'The men who can be charged with the fewest failings, either with respect to abilities or virtue, are generally most ready to make allowances for them.'

2d. "Nothing will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must first be overcome.'

3d. 'As the beauty of the body always accompanies the health of it, so is decency of behaviour a concomitant to virtue.'

There are two principal parts in a Compact Sentence. separated by a pause, called the 'long pause:': the former part ends, and the latter commences, where meaning begins to be formed.

Question.—Where does meaning generally begin to be formed in Compact Sentences?

Answer.—In the example, 'The men who can be

¹ Unless there be sufficient reason to the contrary.

charged,' &c. meaning begins to be formed at 'virtue,' and in all sentences of similar construction, it begins to be formed at the end of the words or clauses belonging to the nominative case. In all examples constructed like "Nothing will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must first be overcome,"—meaning begins to be formed just before the qualification.—In sentences formed on correspondent words either expressed or understood, like 'As the beauty of the body,' &c. meaning begins to be formed at the correspondent word ¹.

Question.—In a Compact Sentence, which word is pronounced with the highest suspension of voice?

Answer.—The word before the long pause, i. e. where meaning begins to be formed.

Question.—How should the voice be modulated in pronouncing sentences of this sort?

Answer.—By elevating it gradually to the long pause, and then depressing it by degrees to the cadence or extreme falling Inflexion.

RULE 1st. In a Compact Sentence, the longest pause, and the highest suspension of the voice, (*the fittest place for respiration*) take place where the meaning begins to be formed.

[**OBSERVATION.**—The following arrangement of Compact Sentences must be read carefully aloud, until the Rules belonging to them be fully understood and exemplified; then the Sentences must be committed to memory, and pronounced with *action*, according to subsequent direction.]

¹ The first two rules are applicable, also, to every member of a Loose Sentence but the last. See the Scale and observation respecting Loose Sentences.

Truth is the basis of excellence.

Nothing valuable can be gained without labour.

True wisdom is the greatest pleasure of the mind.

Every art is improved by the emulation of competitors.

Such is the constitution of man, that labour may be styled its own reward.

Nothing will ever be attempted, if all possible objections must first be overcome.

No evil is insupportable, but that which is accompanied with consciousness of wrong.

A wise and good man is never so amiable, as in his unbended and familiar intervals.

The predominance of a favourite study affects all the subordinate operations of the intellect.

We are inclined to believe those whom we do not know, because they have never deceived us.

To choose the best among many good, is one of the most hazardous attempts of criticism.

When Sentences are more complex, the grammatical order of the words is frequently interrupted by *intervening clauses*: in oral discourse, nature, on these occasions, is bountiful in assisting the construction by *pausing* and *altering the voice*.

Intervening Clauses.

Intervening Clauses are of two sorts; one is called the *Modifying Clause*, the other the *Parenthesis*.

A Modifying Clause qualifies or affects the meaning of the sentence.

Example :—‘ A man, *conspicuous in a high station, who multiplies hopes that he may multiply dependents,* may be considered as a beast of prey.’

RULE 2d.—Modifying Clauses, adverbial phrases, words or phrases in apposition, the case absolute, must all be separated by short pauses ; and the *student having availed himself*, if requisite, of the advantage of *taking breath*, they must be commenced with a lower voice than the preceding part of the sentence ; the voice must afterwards rise gradually to the end of the clause, phrase, or case absolute.

A Parenthesis is a clause inserted in part of a Compact or Loose Sentence, which does not affect the construction.

Example :—‘ If there’s a power above us, (*and that there is, all nature cries aloud through all her works*) he must delight in virtue.’

RULE 3d.—The whole Parenthesis must be pronounced with a depression of voice, and a little faster than the rest of the sentence : In the example, ‘ If there’s a power above us, (*and that there is, all nature cries aloud through all her works*), he must delight in virtue :’—the highest Inflexion of voice is at ‘ above us.’

RULE 4th.—A Pause usually occurs immediately after the nominative case : but it is not requisite to rest so long after a simple nominative, as when the case may be said to consist of many words.

RULE 5th.—When the adjective follows the sub-

stantive, and is succeeded either by another adjective, or words equivalent to it, which form what may be called a descriptive phrase, it must be separated from the substantive by a short pause.

Example :—‘ He was a man *learned and polite*.’

RULE 6th.—Relatives either *modify* or *echo* the meanings of *their antecedents*: when the relative *modifies*, it is requisite that its antecedent should be pronounced with the rising inflexion; when it merely *echoes* the meaning, the antecedent should be pronounced with the *falling inflexion*.

RULE 7th.—When a noun or pronoun is followed by a relative which modifies it, the noun or pronoun should have an accent.

EXAMPLES OF THE COMPACT SENTENCE FOR THE PRACTICE
OF THE FIRST SEVEN RULES.

To hear complaints with patience, even when complaints are vain, is one of the duties of friendship.

He that thinks he can afford to be negligent of his expenses, is not far from being poor.

Among the uncertainties of the human state, we are doomed to number the instabilities of friendship.

The two powers, which, in the opinion of Epictetus, constitute a wise man, are those of bearing and forbearing.

Of all the diversions of life, there are none so proper to fill up its empty spaces, as the reading of useful and entertaining authors.

The men who can be charged with fewest failings, either

with respect to abilities or virtue, are generally most ready to make allowances for them.

The hypocrite would not be at so much pains to put on the appearance of virtue, if he did not know it was the most proper and effectual means to gain the love and esteem of mankind.

Irresolution on the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest and most universal causes of all our disquiet and unhappiness.

A settled conviction of the tendency of every thing to our good, and of the possibility of turning miseries into happiness, by receiving them rightly, will incline us to bless the name of the Lord, whether he gives or takes away.

It was a very common inquiry among the ancients, why the number of excellent orators, under all the encouragements the most flourishing states could give them, fell so short of the number of those who excelled in all other sciences.

Man, who, when considered on his probation for a happy existence hereafter, is the most remarkable instance of divine wisdom, if we cut him off from all relation to eternity, is the most wonderful and unaccountable composition in the whole creation.

Criticism, though dignified from the earliest ages by the labours of men eminent for knowledge and sagacity, and since the revival of polite literature, the favourite study of European scholars, has not yet attained the certainty and stability of science.

Compact Sentences formed on correspondent Words, either expressed or understood.

As the beauty of the body always accompanies the health of it, so is decency of behaviour a concomitant to virtue.

As men are often esteemed who cannot be loved, so the poetry of some writers may sometimes extort praise, when it gives little pleasure.

If we hope for things which are at too great a distance from us, it is possible that we may be intercepted by death in our progress towards them.

As the excellence of every power appears only in its operations, not to have reason, and to have it useless and unemployed, is nearly the same.

As no man can enjoy happiness, without he thinks he enjoys it, the experience of calamity is necessary to a just sense of better fortune.

If it be difficult to persuade the idle to hurry, it is not easy to convince the busy, that it is sometimes better to be idle.

Though laughter is looked upon by the philosophers as the property of reason, the excess of it has been always considered a mark of folly.

If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly considered the value, our disappointment will be greater than our pleasure in the fruition of them.

As laws operate in civil agency, not to the excitement of virtue, but the remission of wickedness, so judgment in the operations of intellect can hinder faults, but not produce excellence.

Would a vain man consult his own heart, he would find, that if others knew his weaknesses as well as he himself does, he would not have the impudence to expect the public esteem.

If a man considers his being as circumscribed by the uncertain term of a few years, his designs will be contracted into the same narrow span he imagines is to bound his existence.

Whether it be that life has more vexations than comforts,

or, what is in event just the same, that evil makes deeper impressions than good, it is certain that few can review the time past, without heaviness of heart.

As life and all its enjoyments would be scarce worth the keeping, if we were under a perpetual dread of losing them, it is the business of religion and philosophy to free us from all unnecessary anxieties, and direct our fear to its proper object.

As in the works of nature, no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains and many rivers, so, in the productions of genius, nothing can be styled excellent, till it has been compared with other works of the same kind.

As no one can be said to enjoy health, who is only not sick, without he feel within himself a lightsome and invigorating principle, which will not suffer him to remain idle, but still spurs him on to action, so, in the practice of every virtue, there is some additional grace required, to give a claim of excellence in this or that particular action.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division.

As beauty of body, with an agreeable carriage, pleases the eye, and that pleasure consists in observing, that all the parts have a certain elegance, and are proportioned to each other,—so does decency of behaviour, which appears in our lives, obtain the approbation of all with whom we converse,—from the order, consistency, and moderation of our words and actions.

Notwithstanding the warnings of philosophers, and the daily examples of losses and misfortunes which life forces

upon our observation, such is the absorption of our thoughts in the business of the present day, such the resignation of our reason to the empty hopes of future felicity, or such our unwillingness to see what we dread, that every calamity comes suddenly upon us, and not only presses us as a burthen, but crushes us as a blow.

As, on the one hand, we are soon ashamed of loving a person whom we cannot esteem, so, on the other, though we are truly sensible of a man's abilities, we can never raise ourselves to the warmth of friendship, without an affectionate good-will towards his person.

PARENTHESES.

[Obs.—In reading the following sentences, it is requisite to pause just before the parenthesis, cast the eye over the whole, or as much of it as may be convenient, look towards one or two of the nearest of the audience, and then in a low voice pronounce as familiarly as though the intervening clause were one's own: the reader should then raise the voice nearly correspondent to the Inflexion accompanying the last accent before the parenthesis.]

Death (*says Seneca*) falls heavy upon him, who is too much known to others, and too little to himself.

Pride, in some particular disguise or other (*often a secret to the proud man himself*), is the most ordinary spring of action among men.

The man who does not know how to methodize his thoughts, has always (*to borrow a phrase from the dispensary*) 'a barren superfluity of words.' The fruit is lost amidst the exuberance of leaves.

He puts us in mind that Socrates (*who, in the judgment of*

Apollo, was the wisest of men) was not only a professed admirer of dancing in others, but learned it himself when he was an old man.

I shall now, to let the world see what may be expected from me (*first begging Mr. Spectator's leave that the world may see it*) briefly touch upon my chief observations, and then subscribe myself your humble servant.

But, among all the letters that are come to my hands, there is none so handsomely written as the following one; which I am the more pleased with, as it is sent me from a gentleman who belongs to a body which I shall always honour, and where (*I cannot speak it without a secret pride*) my speculations have met with a very kind reception.

To be regardless of those phænomena that are placed within our view, on purpose to entertain our faculties, and display the wisdom and power of their Creator, is an affront to Providence of the same kind (*I hope it is not impious to make such a simile*) as it would be to a good poet, to sit out his play without minding the plot, or the beauties of it.

PRAXIS.

FALSE INDUCTION.

BE not too hasty to erect general théories from a few particular observations or expèriments. This is what the Logicians call a False Induction. When general observations are drawn from so many particulars as to become certain and indubitable, these, comprehending great treasure in little room, are jewels of knòwledge. But a hasty determination of some universal principles, without a due survey of all the particular cases which may be included in them, is the way to lay a trap for our own understandings in their pursuit of any subject.

As *Niveo*, in his youth, observed, that on three Christmas

days together, there fell a good quantity of snów, he wrote in his Almanack, as a part of his wise remarks on the weather, that it will always snow at Christmas.

Euron, a young lad, took notice, ten times, that there was a sharp frost when the wind was in the north-èast ; therefore in the middle of last July, because the weather cock showed him a north-east wind, he almost expected it should frèeze. It is the same hasty judgment that hath thrown scandal on a whole nàtion for the sake of some culpable characters belonging to several particular natives of that còuntry. As every Frenchman is not gay and airy, nor every Italian jealous and revéngeful, so is not every Englishman over-run with the splèen.

TRUTH.

TRUTH (to use the expression of a celebrated writer) is the offspring of unbroken meditations, and of thoughts often revised and corrècted. It requires, indeed, great patience and resolutión to dissipate that clóud of dárkness which surrounds her ; or (if you will allow me to go to an old philosopher for my allusion) to draw her up from that profound well in which she lies concealed.

There is, however, such a general connection in the operations of náture, that the discovery even of a single truth, opens the way to numberless òthers. But there is nothing, perhaps, more évident than that our intelléctual faculties are not formed by óne général standàrd. Diversity of opínions, therefore, is of the very éssence of our nàtures. It seems próbable that this dispárity extends even to our sènsitive powers. Though we agree, indeed, in giving the same names to certain visible appéarances, as whítteness, for instance, to snów ; yet it is by no means demonstrátion, that the particular body which affects us with that sensation, raises the same précise idéa in any twó pérsóns who shall happen to contémples it togèther.

Happy had it been for the peace of the wórld, if our main-

tainers of systems had conducted their several debates with the full impression of this truth upon their minds. Genuine philosophy is ever the least dogmatical; and I am always inclined to suspect the force of that argument which is obtruded with arrogance and sufficiency.

Philo, a lad of tolerable parts, fancied that he could prove atoms to be indestructible; hence he was silly enough to conclude, that the world would never be destroyed. Could, however, the truth of the premise be established, (most certainly it cannot) still the conclusion of *Philo* was illogical. In reasoning upon topics of this sort, students and lovers of wisdom cannot be too circumspect. We cannot be too modest in our philosophical speculations. 'The elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth, also, and the works that are therein, shall be burned up.' This is the language of an inspired Apostle: and it is decisive.

I am wonderfully pleased with a passage I met with the other day, in the Preface to Mr. Boyle's Philosophical Essays, and would recommend that cautious spirit by which he professes to have conducted himself in his physical researches, as worthy the imitation of inquirers after truth of every kind.

'Perhaps you will wonder,' says he, 'that in almost every one of the following essays, I should use so often, *perhaps, it seems, it is probable*; which argue a diffidence of the truth of the opinions I incline to: and that I should be so shy of laying down principles, and sometimes of so much as venturing at explications. But I must confess, that having met with many things of which I could give myself no one probable cause, and some things of which several causes may be assigned so differing, as not to agree in any thing, unless in their being all of them probable enough; I have found such difficulties in searching into the causes and manner of things, and I am so sensible of my own disability to surmount those difficulties, that I dare speak confidently and positively of very few things, except matter of

‘ fact. And when I venture to deliver any thing by way of
 ‘ opínion, I should, if it were not for mere shame, speak yet
 ‘ móre diffidently than I have been wònt to do. Nor have my
 ‘ thoughts been altogether ídle—in forming notions and at-
 ‘ tempting to devise hypòtheses. But I have hitherto (though
 ‘ not always, yet not unfrequently) found that what pléased
 ‘ me for a whíle, was soon after disgráced by some fárther or
 ‘ néw expèriment. And indeed, I have the less envied many
 ‘ (for I say not *all*) of thóse writers who have taken upon
 ‘ them to deliver the cáuses of things, and éxplicate the mys-
 ‘ teries of náture, since I have had opportunity to observe
 ‘ how mány of their doctrines, after having been for a while
 ‘ appláuded and even admíred, have afterwards been con-
 ‘ fúted by some new phænòmenon in nature, which was
 ‘ either unknówn to suchwriters, or not sufficiently con-
 ‘ sidered by them.’

‘ If pòsitiveness could become ány man in ány póint of mére
 speculátion, it múst have been thís trúly nóble philòsopher,
 who was delivering the result of his studies in a sciéce,
 wherein, by the united confession of the whole wórld, he so
 éminently excèlled. But he had too much generosity to pre-
 scribe his ówn notions as a measure to the judgment of óthers,
 and too much good sense to assert them with héat or cònfi-
 dence.

Whoever, Philotes, pursues his speculations with this
 humble unarrogating temper of mind, and with the best ex-
 ertions of those faculties which Providence has assígned him,
 though he should not find the conviction, never, surely, can
 he fail of the rewárd of Trúth.

ACTION.

IN suiting the action to the word, there are four prin-
 cipal rules.

FIRST: It should keep time with the percussion of voice, whether accentual or emphatic :

‘ Cæsar deserved *blame*, not *fame* !
 ‘ I’ll be in men’s *despite* a monarch.’

SECONDLY: It should imitate the inflexions of the voice whether rising or falling :

‘ By turns they felt the glowing mind,
 ‘ Disturb’d, delighted, RAIS’D, REFIN’D.’

[OBS.—There is a natural coincidence between sound and motion. At present, it is only requisite for the student to be convinced of the ludicrous effect, occasioned by moving the hand in opposite directions upon the words ‘*rais’d*’ and ‘*refin’d*,’ in the two lines quoted from Collins. If ‘*rais’d*’ had been the last word in the sentence, that Inflexion called the extreme falling, or musical fifth below the medium, would have been adopted, and then the falling action would have been correct; for motion and sound are equally expressive of continuation and completion.

On this head, may be considered the action which will assist in rendering the grand divisions of sentences more evident to the understanding of an auditor; these should be distinguished by appropriate motions of the head, the arms, and the hands, where the meaning begins to be formed. This can be exemplified, by pronouncing what Walker has very properly called a Compact Sentence, formed with two principal constructive parts, and known by correspondent conjunctions either expressed or understood.]

‘ If men of eminence are exposed to censure *on the*

one hand, they are as much liable to flattery *on the other.*' In this sentence, the words 'one' and 'other,' being placed in contradistinction, and consequently emphatical, are places which should be marked by Action. Every accent except that on the last word, is accompanied with a rising Inflexion; the hand, therefore, may correspondently rise once and fall once; but as the highest accentuated Inflexion takes place where the meaning begins to be unfolded, *i. e.* where the correspondent word is understood,—the motion of the hand (if action be convenient) should there imitate, more particularly, the sound of the voice; and, then, the pause¹, the longest in the sentence, will afford not only the auditor an opportunity of recollecting himself, but also, if required, give the speaker time to shift his action.

THIRDLY: Action should so far enter into the meaning of words, phrases, and sentences, as to imitate or describe what is intended to be conveyed.

‘ Upon the word,
‘ Accoutred as I was, I *plunged* in,
‘ And bade him follow.’

The word marked in Italics should be particularly characterized with Action.

¹ The hand may either remain up during the pause, and so fall with the last word, or, if convenient, it may drop at the pause, and the other hand may be suffered to rise and finish with the sentence. In exemplifying this rule, redundancy must be avoided: for, as the feet, in dancing, do not keep pace with every demisemiquaver of the violin, so the gestures in speaking do not imitate every accentuated Inflexion of the voice.

[Obs.—*Action*, expressive of motion, is adopted by natural imitation; but action, expressive of certain general feeling, which also comes under the class of imitative words, phrases, and sentences, is subservient to the genius and custom of the people. Without reverting to the custom of the Greeks and Romans, such as *stamping the feet, beating the thigh, striking the forehead*, I shall present the student with the following concentration as adopted by the best English speakers:]

Truth and Virtue seem to be properly denoted by the right hand being placed over the left breast. Hope raises the hands, as if receiving the object desired; and Aversion, gives an opposite direction to the face and arms, or in other words, the face declines from the motion of the hand. Space, distance, or extent may be described by appropriate curvatures of Action: and ideas of sublimity, loftiness, and heavenliness, may be suitably conveyed by elevated countenance and gesture; and *vice versá*.

FOURTHLY: As it is possible for gesture to mark the accentuation, imitate the meaning of certain words, imitate the rising and falling of the voice, and describe the objects of discourse, and yet be very inelegantly executed, it must be remarked, that *Action should be perfectly easy, graceful, and natural*.

N. B.—*The whole of the Compact Sentences should now be repeated, in portions, from memory, accompanied with gesture and action.*

[OBS.—The Greeks and Romans practised their youths in athletic exercises, and sent them to schools called the Palæstra, designed exclusively for the cultivation of their Gesture and Action. Dr. Ward, with Mr. Walker and others, seem to think, that our dancing schools are of similar utility.

‘ Those move easiest who have learn’d to dance ¹.’

POPE.

¹ An observation on the affected graces of a dancing-master, which I recollect to have extorted from the late celebrated Monsieur Roland, father of the present gentleman of that name, teacher of the small sword,—is extremely apposite, and may be interesting to repeat. ‘ Supposing a letter were presented to a dancing-master among his room full of pupils, he would necessarily point the toe in putting his kit on the table; he would then, perhaps, take out his box, and furnish himself with a pinch of snuff; then, after having opened the billet-doux, would curve his arms exactly in a parallel direction, inclining towards the light, point his toe, and, perhaps, not comprehending the meaning on the first perusal, thus spell out the contents.’ ‘ But,’ I observed, ‘ supposing a fencing-master were to receive a letter, how would he conduct himself?’ ‘ De same you, de same any gentleman.’ Upon requiring an explanation, he gave me to understand, that his reading would not have been accompanied with *manner*: in observing him, I should perceive, by the symptoms of earnestness and attention depicted in his countenance, that his *mind was in action*.—And, in truth, were we to compare the one with the other, we should discover, in the dancing-master, all manner, attitude, point and curvature; in the fencing-master, ease, grace, and intellect.—The reason is obvious; all the intellectual functions are active before an adversary in a fencing assault, and this is discoverable from the Expression of the Intellectual muscles. In dancing, we have only to take notice of the vacant stare of the minuet dancer, to convince us that all is insipience, and that not a *breath of thought is seen to move*.

I do not mean to assert, that suppleness is not given to the limbs from the Art of Dancing; but I must say, more grace, elegance and ease are diffused all over the body from the use of the Foil and Single-stick.

The elegance of the Fencing salutes, the frequent practice of thrusting Carte and Tierce, and exercise in the assault, would improve the Gesture and Action of *senior pupils* in elocution, and contribute greatly to the accomplishment of the fourth rule for 'suited the action to the word.']

LOOSE SENTENCES.

A Loose Sentence consists of two or more members to complete the period; which members form meaning independently of each other; and these portions require to be separated either by colons or semicolons.

[OBS.—The following sentences, though proceeding from the easy to the difficult, require precisely similar Inflexions: but as each member of a loose sentence

If it be acknowledged, that fencing characterizes the look and gesture with appearance of intellectual vigour, and that it facilitates the graceful and ornamental motions of the arms and wrists; students should, most certainly, avail themselves of the advantage of practising the art. I advise pupils to acquire, also, the use of the broad-sword.

The practising of these arts would supersede the necessity of remarking to students in elocution, that neither the breast nor stomach should be thrust out, and of motioning that the shoulders should sink easily to their places: it would, also, supersede the necessity of enumerating the awkward motions of an unskilful speaker, and of preparing the student against 'sawing the air with the hand;' that he may escape the sarcasm, related in the *Brutus*, of the coarse yet humourous Sicinius against Curio.

contains perfect meaning, and is not modified or altered in signification by the succeeding, it does not, like the first part or division of a compact sentence, require the rising Inflexion, but such an Inflexion as to indicate that meaning is formed; yet signifying that something is to follow *to complete the period*; and this Inflexion, for the sake of distinction, is called the middle falling Inflexion.

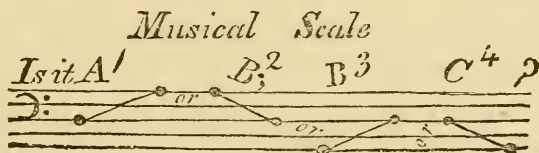
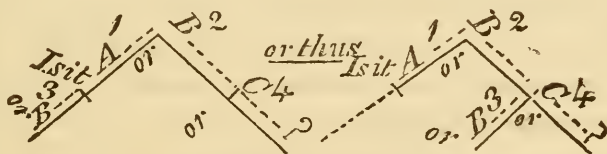
Example. Death which is considered as the greatest evil, happens to àll; the greatest good, be it what it will, is the lot but of a pàrt.

In this sentence the words 'all' and 'part' have, both of them, falling Inflexions; but the former should be pronounced in a higher compass of the voice than the latter.

A Scale of the principal Inflexions in Loose Sentences of two Members.

Is it Á or B̂; or B̂ or Ĉ?

Pupils may easily be taught to pronounce the Alphabet in this way.



A and C are the two extreme Inflexions as before explained; the voice, in pronouncing the former B, descends from the top of the scale to the middle; and, in pronouncing the latter B, it ascends from the bottom to the middle: the two B's are, therefore, called middle Inflexions.]

In a loose sentence, the middle falling¹ Inflexion implies that meaning is formed, but that something is going to be added in illustration; the middle rising Inflexion prepares the ear for the cadence or extreme falling Inflexion.

RULE 8th.—The middle falling Inflexion signifies, that a portion of meaning is formed, but that *something more is to be added*.

RULE 9th.—The middle rising Inflexion prepares the ear for the *cadence, or entire conclusion*.

RULE 10th.—The extreme falling Inflexion implies that the sentence is complete.

[OBS.—In repeating these and all the following sentences, the same order must be preserved as when repeating the Compact Sentences: they must be first carefully read, and then committed to memory and *recited*, as before, *with Action*.]

Nothing can atone for the want of modesty; without which, beauty is ungraceful, and wit detestable.

¹ See Walker's Elements of Elocution, page 94. It is there called the Disjunctive Inflexion.

Things may be seen differently and differently shown ; but actions are visible, though motives are secret.

While the Romans were poor¹, they robbed mankind ; and as soon as they became rich, they robbed one another.

Some desire is necessary to keep life in motion ; and he whose real wants are supplied, must admit those of fancy.

The opinions of every man must be learned from himself ; concerning his practice, it is safest to trust the evidence of others.

If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain ; and make life a greater dream and shadow, than it really is.

Those who attempt nothing themselves, think every thing easily performed ; and consider the unsuccessful always as criminal.

Wit, like other things subject by their nature to the choice of man, has its changes and fashions : and at different times takes different forms.

The utmost we can hope for in this world, is contentment ; if we aim at any thing higher, we shall meet with nothing but grief and disappointment.

Life, however short, is made still shorter by waste of time ; and its progress towards happiness, though naturally slow, is yet retarded by unnecessary labour.

There is a vigilance of observation, and accuracy of distinction, which books and precepts cannot confer ; and from this, almost all original and native excellence proceeds.

By forbearing to do what may innocently be done, we

¹ *Rule 1st* is applicable, also, to almost every member of a loose sentence but the last.

may hourly add new vigour to resolution ; and secure the power of resistance, when pleasure or interest shall lend their charms to guilt.

It is of the last importance, to season the passions of a child with devotion ; which seldom dies in a mind that has received an early tincture of it.

The obedience of children to their parents is the basis of all government ; and set forth as the measure of that obedience which we owe to those whom Providence has placed over us.

Man is seldom willing to let fall the opinion of his own dignity ; he is better content to want diligence than power, and sooner confesses the depravity of his will, than the imbecility of his nature.

It should be an indispensable rule in life, to contract our desires to our present condition ; and, whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compass of what we actually possess.

Youth is of no long duration ; and in maturer age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good.

The most difficult province in friendship is letting a man see his faults and errors ; which should, if possible, be so contrived, that he may perceive our advice is given him, not so much to please ourselves, as for his own advantage.

To refuse credit to what is surprising, confers, for a moment, an appearance of superiority ; which every little mind is tempted to assume, when it may be gained so cheaply as by withdrawing attention from evidence, and declining the fatigue of comparing probabilities.

Tully was the first who observed, that friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy,

and the dividing of our grief: a thought, in which he hath been followed by all the essayers upon friendship that have written since his time.

The foundation of content must spring up in a man's own mind; and he who has so little knowledge of human nature, as to seek happiness by changing any thing but his own disposition, will waste his life in fruitless efforts, and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.

Adversity has ever been considered as the state in which a man most easily becomes acquainted with himself; and this effect it must produce by withdrawing flatterers, whose business it is to hide our weaknesses from us, or by giving loose to malice, and licence to reproach.

I consider a human soul without education like marble in the quarry; which shows none of its internal beauties, till the skill of the polisher fetches out the colours, makes the surface shine, and discovers every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein, that runs through the body of it.

We frequently fall into error and folly, not because the true principles of action are not known, but because, for a time, they are not remembered; he may, therefore, be justly numbered among the benefactors of mankind, who contracts the great rules of life into short sentences, that they may be easily impressed on the memory, and taught, by frequent recollection, to recur habitually to the mind.

PRAXIS.

GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

FIRST, the Supréme doth highest rev'rence claim;
Use with religious awe his sacred name:

Assur'd he views thy wàys ; let nought contróul
The oath thou ónce hast bóund upon thy sòul.

Néxt, to the hèroes—bear a grateful mind,
Whose glorious cares and toils have blest mankind.
Let just respect and decent rítes be paid
To the immortal manes of the dèad.
Honour thy párents and thy néxt of kìnd :
And vírtuous men wherever thou canst find,
In the same bond of lòve let them be join'd.

Useful and steady let thy life procéd
Mild ev'ry word, good natur'd every dèed ;
Oh, never with the man thou lov'st contend !
But bear a thousand frailties from thy friend.
Rashly inflam'd, vain spleen, and slight surmise,
To real feuds, and endless dísord rise.

O'er lust, o'er anger, keep thy stríctest rèign,
Subdue thy sloth ; thy appetite restràin.
With no vile action venture to comply,—
Not, tho' unséen by ev'ry mòrtal eye.
Above áll witnesses thy cònscience fear,
And more than all mankind thysèlf revere.

Óne way let all thy thoughts and actions tènd,
Reason their constant guíde, and truth their ènd.
And, ever mindful of thy mortal state,
How quick, how various, are the turns of fate,
How here, how there, the tides of fortune roll,
How soon impending death concludes the whole,
Compose thy mind, and, free from anxious strífe,
Endure thy portion of the ílls of lìfe :
Though still the good man stands secure from harms,
Nor can misfortune wóund, whom virtue arms.

Discourse in common converse, thou wilt fínd
Some to improve, and some to tàint the mind ;

Grateful to thát, a due observance pay ;
 Beware lest thís entice thy thoughts astrày :
 And bold untruths, which thou art forc'd to héar,
 Receive discreetly with a pátient ear.

Would'st thou be justly rank'd among the wíse,
 Think, ere thou dóst ; ere thou resolv'st advíse ;
 Still let thy aim with sage experience square,
 And plan thy conduct with sagácious càre ;
 So shalt thou all thy course with pleasure rún,
 Nor wish an action of thy life undòne.

Among the various ends of thy desíres,
 'Tis no inférior place thy hèalth requires.
 Firmly for this from all excéss refràin,
 Thy cups be mod'rate, and thy diet plàin :
 Nor yet inelegant thy board supply,
 But shun the nauseous pomp of lùxury.
 Let spleen by cheerful converse be withstóod,
 And honest labours purify the blòod.

Each night, ere needful slumber seals thy éyes,
 Home to thy soul let these reflections ríse ;
How has this day my duty seen expréss'd ?
What have I dònè, omítted, or transgréss'd ?
 Then grieve the moments thou hast idly spent :
 The rest will yield thee comfort and contènt.

Be these good rules thy study and delíght ;
 Practise by day, and ponder them by níght :
 Thus all thy thoughts to virtue's height shall ríse,
 And truth shall stand unveil'd before thy èyes.

Then all around compassionately víew
 The wretched ends which vain mankind pursùe ;
 Toss'd to and fro by each tempestuous gùst,
 The rage of passion, or the fire of lùst ;
 No cèrtain stay, no safe retréat they know,
 But blindly wander through a maze of wòe.

Meanwhile congenial vileness works within,
 And custom quite subdues the soul to sin.
 Save us from this distress, Almighty Lord,
 Our minds illumine, and thy aid afford!

EMPHASIS :

OR,

Words in Contradistinction.

THE following arrangement is respecting Sentences which have parts corresponding to parts. This correspondence, whether in Compact or Loose Sentences, either expressed or understood, is what is justly called Emphasis¹.

RULE 11th.—Words in contradistinction, either expressed or understood, should be pronounced with emphases.

Without *hópe* there can be no *caùtion*.

Those that are past *sháme* are past *hòpe*.

No one loves *hím*, that loves only *himsèlf*.

Some men are made poor by their *òwn* faults; some by the faults of *òthers*.

A *fríend exaggerates* a man's *vìrtues*; an *énemy inflámes* his *crímes*.

We should *estéem vírtue*, though in a *fòe*; and *abhór více*, though in a *fríend*.

In things *dífficult*, there is a danger from *ìgnorance*; in things *éasy*, from *cònfidence*.

¹ Emphatic force may be either simple or double, according to the nature of the contradistinction.

Hypócrisy is the necessary burden of *villainy*; *affectation*, part of the chosen trappings of *fóolly*.

If misery be the effect of *virtue*, it ought to be *rèverenced*: if of *ill fórtune*, it ought to be *pítied*.

Intégrity without *knówledge* is *wéak*, and generally *ùseless*; and *knówledge* without *intégrity*, is *dángerous* and *drèaáful*.

Many men mistake the *lóve* for the *práctice* of virtue, and are not so much *góod* men, as the *fríends* of goodness.

A man's *fírst* care should be to *avóid* the *repróaches* of his own *heàrt*; his *néxt* to *escápe* the *cénsures* of the *wòrld*.

He that is loudly *práised*, will be clamorously *cènsured*; he that rises *hástily* into *fáme*, will be in danger of sinking *súddenly* into *oblívion*.

Góod-nature is more *agréeable* in conversation than *wit*; and gives a certain air to the countenance which is more *ámiable* than *beàuty*.

In every work, *óne part* must be for the sake of *óthers*; a *pálace* must have its *pássages*, a *póem* must have its *tran-sítions*.

RULE 12th.—Sentences or phrases in contradistinction to any general meaning or feeling of the mind, must be pronounced with emphases.

PRAXIS.

FROM ANTONIO AND MELLIDA.

(*The speaker, Feliche, is asked if he envies not the Court:*)

I WONDER it doth not envy *mè*.

Why, man, I have been borne upon the spirit's wings,

The soul's swift Pegasus, the phantasy;

And from the height of contemplation,

Have view'd the feeble joints men totter on.
 I envy *nòne* ; but *hate* or *pity àll*.
 For when I view, with an intentive thought,
 The creature *fair*, but *próud* ; *rich*, but *sót* ;
 The *other witty*, but *unmeasured árrógant* ;
Him great, yet *boundless in ámbítion* ;
Him high-born, but of *base lífe* ; *t'other fear'd*,
 Yet, feared, *fears*, and fears to be *most lóv'd* ;
Him wise, but made a *fool for public-úse* ;
 The other *learn'd*, but *self-opínionate*,—
 When I discourse all these, and see *myself*
 Nor *fair*, nor *rich*, nor *witty*, *great*, nor *féar'd* ;
 Yet amply suited with all full *contént* ;
 Oh, how I clap my hands, and smooth my bròw,
 Rubbing my quiet bòsom, tossing up
 A grateful spirit to Omnìpotence !

HARRIS has divided *Questions* into two Classes,—
 definite and indefinite ; *definite* when the question be-
 gins with a verb, requiring, perhaps, only the answer
 of yes or no : *indefinite* when it begins with either an
 interrogative pronoun or adverb, requiring frequently a
 whole sentence to explain the answer.

RULE 13th.—A Question, having in it but one par-
 ticular, and beginning with a verb, or auxiliary, requires
 its terminating accent to be accompanied with the rising
 inflexion of voice.

Example :—Is it $\overset{\prime}{A}$?

Questions, beginning with verbs, having in them two
 particulars, separated by 'or,' terminate sometimes
 with the rising Inflexion, and sometimes with the falling

Inflexion,— ' Is it $\overset{\prime}{A}$ or $\overset{\prime}{B}$? ' In this question, if we

imagine the speaker to understand, that it is neither of the letters, he uses the word ‘*or*’ conjunctively, and pronounces B with the rising Inflexion; as if he had said ‘can you imagine, that it is either $\overset{\prime}{A}$ or $\overset{\prime}{B}$?’—But if he suppose the question to contain one of the letters, he would use the word ‘*or*’ *disjunctively*, ‘Is it $\overset{\prime}{A}$ or $\overset{\prime}{B}$ ¹?’ as if he had said, it is A or B: therefore,

RULE 14th.—Questions, beginning with verbs or auxiliaries, and having in them two or more particulars separated by the disjunctive ‘*or*,’ terminate with the falling Inflexion.

Example:—Is it $\overset{\prime}{A}$ or $\overset{\prime}{B}$?

RULE 15th.—Questions, beginning with interrogative pronouns or adverbs, terminate with the falling Inflexion. *Example*:—‘*Which is the letter?*’

EXAMPLES.

*Would*² an infinitely wise Being make such glorious beings for so méan a purpose? *Can* he delight in the production of such abórtive intelligence, such shórt-lived reasonable beings? *Would* he give us talents that are not to be exerted, capacities that are not to be grátified?

Shall we in your person crówn the author of the public calamities, *or* shall we destròy him?

¹ This comes under the class of indefinite questions.—N.B. All questions repeated a second time are pronounced like quotations.

² The following words are not printed in Italics to signify either accentual or emphatic force; but merely to refer to the Rules 13, 14, and 15.

Is the goodness, or the wisdom of the Divine Being, more manifested in this his proceeding?

What actions can express the entire purity of thought which refines and sanctifies a virtuous man?—that secret rest and contentedness of mind, which gives him a perfect enjoyment of his present condition: that inward pleasure and complacency which he feels in doing good; that delight and satisfaction which he takes in the prosperity and happiness of another!—These and the like virtues are the hidden beauties of a soul; the secret graces, but cannot be discovered by a mortal eye, but make the soul lovely and precious in his sight from whom no secrets are concealed.

Has a wise and good God furnished us with desires which have no correspondent objects, and raised expectations in our breast, with no other view but to disappoint them? *Are* we to be for ever in search of happiness, without arriving at it, either in this world or the next? *Are* we formed with a passionate longing for immortality, and yet destined to perish after this short period of existence? *Are* we prompted to the noblest actions, and supported through life, under the severest hardships and most delicate temptations, by the hopes of a reward, which is visionary and chimerical, by the expectation of praises, of which it is utterly impossible for us ever to have the least knowledge or enjoyment?

But should these credulous infidels after all be in the right, and this pretended revelation be all a fable, from believing it *what* harm would ensue?—*Would* it render princes more tyrannical, or subjects more ungovernable;—The rich more insolent, or the poor more disorderly?—*Would* it make worse parents or children; husbands or wives; masters or servants; friends or neighbours? *or* would it not make men more virtuous, and, consequently, more happy in every situation?

RULE 16th.—Supplications require their terminating

accents to be accompanied with suitable rising or falling inflexions of voice ¹.

RULE 17th.—A Compact Sentence, or any member of a Loose Sentence considered as an appeal, requires its terminating accent to be accompanied with the rising Inflexion of the voice ².

RULE 18.—*Exclamation* declares the emotion of the speaker: the Inflexion at the concluding accent is either rising or falling according to the signification of the member or sentence to which it is subjoined.

EXAMPLES.

Will you for ever, Athenians, do nothing but walk up and down the city, asking one another, What néws? *What néws!* is there any thing more new than to see a man of Macedonia become master of the Athenians, and give laws to all Greece?

Whither shall I tùrn? Wretch that I ám! to what place shall I betake myself? Shall I go to the cápitol? Alas! it is overflowed with my brother's blood; or shall I retire to my hòuse? yet there I shall behold my mother plunged in misery, weeping and despàiring!

ALL NATURE ATTESTS THE DEITY.

HAST thou beheld the glorious sun,
Through all the sky his circuit run;
At rising morn, at closing day,
And when he beam'd his noontide ráy?

¹ Vide the Philosophy of Elocution, p. 161, and also the Advertisement of this Edition of the "School Orator."

² Ibid. page 169.

Say, didst thou e'er attentive view
The evening cloud, or morning déw?
Or after rain, the wat'ry bow
Rise in the east, a beauteous shów?

When darkness had o'erspread the skies,
Hast thou e'er seen the moon arise;
And, with a mild and placid light,
Shed lustre o'er the face of níght?

Hast thou e'er wandered o'er the plain,
And view'd the fields and waving grain,
The flowery mead, the leafy grove,
Where all is melody and love?

Hast thou e'er trod the sandy shore,
And heard the restless ocean roar;
When, rous'd by some tremendous storm,
Its billows roll in dreadful fórm?

Hast thou beheld the lightning stream
Through night's dark gloom a sudden gleam,
While the bellowing thunder's sound
Roll'd rattling through the heavens profóund?

Hast thou e'er felt the cutting gale,
The sleety shower, the biting hail;
Beheld bright snow o'erspread the plains;
The water bound in icy chaíns?

Hast thou the various beings seen
That sport along the valley green;
That sweetly warble on the spray,
Or wanton in the sunny ráy?

That shoot along the briny deep,
Or under ground their dwellings keep;
That through the gloomy forest range,
Or frightful wilds and desarts stránge?

Hast thou the wondrous scenes survey'd
 That all around thee are displáyd ?
 And hast thou never rais'd thine eyes
 To HIM, who cáus'd these scenes to rise ?

'Twas GÒD, who form'd the concave sky,
 And all the shining orbs on high ;
 Who gave the various béings bírth,
 That people all the spacious eàrth.

'Tis HE, that bids the tempests rise,
 And rolls the thunder from the skìes :
 His voice the èlements obey ;
 Through all the éarth extends his swày.

His goodness áll his creatures share ;
 But mán is his pecùliar care.
 Then, while they all proclaim his praise,
 Let *man* his voice the lòudest raise.

THE MAN OF ROSS.

Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry bròw ?
 From the dry rock who bade the wàters flow ?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lóst,
 But clear and artless pouring through the plain,
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady ròws ?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repòse ?
 Who taught that heaven-directed spìre to rise ?
 "The Man of Ròss," each lispìng bàbe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread !
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread :
 He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate ;

Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest,
 The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any síc ? The man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the méd'cine makes and gives.
 Is there a váriance ? Enter but hís door,
 Balk'd are the cóurts, and cóntest is no mòre.
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile attórneys, nów a ùseless race.
 Thrice happy man ! enabled to pursue
 What all so wish, but want the pòwer to do !
 Oh, say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply ?
 What mines to swell that boundless chàrity ?

Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
 This man possess'd—five hundred pounds a yèar.
 Blùsh, grandeur, blùsh ! proud courts, withdraw your blàze !
 Ye little stars ! hide your diminish'd ràys.

BEAUTY IMPROVED.

WHEN blooming beauty in the noon of pòwer,
 While offer'd joys demand each sprightly hóur ;
 When she, whose name the softest lóve inspires,
 To the hush'd chamber of disease retíres,
 To wait and weep beside a parent's béd,
 Catch the faint voice, and raise the languid héad,
 What mix'd delight each feeling heart must wàrm !
 An angel's óffice suits an ángel's fòrm !
 Thus the tall column graceful rears its héad
 To prop some mould'ring tow'r with moss o'ersprèad,
 Whose stately piles and arches yet displáy
 The venerable graces of decày :
 Thus round the wither'd trunk fresh shoots are sèen
 To shade their parent with a cheerful grèen.

More héalth, dear máid ! thy soothing présence brings
 Than purest skies and salutary sprìngs.
 That vóice, those lóoks, such héaling virtues béar,
 Thy sweet reviving smiles might cheer despàir ;
 On the pale lips detain the parting bréath,
 And bid hope blossom in the shades of dèath.
 Beauty like thine, could never reach a chárm
 So powerful to subdue, so sure to wàrm.
 On her lov'd child behold the mother gáze !—
 In weakness pleas'd, and smiling through decáys,—
 And leaning on that breast her cares assuàge ;—
 How soft a pillow for declining àge !
 For this, when that fair frame must feel decáy,
 (Oh Heaven, protract it to a dístant day !)
 Some pious hand shall thy weak limbs sustain,—
 And pay thee bàck these generous cares again ;
 Thy name shall flourish by the good appróv'd,
 Thy memory honour'd, and thy dust belòv'd.

THE SERIES.

THE enumerating of particulars in either [Compact] or Loose Sentences, is called—*Series*. There are two sorts, *Commencing* and *Concluding*.

RULE 19th.—When the enumeration occurs in the former part of a Compact Sentence, or in the former division of any of the members of a Loose Sentence, it is called *the Commencing Series*, and requires the *rising Inflexion*¹.

Example.—‘ How noble in réason, how infinite in fáculy,

¹ This is contrary to the practice of Walker.

in form and moving how express and admirable, in action how like an ángel, in apprehension how like a Gód,—is màn.'

RULE 20th.—When each particular of the enumeration forms meaning, the whole is called *A Concluding Series*, and requires the *falling* Inflexion.

Example.—'What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an ángel¹! in apprehension how like a Gód!'

The natures of both Series, commencing and concluding, and the parts of the sentences to which they belong, point out the precise manner in which they should be delivered. 'In order, however, to mark these particulars distinctly, they must not be suffered to blend with each other; and at the same time to show that they have a common relation to the whole sentence, they must not be pronounced entirely different. The similitude and diversity in the pronunciation should be an exact picture of the similitude and diversity in the composition. For as a climax in writing ought to rise in force as it proceeds, so the voice, in pronouncing it, ought gradually to increase its force upon every subsequent member. Here is the diversity; but as the members have a similar form, and stand equally related to the object of the sentence, they ought to have a similar inflexion of the voice: here is the uniformity².'

¹ In the Concluding Series, the last accent of the penultimate particular frequently has the rising Inflexion, *to prepare the ear for the cadence.*

² *Walker.*

EXAMPLES OF THE COMMENCING SERIES.

[For the convenience of the Student, each particular is printed separately, and marked with the semicolon; towards the end of the Examples, the arrangement is otherwise.]

The miser is more industrious than the saint ;
the pains of getting ;
the fear of losing¹ ;
and the inability of enjoying his wealth, have been the mark
of satire in all ages.

When ambition pulls one way ;
interest another ;
inclination a third ;
and perhaps reason contrary to all, a man is likely to pass
his time but ill, who has so many different parties to
please.

To play with important truths ;
to disturb the repose of established tenets ;
to subtilize objections ;
and elude proof, is too often the sport of youthful vanity, of
which maturer experience commonly repents.

Were the miser's repentance upon the neglect of a good
bargain ;
his sorrow for being over-reached ;
his hope of improving a sum ;
and his fear of falling into want ;
directed to their proper objects, they would make so many
Christian graces and virtues.

What innumerable multitudes of people lie confused to-

¹ *Rule 9th* must, on this*and similar occasions, be carefully applied, which says,—‘The middle rising Inflexion.’ &c.

gether under the pavement of an ancient cathedral ;
how men and women ;
friends and enemies ;
priests and soldiers ;
monks and prebendaries, are crumbled amongst one another,
and blended together in the same common mass !
how beauty, strength, and youth ;
with old age ;
weakness ;
and deformity, lie undistinguished, in the same promiscuous
heap of matter.

The bounding of Satan over the walls of Paradise, his sitting, in the shape of a cormorant, upon the tree of life, which stood in the centre of it, and overtopped all the other trees in the garden ; his alighting among the herd of animals, which are so beautifully represented as playing about Adam and Eve ; together with his transforming himself into different shapes, in order to hear their conversation, are circumstances that give an agreeable surprise to the reader, and are devised with great art, to connect that series of adventures, in which the poet has engaged this artifice of fraud.

To find the nearest way from truth to truth ; or from purpose to effect : not to use more instruments where fewer will be sufficient ; not to move by wheels and levers, what will give way to the naked hand, is the great proof of a healthful and vigorous mind, neither feeble with helpless ignorance, nor overburdened with unwieldy knowledge.

