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3809 e. 268

A very interesting collection
by Alexander H. Thomas, Esq.,
consisting of some pieces
found in the tomb below.
The two inscriptions from
Herculaneum are interesting
especially the date of the
compilation 1022.

in detail in volume
Academy of Inscriptions, 1022-1023

[The above is the handwriting of Augustine Birrell.]

Bought from Hymans, catal. 41, no. 170.



3809 e. 268'



A very interesting collection
very abundant in the number of
specimens of the same species
found in the same place.
The two specimens from
Kearl are interesting
because of the date of their
collection 1842.

See Detail in volume
Academy of Sciences, 1842 - 1843

[The above is the handwriting of Augustine Birell.]

3

*Edward & Charlotte Chas. Brown
from their 4th Grand Mariner
J. D. Oswald*

THE

ELOCUTIONIST,

A COLLECTION OF

PIECES IN PROSE AND VERSE,

PECULIARLY ADAPTED TO DISPLAY

The Art of Reading,

IN THE MOST COMPREHENSIVE SENSE OF THE TERM;

INCLUDING, AMONG OTHER ORIGINAL MATTER,

A DEBATE,

COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE PURPOSE OF EXERCISING
THE YOUNG STUDENT IN

PURELY ARGUMENTATIVE DECLAMATION,

AND PRECEDED BY

AN INTRODUCTION,

IN WHICH AN ATTEMPT IS MADE TO SIMPLIFY

MR. WALKER'S SYSTEM,

AND, BY REFERRING HIS ILLUSTRATIONS TO MORE GENERAL PRINCIPLES, TO
REDUCE THE NUMBER OF HIS RULES.

By **JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES,**

TEACHER OF ELOCUTION, GLASGOW,

AUTHOR OF THE TRAGEDY OF VIRGINIUS, &c.

FIFTH EDITION.

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To JAMES KNOWLES, Esq.
TEACHER OF
Elocution, English Grammar, & Composition.

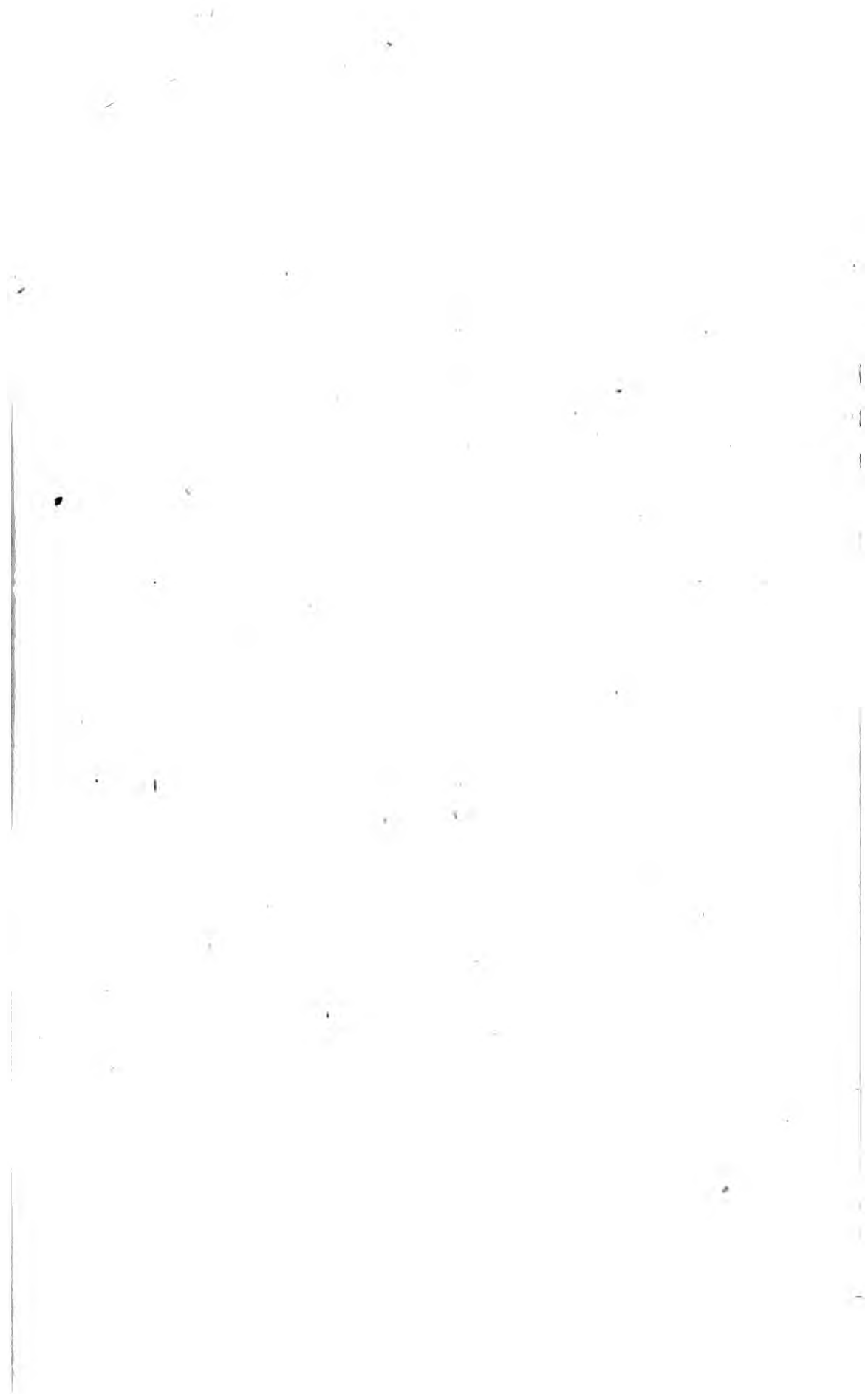
MY DEAR FATHER,

*I dedicate this Collection to you, as my
first and most accomplished Instructor in the Art to
which it refers, and as my very dear Parent.*

Your affectionate Son,

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES

CLASS-ROOM, REID'S COURT, }
169, TRONGATE. }



ADVERTISEMENT.

NOT being able to find, in any single text-book, the pieces which I have been in the practice of giving to my pupils, as exercises in recitation, I have been at length compelled to make a selection of my own. In making this selection, I have studiously avoided the introduction of numerous vapid common-place extracts, which are to be found in the best collections ; but which are exceedingly ill adapted to interest the student, and, consequently, to call forth those powers, the development and the cultivation of which, are the prime object of the teacher.

In the Introduction which follows, an attempt is made to simplify Mr. Walker's system of the inflections—with what degree of success, I leave it to the critic to judge ; but, even if I have failed, I shall still content myself with the reflection, that the undertaking will most probably have the effect of causing that system to be more narrowly inquired into ; and of eventually producing—what every teacher with whom I have conversed upon the subject, has acknowledged to be a thing “devoutly to be wished”—a reduction in the number, and a more lucid economy in the arrangement of the rules. So much for the lovers of system.

For my own part, with all the respect in the world for system, I conceive it my duty to state that I consider system to be a merely secondary consideration, in the article of delivery—and to warn the student and the teacher against trusting to *it* chiefly, for the effect of the oration. Here Nature is your only goddess; for he is your only orator, whom she inspires. Emotion is the thing. One flash of passion upon the cheek—one beam of feeling from the eye—one thrilling note of sensibility from the tongue—one stroke of hearty emphasis from the arm—have a thousand times the value of the most masterly exemplification of all the rules, that all the rhetoricians, of both ancient and modern times, have given us, for the government of the voice—when that exemplification is unaccompanied by such adjuncts.