A guilty or a discontented mind, a mind, ruffled by ill fortune, disconcerted by its own passions, soured by neglect, or fretting at disappointments, hath not leisure to attend to the necessity or reasonableness of a kindness desired, nor a taste for those pleasures which wait on beneficence, which demand a calm and unpolled heart to relish them.

EXAMPLES OF THE CONCLUDING SERIES.

The chief security against the fruitless anguish of impatience, must arise from frequent reflection, on the wisdom and goodness of the God of nature ;
 in whose hands are riches and poverty ;
 honour and disgrace ;
 pleasure and pain, and life and death.

It is the most agreeable talent of an historian, to be able to draw up his armies and fight his battles in proper expressions ;
 to set before our eyes the divisions, cabals, and jealousies of great men ;
 to lead us step by step, into the several actions and events of his history.

A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party ;
 of doing justice to the character of a deserving man ;
 of softening the envious ;
 quieting the angry ;
 and rectifying the prejudiced ;
 which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person, who can busy himself in them with discretion.

The most open, instructive, and unreserved discourse, is that, which passes between two persons, who are familiar and intimate friends. On these occasions, a man gives a loose to every passion and every thought that is uppermost ;
 discovers his most retired opinions of persons and things ;
 tries the beauty and strength of his sentiments ;
 and exposes his whole soul, to the examination of his friend.

The ill-natured man, though but of equal parts, gives himself a larger field to expatiate in, than the good-natured

man can reconcile to his feelings: he exposes those failings in human nature which the other would cast a veil over; laughs at vices, which the other either excuses or conceals;
gives utterance to reflections which the other stifles;
falls indifferently upon friends or enemies;
exposes the person who has obliged him;
and, in short, sticks at nothing that may establish the character of a wit.

As virtue is the most reasonable and genuine source of honour, we generally find, in titles, an intimation of some particular merit, that should recommend men to the high stations which they possess: holiness is ascribed to the pope;
majesty to kings;
serenity, or mildness of temper, to princes;
excellence, or perfection, to ambassadors;
grace to archbishops;
honour to peers;
worship, or venerable behaviour, to magistrates;
and reverence, which is of the same import as the former, to the inferior clergy.

For my part, I freely indulge my soul in the confidence of its future grandeur: it pleases me to think that I, who know so small a portion of the works of the Creator, and with slow and painful steps, creep up and down on the surface of this globe, shall ere long shoot away with the swiftness of imagination; trace out the hidden springs of nature's operations; be able to keep pace with the heavenly bodies in the rapidity of their career; be a spectator of the long chain of events, in the natural and moral worlds; visit the several apartments of the creation; know how they are furnished and how inhabited; comprehend the order and measure, the magnitude and distances of those orbs, which, to us, seem disposed without any regular design, and set all

in the same circle ; observe the dependence of the parts of each system ; and (if our minds are big enough) to grasp the theory of the several systems upon one another, from whence results the harmony of the universe.

If we would have the kindness of others, we must endure their follies. He who cannot persuade himself to withdraw from society, must be content to pay a tribute of his time to a multitude of tyrants : to the loiterer, who makes appointments he never keeps—to the consulter, who asks advice he never takes—to the boaster, who blusters only to be praised—to the complainer, who whines only to be pitied—to the projector, whose happiness is only to entertain his friends with expectations, which all but himself know to be vain—to the economist, who tells of bargains and settlements—to the politician, who predicts the fate of battles and breach of alliances—to the usurer, who compares the different funds—and to the talker, who talks only because he loves talking.

The care of the oratorical critic should be to distinguish error from inability, faults of inexperience from defects of nature. Action irregular and turbulent, may be reclaimed ; vociferation, vehement and confused, may be restrained and modulated ; the yell of inarticulate distress, may be reduced to human lamentation ; all these faults should be, for a time, overlooked, and afterwards censured with gentleness and candour : but if in a speaker there appears an utter vacancy of meaning, a frigid equality, a stupid languor, a torpid apathy ; the greatest kindness that can be shown him, is a speedy sentence of expulsion.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

Now, when my mind has all this world survéy'd,
 And found that nothing by itself was máde;
 When thought has rais'd itself by just degrés,
 From valleys crown'd with flowers, and hills with trées,
 From smoking min'erals, and from rising stréams,
 From fatt'ning Nilus, or victorious Thámes;
 From all the living, that four-footed móve
 Along the shore, the meadow or the gróve;
 From all that can with fins or feathers flý
 Through the aërial or the wát'ry sky;
 From the poor reptile with a reas'ning sóul,
 That miserable máster of the whóle;
 From this great object of the bódý's eye,
 This fair half round, this ample azure ský,
 Terribly large, and wonderfully bríght,
 With stars unnumber'd, and unmeasur'd líght;
 From essences unseen, celestial names,
 Enlight'ning spirits, and ministerial flámes,
 Angels, Dominions, Potentates, and Thrónes,
 All that in each degree the name of créature owns;
 Lift we our reason to that sov'REIGN CAUSE,—
Who blest the whole with lífe, and bounded it with làws;
 Who forth from nothing—called this comely frame;
 His will and act, his wórd and wórk, the sàme;
 To whom a thousand yéars are but a dày;
 Who bade the light her genial beams displáy,
 And set the Móon, and taught the Sún his wáy;
 Who, waking Time, his creature, from the sóurce
 Priméval, order'd his predestin'd còurse,
 Himself as in the hollow of his hánd,
 Holding, obedient to his high commánd,
 The deep abyss, the long continu'd store,
 Where months, and days, and hours, and mínutes pour
 Their floating parts, and thenceforth are no mòre;—

This Alpha and Omega, First and Last,—
 Who, like the potter, in a mould has cast
 The world's great frame, commanding it to be
 Such as the eye of Sense and Reason see,
 Yet, if he wills, may change or spoil the whole,
 May take yon beauteous, mystic, starry roll,
 And burn it—like a useless parchment scroll;
 May from its basis in one moment pour
 This melted Earth—
 Like liquid metal, and like burning ore;
 Who, sole in pow'r, at the beginning said,
 'Let sea, and air, and earth, and heav'n be made,'—
 AND IT WAS SO—And when he shall ordain
 In other sort, has but to speak again,—
 And THEY SHALL BE NO MORE: of this great theme,
 This glorious, hallow'd, everlasting name,
 This GOD, *I would discourse.*

MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
 Almighty! thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair! thyself how wondrous then!
 Unspèakable! who sitt'st above these heav'ns,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these thy lowliest works: yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought, and 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 heav'n;
 On earth; join all ye creatures to extol
 Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.
 Fairest of *Stárs*, 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 *Sún*, of this great world both eye and soul,
 Acknowledge Him thy grèater; sound His praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Móon, that now meet'st the Orient Sun, now fly'st
 With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flíes;
 And ye five other wand'ring fires, that move
 In mystic dance, not without sóng, 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 áll things; let your ceaseless change
 Vary to our great Maker still nèw praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
 From hill or steaming lake, dusky or grey,
 Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with góld,
 In honour to the world's great Author rise,
 Whether to deck with clouds th' uncolour'd sky,
 Or wet the thirsty earth with falling shówers,
 Rising or falling still advance His pràise.
 His praise, ye *wínds*,—that from four quarters blow,
 Breathe soft or loud! and wave your tops, ye *pínes*,
 With every plant, in sign of wórship wàve.
 Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
 Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his pràise.
 Join voices, *all ye living sòuls*; ye *bírd*s,
 That singing up to heaven-gate ascénd,
 Bear on your wings, and in your notes, His pràise.
 Ye that in waters glíde, and ye that walk
 The éarth, that stately tread, or lowly créep;
 Witness if I be silent, morn or éven,

To hill or valley, fountain or fresh sháde,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail, Universal Lord ! be bounteous still
To give us only good ; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or concéal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

INTRODUCTION
TO THE
ORATORICAL SPEECHES;

OR,

Exercises for Modulating and Improving the Voice.

MODULATION.

IN speaking, *Modulation* signifies an agreeable arrangement of the tunes or inflexions of the voice, without destroying the ideas. The principles are Order and Variety. Modulation depends, therefore, upon heightening and lowering the inflexion by degrees, according to the rules for pronouncing the Compact Sentence and Series: and, likewise, upon diversifying the key or scale of the Inflexions, at every detached member of a Loose Sentence, and every new period of whatever construction, whether Compact or Loose.

[OBS.—In pronouncing the following Exercises, the accents or signs of Inflexions, and the Rules to which the figures refer, must be carefully observed.]

REPUTATION.

To travel far as the wide world extends, 1.
Seeking for objects that deserv'd their cáre, 8
4 Vírtnue set forth, with two selected friènds, 10
9 Talent refin'd, and réputátion fair. 1
As they went on in their intended róund, 8
Talent spoke first: ' My gentle comrades, say,

‘ Where each of you may probably be found,
 15
 ‘ Should accident divide us on the way ?
 3 1
 ‘ If torn (she added) from my lov’d allíes,
 ‘ A friendly patronage I hope to fínd ¹,
 9
 ‘ Where the fine arts from cultivation ríse,
 10
 ‘ And the sweet Muse hath harmoniz’d mankínd.
 Says Virtue, ‘ Did sincerity appear,
 ‘ Or meek-eyed Charity among the gréat,
 1
 ‘ Could I find courtiers from corruption cléar,
 ‘ ’Tis among these I’d seek for my retreat ² :
 ‘ Could I find patriots for the public wéal
 ‘ Assiduous, and without their selfish créws ;
 9
 ‘ Could I find priests of undissembled zéal,
 10
 ‘ ’Tis among these my residence I’d chòose.
 ‘ In glitt’ring dómes let Lúxury resíde,
 8
 ‘ I must be found in some sequester’d cèll

¹ It should seem almost unnecessary to remind the student that the Inflexion accompanying the accent of ‘ find’ is lower than that of the word ‘ allies,’ but *higher than the middle rising Inflexion, or that compass of Inflexion with which the word ‘ rise’ is pronounced ; and which prepares the ear for the cadence.* The sinking of the voice by degrees to the cadence, and the pronouncing of the succeeding period in a different tone, comprise the two leading principles of modulation.

² The closing accent of this line is on the emphatic word ‘ these.’ The Inflexion of the last word is governed by the emphatic word ‘ my.’

‘ Far from the paths of Avarice or Príde,⁹
 ‘ Where home-bred Hàppiness delights to dwell.¹⁰
 ‘ Ye may be trac’d, my gentle friends, ’tis true :⁸
 ‘ But who (says Reputation) can explóre³
 ‘ My slipp’ry steps ?—Keep, keep mé in your view ;¹⁵
 ‘ If I’m once lost, you’ll never find me mòre.’¹⁰

MAY MORNING.

Now the bright Mórning star, Day’s hárbinger,²
 Comes dancing from the éast, and léads with her
 The flow’ry Màý, who from her green lap throws⁶
 The yellow cówslip, and the pale primrose.^{9 10}
 Hail, boùnteous May ! that dost inspire¹⁸
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desíre :⁸
 Woods and groves are of thy drèssing ;³
 Hill and dále, do boast thy blèssing.^{9 10}
 Thus we salute thee with our éarly song,⁹
 And welcome thee, and wish thee lóng.¹⁰

THE SHORTNESS OF MAN’S LIFE.

MARK that swift arrow, how it cuts the àir,—¹⁸
 How it out-runs the following èye !
 Use all persuásions now, and try
 If thou canst call it báck, or stay it there.

Thát way it wént, but thou shalt fínd⁹
 No track is left behind.¹⁰

Fool! 'tis thy life, and the fond archer thou.

Of all the time thou'st shot awáy

I'll bid thee fetch but yésterday,

And it shall be too hárd a tásk to dò.

Besides repéntance what cans't fínd,

That it hath left behind?¹⁵

Our life is carried with too stróng a tíde ;

A doubtful cloud our substance béars,

And is the horse of all our yèars :⁸

Each dáy doth on a winged whirlwind ríde.⁹¹⁰

We and our glass run óut, and must⁹

Both render up our dùst.¹⁰

But his past life, who without grief can see,

Who never thinks his end too néar,

But says to Fáme, thóu art mine héir ;¹

Thát man extends Life's natural brèvity.¹⁰

This is, *this*¹ is the óny way⁹

To outlive Nestor in a dáy.¹⁰

¹ A rest, or short pause.

THE YOUTH AND THE PHILOSOPHER.

2

A GRECIAN Youth, of talents rare,
 Whom Plato's philosophic care
 Had form'd for Virtue's nobler view,
 By precept and exámple¹ too,
 Would often boast his matchless skill,
 To curb the steed and guide the wheel;⁸
 And as he pass'd the gazing throng,
 With graceful ease, and smack'd the thóng,⁹
 The idiot wonder they express'd¹⁰
 Was praise and transport to his breast.
 At length, quite vain, he needs must show⁸
 His master what his art could dò ;
 And bade his slaves the chariot lead¹⁰
 To Academus' sacred shàde.²⁰

(o)² The trembling grove confess'd its frìght,
 The wood-nymphs startled at the sìght,⁹
 The muses dropt the learned lyre,¹⁰
 And to their inmost shades retire.

¹ Rule 1st applies to the former member of this loose sentence. See the scale.

² The mark (o) signifies that the voice is to be *lowered*. Wonder, surprise, amazement, terror, &c. are expressed by low voices; upon such and other occasions, when it is requisite to lower the voice, the same mark will be adopted.

Howe'er, the yóuth, with forward air²
 Bows to the sage, and mounts the càr;⁸
 The lash resoùnds, the coursers spring¹,²⁰
 The chariot marks the rolling rìng;⁸
 And gath'ring crówds, with eager eyes,⁹
 And shóuts, pursue him as he flies¹⁰.¹⁰
 Triumphant to the goal retúrn'd,⁸
 With nobler thirst his bosom bùrn'd :
 And now, along th' indented pláin,⁸
 The self-same track he marks agàin ;
 Pursues with cáre the nice desígn,¹⁰
 Nor ever deviates from the líne.

(o) Amazement seiz'd the circling cròwd ;
 The youths with emulation glòw'd :
 Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the bóy,¹⁰
 And all, but Plato, gaz'd with jòy.²
 For hé, deep-judging sage, behéld⁸
 With pain the triumphs of the fièld ;
 And, when the charioteer drew nigh,¹
 And, flush'd with hope, had caught his éye ;

¹ If we wish to infer that the conjunction, 'and,' is to be understood at the end of a member of this sort, the rising inflexion must be adopted.

² Pause a little, and alter the voice.

‘ Alas ! unhappy youth ! ’ he cried,
 ‘ Expect no praise from mè,’ (and sigh’d);
 ‘ With indignation I survey
 ‘ Such skill and judgment thrown away.
 ‘ The time profusely squander’d there
 ‘ On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
 ‘ If well employ’d, at less expéuse,
 ‘ Had taught thee hònour, vîrtue, sèuse;
 ‘ And rais’d thee from a cóachman’s fate,
 ‘ To govern men, and guide the stàte.’

DOUGLAS TO LORD RANDOLPH.

My name is Nòrval : on the Grampian hílls
 My father feeds his fìock ;—a frugal swàin,
 Whose constant cáres were to increase his stóre,
 And keep his only son, myself, at hòme.
 For I had heard of battles, and I lóng’d
 To follow to the field some warlike lòrd ;
 And Heaven soon gránted what my sire denied.
 This Móon, which rose last night, round as my shield,
 Had not yet fill’d her hòrns, when, by her light,
 A band of fierce barbárians, from the hílls,
 Rush’d, like a torrent, down upon the vále,

Sweeping our flocks and hêrds. The shepherds fled⁴
 For safety and for succour. I¹⁰ alone,
 With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
 Hover'd about the ény, and mark'd
 The road he took; then hasted to my friènds,⁶
 Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
 I met advàncing. The pursuit I led,¹⁰
 Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd fôe;
 We fought and cònquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,¹⁰
 An arrow from my bow had pierc'd their chîef,⁶
 Who wore thát day the arms which now I wear.¹⁰
 Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
 The shepherd's slothful life; and having héard⁸
 That our good King had summon'd his bold peers
 To lead their warriors to the Carron síde,
 I left my father's house, and took with me
 A chosen servant to conduct my stêps:—⁸
 Yon trembling còward, who forsook his màster.⁶
 Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these tówers;
 And, heaven-directed, came this dáy¹, to do
 The happy déed, that gilds my humble nàme.⁹ ¹⁰

¹ A short rest, or pause.

DOUGLAS'S ACCOUNT OF THE HERMIT.

BENEATH a mountain's brow, the most remote²
 And inaccessible, by shepherds trod,
 In a deep cave, dug by no mortal hánd,¹
 A hèrmit liv'd;—a mélancholy màn,
 Who was the wonder of our wand'ring swàins.¹⁰
 Austere and lónely, cruel to himself,
 Did they repòrt him; the cold earth his bèd,²⁰
 Water his drínk, his food the shepherd's àlms.
 I went to sèe him; and my héart was touch'd⁸
 With rev'rence and with pìty. Mild he spàke,⁴
 And, ent'ring on discourse, such stóries told¹⁰
 As made me oft revisit his sad cèll.¹⁰
 For he had been a soldier in his yóuth,
 And fought in famous bàttles, when the peers
 Of Europe, by the bold Godfredo led,
 Against th' usurping infidels display'd¹⁰
 The blessed cross, and won the Holy Lànd.¹⁰
 Pleas'd with my admirátiòn, and the fire
 His speech strúck from me, the old man would shake⁸
 His years awáy, and act his young encoùnters;
 Then, having show'd his wóunds, he'd sit him dówn,

And, all the live-long day, discourse of wàr.¹⁰
 To help my fáncy, in the smóoth gréen túrf
 He cut the figures of the marshall'd hòsts,²⁰
 Describ'd the mótions, and explain'd the úse,
 Of the deep cólumn and the lengthen'd líne,²⁰
 The squàre, the créscent, and the phalanx firm:⁸
 For all that Saracen or Christian knew
 Of war's vást árt, was to this hermit knòwn.^{9 10}

THE STRANGER DESCRIBED BY ARNOLDUS.

THIS stránger, that delights to dwell with darkness,
 Unknówn, unfriénded, compass'd round with wrétchedness,¹
 Conceals some mighty purpose in his bréast,⁹
 Now lab'ring into bírth.¹⁰
 Six moons have chang'd upon the face of níght,⁸
 Since here he first arrív'd, in servile wèeds,—
 But yet of mien majèstic. I obsèrv'd him,—^{10 8}
 And ever as I gáz'd, some nameless chárm,¹
 A wondrous greatness, not to be conceáled,
 Broke through his fórm, and awed my sóul befòre him.^{9 10}
 Amid these mines he earns the hireling's pòrtion,⁸

His hands out-toil⁸ the hìnd,—while on his brow,
 Sits pátiènce, bath'd in the laborious dróp
 Of painful ìndustry. I oft have sought,¹⁰
 With friendly tender of some wórthier service,
 To win him from his tèmper ; but he shuns⁸
 All òffers,—yet declin'd with graceful árt,⁹
 Engaging beyond ùtt'rance. And at eve,¹⁰
 When all retire so some domestic sólace,
 Hé only stáys, and, as you see, the éarth⁹
 Receives him to her dark and cheerless bòsom.¹⁰

PHILASTER'S DEVICE.

I HAVE a bóy,
 Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intènt,—⁸
 Not yet seen in còurt. Hunting the buck,¹⁰
 I found him sitting by a fountain's sìde,⁸
 Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thìrst ;⁸
 But paid the nymph again as much in tèars.^{9, 10}
 A garland lay by him, made by himsèlf,⁴
 Of many several flowers, bred in the báy,
 Stuck in that mystic order, that the ráreness⁸
 Delighted me ; but ever when he turn'd

His tender éyes upon them, he would wéep,⁹
 As if he meant to make them gròw again.¹⁰
 Seeing such pretty, hélpless innocence
 Dwell in his fáce, I ask'd him all his stòry;⁸
 He told me that his parents gentle díed,—
 Leaving him to the mercy of the fièlds,—⁸
 Which gave him róots ; and of the crystal sprìngs,—
 Which did not stop their cóurses ; and the sún,⁹
 Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his lìght.¹⁰
 Then took he up his gárland, and did show
 What every flower, as cóuntry people hólđ,
 Did sìgnify ; and how all, order'd thus,⁸
 Express'd his grìef ; and, to my' thoughts, did réad
 The prettiest lecture of his country árt
 That could be wìsh'd ; so that methóught, I could⁸
 Have stùdied it. I gladly entertàin'd him,—¹⁰
 Hé was as glad to fòllow ; and have got⁸
 The trustiest, loving'st, and the géntlest boy,⁹
 That ever master kèpt. Him will I sènd¹⁰
 To wáit on you, and bear our hídden lòve.⁹

CONJUGAL LOVE.

If love be holy, if that mystery
 Of co-united hearts be sacrament ;
 If the unbounded goodness have infus'd
 A sacred ardour of a mútual love
 Into our spécies ; if those ámorous joys,
 Those swéets of life, those cónforts even in déath,
 Spring from a cause above our réason's reach ;
 If that clear flame deduce its heat from héaven,¹
 'Tis like its càuse, etèrnal ; always òne,—⁸
 As is the instiller of divìnest love,—
 Unchang'd by tìme, immòrtal, maugre dèath.
 But, oh, 'tis grown a figment ; love a jèst ;²⁰
 A comic pòsey :—the soul of man is ròtten,¹⁰
 Even to the còre,—no sound affèction.
 Our love is hòllow, v àulted, stands on props¹⁰
 Of cìrcumstance, profit, or ambitious hòpes.

HELENA UPBRAIDING HERMIA.

INJURIOUS Hermia, most ungràteful maid !
 Have yóu conspir'd, have yóu with these contriv'd
 To bait me with this foul derísion ?¹³
 Is all the counsel that we two have shár'd,

The síster's vóws, the hóurs that we have spént,
 When we have chid the hásty-footed time
 For párting us ; óh ! and is áll forgót ?¹³
 All school-days' fríendship, childhood ínnocence ?¹³
 We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
 Created with our needles both óne flówer,⁸
 Both on óne sàmpler, sitting on one cùshion ;
 Both warbling of óne sòng, both in óne káy,—⁹
 As if our hands, our sides, voices, and mínds,¹⁰
 Had been incòrp'rate. Lo, we grew together,⁸
 Like to a double chèrry,—séeming parted,
 But yet a únion in partítion !
 Two lovely bérries, moulded on one stèm ;⁸
 So with twó séeming bódies, but óne heàrt ;⁸
 Two of the fírst, like coats in hérauldry,⁹
 Due but to óne, and crowned with óne crèst.¹⁰
 And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor fríend ?¹³
 It is not fríendly, 'tis not maídenly :⁸
 Our sex, as well as I, may chíde you for it,⁹
 Though I alone do feel the ìnjury.¹⁰

HERMIT TO ALFRED.

LAST night, when, with a draught from that cool fountáin,
 I had my wholesome, sober supper crown'd,
 As is my stated cústom, forth I wálk'd,
 Beneath the solemn gloom and glitt'ring sky,
 To feed my soul with pray'r and meditátion :
 And thus to ínward harmony cômpos'd,
 That sweetest music of the grateful heart,
 Whose each emotion is a silent hým, n
 I to my couch retir'd. Straight on mine eyes
 A pleasing slúmber fell ; whose mystic pówer
 Seal'd up my senses, but enlarg'd my soúl.
 Led by those spirits, who disclose futúry, n
 I liv'd through dístant àges ; felt the virtue,
 The great, the glorious passions that will fire
 Remote postèry ; when guardian laws
 Are by the patriot in the glowing senate
 Won from corrúption ; when th' impatient arm
 Of liberty invincible, shall scourge
 The tyrants of mankìnd—and when the deep,
 Through all her swelling waves, from pole to póle,
 Shall spread the boundless empire of thy sòns.

I saw thée, Alfred, too—But o'er thy fórtunes⁹
 Lay clouds impènetrable. Remémber wéll,¹⁰
 The noble lessons by affliction taught :⁸
 Preserve the quick humánity it gives,
 The pitying, social sense of human wéakness ;
 Yet keep thy génerous fórtitude entire,—
 The manly heart, that to anóther's woe⁹
 Is tender as superior to its òwn.¹⁰
 Léarn to submìt : yet léarn to cónquer fòrtune.^{8 9 10}
 Attách thee fírmly to the virtuous déeds
 And óffices of life : to lífe itsélf,⁸
 With all its vain and transient joys, sit loèse.
 Chief, let devotion to the sóvereign mind,¹²
 A steady, cheerful, absolute dépendance⁹
 On his best, wisest government, possèss thee.¹⁰

LADY.

From the Mask of Comus.

My bróthers,² when they saw me wearied out
 With this long wáy, resolving here to lodge²
 Under the spreading favour of these pínes,¹
 Stepp'd, as they said, to the next thicket síde,

To bring me berries, or such cooling frúit,⁹
 As the kind hospitable woods provide.¹⁰
 They léft me thén, when the gréy-hooded Even,²
 Like a sad votarist in palmer's wéeds,
 Bore from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wàin;⁸
 But where they are, and why they come not back,
 Is now the labour of my thoughts;⁸ 'tis likeliest
 'They had engag'd their wand'ring steps too fàr;⁸
 This is the place, as well as I may guess,
 Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
 Was rife, and perfect in my listening èàr;⁸
 Yet nought but single darkness do I find.¹⁰
 What may this bè?¹⁵ A thousand fantasies
 Begin to throng into my mémory,
 Of calling shápes, and beck'ning sháadows díre,⁹
 And airy tóngues, that syllable men's names
 On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.¹⁰
 These thoughts may startle well, but not astound
 The vírtuous mind, that ever walks attended
 By a strong siding chàmpion,—cònscience.¹⁰
 Oh, welcome, pure-ey'd faith, white-handed hope,
 Thou hovering Angel, girt with golden wíngs,—

And thou unblemish'd form of chástity,
 I see you visibly, and now believe
 That he, the Supreme Góod, (to whom all things ill
 Are but as slavish officers of vengeance)
 Would send a glist'ring guárdian, if need were,
 To keep my life and honour unassàil'd.

HUBERT,

Concerning Arthur's Death.

My lord, they say five mòons were seen to-night,
 Four fixed, and the físth did whirl about
 The other four in wondrous mòtion.
 Old men and beldams in the stréets,
 Do prophesy upon it dàngerously.
 Young Arthur's death is còmmon in their mouths ;
 And when they tálk of him, they shake their heads,
 And whisper one another in the èar ;
 And he that spéaks doth gripe the hearer's wrist,
 Whilst he that héars makes fearful áction
 With wrinkled bròws, with nód's, with rolling èyes.
 I saw a smith stand with his hammer thus,
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cóol,
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's nèws ;

Who, with his shears and measure in his hánd,
 Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste²
 Had falsely thrust upon cóntrary féet,
 Told of many thousand warlike French,
 That were embattled and rank'd in Kènt:
 Another lean, unwash'd artíficer,
 Cuts off his tále, and talks of Arthur's deáth.^{9 10}

GRIFFITH'S DESCRIPTION OF CARDINAL WOLSEY.

[To prevent monotony in pronouncing this speech, the middle falling Inflexion must be carefully modulated.]

MÈN's evil manners live in bràss; their virtues⁸
 We write in water. May it please your highness¹⁰
 To hear me speak his good word?—¹ This Cardinal,
 Though from an hùmble stock, undoubtedly⁸
 Was fashion'd to much honour from his cràdle;
 He was a scholar, and a ripe and gòod one:⁸
 Exceeding wìse, fair spóken, and persuàding;^{20 8}
 Lofty and sour, to them that lóv'd him not,
 But to those men that sought him, sweet as sùmmer;⁸
 And though he were unsatisfied in géttìng,

¹ A short pause.

3
 (Which was a sin) yet in bestowing¹, Madam,
 8
 He was most princely; ever witness for him
 9
 Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
 Ipswich and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
 8
 Unwilling to out-live the good he did it:

 The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
 9
 So excellent in art, and still so rising,
 10
 That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
 8
 His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;

 For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
 8
 And found the blessedness of being little:

 And to add greater honours to his age
 9 12 10
 Than man could give him, *he died fearing God.*

SEVEN AGES.

ALL the world's a stage,
 8
 And all the men and women merely players:

 They have their exits and their entrances,

 And one man in his time plays many parts,

¹ A minute pause.

10

His acts being séven àges. And first the *infant*,

Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

And then the *whining schòol-boy*, with his satchel,

And shining morning face, creeping like snail

Unwillingly to schòol. And then the *lover*,

Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad

Made to his místress' èye-brow. Then the *sòldier*,

Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,

Zealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel :

9

Seeking the bubble reputátion

Ev'n in the cánnon's mòuth. And then the *jùstice*,

In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd ;

With eyes severe and beard of formal cut :

Full of wise saws and modern instances ;

And so hé plays his part. The *síxth age* shifts

Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,

8

With spectacles on nose, and pouch on síde ;

His youthful hose, well sav'd, a world too wide

For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,

Turning again towards childish tréble ¹, pipes

¹ A short pause

10

And whistles in the sound. (o) Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
9 10
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste,—sans every thing.

POLONIUS TO LAERTES.

THERE,—my blessings with you ;
9
 And these few precepts in thy memory
10
 Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
8
 Nor any unpropórtion'd thought his àct :
8
 Be thou familiar, but by no means vùlgar :
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
8
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steèl ;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
10
 Of each new-hatch'd, unflèdg'd comrade. Beware
8
 Of entrance to a quàrrel : but being in,
10
 Bear it, that the opposer may bewàre of thee.
 Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.
 Take each man's cénsure, but reserve thy jùdgment.
 Costly thy habit, as thy purse can bù ;—
 But not express'd in fàncy ; rìch, not gàudy ;
9 10
 For the appàrel oft proclaims the mà.

Neither a bórrówer, nor a lènder be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friènd;
And borrowing dulls the edge of hùsbàndry.
This above áll,—*To thine ownsélf be trúè;*
And it must follow, as the night the dáy,
Thou canst not then be false to àny man.
Farewèll; my bléssing seàson this in thee.

KING HENRY AND LORD CHIEF JUSTICE.

Ch. Just. I AM assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly,
Your Majesty hath no just cause to háte me!

K. Henry. NÓ! might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laíd upon me?

What! ráte, rebúke, and roughly send to prison
Th' immediate héir of Éngland! was this eásy?
May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgóttén?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your fàther;
The image of his power lay then in mè:

And in the administrátion of his law,
While I was busy, for the commonwealth,
Your Highness pleased to forget my plàce;
The majesty and power of law and jústice;

The image of the King whom I présented,
 And struck me in my very seat of jùdgment;
 Whereon, as an offender to your fáther,
 I gave bold way to my authórity,
 And did commít you. If the deed were ill,
 Be you conténted, wearing now the gárland,
 To have a son set your decrees at noùght;
 To pluck down justice from your awful bènch;
 To trip the course of lów, and blúnt the swórd
 That guards the peace and safety of your pèrson:
 Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal ímage,
 And mock your working in a second bòdy.
 Question your royal thoughts,—make the case yòurs;
 Be now the father, and propose a sòn;
 Hear your own dignity so much profàn'd;
 See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted;
 Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd,
 And then imagine me taking yóur part,
 And in your pówer so silencing your sòn.

K. Henry. Your are rìght, Justice; and you wéigh this wèll:
 Therefore still bear the balance and the swórd.
 And I do wish your honours may incréase,
 Till you do live to see a son of mine

Offend you, and obey you, as I did :
 So shall I live to speak my fáther's wòrds.
 Happy am I that have a man só bóld
 That dares do justice on my próper sòn,
 And no léss happy, háving súch a son,
 That would deliver up his gréatness só
 Into the hánds of Jùstice—You commítted mè ;
 For which I do commit into yóur hand
 The unstain'd sword that you have us'd to bèar ;
 With this remembrance, that you use the same
 With a líke bóld, júst, and impártial spirit,
 As you have done against me. There is my hand ;
 You shall be as a fàther to my youth ;
 My voice shall sound as yóu do prompt mine ear,
 And I will stoop and humble my inténts
 To your well-practis'd, wise dirèctions.

THE COUNTESS ROUSILLON TO HER SON
 BERTRAM.

BE thou bless'd Bertram ! and succeed thy father
 In mànners as in shápe ! Thy blood and vírtue
 Contend for èmpire in thee ! and thy góodness
 Share with thy bírtright ! Love àll ; trust a féw ;

Do wrong to nònè : be able for thine enemy
 Rather in pòwer than úse, and keep thy friend
 Under thy own life's kèy : be check'd for sílence,
 But never tax'd for speèch. What heav'n móre will,
 That thee may furnish, and my prayers pluck dówn,
 Fall on thy hèad ! Farewèll.

PORCIUS AND MARCUS.

On the Success of Cæsar.

Porcius. THE dawn is over-càst, the morning lów'rs,
 And heavily in clouds brings on the dáy,
 The gréat, th' important day, big with the fate
 Of Cato and of Ròme.—Our father's death
 Would fill up all the guilt of civil wár,
 And close the scene of blòod. Already Cæsar
 Has ruin'd more than hálf the glóbe, and sees
 Mankind grown thin by his destructive swòrd :
 Should he go fúrther, numbers would be wanting
 To form new battles, and support his crìmes.
 Ye Gods, what havoc does ambition make
 Among your wòrks !

Marc. Thy steady temper, Porcius,

Can look on gúilt ¹, rebéllion, fráud, and Cæsar,
 In the calm lights of mild philòsophy :
 I'm tortur'd, ev'n to madness, when I ¹¹ *think*
 On the proud victor : every time hé's nam'd
 Pharsalia rises to my view ;——I see
 Th' insulting tyrant prancing o'er the fíeld
 Strew'd with Rome's citizens, and drench'd in slaughtèr ;
 His horse's hoofs wet with Patrician blòod !
 Oh, Porcius, is there not some chosen curse,
 Some hidden thunder in the stores of Heaven,
 Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man
 Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin ?
Porc. Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious greatness,
 And mix'd with tóo much hórror to be ènvied :
 How does the lustre of our father's actions,
 Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,
 Break out, and burn with more triumphant brìghtness !
 His suff'rings shine, and spread a glory round him ;
 Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause

¹ The student is to remember, that these four rising Inflexions are not to be of the same tune ; they must be modulated gradually ; the meaning begins to be formed at 'Cæsar,' according to the Second Example of the Compact Sentence : viz. "*Nothing will ever be attempted,*" &c.

20 10
Of Hònour, Virtue, Líberty, and Ròme.

8
His sword ne'er fell but on the gùlty head ;

19 9
Opprèssion, tyranny, and power usúrp'd,

10
Draw all the vengeance of his arm upòn them.

15 4
Marc. Whó knows not thís ? But what can Cato do

Against a world, a base degen'rate world,

15
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to Cæsar ?

Pent up in Útica, he vainly forms

A poor epitome of Róman greatness,—

And, cover'd with Numidian guards, directs

8
A feeble army, and an empty sènate,—

10
Remnants of míghty báttles fought in v àin.

By Heav'n, such virtues, join'd with such succèss,

18 9
Distract my very sòul ! our father's fórtune

10
Would almost tempt us to renounce his prècepts.

8
Porc. Remember what our father oft has tòld us ;

8
The ways of Heaven are dark and ìntricate :

Puzzled in mazes, and perplex'd with érrors,

Our understanding traces them in v àin,

8
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless sèarch :

9
Nor sees with how much art the windings rún,

10
Nor where the regular confusion ènds.

RICHMOND ENCOURAGING HIS SOLDIERS
AGAINST RICHARD THE THIRD.

THUS far into the bowels of the land
 8
 Have we march'd on without impèdiment ;
 4 2
 Rícharð, the bloody and devouring boar,
 2
 Whose ravenous appetite has spoil'd your fields,
 2
 Laid this rich country waste, and rudely cropp'd
 9
 Its ripen'd hopes of fair postérité,
 10
 Is now even in the centre of the ìsle.
 8
 Thrice is hé arm'd that hath his quarrel júst ;
 And he but naked, though lock'd up in *stèel*,—
 8
 Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted :
 9 10
 The very weight of Rícharð's gúilt shall crúsh him.
 10
 Then let us on, my friends, and boldly face him.

 In peace¹ there's nothing so becomes a man
 8
 As mild behaviour and humility ;
 4
 But when the blast of wár blows in our éars,
 10
 Let us be tigers in our fierce depòrtment.

 For me, the ransom of my bold attémt
 8
 Shall be this body on the earth's cold fàce ;
 9
 But if we thrive², the glory of the action
 10
 The meanest soldier here shall share his pàrt of.

¹ A short pause.

² A short pause.

Advance your standards, draw your willing swords,
 Sound drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully,
 The words ' St. George, Richmond, and Victory.'

EXILED DUKE'S ENCOURAGEMENT TO EXILES.

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The seasons' difference: as the icy fang,
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
 This is no flattery: these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

BATTLE OF MINDEN.

Now stood Eliza on the wood-crown'd height,
8

O'er Minden's plain, spectatress of the fight;

Sought with bold eye, amid the bloody strife,

Her dearer self, the partner of her life;
8

From hill to hill the rushing host pursued,

And view'd his banner,—or believ'd she view'd.

Pleas'd with the distant roar, with quicker tread

Fast by his hand one lisping boy she led;

And one fair girl, amid the loud alarm,

Slept on her 'kerchief, cradled by her arm;
8

(o) While round her brows bright beams of honour dart,

And Love's warm eddies circle round her heart:

—Near and more near the intrepid Beauty press'd,
20

Saw, through the driving smoke, his dancing crest,

Heard the exulting shout, 'They run! they run;'
10

'Just Heav'n!' she cried, 'he's safe, the battle's won!'

(o) A ball now hisses through the airy tides,

(Some ¹ Fury wing'd it, and Dæmon guides!)

Parts the fine locks, her graceful head that deck,

Wounds her fair ear, and sinks into her neck;
8

¹ This is an instance where it is requisite that the parenthesis, contrary to the general rule, should be pronounced in a little higher voice than the rest of the sentence.

‘ Speak low,’ he cries, and gives his little hand,
 ‘ Mamma—she sleeps upon the dew-cold sand.’
 Poor weeping babe with bloody fingers press’d,
 And tried, with pouting lips, her milkless brèast :⁸
 ‘ Alas! we both with cold and hunger quake—
 ‘ Why do you weep?—Mamma will soon awake.’
 —‘ She’ll wake no more!’ the hopeless mourner cried,
 Upturn’d his eyes, and clasp’d his hands, and sigh’d :
 Stretch’d on the ground awhile entranc’d he lay,
 And press’d warm kisses on the lifeless clay ;
 And then upsprung with wild convulsive start,
 And all the father kindled in his heart :
 ‘ Oh, Héavens!’ he cried, ‘ my first rash vow forgíve!’¹⁶
 ‘ These bind to èarth,—for these I pray to live!’¹⁶
 (o) Round his chill babes he wrapp’d his crimson vést,⁹
 And clasp’d them sobbing to his aching brèast.¹⁰

ON THE DEATH OF DR. DARWIN¹.

THY sun, O Darwin, sets in awful glòom,
 Uncheer’d by hope that points beyond the tòmbl¹⁸ !

¹ Dr. Darwin may be fitly styled the poet of Materialism; for it appeared to be his favourite aim to promote this doc-

5

And Faith Heaven-born forsakes thy shaded urn,

18

Though science, génius—all the Muses moun!

19

Had thy soul bow'd before Religion's shrine,

19

Had thy vast powers imbibed hér ray divíne ;

Pure had thy lay's attractive music flów'd,

And not alone the flowers of tàste bestow'd,—

Swèet flowers, but bath'd in springs of low desíre,

8

Sweet stràins, but glowing with unhállow'd fíre ;

Misled by Fáncy's ineffectual béam,

(Organic life, its birth and laws thy theme !)

Attempting depths beyond our útmost réach,

1

Too proud to learn what God hath deign'd to téach,

In endless maze thy wasted génius stráy'd,

10

Shone meteor-like, and flourish'd but to fàde.

(o) O ! had that génius, led and curb'd by Trúth,

Taught, in its loveliest guise, our blooming yóuth,

Taught them to trace her soul-ennobling thêmes,

1

To the pure fount of all her countless stréams,

trine,—not only in his Philologia, but in his Botanic Garden and Zoonomia.

The account published of his death stated, that it was without any belief in immortality, and that his end was hastened by a fit of passion ; this latter circumstance his friends have since denied.

The uncommon beauty of his versification appears to have given his works a celebrity, which otherwise they ill deserved.

Darwin! thy works in distant ages read,
 Delighted sires before their sòns had spread;
 No matron's fears the polish'd page had clòs'd,
 No virgin blush'd to see that page expòs'd:
⁸
⁹
¹⁰
¹ Thén had thy fame been fame that never díes,
 And thy sun set beneath unclouded skies.

SCROOP AND RICHARD.

Scroop. MORE health and happiness betíde my Liege,
 Than can my' care-tun'd tongue deliver him!
¹⁶
King Richard. My ear is open and my heart prepar'd:
⁸
 The worst is worldly loss thou cànst unfold.
 Say, is my Kíngdom lost? Why 'twas my care;
 And what loss is it to be rid of càre?
 Strives Bolingbroke to be as great as wé?
 Greater he shàll not be; if hé serve God,
 Wé'll serve him tò, and be his fellow sò.
 Revolt our subjects? That we cànot mend;
¹¹
 They break their faith to Gòd as well as ús!
¹⁹
 Cry wóe, destrúction, ráin, lóss, decáy
⁹ ¹⁰
 The worst is déath, and death will have his dày.

¹ The memorial of virtue is immortal. *Eccles.*

Scroop. Glad am I that your highness is só arm'd
To bear the tidings of calàmity.

(o) Like an unseasonable stormy day,

Which makes the silver rivers drown their shores,
As if the world were all dissolv'd to téars ;

So high above his limits swells the rage

Of Bòlingbroke,—covering your fearful land

With hárd bríght stéel, and héarts more hàrd than steel.

White beards have arm'd their thin and hairless scalps
Against thy Màjesty ; boys, with women's voices,

Strive to speak big, and clasp their female joints

In stiff unwieldy arms against thy cròwn :

The very bèadsmen learn to bend their bows

Of double-fatal yew against thy stàte :

Yea, distaff women manage rusty bills :

Against thy state both young and old rebél,

And all goes worse than I have power to tèll.

King Richard. Tóo wéll, tóo well, thou tell'st a tale so ill.

Where is the Earl of Wiltshire ? Where is hè ?

And where, alas ! are àll my bósom friends ?

—No matter where ; of comfort nò man speak :

Let's talk of gràves, and wórms, and èpitaphs :

Make dust our paper, and with ráiny éyes,⁹
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the éarth!¹⁰
 Let's choose executors, and talk of wills;
 And yet nó't so—for what can we bequeath,
 Save our deposed bodies to the gròund;
 Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbroke's,
 And nothing can we call our ówn but dèath,—
 And that small model of the barren éarth⁹
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bònes,¹⁰
 For Heav'n's sake let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of Kings,—
 How some have been depòs'd;²⁰ some slain in wàr;
 Some haunted by the ghosts they dispossès'd;
 Some poison'd by their wives; some sléeping kill'd:
 All mùrder'd:—for within the hollow crown
 That rounds the mortal temples of a King
 Keeps death his coùrt;—and there the antick sits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pòmpe;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene,
 To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with loòks;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceít,
 As if this flesh which walls about our life

Were brass imprègnable; and humour'd thus,
 Comes at the last, and with a little pin,
 Bores through his castle-walls, and farewell Kìng!—¹⁸
 Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood
 With solemn rève'rence: throw away respèct,
 Tradition, fórm, and ceremonious dùty;
 For you have but mistòok me all this while.
 I live on bréad like yòu, feel wànt like you;
 Taste gríef, need friènds, like you: subjected thús,
 How can you say to me, I am a Kìng?¹⁸

THE ENTRY OF BOLINGBROKE INTO LONDON.

Duke and Duchess of York.

Duch. My lord, you told me you would tell the rést,

When weeping made you break the story off,
 Of our two cousins coming into Lòndon.¹⁰

York. Where did I leàve?¹⁵

Duch. At that sad stop, my lord,

Where rude misgovern'd hands, from window tops,
 Threw dust and rubbish on Kìng Richard's head.²

York. Then, as I said, the Duke, great Bolingbroke,

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,

2

Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,

8

With slow, but stately pace, kept on his còurse ;

18

While all tongues cried, ' God save thee, Bòlingbroke !'

You would have thought the very wìndows spake,

So many greedy looks of yóung and óld

Through casements darted their desiring éyes

8

Upon his vísage : and that all the walls,

With painted imagery, had said at ónce,

18

18

Good Heaven presèrve thee ! welcome Bòlingbroke !

2

Whilst hé, from one side to the other túrning,

Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's néck,

8

Bespoke them thùs : ' I thànk you, còuntrymen !'

And thus still doing, thus he pass'd along.

15

Duch. Alás ! poor Richard, where rides hè the while ?*York.* As in a Theatre, the eyes of men,

After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,

Are idly bent on him that enters next,

1

Thinking his prattle to be tédious :

Ev'n so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes

10

11

18

Did scòwl on Ríchard : no man cry'd God save him !

No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home ;

8

But dust was thrown upon his sacred hèad ;

Which with such gentle sorrow he shoók off,

³
 (His face still combating with tears and smiles,
 The badges of his grief and patience),
 That had not Gód, ² for some strong purpose, steel'd
 The hearts of men, they must perforce have mèlted ;
 And barbarism itself have ¹⁰ pitied him.
 But Heaven hath a hand in these événts, ⁹
 To whose high will we bound our calm contènts. ¹⁰

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

I WOULD not enter on my list of fríends,
³
 (Though grac'd with polish'd manners and fine sense,
 Yet wanting sensibility) the ⁹ mán,
¹⁰
 Who needlessly sets foot upon a wòrm.
 An inadvértent step may crush the snail,
 That crawls at evening in the public path ;
 But he that has humánity, forewárn'd,
 Will tread asíde, and let the reptile live.
 The creeping vérmin, loathsome to the sight, ²
 And charg'd perhaps with venom, that intrudes, ²
²
 A visitor unwelcome, into scenes
 Sacred to neatness and repose, th' alcove,
¹ ³
 The chamber, or reféctory, may diè :

A nécessary áct incurs no blâme.
 Not so, when held within their proper bounds,
 And guiltless of offence, they range the air,
 Or take their pastime in the spacious field :
 There they are privilég'd. And hé that hunts
 Or harms them there, is guilty of a wròng ;
 Disturbs th' economy of náture's rèalm,
 Who, when she fórm'd, design'd them an abòde.
 The sum is thís ; if man's convenience, health,
 Or sáfety, interfere ¹, his rights, and claims
 Are paramount, and must extinguish theirs.
 Else they are áll—the méanest things that are,—
 As free to live, and to enjoy that life,
 As God was free to form them at the first,
 Who, in his sov'reign wísdom, made them àll.
 Yé, therefore, who lóve mércy, teach your sóns
 To love it tò. The spring time of our years
 Is soon dishonour'd and defil'd, in most,
 By budding ills, that ask a prudent hand
 To chèck them. But alas ! none sóoner shoots,
 If unrestrain'd, into luxùriant grówth,

: ¹ A short pause.