I have not attached to this collection any system of pronunciation, as pronunciation is better, because more amply, taught, in dictionaries.

I have taken the liberty of differing from all my predecessors, in not attempting to give a description of the principal passions; and for this plain reason—No man who really feels a passion, can err in his delineation of it; and I conclude these few preliminary remarks, with one brief recommendation, which, I conceive, includes all that is *essential* in delivery—

BE IN EARNEST.

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## INTRODUCTION.

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### THE INFLECTIONS.

AN Inflection is a bending or a sliding of the voice, either upwards or downwards.

There are two inflections—the upward, or rising inflection; and the downward, or falling inflection. The former is represented by the mark of the acute accent; the latter by that of the grave accent.

The union of these two inflections upon the same syllable is called a circumflex,

When the circumflex terminates with the rising inflection, it is called the rising circumflex; when with the falling, it is designated the falling circumflex.

When the tone of the voice is not inflected, it is called the monotone.

---

### TABLE OF THE INFLECTIONS.

*The Rising followed by the Falling.*

- Does he talk rationally', or irrationally`?
- Does he pronounce correctly', or incorrectly`?
- Does he mean honestly', or dishonestly`?
- Does she dance gracefully', or ungracefully`?
- Do they act cautiously', or incautiously`?
- Should we say humour', or humour`?
- Should we say altar', or altar`?
- Should we say amber', or amber`?
- Should we say airy', or airy`?
- Should we say eager', or eager`?
- Should we say ocean', or ocean`?
- Should we say oozy', or oozy`?
- Should we say empty', or empty`?

Should we say inly', or inly`?  
 Should we say ugly', or ugly`?  
 We should not say all', but all`.  
 We should not say arm', but arm`.  
 We should not say air', but air`.  
 We should not say eel', but eel`.  
 We should not say owe', but owe`.  
 We should not say ooze', but ooze`.  
 We should not say ell', but ell`.  
 We should not say inn', but inn`.  
 We should not say urn', but urn`.

~~~~~  
The Falling, followed by the Rising.

He talks rationally', not irrationally'.
 He pronounces correctly', not incorrectly'.
 He means honestly', not dishonestly'.
 She dances gracefully', not ungracefully'.
 They acted cautiously', not incautiously'.
 We should say humour', not humour'.
 We should say altar', not altar'.
 We should say amber', not amber'.
 We should say airy', not airy'.
 We should say eager', not eager'.
 We should say ocean', not ocean'.
 We should say oozy', not oozy'.
 We should say empty', not empty'.
 We should say inly', not inly'.
 We should say ugly', not ugly'.
 We should say all', not all'.
 We should say arm', not arm'.
 We should say air', not air'.
 We should say eel', not eel'.
 We should say owe', not owe'.
 We should say ooze', not ooze'.
 We should say ell', not ell'.
 We should say inn', not inn'.
 We should say urn', not urn'.

~~~~~  
 THE CIRCUMFLEXES.

*Rising and Falling.*

If you said sō, then I said sô.  
 And it shall go hărd but I will ũse the information.

*Falling and Rising.*

ô but he päus'd upon the brink,  
But nôbody can bear the death of Clódius.

## MONOTONE.

*High on a throne of royal state, which far  
Outshone the wealth of Ormus, and of Ind,  
Or where the gorgeous east, with richest hand,  
Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,  
Satan exalted sat !*

RULES FOR THE INFLECTING OF SENTENCES, OR PARTS OF SENTENCES.

*Rule I.*—The Falling Inflection takes place where the sense is complete and independent, whether it be at the termination of a sentence or a part of a sentence\*—as,

It is a dangerous mistake which prevails amongst men, that it is sufficient for their eternal happiness, if they feel some serious emotions at their latter end'.

It is to the unaccountable oblivion of our mortality, that the world owes all its fascination'.

Age, in a virtuous person, carries with it an authority, which makes it preferable to all the pleasures of youth'.

Every desire, however innocent or natural, grows dangerous, as, by long indulgence, it becomes ascendant' in the mind.

You may lay it down as a maxim, confirmed by universal experience, that every man dies as he lives'; and it is by the general tenor of the life, not a particular frame of mind at the hour of death, that we are to be judged at the tribunal of God.

---

\* Mr. Walker's rule of the loose sentence is altogether superfluous. The inflection is governed by the completeness of the sense, and that is all we have to take into consideration.

Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned, to excite sorrow and commiseration; and, while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties; we think of her faults with less indignation; and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue.

*Rule II.*—Negative Sentences, or Members of Sentences, must end with the Rising Inflection.

You are not left alone' to climb the arduous ascent—God is with you; who never suffers the spirit which rests on him to fail, nor the man who seeks his favour, to seek it in vain.

It is not enough that you continue steadfast and immoveable'—you must also abound in the work of the Lord, if you expect your labours to be crowned with success.

*Rule III.*—The Introductory, or Commencing part of a Sentence, is distinguished by the Rising Inflection.\*

---

\* The introductory, or commencing part of a sentence, is that part of it which *indispensably* relates to what follows; either affecting it, or affected by it, in sense; or connected with it in construction—as, with regard to the nominative case and its adjuncts, the preposition and the phrase which it governs, &c.

Whoever examines the various examples that refer to this rule, will find, that in all of them, the reading is governed by the same principle—that it is not a question of corresponding conjunctions or adverbs—of parts of direct periods, depending upon participles, or adjectives, &c. ; but that each of the sentences is resolvable into two principal parts, the one commencing, or introductory, and the other concluding. This will appear at once, if the reader will only construct a series upon the commencing part of any of the above examples. For instance, with regard to the very first—

If to do, were as easy as to know what were good' to do, and mankind, with the power of the heavens, retained the passions of earth'—chapel, &c.—here we should have a series of two members, and we should call it a *commencing* series. Now this, according to Mr. Walker, is an example of a direct period, having its two

*If to do were as easy, as to know what were good to do*—chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes' palaces.

*While dangers are at a distance, and do not immediately approach us*—let us not conclude that we are secure, unless we use the necessary precautions against them.

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

principal parts connected by corresponding conjunctions. Take again, the fourth sentence—

*Sympathizing with the hatred and abhorrence which other men must entertain for him, rankling with conscience, and feeling that his torments are the infliction of his own hand*—the murderer, &c. Here we should have a series of three members, and we should call it a commencing series. Now this, according to Mr. Walker, is an example of a direct period, commencing with a participle of the present tense. Once more; take the 6th sentence—

*Full of desire to answer all demands—indefatigable in the service of heaven-born charity—superior to the little weaknesses and delicacies of worldly pride—emulous of the approbation of God alone—the truly benevolent, &c.*—Here we should have a series of four members, and we should call it a commencing series. Now this, according to Mr. Walker, is an example of a part of a sentence depending upon an adjective.

Thus, to go no farther, we have three sentences, the reading of which, Mr. Walker refers to *three different rules*, in one part of his work; and to one rule, in another. It is obvious, that the principle by which that reading is directed, is one and the same, and that it consists in the circumstance of the parts which have the rising inflection, being the *commencing parts* of the sentences to which they belong.

The same kind of test will show the propriety of taking in the examples, under the head of the inverted period, and that of the concessive member—which is quite as inseparable, in sense, from the subsequent part of the sentence, as the first part of the direct period is from the latter; because it is an assertion, introductory to a qualification—which leads you to expect a direct or implied negation; and hence, is absolutely inseparable from what follows. Thus,

*Your enemies may be formidable by their numbers, or by their power, or are formidable, &c.*—but He who is with you is mightier than they. Here is an implied negation with respect to the subject, *enemies*, which negation being expressed, would stand thus—*but they are not as mighty as He that is with you.*

*Sympathizing with the hatred and abhorrence which other' men must entertain for him*—the murderer becomes, in some measure, the object of his own hatred and abhorrence.

*Formed to excel in peace, as well as in war'*—Cæsar was endowed with every great and noble quality, that could give a man the ascendant in society.

*Full of desire to answer all' demands*—the truly benevolent, when their own funds are insufficient, think it not troublesome to ask assistance, and plead the cause of the wretched.

*No man can rise above the infirmities of nature'*, unless assisted by God.

*Your enemies may be formidable by their numbers, and by their power'*—but He who is with you, is mightier than they.

*Virtue were a kind of misery'*, if fame were all the garland that crowned her.

*To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form'*, Mary added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible.

*Cæsar was celebrated for his great generosity'*—Cato for his unsullied integrity\*.

---

#### GENERAL EXCEPTION TO THE FIRST AND THIRD RULE.

When the commencing member of an antithesis requires the relative emphasis, or is opposed in the concluding member, by a negation, the latter has the rising, and the former the falling inflection—as,

If we have no regard for our character', we ought to have some regard for our interest'.

If you will not make the experiment for your own' satisfaction, you ought to make it for the satisfaction of your friends'.

---

\* Upon mature deliberation, I have included the antithesis under this rule—the mutual reference of the parts of which, shows such a relation in sense, as, I conceive, warrants my doing so.

We have taken up arms to defend our country, not to betray it.

The duty of a soldier is to obey, not to direct his general.

If the antithesis commences with the negation, or has a negation in the commencing, as well as in the concluding member, it is read in the ordinary style.

We have taken up arms, not to betray, but to defend our country.

Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed on us, that we should be called the sons of God! therefore, the world knoweth us not, because it knew him not.

---

#### INTERROGATION.

*Rule IV.*—Questions asked by pronouns or adverbs, end with the falling inflection.

Who ever left the precincts of mortality, without casting a trembling eye on the scene that is before him.

What evil can come nigh to him, for whom Jesus died?

*Rule V.*—Questions asked by verbs, require the rising inflection.

Does the law which thou hast broken, denounce vengeance against thee? Behold that law fulfilled in the meritorious life of thy Redeemer.

Shall dust and ashes stand in the presence of that uncreated glory, before which principalities and powers bow down, tremble, and adore? Shall guilty and condemned creatures appear in the presence of Him, in whose sight the heavens are not clean, and who chargeth his angels with folly.—This is the sting of death.

*Rule VI.*—When the interrogation affects two objects, taken *disjunctively*, the former has the rising, and the latter the falling inflection.

Are you toiling for fame, or for fortune?



*Exemplification of the Three preceding Rules.*

(1) Who are the persons that are most apt to fall into peevishness and dejection? that are continually complaining of the world, and see nothing but wretchedness around them? (3) Are they the affluent or the indigent? (2) Are they those, whose wants are administered to by a hundred hands besides their own? who have only to wish and to have?—Let the minion of fortune answer you. (2) Are they those whom want compels to toil for their daily meal, or [and] nightly pillow—who have no treasure, but the sweat of their brows—who rise with the rising sun, to expose themselves to all the rigours of the seasons, unsheltered from the winter's cold, or [and] unshaded from the summer's heat? No! the labours of such are the very blessings of their condition.

## EXCEPTIONS.

1. When a question commencing with a pronoun or an adverb, is used as an exclamation, it has the rising inflection.

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

You are perpetually asking me how are we to accomplish it—How are we to accomplish it! Do you think you will accomplish it by fearing to attempt it?

2. When a question asked by a verb, is very long, or concludes a paragraph, it may end with the falling inflection.

The Brigantines, even under a female leader, had force enough to burn the enemy's settlements, to storm their camps, and if success had not introduced negligence and inactivity, would have been able entirely to throw off the yoke: and shall not we, untouched, un-

subdued—and struggling, not for the acquisition, but the continuance of liberty, declare at the very first onset, what kind of men Caledonia has reserved for her defence.

Note 1. When an assertion gives rise to a question, the assertion is delivered in the louder tone; (1)—when a question gives rise to an assertion, the question is the more audible—(2).

Observe the other now; (1) *In the first place sallying out on a sudden from his seat—For what reason? In the evening—What urged him?—Late—For what purpose? especially at that season!—He calls at Pompey's seat—With what view? (2) To see Pompey? He knew he was at Allium!—To see his house? He had been in it a thousand times! What then could be the reason of his loitering, and shifting about?—He wanted to be upon the spot when Milo came up.*

Note 2. The inflections at the note of exclamation, are the same as at every other point; except where masterless passion uses them as it pleases. Emotion is your only guide in this instance.\*

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PARENTHESIS.

Rule VII.—The parenthesis must be pronounced in a lower tone, and with a more rapid delivery than the rest of the sentence; and must conclude with the same pause and inflection that immediately precede it.

For God is my witness'—*whom I serve with my spirit in the gospel of his Son'*—that without ceasing,

* Notes 1, 2, and 3, in Ewing's Abstract of Mr. Walker's system, are entirely superfluous—there not being, in the examples to which they refer, any peculiarity which renders the principal rules insufficient as a guide to the reading of those examples.