Than crùelty ; most dev'lish of them àll.
 Mercy to him that shows it, is the rule
 And righteous limitation of its act,
 By which Heav'n moves in pard'ning guilty màn ;⁸
 And he that shows none, being ripe in years,⁹
 And conscious of the outrage he commits,¹⁰
 Shall seek it, and not find it in his tùrn.

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless power,
 Thou tamer of the human bréast,²
 Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour¹⁸
 The bad affright, afflict the bést !
 Bound in thy adamantine chain,
 The proud are taught to taste of páin,
 And purple tyrants vainly groan,¹⁰
 With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and àlòne.
 When first thy sire to send on earth¹
 Virtue, his darling child, desígn'd,
 To thee he gave the heav'nly bírth,
 And bade thee form her infant mìnd.
 Stern, rugged nurse ! thy rigid lore
 With patience many a year she bòre ;

What sorrow was¹ thou bad'st her knòw,
 And from her ówn she learn'd to melt at òthers' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, flý
 Self-pleasing Folly's idle bróod,
 Wild láughter, nóise, and thoughtless jóy,
 And leave us leisure to be gòod.

Light they disperse, and with them go
 The summer friend, the flatt'ring fòe ;
 By vain prosperity recéiv'd,
 To her they vow their trúth, and are again believ'd.

(o) 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 sévére,
 And pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing téar.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's héad,
 Dread góddess, lay thy chast'ning hánd !

¹ A short pause.

Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,

Nor circled with the vengeful band

³
(As by the impious thou art seen)

With thund'ring voice and threat'ning mien,

With screaming Horror's funeral cry,

Despair, and fell disease, with ghastly Póverty ;

¹⁶
Thy form benign, oh, Goddess, wear,

Thy milder influence impart,

Thy philosophic train be thére,

¹⁶
To sòften, not to wound my heart !

¹⁶
The gen'rous spark extinct revìve,

¹⁶
Teach me to love and to forgìve,

Exact my own defects to scán,

⁹
What others are, to féel, and know myself a man !

ODE TO TRUTH.

SAY, will no white-rob'd son of light,

Swift darting from his heav'nly height,

Here deign to take his hallow'd stánd ?

Here wave his amber locks, unfold

His pinions cloth'd with downy góld ;

Here smiling stretch his tutelary wánd ?

And you, ye hosts of saints, for ye have known
 Each dreary path in life's perplexing maze,
 Though now ye circle yon eternal throne,
 With harpings high of inexpressive praise ;
 Will not your train descend in radiant state,
 To break, with mercy's beam, this gathering cloud of fate ?

10
 'Tis silence àll. No son of light

Darts swiftly from his heav'nly height ;

9 10
 No train of radiant sáints descend.

' Mortals, in vain ye hope to find,

' If guilt, if fraud, have stain'd your mind,

' Or saint to hear, or angel to defend.'

10
 So Trúth proclàims. I hear the sacred sound

Burst from the centre of her burning thròne,

Where aye she sits with star-wreath'd lustre cròwn'd :

9 10
 A bright Sún clásps her adamantine zòne.

So Trúth proclàims ; her awful voice I hèar ;

9 10
 With many a solemn páuse it slowly meets my èar.

' Attènd, ye sons of mèn ; attènd, and sáy,

Does not enough of my refulgent ray

Break through the veil of your mortálicity ?

Say, does not reason, in this form descry
 Unnumber'd, nameless glories, that surpass
 The Angel's floating pomp, the Seraph's glowing grace ?
 Shall then your earth-born daughters vie
 With mé? Shall she, whose brightest eye,
 But emulates the diamond's blaze,
 Whose cheek but mocks the peach's bloom,
 Whose breath the hyacinth's perfume,
 Whose melting voice the warbling woodlark's lays,
 Shall she be deem'd my' rival? Shall a form
 Of elemental dross, of mould'ring clay,
 Vie with these charms impérial? The poor wórm
 Shall prove her contest vain. Life's little day
 Shall pass, and she is gone: while I appear
 Flush'd with the bloom of yóuth thro' Heav'n's eternal
 yèar.

' Know, Mortals, know, ere first ye sprung,
 Ere first these orbs in æther húng,
 I shone amid the heavenly thròng;
 These eyes beheld creation's dáy,
 This voice began the choral láy,
 And taught Archangels their triumphant sòng.

‘ Pleas’d I survey’d bright nature’s gradual ²⁰ birth,
 Saw infant light with kindling lustre spread,
 Soft vernal fragrance clothe the flowering éarth,
 And Ocean heave on its extended béd ;
 Saw the tall pine aspiring pierce the sky⁹,
 The tawny lion stalk, the rapid eagle fly¹⁰.

‘ Last, Man arose,—erect in youthful grace,
 Heav’n’s hállow’d image stamp’t upon his face ;
 And, ás he rose, the high behest was giv’n,
 “ That I alone of all the host of héav’n,⁹
 “ Should reign protèctress of the godlike yòuth.”¹⁰
 Thus the Almíghty spàke ; he spàke, and call’d me Trùth.’¹⁰

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow, didst thou say!
 Methought I heard Horatio say, To-mòrrow !
 Go to—I will not hèar of it—To-mórrrow !
 It is a shàrper,—who stakes pénury
 Against thy plènty—who takes thy ready cásH,
 And pays thee nought, but wìshes, hópes, and pròmises,
 The currency of ìdiots. Injurious bankrupt,¹⁰
 That gulls the easy crèditor ;—To-mórrrow !

It is a period no where to be found
 In all the hoary registers of time,—
 Unless perchance in the fool's calendar.
 Wisdom disclaims the wórd, nor holds society
 With those who òwn it. No, my Horatio,
 'Tis fancy's child, and folly is its fáther ;
 Wrought of such stuff as dréams are ; and baseless
 As the fantastic visions of the èvening.
 But soft, my friend, arrest the présent moments ;
 For, be assur'd, they all are arrant tèll tales ;
 And tho' their flight be silent, and their paths
 Trackless as the wing'd couriers of the áir,
 They post to Heaven, and there record thy fòlly—
 Because, tho' station'd on the important watch
 Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
 Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimpròv'd.
 And know, for that thou slumber'st on the guard,
 Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
 For every fugitive ; and when thou thus
 Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
 Of hood-winkt Jústice, who shall tell thy àudit ?
 Then stay the prèsent instant, deàr Horatio ;

Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings,
 'Tis of more worth than kingdoms! far more precious¹⁰
 Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.
 Oh! let it not elúde thy grasp, but, like
 The good old patriarch upon⁹ récord,
 Hold the fleet angel fast until he blèss thee.¹⁰

THE MISERIES OF ROYALTY.

O HARD condition, and twin-born with greatness,
 Subject to breath of ev'ry fool, whose sense
 No more can feel but his own wringing.
 What infinite heart-ease must kîngs neglect,
 That privé men enjòy! and what have kings
 That privates have not too, save cèremony?
 And what art thou, thou idle cèremony?
 What kind of God art thou, that suffer'st more
 Of mortal griefs than do thy wòrshippers?
 What are thy rènts?—What are thy comings-in?¹⁶
 O, Ceremony, show me but thy wòrth:
 What is thy soul of adoràtion?
 Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
 Creating awe and fear in óther men,—

Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
¹³
 Than they in féaring?

What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
 But poison'd flattery? O, be sick, ⁹ gréat gréatness,
¹⁰
 And bid thy ceremony give thee cùre.

Think'st thou the fiery fever will go out
 With titles blown from adulation?

Will it give place to flexure and low bending?
 Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
 Command the héalth of it?—No! thou proud dream,
 That play'st so subtilly with a king's repose,
⁸
 I am a king that find thee: and I know
¹⁹
 'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the báll,
 The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
 The entre-tissued robe of gold and péalr,
 The farced title running 'fore the king,
 The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pómp
 That beats upon the high shore of this world:
 No; not all these thríce-gorgeous ceremonies,
 Not áll these, laid in bed majestical,
 Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slàve,
 Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
⁸
 Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bréad:

Never sees horrid night, the child of hell,
 But like a lacquey, from the rise to set,
 Sweats in the eye of Phœbus: and all night
 Sleeps in Elysium; next day after dawn
 Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his hõrse;
 And follows so the ever-running year
 With profitable labour to his gràve:⁸
 And (but for ceremony) such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
 Hath the fore-hand and 'vantage of a kìng:⁸
 The slave, a member of the country's peace,
 Enjoys it; but in gross brain little wots
 What watch the king keeps to maintain the pèace;⁸
 Whose hours the peasant best advàntages.¹⁰

JUBA AND SYPHAX.

Juba. Syphax, I joy to meet thee, thus àlõne;
 I have observ'd of late thy looks are fàll'n,
 O'ercast with gloomy cáres, and discontent;
 Then téll me, Syphax, I conjúre thee téll me,
 What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in frówns,⁹
 And turn thine eyes thus coldly on thy prínce?¹⁵

Syphax. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts
 Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
 When discontent sits heavy at my heart;
 I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Juba. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous terms
 Against the lords and sov'reigns of the world?
 Dost thou not see mankind fall down before them,
 And own the force of their superior virtue?
 Is there a nation in the wilds of Afric,
 Amidst our barren rocks and burning sands,
 That does not tremble at the Roman name?

Syphax. Gods! Where's the worth that sets this people up
 Above your own Numidia's tawny sons?
 Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?
 Or flies the jav'lin swifter to its mark,
 Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?
 Who, like our active African, instructs
 The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand,
 Or guides in troops th' embattled elephant,
 Loaden with war? These, these are arts, my prince,
 In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Juba. These all are virtues of a meaner rank;
 Perfections that are plac'd in bones and nerves:

8

A Roman soul is bent on higher views :

20

(o) To civilize the rude, unpolished world,

To lay it under the restraint of laws ;

To make man mild, and sociable to man ;

To cultivate the wild licentious savage

With wisdom, discipline, and lib'ral arts,—

Th' embellishments of life : virtues like these

Make human nature shine, reform the soul,

10

And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syphax. Patience, just Heav'ns—excuse an old man's
warmth !

What are these wond'rous civilizing arts,—

This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,

15

That render man thus tractable and tame ?

Are they not only to disguise our passions,

To set our looks at variance with our thoughts,

To check the starts and sallies of the soul,

13

And break off all its commerce with the tongue ?

In short, to change us into other creatures,

Than what our nature and the gods¹ design'd us ?

Juba. To strike thee dumb : turn up thine eyes to Cato.

¹ For the reason of this falling inflexion, *vide* "The Philosophy of Elocution," page 154.

There may'st thou see to what a god-like height

The Roman virtues lift up mortal mán.¹⁰

While góod, and júst, and anxious for his fríends,

He's still severely bent against himself :⁸

Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and éase,

He strives with thírst, and hùnger, tóil, and hèat :

And when his fortune sets before him¹ all

The pomps and pleasures that his soul can wish,⁹

His rigid virtue will accept of nòne.¹⁰

Syphax. Believe me, prince, there's not an African

That traverses our vast Numidian deserts

In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,

But better pràctises these bòasted virtues.

Coarse are his mèals, the fortune of the chàce,

Amidst the running stream he slakes his thírst,

Toils all the day, and at th' approach of níght

On the first friendly bank he throws him dówn,—

Or rests his head upon a rock till mòrn :⁸

Then rises frèsh, pursues his wonted gàme ;⁸

And if, the following day, he chance to find

A new repast, or an untasted spríng,⁹

Blesses his stars, and thinks it lùxury.¹⁰

¹ A short pause.

Juba. Thy prejudices, Syphax, won't discern
 What virtues grow from ignorance,—and choice ;⁸
 Nor how the hero differs from the brùte.¹⁰
 But grant that others could with equal glory,
 Look down on pleasure and the baits of sènsè ;
 Where shall we find a man that bears affliction,
 Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato ?¹⁵
 Heav'ns ! with what strength, what steadiness of mind,
 He triumphs in the midst of all his sùfferings !
 How does he rise against a load of wóes,⁹
 And thank the gods that threw the weight upon him !⁸

Syphax. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of soùl :
 I think the Romans call it *Stoicism*.
 Had not your royal father thought so highly
 Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cáuse,¹
 Hé had not fall'n by a slave's hand, inglórious :
 Nor would his slaughter'd ármý¹ now have lain
 On Afric's sands disfigur'd with their wóunds,⁹
 To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numìdia.¹⁰
 Why dost thou call my sorrows up afrèsh ?¹⁵

Juba. My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

¹ A short pause.

Syphax. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's ills,

By laying up his counsels in your heart !

8

Juba. His counsels bade me yield to thy' directions :

Then Syphax, chide me in sevèrest terms,

Vent áll thy pássion, and I'll stand its shock,

9

Calm and unruffled as a summer's séa,

10

When not a breath of wind flies o'er its sùrface.

Syphax. Alas, my prince, I'd guide you to your safety :

15

Juba. I do believe thou would'st ; but tell me hòw !

Syphax. Fly from the fate that follows Cæsar's foes.

Juba. My father scorn'd to do it—

Syphax. And therefore died.

Juba. Better to die ten thousand thousand deaths,

10

Than wound my hònour.

Syphax. Rather say your lòve.

Juba. Syphax,—I've promised to preserve my temper—

Why will thou urge me to confess a flame

15

I long have stifled, and would fain concèal ?

Syphax. Believe me, prince, though hard to cónquer love,

8

'Tis easy to divert and break its fòrce :

Absence might cùre it,—or a sécond mistress

Light up anòther flame, and put out this.

The glowing dames of Zama's royal court
 Have faces flush'd with more exàl⁸ted charms :
 The sun, that rolls his chariot o'er their héads,
 Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks :
 Were you with thése, my prince, you'd soon forget
 The pale, unripen'd beauties of the Nòrth.

Juba. 'Tis not a set of features, a complexion,
 The tincture of a skin, that I admire !
 Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
 Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sè⁸nse.
 The virtuous Marcia towers abòve her sex :
 True she is fair, (oh how *divinely* fair !)
 But still the lovely maid improves her charms,
 With inward greatness, unaffected wis⁹dom,
 And sanctity of m¹⁰anners. Cato's soul
 Shines out in every thing she acts and speàks,
 While winning mildness and attractive smíles
 Dwell in her looks, and with becóm⁹ing grace,
 Soften the rigour of her father's v¹⁰irtues.

Syphax. How does your tongue grow wanton in her praise !

SLEEP.

How many thousands of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep! O gentle Sleep!
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I fríghted thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids down,
 And steep my senses in forgètfulness!
 Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest mèlody?¹⁵
 O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch-case to a common 'làrum bell?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast,
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious súrge?¹³
 And in the visitation of the wínds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous héads ¹ and hanging them

¹ A short pause.

With deaf'ning clamours in the slipp'ry shróuds,
 That, with the hurly, Death itself awakes?¹³
 Canst thou, oh partial Sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour só rude,
 And in the calmest and the stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a King? Then, happy, lowly clówn!¹³ (o)
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crówn!¹⁰

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

It mùst be so—Plato, thou réason'st wèll—

- (o) Else whence this pleasing hòpe, this fond desíre,
 This longing after immortàlity?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward hòrror,
 Of falling into nòught? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destrúction?
- (o) 'Tis the Divínity that stirs withìn us;
 'Tis Heav'n itself, that points out an hereáfter,
 And intimates etérnity to màn.
 Etérnity! thou pleasing,—dreadful thought!
 Thro' what variety of untried being,
 Thro' what new scenes and changes must we pàss!

The wide, th' unbóunded prospect lies before me!

10

But shadows, clouds, and darkness r \grave{e} st upon it.

H \acute{e} re will I h \acute{o} ld. If there's a power ab \acute{o} ve us,

3

(And that there is, all nature cries aloud

Through all her works) he must delight in v \acute{e} rtue!

And that which h \acute{e} delights in, m \acute{u} st b \acute{e} h \acute{a} ppy.

But wh \acute{e} n, or wh \acute{e} re?—Th \acute{is} world was made for C \acute{a} esar.

I'm weary of conj \acute{e} ctures—Th \acute{is} must \acute{e} nd them.

Thus am I doubly arm'd—My death and life,

My bane and \acute{a} ntidote, are b \acute{o} th bef \acute{o} re me.

This in a moment brings me to an \acute{e} nd;

But this informs me I shall n \acute{e} ver di \acute{e} .

(o) The s \acute{o} ul, secur'd in her ex \acute{i} stence, sm \acute{i} les

At the dr \acute{a} wn d \acute{a} gger, and def \acute{i} es its point.

(o) The st \acute{a} rs shall fade aw \acute{a} y, the sun himself

Grow dim with age, and nature sink in y \acute{e} ars,

But th \acute{o} u shalt flourish in immortal y \acute{o} uth,

Unhurt amidst the war of \acute{e} lements,

The wreck of matter, and the crush of w \acute{o} rlds.

CANTERBURY'S DESCRIPTION OF HENRY V.

THE king is full of grace and fair reg \acute{a} rd,

And a true lover of the holy ch \acute{u} rch.

The courses of his youth promis'd it nòt ;
 The breath no sooner left his father's bódý,
 But that his wildness, mórtified in him,
 Seem'd to die too ; yea, at that very moment,
 Considerátion, like an angel, came,
 And whipp'd th' offending Adam oút of him ;
 Leaving his body as a páradise,⁹
 To envelope and contain celestial spírits.¹⁰
 Never was such a sudden schòlar made :⁸
 Never came reformation in a flood,
 With such a heady current, scouring fáults :⁸
 Nor ever hydra-headed wílfulness
 So soon did lose his séat, and all at once,⁹
 As in this kìng. We're bléssed in the chànge.¹⁰
 Hear him but reason in divínity,
 And, all-admiring, with an inward wísh,
 You would desire the king were made a prèlate.
 Hear him debate of cómmonwealth affairs,
 You'd say it had been all his stúdy :
 List his discourse of wár, and you shall hear
 A fearful battle render'd you in mùsic :
 Turn him to any course of pólicy,⁹
 The Gordian knot of it he will unlóose,

10

Familiar as his garter. When he speaks,
 The áir, a charter'd libertine, is still ;
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's éars ⁹
 To steal his sweet and honied sèntences. ¹⁰

BRUTUS'S SOLILOQUY UPON KILLING CÆSAR.

3

It must be by his dèath : and, for mý part,
 I know no pèrsonal cause to spurn at him ;
 But for the gèneral. He would be cròwn'd— ⁸
 How that might chángè his nature, there's the quèstion.
 It is the bright day that brings forth the àdder ;
 And thát cràves wary wàlking :—cròwn him—thát ¹ !—
 And then I grant we put a stíng in him, ⁹
 That at his will he may do dànger with. ¹⁰
 Th' abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
 Remóirse from pòwer : and, to speak truth of Cæsar, ⁸
 I have not known when his afféctions sway'd
 More than his rèason. But 'tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's làdder,
 Whereto the climber upwards turns his fàce ; ⁸
 And when he once attains the utmost róund, ⁷

¹ i. e. do that.

He then unto the ladder turns his bàck,
 Looks in the clòuds, scorning the base degrés
 By which he did ascènd; so Cæsar may :
 Then, lést he may, prévènt. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he ís,
 Fashion it thùs,—that what he ís, augménted,
 Would run to these, and these extrèmities :
 And therefore think him as a serpent's ègg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow míschievous,—
 And kill him in the shèll.

 HAMLET.

OH, what a wretch and peasant slave am I !
 Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his own concéit,
 That, from her working, all his visage wárm'd ;
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
 With forms his concéit ? and all for nothing ;
 For *Hècuba* !
 What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba.

13

That he should weep for her? what would he do,
 Had he the motive and the cue for passion
 That I have! He would drown the stage with tears,
 And cleave the general ear with horrid speech;²⁰
 Make mad the guilty, and appal the free;⁸
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed⁹
 The faculty of eyes and ears.¹⁰

 MENTAL BEAUTY.

Thus doth beauty dwell,
 There most conspicuous, even in outward shape,
 Where dawns the high expression of a mind,
 By steps (o) conducting our enraptur'd search
 To that eternal Origin, whose pow'r,
 Through all th' unbounded symmetry of things,
 Like rays effulging from the parent sun.⁹
 This endless mixture of her charms diffus'd.¹⁰
 Mind, mind alone, bear witness, earth and heav'n!
 The living fountains in itself¹ contains
 Of beauteous and sublime: here, hand in hand,

¹ The words, 'in itself,' belong to 'fountains;' they must be separated from the word 'contains' by a short pause, according to the Rules 1 and 4.

Sit paramount the Gràces : here, enthron'd,
 Celestial Vénus, with divínest airs,
 Invites the soul to never-fading jòy.¹⁰
 Look then abroad through nature, to the range
 Of Plánets, Sún's, and Adamantine sphéres,
 Wheeling, unshaken, through the void imménse ;
 And speak, O mán ; does this capácious scene
 With half that kindling májesty¹ dilate
 Thy strong concéption ; as when Brútus rose,⁴
 Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fáte,
 Amid the crowd of pátriots, and his arm
 Aloft extending, like eternal Jóve,
 When guilt brings down the thúnder, call'd aloud
 On Tully's name, and shook his crimson stéel,
 And bade the father of his country háil ?
 For lo ! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
 And Rome again is free ! (o) Is aught so fair
 In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
 In the bright eye of Hesper or the morn,
 In Nature's fáirest forms, is aught so fair
 As virtuous friendship ; as the candid blush

¹ A short pause—the same as at intervening clauses.

Of him who strives with fortune to be júst ?
 The graceful tear that streams for óthers' woes ;
 Or the mild majesty of prívate life,——
 Where peace, with ever-blooming olive, crowns
 The gâte ; where hónour's líberal hands effúse
 Unenvied tréasures, and the snowy wings
 Of innocence and love protect the scène !

WOLSEY AND CROMWELL.

Wolsey. FAREWELL, a lóng farewell, to all my grèatness !

This is the state of màn !—To-day he puts forth
 The tender léaves of hòpe ; to-morrow blóssoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thíck upon him ;
 The third day comes a fròst, a killing frost,——
 And when he thínks, good easy man, full surely
 His grèatness is a rípening, nips his ròt ;
 And then he falls as I do. Í have véntur'd,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bládders,
 These many summers in a séa of glòry ;
 But far beyond my dèpth : my high-blown pride
 At length bróke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with sévice, to the mercy
 Of a rude stréam, that must for ever hìde me.

8

Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hâte ye!
 I feel my heart new-òpened. Oh, how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on prìnces' favours!
 There ís betwixt that smíle he would aspire to,
 That sweet áspect of princes, and his rúin,
 More pangs and fears than war or wòmen have;
 And when he fálls, he falls like Lúcífer,
 Néver to hópe agàin. [Enter Cromwell.]

Why, how now, Cròmwell?

Cromwell. I have no power to speak, sir.

Wol. Whát, amáz'd
13
 At my misfórtunes? Can thy spirit wonder
 A gréat man should decline? Nay, if you wéep,
9
10
 I'm fall'n indeèd.

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear
 In all my míseries; but thou hast forced me,
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the wòman.
 Let's dry our eyes; and thus far hear me, Cromwell,—
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
 And sleep in dull, cold marble, where no mention
 Of me must more be héard, say then I táught thee—
 Say, *Wólsey*, that once rode the waves of glóry,
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of hónour,—

Fóund thée a way, out of his wreck, to rìse in ;
 A sure and safe one, though thy master mìss'd it.
 Mark but my fall, and that which rùn'd me :
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ⁸ambition ;
 By that sin fell the àngels ; how can man, then,
 (Though the image of his Maker) hope to wìn by't ?
 Love thyself làst ; cherish those hearts that hàte thee ;
⁹Corrúption wins not more than ¹⁰hònesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle péace,
 'To silence envious tòngues. Be júst and féar nòt.
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy còuntry's,
 Thy Gód's, and Trùth's ; then, if thou fáll'st, O Cromwell,
 'Thou fall'st a bléssed màrtyr. Serve the King—
 And 'pr'ythee lead me in————
 'There, take an inventory of all I hàve ;
 To the last ⁹pénny, 'tis the ¹⁰King's. My robe,
 And my integrity to ⁹héav'n, is all
 I dare now call my ¹⁰òwn. O Cromwell, Cromwell,
 Had I but serv'd my Gód with hálf the zéal
 I serv'd my ¹King, hé would not in mine ⁹áge
 Have left me naked to mine ¹⁰èemies.

[This and two or three of the following exercises will be found useful for improving the *middle* or *conversational sounds* of the voice.]

FOLLY OF PROCRASTINATION.

BE wise to-dàÿ; 'tis madness to defèr;
 Next day the fatal precedent will pleád;
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
 Procrastination is the thièf of time;
 Year áfter year it steals, till all are fléd,
 And to the mercies of a móment¹ leáves
 The vast concerns of an etérnal scène.
 Of man's miraculous mistákes, this bears
 The pàlm, "That áll men are about to live;"
 For ever on the brink of being bòrn.
 All pay themselves the cómpliment² to thínk
 They, óne day, shall not drìvel; and their *pride*,—
 On this reversion takes up reàdy praise,
 At leàst; their *ówn*,—their future selves *applàuds*.
 How excellent thát life they ne'er will leàd!
 Time lodg'd in their ówn hands is *Fòlly's* vails;

¹ A pause.

² Pause as long after 'compliment' as after the word 'think.'

That lodg'd in *Fàte's*, to wísdóm they consígn;
 The thing they can't bú¹⁰t purpose, they postpòne.
 'Tis not in *Fòlly*, not to scór¹¹n a fool;
 And scarce in human wisdom to do mòre.¹⁰
 All Promise is poor dílatory man,
 And that through èvery stage. When young, indeed,
 In full contént, we sometimes nobly rést,
 Unanxious for oursèlves; and only wish,
 As duteous sóns, our fathers were more wíse.^{9 10}
 At thírty, man suspécts himself a fòol;
 Knòws it at fórtý, and reforms his plàn;
 At fifty, chides his infamous delà,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resòlve,
 In all the magnanimity of thóught,
 Resolves, and ré-resolves: then dies the sàme.¹⁰
 And why? because he thinks himself immòrtal;
 All men think all men mortal but themsèlves:⁸
 Themsèlves⁹¹, when some alarming shock of fàte
 Stríkes through their wounded hearts the sudden drèad;

¹ Walker was of opinion that this word should have the falling Inflexion; but as the same word, *requiring the falling Inflexion*, occurs immediately before, the meaning of the whole passage may be better expressed, and the cadence more successfully preserved, by the *Inflexion of Rule 9*.

But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close ; where past the shaft, no trace is found.

(o) As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death :
 Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

TASTE.

SAY, what is taste, but the internal pow'rs
 Active, and strong, and feelingly alive
 To each fine impulse ? a discerning sense
 Of decent and sublime, with quick disgust
 From things deform'd, or disarrang'd, or gross
 In species ? This, nor gems, nor stores of gold,
 Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow ;
 But God alone, when first his active hand
 Imprints the sacred bias of the soul.
 Hé, mighty parent ! wise and just in all,
 Free as the vital breeze or light of heav'n,
 Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain,
 Who journeys homeward from a summer-day's

Long lábour, why, forgetful of his toils
 And due repóse, he lóiters ¹ to behold
 The súnshine gléaming, as through ámbèr clouds,
 O'er all the western ský? Full soon, I ween,
 His rude expréssion and untútor'd airs,
 Beyond the power of lánguage ², will unfold
 The form of beauty smiling at his hèart,—
 How lóvely! how commàding! But, though Heav'n
 In every breast hath sown these early seeds
 Of love and admirátion, yet in vain,
²
Withóut fair Cúlture's kínd paréntal aid
 Without enlivening sún's and genial shówers
 And shelter from the blást, in vain we hope
 The tender plant should rear its blooming héad, ⁹
 Or yield the harvest promis'd in its spring. ¹⁰
 Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
 Repay the tiller's làbour; or attend
 His will, obséquious, whether to produce
 The olive or the làurel. Diff'rent minds
 Incline to diff'rent òbjects: one pursues
 The vást alone, the wónderful, the wild:
 Another sighs for hàrmony, and gráce, ⁹

¹ A short pause.

² A short pause.

10

And gentlest beauty. (o) Hence, when lightning fires
 The arch of heav'n, and thunders rock the ground ;
 When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
 And Ocean,² groaning from his lowest béd,
 Heaves his tempestuous billows to the ský ;
² Amid the mighty uproar, while below
 The nations tremble, Shákspeare, looks abróad
 From some high clíff, supérior, and enjoys
 The elemental wàr. But Waller longs,
 All on the margin of some flow'ry stream,
 To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
 Of plantain shádes, and to the list'ning déer,
 The tale of slighted vóws, and love's disdáin,
 Resoúnds, soft warbling, all the live-long dáy :
 Consenting Zephyr sighs ; the weeping rill
 Joins in his plaint, melòdious ; mute the gróves ;
 And hill and dale with all their echoes moùrn.
 Súch and so várious are the tástes of mèn.

 THE PLEASURES ARISING FROM NOVELTY.

CALL now to mind what high capacious powers
 Lie folded up in màn : how far beyond

The praise of mórtals may th' eternal growth
 Of nature, to perfection half divíne⁹
 Expand the blooming soùl.¹⁰ What píty then
 Should Slóth's unkindly fogs depréss to éarth
 Her tender blóssom : choke the streams of life,
 And blast her spríng ! far òtherwise design'd
 Almighty wísdóm : Nature's happy cáres
 Th' obedient heart far òtherwise incline.
 Witness the sprightly joy when aught unknown
 Strikes the quick sense, and wakes each áctive pow'r
 To brísker meàsures ; wítness the neglect
 Of all famíliar prospects, though beheld
 With transport once : the fond attentive gaze
 Of young astònishment, the sober zeal
 Of age commenting on prodìgious things.
 For such the bounteous providence of Héav'n,
 In every breast implanting this desíre
 Of objects new and stránge, to urge us on
 With unremitted lábour¹ to pursue
 Those sacred stores that wake the ripening sóul,⁹
 In Truth's exhaustless bòsom.¹⁰ What need wòrds—

¹ A short pause.

To paint its pòw'r? For this the daring youth
 Breaks from his weeping mother's anxious arms,
 In foreign climes to ròve : the pensive ságe,
 Heedless of sléep, or midnight's harmful dámp,
 Hangs o'er the sickly tàper : and untir'd
 The virgin follows, with enchanted stép,
 The mazes of some wild and wondrous tále,
 From morn to ève ; unmindful of her fórm,
 Unmindful of the happy dréss ¹ that stole
 The wíshes of the yóuth, when every maid
 With envy pin'd. (o) Hence, finally, by night,
 The village matron, round the blazing hearth,
 Suspends the infant-audience with her tales,
 Breathing astònishment ! of witching rhýmes
 And évil-spìrits ; of the death-bed-cáll
 To him who robb'd the wídow, and devóur'd
 The orphan's pòrtion : of unquiet sóuls
 Ris'n from the grave to ease the heavy gúilt
 Of deeds in life concèal'd ; (o) of shapes that wálk
 At dead of níght, and clank their chains, and wave
 The torch of hell around the múrd'rer's bèd.

¹ A short pause.

At every solemn pause, the crowd recóil, *the*
 Gazing each other speechless, and congeal'd
 With shivering sighs ; till eager for th' event
 Around the beldam all erect they háng, *the*
 Each trembling heart with grateful terrors quèll'd.

RUMOUR PAINTED FULL OF TONGUES.

OPEN your èars : for which of you will stop
 The vent of héaring, when loud *Rùmour* speaks ?
 I, from the Orient to the drooping Wést,
 Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
 The acts commenced on this ball of èarth.
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
 The which in évery language I pronóunce,
 Stuffing the ears of men with false repòrts ;
 I speak of péace, while covert énimity,
 Under the smile of sáfety ¹, wóunds the wòrd :
 And who but Rùmour, who but only I,
 Make fearful musters and prepar'd defénce,
 While the big ear, swoln with some óther griefs,
 Is thought with child by the stern tyrant wár,

¹ A short pause.

10

And no such matter. *Rumour* is a pípe,
 Blown by surmises, jéalousies, conjèctures :
 And of so easy and so pláin a stop,
 That the blunt monster, with uncounted héads,
 The still-discordant, wav'ring multitude
 Can plà y upon it. The posts come tiring on,
 And not a man of them brings óther news
 Than they have learnt of mè. From *Rúmour's* tongues
 They bring smooth comforts fálse, worse than true
 10
 wròngs.

ALEXANDER ON PASSING THE GRANICUS.

WITNESS, ye heavenly powers, how Alexander
 Honours and loves a soldier,—Oh ! my Clytus,
 Was it not when we pass'd the Granicus
 Thou didst preserve me from unéqual fórcè ?
 It wàs ; when Spithridates and Rhosaces
 Fell both upon me with two dreadful strokes,
 And clove my temper'd helmet quite asùnder ;
 Then, I remember, thén thou didst me sèrvice :
 And I am prouder to have pass'd thát stréam
 Than that I drove a míllion o'er the pláin.

Can nóne remémber? Yès, I know àll mùst—
 When glory, like the dazzling eagle, stood
 Perch'd on my beaver in the Granic fòod;
 When fortune's self my standard trembling bóre,
 And the pale fates stood frighted on the shòre;
 When the immortals on the billows róde,
 And I myself appear'd the léading Gòd.

ZANGA.

O JOY, thou welcome stranger! twice three years
 I have not felt thy vítal bèam: but now
 It warms my veins, and plays around my hèart;
 A fiery instinct lifts me from the ground
 And I could móunt—(o) the spirits numberless
 Of my dear countrymen, which yesterday
 Left their poor bleeding bodies on the field,
 Are all assembled here, and o'er-infórm me—
 (o) O bridegroom! great indeed thy présent bliss.
 Yet ev'n by mé unénvied; for be sure
 It is thy lást, thy last smíle, thát which now
 Sits on thy chèek; enjoy it whíle thou máy'st;
 Anguish, and groans, and death, bespeak to-mòrrow.

Thus fár my deep-laid plots and dark desígns⁹
 Go wèll—¹⁰

—— Ah! whàt is well? O pang to think!

O dire necessity; is thís my province?

Whither, my soul, ah! whither art thou súnk

Beneath thy sphère? Ère while, far, fár above

Such lîttle arts, dissèmbings, fálsehoods, fràuds;

The trust of víllainy itsèlf, which falls⁶

To cówards and poor wrétches wanting brèad.¹⁰

Does thís become a sóldier? thís become

Whom ármies follow'd, and a people lóv'd?

My martial glóry withers at the thòught.⁹¹⁰

But great my end; and since there are no óther,

Thése means are júst, they shine with bòrrow'd light,

Illustrious from the purpose they pursùe.

And greater sure my merit, who, to gain

A point sublime, can such a task sustain;

Tò wade through ways obscéne, my honour bend,

And shock my nature to attain my ènd.

Late times shall wònder; thát my joys will ráise,

For wónder is involúntary pràise.

[OBS. It is presumed, that Students have made considerable progress in the knowledge and practice of accented Inflexion; the plan, therefore, of notifying the principal rules, by placing *figures* over the accents, will be discontinued.]

ESCAPE FROM SHIPWRECK.

THE storm increases!—by the light
 Of heaven's fierce radiance, I behold
 The mariners, once brave and bold,
 Chain'd steadfast to the deck in strange affright;
 Through Distraction's starting tear,
 They see their wives and children dear;
 Whom they had fondly hop'd ere long to greet,
 With all a husband's, all a father's joy,
 And taste domestic comforts sweet,
 The end of all their toil, without allòy:
 But now (whilst those they love rejoice
 In the bless'd interview at hand,
 And every heart and every voice
 Already hails them to their native land)
 They mark the unruly sails¹ disdain
 The weak control of mortal rein;
 Dissever'd on the winds they see them ride,
 Then—sink into the ocean's tide!
 Whilst languid hope points to one glimmering beam,
 Forebodings stern disclose their wretched state,
 They view the sails plung'd in the raging stream,
 And read their own inevitable fate.
 The lightnings, as they flash, display
 The fatal shore, to which they onward drive;
 In vain with destiny they strive,
 Whilst ocean fierce demands his coming prey:

¹ A short pause.

Now swifter borne before the hurrying blast,
 (Their last brave anchor vainly cast)
 They view dismay'd the white wave's glare at hand,
 Foaming o'er the rocky strand ;
 To the near cliffs their course they urge,
 In dark funereal terrors dress'd ;
 Ere long, and in the wrathful surge
 Each palpitating heart must rest !
 Still nearer now the vessel draws,
 Fear suspends their labouring breath !
 A horrid pause !
 One moment more !
 Amid the roar,—
 Methought I heard the shriek of death !
 Ah bless'd deceit ! the winds arise !
 Mercy to aid the sufferer flies !
 Borne from destruction's precincts pale,
 They bid the beetling rocks adieu,
 And with tumultuous transports new
 The road of safety hail !
 Ye sires ! o'er death who lately hung,
 O'erwhelm'd with agony and fear,
 Whilst blessings trembled on your tongue
 For those who then were doubly dear :
 Ye yet shall live with gladness crown'd !
 To view your smiling infants round !
 The lover now shall greet the maid,
 To whom his fervent vows were paid !
 To her once more the husband fly,
 In whom his earthly treasures lie !
 Whilst ye who seek the peaceful dale,
 Speed to your homes and happy be ;
 And there, beside your own hearths, tell
 God's mercy in the stormy sea !

THE DYING GLADIATOR.

WILL then no pitying hand its succour lend,
 The Gladiator's mortal throes to énd?
 To free the unconquer'd mínd, whose generous power
 Triumph's o'er nature in her sáddest hour?

Bow'd low and full of death, his head declines,
 But o'er his brow indignant valour shines,
 Still glares his closing eye with angry light,
 Now glares, now darkens with approaching night!

Think not, with terror heaves that sinewy bréast;
 'Tis vengeance visible and pain supprèst;
 Calm in despair, in agony sedate,
 His proud soul wrestles with o'ermastering fate;
 Thát pang the conflict ènds! he falls not yet!
 Séems évery nérve for one lást effort sèt:
 At once by death, death's lingering power to brave,
 He will not sink, but plùnge into the grave—
 Exhaust his mighty soul in óne lást sígh,
 And rally áll lífe's énergies—to díe!

Unfear'd is now that cord, which oft ensnar'd
 The baffled rival, whom his falchion spar'd:
 Those clarions mute, which, on the murderous stage,
 Rous'd him to deeds of more than martial rage:
 Once pois'd by peerless might, once dear to fame,
 The shield, which could not guard, supports his frame;
 His fixed eye dwells on his faithless blade,
 As if in silent agony he pray'd:

“ O might I yet by one avenging blow,
 “ Not shún my fate, but sháre it with my foe!”

Vain hope! the streams of lífe-blood fast descènd;
 That giant arm's up-bearing strength must bend:

Yet shall he scorn, procumbent to betray
 One dastard sign of anguish or dismay,
 With one weak plaint to shame his parting breath,
 In pangs sublime, magnificent in death.

But his were deeds unchronicled ;—his tomb
 No patriot wreaths adorn ; to cheer his doom,
 No soothing thoughts arise of duties done,
 Of trophied conquests for his country won ;
 And hé, whose sculptur'd form gave deathless fame
 To Ctesilas ; he dies—without a name !
 Haply to grace some Cæsar's pageant pride,
 The hero-slave, or hireling champion died !
 When Rome, degenerate Rome, for barbarous shows
 Barter'd her virtue, glory, and repose,
 Sold all that freemen prize, as great and good,
 For pomps of death and theatres of blood !

NORTHUMBERLAND AND MORTON.

North. YEA, this man's brow, like to a title leaf,
 Foretells the nature of a tràgic volume :
 So looks the strand, whereon the imperious flood
 Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury ?

Mort. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord,
 Where hateful Death put on his ugliest mask
 To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother ?
 Thou tremblest ! and the whiteness in thy cheek
 Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
 Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,
 So dull, so dead in look, so wóbegone,

Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
 And would have told him, half his Troy was burn'd ·
 But Priam found the fire, ere hé his tòngue ;
 And I my Percy's déath, ere thou repòrt'st it.
 This thou would'st say : your sòn did thús and thùs :
 Your bròther, thus : só fought the noble Doùglas :
 Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds.
 But in the end, to stop mine ear indeed,
 Thou hast a sigh to blow awày this praise,—
 Ending with, bróther, sòn, and áll are dèad !

Mort. Dóuglas is líving, and your bròther, yet ;
 But for my lord, your sòn——

North. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath !
 He that but fears the thing he would not know,
 Hath, by instinct, knowledge from others' eyes,
 That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet, Morton, speak ;
 Tell thou thy earl, his divination lies ;
 And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,
 And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

Mort. You are too great to be by me gainsaid :
 Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet for all this, say not that Pércy's dèad.

I see a strange confession in thine eye :
 Thou shak'st thy head, and hold'st it fear, or sin,
 To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so :
 The tongue offends not that reports his death :
 And he doth sin, that doth belie the dead,
 Not he which says the dead is not alive.
 Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news
 Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,
 Remember'd, tolling a departed friend.

Bardolph. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mort. I am sorry I should fórcé you to believe
 That which I would to Heav'n I had not sèen,

But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
 Rend'ring faint quittance, wearied and out-breath'd,
 To Henry Monmouth: whose swift wrath beat down
 The never-daunted Percy to the earth,
 From whence, with life, he never more sprung up.
 In fèw: his death (whose spirit lent a fire
 Even to the dullest peasant in his camp)
 Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
 From the best-temper'd courage in his troops.
 For from his metal was his party steel'd:
 Which once in him rebated, all the rest
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
 And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
 Upon enforcement, flies with greatest spèed;
 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their féar,
 That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim,
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
 Fly from the field. Then was that noble Wor'ster
 Too soon ta'en prisoner: and that furious Scot,
 The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
 Had three times slain th' appearance of the king,
 'Gan vail his stomach, and did grace the shame
 Of those that turn'd their backs; and in his flight,
 Stumbling in fear was took. The sum of all
 Is, that the king hath won; and hath sent out
 A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
 Under the conduct of young Lancaster
 And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.
North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.
 In poison there is physic; and this news,
 That would, had I been well, have made sick,
 Being sick, hath in some measure made me well.
 And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
 Like strengthless hinges buckle under life,
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire

Out of his keeper's arms : ev'n so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
 Are thrice themselves. Hence therefore, thou nice crutch ;
 A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
 Must glove this hand. And hence thou sickly quoif,
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
 Which princes, flush'd with conquest, aim to hit.
 Now bind my brows with iron, and approach
 The rugged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
 To frown upon th' enrag'd Northumberland ;
 Let heav'n kiss earth ! Now let not nature's hand
 Keep the wild flood confin'd, let order die,
 And let this world no longer be a stage
 To feed contention in a ling'ring act :
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain
 Reign in all bosoms, that each heart being set
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,
 And darkness be the burier of the dead.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

Clarence and Brakenbury.

Brak. WHY looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

Clar. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
 So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
 That as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days ;
 So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the tow'r
 And was embark'd to cross to Bùrgundy,—
 And in my company my brother Glo'ster ;

Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches. Thence we look'd toward England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster,
 That had befallen us. As we pass'd along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that Glo'ster stùmbled, and, in falling,
 Struck me (that sought to stay him) overboard,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.

Oh! Heav'n! methought what pain it was to drown!

What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!

I thought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;

A thousand men that fishes gnawed upon;

Wedges of gold, great ànchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stònes, unvalued jèwels;

Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,

As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,

That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,

And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,

To gaze upon the secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought I had; and often did I strive

To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood,

Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth

To find the empty, vast, and wandering air;

But smother'd it within my panting bulk,

✱ Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. No, no; my dream was lengthen'd àfter life;

O then began the tempest of my soul:

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,

With that grim ferryman which pòets write of,

Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger-soul,

Was my great father-in-law, renowned Wårwick,
 Who cried aloud, — “ What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ? ”
 And so he vanish’d. Then came wand’ring by
 A shadow like an angel ; with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood, and he shriek’d out aloud, —
 “ Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur’d Clarence,
 That stabb’d me in the field by Tewkesbury :
 Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments ! ” —
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environ’d me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
 I, trembling, wak’d ; and for a season after
 Could not believe but that I was in hëll :
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you ;
 I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. I pr’ythee, Brakenbury, stay by me :
 My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

In all earnest and vehement addresses, the voice of the speaker ascends with the imagination : upon such occasions, to recover the medium of the voice, the Orator is obliged *to change the passion for one which requires low sounds* to express it.

[The remaining Exercises of this Section, aided by the mark (o) signifying that the voice is to be lowered, and by the mark (*), signifying that it is to be raised, will further the progress of each pupil in the valuable acquisition of speaking energetically *in the under voice*, or that part of the voice below the medium.]

FAULCONBRIDGE TO KING JOHN.

BUT wherefore do you droop? why look you sad?

Be great in act as you have been in thought:

(o) Let not the world see fear and sad distrust

Govern the motion of a kingly eye:

(*) Be ¹ stirring as the time: be fire with fire:

Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow

Of bragging horror: (o) so shall inferior eyes,

That borrow their behaviours from the great,

Grow great by your example, and put on

The dauntless spirit of resolution.

(*) Away, and glitter like the God of war,

When he intendeth to become the field:

Shew boldness and aspiring confidence.

What! shall they seek the lion in his den,

And fright him there? and make him tremble there?

(o) Oh, let it not be said. (*) Forage and run,

To meet displeasure farther from the dóors;

And grapple with him ere he come so nigh.

MARCIAN, HAVING DISARMED THEODOSIUS.

Now, Sir, where are you?

What, in the name of all our Roman spirits,

Now charms my hand from giving thee thy fate?

Has he not cut me off from all my hónours;

¹ As often as the leading passion returns, the high voice should be resumed. The Inflexions in both voices, high and low, must be carefully modulated.

Torn my commissions, sham'd me to the earth,
 Banish'd the court a vagabond for ever!
 Do not the soldiers hourly ask it from me?
 Sigh their own wrongs, and beg me to revenge them?
 What hinders now, but that I mount the throne?
 And make, besides, this purple youth my footstool?
 The armies court me; and my country's cause,
 The injuries of Rome and Greece persuade me;
 Shew but this Roman blood which he has drawn,
 They'll make me emperor whether I will or no;
 Did not, for less than this, the latter Brutus,
 Because he thought Rome wrong'd, in person head
 Against his friend a black conspiracy,
 And stab the majesty of all the world?
 Did not the former Brutus, for the crime
 Of Sextus, drive old Tarquin from his kingdom?
 And shall this prince too, by permitting others
 To act their wicked will and lawless pleasures,
 Ravish from the empire its dear health,
 Well-being, happiness, and ancient glory?
 Go on in this dishonourable rest?
 Shall he, I say, dream on, while the starv'd troops
 Lie cold and waking in the winter camp;
 And, like pin'd birds, for want of sustenance,
 Feed on the husks and berries of the fields?
 (o) O temper, temper me, ye gracious gods!
 Give to my hand forbearance, to my heart
 Its constant loyalty! I would but shake him,
 Rouse him a little from this death of honour,
 And shew him what he should be.

ZANGA ENCOURAGING ALONZO TO KILL HIS WIFE.

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 godlike justice call'd ?
 At *Aulis*, one pour'd out a daughter's life,
 And gain'd 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, *mère*, for justice some devote themselves,
 As he at *Carthage*, an immortal name !
 Yet there is one step left above them all,
 Above their *hist'ry*, above their *fable* :
 A wife, bride, mistress of your heart—(o) do that
 And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory.