I make mention of you always in my prayers, making request'—*if by any means now at length I might have a prosperous journey, by the will' of God—to come unto you.*

~~~~~  
EXCEPTION.

Whatsoever be the inflection that precedes it, the parenthesis must have the falling inflection, when it ends with a word which requires the relative emphasis.\*

If you, Æschines, in particular', were thus persuaded—*and it was no partial affection for me that prompted you to give me up the hopes, the applauses, the honours which attended that course I then advised, but the superior force of truth, and your utter inability to point out any more eligible' course*—if this was the case, I say, is it not highly cruel and unjust to arraign those measures now, when you could not then propose any better?

Note 1. When the parenthesis is long, as in the above example, the greater part of it may be delivered in the monotone.

Note 2. The small intervening members, *said I, says he, replied he, &c.* follow the inflection of the member that precedes them, in a feebler, and in a higher or lower tone of voice.

*You perceive', then, said I, that the cause is a hopeless one. How can that' be, said he? It is obnoxious to the ministry', replied I. Justice', exclaimed he, will carry it. Justice, versus power', rejoined I, is a desperate law-suit.*

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SERIES.

A Series is a number of particulars, immediately following one another, whether independent, (1), or having one common reference, (2).

* See Emphasis.

Example.

(1) The wind and rain are over` : Calm is the noon` of day : The clouds are divided` in heaven : Over the green hill flies the inconstant sun` : Red through the stony vale comes down the stream of the hill`.

The characteristics of chivalry were—*valour`*, *humanity`*, *courtesy`*, *justice`*, and *honour`*.

When the members of a series consist of several words, as in the former example, the series is called *compound* ; when of single words,* as in the latter, it is called *simple*.

When a series begins a sentence, but does not end it, it is called a commencing series ; when it ends it, whether it begins it or not, it is called a concluding series.†

Compound Series.

There is not the smallest difficulty in the reading of the compound series. When it is a commencing one, every member, except the *last*, has the falling inflection ; when a concluding, every member except the *last but one*.

Commencing Series.

That charity is not puffed up`, doth not behave itself unseemly`, seeketh not her own`, is not easily provoked`, thinketh no evil`, rejoiceth in the truth`, beareth` all things, believeth` all things`, hopeth` all things, *endureth` all things*—is taught by the Apostle Paul, in his first epistle to the Corinthians.

* The addition of an article, a preposition, or a conjunction, does not render a series compound ; nor the introduction of a *compound member*, when the majority of the members are *simple*.

† *The wind and rain are over, &c.* is an example of a series commencing and concluding a sentence.

Concluding Series.

Charity is not puffed up', doth not behave itself unseemly', seeketh not her own', is not easily provoked', thinketh no evil', rejoiceth in the truth', beareth' all things, believeth' all things, *hopeth' all things*, endureth' all things.

The only exception which I would admit of, is in the reading of certain tender passages in *poetry*, where the rising inflection seems preferable—and this is altogether a question of taste or feeling.

So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind';
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready nature waits upon his hand';
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light';
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And the bold figure just begins to live'—
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Simple Series.

The reading of the simple series is not so plain. Although, in a series of ten members, each set of three members is marked with different inflections, till you come to the last member, *viz.*—

Judgment', patience', perseverance',—fortitude', courage', generosity',—continence', piety', opportunity', fortune',—must combine to make a great man—

Yet the *first* member of the third set changes its inflection, when the series consists of only *four* members, *viz.*

Continence', piety', opportunity', fortune',—were conspicuous in the life of Scipio.

Numerical Table of the Simple Series.

COMMENCING.		CONCLUDING.	
No. of Members.		No. of Members.	
2	- - - - - 1' 2'	2	- - - - - 1' 2'
3	- - - - - 1' 2' 3'	3	- - - - - 1' 2' 3'
4	- - - - - 1' 2' 3' 4'	4	- - - - - 1' 2' 3' 4'
5	- - - - - 1' 2' 3' 4' 5'	5	- - - - - 1' 2' 3' 4' 5'
6	- - - - - 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6'	6	- - - - - 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6'
7	- - 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7'	7	- - 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7'
8	- 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8'	8	- 1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8'
9	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9'	9	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9'
10	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9' 10'	10	1' 2' 3' 4' 5' 6' 7' 8' 9' 10'

Mr. Ewing's table for the reading of pairs of nouns, is quite superfluous ; the illustrations are nothing more than examples of the *compound series* ; each member of which has always *two inflections*, whether it contains *two accented words or not*.* Who, for instance, can perceive the minutest difference between the reading of the two following examples ; the first of which, Mr. Ewing gives as an example of a compound series, and the second, as an example of pairs of nouns.

Absalom's' beauty', Jonathan's' love', David's' valour', Solomon's' wisdom', the patience' of Job', the prudence' of Augustus', the eloquence' of Cicero', the innocence' of wisdom', and the intelligence' of all'—though faintly amiable in the creature, are found in immense perfection in the Creator.

The wise' and the foolish', the virtuous' and the evil', the learned' and the ignorant', the temperate' and the profligate'—must often be blended together.

Note. When a simple series occurs in the member of a compound series, the simple members are inflected according to the inflection with which the compound member ends : for instance, if it ends with the falling inflection, they are inflected as the members of a simple concluding series ; if with the

* Unless in the latter case, the accented word begins the member ; and if a word of more than one syllable, commences with the accented syllable ; as, ponder ye, &c.

rising, as the members of a simple commencing series.

The soul can exert herself in many different ways of action : she can understand', will', imagine'—see' and hear'—love' and discourse'—and apply herself to many other like exercises of different kinds and natures'.

Here we have a compound concluding series of four members, three of which consist each of a simple series, and the first two simple serieses are read as a simple *concluding* series, because the compound members which they compose, are marked with the falling inflection ; and the third, as a simple *commencing* series, because the compound member which it forms, must end with the rising inflection.

The rules for inflecting the voice in the series, preclude the necessity of even remarking, that the *penultimate member* of a sentence, has the rising inflection, subject to the exceptions which have been made in the preceding part of the Introduction, with reference to the relative emphasis.

HARMONIC INFLECTION.

The rule for what is called the harmonic inflection, is so extremely *indefinite*, that it is any thing but a rule. I am persuaded that not one reader in twenty, can profit by it. The reading of the examples, is unexceptionable, but the rule would establish it to be a thing, not of principle or method, but of mere fancy. The fact is, the reading consists in inflecting the *phrases* in the latter part of a sentence, as you would the *members of a compound series*, viz.

1. We may learn from this observation which we have made on the mind of man, to take particular care, when we have once settled in a regular course of life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in any the most innocent diversions and entertainments : since the mind may insensibly fall off from the relish of virtuous actions, and by *degrees' exchange'—that' pleasure'—which it takes in the performance of its duty'*, for delights of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

2. One of the most eminent mathematicians of the age has assured me, that the greatest pleasure he took in reading Virgil, was in examining Æneas's voyage by the map ; as I question not but many a modern compiler of history, would be delighted with *little more—in that divine author*—than the bare matters of fact.

3. Since I have mentioned this unaccountable zeal which appears in atheists and infidels, I must farther observe, that they are likewise in a most particular manner possessed with the spirit of bigotry. They are *wedded to opinions—full of contradiction and impossibility—and at the same time—look upon the smallest difficulty—in an article of faith*—as a sufficient reason for rejecting it.

In the first of these examples, the phrases—*by degrees exchange—that pleasure*, and the relative clause *which it takes in the performance of its duty*—are read as the first three members of a compound concluding series of four members.

In the second, the phrases—*with little more*, and *in that divine author*—are read as the first two members of a compound concluding series of three members.

In the last, the phrases—*wedded to opinions—full of contradiction and impossibility*, are also read as the first two members of a compound concluding series of three members, the last of which is again read as a compound concluding series of four members, with reference to the phrases, *same time—look upon the smallest difficulty—in an article of faith—as a sufficient reason for rejecting it*.*

To the same rule, may be referred the following example, which is unnecessarily made the subject of a distinct rule.

*A brave man struggling—in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling—with a falling state.*