ANTONY'S SOLILOQUY OVER CÆSAR'S BODY.

O PARDON me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers.
 Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
 That ever lived in the tide of times.

(o) Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood :
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
 (Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,)
 A curse shall light upon the line of men :
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife,
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy :

Blood and destruction shall be só in úse,
 And dreadful objects so famíliar,
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd by the hands of wàr :
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell dèeds :
 And Cæsar's spírit, ranging for revenge,
 With Ate by his side, come hot from héll,
 Shall in these confines with a mónarch's voice
 Cry *hárock*, and lét slip the dogs of wàr,
 (o) That this foul deed shall smell above the éarth
 With carrion men groaning for bürial.

MARULLUS'S SPEECH TO THE MOB IN JULIUS
 CÆSAR.

WHEREFORE rejoice ? that Cæsar comes in triumph ?
 What cònquests brings he hòme ?
 What tributaries follow him to Róme
 To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheèls ?
 You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things !
 O you hard hearts ! you cruel men of Rome !
 Knew you not Pómpey ? many a time and oft
 Have you climb'd up to walls and báttlements,
 To towers, and wíndows, yea to chímney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The live-long day with patient expectation
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome :
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made a universal shout,
 That Tiber trembled underneath his banks
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in his concave shóres ?
 And do *yóu nów* put on your bést attíre ?
 And do *yóu nów* call out a hóliday ?

And do *yóu nów* strew flowers in *hís* way,
That comes in triumph over *Pómpey's blood*?

(o) Be gone———

Run to your hoùses, fall upon your kneès,
Pray to the góds to intermít the plague
That needs must light on this ingrátitude.

GLOUCESTER'S SPEECH TO THE NOBLES.

BRAVE Peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphrey must unload *hís grièf*,
Yòur grief, the common grief of *all the lànd*.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people, in the wárs :
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To cónquer Fránce, his trúe inhéritance?
And did my brother Bédford toil his wits
To kéeP by pólicy what Hénry gót?
Have yóu yoursélves, Sómerset, Búckingham,
Brave Yórk, and Sálisbury, victorious Wárwick,
Receiv'd deep scars in France and Nórmandy?
Or hath my uncle Beaufort, and myself,
With all the learned council of the realm,
Studied so long; sat in the council house
Early and late, debating to and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in áwe?
And was his highness, in his infancy,
Crowned in Paris, in despite of fóes?
And shall these labours and these honours díe?
Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our council díe?

(o) O, Peers of England! shameful is this léague,
Fatal this màrriage: cancelling your fàme,

Blotting your names from books of mèmory
 Razing the characters of your renòwn ;
 Defacing monuments of conquer'd Fránce,
 Undoing all, as all had néver beèn.

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

WORST in this royal presence may I speak,
 Yet best beseeming me to speak the truth.
 Would Heav'n, that any in this noble presence
 Were enough noble to be upright judge
 Of noble Richard ; then true nobleness would
 Teach him forbearance from so foul a wròng.
 What subject can give sentence on a King ?
 And who sits here that is not Richard's subject ?
Thieves are not judg'd, but they are by to héar,
 Although apparent *guilt* be seen in thém :

(o) And shall the figure of God's majesty,
 His captain, steward, deputy elect,
 Anointed, crowned, planted many years,
 Be judg'd by subject and inferior breath,
 And he himself not present ? O, forbid it, Héav'n,
 That in a Christian climate, souls refin'd
 Should show so heinous, black, obscène a deed !
 I speak to subjects, and a subject ¹ spéaks,
 Stirr'd up by Heav'n, thus boldly for his kìng.
 My lord of Hereford here, whom you call kìng :
 Is a foul traitor to proud Hèreford's king :
 And if you crówn him, let me prophesy—

(o) The blood of English shall manure the gróund,
 And future ages groan for this foul act :

¹ A short pause.

Peace shall go sleep with Turks and Infidels ;
 And, in this seat of peace, tumultuous wars
 Shall kin with kin, and kind with kind confound :
 Disorder, hórror, féar, and mútyny,
 Shall here inhabit, and this land be call'd
 The field of Golgotha and dead men's skùlls.
 Oh ! if you rear this house agáinst this house,
 It will the wóefullest division próve
 That ever fell upon this cúrsed eàrth.
 Prevènt, resìst it ; let it nót be so,
 Lest children's children cry against you—wòe !

QUINCTIUS IRONICALLY ENCOURAGING THE ROMAN PEOPLE TO EXCESSES.

WHEN you are to contend with us, you can seize the Aventine Hill, you can possess yourselves of the Mons Sacer. The enemy is at our gates. The Æsquiline is near being taken, and nobody stirs to hinder it. But against *us* you are valiant, against *us* you can arm with all diligence. Come on then, besiege the senate house, make a camp of the forum, fill the jails with all our chief nobles : and when you have achieved these glorious exploits, then at the least sally out at the Æsquiline gate with the same fierce spirit against the enemy. (*) *Does your¹ resolution fail you for this?* (o) Go then, and behold from our walls your lands ravaged, your houses plundered and in flames, the whole country laid waste with fire and sword !

(*) *Have² you any thing here to repair these damages? Will the Tribunes make up your losses to you? They will give you words as many as you please: bring impeachments in abundance*

¹ In a very high voice.

² An increasing high voice until the mark for lowering.

against the prime men in the state : heap laws upon laws : assemblies you shall have without end : but will any of you return the richer from these assemblies ?—(o) Extinguish, O Romans ! these fatal divisions ; generously break this cursed enchantment, which keeps you buried in a scandalous inaction ; open your eyes and consider the management of those ambitious men, who, to make themselves powerful in their party, study nothing but how they may foment divisions in the commonwealth.

THE PASSIONS.

WHEN Music, heav'nly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possessed *beyond* the múse's painting :
 (o) By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd,—
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fúry, rápt, inspir'd,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound ;
 And, as they oft had heard, apart,
 Sweet lessons of her forceful árt,
 Eách, for madness rul'd the hour,
 Would prove his ówn expressive pòw'r.

First *Feàr*¹,—his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 Ev'n at the sound *himsèlf* had made.

¹ In contradistinction to the other Passions.

Next *Anger*—rùsh'd—his eyes on fire—
 In lightnings own'd—(o) his secret stings ;
 In one *rúde* clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

- (o) With woeful measures, wan *Despair*—
 Low sullen sounds his grief beguil'd :
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,—
 'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, *O Hope!* with eyes só fair,—
 What was thy delighted measure :
 Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail :
 Still would her touch the scene prolong ;
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on echo still through all the song ;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at ev'ry close ;
 And Hope, enchanted, smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
 And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revènge—impàtient rose :

He threw his blood-stain'd *sword* in *thunder down*,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing *trumpet took*,
 And *blew* a blast so loud and dread—

- (o) Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe :
 (*) And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling-drum with furious heat :
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected *Pity* at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
 While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd *bursting* from his
 head,

- (o) Thy numbers, *Jealousy*, to nought were fix'd ;—
 Sad proof of thy distressful state :—
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd ;
 And now it courted *Lòve*,—now raving call'd on *Hàte*.
- (o) With eyes uprais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale *Melancholy* sat retir'd,
 And from her wild sequester'd seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul ;
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd the sound :
- (o) Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole :
 (o) Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
 Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.
- (*) But oh, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone !
 When *Cheerfulness*, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew ;
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,—
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known :
 The oak-crown'd sisters and their chaste-eyed queen,
 Satyrs and Sylvan boys, were seen
 Peeping from forth their alleys green.
 Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.
 Last came *Jòy's ecstàtic* trial ;
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively *pìpe* his hand address'd,
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening *viòl*,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best :-

- (o) They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;
 While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 Love fram'd with mirth a gay fantastic round ;
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.
-

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

- DESCEND, ye Nine ! descend and sing,
 (o) The breathing instruments inspire,
 Wake into voice each silent string,
 And sweep the sounding lyre !
 In a sadly pleasing strain
 Let the warbling lute complain :
 Let the loud trumpet sound,
 Till the roofs all around
 The shrill echoes rebound ;
- (o) While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,
 The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.
 Hark ! the numbers soft and clear
 Gently steal upon the ear :
 Now louder, and yet louder rise,
 And fill with spreading sound the skies :
 Exulting in triumph, now swell the bold notes ;
 In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats ;
 Till, by degrees, remote and small,
 The strains decay,
 And melt away,
 In a dying, dying fall.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
 Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
 If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
 Music her soft assuasive voice applies ;
 Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
 Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds ;
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds.

(o) Melancholy lifts her head,
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
 List'ning envy drops her snakes ;
 Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
 And giddy factions hear away their rage.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
 How martial music every bosom warms !

(o) So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
 While Argo saw her kindred trees,
 Descend from Pelion to the main ;
 Transported, demigods stood round,
 And men grew heroes at the sound,—
 Enflam'd with glory's charms :
 Each chief his sev'n-fold shield display'd,
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade :
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
 To arms ! to arms ! to arms !

(o) But when thro' all the infernal bounds
 Which flaming Phlegethon surrounds,
 Love, strong as Death, the poet led
 To the pale nations of the déad,
 What sounds were heard,
 What scenes appear'd

O'er all the dreary coasts?
 Dreadful glèams,
 Dismal scrèams,
 Fires that glòw
 Shrieks of wèd,
 Sullen moàns,
 Hollow gróans,
 And cries of tortur'd ghòsts?
 But hárk! he strikes the golden lyre;
 And see! the tortur'd ghosts respìre;
 See, shady forms advance!
 Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands stìll,
 Ixion rests upon his whéel,
 And the pale spectres dànce!
 The furies sink upon their iron béd,
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their hèads.

By the streams that ever flów,
 By the fragrant winds that blów
 O'er the Elysian flów'rs;
 By those happy souls that dwéll
 In yellow meads of Asphodel,
 Or Amaranthine bów'rs;
 By the hero's armed shádes,
 Glitt'ring through the gloomy gládes;
 By the youths that died for lóve,
 Wand'ring in the myrtle gróve,—
 Restore, restore Eurydice to lífe;
 Oh! take the hùsband,—or return the wife!
 He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the Poet's pràyer:
 Stern Proserpine relented,
 And gave him báck the fàir.
 Thus song could prevail
 O'er death and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard, and how glorious!

Though fate had fast bound her,
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victòrious.
 But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !
 How wilt thou *nòw* the fatal sisters move ?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to lóve.

(o) Now, under hanging móuntains,

Beside the falls of fóuntains,
 Or where Hebrus wáunders,
 Rolling in meánders,

All alone,

Unheard, unknown,

He makes his moan ;

And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost !

Now with furies surrounded,

Despairing, confounded,

He trembles, he glows,

Amidst Rhodope's snows :

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ;

Hark ! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals' cries—

Ah see, *hè* dies !

Yet ev'n in death, Eurydice he sung,

Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,

Eurydice the woods,

Eurydice the floods,

Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,

And fate's severest rage disarm :

Music can soften pain to ease,

And make despair and madness please ;

Our joys below it can improve,

And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,
 And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.
 (o) When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,
 Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear :
 Borne on the swelling notes our souls aspire,
 While solemn airs improve the sacred fire,
 And angels lean from Heav'n to hear.
 Of *Orpheus* now no more let poets tell,
 To bright *Cecilia* greater power is giv'n ;
 His numbers rais'd a shade from *hell*,
 Hers lift the soul to *heav'n*.

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O THOU, that with surpassing glory crown'd,
 Look'st, from thy sole dominion, like the Gód
 . Of this *new world* ; at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminish'd héads ! to *thée* I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O *Sún* ! to tell thee how I háte thy bèams,
 That bring to my remémbrance from what state
 I fèll ; how glorious once above thy sphere,
 (o) Till pride, and worse ambition, threw me down,
 Warring in heav'n agáinst heav'n's matchless Kìng.
 Ah, whèrefore ? He deserv'd no such return
 From mé, whom he created what I wás
 In that bright eminence, and with hís good
 Upbraided nòne ; nor was his service hàrd.
 What could be less than to afford him pràise,
 The eàsiest recompence : and pay hím thánks,
 How dùè ! Yet all his good prov'd ill in mé,
 And wrought but màlice : lifted up só high,
 I 'sdain'd subjection, and thought óne stép hígher
 Would set mè highest, and, in a moment, quit

The debt immense of endless gràtitude,
 So búrdensome, still paying still to òwe ;
 Forgetful what from him I still receiv'd ;
 And understóod not that a gráteful mind
 By ówing owes nót, but still pàys, at once
 Indebted and dischàrg'd : what búrden then ?

(o) O had his powerful destiny ordain'd .
 Me some inférior Angel, I had stood
 Thén hàppy, no unbounded hope had rais'd
 Ambition. Yet why not ! some óther power
 As great might have aspir'd, and me, though mean,
 Drawn to hís part : but other pow'rs as great
 Fell not, but stand unshàken, from withín
 Or from withòut, to *àll temptations* àrm'd.
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand ?
 Thou hàdst. Whom hast thou then, or what t' accuse
 But Heav'n's frée lòve, dealt equally to àll ?

(*) Me, miserable : which way shall I fly
 Infinite wrath and infinite despàir ?
 Which way I fly is hèll ; mysélf am hell ;
 And, in the lowest déep, a lówer deep,
 Still threat'ning to devour me, opens wide,
 To which the hell I súffer seems a heav'n.
 O then, at lást relént ! (o) Is there no place
 Left for repentance, none for pàrdon 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, (o) boasting I could subdue
 Th' Omnipotent. (*) Ah me ! they little know
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,
 While they adore me on the throne of hell ;
 With diadem and sceptre high advanc'd,
 The lower still I fall, only supreme

In misery : (o) such joy ambition finds.
 But say I could repent,—and could obtain
 By act of grace my former state, how soon
 Would height recall high thoughts—how soon unsay
 What feign'd submission swore ! Ease would recant
 Vows made in pain as violent and void :

(o) For never can true reconciliation grow
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
 And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear
 Short intermission, bought with double smart.
 This knows my punisher ; therefore as far
 From granting hé as I from begging peace :
 All hope excluded, thus, behold, instead
 Of us outcast, exil'd, ¹ his new delight,
 Mankind created ; and for him this world.

- (o) So farewell, hope ! and with hope, farewell fear !
 Farewell, remorse ! All good to mé is lost :
Evil, be thou my good ! By thee, at least
 Divided empire with Heav'n's King I hold ;
 By thee—and more than half perhaps will reign ;
 (o) As man, ere long, and this new world shall know.

THE BARD.

- ‘ *RUIN* seize thee, ruthless King !
 ‘ Confusion on thy banners wait ;
 ‘ Though fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
 ‘ They mock the air with idle state !
 ‘ Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 ‘ Nor ev'n thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 ‘ To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 ‘ From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !’

¹ A short pause.

Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout *Gló'ster* stood aghast in speechless trãnce,
 To àrms! cried *Mortimer*, and cóuch'd his quiv'ring lãnce.

(o) On a rók, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming fíood,
 Rob'd in the sable garb of wóe,
 With haggard éyes the Poet stoòd ;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air ;)
 And with a master's hand, and prophet's fire,
 Struck the déep sórrors of his ly're.

' Hark how each giant-oak, and desert-cave
 ' Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneàth !
 ' O'er thee, O King ! their hundred arms they wàve,
 ' Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
 ' Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 ' To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

¹ ' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 ' That hush'd the stormy main :
 ' Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
 ' Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 ' Modred, whose magic song
 ' Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
 ' On dreary Arvón's shore they lie ;
 ' Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale ;
 ' Far, far aloof, th' affrighted ravens sail ;
 ' The famish'd eagle screams and passes by.

¹ Let the voice raise by degrees to sounds expressive of the deeply pathetic ;—' Dear Iest,' &c.

- ‘ Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 ‘ Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
 ‘ Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 1 ‘ Ye died amidst your dying country’s cries—
 ‘ No more I weep. They do not sleep.
 ‘ On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 ‘ I see them sit, they linger yet,
 ‘ Avengers of their native land :
 ‘ With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 ‘ And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.
- ‘ Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 ‘ The winding-sheet of Edward’s race ;
 ‘ Give ample room, and verge enough,
 ‘ The characters of hell to trace ;
- (o) ‘ Mark the year, and mark the night,
 ‘ When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 ‘ The shrieks of death, through Berkley’s roof that ring,
 ‘ Shrieks of an agonizing King !
 ‘ She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
 ‘ That tear’st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
 ‘ From thee be born, who o’er thy country hangs
 ‘ The scourge of Heav’n. What terrors round him
 wait !
 ‘ Amazement in his van, with flight combin’d,
 ‘ And sorrow’s faded form, and solitude behind.
- ‘ Mighty victor, mighty lord,
 ‘ Low on his funeral couch he lies !
 ‘ No pitying heart, no eye afford
 ‘ A tear to grace his obsequies !
 ‘ Is the sable warrior fléd ?
 ‘ Thy son is gònè. He rests among the deàd.

¹ Alter the voice.

- ‘ The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were bórñ ;
 ‘ Gone to salute the rising mòrn.
 ‘ Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr blòws,
 ‘ While, proudly riding o’er the azure realm,
 ‘ In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes ;
 ‘ Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm :
 ‘ Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind’s swáy,
 ‘ That, hush’d in grim repose, expects his ev’ning prèy.
- ‘ Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 ‘ The rich repast prepare,
 ‘ Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feàst :
 (o) ‘ Close by the regal chair,
 ‘ Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 ‘ A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
 1 ‘ Heard ye the ðin of battle bray,
 ‘ Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
 ‘ Long years of havock urge their destin’d course,
 ‘ And through the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 ‘ Ye ¹ tow’rs of Julius, London’s lasting shame,
 ‘ With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 ‘ Revere his consort’s faith, his father’s fame,
 ‘ And spare the meek usurper’s holy head.
 ‘ Above, below, the rose of snow
 ‘ Twin’d with her blushing foe we spread ;
 ‘ The bristled boar, in infant gore,
 ‘ Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 ‘ Now, Brothers, bending o’er the accursed loom,
 ‘ Stamp we our vengeance deèp, and ratify his doom.
 ‘ Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
 ‘ (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 ‘ Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 ‘ (The web is wove. The work is done.)—

¹ Alter the voice.

- ‘ Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 ‘ Leave me unblest’d, unpitied, here to mourn :
 ‘ In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 ‘ They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
- (o) ‘ But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon’s height
 ‘ Descending slow their glitt’ring skirts unroll !
- (*) ‘ Visions of glory ! spare my aching sight !
 ‘ Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul !
 ‘ No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
 ‘ All hail, ye genuine Kings ! Britannia’s issue, hail !
- ‘ Girt with many a baron bold
 ‘ Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
 ‘ And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old,
 ‘ In bearded majesty appear.
 ‘ In the midst a form divine !
 ‘ Her eye proclaims her of the Briton line ;
 ‘ Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 ‘ Attemper’d sweet to virgin grace.
 ‘ What strings symphonious tremble in the air !
 ‘ What strains of vocal transport round her play !
 ‘ Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
 ‘ They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 ‘ Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
 ‘ Waves in the eye of Heav’n her many-colour’d wings.
- ‘ The verse adorn again
 ‘ Fierce War, and faithful Love,
 ‘ And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest :
 ‘ In buskin’d measures move,
 ‘ Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
 ‘ With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
 ‘ A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
 ‘ Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
 ‘ And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 ‘ That lost in long futurity expire.

- ‘ Fond, impious man, think’st thou, yon sanguine clou d
 ‘ Rais’d by thy breath, has quench’d the orb of dáy?
 ‘ To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 ‘ And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 ‘ Enough for mé: with joy I see
 ‘ The different doom our fates assign.
 ‘ Be thine Despair, and scepterèd Care :
 ‘ To triumph, and to die, are mìnè.’
 (o) He spokè, and headlong, from the mountain’s height,
 Deep in the roaring tide he plung’d to *endless night*.

A PINDARIC ODE.

COME, Epictetus ! arm my breast
 With thy impenetrable steel,
 No more the wounds of grief to feel,
 Nor mourn by others’ woes deprest.
 O ! teach my trembling heart
 To scorn Affliction’s dart :
 Teach me to mock the tyrant, Pain !
 For see, around me stand
 A dreadful murd’rous band ;
 I fly their cruel power in vain !
 Here lurks Distemper’s horrid train,
 And there the Passions lift their flaming brands ;
 Those, with fell rage, my helpless body tear,
 While these, with daring hands
 Against the immortal soul their impious weapons rear.
 Where’er I turn, fresh evils meet my eyes ;
 Sin, Sorrow, and Disgrace
 Pursue the human race !
 There, on the bed of sickness, Virtue lies !
 See Friendship, bleeding by the sword
 Of base Ingratitude !

See baleful Jealousy intrude,
 And poison all the bliss that Love had stor'd:
 Oh! seal my ears against the piteous cry
 Of Innocence distress!
 Nor let me shrink, when Fancy's eye
 Beholds the guilty wretch's breast
 Beneath the tort'ring pincers heave:
 Nor for the num'rous wants of Mis'ry grieve,
 Which all-disposing Heav'n denies me to relieve!

No longer let my fleeting joys depend
 On social or domestic ties!
 Superior let *my* Spirit rise:
 Nor in the gentle counsels of a Friend,
 Nor in the smiles of love expect delight:
 But teach me in *myself* to find
 Whate'er can please or fill my mind.
 Let inward beauty charm the mental sight:
 Let god-like Reason, beaming bright,
 Chase far away each gloomy shade,
 Till Virtue's heav'nly form display'd
 Alone shall captivate my soul,
And her divinest love possess me whole!
 But ah! what means this impious pride,
 Which heav'nly hosts deride!
 Within myself does Virtue dwell?
 Is all serene and beauteous there?
 What mean these chilling damps of fear?
 Tell me, Philosophy! thou boaster, tell!—
 This god-like, all-sufficient mind,
 Which, in its own perfection blest,
 Defies the woes or malice of mankind,
 To shake its self-possessing rest,
 Is it not foul, weak, ignorant and blind?
 Oh man! from conscious virtue's praise
 Fall'n, fall'n—what refuge canst thou find?

What pitying hand again will raise
From native earth thy grovelling frame !

Ah, who will cleanse thy heart from spot of sinful blame ?

(o) But, see ! what sudden glories from the sky

To my benighted soul appear,
And all the gloomy prospects cheer !

(o) What awful form approaches nigh ?

Awful, yet mild, as is the southern wind,
That gently bids the forest nod.

Hark ! thunder breaks the air, and angels speak,

Behold the Saviour of the World ! Behold

The Lamb of God !

Ye sons of Pride, behold his aspect meek ;

The tear of pity on his cheek !

See in his train appear

Humility and Patience sweet ;

Repentance, prostrate at his sacred feet,

Bedews with tears, and wipes them with her flowing hair.

(o) What scenes now meet my wond'ring eyes,

What hallow'd grave,

By mourning maids attended round,

Attracts the Saviour's steps ? What heartfelt wound

His spotless bosom heaves with tender sighs !

Why weeps the Son belov'd, Omnipotent to save ?

(o) But, lo ! he waves his awful hand !

The sleeping clay obeys his dread command.

Oh, Lazarus ! come forth !—Come forth, and see

The dear effects of wondrous love !

He, at whose word the seas and rocks remove,

Thy friend, thy Lord, thy Maker, weeps for thee !

Thy walls, Jerusalem, have seen thy King,

In meekness clad, lament thy hapless fate !

Unquench'd his love though paid with ruthless hate !

O lost, relentless Sion ! Didst thou know

Who thus vouchsafes thy courts to tread,

What loud Hosannas wouldst thou sing !
How eager crown his honour'd head !
Nor see unmov'd his kind paternal woe !
Nor force his tears, his precious blood, for thee to flow !

No more repine, my coward soul,
The sorrows of mankind to share,
Which He who could the world control
Did not disdain to bear !
Check not the flow of sweet fraternal love,
By Heav'n's high King in bounty giv'n,
Thy stubborn heart to soften and improve,
Thy earth-clad spirit to refine,
And gradual raise to love divine,
And wing its soaring flight to Heav'n !

ORATORICAL SPEECHES.

"Ὅλον δέ ἐστι τὸ ἔχον ἀρχὴν, καὶ μέσον, καὶ τελευτήν. *Arist.*

THE business of an ORATOR, is to DELIGHT that he may INSTRUCT, and INSTRUCT that he may MOVE THE PASSIONS: all addresses which do not yield to this analyzation are more or less imperfect.

Many examples of sacred as well as profane Oratory might be mentioned, and suitable arguments educed from them to prove the justness of the position. Those have been faithfully imitated by the poets; from Homer and Virgil, to Milton, Shakspeare, and others of the Moderns.

[The following arrangements will not fail to be extremely interesting to students; the progressive order of the speeches will lead them imperceptibly forward. Students will at length arrive at the finest specimen of Oratorical Composition,—and, for repetition, the most difficult Example, perhaps, in either Ancient or Modern Language.]

*Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi; ————— HOR.*

LORD CLIFFORD EXHORTING HENRY VI. TO PROTECT HIS CROWN AND TRANSMIT IT TO HIS SON.

My gracious liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?
Not to the beasts that would usurp their den!
Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?
Not his that spoils her young before her face!
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting?
Not he that sets his foot upon her back!
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on:
And doves will peck, in safeguard of their brood.
Ambitious York did level at thy crown,
Thou smiling while he knit his angry brows;
He, but a duke, would have his son a king,
And raise his issue, like a loving sire;
Thou, being a king, blest with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him;
Which argued thee a most unloving father.
Unreasonable creatures feed their young:
And though man's face be fearful to their eyes,
Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not seen them (even with those wings
Which sometime they have us'd in fearful flight)
Make war with them that climb'd unto their nest,
Offering their own lives in their young's defence?
For shame, my liege, make them your precedent?
Were it not pity that this goodly boy
Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault;
And long hereafter say unto his child,—
'What my great-grandfather and grandsire got,
My careless father fondly gave away!'
Ah, what a shame were this! Look on the boy:
And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart,
To hold thy own, and leave thy own to him.

VOLUMNIA EXHORTING HER SON CORIOLANUS
TO SOOTHE AND PLEASE THE PLEBEIANS.

'PRAY, be counsell'd ;
I have a heart as little apt as yours,
But yet a brain, that leads my use of anger
To better vantage.

You are too absolute :
Though therein you can never be too noble,
But when extremities speak. I have heard you say,
Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I' the war do grow together : grant that, and tell me,
In peace, what each of them by the other lose,
That they combine not there ?
If it be honour in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, (which for your best ends
You adopt as policy,) how is it less, or worse,
That it should hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war ; since that to both
It stands in like request ?

Now it lies with you to speak to the people :
Not by your own instruction, nor by the matter
Which your heart prompts you to ; but with such words
That are but roted on your tongue, but bastards and
syllables,

Of no allowance to your bosom's truth.
Now this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and]
The hazard of much blood.—

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends, at stake, required
I should do so in honour : I am in this,
Your wife, your son, these senators, the nobles :

And you will rather show our general louts
 How you can frown, than spend a fawn upon them,
 For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
 Of what that want might ruin.
 I pr'ythee now, my son,
 Go to them with this bonnet in thy hand !
 And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them,) Thy knee bussing the stone (for in such business
 Action is eloquence, and the eyes of the ignorant
 More learned than the ears,) waving thy head,
 With often thus correcting thy stout heart,
 Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
 That will not hold their handling : or say to them,
 Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils,
 Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess
 Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
 In asking their good loves ; but thou wilt frame
 Thyself forsooth, hereafter theirs, so far
 As thou hast power and person.

'Pr'ythee now,
 Go, and be rul'd ; although I know, thou hadst rather
 Follow thy enemy in a fiery gulf,
 Than flatter him in a bower.

NORFOLK'S ADVICE TO THE DUKE OF BUCKING- HAM TO RESTRAIN RESENTMENT.

I ADVISE you,
 (And take it from a heart that wishes towards you
 Honour and plenteous safety,) that you read
 Your enemy's malice and his potency
 Together : to consider further, that
 What his high hatred would effect, wants not
 A minister in his power. You know his nature,
 That he is revengeful ; and I know his sword

Hath a sharp edge ; it's long, and it may be said
 It reaches far ; and where 'twill not extend,
 Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
 You'll find it wholesome.

Let your reason with your choler question
 What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills
 Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
 A full-hot horse ; who being allow'd his way,
 Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England
 Can advise me like you : be to yourself
 As you would to your friend.

Be advised :

Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot
 That it do singe yourself. We may outrun,
 By violent swiftness, that we do run at,
 And lose by over-running. Know you not,
 The fire that mounts the liquor till it run o'er,
 In seeming to augment it, wastes it ? Be advis'd ;
 I say again, there is no English soul
 Who's stronger to direct you than yourself ;
 If with the sap of reason you would quench,
 Or but allay, the fire of passion.

JOHN OF GAUNT ENCOURAGING HIS SON BOLINGBROKE GOING INTO BANISHMENT.

ALL places that the eye of Heaven visits
 Are to a wise man ports and happy havens.
 Teach thy necessity to reason thus :
 There is no virtue like necessity.
 Think not the king did banish thee ;
 But thou the king. Woe doth the heavier sit,
 Where it perceives it is but faintly borne.

Go say—I sent thee forth to purchase honour,
 And not—the king exil'd thee: or suppose
 Devouring pestilence hangs in our air,
 And thou art flying to a fresher clime.
 Look, what thy soul holds dear, imagine it
 To lie that way thou go'st, not whence thou com'st;
 Suppose the singing birds musicians;
 The grass whereon thou tread'st, the presence strew'd;
 The flowers, fair ladies; and thy steps, no more
 Than a delightful measure, or a dance;
 For gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
 The man that mocks at it, and sets it light.

PATRIOTIC EXHORTATION.

From the Tragedy of Arminius.

WHY then *Revolt and Freedom* be the word:
 No peace with Rome, no unsubstantial league,
 No commerce with her artful, treacherous sons,
 No pity for Germania's polish'd foe. ■
 Go, go, my son, and lift thy manly voice
 In courts and palaces where wisdom sleeps;
 Tell the rough apes of Roman luxury,
 Who poison drink and call the draught refinement,—
 Tell them, that one pure burst of untaught virtue
 Outweighs the proudest boasts of Roman reason,
 When knowledge walks with terror and injustice;—
 Tell them, no safety can be found with conquerors,
 Slaves of false glory and unsated passions:
 Tell them, the first just victims of oppression
 Are those who pander to their country's ruin;
 And last of all, should kings refuse thy bidding,

Spread through the land the kindling name of Freedom,
And kings must learn the sources of their power :
The heart of man is ours, my noble boy,
And we will guide it to a holy purpose.

CATO'S SENATE.

Cato. FATHERS, we once again are met in council;
Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,
And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.
How shall we treat this bold aspiring man ?
Success still follows him, and backs his crimes :
Pharsalia gave him Rome : Egypt has since
Receiv'd his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.
Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,
And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands
Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should decree
What course to take. Our foe advances on us,
And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.
Fathers, pronounce your thoughts : are they still fix'd
To hold it out and fight it to the last ?
Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
By time and ill success to a submission ?
Sempronius, speak.

Sempronius. My voice is still for war.
Gods ! can a Roman senate long debate
Which of the two to choose, slav'ry or death ?
No ; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
And at the head of our remaining troops,
Attack the foe, break through the thick array
Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.
Perhaps, some arm, more lucky than the rest,
May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.
Rise, fathers, rise ! 'tis Rome demands your help ;

Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens,
 Or share their fate ! The corpse of half her senate
 Manure the fields of Thessaly, while we
 Sit here delib'rating in cold debates,
 If we should sacrifice our lives to honour,
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
 Rouse up, for shame ! Our brothers of Pharsalia
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud—To battle !
 Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,
 And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us !

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal
 Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason :
 True fortitude is seen in great exploits
 That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides :
 All else is tow'ring frenzy and distraction.
 Are not the lives of those who draw the sword
 In Rome's defence entrusted to our care ?
 Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,
 Might not the impartial world with reason say,
 We lavished at our deaths the blood of thousands,
 To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious ?
 Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Lucius. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on
 peace ;
 Already have our quarrels fill'd the world
 With widows, and with orphans ; Scythia mourns
 Our guilty wars, and earth's remotest regions
 Lie half unpeopled by the feuds of Rome :
 'Tis time to sheathe the sword, and spare mankind.
 It is not Cæsar, but the gods, my fathers,
 The gods declare against us, and repel
 Our vain attempts. To urge the foe to battle,
 (Prompted by blind revenge, and wild despair,)
 Were to refuse th' awards of Providence,

And not to rest in Heaven's determination.
 Already have we shewn our love to Rome ;
 Now let us shew submission to the gods.
 We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,
 But free the commonwealth ; when this end fails,
 Arms have no further use : our country's cause,
 That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,
 And bids us not delight in Roman blood,
 Unprofitably shed ; what men could do
 Is done already : heav'n and earth will witness,
 If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

Cato. Let us appear nor rash nor diffident ;
 Immod'rate valour swells into a fault ;
 And fear admitted into public councils,
 Betrays like treason. Let us shun them both.
 Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs
 Are grown thus desp'rate : we have bulwarks round us :
 Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil
 In Afric's heats, and season'd to the sun :
 Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,
 Ready to rise at its young Prince's call.
 While there is hope, do not distrust the gods ;
 But wait at least till Cæsar's near approach
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
 To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.
 Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time !
 No, let us draw her term of freedom out
 In its full length, and spin it to the last.
 So shall we gain still one day's liberty ;
 And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,
 A day, an hour of virtuous liberty,
 Is worth a whole eternity—in bondage.

[*Enter Marcus.*]

Marcus. Fathers, this moment as I watch'd the gate,

Lodg'd on my post, a herald is arriv'd
 From Cæsar's camp, and with him comes old Decius,
 The Roman knight : he carries in his looks
 Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.

Cato. By your permission, fathers—bid him enter.
 Decius was once my friend, but other prospects
 Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to Cæsar.
 His message may determine our resolves.

[*Enter Decius.*]

Dec. Cæsar sends health to Cato.

Cato. Could he send it,
 To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.
 Are not your orders to address the Senate ?

Dec. My business is with Cato ; Cæsar sees
 The straits to which you're driven ; and, as he knows
 Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

Cato. My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.
 Would he save Cato ? Bid him spare his country.
 Tell your dictator this : and tell him, Cato
 Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

Dec. Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar ;
 Her gen'ral's and her consuls are no more,
 Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.
 Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend ?

Cato. Those very reasons thou hast urg'd forbid it.

Dec. Cato, I've orders to expostulate,
 And reason with you, as from friend to friend ;
 Think on the storm that gathers o'er your head,

And threatens ev'ry hour to burst upon it ;
 Still may you stand high in your country's honours :
 Do but comply and make your peace with Cæsar,
 Rome will rejoice, and cast its eyes on Cato,
 As on the second of mankind.

Cato. No more ;
 I must not think of life on such conditions.

Dec. Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,
 And therefore sets this value on your life :
 Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,
 And name your terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his legions,
 Restore the commonwealth to liberty,
 Submit his actions to the public censure,
 And stand the judgment of a Roman Senate ;
 Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

Dec. Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom—

Cato. Nay, more,—though Cato's voice was ne'er em-
 ploy'd
 To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,
 Myself will mount the Rostrum in his favour,
 And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

Dec. A style like this becomes a conqueror.

Cato. Decius, a style like this becomes a Roman.

Dec. What is a Roman, that is Cæsar's foe ?

Cato. Greater than Cæsar : he's a friend to virtue.

Dec. Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,
 And at the head of your own little senate ;

You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the mouths of Rome to second you.

Cato. Let him consider that who drives us hither ;
'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas ! thy dazzled eye
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him ;
Didst thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With murder, treason, sacrilege, and—crimes
That strike my soul with horror but to name them.
I know thou look'st on me as on a wretch
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes ;
But, as I love my country, millions of worlds
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.

Dec. Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,
For all his gen'rous cares and proffer'd friendship ?

Cato. His cares for me are insolent and vain :
Presumptuous man ! the gods take care of Cato.
Would Cæsar show the greatness of his soul,
Bid him employ his care for these my friends,
And make good use of his ill-gotten power,
By shelt'ring men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget
You are a man. You rush on your destruction ;
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The tale of this unhappy embassy,
All Rome will be in tears.

HENRY THE FIFTH'S DETECTION AND CONDEMNATION OF TREASON.

THE mercy that was quick in us but late,
By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd :

You must not dare for shame to talk of mercy,
For your own reasons turn upon your bosoms,
As dogs upon their masters, worrying you.
See you, my Princes and my noble Peers,
These English monsters! My Lord Cambridge here,—
You know how apt our love was to accord
To furnish him with all appertinents
Belonging to his honour; and this man
Hath, for a few light crowns, lightly conspir'd,
And sworn into the practices of France
To kill us here in Hampton. To the which,
This Knight, no less for bounty bound to us
Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But, O!
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop! Thou cruel,
Ungrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use?
May it be possible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,
That, though the truth of it stand off as gross
As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affianced! I will weep for thee;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man:—But hear your sentence;
You have conspir'd against our royal person;
Join'd with an enemy; and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death:
Wherein you would have sold your King to slaughter;
His Princes and his Peers to servitude;
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom unto desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge:

But we our kingdom's safety must so tender,
 Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
 We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
 Poor miserable wretches, to your death ;
 The taste whereof, God, of his mercy, give
 You patience to endure, and true repentance
 Of all your dire offences. Bear them hence.

BUCKINGHAM GOING TO EXECUTION.

ALL good people,
 You that thus far have come to pity me,
 Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me.
 I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
 And by that name must die ; yet Heav'n bear witness !
 And if I have a conscience, let it sink me,
 Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful !
 You few, that lov'd me,
 And dare be bold to weep for Buckingham,—
 His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
 Is only bitter to him, only dying ;
 Go with me, like good angels, to my end :
 And, as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
 Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
 And lift my soul to Heaven.
 When I came hither, I was Lord High Constable,
 And Duke of Buckingham ; now poor Edward Bohun.
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
 That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it ;
 And with that blood will make them one day groan for't.
 My noble father, Henry of Buckingham,
 Who first rais'd head against usurping Richard, *390 19.*
 Flying for succour to his servant Banister,
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
 And without trial fell : Heav'n's peace be with him !

Henry the Seventh succeeding, truly pitying
 My father's loss, like a most royal Prince,
 Restor'd to me my honours, and, from ruins,
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
 Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroke has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my trial,
 And, must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father.
 Yet thus far we are one in fortune—both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd :
 A most unnatural and faithless service !
 Heav'n has an end in all. Yet you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain—
 Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,
 Be sure you are not loose : those you make friends
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me ! I must leave ye : the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me.
 Farewell ! and, when you would say something sad,
 Speak how I fell.—Remember Buckingham !

OTHELLO'S APOLOGY.

Most potent, grave, and reverend Signiors,
 My very noble and approv'd good masters,
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter
 It is most true : true I have married her.
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in speech,
 And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace ;
 For, since these arms of mine had seven years' pith

Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field ;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battles ;
And, therefore, little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.

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

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

DUKE OF MILAN PLEADING HIS CAUSE BEFORE THE EMPEROR CHARLES THE FIFTH.

I COME not, Emperor, t'invade thy mercy,
 By fawning on thy fortune ; nor bring with me
 Excuses, or denials. I profess
 (And with a good man's confidence, ev'n this instant
 That I am in thy power) I was thine enemy :
 Thy deadly and vow'd enemy ; one that wish'd
 Confusion to thy person and estates ;
 And with my utmost pow'rs and deepest counsels,
 Had they been truly follow'd, further'd it ;
 Nor will I now, although my neck were under
 The hangman's axe, with one poor syllable
 Confess, but that I honour'd the French king
 More than thyself, and all men.

Now, give me leave
 (My hate against thyself, and love to him
 Freely acknowledg'd) to give up the reasons
 That made me so affected. In my wants

I ever found him faithful : had supplies
 Of men and money from him : and my hopes,
 Quite sunk, were by his grace buoy'd up again.
 He was, indeed, to me as my good angel,
 To guard me from all dangers. I dare speak
 (Nay must and will) his praise now, in as high
 And loud a key, as when he was thy equal.
 The benefits he sow'd in me, met not
 Unthankful ground, but yielded him his own
 With fair increase, and I still glory in it.
 And, though my fortunes (poor compar'd to his,
 And Milan, weigh'd with France, appear as nothing)
 Are in thy fury burnt ; let it be mention'd,
 They serv'd but as small tapers to attend
 The solemn flame at this great funeral ;
 And with them I will gladly waste myself,
 Rather than undergo the imputation
 Of being base or unthankful.

If that, then, to be grateful
 For courtesies receiv'd, or not to leave
 A friend in his necessities, be a crime
 Amongst you Spaniards (which other nations
 That, like you, aim'd at empire, lov'd and cherish'd
 Where'er they found it) Sforza brings his head
 To pay the forfeit. Nor come I as a slave,
 Pinion'd and fetter'd, in a squalid weed,
 Falling before thy feet, kneeling and howling,
 For a forestall'd remission : that were poor,
 And would but shame thy victory ; for conquest
 Over base foes, is a captivity,
 And not a triumph. I ne'er fear'd to die,
 More than I wish'd to live. When I had reach'd
 My ends in being a duke, I wore these robes,
 This crown upon my head, and to my side
 This sword was girt : and witness truth, that now
 'Tis in another's power, when I shall part

With them and life together, I'm the same :
 My veins did not then swell with pride ; nor now
 They shrink with fear.—Know, sir, that Sforza stands
 Prepar'd for either fortune.

But if example
 Of my fidelity to the French (whose honours,
 Titles, and glories are now mix'd with yours ;
 As brooks devour'd by rivers lose their names)
 Has power t'invite you to make him your friend
 That hath given evident proof, he knows to love,
 And to be thankful, this my crown, now yours,
 You may restore me, and in me instruct
 These brave commanders (should their fortune change,
 Which now I wish not) what they may expect
 From noble enemies for being faithful.
 The charges of the war I will defray,
 And what you may (not without hazard) force,
 Bring freely to you ; I'll prevent the cries
 Of murder'd infants,————
 Which, in a city sack'd, call on Heav'n's justice,
 And stop the course of glorious victories.
 And when I know the captains and the soldiers,
 That have in the late battle done best service,
 And are to be rewarded, I myself,
 According to their quality and merits,
 Will see them largely recompens'd.—I've said :
 And now expect my sentence.

KING HENRY IV. NORTHUMBERLAND, AND HOTSPUR.

King Henry. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
 Unapt to stir at these indignities ;
 And you have found me : for, accordingly,
 You tread upon my patience : but, be sure,
 I will from henceforth rather be myself,

Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my condition;
 Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
 And therefore lost that title of respect,
 Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

North. My good lord,
 Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
 Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
 Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
 As was deliver'd to your Majesty.

Hot. My liege, I did deny no prisoners :
 But I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
 Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dress'd,
 Fresh as a bridegroom ; and his chin, new reap'd,
 Show'd like a stubble-land at harvest home.
 He was perfumed like a milliner ;
 And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
 A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
 He gave his nose ! and still he smil'd, and talk'd ;
 And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He call'd them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
 With many holiday and lady terms
 He questioned me : amongst the rest demanded
 My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
 I, then, all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pester'd with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answer'd, neglectingly, I know not what—
 He should or should not—for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,
 And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,

Of guns, and drums, and wounds, (Heaven save the mark !)
 And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
 Was spermaceti for an inward bruise ;
 And that it was great pity, so it was,
 This villanous salt-petre should be digg'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
 Which many a good tall fellow has destroy'd
 So cowardly ; and, but for these vile guns,
 He would himself have been a soldier.—
 This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
 I answer'd, indirectly, as I said ;
 And, I beseech you, let not this report
 Come current for an accusation,
 Betwixt my love and your high majesty.

North. The circumstance consider'd, good my lord,
 Whatever Harry Percy then had said
 To such a person, and in such a place,
 At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
 May reasonably die ; and never rise
 To do him wrong, or any way impeach,
 What then he said, so he unsay it now.

K. Henry. Why yet he doth deny his prisoners ;
 But with proviso and exception,
 That we, at our own charge, shall ransom straight
 His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer ;
 Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betray'd
 The lives of those that he did lead to fight
 Against the great magician, old Glendower ;
 Whose daughter, as we hear, the earl of March
 Hath lately married. Shall our coffers, then,
 Be emptied, to redeem a traitor home ?
 Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears,
 When they have lost and forfeited themselves ?
 No ; on the barren mountains let him starve ;

For I shall never hold that man my friend
 Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
 To ransom home revolted Mortimer.

Hot. Revolted Mortimer !

He never did fall off, my sovereign liege ¹.—
 But by the chance of war—to prove that true,
 Needs but one tongue ; for all those wounds,
 Those mouthed wounds, which valiantly he took,
 When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
 In single opposition hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an hour
 In changing hardiment with great Glendower :
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
 Upon agreement, of sweet Severn's flood ;
 Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
 And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank,
 Blood-stained with these valiant combatants.
 Never did base and rotten policy
 Colour her working with such deadly wounds ;
 Nor ever could the noble Mortimer
 Receive so many, and all willingly :
 Then let him not be slandered with revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie
 him ;

He never did encounter with Glendower ;

¹ ' He never did fall off, my sovereign liege.' This is a direct period.—' But by the chance of war'—Hotspur is proceeding with the qualification, stops short and corrects himself by a beautiful display of the Aposiopesis—' To prove that true,' &c. i. e. that he never did fall off.—This emendation accords with the passion of Anger.

Upton, in his Essay on Shakspeare, approves of this reading.

He durst as well have met ~~the devil~~ ^{Sirrah} alone
 As Owen Glendower for an enemy!
 Art not asham'd? But, sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer;
 Send me your prisoners with the speediest means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease you.—My Lord Northumberland,
 We license your departure with your son.
 —Send us your prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[*Exit K. H.*]

Hot. I will not send them—I will after straight,
 And tell him so: for I will ease my heart,
 Although it be with hazard of my head.

North. What! drunk with choler? Stay and pause
 awhile.

Hot. Not speak of Mortimer!
 Yes I will speak of him; and let my soul
 Want mercy if I do not join with him:
 Yea, on his part, I'll empty all these veins,
 And shed my dear blood drop by drop i'the dust,
 But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
 As high i'the air as this unthankful king,
 As this ingrate and canker'd Bolingbroke.
 He said, he would not ransom Mortimer;
 Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer;
 But I will find him when he lies asleep,
 And in his ear I'll halloo Mortimer!
 Nay, I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
 Nothing but Mortimer, and give it him,
 To keep his anger still in motion.

North. My son, farewell—No further go in this,
 Than I by letter shall direct your course.
 When time is ripe, (which will be suddenly,)

I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer ;
 Where you and Douglas, and our powers at once
 (As I will fashion it) shall happily meet,
 To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
 Which now we hold at much uncertainty.

Hot. Father, adieu ! O let the hours be short,
 Till fields, and blows, and groans, applaud our sport.

THE PRINCE OF VERONA EXHORTING OLD CAPULET
 AND MONTAGUE TO RESTORE THE PEACE.