* Nothing is more common than for a member of a series to involve another series ; nay, it often happens that a member of that other, involves a third. For example, the member, if I may call it so, *as a sufficient reason for rejecting it*, though not marked, is, nevertheless, read as a series of two members, with reference to the phrases, *as a sufficient reason*, and *for rejecting it*.

Rule IX.—When a word is repeated in form of an exclamation, it has generally the rising inflection.

Newton was a Christian. Newton'! whose mind burst forth from the fetters cast by nature, on our finite conceptions.

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ACCENT.

*Rule X.*—Words which are the same, in *part* of their formation, when opposed to, or distinguished from, each other, howsoever ordinarily accented, have the accent on that syllable in which they differ.

There is a material difference between *giving* and *forgiving*.

In this species of composition, *plausibility* is much more important than *probability*.

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RHETORICAL DIVISION OF WORDS.

Words are rhetorically divided into emphatic, accented, and unaccented, or feeble.

Words are emphatic, when they have an antithesis expressed or understood, or when we wish to enforce particularly, the ideas which they represent; they are accented, when they consist of principal verbs, nouns, adjectives, and adverbs, not connecting ones; and unaccented or feeble, when they consist of auxiliary verbs, pronouns,* conjunctions, prepositions, and articles, or words of any description, depending upon an emphatic word.

I can *assure* you that I *speak* from *long experience*; and that you may *implicitly believe* me, when I *say*, that *exercise* and *temperance* will *undoubtedly strengthen* even an INDIFFERENT constitution.

* Personal and adjective pronouns, when they are antecedents; and relative pronouns, when their antecedents are not expressed become accented words.

He that runs may read.

Great is *your* kindness who can thus allow.

I cannot give credit to *him* who has once deceived me.

Who seeks for glory, often finds a grave.

Here, the word *indifferent*, because it is opposed by implication, to the epithet *sound*, is emphatic: the words *assure*, *speak*, *believe*, *say*, *strengthen*, because they are principal verbs; *experience*, *exercise*, *temperance*, because they are nouns; *long*, because it is an adjective; *implicitly*, *undoubtedly*, and (with Mr. Walker's leave) *even*, because they are adverbs, and not connective ones—are accented; and *can*, *may*, *will*, because they are auxiliary verbs; *I* and *you*, because they are pronouns; *that* and *and*, because they are conjunctions; and *when*, because it is a connective adverb; *an*, because it is an article; and *constitution*, because it depends upon an emphatic word—are unaccented, or feeble words.

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EMPHASIS.\*

Emphasis is of two kinds, absolute and relative. Relative emphasis has always an antithesis, either expressed or implied; absolute emphasis takes place, when the peculiar eminence of the thought is solely—singly considered.

'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a peasant',  
To forge a scroll so villanous and loose,  
And mark it with a noble lady's name.

Here we have an example of relative emphasis; for, if the thought were expressed at full, it would stand thus—

Unworthy not only of a gentleman, but even of a peasant.†

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\* I apprehend, that, notwithstanding all that has been written upon the subject, the true definition of emphasis remains still to be discovered.

† This demonstrates the impropriety of asserting, that what we have taken the liberty of calling relative emphasis, and what Mr. Walker designates by the name of the strong emphasis, excludes the antithesis: for the quality unworthy, is here referred to both the gentleman and the peasant. The fact is, it either excludes or includes the antithesis. In the above instance, it includes it; in the following, it excludes it.

I'll be in men's despite, a monarch—  
That is, not with the consent of men, but in their despite.

'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man,  
To forge a scroll so villanous and loose,  
And mark it with a noble lady's name !

Here we have an example of absolute emphasis; for, if the thought were expressed at full, it would stand thus—

Unworthy a being composed of such perfections as constitute a man.\*

*Single* (1) *Double* (2) *and Treble* (3) *Emphasis.*

The rules under this head are every way superfluous. Single, double, and treble emphasis, are nothing but examples of antithesis. Antithesis, abstractedly considered, is a series of two members, each of which may consist of one or more parts.†

(1) *We can do nothing—against' the truth, but for' the truth.*

Here each member consists of one part.

*Custom—is the plague' of wise' men—and the idol' of fools'.*

Here each member consists of two parts, which are inflected as the members of a series; the one commencing, and the other concluding.

\* In reasoning upon this example, Mr. Walker, by the most palpable contradiction, refutes his own theory. He says, "this inflection intimates, that something is affirmed of the emphatic, which is not denied of the antithetic object;" and this position he thus illustrates, or proves—

Unworthy of a man, though NOT unworthy of a brute.

Is this affirming, or not denying, of the subject brute, what is affirmed of the subject man? Is the alleged act unworthy of both the brute and the man? Assuredly not! The implied antithetic subject, brute, is here positively excluded; and Mr. Walker has absolutely attributed to the weak emphasis, what he asserts to be the sole—the characteristic property of the strong emphasis! Nothing less could be expected. His premiss was false. All emphasis has *not* an antithesis either expressed or understood, or else the rising and the falling emphasis are the *same*; or, if not the same, the former has *no antithesis*.

† Examples of harmonic inflection. I have a faint idea of a more philosophical theory upon this subject; but I have not space here for the discussion.

(2) *As it is the part of justice—never to do violence; so it is of modesty—never to commit offence.*

Here again, each member consists of two parts, which are inflected as the members of a compound series; the one commencing, and the other concluding.

(3) *A friend cannot be known—in prosperity; and an enemy cannot be hidden—in adversity.*

The same thing takes place here.

### EMPHATIC PHRASE.

*Rule XI.*—When we wish to give a phrase with the utmost possible force, not only every word which enters into the composition of it, becomes emphatic, but even the parts of *compound* words are pronounced as if they were independent.

There was a time, then, my fellow-citizens, when the Lacedæmonians were sovereign masters both by sea and land; when their troops and forts surrounded the entire circuit of Attica; when they possessed Eubœa, Tanagra, the whole Bœotian district, Megara, Ægina, Cleone, and the other islands; while this state had not one ship—no, NOT—ONE—WALL.

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 of nature;  
 Shutting their ears 'gainst 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 slew a sister in just rage!  
 A third the theme of all succeeding time,  
 Gave to the cruel axe, a darling son!  
 Nay, some for virtue have entomb'd themselves,  
 As he of Carthage—an immortal name!  
 But there is ONE—STEP—LEFT—above them all!  
 Above their history, above their fable!  
 A wife!—bride!—mistress unenjoy'd!—Do that!  
 And tread upon the Greek and Roman glory!

Or shall I—who was born I might almost say, but certainly brought up in the tent of my father—that most excellent general!—shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but which is greater yet, of the Alps themselves—shall I compare myself with this—HALF—YEAR—CAPTAIN? a captain!—before whom, should one place the two armies without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul!

The rule for the intermediate, or elliptical member, is superfluous, as it simply refers to a word or words, depending on emphatic words, and consequently *feeble*.

Must we, in your person, crown' *the author of the public calamities*, or must we destroy' *him*?

#### RHETORICAL PUNCTUATION.

All that has been said upon this subject, is contained in the following lines.

In pausing, ever let this rule take place,  
 Never to *separate* words, in any case,  
 That are *less separable* than those you *join* ;  
 And—which imports the same—not to *combine*  
 Such words together, as do not *relate*  
 So *closely* as the words you *separate*.

I am convinced, that a *nice* attention to rhetorical punctuation, has an extremely mischievous tendency, and is totally inconsistent with nature. Give the sense of what you read—MIND is the thing. Pauses are essential only where their omission would *obscure the sense*. The orator who, in the act of delivering himself, is studious about parcelling his words, is sure to leave the best part of his work undone. He delivers words, not thoughts. Deliver thoughts, and words will take care enough of themselves. I repeat it—BE IN EARNEST.

We have thus attempted to give a short abstract of the principles of elocution, so far as the inflecting of the voice is concerned. The subject, however, is yet far from

being thoroughly discussed : and will very probably be found, upon a closer examination, to admit, in various parts, of a far greater degree of precision, and also of being further simplified. And here we beg leave to correct the erroneous position, that the inflections are essential to the sense. They are no such thing—except perhaps in the single article of emphasis—and for this palpable reason—the English, Scotch, and Irish, use them differently, and yet not the smallest ambiguity follows with regard to the communication, or the production of thought. The sense is a guide to the use of the inflections—that is all. The system is nothing more nor less than an analysis—if I may use the term—of the manner in which the best speakers in London modulate the voice : and, as such, is highly important—assisting us to get rid of one source of that peculiarity which constitutes provincial speech—a misapplication of the inflections.

We cannot leave this subject without acknowledging the obligations which, in common with every other teacher of elocution, we owe to the researches of Mr. Walker. If we have improved upon his system—we give him still the merit of our corrections. He led us to them—Nay, it is but the *economy* of his system which we have attempted to improve. The system remains the same—and most probably would have remained unknown, but for the eager spirit of inquiry, and indefatigable activity of perseverance, which distinguished the labours of its eminently meritorious discoverer.