REBELLIOUS subjects, enemies to peace,
 Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
 Will they not hear !—What ho ! you men, you beasts,
 That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
 With purple fountains issuing from your veins,—
 On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
 Throw your mistemper'd weapons on the ground,
 And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
 Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
 By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
 Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets ;
 And made Verona's ancient citizens
 Cast up their grave beseeching ornaments,
 To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
 Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate.
 If ever you disturb our streets again,
 Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
 For this time, all the rest depart away ;
 You, Capulet, shall go along with me ;
 And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
 To know our further pleasure in this case,
 To old Free-town our common judgment-place.
 Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

MALEFORT'S DEFENCE OF HIMSELF.

—LIVE I once more

To see these hands and arms free! these, that often
 In the most dreadful horror of a fight,
 Have been as sea-marks to teach such as were
 Seconds in my attempts, to steer between
 The rocks of too much daring, and pale fear,
 To reach the port of victory! When my sword,
 Advanc'd thus, to my enemies appear'd
 A hairy comet, threat'ning death and ruin
 To such as durst behold it! These the legs,
 That, when our ships were grappled, carried me
 With such swift motion from deck to deck,
 As they that saw it with amazement cried,
 He does not run but flies,—
 Now cramp't with irons,
 Hunger and cold, they hardly do support me!
 But I forget myself.—O my good lords,
 That sit there as judges to determine
 The life and death of Malefort, where are now
 Those shouts, those cheerful looks, those loud applauses
 With which, when I return'd laden with spoil,
 You entertained your Admiral? All's forgotten;
 And I stand here to give an account for that
 Of which I am as free and innocent,
 As he that never saw the eye of him
 For whom I stand suspected.—

—The main ground, on which
 You raise the building of your accusation,
 Hath reference to my son: should I now curse him,
 Or wish, in the agony of my troubled soul,
 Lightning had found him in his mother's womb,
 You'll say, 'tis from the purpose—.

Did never loyal father but myself
 Beget a treacherous issue? Must it follow
 Because that he is impious, I am false?
 I would not boast my actions, yet 'tis lawful
 To upbraid my benefits to unthankful men.
 Who sunk the Turkish galleys in the Straits,
 But Malefort? Who rescued the French merchants,
 When they were boarded, and stow'd under hatches
 By the pirates of Algiers, when every minute
 They did expect to be chained to the oar,
 But your now doubted Admiral? Then you fill'd
 The air with shouts of joy, and did proclaim,
 When hope had left them, and grim-look'd despair
 Hover'd, with sail-stretch'd wings, over their heads,
 To me, as to the Neptune of the sea,
 They owed the restitution of their goods,
 Their lives, their liberties. O can it then
 Be probable, my lords, that he, that never
 Became the master of a pirate's ship,
 But at the main-yard hung the captain up,
 And caus'd the rest to be thrown over-board,
 Should, after all these proofs of deadly hate,
 So often express'd against them, entertain
 A thought of quarter with them? But much less
 (To the perpetual ruin of my glories)
 To join with them to lift a wicked arm
 Against my mother country, this Marseilles,
 Which, with my prodigal expense of blood,
 I have so oft protected!—

—What have I

Omitted in the power of flesh and blood,
 Even in the birth to strangle the designs
 Of this hell-bred wolf my son? Alas! my lords,
 I am no god, nor like one could foresee
 His cruel thought, and cursed purposes:
 Nor would the sun, at my command, forbear

To make his progress to the other world,
 Affording to us one continued light ;
 Nor could my breath disperse those foggy mists,
 Covered with which, and darkness of the night,
 Their navy undiscern'd, without resistance
 Beset our harbour. Make not that my fault,
 Which you in justice must ascribe to fortune.
 But if that, nor my former acts, nor what
 I have deliver'd, can prevail with you
 To make good my integrity and truth ;—
 Rip up this bosom and pluck out the heart
 That hath been ever loyal.

DEBATE IN PANDÆMONIUM.

Satan, Moloch, and Belial.

Satan. POW'RS and dominions ! deities of heaven !
 For (since no deep within her gulph can hold
 Celestial vigour, though opprest and fallen)
 I give not heav'n for lost. For from this descent
 Celestial virtues *rising* will appear
 More glorious, and more dread, than from *no fall*,
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
 Me thought just right, and the fix'd laws of heav'n
 Did first create your leader,—next,—free choice,
 With what beside in council, or in fight,
 Hath been achiev'd of merit ; yet this loss
 Thus far, at least, recover'd, hath much more
 Establish'd in a safe, unenvied throne.
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state
 In heav'n which follows dignity, might draw
 Envy, from each inferior ; but who here
 Will envy, whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the thund'rer's aim

Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain? With this advantage, then,
 To union and firm faith, and firm accord,
 More than can be in heav'n, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper, than prosperity
 Could have assur'd us, and by what best way,
 Whether of open war, or covert guile,
 We now debate. Who can advise, may speak.

Moloch. My sentence is for open war : of wiles,
 More unexpert, I boast not : then let those
 Contrive, who need ; or when they need ; not now.
 For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
 Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
 The signal to ascend, sit ling'ring here,
 Heav'n's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
 Accept this dark opprobrious den of shame,
 The prison of his tyranny who reigns
 By our delay ! No,—let us rather choose,
 Arm'd with hell-flames and fury, all at once
 O'er heav'n's high tow'rs to force resistless way,
 Turning our tortures into horrid arms
 Against the torturer ; when to meet the noise
 Of his almighty engine he shall hear
 Infernal thunder ; and, for lightning, see
 Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
 Among his angels : and his throne itself
 Mix'd with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
 His own invented torments.—But perhaps
 The way seems difficult, and steep to scale
 With upright wing against a higher foe :
 Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
 Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
 That in our proper motion we ascend
 Up to our native seat ; descent and fall

To us is adverse. Who but felt, of late,
 When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear,
 Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
 With what compulsion and laborious flight
 We sunk thus low?—The ascent is easy then :
 Th' event is fear'd—should we again provoke
 Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
 To our destruction ; if there be in hell
 Fear to be worse destroy'd.—What can be worse
 Than to dwell here, driv'n out from bliss, condemn'd
 In this abhorred deep to utter woe ;
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end,
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
 Inexorable, and the torturing hour
 Call us to penance?—More destroy'd than thus,
 We should be quite abolish'd, and expire.
 What fear we then?—What doubt we to incense
 His utmost ire? Which to the height enrag'd,
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential,—happier far,
 Than miserable to have eternal being!—
 Or if our substance be indeed divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are, at worst,
 On this side nothing ; and by proof we feel
 Our pow'r sufficient to disturb his heaven,
 And with perpetual inroad to alarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne ;
 Which, if not victory, is yet *revenge*.

Belial. I should be much for open war, O Peers,
 As not behind in hate, if what was urg'd
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success ;
 When he who most excels in fact of arms,

In what he counsels, and in what excels,
 Mistrustful, grounds his courage on despair,
 And utter dissolution, as the scope
 Of all his aim,—after some dire revenge.
 First, what revenge? The tow'rs of heav'n are fill'd
 With armed watch, that render all access
 Impregnable; oft on the bord'ring deep
 Encamp their legions: or, with obscure wing,
 Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
 Scorning surprise; or could we break our way
 By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
 With blackest insurrection, to confound
 Heav'n's purest light; yet our great enemy,
 All incorruptible, would on his throne
 Sit unpolluted; and th' ethereal mould,
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
 Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
 Is flat despair; we must exasperate
 Th' almighty victor to spend all his rage,
 And that must end us; that must be our cure;
 To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
 Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
 Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
 To perish rather, swallow'd up and lost
 In the wide womb of uncreated night,
 Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows
 (Let this be good) whether our angry foe
 Can give it, or will ever? How he can
 Is doubtful, that he never will, is sure.
 Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
 Belike through impotence, or unaware,
 To give his enemies their wish, and end
 Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
 To punish endless? 'Wherefore cease we then?'
 (Say they, who counsel war) 'we are decreed,

Reserv'd, and destin'd to eternal woe ;
 Whatever doing, what can we suffer more ;
 What can we suffer worse ?' Is this then worst,
 Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms ?
 What, when we fled amain, pursued and struck
 With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought
 The deep to shelter us ? This hell then seem'd
 A refuge from those wounds ! or when we lay
 Chain'd on the burning lake ? That sure was worse.
 What if the breath that kindled those grim fires,
 Awak'd, should blow them into seven-fold rage,
 And plunge us in the flames ? or, from above,
 Should intermitted vengeance arm again
 His red right hand to plague us ? What if all
 Her stores were open'd, and this firmament
 Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
 Impending horrors, threat'ning hideous fall
 One day upon our heads ; while we, perhaps
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,
 Caught in the fiery tempest, shall be hurl'd
 Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
 Of racking whirlwinds ; or for ever sunk
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains ;
 There to converse with everlasting groans,
 Unrespited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
 Ages of hopeless end ? This would be worse.
 War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
 My voice dissuades.

THE ELOQUENCE OF CASSIUS.

Bru. WHAT means this shouting ? I do fear the people
 Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ah, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.
But wherefore do you bring me to this place,
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught to *ward* the *general good*,
Set honour in one eye, and death i'th' other,
And I will look on death indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of Honour more than I fear Death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as—Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.
For once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?'—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And 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 he could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Cæsar : and this man
 Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.—
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,—
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake. 'Tis true, this god did shake ;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,—
 And that same eye whose bend does awe the world,
 Did lose its lustre ; I did hear him groan :
 Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas ! it cried—‘ Give me some drink, Titinius’—
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone.

Bru. Another general shout !

I do believe, that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus ! and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about
 To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates :
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus—and Cæsar—what should be in that Cæsar ?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
 Write them together : yours is as fair a name ;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat does this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great ! Age, thou art sham'd :
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?
 When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man ?
 Oh ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
 Th' eternal devil, to keep his state in Rome
 As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous :
 What you would work me to, I have some aim :
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,
 I would not (so with love I might entreat you)
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said
 I will consider : what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear ; and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this ;
 Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under such hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

Cas. I am glad that my weak words
 Have struck but thus much shew of fire from Brutus.

HENRY V. ENCOURAGING HIS SOLDIERS.

WHAT'S he that wishes for more men from England,
 My cousin of Westmoreland ?—No, my fair cousin,

If we are mark'd to die, we are enow
To do our country loss : and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
Heav'n's will ! I pray thee wish not one man more.
In truth, I am not covetous of gold,
Nor care I who doth feed upon my cost :
It yearns me not if men my garments wear ;
Such outward things dwell not in my desires ;
But if it be a sin to covet honour,
I am the most offending soul alive :
No, good my Lord, wish not a man from England
Heav'n's peace ! I would not lose so great an honour
As one man more methinks would share from me,
For the best hopes I have. Wish not one more .
Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, through my host,
That he who hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart, his passport shall be made,
And crowns for convoy put into his purse.
We would not die in that man's company
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is called the feast of Crispian ;
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand on tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian ;
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, To-morrow is Saint Crispian :
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars :
Old men forget ; yet shall not all forget,
But they'll remember with advantages
What feats they did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury, Glo'ster,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son,

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remembered !
 We few, we happy few ; we band of brothers :
 For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
 Shall be my brother ; be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition.
 And gentlemen in England, now in bed,
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speak
 That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day.

ARMINIUS ENCOURAGING HIS SOLDIERS AGAINST THE ROMANS.

SOLDIERS and friends ! we soon shall reach the ground
 Where your poor country waits the sacrifice,
 The holiest offering of her children's blood !
 Here have we come, not for the lust of conquest,
 Not for the booty of the lawless plunderer ;
 No friends, we come to tell our proud invaders
 That we will use our strength to purchase freedom !
 Freedom, prime blessing of this fleeting life,
 Is there a man that hears thy sacred name
 And thrills not to the sound with loftiest hope,
 With proud disdain of tyrant whips and chains !
 Much-injur'd friends, your slavish hours are past !
 Conquest is ours ! not that your German swords
 Have keener edges than the Roman falchions,—
 Not that your shields are stouter, nor your armour
 Impervious to the swift and deadly lance,—
 Not that your ranks are thicker than the Roman ;
 No, no, they will out-number you, my soldiers ;—
 But that your cause is good ! they are poor slaves

Who fight for hire and plunder,—pamper'd ruffians ;
 Who have no souls for glory ; ye are Germans ;
 Who here are bound, by oath indissoluble,
 To keep your glorious birth-rights or to die !
 This is a field where beardless boys might fight,
 And looking on the angel Liberty,
 Might put such mettle in their baby-arms
 That vet'ran chiefs would ill ward off their blows.
 I say no more, my dear and trusty friends !
 Your glorious rallying-cry has music in it
 To rouse the sleepest spirit from his trance,—
 For Freedom and Germania !

SIEGMAR, ARMINIUS, BRENNO, GISMAR,
 DELEGATES, &c.

From the Tragedy of Arminius.

Seig. MY brave and reverend warrior ! I am here
 To counsel with you on the public safety ;
 I yet may speak with all the honest freedom
 That best becomes the leader of the free ;
 I yet may feel as one who has a country,
 Nor own my conscience in a Roman's keeping.
 How long this blameless pride may still be mine
 I know not. On the Weser's farther bank,
 Where once our German neighbours built their huts,
 Till'd their poor fields in unobtrusive peace,
 And found their wealth in many a simple joy ;
 In woods where once the God of the Suevi
 Receiv'd the incense of a virtuous nation,
 There, even there, now stands a Roman camp,
 Hemm'd in with vice, oppression, fraud, and ruin.
 You know, my people, that the King Segesthes

Courts these destroyers, calls their yoke an honour,
 Yields his poor country to the plunderer,
 And asks of me to join this high alliance.
 I understand the issue,—shame or war.
 Which do you choose, my people ?' Gismar speak.

Gismar. Two moons are past, since to the Suevian camp
 I bore the solemn message of my king.
 There did I see a tyrant in authority
 Rob a poor German of his lowly meal ;
 There did I see a heartless Roman ruffian
 Strike a defenceless German to the earth ;
 There did I see a pamper'd slave of passion
 Drag a sweet maiden to his shameless bed ;
 Rather than feel such outrage I would die.
 My counsel is for battle, brave Cherusci.

Brenno. I am a Suevian : and that bare avowal
 Will tell you why I sit in your assembly.
 Rank and command were mine, but they were worthless
 Whilst Rome was arbitress of my deserving.
 Doubt ye of peace or war ? oh ! know ye not
 The pangs which yielding honesty must prove,
 When vice and tyranny demand its homage ?
 Gods ! could I smile with Varus : smile when Germans
 Dragg'd the triumphal car of their disgrace,
 Gap'd on his trappings, and believ'd the name
 Their fathers gave them was a rank dishonour !
 True, my king smil'd !
 I could have torn him from his throne for smiling.
 Mine was a barren loyalty and hateful.
 Here then I came and proffer'd my allegiance,
 Where, with obedience, I might give my conscience,
 Where right and wrong retain'd their ancient meanings,

Where 'twas no shame to call myself a German.
 I would not hold my life on such a tenure
 As Rome would ask me as the price of living ;
 Much less put on the baubles she would give
 And barter with me as the price of virtue.
 Friends ! there are none of you but think as I do !

1st. Del. Hail, noble Brenno !

2d. Del. Welcome to our counsel !

Arm. Chieftains and friends ! the awful time is come
 When Tyranny has bar'd his shameless front,
 Stripp'd the thin gilding from his iron sceptre,
 And scar'd immortal Justice from the earth !
 Ye have been wont, my friends, to give your homage
 Where right and mercy mingled with authority ;
 If that the conqueror's law, the sway of passion,
 The proud, remorseless, swoop of fell ambition,
 If these be worthier than a lawful rule,
 The change is easy. Bow to Roman Varus !

1st. Del. Death were a better change !

2d. Del. Death !

3d. Del. Death !

Omnes. Ay Death !

Arm. I know your hearts !
 I would but move their sweet responsive chords,
 With the bold breath of truth.—When loss of life
 And base inglorious chains are weigh'd together,
 Who would not rush upon the certain freedom !
 Chains ! were they made for Germans ? Gods ! what chains
 Shall bind the towering spirit in the dust,

For Roman slaves to tread upon your necks !
 They ask your friendship, 'tis no trifling boon ;
 Eternal war were better than such concord ;—
 Go, give it, my Cherusci, if with peace
 You think it light to yield your rugged freedom,
 Your claim to feel, and think, and act as men,
 Your privilege to eat the bread you've toil'd for !

1st. Del. No peace with Rome !

(they rattle their shields.)

Priest. Silence ! he speaks again.

Arm. Oh ! I have liv'd among these shewy robbers,
 Learnt much that noble natures have unfolded,
 And stor'd up something to improve my country ;
 But I have seen, in Rome, unholy power
 Set up the pageants of its proud ambition,
 And spread around its maddening dreams of conquest,
 For starving, brawling citizens to feed on—
 They call you barbarous, and think it kindness
 To send their legions to improve your natures,
 And teach you how a slave may be polite.
 Germans ! what answer will ye send to Rome ?

Gismar. The heads of our invaders !

Arm. Nobly spoken !
 And should Rome wonder at your German language,
 Arminius will interpret for her,—thus :
 Romans ! your country hath an inward greatness
 Might satisfy whate'er an honest pride
 Would treasure for its birth-right. Yours is wealth
 To minister to every just desire ;
 Yours is an uncontested, lawful power
 To build the walls of your security ;
 Yours are the arts, the blameless luxuries,

The pomp, the grace, the wisdom of refinement.
 Think ye, the gods bestow'd these gifts upon you
 To poison all your cup of happiness,
 And make your boasted greatness your disgrace?
 Think ye, they sent them that your bloated pride
 Might lead you forth to range the untrod wilds
 And solemn woods of rude Germania?
 To strip the rugged freeman of his meal,
 Devour his fields and plunder his poor hovel?
 Oh senseless Romans! you mistake your glory;
 Let Germans teach you that a nation's safe-guards
 Are liberty, content, and principle:—
 Should these be lessons that ye cannot brook,
 Our swords, at least, may tell you what it is
 To tempt the energies of native virtue!
 Cherusci, do I speak your German feelings?

Gismar. Yes, brave Arminius! battle, instant battle!

Omnes. Battle! instant battle!

Sieg. Then, my people,
 I have a solemn purpose to disclose.
 The cause, the glorious cause ye have espous'd
 Demands a champion fit for noble deeds.
 It is no light thing, Sirs, to hurl the bolt
 Of justice at a tyrant's guarded head;
 To guide the risings of indignant nature:
 To make the wavering firm, the timid strong,
 Th' incautious prudent; 'tis no easy thing
 To mould a people to new warlike arts,
 Such as triumphant enemies may teach;
 It is a solemn charge to count one's self
 The last avenger of insulted freedom;—
 To stand upon a solitary shoal,
 Whilst all around is one dark cheerless waste,

And there to buffet with the tyrannous waves.
 Cherusci! I am old, unskill'd in arts
 To turn his power upon the conqueror;
 I can but lead you as my German fathers,
 And set your strength against the Roman cunning;
 I would, my people, that some bolder spirit,
 Rich in the honours of a well-tried virtue,
 Warm in the generous might of youthful daring,
 School'd in the lessons by which Rome has conquer'd—
 I would that such a man might be your leader.
 Choose such a chief; my father's sword is his.

Gismar. We know him! he is with us! 'Tis Arminius.

Omnes. Arminius for our leader! brave Arminius.

Sieg. I thank you, friends: your warm consenting voices
 Have sanctified a father's swelling hopes.
 Arminius will be faithful to your trust.
 Take then, my son, this sword of well-tried strength,
 'Tis what your great progenitors have worn;
 With this did Ariovistus, the Suevian,
 Dash back the legions of insulting Cæsar;
 Dying he gave it to your ancestor;
 Heroes and kings have wielded it with glory;
 Your father never sheath'd it in dishonour.

(delivers the sword to Arm.)

Arm. My sire! I vow—be witness, fellow-soldiers,
 Arminius here receives this honour'd pledge,
 Not as a bauble to command obedience,
 To cut the check-strings of a blind ambition,
 Or wanton with the life-blood of his country!
 O sacred weapon, grow to my firm arm,
 Till not a Roman shall pollute Germania;
 Soldiers! we'll march to-morrow.

Omnes.

To night! to night!

Arm. Germans, we stand upon an eminence
 Which puny souls below will gaze upon,
 With fear and admiration. O'er the world,
 In climes as far as venturous men have rang'd,
 Rome holds an undivided, awful sway;
 It is a rule of terror and oppression,—
 The lust of empire struggling with the fears,
 And jealousies, and vices of mankind.
 Rome once was free, ennobled and ennobling;
 Queen of the nations, favour'd of the Gods
 The nurse of mighty deeds, the kindling soil
 Of heroes and of poets. She is fallen.
 Her empire stands upon a mouldering base;
 The will of despots, the proud pamper'd rule
 Of heartless tyrants blots out all her virtues,
 And makes her wisdom worthless. Here her legions
 Come to instruct us in her Cæsar's humours.—
 Germans! the law of one inflated man
 Was never meant to stand instead of reason,
 To trample on his own submissive land,
 Much less to lord it over distant nations.
 Or wherefore is this holy spark within us,
 Which lights up all the soul against oppression;
 Or whence this honest pride of untaught nature,
 Which binds us to the circle of our country!
 Gods! ye have planted in these lonely wilds
 Souls that will vindicate your injur'd justice!
 Strike we one honest blow of German vengeance,
 And Rome's proud empire crumbles into ruin!

CARACTACUS TO THE ROMAN PRISONERS.

PAUSE ye yet awhile.—

They seem of bold demeanor, and have helms,

That speak them leaders. — Hear me, Romans, hear!
 That you are captives, is the chance of war:
 Yet captives as ye are, in Britain's eye
 You are not slaves. — Barbarians though you call us,
 We know the native rights, man claims from man,
 And therefore never shall we gall your necks
 With chains, or drag you at our scythed cars,
 In arrogance of triumph. Nor, till taught
 By Rome (what Britain sure should scorn to learn)
 Her avarice, will we barter ye for gold.
 True ye are captives, and our country's safety
 Forbids we give you back to liberty:
 We give ye, therefore, to the Immortal Gods!
 To them we lift ye in the radiant cloud
 Of sacrifice! They may in limbs of freedom
 Replace your free-born souls, and their high mercy
 Haply shall to some better world advance you;
 Or else in this restore that golden gift,
 Which lost, leaves life a burden. — Does there breathe
 A wretch so pall'd with the vain fear of death
 Can call this cruelty? 'Tis love, 'tis mercy;
 And grant, ye gods, if e'er I'm made a captive,
 I meet the like fair treatment from the foe,
 Whose stronger star quells mine. Now lead them on,
 And, while they live, treat them, as men should men,
 And not as Rome treats Britain.

GUSTAVUS AND DALECARLIANS.

1st Dale. LET us all see him!

2d Dale. Yes, and hear him too.

3d Dale. Let us be sure 'tis he himself.

4th Dale. Our general.

5th Dale. And we will fight while weapons can be found—

6th Dale. Or hands to wield them.

Gustavus. My countrymen!

1st Dale. Ho! hear him.

2d Dale. Peace!

3d Dale. Peace!

4th Dale. Peace!

Gus. Amazement I perceive hath fill'd your hearts,
 And joy for that your lost Gustavus, 'scap'd
 Through wounds, imprisonments, and chains, and deaths,
 Thus sudden, thus unlook'd for, stands before ye.
 As one escap'd from cruel hands I come,
 From hearts that ne'er knew pity; dark and vengeful;
 Who quaff the tears of orphans, bathe in blood,
 And know no music but the groans of Sweden.
 Yet, not for that my sister's early innocence,
 And mother's age now grind beneath captivity;
 Nor that one bloody, one remorseless hour
 Swept my great sire, and kindred from my side;
 For them Gustavus weeps not; though my eyes
 Were far less dear, for them I will not weep.
 But oh, great parent, when I think on thee!
 Thy numberless, thy nameless, shameful infamies,
 My widow'd country! Sweden! when I think
 Upon thy desolation, spite of rage—
 And vengeance that would choke them—tears will flow.

Anderson. Oh, they are villains, ev'ry Dane of them.
 Practis'd to stab and smile; to stab the babe
 That smiles upon them.

Arnoldus. What accursed hours
Roll o'er those wretches, who to fiends like these
In their dear liberty, have barter'd more
Than worlds will rate for?

Gus. Oh, Liberty, Heav'n's choice prerogative,
True bond of law, thou social soul of property,
Thou breath of reason, life of life itself!
For thee the valiant bleed. Oh, sacred Liberty!
Wing'd from the summer's snare, from flatt'ring ruin,
Like the bold stork, you seek the wintry shore,
Leave courts, and poms, and palaces to slaves,
Cleave to the cold and rest upon the storm.
Up-borne by thee, my soul disdain'd the terms
Of empire—offer'd at the hands of tyrants.
With thee I sought this fav'rite soil; with thee
These fav'rite sons I sought: thy sons, oh, Liberty:
For e'en amid the wilds of life you lead them,
Lift their low-rafterd cottage to the clouds,
Smile o'er their heaths, and from their mountain tops
Beam glory to the nations.

All. Liberty! Liberty!

Gus. Are ye not mark'd, ye men of Dalecarlia,
Are ye not mark'd, by all the circling world,
As the great stake, the last effort of liberty?
Say, is it not your wealth,—the thirst, the food,
The scope and bright ambition of your souls?
Why else have you, and your renown'd forefathers,
From the proud summit of their glitt'ring thrones,
Cast down the mightiest of your lawful kings
That dar'd the bold infringement? What, but liberty,
Through the fam'd course of thirteen hundred years,
Aloof hath held invasion from your hills,
And sanctified their shades?—And will ye, will ye

Shrink from the hopes of the expecting world ;
 Bid your high honours stoop to foreign insult,
 And in one hour give up to infamy
 The harvest of a thousand years of glory ?

1st Dale. No.

2d Dale. Never, never.

3d Dale. Perish all first.

4th Dale. Die all !

Gus. Yes, die by piecemeal !

Leave not a limb o'er which a Dane may triumph !
 Now from my soul I joy, I joy, my friends,
 To see ye fear'd ; to see that e'en your foes
 Do justice to your valours !—There may be
 The powers of kingdoms, summ'd in yonder host,
 Yet kept aloof, yet trembling to assail ye.
 And, oh, when I look round and see you here,
 Of number short, but prevalent in virtue,
 My heart swells high, and burns for the encounter.
 True courage but from opposition *grows* ;
 And what are fifty, what a thousand slaves,
 Match'd to the sinews of a single arm
 That strikes for liberty ! That strikes to save
 His fields from fire, his infants from the sword,
 And his large honours from eternal infamy ?
 What, doubt we then ? Shall we, shall we stand here
 Till motives that might warm an ague's frost,
 And nerve the coward's arm, shall poorly serve
 To wake us to resistance ?—Let us on !
 Oh, yes, I read your lovely, fierce impatience :
 You shall not be withheld ; we will rush on them—
 This is indeed to triumph, where we hold
 Three kingdoms in our toil ! Is it not glorious,

Thus to appal the bold, meet force with fury,
 And push yon torrent back, till ev'ry wave
 Flee to its fountain ?

3d Dale. On, lead us on, Gustavus : one word more
 Is but delay of conquest.

Gus. Take your wish.

He who wants arms may grapple with the foe,
 And so be furnish'd. You, most noble Anderson,
 Divide our pow'rs, and with the fam'd Olaus
 Take the left route—You, Eric, great in arms !
 With the renown'd Nederbi, hold the right,
 And skirt the forest down : then wheel at once,
 Confess'd to view, and close upon the vale :
 Myself and my most valiant cousin here,
 Th' invincible Arvida, gallant Sivard,
 Arnoldus, and these hundred hardy vet'rans,
 Will pour directly on, and lead the onset.
 Joy, joy, I see confess'd from ev'ry eye,
 Your limbs tread vigorous, and your breasts beat high !
 Thin though our ranks, though scanty be our bands,
 Bold are our hearts and nervous are our hands.
 With us, truth, justice, fame and freedom close,
 Each, singly, equal to a host of foes ;
 I feel, I feel them fill me out for fight,
 They lift my limbs as feather'd Hermes' light !
 Or like the bird of glory, tow'ring high,
 Thunder within his grasp, and lightning in his eye !

HENRY THE FIFTH TO HIS SOLDIERS, AT THE
 SIEGE OF 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 wide and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height. Now on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fetch'd 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 :
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 a-foot ;
Follow your spirit ; and, upon this charge,
Cry, Heav'n for Harry, England, and St. George !

MARK ANTONY'S ORATION OVER THE DEAD
BODY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

‘—————*Suadæque Medulla.*’

FRIENDS, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears!
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar.—The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;—
And—grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.—
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honourable man:
So are they all, all honourable men,)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.—
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man!
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause;

What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?

O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me—
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.—

But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! If I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue:

But friends,
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It would inflame you, it would make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!—

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.—
You all do know this mantle; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on,—

'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent.
 That day he overcame the Nervii:—
 Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;—
 See what a rent the envious Casca made;—
 Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd,
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it!
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel.
 Judge, oh ye gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!
 This, this was the unkindest cut of all;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.—
 O, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls!—what! weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.—
 Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To any sudden flood of mutiny.
 They that have done this deed are honourable;
 What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts;
 I am no orator, as Brutus is:
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him :
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utt'rance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on :
I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

FINAL ELUCIDATIONS IN PROSE.

ELOCUTIONARY science, exemplified by poetic reading and declamation, is interesting to the intellectual student. By means of approved and selected specimens of written composition in rhythm and verse, he is finally conducted to those elucidations of the true theory of elocution, which will be practically useful to him, in his future intercourse with society.

Being improved in distinctness of articulation, having attended to the nature and structure of sentences, and perceived the intimate connexion which subsists between sense, sound, and motion, between inflexion, accent, and emphasis, and gesture and action,—having carefully and successfully repeated the “Oratorical Speeches,” as well as “the Exercises for modulating and improving the voice,” the student is now called upon to apply what he has learnt and practised to the reading and repetition of prose,—to the speaking and conversation of real life; and whether his rank hereafter, as a speaker, be public or private, the student is nevertheless to be reminded, that it should be his constant aim, while communicating his sentiments, to render his pronunciation, voice, and manner, easy and natural; to imitate, as closely as possible, the sensible, the correct, and easy utterance, the expressive, but, at the same time, unobtrusive delivery of a scholar and a gentleman.

PERSEVERANCE.

KING Robert Bruce, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy, being out one day reconnoitring the enemy, lay at night in a barn belonging to a loyal cottager. In the morning, still reclining his head on the pillow of straw, he beheld a spider climbing up a beam of the roof. The insect fell to the ground; but immediately made a second essay to ascend. This attracted the notice of the hero, who, with regret, saw the spider fall a second time from the same eminence. It made a third unsuccessful attempt. With mixture of concern and curiosity, the monarch beheld, twelve times, the insect baffled in its aim; but the thirteenth essay was crowned with success: it gained the summit of the barn; when the King, starting from his couch, exclaimed, "This despicable insect has taught me perseverance! I will follow its example; have I not been twelve times defeated by the enemy's force? on one fight more hangs the independence of my country." In a few days his anticipations were fully realized, by the glorious result to Scotland of the Battle of Bannockburn.

THE PRICE OF PLEASURE.

"I THINK, I will take a ride," said the little Lord Linger, "after breakfast. Bring me my boots, and let my horse be brought to the door."

The horse was saddled, and his lordship's spurs were putting on—

"No," said he, "I'll have my low chair and the ponies, and take a drive round the park."

The horse was led back, and the ponies were almost harnessed, when his lordship sent his valet to countermand them. He would walk into the corn-field, and see how the new pointer hunted.

“ After all,” said he, “ I think I will stay at home, and play a game or two at billiards.”

He played half a game, but could not make a stroke to please himself. His tutor, who was present, now thought it a good opportunity to ask his lordship, if he would read a little.

“ Why, I think I will ; for I am tired of doing nothing. What shall we have ?”

“ Your lordship left off last time in one of the finest passages in the *Æneid*. Suppose we finish it.”

“ Well—Ay!—But no—I had rather go on with Hume’s History. Or, suppose we do some geography ?”

“ With all my heart. The globes are on the study table.”

They went to the study ; and the little lord, leaning upon his elbows, looked at the globe, then twirled it round two or three times, and then listened patiently while the tutor explained some of its parts and uses. But whilst he was in the midst of a problem, “ Come,” said his lordship, “ now for a little Virgil.”

The book was brought : and the pupil, with a good deal of help, got through twenty lines.”

“ Well,” said he, ringing the bell, “ I think we have done a good deal. Tom ! bring me my bow and arrows.”

The fine bow, in its green case, with all its appurtenances, was brought, and his lordship went down to the place where the shooting butts were erected. He aimed a few shafts at the target ; but not coming near it, he shot the remainder at random, and then ordered out his horse.

He sauntered, with a servant at his heels, for a mile or two through the lanes, and came, just as the clock struck twelve, to a village-green, close by which a school was kept. A door flew open, and out burst a shoal of boys, who, spreading over the green, with immoderate vociferation, instantly began a variety of sports. Some fell to marbles ; some to trap-ball ; some to leap-frog : in short, not one of the whole crew but was eagerly employed : every thing was noise,

motion, and pleasure. Lord Linger, riding slowly up, espied one of his tenant's sons, who had been formerly admitted as a playfellow of his, and called him from the throng.

“ Jack,” said he, “ how do you like school ? ”

“ O, pretty well, my lord ! ”

“ What, have you a good deal of play ? ”

“ O no ! we have only from twelve to two for playing and eating our dinners ; and then an hour before supper. ”

“ That is very little indeed ! ”

“ But we play heartily when we do play, and work heartily when we work. Good bye, my lord ! It is my turn to go in at trap. ”

So saying, Jack ran off to his playmates.

“ I wish I was a schoolboy ! ” cried the little lord to himself.

THE WHISTLE.

WHEN I was a child, at seven years old, my friends, on a holiday, filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children ; and, being charmed with the sound of a *whistle*, that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one. I then came home, and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my *whistle*, but disturbing all the family. My brothers, and sisters, and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind of what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money ; and they laughed at me so much for my folly, that I cried with vexation ; and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the *whistle* gave me pleasure.

This, however, was afterwards of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind ; so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself,

“Don’t give too much for the whistle ;” and so I saved my money.

As I grew up, came into the world, and observed the actions of men, I thought I met with many, very many, who gave too much for “*the whistle.*”

When I saw any one too ambitious of court favours, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends, to attain it, I have said to myself, “This man gives too much for his whistle.”

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

If I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth ; “Poor man,” said I, “you do indeed pay too much for your whistle.”

When I meet a man of pleasure, sacrificing every laudable improvement of the mind, or of his fortune, to mere corporeal sensations ; “Mistaken man,” say I, “you are providing pain for yourself instead of pleasure : you give too much for your whistle.”

If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipages, all above his fortune, for which he contracts debts, and ends his career in prison ; “Alas,” say I, “he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.”

In short, I conceived that great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimates they had made of the value of things, and by their giving too much for their *whistles.*

PUNCTUALITY.

THE most industrious dispositions often prove of little avail, for the want of a habit of very easy acquirement—

punctuality, the jewel on which the whole machinery of successful industry may be said to turn.

When Lord Nelson was leaving London, on his last, but glorious, expedition against the enemy, a quantity of cabin furniture was ordered to be sent on board his ship. He had a farewell dinner-party at his house; and the upholsterer having waited upon his lordship, with an account of the completion of the goods, was brought into the eating-room, in a corner of which his lordship spoke with him. The upholsterer stated to his noble employer, that every thing was finished, and packed, and would go in the waggon, from a certain inn, at *six o'clock*. "And you go to the inn, Mr. A., and see them off?" "I shall, my lord; I shall be there *punctually at six*." "*A quarter before six*, Mr. A., (returned Lord Nelson) be there *a quarter before six*. To that *quarter of an hour* I owe every thing in life."

Mr. Scott, of Exeter, travelled on business till about eighty years of age. He was one of the most celebrated characters in the kingdom for punctuality, and by his methodical conduct, joined to uniform diligence, he gradually amassed a large fortune. For a long series of years, the proprietor of every inn he frequented in Devon and Cornwall knew the day, and the very hour, he would arrive. A short time before he died, a gentleman, on a journey in Cornwall, stopped at a small inn at Port Isaac, to dine. The waiter presented him with a bill of fare, which he did not approve of; but observing a fine duck roasting, "I'll have that," said the traveller. "You cannot, Sir," said the landlord, "it is for Mr. Scott, of Exeter." "I know Mr. Scott very well," rejoined the gentleman, "he is not in your house." "True, Sir," said the landlord, "but *six months ago, when he was here last, he ordered a duck to be ready for him this day, precisely at two o'clock;*" and, to the astonishment of the traveller, he saw the old gentleman jogging into the inn-yard, about five minutes before the appointed time.

FILIAL OBLIGATION.

WE may venture to assert, that if a man has any well-wishers, any benefactors on earth, to whom he is bound by indissoluble ties of gratitude, his Parents are the persons.

Indeed, one is willing to think, that many of those young people, whose behaviour is so blameable, are not sensible of the uneasiness it occasions, nor at all aware how much anguish is endured on their account.

They run heedlessly forward in the broad and open path, and have no thought but of the pleasure they are pursuing.

Yet stop, young man, we beg, a little, to look towards thy poor parents. Think it not too much to bestow a moment's reflection upon those, who never forgot thee. Recollect what they have done for thee! Remember all—all indeed thou canst not: alas! ill had been thy lot, had not their care of thee began, before thou couldest remember, or know any thing. Now so proud, self-willed, inexorable, thou couldest then only ask by wailing, and move them with thy tears. And they were moved. Their heart was touched with thy distress; they relieved and watched thy wants, before thou knewest thine own necessities or their kindness. They clothed thee; thou knewest not that thou wast naked: thou askedst not for bread, but they fed thee. And ever since, in short, for the particulars are too many to be recounted, and too many surely to be all utterly forgotten, it has been the very principal endeavour, employment, and study of their lives, to do service to thee.

And remember, for this too is of moment, it is all out of pure unfeigned affection. Other friends mostly expect their civilities to be repaid, and their kind offices returned with interest; but parents have no thoughts like these. They seek not thine, but thee. Their regard is real, and hearty

and undesigning. They have no reflex views upon themselves, no oblique glances towards their own interests. If by all their endeavours they can obtain their child's welfare, they arrive at the full accomplishment of their wishes; they have no higher object of their ambition: be thou but happy, and they are so!

And now tell me, is not something to be done, I do not say for thyself, but for them? If it be too much to desire of thee to be good, and wise, and virtuous, and happy, for thy own sake; yet be happy for theirs. Think that a sober, upright, and let me add, religious life, besides the blessings it will bring on thy own head, will be a fountain of unfailling comfort to thy declining parents, and make the heart of the aged sing for joy.

What shall we say? Which of these is happier,—the son that maketh a glad father; or the father, blessed with such a son?

Fortunate young man! who hast a heart open so early to virtuous delights; and canst find thy own happiness, in returning thy father's blessing upon his own head!

And, happy father! whose years have been prolonged, not, as it often happens, to see his comforts fall from him, one after another, and to become at once old and destitute; but to taste a new pleasure, not to be found among the pleasures of youth, reserved for his age; to reap the harvest of all his cares and labour, in the duty, affection, and felicity of his dear child!

CONFESSIONS OF A DRUNKARD.

COULD the youth, to whom the flavour of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly-discovered paradise, look into my desolation, and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when

a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will,—to see his destruction, and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to bear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruins:—could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death out of which I cry hourly with feebler and feebler outcry to be delivered,—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth, in all the pride of its mantling temptation.

O if a wish could transport me back to those days of youth, when a draught from the next clear spring could slake any heats which summer suns and youthful exercise had power to stir up in the blood, how gladly would I return to thee, pure element, the drink of children, and of child-like holy hermits. In my dreams, I can sometimes fancy thy cool refreshment purling over my burning tongue. But my waking stomach rejects it. That which refreshes innocence, only makes me sick and faint.

But is there no middle way betwixt total abstinence and the excess which kills you?—For your sake, reader, and that you may attain to my experience, with pain I must utter the dreadful truth, that there is none, none that I can find. In my stage of habit (I speak not of habits less confirmed—for some of them I believe the advice to be most prudential) in the stage which I have reached, to stop short of that measure which is sufficient to draw on torpor and sleep, the benumbing apoplectic sleep of the drunkard, is to have taken none at all. The pain of the self-denial is all one. And what that is, I had rather the reader should believe on my credit, than know from his own trial. He will come to know it, whenever he shall arrive at that state, in which, paradoxical as it may appear, *reason shall only visit him through intoxication*: for it is a fearful truth, that the intellectual faculties by re-

peated acts of intemperance may be driven from their orderly sphere of action, their clear day-light ministeries, until they shall be brought at last to depend, for the faint manifestation of their departing energies, upon the returning periods of the fatal madness to which they owe their devastation. The drinking man is never less himself than during his sober intervals. Evil is so far his good.

Behold me then, in the robust period of life, reduced to imbecility and decay. Hear me count my gains, and the profits which I have derived from the midnight cup.

Twelve years ago I was possessed of a healthy frame of mind and body. I was never strong, but I think my constitution (for a weak one) was as happily exempt from the tendency to any malady as it was possible to be. I scarce knew what it was to ail any thing. Now, except when I am losing myself in a sea of drink, I am never free from those uneasy sensations in head and stomach, which are so much worse to bear than any definite pains or aches.

At that time I was seldom in bed after six in the morning, summer and winter. I awoke refreshed, and seldom without some merry thoughts in my head, or some piece of a song to welcome the new-born day. Now, the first feeling which besets me, after stretching out the hours of recumbence to their last possible extent, is a forecast of the wearisome day that lies before me, with a secret wish that I could have lain on still, or never awaked.

Life itself, my waking life, has much of the confusion, the trouble, and obscure perplexity, of an ill dream. In the day time I stumble upon dark mountains.

Business, which, though never particularly adapted to my nature, yet as something of necessity to be gone through, and therefore best undertaken with cheerfulness, I used to enter upon with some degree of alacrity, now wearies, affrights, perplexes me. I fancy all sorts of discouragements, and am ready to give up an occupation which gives me bread, from a harassing conceit of incapacity. The

slightest commission given me by a friend, or any small duty which I have to perform for myself, as giving orders to a tradesman, &c. haunts me as a labour impossible to be got through. So much the springs of action are broken.

The same cowardice attends me in all my intercourse with mankind. I dare not promise that a friend's honour, or his cause, would be safe in my keeping, if I were put to the expence of any manly resolution in defending it. So much the springs of moral action are deadened within me.

My favourite occupation in times past, now cease to entertain. I can do nothing readily. Application for ever so short a time kills me. This poor abstract of my condition was penned at long intervals, with scarcely any attempt at connexion of thought, which is now difficult to me.

The noble passages which formerly delighted me in history or poetic fiction, now only draw a few weak tears, allied to dotage. My broken and dispirited nature seems to sink before any thing great and admirable.

I perpetually catch myself in tears, for any cause, or none. It is inexpressible how much this infirmity adds to sense of shame, and a general feeling of deterioration.

These are some of the instances, concerning which I can say with truth, that it was not always so with me.

Shall I lift up the veil of my weakness any further? or is this disclosure sufficient?

THE EYE OF GOD.

MEN are visible observers, and audible reprovers. We read indignation in their eye, we hear it in their voice, we see it in their manner. The Divine Spectator is unseen; he keeps perpetual silence. Whether we act well or ill, no expression of his approbation, or displeasure, is presented to our senses. When cruelty tramples upon innocence, no thunders murmur, no lightnings flash, no earthquakes rock the angry ground. Or when an act of generosity is per-

formed, which kindles all the rapture of gratitude, and all the enthusiasm of applause, no celestial glories encircle the head of him that did it; there comes no voice from heaven to say, "It is well done." We should, however, reflect, that although we can neither see nor hear the Divine disapprobation, when we do wrong, it does as actually exist the moment we do it, as the indignation that frowns upon the brow, that flashes from the eye, of man; that a pure and holy Witness of all we do, is as truly present upon the spot where we act, overlooking every motion both of our bodies and our minds, as if we beheld a miraculous manifestation of his presence.

The regular and vivid recollection of this truth is the best shield that can be held before the heart of man, to repel the attacks of temptation. Were a dissipated youth, in an hour of riot and folly, by some circumstances, led, during a pause in the uproar, to call up before him the image of his absent father, venerable in age, strict in manners, severely virtuous; whose doctrine had "distilled as the dew" upon him, in the days of his innocence and purity; were he strongly to imagine the holy man an indignant and disappointed spectator of his son's degeneracy; I cannot but figure him to myself, holding down his head, for a moment at least, in the presence of the angry apparition; and blushing before the offended and afflicted shade. Let him, then, who would preserve himself pure and spotless, as he passes through this dangerous world, never forget, that He who is holier than all, never for one instant takes off his eye from his inmost thoughts!

ON THE DEITY.

THE power which gave existence, is power which can know no limits. But to all beings, in heaven, and earth, and hell, he gave existence, and is therefore seen to possess power which transcends every bound. The power which

upholds, moves, and rules the universe, is clearly illimitable. The power which is necessary to move a single world, transcends all finite understanding. No definite number of finite beings possess sufficient power to move a single world a hair's breadth ; yet God moves the great world, which we inhabit, sixty-eight thousand miles in an hour ; two hundred and sixty times faster than the swiftest motion of a cannon ball. Nor does he move this world only, but the whole system, of which it is a part ; and all the worlds, which replenish the immense stellar system, formed of suns innumerable, and of the planets which surround them. All these he has also moved from the beginning to the present moment ; and *yet he fainteth not, neither is weary.*

Nor is this a full description of his amazing agency. He works every moment in every part of this vast whole, moves every atom, expands every leaf, finishes every blade of grass, erects every tree, conducts every particle of vapour, every drop of rain, and every flake of snow—guides every ray of light, breathes in every wind, thunders in every storm, wings the lightning, pours the streams and rivers, empties the volcano, heaves the ocean, and shakes the globe. In the universe of minds, he formed, he preserves, he animates, and he directs, all the mysterious and wonderful powers of knowledge, virtue, and moral action, which fill up the infinite extent of his immense and eternal empire. In his contrivance of these things, their attributes, and their operations, is seen a stupendous display of his immeasurable knowledge and wisdom. All these existed in the immense, eternal mind, as in a vast storehouse of glorious ideas and designs, and existed from everlasting. In them the endlessly diversified character of uncreated wisdom, beauty, and greatness has begun to be manifested, and will continue to be manifested with increasing splendour for ever.

What, we cannot but ask, must be the *knowledge* of him, from whom all created minds have derived both their power of knowing and the innumerable objects of their

knowledge? What must be the *wisdom* of him, from whom all beings derive their wisdom; from whom the emmet, the bee, and the stork, receive the skill to provide, without an error, their food, habitations, and safety; and the prophet and the seraph imbibe their exalted views of the innumerable, vast, and sublime wonders of creation, and of creating glory and greatness? What must be the *excellence* of him, who gives birth to all other excellence; and will improve, refine, and exalt that excellence in every virtuous mind, throughout ages which will begin for ever?

CHRIST AND MAHOMET.

CONSIDERED in all its circumstances, the history of Christ shrinks not from comparison with the most partial and lofty representation of the prophet of Arabia.

Of both we find, that the earlier part of life, before the publication of their respective missions, passed away in silence, private and undistinguished. The first years of Mahomet were buried in the cares of merchandize; till, returning to his native city, he devoted to solitude and retirement the leisure which his opulence had procured. The youth of Jesus was spent in domestic privacy, and was remarkable only for affectionate and dutiful submission to his parents: unless, indeed, when in the Temple, he, by his ready answers to the questions of the Rabbins, and his skilful exposition of the Scriptures, astonished those that heard him, and gave an omen of his future greatness.

The designs of Mahomet were gradually and cautiously unfolded: and in order to prepare the minds of his countrymen for the reception of his faith, he first artfully persuaded his own relations and domestics, and drew to his side the most powerful of his neighbours.

Jesus walked forth by the Sea of Galilee, and saw fishers casting their nets. These were his first converts and disciples. Though they were destitute of riches and of power,

he found in them, what his ministry required, an honest and a willing spirit. He won them neither by subtle arguments, nor crafty persuasions ; but bade them forsake their nets and follow him, to see his humble dwelling, to hear his heavenly discourses to the people, and witness the wonders he was going to perform.

Jesus called his hearers to repentance, but Mahomet to conquest.

At their first appearance, they were both compelled to avoid the rage of the multitude, who would have destroyed them ; but Mahomet escaped by a secret, ignominious flight ; Jesus by a public miracle.

The revelation of the Arabian prophet was inconsistent ; a system of contradiction, continually shifting with the views of his policy, and the necessities of his imposture ; now looking towards Mecca, and now towards Jerusalem. Widely different was the conduct of Christ. He did not seek to accommodate his doctrine to fortuitous changes in his external circumstances ; he did not at one time revoke what he had asserted, or contradict what he had enjoined, at another.

Every part of his teaching was regular and consistent in the objects to which it was directed, and the language in which it was conveyed.

Mahomet allured his followers with the glories of a visible monarchy, and the splendour of temporal dominion. In him we behold the lord of war, and the destroyer of mankind, riding in triumph over the spoils of thousands, who fell by his desolating sword : laying cities in flames ; carrying misery and bloodshed through the earth ; and pursued in his victorious career by the lamentations and curses of its inhabitants. In Jesus we see the adorable Prince of Peace, the Friend and Saviour of the world, riding meekly to the holy city, hailed with the acclamations and blessings of much people, whom he had rescued from sin and death, wiping the tears from all eyes, and healing every sickness and every disease.

And here the comparison must cease. The events which followed in our Saviour's life are too august to be placed in competition with any mortal power, and can be comprehended only by minds habituated to the contemplation of heavenly objects.

Let us consider the Passion of our Lord, and the magnificent scenes of his Resurrection and Ascension; and then ask, in what part of all the history of Mahometism any parallel or resemblance can be found?

Let us consider the last days of Christ's continuance upon earth, and how does the prophet of Mecca sink in the comparison! Let us in imagination hear and see the blessed Jesus, when he gives his Apostles authority to go forth and baptize all nations, and preach in his name repentance and remission of sins; when he empowers them to cast out evil spirits, to speak with new tongues, and to work wonders; when he holds up to them the promise of the Comforter, and power from on high; and when, having blessed them, he ascends into heaven, where he is for ever seated in glory at the right hand of God.

But chiefly, what raises Christ and his religion far above all the fictions of Mahomet, is that awful alternative of hopes and fears, that looking-for of judgment, which our Christian faith sets before us.

At that day when time, the great arbiter of truth and falsehood, shall bring to pass the accomplishment of the ages, and the Son of God shall make his enemies his footstool; then shall the deluded followers of the great impostor, disappointed of the expected intercession of their prophet, stand trembling and dismayed at the approach of the glorified Messiah. Then shall they say, "Yonder cometh in the clouds that Jesus, whose religion we laboured to destroy, whose temples we profaned, whose servants and followers we cruelly oppressed! Behold, he cometh! but no longer the humble son of Mary; no longer a mere mortal prophet, the equal of Abraham and Moses, as that deceiver taught us;

but the everlasting Son of the everlasting Father! the Judge of mankind! the Sovereign of angels! the Lord of all things both in earth and heaven!"

BISHOP STILLINGFLEET.

IF we have selected for the subject of our present memoir an ancestor whose memory is held in just veneration by his descendants, our preference is fully borne out by the distinguished place which his writings still maintain in the estimation of the public. A life devoted to the advancement of the interests of the church of England, which he defended with eminent zeal and ability, against the host of enemies by which it was assailed, deserves to be recorded among the worthies of this nation.

Edward Stillingfleet was descended from the ancient family of the Stillingfleets, of Stillingfleet near York. He was born at Cranbourne in Dorsetshire, April 17, 1635, and, after receiving his preparatory education at Ringwood in Hampshire, he was entered, in Michaelmas 1648 at St. John's College, Cambridge. He soon gave proof of the diligence and ability with which he pursued his studies. In 1652 he obtained the degree of Bachelor of Arts; and such was the estimation of his abilities, that in the following year, though only 18 years of age, he was elected Fellow of his college. He appears to have early acquired the friendship of Sir Roger Burgoyne, by whom (soon after he had taken orders) he was presented to the living of Sutton in Bedfordshire. Previously to this, he had been tutor to Francis Pierrepont, brother to the Marquis of Dorchester, at Nottingham, and, while thus occupied, had employed his leisure in the composition of his first work, called "Irenicum, a Weapon-salve for the Church's Wounds," the object of which was to bring back to the church that part of the clergy who scrupled to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the episcopacy. The profound learning displayed in this

able work obtained him high reputation, though the violence of the two parties defeated the conciliatory purpose for which it was designed. Mr. Stillingfleet devoted himself to the pastoral duties of Sutton with exemplary attention; and, prosecuting his studies in that retirement, produced in 1662 his next work, called "Origines Sacræ, or a rational Account of the Christian Faith." As this great work may not be as familiar to our readers as to ourselves, we may afford them some idea of its value by relating the following anecdote:—The young author being presented to Bishop Sanderson, at his visitation, that celebrated prelate asked him if he was any relation to the great Stillingfleet, who wrote the "Origines Sacræ," and when modestly informed that he was the very man, the Bishop welcomed him with great cordiality, saying, "he expected rather to have seen one as considerable for his years as he had already shown himself for his learning." This work has always been esteemed one of the ablest defences of revealed religion that had then appeared in any language. In consequence of this, Bishop Sanderson, as a special mark of his respect, granted the author a licence to preach throughout his diocese. The following year he published, at the suggestion of Henchman, Bishop of London, "A rational Account of the Grounds of the Protestant Religion;" and the reputation which he thus acquired led him to rapid promotion, his talents and learning being too important to the service of the Church to be longer buried in retirement. He was appointed preacher to the Rolls Chapel, and shortly after Rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and lecturer at the Temple Church. This acquired him the friendship of Sir Matthew Hale, one of the most able and pious men who has ever sat upon the seat of justice. Mr. Stillingfleet was distinguished for his oratory in the pulpit. His discourses were delivered without book, except when, as one of the Royal Chaplains, he preached before the King. On such occasions he always *read* his sermon, and when questioned by

his Majesty as to this practice, he replied that he would not risk the proper delivery of his discourse, through any embarrassment occasioned by his presence. "But, 'pray," added Stillingfleet, "will your Majesty permit me to ask, why *you* read your speeches to Parliament, when you have no such reason?" "Truly, Doctor," replied Charles, "your question is very pertinent, and so shall be my answer. I have asked them so often, and for *so much* money, that I am almost ashamed to look them in the face." It may be observed here, that the lavish expenditure of that monarch bore a striking contrast to the economy of his late Majesty, in whose reign the future expenditure of the Sovereign was limited by Act of Parliament to a very moderate sum.

In 1668 Mr. Stillingfleet took his degree as Doctor in Divinity, and two years after he was appointed Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's. In 1677 he became Archdeacon of London, and the following year was advanced to the Deanery of St. Paul's. To all these distinctions he had recommended himself by the ability with which, in his various writings, he had opposed the enemies of the established church.

In 1685 appeared another important work, called "*Origines Britannicæ, or the Antiquities of British Churches,*" which displayed such surprising knowledge of civil and ecclesiastical antiquities, as would appear to have been the study of his whole life.

The period was now approaching when all ranks of men were called to the exercise of a nice and difficult question of conscience, respecting the deposition of King James II., who began to betray a purpose of overthrowing the constitution of the Church of England, by the introduction of the popish communion, which he had now openly embraced. The unwarrantable steps which that monarch proceeded to take for the furtherance of this favourite object soon alienated the minds of all zealous Protestants; and while some of the clergy hesitated as to the conduct they should pursue, Dr. Stillingfleet, with others of the most dis-

tinguished of its members, drew upon themselves the royal displeasure by resisting these innovations. Being summoned to appear before the Ecclesiastical Commission, he had the boldness to publish a discourse on the illegality of that commission, a measure which must have inevitably led to his ruin had the Papists finally prevailed. On the Revolution, King William was not tardy in rewarding the fidelity of the Dean of St Paul's; who was raised to the dignity of Bishop of Worcester on the 13th Oct. 1689, and from that time devoted himself, with his habitual zeal, to the welfare of his diocese. He was soon after appointed one of the Commissioners for reviewing the Liturgy, and, when attending his duty in Parliament, was distinguished by the force and gracefulness of his speeches in the House of Lords.

His last work was addressed to Mr. Locke, relative to some passages in his celebrated "Essay on the Human Understanding," which produced some degree of asperity between these two eminent men¹.

He died at his house in Park-street, Westminster, on the 27th of March, 1699, and his body, being conveyed to Worcester, was deposited in the choir of the cathedral of Worcester, beneath a handsome monument, bearing an eloquent inscription, from the pen of the learned Dr. Bentley, who was one of his lordship's chaplains.

¹ In his first letter to the Bishop of Worcester, Locke affirmed the inference of the arguments in his Essay, respecting the immateriality of the Soul, to be the *highest probability* and *opinion* that the thinking thing in us is immaterial. In his last letter, page 31, he "gratefully acknowledged the favour done him by Stillingfleet, for being guarantee for his intentions," "which," said Locke, "you can have no reason to repent of. For as it was not my intention, to write any thing against truth, much less against any of the sacred truths, contained in the Scriptures; so I will be answerable for it, that there is nothing in my Book, which can be made use of to other purposes, but what may be turned upon them, who so use it, to shew their mistake and error."—(*The Author.*)

On a review of the laborious and active life of this distinguished prelate, it may appear that his learning and talents were too much wasted in controversial discussions, and that they would have been more successfully applied to the illustration of the Sacred Writings, and enforcing the practical duties of Christianity: and had he lived in our times, we should fully concur in this opinion; for we are persuaded that nothing has done more prejudice to the interests of true religion than the acrimonious disputes respecting peculiar points of doctrine, the discussion of which rarely terminates in the conviction of either party, while it casts upon Christianity the discredit of perpetual dissensions, and encourages its enemies to declare that our religion is little else than a series of party squabbles. But Stillfleet lived at a period when the Church of England was shaken to its foundations, by the open assaults of Popery on the one side, and by the more secret attacks of the Puritans on the other, who strove to undermine those bulwarks which they were unable to overthrow, and endeavoured to corrupt the garrison they could not vanquish. Against such enemies, open and concealed, this great man opposed himself with a vigour and a firmness which appalled his antagonists. He confounded them with his learning, and overwhelmed them with his arguments; and instead of spreading his shield above his own head, and acting only on the defensive, he carried the war into the enemy's camp, and drove them from all their positions.

INFIDELITY OF PRIDE.

HE that is wise in his own conceit, will hug that conceit, and thence is uncapable to learn. "There is," saith Solomon, "more hope of a fool than of him." And he that affecteth the praise of men, will not easily part with it for the sake of truth. "How," saith our Lord, "can ye

believe, who seek glory one of another? How can ye endure to become Novices, who pass for Doctors?"

He that is thus conceited of his own wisdom, strength of parts, and improvement in knowledge, cannot submit his mind to notions which he cannot easily comprehend and penetrate. He will scorn to have his understanding baffled or puzzled by sublime mysteries of faith. He will not easily yield any thing too high for his wit to reach, or too knotty for him to unloose. *How can these things be?* What *reason* can there be for this? I cannot see how this can be true. So he treateth the dictates of faith, not considering the feebleness and shallowness of his own reason. Hence *not many wise men according to the flesh*, (or who were conceited of their own wisdom, relying upon their natural faculties and means of knowledge,)—not many scribes, or *disputers of this world*, did embrace the Christian truth, it appearing absurd and foolish to them,—it being needful that a man should be a fool, (that is, have an humble opinion of himself,) that he might, in this regard, become wise.

THE TERMS OF SALVATION.

THE outlaws of an offended Government may be faithful to each other, but this will not restore them to favour with their Sovereign. So the alienation of the heart from God will certainly be followed by eternal punishment, whatever may be the character we bear in the world, for honour, and integrity, and benevolence to our fellows. But suppose a deed of grace were issued to these outlaws, upon certain conditions, and they were to turn their backs on the gracious offer, how much would this aggravate their guilt, and call forth our wonder at their folly and ingratitude? Yet this is the folly and ingratitude of us, who, being condemned sinners, refuse to accept the terms of divine pardon.

If a criminal under sentence was to be offered pardon by the judge after conviction, what should we think of his folly if he refused this, and still insisted on his personal merits for absolution?

SUPREMACY OF CHRISTIANITY.

CHRISTIANITY is the only system which requires truth in the inward parts, which leaves no subterfuge, no compromise for sin. It is therefore the only true religion. All false religions substitute ceremonies, expiations, sacrifices, in the place of Faith, Repentance, and Righteousness. Christianity will accept nothing but the whole heart. Look at the lustrations and processions of Greece and Rome—the ablutions, and penances, and pilgrimages of the Hindoo and the Mahomedan—the sacrifices to idols, among the present heathen nations,—nay, the penances and purgatory of Popery. What are all these but substitutes for the Christian *obedience of the heart*?

Every system of morals among ancient philosophers was defective. It is not true, as has been asserted, that from all together the whole morality of the Gospel may be collected; but even if it were, each separate system must be taken with its defects, which at once destroys its authority. The advocates of modern infidel systems little reflect how much each is indebted to Christianity for what is good in each of their respective codes. The pomp and external splendour of the false religions of antiquity, could not be put down as long as they were countenanced by those of the Jewish Church, which were permitted during the infancy of the world; but when our Saviour told the woman of Samaria, that the hour was coming when they were thenceforward to worship in spirit and in truth, without reference to place or form, there was an end of the plea of ceremonial worship. While the knowledge of another world was so obscure and uncertain, people had little interest in sacrificing their present enjoyments to the doubtful promises of eternity. The philoso-

phers who talked about Styx and Acheron, showed no example in their own conduct. No nation except the Jews publicly professed or built upon a belief of a future state, before Christ positively declared it. His resurrection and ascension confirmed it; and this single fact has changed the nature of religion throughout the world!

In every age since Christianity has been promulgated, this blessed wisdom has shed its divine influence on thousands and tens of thousands who (as the excellent Bishop Horne has remarked) cut no figure in the page of the historian. History, for the most part, is but a register of the vices, and follies, and quarrels, of those who are unceasingly employed in disturbing the rest of mankind;—insomuch that Socrates, the wisest of the heathens, observes, at the close of his work, “if men were honest and peaceable, historians would be undone for want of materials.”

RELIGION THE GUARDIAN OF PUBLIC ORDER.

THE awful character of the times in which we live may justly be considered as originating from that extraordinary revolution, which took place in a neighbouring kingdom at the close of the last century, when principles were for the first time publicly propagated, which threatened destruction to every civil and ecclesiastical establishment throughout the world. Though, through the wise exertions of our Government, under the favour of Divine Providence, those principles made less progress in these dominions than in most other countries of Europe, yet we were far from entirely escaping the general infection; and though we are no longer suffering under the evils and horrors of war, or apprehensive of any formidable disturbance of public tranquillity, the return of peace has not brought with it the full enjoyment of our former comforts and blessings. The storm has indeed ceased, and left the main pillars of our constitution standing erect and uninjured; but its long-continued violence has in some de-

gree impaired the foundation, upon which alone Government can safely rest—has shaken and weakened that system of subordination, without which human society cannot exist. Some of the seeds of irreligion and anarchy, which were so profusely and industriously scattered, fell upon ground, where they have taken root, and are now bringing forth their natural and bitter fruits. Every engine having been set at work, which could mislead the wayward will of man, pervert his understanding, or inflame his passions, and all the restraints of power and authority, so necessary to hold in check the turbulent propensities of the human mind, having been loosened, an immediate restoration of things to their original state could scarcely be expected. A spirit is still manifest among us, producing an impatience of control, a reluctance to acknowledge superiority, and an eagerness to call in question the propriety and expediency of established forms and customs. These effects must be obvious to those, who recollect the state of society in this island before the promulgation of the disorganizing principles of the modern philosophy; and this unfavourable change in our national habits and sentiments, this tendency to discontent, disaffection, and disorder, this relaxation of the bonds of civil and religious obligation, may be most effectually counteracted by the judicious exertions of the parochial clergy.

I shall not, I trust, be understood as recommending or authorizing any mixture of party politics or personal allusions with the pure and unvarying doctrines and commands of Christ's holy religion; but I consider it as strictly pertaining to our office of guardians of the highest interests of the public at large, for preachers to dwell frequently and earnestly upon those duties which their hearers are most apt to disregard, and upon those vices and sins which do most easily beset the generation in which they live.

There were occasions on which our Saviour himself gave directions for the conduct of men in relation to the government of the country; and his Apostles made it the subject of

clear and positive precepts. They expressly founded civil obedience upon religious principles. Surely then we cannot be justly censurable for enforcing, in general terms, the duty of submission to legal power, and for endeavouring to correct opinions injurious to the peace and welfare of society.

In these days there is no need to guard against the abuse of a doctrine, which in former times has been brought forward to support the unjust exercise of arbitrary power. The danger now is of an opposite nature—lest we use our liberty as a cloak of maliciousness. I shall therefore only observe, that the fair and candid interpretation of numerous passages in Scripture will warrant our asserting, that the spirit which leads men jealously to seek the point where resistance may lawfully begin, which exaggerates every political evil, which is always upon the watch for some ground of complaint, and which is perpetually inculcating a distrust in all who are placed in authority, is not a Christian spirit; and consequently the ministers of the Gospel, in fully and faithfully discharging their duty, will lay the surest foundation of tranquillity and order, and will erect the firmest barrier against the approaches of anarchy and confusion. They will implant a principle of obedience far more efficacious than human laws; and they will supply a motive for shunning those crimes and vices, destructive of social comfort and happiness, with respect to which the magistrate bears the sword in vain.

If it be incumbent upon you to use the heavenly-tempered weapons of our profession in defence of objects connected only with this transitory world, of how much higher importance must it be, to preserve the souls committed to your care from the contagious influence of opinions, which lead directly to everlasting misery in the world to come? Never has there been in this kingdom an age so strongly characterized as the present, by the daring attacks of blasphemers upon the fundamental principles of all religion and all morality, in open defiance of the laws—never before were blasphemers publicly protected and supported by Englishmen.

In former days, infidelity was confined to the higher ranks ; but now attempts are made, both secret and avowed, to extend the evil among the middle and lower classes of the community. As, however, heretofore there were not wanting those, who exposed the fallacies of misapplied learning and unsound criticism to the disgrace of their authors, and the more firm establishment of the truth, so I trust the present generation may indulge a consoling hope, that proper antidotes will be found against the poison, which is now diffused more generally and in a different shape.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

MY brethren, we are now upon earth, masters of our own conduct, and accountable to no one here for the tempers which we cherish, or the dispositions we show. We may hate our enemies, and refuse to forgive an injury ; we may *pass by on the other side* while our neighbour is in grievous want ; we may spend our substance in selfish gratifications, or lay it up for our children, and refuse meanwhile to bestow any portion of it upon the bodies or the souls of our poorer brethren ; and, at the same time, none have a right to call us to account, except by a friendly warning : God leaves us to follow our own bent : no fire comes down from heaven to consume the churlish or the malicious ; the sun shines alike on the merciful and on the uncharitable ; and the rain fertilizes alike those fields which spread their bounty upon God's needy creatures, and those which enrich no one but their covetous owner. We are free to use as we like, the gifts of Providence ; and this freedom affords the opportunity by which our characters are formed and displayed.

But it will not be always so. There will be a time when we must render an account ; when all superiority of strength, or talent, or influence, or place, or fortune, will be levelled ; when the strongest, and the cleverest, and the greatest, and the richest, must yield up and return their several gifts to Him

who lent them; and with their gifts must return an account of the way in which they have used them. The question will be, Have you used your strength to injure, your wit to insult, your power to oppress? Have you, like the rich man in the parable, kept to yourself *your good things*, and taken no care to *lay up for yourself a good foundation against the time to come*? Have you never thought of spreading around you, as far as your opportunities allowed, temporal comfort and religious knowledge? Have you suffered the fatherless and widows to lie unfriended in their affliction, when you might have supported or consoled them? Has the ignorant man, as far as concerned you, continued in his ignorance, and the wicked died in his sin! Then you have shown yourself wanting in that quality which most certainly distinguishes the followers of Jesus: you have borne the name, but you have not possessed the spirit of a Christian: you have not been merciful in your generation; and now you have no claim to mercy, when nothing else can snatch you from the *wrath to come*.

No doubt, the scrutiny of *the great day* will extend much farther, and relate to other qualities, besides the grace of charity. Those on the right hand, which shall hear the summons, *Come ye blessed children of my Father*, must be humble, and penitent, and meek, and pure in heart, as well as merciful. But the very prominent place which our Lord has assigned to charity in this awful description of the tribunal, where he will himself appear in his glory as Judge, and *before him shall be gathered all nations*, shows thus much, at least, that this virtue is indispensable; is one by which the Christian must often examine himself, and prove his own soul; inasmuch as, without it, his Saviour will not acknowledge him: he shall not *obtain mercy*. Not that charity, or any other virtue, can redeem us from the punishment of sin, or entitle us to the reward of heaven; *eternal life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ*¹. It would be a miserable error for a man to suppose

¹ Rom. vi. 23.

that by giving an alms he could atone for a crime, or by excusing his debtor here, clear his own account with God. Forgiveness and pity are necessary parts of that character which Christ will save; but cannot alone save us, or be placed in the stead of Christ. But as I observed, they are necessary features in that character which Christ will save. Without these, it will be in vain for a man to cry unto him in that day, *Lord, Lord, have we not been called by thy name?* He will still answer, You could not have a proper sense of the mercy which I showed, in *bearing your sins in my own body on the tree*¹, when you showed no mercy towards your own brethren, who had not offended you by ten thousand times as heavily as you have offended against your Almighty Father. Neither could you value your knowledge of my Gospel, when you have employed no pains to give others that knowledge; neither could you love your brethren, as I commanded you to love them, when you refused to do unto them as ye would they should do unto you: therefore, yours is not the character which shall *obtain mercy*, nor the character for which my heavenly kingdom is prepared.

My brethren, if any of you are conscious that you have not forgiven a neighbour when he trespassed against you; if any of you are conscious that you have taken a malicious pleasure in making a brother's offences known, and injuring his credit; if any have pushed your rights to an extreme, and insisted on severity of justice, when you might rather have shown mercy and pity; if any have no feeling for their fellow-creatures' wants, and are contented to enjoy themselves, without bestowing a thought on those who have in this life *evil things*; you plainly perceive that the blessing bestowed on the merciful is not addressed to you: you must expect judgment without mercy, if you have showed no mercy. Pray therefore to the Lord Jesus Christ, that He who first set the most beautiful example of charity, and dis-

¹ 1 Pet. ii. 24.

played his almighty power, not by removing mountains or destroying cities, but went about doing good, reforming the sinner, and curing the diseased, and relieving the distressed, and blessing those who persecuted him, may “pour into your hearts that most excellent gift of charity, without which all other qualities are nothing worth.” Whenever you are tempted to resent an injury, reflect with yourselves, has God no account against you? When you are inclined to speak, or to think, hardly of your neighbour, who may have fallen into sin, reflect, Am I so without sin, that I can venture to *cast the first stone* against another? When you are unwilling to take some trouble, or to spare some little of your substance, to relieve another’s wants, remember the sentence of your Lord and Judge, *Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto me*¹.

THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION.

THE Government of England, which has been sometimes called a mixed government, sometimes a limited monarchy, is formed by a combination of the three regular species of government²; the monarchy, residing in the King; the aristocracy, in the House of Lords; and the republic, being represented by the House of Commons. The perfection intended by such a scheme of government is, to unite the

¹ Matt. xxv. 45.

² I. Despotism, or absolute MONARCHY, where the legislature is in a single person.

II. An ARISTOCRACY, where the legislature is in a select assembly, the members of which either fill up, by election, the vacancies in their own body, or succeed to their places in it by inheritance, property, tenure of certain lands, or in respect of some personal right or qualification.

III. A REPUBLIC, or democracy, where the people at large, either collectively or by representation, constitute the legislature.

advantages of the several simple forms, and to exclude the inconveniences.

The British constitution provides,

1st, For the interest of its subjects,

2dly, For its own preservation.

The contrivances for the first of these purposes are the following:—

In order to promote the establishment of salutary public laws, every citizen of the state is capable of becoming a member of the senate; and every senator possesses the right of propounding to the deliberation of the legislature whatever law he pleases.

Every district of the empire enjoys the privilege of choosing representatives, informed of the interests and circumstances and desires of their constituents, and entitled by their situation to communicate that information to the national council. The meanest subject has some one whom he can call upon to bring forward his complaints and requests to public attention.

By annexing the right of voting for members of the House of Commons to different qualifications in different places, each order and profession of men in the community become virtually represented; that is, men of all orders and professions, statesmen, courtiers, country gentlemen, lawyers, merchants, manufacturers, soldiers, sailors, interested in the prosperity, and experienced in the occupation of their respective professions, obtain seats in parliament.

The elections, at the same time, are so connected with the influence of landed property as to afford a certainty that a considerable number of men of great estates will be returned to parliament; and are also so modified, that men the most eminent and successful in their respective professions are the most likely, by their riches, or the weight of their stations, to prevail in these competitions.

The number, fortune, and quality of the members; the variety of interests and characters amongst them; above all,

the temporary duration of their power, and the change of men which every new election produces, are so many securities to the public, as well against the subjection of their judgments to any external dictation, as against the formation of a junto in their own body, sufficiently powerful to govern their decisions.

The representatives are so intermixed with the constituents, and the constituents with the rest of the people, that they cannot, without a partiality too flagrant to be endured, impose any burden upon the subject, in which they do not share themselves; nor scarcely can they adopt an advantageous regulation, in which their own interests will not participate of the advantage.

The proceedings and debates of parliament, and the parliamentary conduct of each representative, are known by the people at large.

The representative is so far dependent upon the constituent, and political importance upon public favour, that a member of parliament cannot more effectually recommend himself to eminence and advancement in the state, than by contriving and patronizing laws of public utility.

When intelligence of the condition, wants, and occasions of the people, is thus collected from every quarter, when such a variety of invention, and so many understandings, are set at work upon the subject, it may be presumed, that the most eligible expedient, remedy or improvement, will occur to some one or other; and when a wise counsel, or beneficial regulation is once suggested, it may be expected, from the disposition of an assembly so constituted as the British House of Commons is, that it cannot fail of receiving the approbation of a majority.

To prevent those destructive contentions for the supreme power, which are sure to take place where the members of the state do not live under an acknowledged head, and a known rule of succession; to preserve the people in tranquillity at home, by a speedy and vigorous execution of the

laws ; to protect their interest abroad, by strength and energy in military operations, by those advantages of decision, secrecy, and despatch, which belong to the resolutions of monarchical counsels ;—for these purposes, the constitution has committed the executive government to the administration and limited authority of an hereditary King.

In the defence of the empire ; in the maintenance of its power, dignity, and privileges, with foreign nations ; in the advancement of its trade by treaties and conventions ; and in the providing for the general administration of municipal justice, by a proper choice and appointment of magistrates, the inclination of the king and of the people usually coincides ; in this part, therefore, of the regal office, the constitution entrusts the prerogative with ample powers.

The dangers principally to be apprehended from regal government relate to the two articles *taxation* and *punishment*. In every form of government from which the people are excluded, it is the interest of the governors to get as much, and of the governed to give as little as they can ; the power also of punishment, in the hands of an arbitrary prince, oftentimes becomes an engine of extortion, jealousy, and revenge. Wisely, therefore, hath the British constitution guarded the safety of the people, in these two points, by the most studious precautions.

Upon that of *taxation*, every law which, by the remotest construction, may be deemed to levy money upon the property of the subject, must originate, that is, must first be proposed and assented to, in the House of Commons : by which regulation, accompanying the weight which that assembly possesses in all its functions, the levying of taxes is almost exclusively reserved to the popular part of the constitution, who, it is presumed, will not tax themselves, nor their fellow subjects, without being first convinced of the necessity of the aids which they grant.

The application also of the public supplies is watched with the same circumspection as the assessment. Many taxes are

annual ; the produce of others is mortgaged, or appropriated to specific services ; the expenditure of all of them is accounted for in the House of Commons ; and computations of the charge of the purpose for which they are wanted, are previously submitted to the same tribunal.

In the infliction of *punishment*, the power of the crown, and of the magistrate appointed by the crown, is confined by the most precise limitations ; the guilt of the offender must be pronounced by twelve men of his own order, indifferently chosen out of the county where the offence was committed : the punishment, or the limits to which the punishment may be extended, are ascertained and affixed to the crime, by laws which knew not the person of the criminal.

And whereas arbitrary or clandestine confinement is the injury most to be dreaded from the strong hand of the executive government, because it deprives the prisoner at once of protection and defence, and delivers him into the power, and to the malicious or interested designs, of his enemies, the constitution has provided against this danger with extreme solicitude. The ancient writ of Habeas Corpus, the Habeas Corpus Act of Charles the Second, and the practice and determinations of our sovereign courts of justice, founded upon these laws, afford a complete remedy for every conceivable case of illegal imprisonment.

Treason being that charge, under colour of which the destruction of an obnoxious individual is often sought, and government being, at all times, more immediately a party in the prosecution, the law, beside the general care with which it watches over the safety of the accused, in this case, sensible of the unequal contest in which the subject is engaged, has assisted his defence with extraordinary indulgences. By two statutes, enacted since the Revolution, every person indicted for High Treason shall have a copy of his indictment, a list of the witnesses to be produced, and of the jury impannelled, delivered to him ten days before the trial ; he is also permitted to make his defence by counsel—

privileges which are not allowed to the prisoner, in a trial for any other crime : and, what is of more importance to the party than all the rest, the testimony of two witnesses, at the least, is required to convict a person of treason ; whereas, one positive witness is sufficient in almost every other species of accusation.

We proceed, in the second place, to inquire in what manner the constitution has provided for its own preservation ; that is, in what manner each part of the legislature is secured in the exercise of the powers assigned to it, from the encroachment of the other parts. The security is sometimes called the *balance of the constitution* ; and the political equilibrium, which this phrase denotes, consists in two contrivances—a balance of power, and a balance of interest. By a balance of power is meant, that there is no power possessed by one part of the legislature, the abuse or excess of which is not checked by some antagonist power, residing in another part. Thus the power of the two houses of parliament to frame laws is checked by the king's negative ; that, if laws subversive of regal government should obtain the consent of parliament, the reigning prince, by interposing his prerogative, may save the necessary rights and authority of his station. On the other hand, the arbitrary application of this negative is checked by the privilege which parliament possesses, of refusing supplies of money to the exigencies of the king's administration. The constitutional maxim, ' that the King can do no wrong,' is balanced by another maxim, not less constitutional, ' that the illegal commands of the King do not justify those who assist, or concur, in carrying them into execution ;' and by a second rule, subsidiary to this, ' the acts of the Crown acquire not a legal force, until authenticated by the subscription of some of its great officers.' The wisdom of this contrivance is worthy of observation. As the King could not be punished, without a civil war, the constitution exempts his person from trial or account ; but, lest this impunity should encourage a licentious exer-

cise of dominion, various obstacles are opposed to the private will of the sovereign, when directed to illegal objects. The pleasure of the Crown must be announced with certain solemnities, and attested by certain officers of state. In some cases, the royal order must be signified by a secretary of state; in others, it must pass under the privy seal; and, in many, under the great seal. And when the King's command is regularly published, no mischief can be achieved by it, without the concurrence of the ministry and the compliance of those to whom it is directed. Now all who either concur in an illegal order, by authenticating its publication with their seal or subscription, or who in any manner assist in carrying it into execution, subject themselves to prosecution and punishment for the part they have taken; and are not permitted to plead or produce the command of the King, in justification of their obedience. But farther; the power of the Crown to direct the military force of the kingdom, is balanced by the annual necessity of resorting to parliament for the maintenance and government of that force. The power of the King to declare war is checked by the privilege of the House of Commons, to grant or withhold the supplies by which the war must be carried on. The King's choice of his ministers is controlled by the obligation he is under of appointing those men to offices in the state, who are found capable of managing the affairs of his government with the two houses of parliament: which consideration imposes such a necessity upon the Crown, as hath in a great measure subdued the influence of favouritism; insomuch that it is become no uncommon spectacle in this country, to see men promoted by the King to the highest offices and richest preferments which he has in his power to bestow, who have been distinguished by their opposition to his personal inclinations.

By the *balance of interest*, which accompanies and gives efficacy to the *balance of power*, is meant this—that the respective interests of the three estates of the empire are so disposed and adjusted, that whichever of the three shall at-

tempt any encroachment, the other two will unite in resisting it. If the King should endeavour to extend his authority, by contracting the power and privileges of the Commons, the Lords would see their own dignity endangered, by every advance which the Crown made to independency upon the resolutions of Parliament. The admission of arbitrary power is no less formidable to the grandeur of the aristocracy, than it is fatal to the liberty of the republic ; that is, it would reduce the nobility from the hereditary share which they possess in the national councils, in which their real greatness consists, to the being made a part of the empty pageantry of a despotic court. On the other hand, if the House of Commons should intrench upon the distinct province, or usurp the established prerogative of the Crown, the House of Lords would receive an instant alarm from every new stretch of popular power. In every contest in which the King may be engaged with the representative body in defence of his established share of authority, he will find a sure ally in the collective power of the nobility. An attachment to the monarchy, from which they derive their own distinction, the allurements of a court, in the habits and with the sentiments of which they have been brought up, their hatred of equality, and of all levelling pretensions, which may ultimately affect the privileges, or even the existence of their order, in short, every principle and every prejudice which are wont to actuate human conduct, will determine their choice to the side and support of the Crown. Lastly, if the nobles themselves should attempt to revive the superiorities which their ancestors exercised under the feudal constitution, the King and the people would alike remember, how the one had been insulted, and the other enslaved, by that barbarous tyranny. They would forget the natural opposition of their views and inclinations, when they saw themselves threatened with the return of a domination which was odious and intolerable to both.

PEACE.

IT was a very proper answer to him who asked, Why any man should be delighted with beauty? that it was a question that none but a blind man could ask; since any beautiful object doth so much attract the sight of all men, that it is in no man's power not to be pleased with it. Nor can any aversion or malignity towards the object irreconcile the eyes from looking upon it: as a man who hath an envenomed and mortal hatred against another who hath a most graceful and beautiful person, cannot hinder his eye from being delighted to behold that person; though that delight is far from going to the heart; as no man's malice towards an excellent musician can keep his ear from being pleased with his music. No man can ask how or why men come to be delighted with peace, but he who is without natural bowels; who is deprived of all those affections, which only can make life pleasant to him. Peace is that harmony in the state, which health is in the body. No honour, no profit, no plenty, can make him happy, who is sick with a fever in his blood, and with defluxions and aches in his joints and bones; but health restored gives a relish to the other blessings, and is very merry without them: no kingdom can flourish or be at ease, in which there is no peace; which only makes men dwell at home, and enjoy the labour of their own hands, and improve all the advantages which the air, and the climate, and the soil administers to them; and all which yield no comfort, where there is no peace. God himself reckons health the greatest blessing he can bestow upon mankind, and peace the greatest comfort and ornament he can confer upon states; which are a multitude of men gathered together. They who delight most in war are so much ashamed of it, that they pretend to desire nothing but peace—that their heart is set upon nothing else. When Cæsar was engaging all the world in war, he wrote to Tully, 'there was nothing worthier of an honest

man than to have contention with nobody.' It was the highest aggravation which the prophet could find out in the description of the greatest wickedness, that 'the way of peace they knew not;' and the greatest punishment of all their crookedness and perverseness was, that 'they should not know peace.' A greater curse cannot befall the most wicked nation, than to be deprived of peace. There is nothing of real and substantial comfort in this world, but what is the product of peace; and whatsoever we may lawfully and innocently take delight in, is the fruit and effect of peace. The solemn service of God, and performing our duty to him in the exercise of regular devotion, which is the greatest business of our life, and in which we ought to take most delight, is the issue of peace. War breaks all that order, interrupts all that devotion, and even extinguisheth all that zeal, which peace had kindled in us; lays waste the dwelling-place of God as well as of man; and introduces and propagates opinions and practice, as much against Heaven as against earth, and erects a deity that delights in nothing but cruelty and blood. Are we pleased with the enlarged commerce and society of large and opulent cities, or with the retired pleasures of the country? do we love stately palaces, and noble houses, or take delight in pleasant groves and woods, or fruitful gardens, which teach and instruct nature to produce and bring forth more fruits, and flowers, and plants, than her own store can supply her with? All this we owe to peace; and the dissolution of this peace disfigures all this beauty, and, in a short time, covers and buries all this order and delight in ruin and rubbish. Finally, have we any content, satisfaction, and joy, in the conversation of each other, in the knowledge and understanding of those arts and sciences, which more adorn mankind, than all those buildings and plantations do the fields and grounds on which they stand? even this is the blessed effect and legacy of peace; and war lays our natures and manners as waste as our gardens and our habitations; and we can as easily preserve the beauty of the one, as the integrity

of the other, under the cursed jurisdiction of drums and trumpets.

‘ If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men,’ was one of the primitive injunctions of Christianity, Rom. xii. 18; and comprehends not only particular and private men, (though no doubt all gentle and peaceable natures are most capable of Christian precepts, and most affected with them,) but kings and princes themselves. St. Paul knew well, that the peaceable inclinations and dispositions of subjects could do little good, if the sovereign princes were disposed to war; but if they desire to live peaceably with their neighbours, their subjects cannot but be happy. And the pleasure that God himself takes in that temper needs no other manifestation, than the promise which our Saviour makes to those who contribute towards it, in his Sermon upon the Mount, ‘ Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God,’ Matt v. 9. Peace must needs be very acceptable to him, when the instruments towards it are crowned with such a full measure of blessing; and it is no hard matter to guess whose children they are, who take all the pains they can to deprive the world of peace, and to subject it to the rage and fury and desolation of war. If we had not the woful experience of so many hundred years, we should hardly think it possible, that men who pretend to embrace the Gospel of peace, should be so unconcerned in the obligation and effects of it; and when God looks upon it as the greatest blessing which he can pour down upon the heads of those who please him best, and observe his commands, ‘ I will give peace in the land, and ye shall lie down, and none shall make you afraid,’ Lev. xxvi. 6, that men study nothing more than how to throw off and deprive themselves and others of this his precious bounty; as if we were void of natural reason, as well as without the elements of religion: for nature itself disposes us to a love of society, which cannot be preserved without peace. A whole city on fire is a spectacle full of horror, but a whole kingdom on fire must be a pros-

pect much more terrible; and such is every kingdom in war, where nothing flourishes but rapine, blood, and murder, and the faces of all men are pale and ghastly, out of the sense of what they have done, or of what they have suffered, or are to endure. The reverse of all this is peace, which in a moment extinguishes all that fire, binds up all the wounds, and restores to all faces their natural vivacity and beauty. We cannot make a more lively representation and emblem to ourselves of hell, than by the view of a kingdom in war; where there is nothing to be seen but destruction and fire, and discord: nor a more sensible reflection upon the joys of Heaven, than as it is all quiet and peace, and where nothing is to be discerned but consent and harmony, and what is amiable in all the circumstances of it. And, as far as we may warrantably judge of the inhabitants of either climate, they who love and cherish discord among men, and take delight in war, have large mansions provided for them, in that region of faction and disagreement; as we may presume, that they who set their hearts upon peace in this world, and labour to promote it in their several stations amongst all men, and who are instruments to prevent the breach of it amongst princes and states, or to renew it when it is broken, are qualified, humanly speaking, for a place and mansion in Heaven; where only there is peace in that perfection, that all other blessings are comprehended in it, and constitute a part of it.

THE FUNDS.

WE think some general information relative to the Funds may prove instructive and interesting; for we have often had occasion to remark the profound ignorance of many otherwise well-educated people on this important subject, and have been surprised at the indifference with which it is

treated by those who would be ashamed to be found unacquainted with affairs of much less concern to the national welfare.

The Funds are the debt due by the nation to individuals, who lend their money for its service, under an engagement, on the part of the public, to pay them a certain rate of interest on such sums borrowed, so long as they may be required for the use of the State. This money is not lent to the *Government*, but to the *People*. Every one, therefore, who lends his money in this manner looks to the nation at large for his security.

The debt of the nation is precisely of the same character with the debts of individuals. If a man's expenses are greater than his income, he is often induced to borrow money, with the hope of repaying it when his expenses are lessened, or his income shall be increased. For the use of this money the creditor commonly receives 5*l.* a year for every 100*l.* so lent; and this is the highest rate of interest the law allows. The income of the nation has often fallen short of the expenditure, particularly during war, when the fitting out of fleets and armies adds greatly to the ordinary expenses of the State. The revenue, or income of the nation, arises chiefly from taxes; but when these taxes do not produce enough to meet the public expenses, the ministers who manage the affairs of the nation, in the name and by the authority of the King, rather than lay on additional taxes to make up the sum wanted for the year, have sometimes thought it better to borrow the money of any who would be disposed to lend it, with a hope that this debt might be paid off at a future time. On such occasions it is said Government requires "a Loan." As it would be impossible to collect all the money, in small sums, from the public, persons who have the command of large resources come forward to advance the whole which is wanted. They bid against each other, and the Minister takes the lowest offer. As the sums thus lent amount to several millions, it

would be highly inconvenient to any number of partners to be out of their money for a long period ; they therefore dispose of it to others who may be willing to take it off their hands ; and thus all persons (if they are willing to give the price demanded) may become creditors of the nation for such sums as they choose to employ in this manner. If the price paid be greater than that given by the contractors for the loan, it is said to be at a premium ; if lower, at a discount. This does not always show that the original bargain with Government has been good or bad ; for the value may be affected by the plenty or the want of money in the market, or by other causes. The portions of the loan thus sold are known by the name of *Omnium*, a word which implies the union of the different species of stock in which the loan is commonly negotiated. When loans are so raised, an engagement is usually entered into by the Government to repay the amount at a fixed period ; but, if this be found impracticable, sometimes another loan is opened to pay off the first, or else the creditors consent to have the amount added to the standing debt of the nation, when it becomes “ *Stock*,” and then it is said to be funded ; “ *the Funds*” or “ *the Stocks*” being different names for the National Debt.

When the loan is funded, no engagement for the repayment is given to the public creditor. All the nation undertakes is to pay interest on the sum lent. It is merely an annuity to the holder, and is expressly so called in the stock receipt ; but, though it may be paid off at any time when the Government thinks fit, the creditor has no right to demand the principal so long as the interest is paid.

Although money in the *Funds* is only a perpetual annuity, the creditor may transfer to another the property so invested ; and this gives occasion to the buying and selling of stock. When a person wishes to dispose of the whole or any part of his property in the *Funds*, he can only do so by getting another to stand in his place, as one of the creditors of the nation, and his name is then entered upon the books at the

Bank, specifying against it the sum thus transferred. As a private person might not readily meet with one who was disposed to deal with him upon his own terms, the transfer of stock has become a distinct profession. People called Stock-Brokers are always at hand on such occasions, who make it their business to bring the parties together. They charge a small commission for their trouble. These, however, are not officers of the Bank, nor are their services indispensable,—though, from their knowledge and experience in such affairs, strangers derive great accommodation.

There is another description of persons, called “Stock-Jobbers,” who may be described in plain terms as gamblers in the Funds. Their transactions are a sort of wager,—one with another, as to the rise and fall of stocks. They do not actually transfer stock, but they buy and sell “for time;” that is, an engagement is made to deliver so much stock on a given day, at a fixed price; and when the time arrives, the difference between the then price of stocks in the market and that pledged by the buyer, is paid by the loser. This immoral traffic gives occasion to much of the false news circulated in London. The temporary report of a great victory will raise the price, and thus benefit one party; while an unfounded rumour of some great public misfortune may secure a large profit to another.

The price of Stocks, (that is, the money to be paid by any one for getting his name written down in the books of the Bank for a certain amount of stock, instead of another,) is regulated, like any other article for sale, by various considerations. If there be a great number desirous of buying, stocks will rise; for those who are stock-holders, will take advantage of the great demand, and ask a higher price. If, on the contrary, the sellers are more numerous, stocks will fall; for the purchasers, having many offers, will beat down the price as low as they can. The disposition to buy and sell is, as already stated, much affected by the public opinion of the national welfare. For example, a dread of invasion, or

the alarm of rebellion, would at once lower the Funds, because calculating men might think there was less security that the interest would thenceforward be regularly paid, and many timid people would hasten to withdraw their property from the Funds, at any price, rather than risk its total loss. The opening of a new loan has generally the effect of lowering the Funds; for speculators expect to make a better bargain for themselves, and would make large sales of stock to raise the supplies, for the purpose of subscribing to it. On the other hand, if it is expected that, in consequence of peace, or any other cause of improvement in the public interests, the Minister will require no more loans, or if there is a prospect of his paying off part of the old debt, stocks will immediately rise; for, in that case, there will be less stock in the market for sale, and more solid security for the property of the public creditor.

The management of all this immense concern requires a large establishment of clerks, cashiers, &c. The Bank of England, where the whole of this is transacted, was established in the reign of William III. It is not a department of Government, as many people suppose, but, like any other bank, is a concern belonging to private persons, who undertake to keep the accounts of the Funds, and pay the interest to the stock-holders, under certain advantages allowed them by the Government. But if the Bank of England were to break to-morrow, the proprietors of stock would not lose their money; for their security is upon the nation at large, of whom Parliament is the representative, and without whose authority not one shilling can be borrowed.

Money has been obtained at various rates of interest, according to the terms upon which such loans could be procured; and sometimes, in a state of public prosperity, the holders of Stock have consented to receive a reduced rate of interest rather than be repaid the sums which they had advanced. Thus there are the Five per Cent. Annuities, the Four per Cents., and the Three per Cent. Consolidated Annuities, (two funds

united into one). There is also the Three per Cent. Reduced Annuities; a Stock which once bore interest at four per cent., and was reduced, with the consent of the proprietors, to its present standard, by the able management of Mr. Pelham, after the peace of 1748.