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THE  
ELOCUTIONIST.

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*On the Love of Life.*

AGE, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence, then, is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? Whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that Nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live,



while she lessens our enjoyments; and as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips Imagination in the spoils? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not choose," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up, with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long. *Goldsmith.*

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*On Grieving for the Dead.*

We sympathize even with the dead, and overlooking what is of real importance in their situation, that awful futurity which awaits them, we are chiefly affected by those circumstances which strike our senses, but can have no influence upon their happiness. It is miserable, we think, to be deprived of the light of the sun; to be shut out from life and conversation; to be laid in the cold grave, a prey to corruption and the reptiles of the earth; to be no more thought of in this world, but to be obliterated in a little time, from the affections, and almost from the memory, of their dearest friends and relations. Surely, we imagine, we can never feel too much for those who have suffered so dreadful a calamity. The tribute of our fellow-feeling seems doubly due to them now, when

they are in danger of being forgot by every body ; and, by the vain honours which we pay to their memory, we endeavour, for our own misery, artificially to keep alive our melancholy remembrance of their misfortune. That our sympathy can afford them no consolation, seems to be an addition to their calamity ; and to think that all we can do is unavailing, and that, what alleviates all other distresses, the regret, the love, and the lamentations of friends, can yield no comfort to them, serves only to exasperate our sense of their misery. The happiness of the dead, however, most assuredly, is affected by none of these circumstances ; nor is it the thought of these things which can ever disturb the profound security of their repose. The idea of that dreary and endless melancholy, which the fancy naturally ascribes to their condition, arises altogether from our joining, to the change which has been produced upon them, our own consciousness of that change, from our putting ourselves in their situation, and from our lodging, if I may be allowed to say so, our own living souls in their inanimated bodies, and thence conceiving what would be our emotions in this case. It is from this very illusion of the imagination, that the foresight of our own dissolution is so terrible to us, and that the idea of these circumstances, which undoubtedly can give us no pain when we are dead, makes us miserable while we are alive. And from thence arises one of the most important principles in human nature, the dread of death, the great poison to the happiness, but the great restraint upon the injustice of mankind, which, while it afflicts and mortifies the individual, guards and protects the society.

*Dr. Adam Smith.*

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*On Remorse.*

As the greater and more irreparable the evil that is done, the resentment of the sufferer runs naturally the higher ; so does likewise the sympathetic indignation of the spectator, as well as the sense of guilt in the agent.—Death is the greatest evil which one man can inflict upon another, and excites the highest de-

gree of resentment in those who are immediately connected with the slain. Murder, therefore, is the most atrocious of all crimes which affect individuals only, in the sight both of mankind, and of the person who has committed it. To be deprived of that which we are possessed of, is a greater evil than to be disappointed of what we have only the expectation. Breach of property, therefore, theft and robbery, which take from us what we are possessed of, are greater crimes than breach of contract, which only disappoints us of what we expected. The most sacred laws of justice, therefore—those whose violation seems to call loudest for vengeance and punishment, are the laws which guard the life and person of our neighbour; the next are those which guard his property and possessions; and last of all come those which guard what are called his personal rights, or what is due to him from the promises of others.

The violator of the more sacred laws of justice, can never reflect on the sentiments which mankind must entertain with regard to him, without feeling all the agonies of shame, and horror, and consternation. When his passion is gratified, and he begins coolly to reflect on his past conduct, he can enter into none of the motives which influenced it. They appear now as detestable to him, as they did always to other people. By sympathizing with the hatred and abhorrence which other men must entertain for him, he becomes in some measure the object of his own hatred and abhorrence. The situation of the person, who suffered by his injustice, now calls upon his pity. He is grieved at the thought of it; regrets the unhappy effects of his own conduct; and feels, at the same time, that they have rendered him the proper object of the resentment and indignation of mankind, and of what is the natural consequence of resentment—vengeance, and punishment. The thought of this perpetually haunts him, and fills him with terror and amazement. He dares no longer look society in the face, but imagines himself as it were rejected, and thrown out from the affections of all mankind. He cannot hope for the consolation of sympathy, in this his greatest

and most dreadful distress. The remembrance of his crimes has shut out all fellow-feeling with him from the hearts of his fellow-creatures. The sentiments which they entertain with regard to him, are the very thing which he is most afraid of. Every thing seems hostile; and he would be glad to fly to some inhospitable desert, where he might never more behold the face of a human creature, nor read in the countenance of mankind the condemnation of his crimes. But solitude is still more dreadful than society. His own thoughts can present him with nothing but what is black, unfortunate, and disastrous—the melancholy forebodings of incomprehensible misery and ruin. The horror of solitude drives him back to society; and he comes again into the presence of mankind, astonished to appear before them, loaded with shame, and distracted with fear, in order to supplicate some little protection from the countenance of those very judges, who he knows have already all unanimously condemned him. Such is the nature of that sentiment, which is properly called remorse; of all the sentiments which can enter the human breast, the most dreadful. It is made up of shame, from the sense of the impropriety of past conduct; of grief, for the effects of it; of pity, for those who suffer by it; and of the dread and terror of punishment, from the consciousness of the justly-provoked resentment of all rational creatures.

*Dr. Adam Smith.*

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*Discontent, the common Lot of all Mankind.*

Such is the emptiness of human enjoyment, that we are always impatient of the present. Attainment is followed by neglect, and possession by disgust.—Few moments are more pleasing than those in which the mind is concerting measures for a new undertaking. From the first hint that wakens the fancy, to the hour of actual execution, all is improvement and progress, triumph and felicity. Every hour brings additions to the original scheme, suggests some new expedient to secure success, or discovers consequential advantages not hitherto foreseen. While preparations are made

and materials accumulated, day glides after day through Elysian prospects, and the heart dances to the song of hope.

Such is the pleasure of projecting, that many content themselves with a succession of visionary schemes, and wear out their allotted time in the calm amusement of contriving what they never attempt or hope to execute.

Others, not able to feast their imagination with pure ideas, advance somewhat nearer to the grossness of action, with great diligence collect whatever is requisite to their design, and, after a thousand researches and consultations, are snatched away by death, as they stand waiting for a proper opportunity to begin.

If there were no other end of life, than to find some adequate solace for every day, I know not whether any condition could be preferred to that of the man who involves himself in his own thoughts, and never suffers experience to show him the vanity of speculation; for no sooner are notions reduced to practice, than tranquillity and confidence forsake the breast; every day brings its task, and often without bringing abilities to perform it; difficulties embarrass, uncertainty perplexes, opposition retards, censure exasperates, or neglect depresses. We proceed, because we have begun; we complete our design, that the labour already spent may not be vain: but as expectation gradually dies away, the gay smile of alacrity disappears, we are necessitated to implore severer powers, and trust the event to patience and constancy.

When once our labour has begun, the comfort that enables us to endure it is the prospect of its end; for though in every long work there are some joyous intervals of self-applause, when the attention is recreated by unexpected facility, and the imagination soothed by incidental excellences not comprised in the first plan; yet the toil with which performance struggles after idea, is so irksome and disgusting, and so frequent is the necessity of resting below that perfection which we imagined within our reach; that seldom any man obtains more from his endeavours than a painful conviction of his defects, and a continual resuscitation of desires which he feels himself unable to gratify.