When 100*l.* Stock, bearing interest at three pounds a year, can be bought for 75*l.*, that Stock is said to be at 75, and so of the other Funds. If these Three per Cents. are at 60, they are said to be at par, (or equal), that is, the person who holds such Stock gets five per cent. for his money: 3*l.* a year for every 60*l.*, or 4*l.* a year for every 80*l.*, being the same rate of interest as 5*l.* for 100*l.*

Besides these, there are funds at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., South Sea Annuities, &c. There is also a Fund called the Long Annuities, granted for 80 years, which will expire in 1860. The mode of sale of this species of Stock is by estimating their value at so many years' purchase. There are other kinds of Government Securities, consisting of bills issued from the Exchequer, the Navy, or Ordnance departments, for the purpose of procuring money in anticipation of the produce of the taxes. These form part of what is called the *unfunded* Debt, until they are either paid off, or are added to the Funded Debt of the nation. These bills bear a daily interest, and are therefore transferable, with almost as much facility as a bank note.

Independent of the several public Funds above stated, we should mention Bank Stock and East India Stock. Bank Stock is the Fund of the Company of the Bank of England; who have from time to time lent large sums to the State. Every proprietor of Bank Stock becomes a partner in the concern, and shares in all the profits of the banking business. Such also is the East India Stock; every holder of which, being one of the partners of the Company, partakes of the profits made by trading to the East Indies, and in the revenue derived from the British possessions in those countries.

Having thus given a slight account of the several descriptions of Stock, and explained the manner in which the business is transacted, young people will be desirous to learn something of the origin and progress of the National Debt.

Although the annals of this country offer abundant proof of the difficulties which have occurred at various periods in providing for the public expenditure, the growth of that enormous Debt, which now engrosses so large a portion of our annual revenue, is not of very long date. It arose at the period of the Revolution, in 1688. The contest for the throne at that time brought upon the nation very heavy expenses; which, added to previous embarrassments, rendered the income of the State unequal to the demands of the public service. Under the pressure of those difficulties the Ministry resorted to the hazardous expedient of borrowing money, in anticipation of the produce of the taxes, and commenced the funding system; which, step by step, has accumulated upon this country a debt of 800 millions of money. At the close of the reign of King William, in 1702, the National Debt amounted to 16 millions. The following reign of Queen Anne, added largely to this debt, owing to the long Continental wars in which she was engaged. At her death, in 1714, the Public Debt amounted to 52 millions.

The reign of George I. added nothing to the Debt; large sums were borrowed and re-paid; so that at the accession of George II., in 1727, it stood nearly as before. But during the reign of the latter the amount was nearly tripled. On the accession of his late Majesty, George III., in 1760, the National Debt stood at 146 millions; though previously to the American war, which broke out in 1775, this had been reduced to 135 millions. That unhappy contest added upwards of 100 millions to the Debt. At the commencement of the war of the French Revolution, in 1793, the Debt stood at 234 millions. That long and expensive struggle added to it 327 millions; so that the amount stood, at the peace in 1801, at 561 millions. Many outstanding expenses of that war were

still unsettled; and thus, during the short and feverish peace which ensued, there were added 40 millions more. Then came the second French war, in 1803, which added 237 millions; making the total debt, at the end of that war, in 1814, 750 millions. Immediate measures were then taken for reducing the expenditure within the public income; but, in the following year, the sudden usurpation of Bonaparte plunged us once more in expenses which cost the nation little short of 100 millions; and, but for the providential issue of the battle of Waterloo, England might yet have been contending for her national existence.

It was to be expected, that, after such an unexampled contest, much time would elapse before the public resources could recover their vigour. Vast expenses were yet unsettled, and the warlike establishments could not at once be reduced. Several years elapsed after the American war before the nation recovered the effects of that expensive contest. Trade declined, and multitudes, thrown out of employ, were reduced to great distress.

Similar effects have been produced by the final cessation of hostilities with France, at the conclusion of the late war. The suspension of all those trades which depended upon war has thrown prodigious numbers out of work, while the exhausted state of other countries has limited the consumption of those articles of export which gave employment to so large a portion of our manufacturers.

From these and other causes incident to the state of the country, the national income fell short of its former amount, and little progress has yet been made in redeeming the public debt, during the years of peace which we have enjoyed. The annual sum required for the payment of interest to the Fund-holders amounts to no less than 25 millions; which takes from the produce of the taxes so large a portion, that the remainder has hitherto proved inadequate to cover the ordinary expenses of the State.

But the country possesses a resource for the re-payment

of the National Debt, for which we are indebted to the enlightened policy of a late illustrious Minister. In the year 1786, Mr. Pitt saw the necessity of making some great exertion to extinguish the public debt, by a gradual but certain operation. He proposed the setting apart one million annually, as a Sinking Fund for the reduction of the Debt; and, subsequently to 1793, an annuity of one per cent. upon all capital sums borrowed for the public service. This Fund was to accumulate by compound interest; and, under the management of Parliamentary commissioners, to be laid out in the purchase of Stock, so as in time to effect the reduction of the whole. The Sinking Fund thus established, produced in 27 years, from 1786 to 1813, the immense sum of 238 millions, which cancelled the entire debt contracted from the Revolution, to the year 1786.

The operation of this able plan of finance is so rapid, that, enormous as is the present amount of the National Debt, a few years of peace would enable the commissioners to pay off a very considerable portion of it; but, until the public income can be made equal to the expenditure, this most desirable object must necessarily be retarded, because at present we are adding to the debt with one hand, while we are paying off with the other.

There is perhaps no political fact more remarkable than that the burden of a great public debt should have produced effects exactly the reverse of those which every thinking person could at first have expected. Some of the wisest orators and statesmen have heretofore prophesied the ruin of this kingdom by the enormous growth of its public debt, not perceiving, what experience alone could prove, that this very debt could produce those resources by which it should be supported and finally repaid.

To explain this we must request our readers to reflect, that the money thus raised by borrowing from the people is, for the most part, expended among them, and thus returns to their pockets with the profits made, by employing them

in the various branches of public supply required for the service of the State. Thus the building of ships, and the manufacture of all warlike stores paid for by the Government, diffuse wealth among all classes of the people. The whole amount of the public salaries, military pay, and all other expenses, goes back to individuals, and enables them to pay the taxes which are levied for this very purpose, as well as for discharging the interest of the Public Debt. Further, it should be considered that the Public Funds afford an opportunity to a very large portion of our fellow-subjects to place their money at good interest and upon the best security, who otherwise would be at a loss to employ their gains, by investing their money in land, or in commercial speculations.

There can be no question that a principal cause of that unrivalled prosperity which this nation has attained, has been the great facility offered by the Public Funds to accumulate the wealth of individuals; and thus, by continual circulation between the State and the people, producing that spirit of enterprise, that competition of improvement, and that unlimited employment of capital, which gives it the quality of constantly reproducing itself.

With many sensible politicians it has been matter of serious alarm, lest, by the too rapid operation of the Sinking Fund, the advantages which spring from the present system might suddenly be destroyed; and they have anticipated that the extinction of the whole national debt would of necessity conduct us to national ruin, for want of that great fund which forms the centre of the monied interest of the whole nation. But as such an event must now be of very distant prospect, every friend to his country must be anxious to see the Sinking Fund again in full play, in order that so much, at least, of the debt may be discharged, as may set free the resources of the nation, and enable us to provide against any future war, without trenching upon the produce of those taxes which are now so largely absorbed by the interest payable on the National Debt.

PILGRIMAGE ACROSS THE DESERT OF AFRICA.

[The following very lively description of a Pilgrimage across the Desert is given by Ali Bey, in his Travels in Morocco, Tripoli, &c. It is an animated picture, which pourtrays, in the strongest colours, the perils and sufferings encountered in these enterprises.]

WE continued marching on in great haste, for fear of being overtaken by the four hundred Arabs whom we wished to avoid. For this reason we never kept the common road, but passed through the middle of the desert, marching through stony places, over easy hills. This country is entirely without water; not a tree is to be seen in it—not a rock which can offer a shelter or a shade. A transparent atmosphere, an intense sun, darting its beams upon our heads, a ground almost white, and commonly of a concave form, like a burning glass; slight breezes, scorching like a flame,—such is a faithful picture of this district, through which we were passing.

Every man we meet in this desert is looked upon as an enemy. Having discovered about noon a man in arms, on horseback, who kept at a certain distance, my thirteen Beduins united the moment they perceived him, darted like an arrow to overtake him, uttering loud cries, which they interrupted by expressions of contempt and derision; as, “What are you seeking, my brother?”—“Whither are you going, my son?”—As they made these exclamations, they kept playing with their guns over their heads. The discovered Beduin profited of his advantage, and fled into the mountains, where it was impossible to follow him. We met no once else.

We had now neither eaten nor drunk since the preceding day; our horses and other beasts were equally destitute; though ever since nine in the evening we had been travelling rapidly. Shortly after noon we had not a drop of water

remaining, and the men, as well as the poor animals, were worn out with fatigue. The mules, stumbling every moment, required assistance to lift them up again, and to support their burden till they rose. This terrible exertion exhausted the little strength we had left.

At two o'clock in the afternoon, a man dropped down stiff, and as if dead, from great fatigue and thirst. I stopt, with three or four of my people, to assist him. The little wet which was left in one of the leathern budgets was squeezed out of it, and some drops of water poured into the poor man's mouth, but without any effect. I now felt that my own strength was beginning to forsake me; and, becoming very weak, I determined to mount on horseback, leaving the poor fellow behind. From this moment others of my caravan began to drop successively, and there was no possibility of giving them any assistance; they were abandoned to their unhappy destiny, as every one thought only of saving himself. Several mules, with their burdens, were left behind; and I found on my way two of my trunks on the ground, without knowing what was become of the mules which had been carrying them, the drivers having forsaken them, as well as the care of my effects, and of my instruments.

I looked upon this loss with the greatest indifference, as if they had not belonged to me, and pushed on. But my horse began now to tremble under me, and yet he was the strongest of the whole caravan. We proceeded in silent despair. When I endeavoured to encourage any one of the party to increase his pace, he answered me by looking steadily at me, and by putting his forefinger to his mouth to indicate the great thirst by which he was affected. As I was reproaching our conducting officers for their inattention which had occasioned this want of water, they excused themselves by alleging the mutiny of the Oudaias;" "And besides," added they, "do we not suffer like the rest?" Our fate was the more shocking, as every one of us was sensible of the impossibility of supporting the fatigue to the place where we

were to meet with water again. At last, about four in the evening, I had my turn, and fell down with thirst and fatigue.

Extended without consciousness on the ground, in the middle of the desert, left with only four or five men, one of whom had dropped at the same moment with myself, and all without any means of assisting me, because they knew not where to find water, and, if they had known it, had not strength to fetch it, I should have perished with them on the spot, if Providence, by a kind of miracle, had not preserved us.

Half an hour had already elapsed since I had fallen senseless to the ground, (as I have since been told,) when, at some distance, a considerable caravan, of more than two thousand souls, was seen advancing. It was under the direction of a Marebout or Saint, called Sidi Alarbi, who was sent by the Sultan to Ttemsen or Tremecen. Seeing us in this distressed situation, he ordered some skins of water to be thrown over us. After I had received several of them over my face and hands, I recovered my senses, opened my eyes, and looked around me, without being able to discern any body. At last, however, I distinguished seven or eight Sherifs and Fakirs, who gave me their assistance, and showed me much kindness. I endeavoured to speak to them, but an invincible knot in my throat seemed to hinder me; I could make myself understood only by signs, and by pointing to my mouth with my finger.

They continued pouring water over my face, arms, and hands, and, at last, I was able to swallow small mouthfuls. This enabled me to ask, "Who are you?" When they heard me speak, they expressed their joy, and answered me, "Fear nothing; far from being robbers, we are your friends;" and every one mentioned his name. I began by degrees to recollect their faces, but was not able to remember their names. They poured again over me a still greater quantity of water, gave me some to drink, filled some of my leather bags, and left me in haste, as every minute spent

in this place was precious to them, and could not be repaired.

This attack of thirst is perceived all of a sudden by an extreme aridity of the skin; the eyes appear to be bloody, the tongue and mouth, both inside and outside, are covered with a crust of the thickness of a crown piece; this crust is of a dark yellow colour, of an insipid taste, and of a consistence like the soft wax from a bee-hive. A faintness or languor takes away the power to move; a kind of knot in the throat and diaphragm, attended with great pain, interrupts respiration. Some wandering tears escape from the eyes, and at last the sufferer drops down to the earth, and in a few moments loses all consciousness. These are the symptoms which I remarked in my unfortunate fellow-travellers, and which I experienced myself.

I got with difficulty on my horse again, and we proceeded on our journey. My Beduins and my faithful Salem were gone in different directions to find out some water; and two hours afterwards they returned one after another, carrying along with them some good or bad water, as they had been able to find it. Every one presented to me part of what he had brought; I was obliged to taste it, and I drank twenty times, but as soon as I swallowed it my mouth became as dry as before; at last I was not able either to spit or to speak.

The greatest part of the soil of the desert consists of pure clay, except some small traces of a calcareous nature. The whole surface is covered with a bed of chalky calcareous stone, of a whitish colour, smooth, round, and loose, and of the size of the fist: they are almost all of the same dimension, and their surface is carious, like pieces of old mortar. I look upon this to be a true volcanic production. This bed is extended with such perfect regularity, that the whole desert is covered with it, a circumstance which makes pacing over it very fatiguing to the traveller.

Not any animal is to be seen in this desert, neither quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, nor insects, nor any plant whatever;

and the traveller who is obliged to pass through it, is surrounded by the silence of death. It was not till four in the evening that we began to distinguish some small plants, burnt with the sun, and a tree of a thorny nature, without blossom or fruit.

DESCRIPTION OF ICELAND.

[The following brief account of a most singular portion of the globe is abridged from the Travels of Dr. Henderson. This gentleman visited every corner of the island, and is the first among our countrymen who crossed the central desert, skirted the northern and eastern coasts, and passed a winter among the natives. He has most happily united the characters of an observer of the moral and religious dispositions of the inhabitants, and an accurate delineator of the wonders of nature.]

ICELAND is situated in the northern Atlantic, between the parallels 63 deg. 30 min. and the Arctic circle, and between the meridians of 23 deg. 15 min. and 24 deg. 4 min. being in mean length, from east to west, about 280, and in mean breadth, from north to south, 210 miles. Its coasts are, every where, much indented with deep bays and inlets, called *fjords* or *firths*: its superficial contents, however, may be estimated at 40,000 square miles, and its population, which, from its registers, is pretty well ascertained, at 48,000; or about one fifth person to every square mile. There is reason to believe that the average population was formerly about 60,000; but it never recovered the loss it sustained by famine from 1753 to 1759, which carried off 10,000 persons, and the more dreadful scourge of 1707, when the small-pox destroyed 16,000 persons. Vast numbers since that period have perished by this fatal disease; but the general introduction of vaccination has happily of late years arrested its progress. With the exception of Reykiavik, on the southern

coast, which may contain about 500 inhabitants, and half a dozen other places along the different coasts, called villages, which consist of three or four houses and a church, the population is scattered over the plains and the valleys, in insulated farm-houses, from some of which the nearest farm is at the distance of eight or ten miles. The central parts are nearly, if not wholly, uninhabited. The general surface and appearance of the country are thus described by Dr. Henderson :—

“ The opinion that this island owes its formation to the operation of submarine volcanoes, is not only confirmed by reasonings deduced from the appearance presented by other islands which are confessedly of volcanic origin, but gains ground in proportion to the progress of a closer and more accurate investigation which every part of it exhibits to the view of the naturalist. In no quarter of the globe do we find crowded within the same extent of surface such a number of burning mountains, so many boiling springs, or such immense tracts of lava, as here arrest the attention of the traveller. The general aspect of the country is the most rugged and dreary imaginable. On every side appear marks of confusion and devastation, or the tremendous sources of these evils, in the yawning craters of huge and menacing volcanoes. Nor is the mind of a spectator relieved from the disagreeable emotions arising from reflection on the subterraneous fires which are raging beneath him, by a temporary survey of the huge mountains of perpetual ice by which he is surrounded. These very masses, which naturally exclude the most distant idea of heat, contain in their bosom the fuel of conflagration, and are frequently seen to emit smoke and flames, and pour down upon the plains immense floods of boiling mud and water, or red-hot torrents of devouring lava.”

Every hill almost is a volcano ; but, besides the immense number of smaller cones and craters, there are at least thirty of more remarkable appearance, of which nine have been in a

state of activity in the course of the last century. Streams of brown lava, stript of all vegetation, vast chasms, from some or other of which volumes of smoke are perpetually ascending, with multitudes of hot springs, occur in every part of the island. "Many of these springs," says Dr. Henderson, "throw up large columns of boiling water, accompanied by immense volumes of steam, to an almost incredible height into the atmosphere, and present to the eye of the traveller some of the grandest scenes to be met with on the face of the globe." In the midst of this region of fire are not fewer than twelve or fourteen mountains, whose summits are covered with eternal ice and snow. Their heights vary from three to six thousand feet above the level of the sea; and some of them are occasionally disturbed by internal fires.

It is in the valleys between the inferior hills, and on the plains which the streams of lava have spared, that the cottages of the peasants are generally found, and that a scanty herbage for three or four months in the year affords a miserable subsistence to a few horses, cattle, and sheep, and sometimes a little hay for the winter. It is said that the Norwegians, on their first arrival, found extensive forests growing on Iceland, and this account is somewhat warranted by the trees occasionally dug out of the peat bogs; such trees, however, are rare, and none have been discovered exceeding a foot in diameter: at the present day, there is probably not a tree in a growing state on the whole island that measures ten inches. It is also supposed that grain was once produced on the island; but the present race have met with no encouragement to persevere in their attempts to cultivate it. A few greens and potatoes are occasionally raised, but even these do not always succeed. The climate, as might be expected, is exceedingly unsteady; but Dr. Henderson did not consider the winter which he spent in Iceland as more severe than in the south of Scandinavia; and was surprised to find the temperature of the atmosphere, not only

less severe than that of the preceding winter in Denmark, but equal to that of the mildest which he had passed either in Denmark or Sweden.

The original settlers in Iceland were voluntary exiles, who abandoned Norway from a dread of the tyranny of the ruling prince : the form of government, adopted in their new abode, was just the reverse of that from which they fled ; and its suitability to the circumstances of the people may be inferred from its long continuance of nearly four hundred years. In the year 1261 their liberties were somewhat abridged, by becoming tributaries to their original country ; but they expressly stipulated, that they should be allowed to retain their ancient laws and privileges, and that they should be exempt from all taxes. In 1387 they were transferred to Denmark, but no alteration took place ; nor are we aware of any material change in their internal polity from that period, till the year 1800, when the *Althing*, or general assembly of the island, was abrogated, and a supreme court, consisting of a chief justice, two assessors, and a secretary, substituted in its room, from which an appeal lies to the high court in Denmark. In ancient times, the punishment for murder was hanging ; for child-murder, drowning ; and for witchcraft, burning. At present, the only punishment inflicted on the island is fine, imprisonment, and whipping ; if a capital crime should occur, which is extremely rare, they are obliged to send the criminal to Denmark to suffer the sentence of the law, as no person could be found on the whole island to carry it into execution.

Iceland was converted to Christianity about the year 1000. The religion remained Catholic, till the year 1540, when the doctrines of the Reformation were introduced, which continue to the present day. There does not probably exist a more meritorious set of men than the clergy of Iceland, nor any who are so wretchedly paid for their clerical functions. They have one archdeacon, eighteen provosts or deans, one hundred and eighty-four parish livings, and more than three

hundred churches; what these are may be collected from the brief description of the first that occurred to Dr. Henderson—that of Moss Fell:—"The church is built of wood, has a coat of turf around the sides, and the roof consists of the same material. It has only two small windows at the east end, and a skylight to the south; and the whole structure does not exceed *thirteen feet* in length and *nine* in breadth." The good effects of their pastoral care are most sensibly felt by all who have visited this interesting island. In the midst of the physical horrors with which they are surrounded, "steeped," as they are, "in poverty to the very lips," the general state of mental cultivation, and the diffusion of knowledge among the inhabitants, have no parallel in any nation even in Europe: nor is this owing altogether to the attention of the clergy, or to the institution of public schools; for there is but one school on the island: "yet it is exceedingly rare," says Dr. Henderson, "to meet with a boy or girl, who has attained the age of nine or ten years, that cannot read and write with ease. Domestic education is most rigidly attended to; and it is no uncommon thing to hear youths repeat passages from the Greek and Latin authors, who have never been farther than a few miles from the place where they were born; nor do I scarcely ever recollect entering a hut, where I did not find some individual or another capable of entering into a conversation with me, on topics which would be reckoned altogether above the understandings of people in the same rank of society in other countries of Europe. Their predominant character," Dr. Henderson adds, "is that of unsuspecting frankness, pious contentment, and a steady liveliness of temperament, combined with a strength of intellect and acuteness of mind seldom to be met with in other parts of the world." He denies, that they are either a sullen or melancholy people, and in this he is borne out by the testimony of Dr. Holland, who observes, that the "vivacity of their manner frequently forms a striking contrast to the wretchedness which their external con-

dition displays." In personal appearance, they are rather above the middle size, of a frank and open countenance, a florid complexion, and yellow flaxen hair. The women are more disposed to corpulency than the men.

In the description of their houses, few traces of comfort are to be found. The diet of the Icelanders, consisting almost solely of animal food, and of fish, either fresh or dried, and the want of cleanliness in their personal and domestic habits, which is an evil incident to their situation, produce cutaneous diseases under their worst forms. It does not seem, however, that these maladies are particularly hostile to life, or that the Icelanders, though stated to be generally of a weakly habit of body, fall short of the usual period of human existence. In addition to the diet just mentioned, the inhabitants have in their short summer plenty of milk and butter; but nine-tenths of them know not the luxury of bread or vegetables. Their butter, which "drops from every plant," after the whey has been pressed out, will keep, it is said, for twenty years.

LEDYARD.

LEDYARD, the celebrated though unfortunate traveller, was a native of North America. From his early youth, he displayed a strong propensity to visit unknown and savage countries; and to gratify this propensity, he lived for several years among the American Indians. Under the influence of this motive, he afterwards sailed round the world with Captain Cook, in the humble station of a Corporal of Marines. On his return from this long voyage, with curiosity unsated, he determined to traverse the vast continent of America, from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean; but being disappointed in his design, he proceeded to Kamtschatka by land; in which arduous undertaking he encountered dangers and difficulties that would have ap-

palled any other man but himself. In him the spirit of enterprise was so little subdued by the hardships he had undergone, that, on his arrival in England, he instantly presented himself to the African Association, as a volunteer, to trace the course of the Niger, and to explore a region as yet inaccessible to Europeans, and fatally disastrous to all who have made the attempt. To the question, "When will you be ready to set out for Africa?"—"To-morrow morning!" was the reply of this intrepid man.

"I am not ignorant," said he, "that the task assigned me is arduous, and big with danger: but I am accustomed to hardships. I have known both hunger and nakedness, to the utmost extremity of human suffering: I have known what it is to have food given me as a charity to a madman: and I have, at times, been obliged to shelter myself under the miseries of that character, to avoid a heavier calamity. My distresses have been greater than I ever owned, or ever will own to any man. Such evils are terrible to bear, but they never yet had power to turn me from my purpose. If I live, I will faithfully perform, in its utmost extent, my engagements to the Society: and if I perish in the attempt, my honour will be safe, for death cancels all bonds."

Such was the undaunted Ledyard! But although he appeared to be formed of sterner stuff than his fellow-men, yet was he not destitute of kind and amiable feelings. He had a heart exquisitely alive to the sense of obligation; and the eulogy, which his gratitude has passed on the female sex, stands unrivalled for its tenderness, its simplicity, and its truth.

"I have always," said he, "remarked, that Women in all countries are civil and obliging, tender and humane: that they are ever inclined to be gay and cheerful, timorous and modest: and that they do not hesitate, like men, to perform a generous action. Not haughty, not arrogant, not supercilious; they are full of courtesy, and fond of society: more liable in general to err than men; but in general, also,

more virtuous, and performing more good actions. To a Woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. With man it has often been otherwise.—In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland, over rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, or sick, the Women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so. And to add to this virtue (so worthy the appellation of benevolence,) these actions have been performed in so free and kind a manner, that if I was dry, I drank the simplest draught, and, if hungry, I ate the coarsest meal from the hand of a Woman, with the sweetest relish!”

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Geo. II.—1740.

CLAUSE TO THE BILL FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF
SAILORS.

SPEAKER.

ADMIRAL WAGER.

MR. HENRY FOX.

LORD BALTIMORE.

MR. LODWICK.

SIR JOHN BARNARD.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

MR. PITT.

MR. HAY.

MR. PERRY.

SIR WILLIAM YONGE.

MR. FAZAKERLY.

THE ATTORNEY GENERAL.

MR. HORACE WALPOLE.

MR. WINNINGTON.

MR. HENRY PELHAM.

MR. LYTTLETON.

Admiral WAGER :—Mr. Speaker, as there is a bill just brought into the House, for the encouragement of seamen, and for the more speedily manning of the Fleet, I rise to propose a clause, by which it may be enacted, “that no merchants, nor bodies corporate or politic, shall hire sailors at higher wages than thirty-fiveshillings for the month, on pain of forfeiting treble the value of the sum so agreed for; which law shall commence after fifteen days, and continue for a time to be agreed upon by the House.” Sir, the necessity of this clause must be so apparent to every gentleman, acquainted with naval and commercial affairs, that as no opposition can be apprehended, very few arguments will be requisite to introduce it.

How much the public calamities of war are improved by the sailors to their own private advantage, how generally

they shun the public service, in hopes of receiving exorbitant wages from the merchants, and how much they extort from the merchants, by threatening to leave their service for that of the crown, is universally known to every officer of the navy, and every commander of a trading vessel.—(*Hear.*)

A law, therefore, Sir, to restrain them in time of war from such exorbitant demands, to deprive them of those prospects which have often no other effect than to lull them in idleness, while they skulk about in expectation of higher wages, and to hinder them from deceiving themselves, embarrassing the merchants, and neglecting the general interest of their country, is undoubtedly just. It is just, Sir, because, in regard to the public, it is necessary to prevent the greatest calamity that can fall upon a people, to preserve us from receiving laws from the most implacable of our enemies; and it is just, because, with respect to particular men, it has no tendency but to suppress idleness, fraud, and extortion.—(*Hear.*)

Mr. HENRY FOX :—Sir, I have no objection to any part of this clause, except the day proposed for the commencement. To make a law against any pernicious practice, to which there are strong temptations, and to give those whose interest may incite them to it, time to effect their schemes, before the law shall begin to operate, seems not very consistent with wisdom or vigilance.—(*Hear.*)

It is not denied, Sir, that the merchants are betrayed by that regard to private interest which prevails too frequently over nobler views, to bribe away from the service of the crown, by large rewards, those sailors whose assistance is now so necessary to the public; and, therefore, it is not to be imagined, that they will not employ their utmost diligence to improve the interval, which the bill allows, in making contracts for the ensuing year, and that the sailors will not eagerly engage themselves, before this law shall preclude their prospects of advantage.

As, therefore, to make no law, and to make a law that will not be observed, is, in consequence, the same, and the time allowed by the clause, as it now stands, may make the whole provision ineffectual, it is my opinion, that either it ought to begin to operate to-morrow, or that we ought to leave the whole affair in its present state.—(*Hear.*)

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE:—Sir, nothing has a greater appearance of injustice, than to punish men by virtue of laws with which they are not acquainted; the law, therefore, is always supposed to be known by those who have offended it, because it is the duty of every man to know it; and certainly it ought to be the care of the legislature, that those whom a law will affect, may have a possibility of knowing it, and that those may not be punished for failing in their duty, whom nothing but inevitable ignorance has betrayed into offence.

But if the operation of this law should commence to-morrow, what numbers may break it, and suffer by the breach of it involuntarily, and without design! and how shall we vindicate ourselves, from having been accessory to the crime which we censure and punish?—(*Hear, hear.*)

Mr. HENRY FOX:—Sir, I shall not urge, in defence of my motion, what is generally known, and has been frequently inculcated in all debates upon this bill,—that private considerations ought always to give way to the necessities of the public; for I think it sufficient to observe, that there is a distinction to be made between punishment and restraints; and that we never can be too early in the prevention of pernicious practices, though we may sometimes delay to punish them.

The law will be known to-morrow to far the greatest number of those who may be tempted to defeat it; and if there be others that break it ignorantly, how will they find themselves injured by being only obliged to pay less than they promised; (*Hear*) which is all that I should propose, without longer warning? The debate upon this particular

will be at length reduced to a question, whether a law for this purpose is just and expedient? If a law be necessary, it is necessary that it should be executed; and it can be executed only by commencing to-morrow.—(*Hear.*)

Lord BALTIMORE:—Sir, it appears to me of no great importance how soon the operation of the law commences, or how long it is delayed, because I see no reason for imagining that it will, at any time, produce the effects proposed by it.

It has been the amusement, Sir, of a great part of my life, to converse with men whose inclinations or employments have made them well acquainted with maritime affairs.

The clause now before us, will, in my opinion, have no other effect than to promote cunning and fraud, and to teach men those arts of collusion, with which they would otherwise never have been acquainted.

Mr. LODWICK:—Sir, I agree with the honourable gentleman, by whom this clause has been offered, that the end for which it is proposed is worthy of the closest attention of the legislative power; and that the evils of which the prevention is now endeavoured, may, in some measure, not only obstruct our traffic, but endanger our country. I shall, therefore, very readily concur in any measures for this purpose, that shall not appear either unjust or ineffectual.

Whether this clause will be sufficient to restrain all elusive contracts, and whether all the little artifices of interest are sufficiently obviated, I am yet unable to determine; but, by a reflection upon the multiplicity of relations to be considered, and the variety of circumstances to be adjusted, in a provision of this kind, I am inclined to think, that it is not the business of a transient inquiry, or of a single clause, but that it will demand a separate law, and engage the deliberation and regard of this whole assembly.—(*Hear, hear, hear.*)

Sir JOHN BARNARD:—Sir, notwithstanding the im-

patience and resentment, with which some men see their mistakes and ignorance detected, notwithstanding the reverence which negligence and haste are said to be entitled to, from this assembly, I shall openly declare, without the apprehension of being confuted, that this bill was drawn up without consideration, and is defended without being understood; that after all the amendments which have been admitted, and all the additions proposed, it will be oppressive and ineffectual, a chaos of absurdities, and a monument of ignorance.

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE :—Sir, the present business of this assembly is to examine the clause before us; but to deviate from so necessary an inquiry into loud exclamations against the whole bill, is to obstruct the course of the debate; to perplex our attention, and interrupt the senate in its deliberation upon questions, in the determination of which the security of the public is nearly concerned.—(*Hear.*)

The war, Sir, in which we are now engaged, and, I may add, engaged by the general request of the whole nation, can be prosecuted only by the assistance of the seamen; from whom it is not to be expected that they will sacrifice their immediate advantage, to the security of their country. Public spirit, where it is to be found, is the result of reflection, refined by study and exalted by education; which is not to be hoped for among those whom low fortune has condemned to perpetual drudgery. It must be, therefore, necessary to supply the defects of education, and to produce, by salutary coercions, those effects which it is in vain to expect from other causes.

That the service of the sailors will be set up to sale by auction, and that the merchants will bid against the government, is incontestable; nor is there any doubt that they will be able to offer the highest price, because they will take care to repay themselves, by raising the value of their goods. Thus, without some restraint upon the merchants, our enemies, who are not debared by their form of govern-

ment from any method which policy can invent, or absolute power put in execution, will preclude all our designs, and set at defiance a nation superior to themselves.

Sir JOHN BARNARD:—Sir, I think myself obliged by my duty to my country, and by my gratitude to those, by whose industry we are enriched, and by whose courage we are defended, to make once more a declaration, not against particular clauses, not against single circumstances, but against the whole bill; a bill unjust and oppressive, absurd and ridiculous; a bill to harass the industrious and distress the honest, to puzzle the wise and add power to the cruel; a bill which cannot be read without astonishment, nor passed without the violation of our constitution, and an equal disregard of policy, honesty, and humanity.

All these assertions will need to be proved only by a bare perusal of this hateful bill; by which the meanest, the most worthless reptile, exalted to a petty office by serving a wretch only superior to him in fortune, is enabled to show his authority by tyrannizing over those who every hour deserve the public acknowledgments of the community; to intrude upon the retreats of brave men, fatigued and exhausted by honest industry; to drag them out with all the wantonness of grovelling authority; and chain them to the oar without a moment's respite,—or perhaps oblige them to purchase, with the gains of a dangerous voyage, or the plunder of an enemy lately conquered, a short interval to settle their affairs, or bid their children farewell.—(Hear.)

Let any gentleman in this House, let those, Sir, who now sit at ease, projecting laws of oppression, and conferring upon their own slaves such licentious authority, pause a few moments, and imagine themselves exposed to the same hardships by a power superior to their own; let them conceive themselves torn from the tenderness and caresses of their families by midnight irruptions; dragged in triumph through the streets by a despicable officer, and placed under the command of those by whom they have perhaps been

already oppressed and insulted. Why should we imagine, that the race of men for whom those cruelties are preparing, have less sensibility than ourselves? Why should we believe, that they will suffer without complaint, and be injured without resentment? Why should we conceive, that they will not at once deliver themselves, and punish their oppressors, by deserting that country where they are considered as felons, and laying hold on those rewards and privileges which no other government will deny them.—(*Hear, hear.*)

Mr. PITT:—Sir, it is common for those who have the greatest regard for their own interest, to discover the least for that of others. I do not, therefore, despair of recalling the advocates of this bill from the prosecution of their favourite measures, by arguments of greater efficacy than those which are founded on reason and justice.

Nothing, Sir, is more evident, than that some degree of reputation is absolutely necessary to men who have any concern in the administration of a government like ours; they must secure the fidelity of their adherents, by the assistance either of wisdom, or of virtue; their enemies must either be awed by their honesty, or terrified by their cunning. Mere artless bribery will never gain a sufficient majority, to set them entirely free from apprehensions of censure. To different tempers different motives must be applied: some, who place their felicity in being counted wise, care very little about their character for honesty; others may be persuaded to join in measures which they easily discover to be weak and ill-concerted, because they are convinced, that the authors of them are not corrupt but mistaken, and are unwilling, that any man should be punished for natural defects or casual ignorance.

I cannot say, Sir, which of these motives influence the advocates for the bill before us; a bill in which such cruelties are proposed as are yet unknown among the most savage nations, such as slavery has not yet borne, or

tyranny invented, such as cannot be heard without resentment, nor thought of without horror.

It is, Sir, perhaps, not unfortunate, that one more expedient has been added, rather ridiculous than shocking, and that these tyrants of the administration, who amuse themselves with oppressing their fellow-subjects, who add, without reluctance, one hardship to another, invade the liberty of those whom they have already overborne with taxes, first plunder and then imprison, who take all opportunities of heightening the public distresses, and make the miseries of war the instruments of new oppressions, are too ignorant to be formidable, and owe their power not to their abilities, but to casual prosperity, or to the influence of money.—(*Hear.*)

The other clauses of this bill, complicated at once with cruelty and folly, have been treated with becoming indignation; but this may be considered with less ardour of resentment, and fewer emotions of zeal, because, though perhaps equally iniquitous, it will do no harm; for a law that can never be executed can never be felt.—(*Hear.*)

That it will consume the manufacture of paper, and swell the books of statutes, is all the good or hurt that can be hoped or feared from a law like this; a law which fixes what is in its own nature mutable; which prescribes rules to the seasons and limits to the wind. I am too well acquainted, Sir, with the disposition of its two chief supporters, to mention the contempt with which this law will be treated by posterity; for they have already shown abundantly their disregard of succeeding generations; but I will remind them, that they are now venturing their whole interest at once, and hope they will recollect, before it is too late, that those who believe them to intend the happiness of their country, will never be confirmed in their opinion by open cruelty and notorious oppression; and that those who have only their own interest in view, will be afraid of adhering to those leaders, however old and practised in expedients, however strengthened by corruption, or

elated with power ; who have no reason to hope for success from either their virtue or abilities.—(*Hear, hear. Mr. Horace Walpole rises and attempts to speak in reply, but—Mr. Bathurst catching the eye of the Speaker,—sits down.*)

Mr. BATHURST:—Sir, the clause now under our consideration, is so inconsiderately drawn up, that it is impossible to read it in the most cursory manner, without discovering the necessity of numerous amendments: no malicious subtillies nor artful deductions are required, in raising objections to this part of the bill, they crowd upon us without being sought, and, instead of exercising our sagacity, weary our attention.

The first error, or rather one part of a general and complicated error, is the computation of time not by days but by kalendar months ; which, as they are not equal one to another, may embarrass the account between the sailors and those who employ them. In all contracts of a short duration, the time is to be reckoned by weeks and days ; by certain and regular periods ; which has been so constantly the practice of the seafaring men, that perhaps many of them do not know the meaning of a kalendar month : this indeed is a neglect of no great importance, because no man can be deprived by it of more than the wages due for the labour of a few days ; but the other part of this clause is more seriously to be considered, as it threatens the sailors with greater injuries ; for it is to be enacted, that all contracts made for more wages than are here allowed, shall be totally void.

It cannot be denied to be possible ; and, in my opinion, it is very likely, that many contracts will be made without the knowledge of this law, and, consequently, without any design of violating it ; but ignorance, inevitable ignorance, though it is a valid excuse for every other man, is no plea for the unhappy sailor ; he must suffer, though innocent, the penalty of a crime ; must undergo danger, hardships, and labour, without a recompence ; and at the end of a success-

ful voyage, after having enriched his country by his industry, return home to a necessitous family without being able to relieve them.—(*Hear.*)

It is scarcely necessary, Sir, to raise any more objections to a clause in which nothing is right. The high wages, paid by merchants are the chief incitements that prevail upon the ambitious, the necessitous, or the avaricious, to forsake the ease and security of the land; to leave easy trades, and healthful employments, and expose themselves to an element where they are not certain of an hour's safety. The service of the merchants is the nursery, in which seamen are trained up for his Majesty's navies; and from thence we must, in time of danger, expect those forces by which alone we can be protected.—(*Hear.*)

If, therefore, it is necessary to encourage sailors, it is necessary to reject all measures that may terrify or disgust them; and as their numbers must depend upon our trade, let us not embarrass the merchants with any other difficulties than those which are inseparable from war, and which very little care has been hitherto taken to alleviate.

Mr. HAY:—Sir, the objections which have been urged with so much ardour, and displayed with such power of eloquence, are not, in my opinion, formidable enough to discourage us from prosecuting our measures; some of them may be readily answered, and the rest, perhaps, easily removed.

The computation of time, as it now stands, is allowed not to produce any formidable evil, and, therefore, did not require so rhetorical a censure: the inconveniency of kalendar months may easily be removed by a little candour in the contracting parties, or, that the objection may not be repeated to the interruption of the debate, weeks or days may be substituted, and the usual reckoning of the sailors be still continued.

That some contracts may be annulled, and inconveniences or delays of payment arise, is too evident to be questioned;

but, in that case, the sailor may have his remedy provided, and be enabled to obtain, by an easy process, what he shall be judged to *have deserved*; for it must be allowed reasonable, that every man who labours in honest and useful employments, should receive the reward of his diligence and fidelity.

Thus, Sir, may the clause, however loudly censured and violently opposed, be made useful and equitable, and the public service advanced without injury to individuals.

Sir ROBERT WALPOLE:—Sir, every law which extends its influence to great numbers in various relations and circumstances, must produce some consequences that were never foreseen or intended, and is to be censured or applauded as the general advantages or inconveniences are found to preponderate. Of this kind is the law before us; a law enforced by the necessity of our affairs, and drawn up with no other intention than to secure the public happiness, and produce that success which every man's interest must prompt him to desire.

If in the execution of this law, Sir, some inconveniences should arise, they are to be remedied as fast as they are discovered; or, if not capable of a remedy, to be patiently borne in consideration of the general advantage.

That some temporary disturbances may be produced, is not improbable; the discontent of the sailors may for a short time rise high, and our trade be suspended by their obstinacy; but obstinacy however determined must yield to hunger; and when no higher wages can be obtained, they will cheerfully accept of those which are here allowed them. Short voyages indeed are not comprehended in the clause; and therefore the sailors will engage in them upon their own terms; but this objection can be of no weight with those that oppose the clause; because, if it is unjust to limit the wages of the sailors, it is just to leave those voyages without restriction; and those that think the expedient here proposed equitable and rational, may perhaps be will-

ing to make some concessions to those who are of a different opinion.

That the bill will not remove every obstacle to success, nor add weight to one part of the balance, without making the other lighter; that it will not supply the navy, without incommoding the merchants in some degree; that it may be sometimes evaded by cunning, and sometimes abused by malice, and that at last it will be less efficacious than is desired, may, perhaps, be proved; but it *has not yet been proved that other measures are more eligible, or that we are not to promote the public service as far as we are able, though our endeavours may not produce effects equal to our wishes.* (*Hear, hear*.)

Sir JOHN BARNARD:—Sir, I know not by what fatality it is that nothing can be urged, in defence of the clause before us, which does not tend to discover its weakness and inefficacy. The warmest patrons of this expedient are impelled, by the mere force of conviction, to such concessions as invalidate all their arguments, and leave their opponents no necessity of replying.

If short voyages are not comprehended in this provision, what are we now controverting? What but the expedience of a law that will never be executed? The sailors, however they are contemned by those who think them only worthy to be treated like beasts of burden, are not yet so stupid but that they can easily find out, that to serve a fortnight for greater wages is more eligible than to toil a month for less; and as the numerous equipments that have been lately made, have not left many more sailors in the service of the merchants than may be employed in the coasting trade, those who traffic to remoter parts, must shut up their books and wait till the expiration of this act, for an opportunity of renewing their commerce.—(*Hear.*)

To regulate the wages for one voyage, and to leave another without limitation, in time of scarcity of seamen, is absolutely to prohibit that trade which is so restrained, and

is doubtless a more effectual embargo than has been yet invented.—(*Hear.*)

Let any man but suppose, that the East India Company were obliged to give only half the wages which other traders allow, and consider how that part of our commerce could be carried on; would not their goods rot in their warehouses, and their ships lie for ever in the harbour? Would not the sailors refuse to contract with them? or desert them after a contract, upon the first prospect of more advantageous employment?—(*Hear.*)

But it is not requisite to multiply arguments on a question, which may not only be decided without long examination, but in which we may determine our conclusions by the experience of our ancestors. Scarcely any right or wrong measure is without a precedent, and, amongst others, this expedient has been tried by the wisdom of former times; a law was once made for limiting the wages of sailors, and that it is totally ineffectual, we are all convinced. Experience is a very safe guide in political inquiries, and often discovers what the most enlightened reason failed to foresee.

Let us therefore improve the errors of our ancestors to our own advantage; and whilst we neglect to imitate their virtues, let us, at least, forbear to repeat their follies.

Mr. PERRY:—Sir, there is one objection which my acquaintance with foreign trade impresses too strongly upon my mind to suffer me to conceal.

It is quite unnecessary to observe to this assembly, that there are now, as at all times, great numbers of sailors in every part of the world, and that they at least equally deserve our regard with those who are under the more immediate influence of the government.

These seamen have already contracted for the price of their labour, and the recompence of their hazards, nor can we, in my opinion, without manifest injustice, dissolve a contract founded upon equity, and confirmed by law.

It is, Sir, an undisputed principle of government, that no

person should be punished without a crime ; but is it no punishment to deprive a man of what is due to him by a legal stipulation, the condition of which is on his part honestly fulfilled?—(*Hear.*)

Nothing, Sir, can be imagined more calamitous than the disappointment to which this law subjects the unhappy men ; who are now promoting the interest of their country, in distant places amidst dangers and hardships, in unhealthy climates and barbarous nations ; where they comfort themselves under the fatigues of labour and the miseries of sickness, with the prospect of the sum which they shall gain for the relief of their families, and the respite which their wages will enable them to enjoy ; but, upon their return, they find their hopes blasted, and their contracts dissolved, by a law made in their absence.

No human being, I think, can coolly and deliberately inflict a hardship like this ; and, therefore, I doubt not but those who have, by inadvertency, given room for this objection, will either remove it, by an amendment, or what is, in my opinion, more eligible, reject the clause as inexpedient, useless, and unjust.

Sir WILLIAM YONGE :—Sir, this debate has been protracted, not by any difficulties arising from the nature of the questions which have been the subject of it, but by a neglect with which almost all the opponents of the bill may be justly charged,—the neglect of distinguishing between measures eligible in themselves, and measures preferable to consequences, which are apprehended from particular conjunctures ; between laws made only to advance the public happiness, and expedients of which the benefit is merely occasional, and of which the sole intention is to avert some national calamity, and which are to cease with the necessity that produced them.—(*Hear.*)

Such are the measures, Sir, which are now intended ; measures which, in days of ease, security, and prosperity, it would be the highest degree of weakness to propose, but of

which I cannot see the absurdity, in times of danger and distress. Such laws are the medicines of a state, useless and nauseous in health, but preferable to a lingering disease, or to a miserable death.

Even those measures, Sir, which have been mentioned as most grossly absurd, and represented as parallel to the provision made in this clause only to expose it to contempt and ridicule, may in particular circumstances be rational and just. To settle the price of corn in the time of a famine, may become the wisest state, and multitudes might, in time of public misery, by the benefit of temporary laws, be preserved from destruction. Even those masts, to which, with a prosperous gale, the ship owes its usefulness and its speed, are often cut down by the sailors, in the fury of a storm.

With regard to the ships which are now in distant places, whither no knowledge of this law can possibly be conveyed, it cannot be denied, that their crews ought to be secured from injury, by some particular exception; for though it is evident, in competitions between public and private interest, which ought to be preferred, yet we ought to remember, that no unnecessary injury is to be done to individuals, even while we are providing for the safety of the nation.

Mr. FAZAKERLY:—Sir, though I cannot be supposed to have much acquaintance with naval affairs, and therefore may not, perhaps, discover the full force of the arguments which have been urged in favour of the clause now under consideration, yet I cannot but think myself under an indispensable obligation, to examine, it as far as I am able, and to make use of the knowledge which I have acquired, however inferior to that of others.

The argument, Sir, the only real argument, which has been produced in favour of the restraint of wages now proposed, appears to me by no means conclusive; nor can I believe that the meanest and most ignorant seaman would,

if it were proposed to him, hesitate, a moment, for an answer to it. Let me suppose, Sir, a merchant urging it as a charge against a seaman, that he raises his demand of wages in time of war, would not the sailor readily reply, that harder labour required larger pay? Would he not ask, why the general practice of mankind is charged as a crime upon him only? Inquire, says he, of the workmen in the docks; have they not double wages for double labour? and is not their lot safe and easy in comparison with mine? I encounter danger and support fatigue; I carry on war and commerce, at the same time; I conduct the ship and oppose the enemy, and am equally exposed to captivity and shipwreck.

This, in reality, is the state of a sailor, in time of war. And I do not see what reply can be made to the sailor's artless expostulation.—(*Hear, question.*)

The ATTORNEY GENERAL:—Sir, the clause before us cannot in my opinion, produce any such dreadful consequences as the learned gentleman appears to imagine; however, to remove all difficulties, I have drawn up an amendment, which I shall beg leave to propose, “that the contracts which may be affected as the clause now stands, *shall be void only as to so much of the wages as shall exceed the sum to which the House shall agree to reduce the seamen's pay*; and as to the forfeitures, they are not to be levied upon the sailors, but upon the merchants, or trading companies, who employ them; and who are able to pay greater sums without being involved in poverty and distress.”