So certainly is weariness and vexation the concomitant of our undertakings, that every man, in whatever he is engaged, consoles himself with the hope of change. He that has made his way by assiduity and vigilance to public employment, talks among his friends of nothing but the delight of retirement : he whom the necessity of solitary application secludes from the world, listens with a beating heart to its distant noises, longs to mingle with living beings, and resolves, when he can regulate his hours by his own choice, to take his fill of merriment and diversion, or to display his abilities on the universal theatre, and enjoy the pleasures of distinction and applause.

Every desire, however innocent or natural, grows dangerous, as by long indulgence it becomes ascendant in the mind. When we have been much accustomed to consider any thing as capable of giving happiness, it is not easy to restrain our ardour ; or to forbear some precipitation in our advances, and irregularity in our pursuits. He that has long cultivated the tree, watched the swelling bud and opening blossom, and pleased himself with computing how much every sun and shower added to its growth, scarcely stays till the fruit has obtained its maturity, but defeats his own cares by eagerness to reward them. When we have diligently laboured for any purpose, we are willing to believe that we have attained it, and because we have already done much, too suddenly conclude that no more is to be done.

All attraction is increased by the approach of the attracting body. We never find ourselves so desirous to finish, as in the latter part of our work, or so impatient of delay, as when we know that delay cannot be long. Part of this unseasonable importunity of discontent may be justly imputed to languor and weariness ; which must always oppress us more as our toil has been longer continued ; but the greater part usually proceeds from frequent contemplation of that ease which we now consider as near and certain, and which, when it has once flattered our hopes, we cannot suffer to be longer withheld. *Rambler.*

*On the Sublime in Writing.*

It is, generally speaking, among the most ancient authors, that we are to look for the most striking instances of the sublime. The early ages of the world, and the rude unimproved state of society, are peculiarly favourable to the strong emotions of sublimity. The genius of men is then much turned to admiration and astonishment. Meeting with many objects, to them new and strange, their imagination is kept glowing, and their passions are often raised to the utmost. They think and express themselves, boldly, and without restraint. In the progress of society, the genius and manners of men undergo a change more favourable to accuracy, than to strength or sublimity.

Of all writings, ancient or modern, the Sacred Scriptures afford us the highest instances of the sublime. The descriptions of the Deity, in them, are wonderfully noble, both from the grandeur of the object, and the manner of representing it. What an assemblage, for instance, of awful and sublime ideas is presented to us, in that passage of the XVIIIth Psalm, where an appearance of the Almighty is described? "In my distress I called upon the Lord; he heard my voice out of his temple, and my cry came before him. Then the earth shook and trembled; the foundations also of the hills were moved; because he was wroth. He bowed the heavens and came down, and darkness was under his feet: and he did ride upon a cherub, and did fly; yea, he did fly upon the wings of the wind. He made darkness his secret place; his pavilion round about him were dark waters, and thick clouds of the sky." We see with what propriety and success the circumstances of darkness and terror are applied for heightening the sublime. So, also, the prophet Habakkuk, in a similar passage: "He stood, and measured the earth; he beheld, and drove asunder the nations. The everlasting mountains were scattered; the perpetual hills did bow. His ways are everlasting. The mountains saw thee, and they trembled; the overflowing of the water passed by; the deep uttered his voice, and lifted up his hands on high."

The noted instance given by Longinus from Moses, "God said, let there be light; and there was light," is not liable to the censure, which was passed on some of his instances, of being foreign to the subject. It belongs to the true sublime: and the sublimity of it arises from the strong conception it gives of an exertion of power, producing its effect with the utmost speed and facility. A thought of the same kind is magnificently amplified in the following passage of Isaiah (chap. xlv. 24, 27, 28). "Thus saith the Lord, thy Redeemer, and he that formed thee from the womb; I am the Lord that maketh all things, that stretcheth forth the heavens alone, that spreadeth abroad the earth by myself—that saith to the deep, Be dry, and I will dry up thy rivers; that saith of Cyrus, He is my Shepherd, and shall perform all my pleasure; even saying to Jerusalem, Thou shalt be built; and to the temple, Thy foundations shall be laid." There is a passage in the Psalms, which deserves to be mentioned under this head: "God," says the Psalmist, "stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumults of the people." The joining together two such grand objects, as the raging of the waters, and the tumults of the people, between which there is such resemblance as to form a very natural association in the fancy, and the representing them both as subject at one moment, to the command of God, produces a noble effect.

Homer is a poet, who, in all ages, and by all critics, has been greatly admired for sublimity; and he owes much of his grandeur to that native and unaffected simplicity, which characterizes his manner. His description of hosts engaging; the animation, the fire, the rapidity, which he throws into his battles, present, to every reader of the Iliad, frequent instances of sublime writing. His introduction of the gods, tends often to heighten, in a striking degree, the majesty of his warlike scenes. Hence Longinus bestows such high and just commendations on that passage, in the XVth Book of the Iliad, where Neptune, when preparing to issue forth into the engagement, is described as shaking the mountains with his steps, and driving his chariot along the ocean.



Minerva arming herself for fight, in the Vth Book ; and Apollo, in the XVth, leading on the Trojans, and flashing terror with his Ægis on the face of the Greeks, are similar instances of great sublimity, added to the description of battles, by the appearance of those celestial beings. In the XXth Book, where all the gods take part in the engagement, according as they severally favour either the Grecians or the Trojans, the poet's genius is signally displayed, and the description rises into the most awful magnificence. All nature is represented as in commotion : Jupiter thunders in the heavens ; Neptune strikes the earth with his trident ; the ships, the city, and the mountains shake ; the earth trembles to its centre ; Pluto starts from his throne in dread, lest the secrets of the infernal regions should be laid open to the view of mortals.

The works of Ossian abound with examples of the sublime. The subjects of which that author treats, and the manner in which he writes, are particularly favourable to it. He possesses all the plain and venerable manner of the ancient times. He deals in no superfluous or gaudy ornaments ; but throws forth his images with a rapid conciseness, which enables them to strike the mind with the greatest force. Among poets of more polished times, we are to look for the graces of correct writing, for just proportion of parts, and skilfully connected narration. In the midst of smiling scenery and pleasurable themes, the gay and beautiful will appear, undoubtedly, to more advantage. But amidst the rude scenes of nature and of society, such as Ossian describes ; amidst rocks, and torrents, and whirlwinds, and battles, dwells the sublime ; and naturally associates itself with the grave and solemn spirit, which distinguishes the author of Fingal. " As autumn's dark storms pour from two echoing hills, so towards each other approached the heroes. As two dark streams from high rocks meet, and mix, and roar on the plain ; loud, rough, and dark, in battle, met Lochlin and Innis-fail. Chief mixed his strokes with chief, and man with man. Steel clanging sounded on steel. Helmets are cleft on high ; blood bursts, and smokes around. As the troubled noise of

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the ocean when roll the waves on high ; as the last peal of the thunder of heaven ; such is the noise of battle. As roll a thousand waves to the rock, so Swaran's host came on ; as meets a rock a thousand waves, so Innis-fail met Swaran. Death raises all his voices around, and mixes with the sound of shields. The field echoes from wing to wing, as a hundred hammers that fall by turns on the red sun of the furnace. As a hundred winds on Morven ; as the streams of a hundred hills ; as clouds fly successive over the heavens ; or, as the dark ocean assaults the shore of the desert ; so roaring, so vast, so terrible, the armies mixed on Lena's echoing heath. The groan of the people spread over the hills. It was like the thunder of night, when the clouds burst on Cona, and a thousand ghosts shriek at once on the hollow wind." Never were images of more awful sublimity employed to heighten the terror of battle. *Blair.*

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*On Study.*

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring ; for ornament, is in discourse ; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business. For expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one ; but the general counsels, and the plots, and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth ; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation ; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar. They perfect nature, and are perfected by experience ; for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study ; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them : for they teach not their own use, but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read—not to contradict and refute, not to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are

to be tasted ; others, to be swallowed ; and some few, to be chewed and digested : that is, some books are to be read only in parts ; others, to be read, but not curiously ; and some few, to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts of them made by others ; but that should be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books ; else distilled books are like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man ; conference a ready man ; and writing an exact man. And, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a present wit ; if he confer little, he had need have a good memory ; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning to seem to know that he doth not. *Bacon.*