With regard, Sir, to the reasons for introducing this clause, they are, in my judgment, valid and equitable. We have found it necessary to fix the rate of money at interest, and the rate of labour in several cases, and if we do not in this case, what will be the consequence? A second embargo on commerce, and perhaps a total stop to all military preparations.

If the sailor, Sir, is exposed to greater dangers in time of

war, is not the merchant's trade carried on likewise at greater hazard? Is not the freight equally with the sailors threatened at once by the ocean and the enemy? And is not the owner's fortune equally impaired, whether the ship is dashed upon a rock, or seized by a privateer?

The merchant, therefore, has as much reason for paying less wages in time of war, as the sailor for demanding more; and nothing remains, but that the legislative power determine a medium between their different interests, with justice, if possible, at least with impartiality.

Mr. HORACE WALPOLE, (*this member had stood up several times, but was prevented from speaking by other members*):—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 of 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 clamours of rage and petulancy of invectives contribute to the purposes 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 emotions.

Formidable sounds, and furious declamations, 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 had more opportu-

nities 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, but 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 the administration, to *prove* the inconveniences and injustice of this bill, than barely to *assert* them, with whatever magnificè of language, or appearance of zeal, honesty, or compassion.—(*Hear, and a pause*).

Mr. PITT :—(*Hear, hear*)—Sir,—(*Hear*)—the atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall attempt neither 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 imputed 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 appears 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 becomes 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 imply either some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an 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*.—(Hear, and a laugh. Mr. Pitt imitates the manner of Mr. Horace Walpole.)

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 intrrench 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 that 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 them in their villainy, and whoever may partake of their plunder.—And if the honourable gentleman——

Mr. WINNINGTON (*having called to order, and Mr. Pitt sitting down*):—It is necessary, Sir, that the order of this assembly be observed, and the debate be resumed without personal altercations. Such expressions as have been vented on this occasion become not an assembly entrusted with the liberty and welfare of their country. To interrupt the debate on a subject so important as that before us, is, in some measure, to obstruct the public business, and violate our trust: but much more heinous is the crime of exposing our determinations to contempt, and inciting the people to suspicion or mutiny, by indecent reflections, or unjust insinuations.

I do not, Sir, undertake to decide the controversy between the two gentlemen, but must be allowed to observe, that no diversity of opinion can justify the violation of decency, and the use of rude and virulent expressions; expressions dictated only by resentment, and uttered without regard to——

Mr. PITT (*order* :)—Sir, if this be to preserve order, there is no danger of indecency from the most licentious tongue; for what calumny can be more atrocious, or what reproach more severe, than that of speaking with regard to any thing but truth? Order may sometimes be broken by passion, or inadvertency, but will hardly be re-established by a monitor like this! who, whilst he is restraining the impetuosity of others, cannot govern his own.

Happy, Sir, would it be for mankind, if every one knew his own province; we should not then see the same man at once a criminal and a judge. Nor would this gentleman assume the right of dictating to others, what he has not learned himself.

That I may return, in some degree, the favour which he intends me, I will advise him never hereafter to exert himself on the subject of order ; but, whenever he finds himself inclined to speak on such occasions, to remember how he has now succeeded, and condemn in silence what his censures will never reform.

Mr. WINNINGTON :—Sir, as I was hindered by the gentleman's ardour and impetuosity from concluding my sentence, none but myself can know the equity or partiality of my intentions ; and therefore as I cannot justly be condemned, I ought to be supposed innocent ; nor ought he to censure a fault, of which he cannot be certain that it would ever have been committed.

He has indeed exalted himself to a degree of authority, never yet assumed by any member of this House,—that of condemning others to silence. I am henceforward, by his inviolable decree, to sit and hear his harangues, without daring to oppose him. How wide he may extend his authority, I shall not determine ; having not yet arrived at the same degree of sagacity with himself, nor being able to foreknow what another is going to pronounce.

If I had given offence by any improper sallies of passion, I ought to have been censured, by the concurrent voice of the house, or have received a reprimand, Sir, from you ; to which I should have submitted without opposition ; but I will not be doomed to silence by one who has no pretensions to authority, and whose arbitrary decisions can only tend to introduce uproar, discord, and confusion.

Mr. HENRY PELHAM :—Sir, when, in the ardour of controversy upon interesting questions, the zeal of the disputants hinders them from a nice observation of decency and regularity, there is some indulgence due to the common weakness of our nature ; nor ought any gentleman to affix to a negligent expression a more offensive sense than is necessarily implied by it.—(*Hear.*)

To search deep, Sir, for calumnies and reproaches is no

laudable nor beneficial curiosity ; it must always be troublesome to ourselves, by alarming us with imaginary injuries, and may often be unjust to others, by charging them with invectives which they never intended.—(*Hear.*) General candour and mutual tenderness will best preserve our own quiet, and support that dignity which has always been accounted essential to national debates, and seldom infringed, without dangerous consequences.—(*Hear.*)

Mr. LYTTLETON:—Sir, no man can be more zealous for decency than myself, or more convinced of the necessity of a methodical prosecution of the question before us.—(*Question*)—I am well convinced how near indecency and faction are to one another, and how inevitably confusion produces obscurity ; but I hope it will always be remembered, that he who first infringes decency, or deviates from method, is to answer for all the consequences that may arise from the neglect of senatorial customs : for it is not to be expected, that any man will bear reproaches without reply, or that he who wanders from the question will not be followed in his digressions, and hunted through his labyrinths.—(*Question, question.*)

It cannot, Sir, be denied, that some insinuations were uttered, injurious to those whose zeal may sometimes happen to prompt them to warm declarations, or incite them to passionate emotions. Whether I am of importance enough to be included in the censure, I despise it too much to inquire or consider ; but I cannot forbear to observe, that zeal for the right can never become reproachful, and that no man can fall into contempt, but those who deserve it.—(*Question, question.*)

HOUSE OF LORDS.

GEO. II.—1742.

THE BILL.—“AN ACT FOR REPEALING CERTAIN DUTIES ON SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS, *and on Licences for retailing the same, and for laying other Duties on Spirituous Liquors, and on Licences for retailing the said Liquors.*”

THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

LORD HERVEY.

LORD LONSDALE.

LORD BATHURST.

LORD ILAY.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD.

LORD CARTERET.

LORD TALBOT.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

LORD CHOLMONDELEY.

THE BISHOP OF SARUM.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

LORD DELAWAR.

LORD HERVEY :—My Lords, though I doubt not but that the bill before us,—a bill for increasing the duty on spirituous liquors, and for diminishing the expense of licences for retailing them, will be promoted in this House, by the same influence by which it has been conducted through the other, yet, I hope, that its success will be very different. I hope, that zeal for the promotion of virtue, will prevent the approbation of a bill, by which vice is to be made legal; by which the fences of subordination are to be thrown down, and all the order of society, and decency of regular establishments, be obliterated by universal licentiousness, and lost in the wild confusions of debauchery;—of debauchery encouraged by law,—of debauchery promoted for the support of measures expensive, ridiculous, and unnecessary.—(*Hear, hear.*)

The bill now before you, my Lords, is fundamentally wrong; I say it is fundamentally wrong, because it is formed upon

a hateful project of increasing the consumption of distilled liquors, and consequently of promoting drunkenness among a people, reproached already for it throughout the whole world.—(*Order, order, and a laugh.*)—My Lords, I am disposed to be serious; and I repeat that this bill is formed upon a hateful project. I need not observe to your Lordships, that all the advantages which high stations, or large possessions can confer, are derived from the labours of the poor: for a very little consideration will be sufficient to show, that the lowest orders of mankind supply commerce with manufacturers; navigation with mariners, and war with soldiers; that they constitute the strength and riches of every nation; and that, though they generally move by superior direction, they are the immediate support of the community; and that without their concurrence, policy would project in vain; wisdom would end in idle speculation; and the determination of this assembly would be empty sounds.

No sooner, my Lords, will this bill make drunkenness unexpensive and commodious, no sooner will shops be opened in every corner of the streets, in every petty village, and in every obscure cellar, for the retail of these liquors, than the work-rooms will be forsaken, when the artificer, by the labour of a small part of the day, has procured what will be sufficient to intoxicate him for the remaining hours;—for he will hold it ridiculous to waste any part of his life in superfluous diligence, and will readily assign to merriment and clamour that time which he now spends in useful occupations.

But such is the quality of these liquors, that he will not be able to divide his life between labour and debauchery;—he will soon find himself disabled by his excesses from the prosecution of his work, and those shops which were before abandoned for the sake of pleasure, will soon be made desolate by sickness;—those who were before idle, will become diseased, and either perish by untimely deaths, or

languish in misery and want,—a useless burthen to the public.

Drunkenness, my Lords, is the parent of idleness ; for no man can apply himself to his trade, either while he is drinking, or when he is drunk.

Poverty, my Lords, is the offspring of idleness, as idleness is of drunkenness ; the drunkard's work is little, and his expences are great ; and therefore, he must soon see his family distressed, and his substance reduced to nothing. Then, necessity, immediate necessity, presses upon him ; his family is made clamorous by want, and the calls of nature and of luxury are equally importunate ; he has now lost his credit in the world, and none will employ him, because none will trust him ; or employment cannot immediately, perhaps, be obtained, because his place, for a long time, has been supplied by others.

No plan can be devised to relieve him ; and therefore, he has nothing to hope, but from the efforts of despair. These thoughts are quickly confirmed by his companions, whom the same misconduct has reduced to the same distress, and who have already tried the pleasure of being supported by the labour of others. His companions do not fail to explain to him the possibility of sudden affluence, and, at worst, to celebrate the satisfaction of short-lived merriment. He, therefore, engages with them in their nocturnal expeditions,—in fact, an association of wickedness is formed ;—and that man, who once supported his family in decent plenty, and was himself at ease, becomes at once miserable and wicked ; he is detested as a nuisance by the community, and is hunted by the officers of justice.

These are the consequences, which necessarily ensue from the use of these pernicious, these infatuating liquors ; which have justly alarmed every man whom pleasure or sloth has not wholly engrossed ;—and I hope, my Lords, that a bill of this portentous kind, a bill big with innumerable mischiefs, and without one beneficial tendency, will be

rejected by this House, without the form of commitment; that it will not be a subject of debate amongst us, whether we shall consent to poison the nation; and that, instead of inquiring, whether the measures now pursued by the ministry ought to be supported at the expense of virtue, tranquillity, and trade, we should examine, whether they are not such as ought to be opposed for their own sake, even without the consideration of the immense sums which they apparently demand.—(*Hear.*)

Though I have already dwelt upon the subject, perhaps, too long, yet as I speak only from an unprejudiced regard to the public, I hope, if any new arguments shall be attempted, that I shall be allowed the liberty of making a reply.—(*Hear, hear.*)

LORD BATHURST:—My Lords, I doubt not but that the noble Lord has delivered, on this occasion, his real sentiments, and that, in his opinion, the happiness of our country, the regard which ought always to be paid to the promotion of virtue, require that this bill should be rejected.—(*Hear.*) I am far from suspecting, that such an appearance of zeal can conceal any private views, or that such pathetic exclamations can proceed, but from a mind really affected with honest anxiety. This anxiety, my Lords, I shall endeavour to dissipate, before it has been communicated to others; for I think it no less the duty of every man, who approves the public measures, to vindicate them from misrepresentation, than of him, to whom they appear pernicious or dangerous, to warn his fellow subjects of that danger.

But, my Lords, I am one of those who are convinced, that the bill before us, which has been censured as fundamentally wrong, is, in reality, fundamentally right.

For the end of this bill, my Lords, is to diminish the consumption of distilled spirits; to restrain the populace of these kingdoms from a liquor which, when used in excess, has a malignity, to the last degree dangerous; which at once inebriates and poisons, impairs the force of the understand-

ing, and destroys the vigour of the body: and to attain this, I think it absolutely right to lay a tax upon these liquors.—(*Hear.*)

The regulation provided by the bill before us, is, in my opinion, the most likely method, for recovering the ancient industry and sobriety of the common people; for which reason, my Lords, I shall approve it, till experience has shown it to be defective.

I shall approve it, not with a view of obtaining or securing the favour of any of those who may be thought to interest themselves in its success, but because I find some new law for this purpose indispensably necessary, and believe that no better can be contrived.—(*Hear.*)

The Bishop of OXFORD. My Lords, as I am not yet convinced of the expedience of the bill now before us, nor can discover any reason for believing, that the advantages will countervail the mischiefs which it will produce, I think it my duty to declare, that I shall oppose it as destructive to virtue, and contrary to the inviolable rules of religion.

It has been urged that other more vigorous methods have been tried, and that they are now to be laid aside, because experience has shown them to be ineffectual; because the people unanimously have asserted the privilege of debauchery, opposed the execution of justice, and pursued those with the utmost malice that offered informations.

It is not indeed asserted that the execution of the late act was impossible, but that it was attended with difficulties; and when, my Lords, was any design of great importance effected without difficulties?—It is difficult, without doubt, to restrain a nation from vice; and to reform a nation already corrupted, is still more difficult.

But as both, however difficult, are necessary, it is the duty of government to endeavour them, till it shall appear that no endeavours can succeed.

Lord TALBOT.—My Lords, I am ashamed that there should be any necessity of opposing, in this assembly, a bill

like that which is now before us,—a bill crowded with absurdities, which no strength of eloquence can exaggerate, nor any force of reason make more evident. This bill, my Lords, is, however, the first proof that our new ministers have given of their capacity for the task which they have undertaken; this is a specimen of their sagacity, and is designed by them as an instance of the gentle methods, by which the expences of the government are hereafter to be levied on the people.—(*Hear.*)

This bill, my Lords, will undoubtedly make all those their enemies whom it does not corrupt: for what can be expected from it, but universal disorder and boundless wickedness? wickedness made insolent by the protection of the law, and disorder promoted by all those whose wealth is increased by the increase of the revenues of the government.—Had it been urged, my Lords, in defence of this bill, that it was necessary to raise money, and that money could only be raised by increasing the consumption of distilled spirits, it would have been apparent that it was well calculated to promote the purposes intended; but surely, to assert that it will obstruct the use of these liquors, is to discover a degree of ignorance, of effrontery, or of folly, by which few statesmen have been hitherto distinguished. What will be the consequences of any encouragement given to a vice, already almost irresistibly prevalent, I cannot determine; but nothing is too dismal to be expected from universal drunkenness; from a general depravity of the most useful part of mankind; from an epidemical fury of debauchery, and an unbounded exemption from restraint. Instead, therefore, of promoting a practice so evidently detrimental to society, let us oppose it with the most vigorous efforts; let us begin our opposition by rejecting this bill; and then consider, whether the execution of the former law shall be enforced, or whether another more efficacious can be formed.

Lord CHOLMONDELEY.—My Lords, though it is undoubtedly the right of every person in this assembly to utter his sentiments with freedom, yet surely decency and justice ought to restrain us from undeserved reproaches; we ought not to censure any conduct with more severity than it deserves, nor condemn any man for practices of which he is innocent.

This rule, which will not, I suppose, be controverted, has not, in my opinion, been very carefully observed in this debate; for surely nothing is more unjust than to assert or insinuate, that the government has looked idly upon the advances of debauchery, or has suffered drunkenness to prevail, without opposition.—(*Hear.*)

And of the care with which this licentiousness has been opposed, no other proof can be required, than the laws which, in the present reign, have been made against it.

But that the present law is ineffectual, cannot be doubted. The bill now before us, my Lords, will, in my opinion, answer all the purposes of the last, without noise and without disturbance. By lessening the price of licences, it will put a stop to the clandestine retail; and by raising that of liquors, it will hinder the common people from drinking them in their usual excess. Those who have hitherto lost their reason and limbs twice a day by their drunkenness, will not be able, under the intended regulations, to commit the same crime twice in a week. (*Hear, and a laugh.*) And as the temptation of cheapness will be taken away, it may be hoped that the next generation will not fall into the same vice.—(*Laugh, and order.*)

Lord CHESTERFIELD.—My Lords, the bill now under our consideration appears to me to deserve a much more close regard than seems to have been paid to it in the other House, through which it was hurried with the utmost precipitation, and where it was passed, almost without the formality of a debate; nor can I think that the earnestness, with

which some Lords seem inclined to press it forward here, consistent with the importance of the consequences, which may be with great reason expected from it.

To pretend, my Lords, that the design of this bill is to prevent or diminish the use of spirits, is to trample upon common sense, and to violate the rules of decency, as well as of reason. For when did any man hear, that a commodity was prohibited by licensing its sale? or that to offer and refuse is the same action? It is indeed pleaded, that it will be made dearer by the tax which is proposed, and that the increase of the price will diminish the number of the purchasers: but it is at the same time expected, that this tax shall supply the expense of a war on the continent. (*Hear.*) It is asserted, therefore, that the consumption of spirits will be hindered, and yet that it will be such as may be expected to furnish, from a very small tax, a revenue sufficient for the support of armies, for the re-establishment of the Austrian family, and the repression of the attempts of France.—(*Hear, hear.*) Surely, my Lords, these expectations are not very consistent, nor can it be imagined that they are both formed in the same head, though they may be expressed by the same mouth.—(*Hear, hear.*) It is, however, some recommendation of a statesman, when of his assertions one can be found reasonable or true: and this praise cannot be denied to our present ministers: for though it is undoubtedly false, that this tax will lessen the consumption of spirits, it is certainly true, that it will produce a very large revenue, a revenue that will not fail, but with the people from whose debaucheries it arises.—(*Hear, hear.*) Our ministers will therefore have the same honour with their predecessors, of having given rise to a *new fund*, not indeed for the payment of our debts, but for much more valuable purposes, for the exaltation of our hearts under oppression; for the elevation of our spirits amidst miscarriages and disappointments; and for the cheerful support of those debts which we have lost all hopes of paying. They

are resolved, my Lords, that the nation, which nothing can make wise, shall, while they are at its head, at least be merry; and since public happiness is the end of government, they seem to imagine that they shall deserve applause by an expedient, which will enable every man to lay his cares asleep, to drown sorrow, and lose, in the delights of drunkenness, both the public miseries and his own. Surely, my Lords, men of this unbounded benevolence, and this exalted genius, deserve such honours as were never paid before; they *deserve to bestride a butt upon every signpost in the metropolis, or to have their countenances exhibited, as tokens, where this liquor is to be sold, by the licence which they have procured.* They must be, at least, remembered to future ages, as the happy politicians who, after all expedients for raising taxes had been employed, discovered a new method of draining the last reliques of the public wealth, and added a new revenue to the government; nor will those, who shall hereafter enumerate the several funds now established among us, forget, among the benefactors to their country, the *illustrious authors of the DRINKING FUND.*—*(Hear, hear, and a laugh.)*

But to a bill for such desirable purposes, it would be proper, my Lords, to prefix a preamble, in which the kindness of our intentions should be more fully explained, that the nation may not mistake our indulgence for cruelty, nor consider their benefactors as their persecutors. If, therefore, this bill be considered and amended (for why else should it be considered) in a committee, I shall humbly propose, that it shall be introduced in this manner. “Whereas the designs of the present ministry, whatever they are, cannot be executed without a great number of mercenaries, which mercenaries cannot be hired without money: and whereas the present disposition of this nation to drunkenness inclines us to believe, that they will pay more cheerfully for the undisturbed enjoyment of distilled liquors, than for any other concession that can be made by the government, be

it enacted, by the King's most excellent Majesty, that no man hereafter shall be denied the right of being drunk on the following conditions." (*Hear, and a laugh.*)

This, my Lords, to trifle no longer, is the *proper preamble* to this bill; which contains only the conditions on which the people of this kingdom are to be allowed henceforward to riot in debauchery,—in debauchery licensed by law, and countenanced by the magistrates; for there is no doubt but those, on whom the inventors of this tax shall confer authority, will be directed to assist their masters in their design to encourage the consumption of that liquor from which such large revenues are expected, and to multiply without end those licences which are to pay a yearly tribute to the Crown.—(*Bravo, Hear.*)

LORD LONSDALE. My Lords, the bill now before us, has, from its first appearance in the other house, seemed to me of such importance as to deserve the greatest attention, and to demand the most diligent inquiry. All my inquiries, my Lords, have had one constant and uniform effect. On whatsoever side I have turned my speculations, I have found new arguments against this bill, and have discovered new mischiefs comprised in it. It has been asserted, that the tax now to be laid upon these liquors, will have such wonderful effects, that those who are at present drunk twice a day, will not be henceforward able to commit the same crime twice a week—(*Hear*); an assertion which I could not hear, without wondering at the new discoveries which ministerial sagacity can sometimes make. Whether the noble Lord, who alleged the certainty of reformation which this bill will produce, ever examined his own opinion, I know not; but I think it necessary, at least, to consider it more particularly, to supply that proof of it, which, if it be true, he neglected to produce; or to show, if it be found false, how little confident assertions are to be regarded.

Between twice a day, and twice a week, the noble Lord will not deny, the proportion to be as seven to one; and,

therefore, to prevent drunkenness in the degree which he persuades us to expect, the price of the liquor must be raised in the same proportion; but the duty laid upon the gallon, will not increase the price a fifth part, even though it should not be eluded by distilling liquors of an extraordinary strength; one fifth part of the price is, therefore, in his Lordship's estimate, equal to the whole price seven times multiplied. Such are the arguments which have been produced in favour of this bill, and such is the diligence with which the public happiness is promoted, by those who have hopes of being enriched by public calamities.

But I hope, my Lords, that we shall examine the most distant consequences of our resolutions, and consider ourselves not as the agents of the Crown to levy taxes, but as the guardians of the people, to promote the public happiness; that we shall always remember, that happiness can be produced only by virtue; and that, since this bill can tend only to the increase of debauchery, we shall, without the formality of a commitment, unanimously reject it with indignation and abhorrence.—(*Hear.*)

Lord ILAY.—The specious pretence, my Lords, on which this bill is founded, and indeed the only pretence that deserves to be termed specious, is the propriety of taxing vice; but this maxim of government has, on this occasion, been either mistaken or perverted. Vice, my Lords, is not properly to be taxed, but suppressed; and heavy taxes are sometimes the only means by which that suppression can be attained. Luxury, my Lords, or the excess of that which is pernicious only by its excess, may very properly be taxed. But none, my Lords, ever heard in any nation of a tax upon theft or adultery, because a tax implies a licence granted for the use of that which is taxed, to all who shall be willing to pay it. Drunkenness, my Lords, is universally, and in all circumstances an evil, and therefore ought not to be taxed but punished; and the means of it ought not to be made easy by a slight impost, which none can feel, but to be

removed out of the reach of the people, and secured by the heaviest taxes levied with the utmost rigour.—(*Hear, hear.*)

LORD CARTERET.—My Lords, the bill now before us has been examined with the utmost acuteness, and opposed with all the arts of eloquence and argumentation: nor has any topic been forgotten that could speciously be employed against it. It has been represented by some, as contrary to policy, and by others, as opposite to religion; its consequences have been displayed with all the confidence of prediction, and the motives upon which it has been formed, declared to be such as, I hope, every man abhors who projected or defends it. It has been asserted, that this bill owes its existence only to the necessity of raising taxes for the support of unnecessary troops, to be employed in useless and dangerous expeditions: and that those who defend it have no regard to the happiness or virtue of the people, nor any other design than to raise supplies, and gratify the ministry.—(*Hear.*) With regard to the uses to which the money which shall arise from this tax is to be applied, though it has been more than once mentioned in this debate, I shall pass it over, as having no connection with the question before us. To confound different topics, may be useful to those whose design is to impose upon the inattention or weakness of their opponents, as they may be enabled by it to alter sometimes the state of the controversy, and to hide their fallacies in perplexity and confusion, but always to be avoided by those who endeavour to discover and to establish *truth*; who dispute not to confound but to convince, and who intend not to disturb the public deliberations, but to assist them. By the present law, my Lords, the use of distilled liquors is now prohibited: but the execution of this law necessarily supposes a regular information of the breach of it, to be laid before the magistrate. The people consider this law, however just or necessary, as an act of the most tyrannical cruelty; and they, therefore, have determined to mark out all those who, by their informations, promote its

execution, as public enemies, as wretches, who, for the sake of a reward, carry on a trade of perjury and persecution; who harass their innocent neighbours only for carrying on a lawful employment for supplying the wants of the poor, relieving the weariness of the labourer, administering solace to the dejected, and cordials to the sick. The word has been, therefore, given, that no informer should be spared. It is well remembered by every man who is conversant in the city, with what outcries of vengeance an informer, some time ago, was pursued in the public streets, and in the open day: with what exclamations of triumph he was seized, and with what rage of cruelty he was tormented. One instance of their fury, I very particularly remember. As a man was passing along the streets, the alarm was given that he was an informer against the retailers of spirituous liquors; the populace were immediately gathered as in a time of common danger, and united in the pursuit as of a beast of prey; which it was criminal not to destroy: the man discovered, either by consciousness or intelligence, his danger, and fled for his life with the utmost precipitation: but no housekeeper durst afford him shelter, the cry increased upon him on all hands; the populace rolled on after him with a resistless torrent, and he was on the point of being overtaken, and, like some others, destroyed, when one of the greatest persons in the nation, hearing the tumult, and inquiring the reason, opened his doors to the distressed fugitive, and sheltered him from a cruel death.—(*Hear, hear.*)

Soon afterwards there was a stop put to all information; no man dared for the sake of a reward expose himself to the fury of the people, and the use of these destructive liquors was no longer obstructed.—(*Hear.*)

But by allowing a sufficient number of licensed shops, the number of unlicensed retailers will be necessarily lessened, and by raising the price of the liquor, the quantity which the poor drink, must with equal certainty be dimi-

nished; and as it cannot be imagined that the number of those who will pay annually for licences, can be equal to that of the petty traders, who now dispose of spirits in cellars and in the streets, it is reasonable to believe, that, since there will be fewer sellers, less will be sold.—(Hear.)

It has been objected by one noble Lord, that the tax now proposed is such as never was raised in any government, because, though luxury may confessedly be taxed, vice ought to be constantly suppressed: and this, in his Lordship's opinion, is a tax upon vice.—(Hear.)

His Lordship's distinction between luxury and vice, between the excess of things lawful, and the use of things unlawful, is undoubtedly just, but by no means applicable on this occasion; nor indeed has the noble Lord, with all his art, been able to apply it; for he was obliged to change the terms in his argument; and, instead of calling this tax, a tax upon strong liquors, to stigmatize it with the odious appellation of a tax upon drunkenness.—(Hear.)

To call any thing what it really is not, and then to censure it, is by no means difficult. To confute the argument, it is only necessary to observe, that this tax is not a tax upon drunkenness, but a tax laid upon strong liquors for the prevention of drunkenness; and by consequence, such as falls within the compass of his own definition.—(Hear.) Whoever spends upon superfluities what he must want for the necessaries of life, is luxurious: and excess, therefore, of distilled spirits, may be termed, with the utmost propriety, the luxury of the poor—(Hear); and to tax this luxury, which is perhaps the most pernicious of all others, is now proposed: but it is proposed to tax it only to suppress it—to suppress it by such slow degrees as may be borne by the people: and I hope, that a law so salutary will not be opposed only because it may afford the government a present supply.—(Hear.)

The Duke of NEWCASTLE.—My Lords, I am of opinion that this debate would have been much shorter, had not the noble Lords who have spoken in it suffered themselves

to be led away, either by their own zeal, or the zeal of their opponents, from the true state of the question; to which I shall take the liberty of recalling their attention, that this important controversy may have an end.—(*Hear, hear.*)

The point, the only point, that is, in my opinion, now to be considered, is this. The people of this nation have for some time practised a most pernicious and hateful kind of debauchery; against which several laws have been already made, which experience has shown to be so far without effect, that the disorder has every year increased among them.

We are now, my Lords, therefore, to resolve, whether a bill for the reformation of this flagrant vice deserves any farther deliberation, whether we shall join with the other house in their endeavours to restore the ancient sobriety and virtue of the British people; or, by an open disapprobation of their attempt, discourage them from prosecuting their design, and debar them from using the opportunities which succeeding years may afford: and, not to affirm too much, it is possible that this bill may produce some degree of reformation. The worst that can be feared is, that, like the present law, it will be ineffectual; for the corruption and licentiousness of the people are already such, that nothing can increase them.

Bishop of SARUM.—My Lords, to prevent the excessive use of any thing, by allowing it to be sold without restraint, is an expedient which the wisdom of no former age ever discovered; it is, indeed, a fallacy too gross to be admitted, even by the most inconsiderate negligence, or the most contemptuous stupidity; nor am I at all inclined to believe, that the Commons will impute the rejection of this bill to our disregard of virtue, or think that we have defeated any endeavour for the suppression of wickedness. The noble Duke has endeavoured to reduce us to difficulties by urging, that since the corruption of the people cannot be greater, we ought willingly to agree to any law, of which the title declares that it is intended to produce a reformation; because

the worst that can be feared is, that it may be without effect. But this bill, if the nation be yet in any part untainted, will infect it; and if it be universally corrupted, this bill will have no tendency to amend it: we ought, therefore, to reject it, that our abhorrence of vice may be publicly known, and that no part of the calamities which wickedness must produce, may be imputed to us.

Lord DELAWARE.—My Lords, as I am entirely of opinion that a more accurate examination of this bill will evince its usefulness and propriety, to many of the Lords who are now most ardent in opposing it, I cannot but think it necessary to consider it in a committee.

It is to be remembered, my Lords, that this bill is intended for two purposes of very great importance to the public; it is designed that the liberties of mankind shall be secured, by the same provisions by which the vices of our own people are to be reclaimed, and that supplies for carrying on the war shall be raised, by a reformation of the manners of the people.

This, my Lords, is surely a great and generous design; this is a complication of public benefits, worthy the most exalted virtue, and the most refined policy; but what will be the effects of this bill, and whether any of these benefits are to be expected from it, can be known only by an impartial examination; and therefore it ought to be discussed with that accuracy which is peculiar to a committee.—(*Hear.*)

Lord HERVEY.—My Lords, that a bill which shall restrain the excess of drinking distilled liquors, without hindering their moderate use, will deserve the applause of every lover of his country, I cannot deny: but it appears, my Lords, that no effect can be produced by this bill, but the promotion of debauchery, the increase of drunkenness, the subversion of order, and the decay of industry, the miseries of disease, and the rage of want.—(*Hear, hear.*)

But it seems to be allowed, that this bill will produce, at least for some time, a large addition to the public revenues; and while it is allowed that it will

raise money, I do not wonder to hear it steadily defended, because nothing more is expected from it.—(*Hear, hear.*) But as I have not yet conversed enough with statesmen to persuade myself that the government ought to be supported by means contrary to the end for which government is instituted, I am still convinced that this bill ought to be rejected with contempt—(*Hear*), because it will lessen the wealth of the nation without any equivalent advantage, and will at once impoverish the people and corrupt them.—(*Hear, hear. Question, question.*)

LORD CARTERET.—My Lords, I cannot but be of opinion, that this debate has been carried on with a vehemence by no means necessary, and that the question has been perplexed by a mistaken zeal; that the effects of the bill have been exaggerated perhaps on both sides, and that the opinions which have been formed with relation to it, are not really so opposite as they appear. Those who oppose the bill, think the duty upon spirits not so high, as to hinder that debauchery, which so much prevails among us; and those that vindicate it, declare that more violent restraints will not be borne.

Both parties have reason, and the vindicators of the bill have likewise experience, on their side.

But as violence should never be used till gentle methods have been tried, this bill, ought, in my opinion, to be passed, and therefore to be referred to a committee without further debate—(*Hear*): for it will be thought both by our allies and our enemies, that a great part of this assembly is very indifferent about the success of the war, if we delay the supplies, by disputing in what manner they should be raised.—(*Hear. Question, Question.*)

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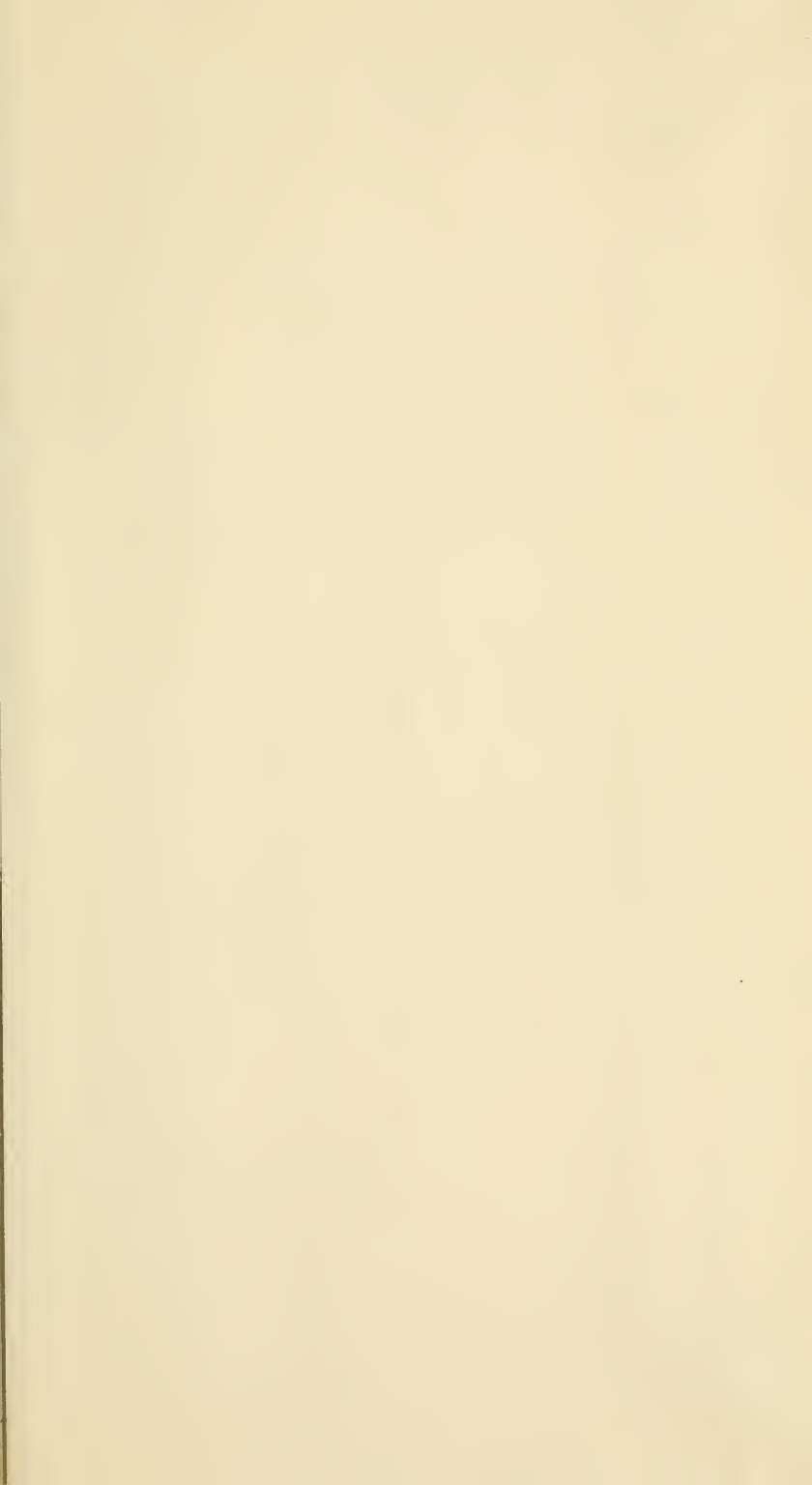
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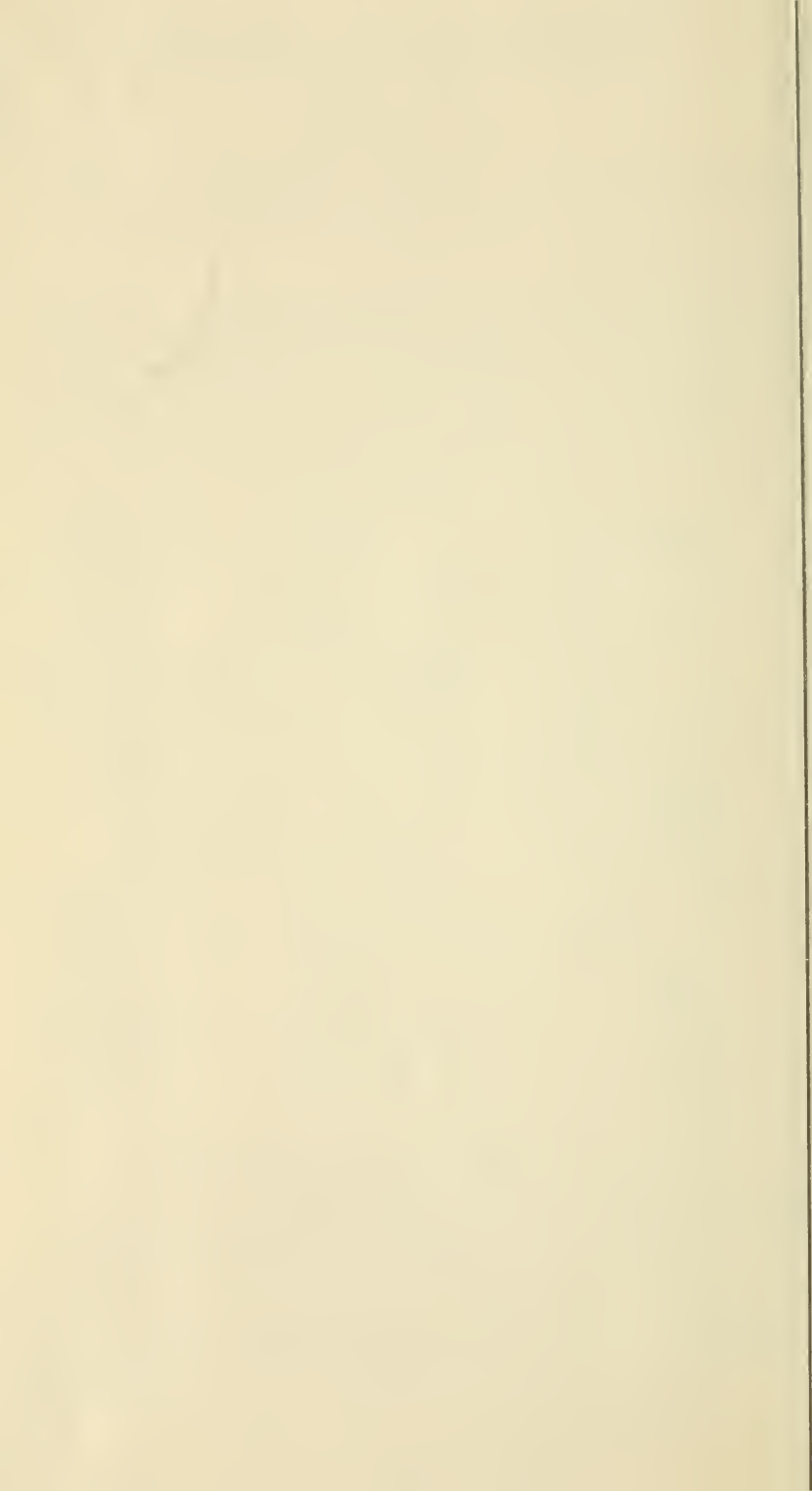
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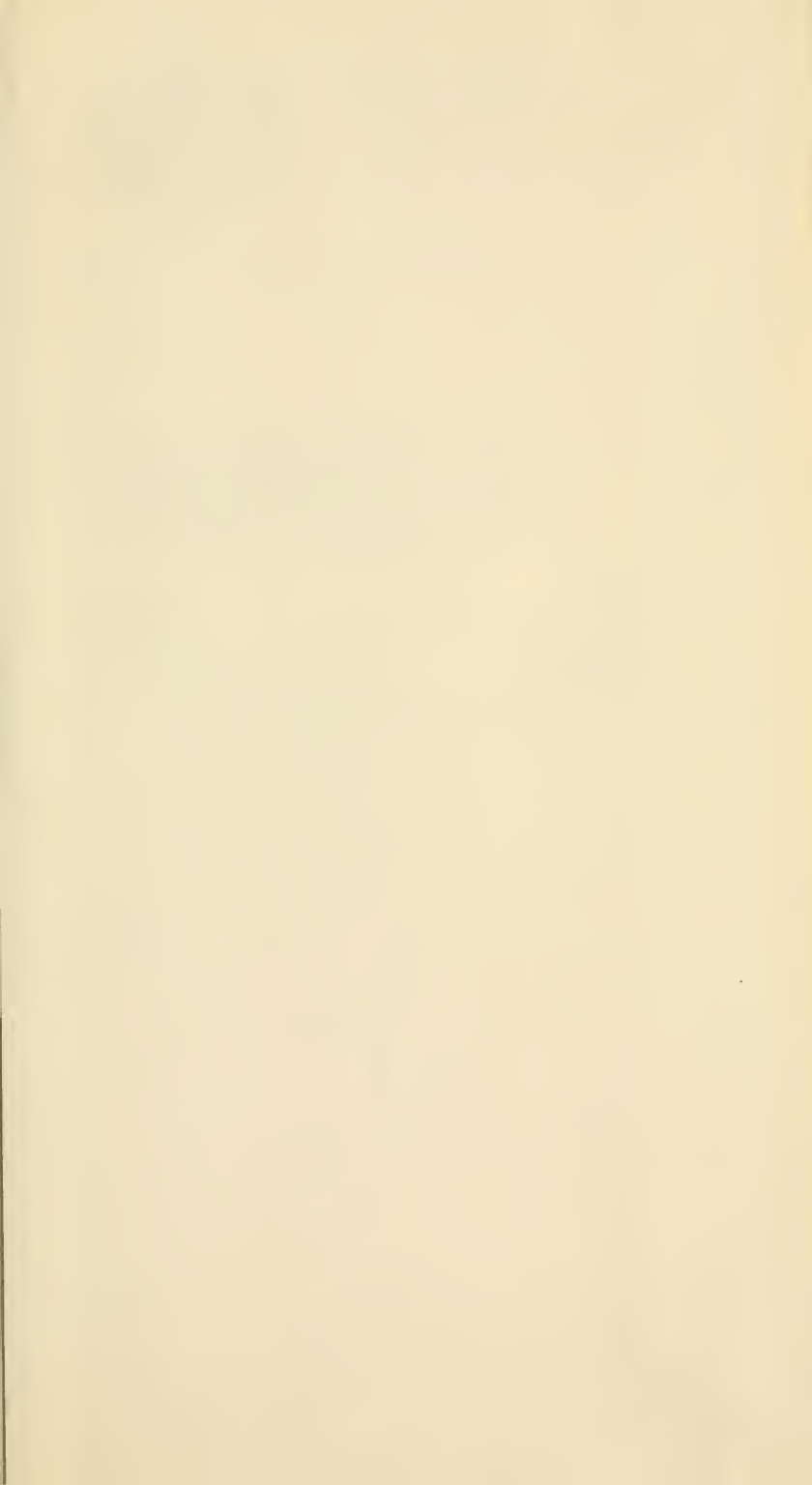
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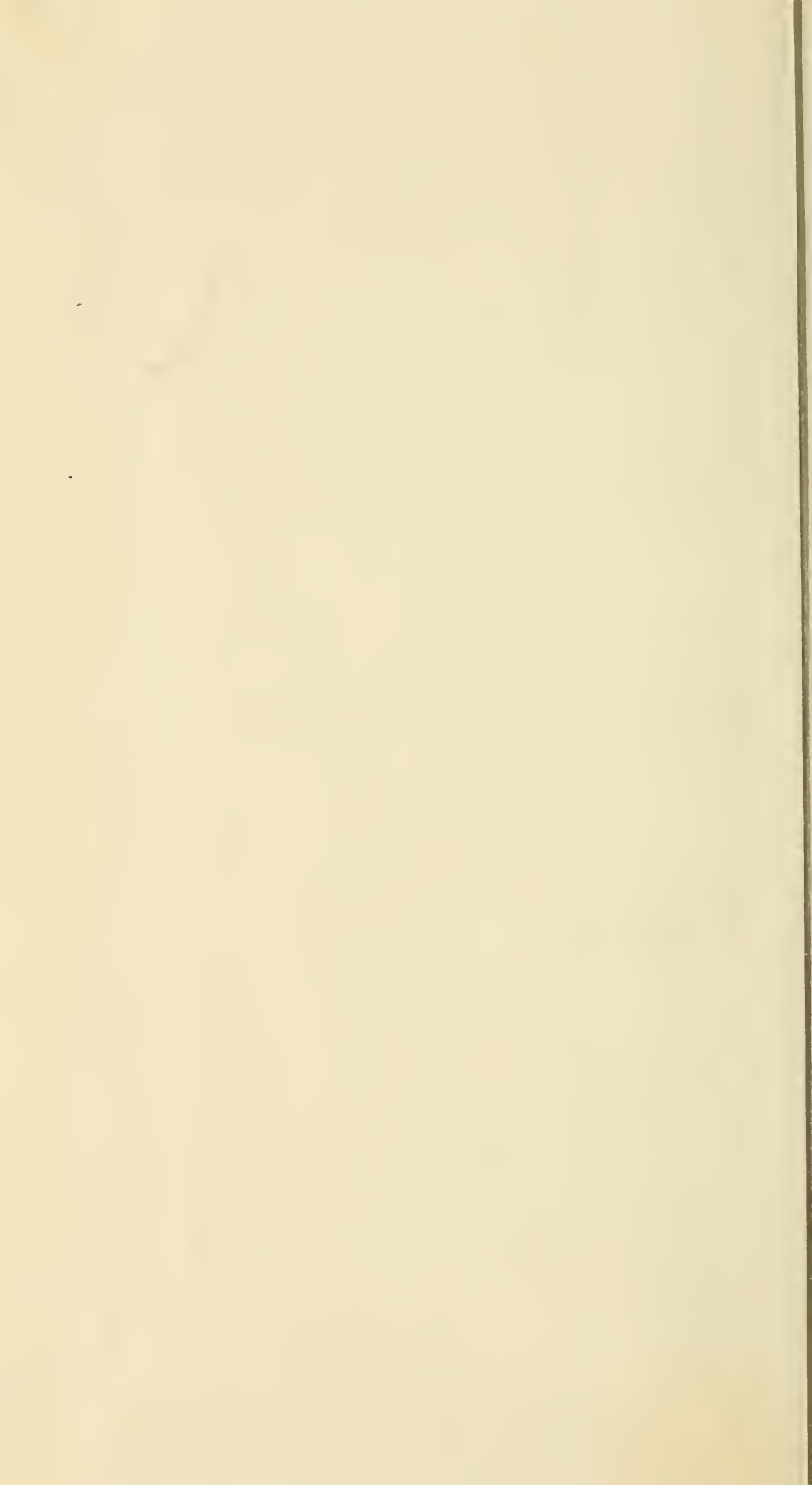
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