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Reflections in Westminster Abbey.

When I am in a serious humour, I very often walk by myself in Westminster Abbey ; where the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and the condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rather thoughtfulness, that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed the whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church ; amusing myself with the tomb-stones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another : the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances, that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons ; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave, and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull, intermixed with a kind of a fresh mouldering earth, that some time or other had a place in

the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral ; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass ; how beauty, strength, and youth ; with old age, weakness, and deformity—lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

I know that entertainments of this nature are apt to raise dark and dismal thoughts in timorous minds, and gloomy imaginations ; but, for my own part, though I am always serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy ; and can therefore take a view of Nature in her deep and solemn scenes, with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. By this means I can improve myself with objects which others consider with terror. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me ; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out ; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my heart melts with compassion ; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow : when I see kings lying by those who deposed them, when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contest and disputes ; I reflect, with sorrow and astonishment, on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs—of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago ; I consider that great day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.

Spectator.

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*Virtue Man's highest Interest.*

I find myself existing upon a little spot, surrounded every way by an immense unknown expansion.—Where am I? What sort of a place do I inhabit? Is it exactly accommodated in every instance to my con-

venience? Is there no excess of cold, none of heat, to offend me? Am I never annoyed by animals either of my own kind or a different? Is every thing subservient to me, as though I had ordered all myself?—No—nothing like it—the farthest from it possible. The world appears not, then, originally made for the private convenience of me alone?—It does not.—But is it not possible so to accommodate it, by my own particular industry?—If to accommodate man and beast, heaven and earth, if this be beyond me, it is not possible.—What consequence then follows; or can there be any other than this?—If I seek an interest of my own, detached from that of others, I seek an interest which is chimerical, and can never have existence.

How then must I determine? Have I no interest at all? If I have not, I am a fool for staying here: 'tis a smoky house, and the sooner out of it the better. But why no interest? Can I be contented with none but one separate and detached? Is a social interest, joined with others, such an absurdity as not to be admitted? The bee, the beaver, and the tribes of herding animals, are enough to convince me that the thing is somewhere at least possible. How, then, am I assured that it is not equally true of man? Admit it; and what follows? If so, then honour and justice are my interest; then the whole train of moral virtues are my interest: without some portion of which, not even thieves can maintain society.

But farther still—I stop not here—I pursue this social interest as far as I can trace my several relations. I pass from my own stock, my own neighbourhood, my own nation, to the whole race of mankind, as dispersed throughout the earth. Am I not related to them all, by the mutual aids of commerce, by the general intercourse of arts and letters, by that common nature of which we all participate?

Again—I must have food and clothing. Without a proper genial warmth, I instantly perish. Am I not related, in this view, to the very earth itself? to the distant sun, from whose beams I derive vigour? to that stupendous course and order of the infinite host of heaven, by which the times and seasons ever

uniformly pass on? Were this order once confounded, I could not probably survive a moment ; so absolutely do I depend on this common general welfare. What then have I to do, but to enlarge virtue into piety? Not only honour and justice, and what I owe to man, is my interest ; but gratitude also, acquiescence, resignation, adoration, and all I owe to this great polity, and its greater Governor, our common Parent !

*Harris.*

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The Character of Mary Queen of Scots.

To all the charms of beauty, and the utmost elegance of external form, Mary added those accomplishments which render their impression irresistible. Polite, affable, insinuating, sprightly ; and capable of speaking and of writing with equal ease and dignity. Sudden, however, and violent in all her attachments ; because she had been accustomed from her infancy to be treated as a queen. No stranger, on some occasions, to dissimulation ; which, in that perfidious court where she received her education, was reckoned among the necessary arts of government. Not insensible of flattery, or unconscious of that pleasure, with which almost every woman beholds the influence of her own beauty. Formed with the qualities that we love, not with the talents that we admire ; she was an agreeable woman rather than an illustrious queen. The vivacity of her spirit, not sufficiently tempered with sound judgment, and the warmth of her heart, which was not at all times under the restraint of discretion ; betrayed her both into errors and into crimes. To say that she was always unfortunate, will not account for that long and almost uninterrupted succession of calamities which befell her ; we must likewise add, that she was often imprudent. Her passion for Darnley was rash, youthful, and excessive. And though the sudden transition to the opposite extreme was the natural effect of her ill-requited love, and of his ingratitude, insolence, and brutality ; yet neither these, nor Bothwell's artful addresses and important services, can justify her attachment to that nobleman. Even the manners of the

age, licentious as they were, are no apology for this unhappy passion ; nor can they induce us to look on that tragical and infamous scene which followed it, with less abhorrence. Humanity will draw a veil over this part of her character, which it cannot approve ; and may, perhaps, prompt some to impute her actions to her situation, more than to her disposition ; and to lament the unhappiness of the former, rather than accuse the perverseness of the latter. Mary's sufferings exceed, both in degree and in duration, those tragical distresses which fancy has feigned to excite sorrow and commiseration ; and, while we survey them, we are apt altogether to forget her frailties, we think of her faults with less indignation, and approve of our tears, as if they were shed for a person who had attained much nearer to pure virtue. " No man," says Brantome, " ever beheld her person without admiration and love, or will read her history without sorrow."

Robertson.

The Monk.

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

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

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

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

When he had entered the room three paces, he stood still; and laying his left hand upon his breast (a slender white staff with which he journeyed being in his right)—when I had got close up to him, he introduced himself with the little story of the wants of his convent, and the poverty of his order—and did it with so simple a grace—and such an air of deprecation was there in the whole cast of his look and figure—I was bewitched not to have been struck with it——

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

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

As I pronounced the words *great claims*, he gave a slight glance with his eyes downwards upon the sleeve of his tunic—I felt the full force of the appeal—I acknowledge it, said I—a coarse habit, and that but once in three years, with meagre diet—are no great matters: but the true point of pity is, as they can be earned in the world with so little industry, that your

order should wish to procure them by pressing upon a fund which is the property of the lame, the blind, the aged, and the infirm: the captive who lies down counting over and over again the days of his affliction, languishes also for his share of it; and had you been of the *order of mercy*, instead of the order of St. Francis, poor as I am, continued I, pointing at my portmanteau, full cheerfully should it have been opened to you for the ransom of the unfortunate. The monk made me a bow—But, resumed I, the unfortunate of our own country, surely have the first rights; and I have left thousands in distress upon the English shore—The monk gave a cordial wave with his head—as much as to say, No doubt there is misery enough in every corner of the world, as well as within our convent—But we distinguish, said I, laying my hand upon the sleeve of his tunic, in return for his appeal—we distinguish, my good father, betwixt those who wish only to eat the bread of their own labour—and those who eat the bread of other people's, and have no other plan in life, but to get through it in sloth and ignorance, *for the love of God*—

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

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

On Military Glory.

“ You will grant me, however,” interposed Tiberius, “ that there are refined and sensible delights, in their nature proper for the gratification of a monarch, which are always sure to give rational enjoyment without the danger of disgusting by repetition?”—“ As for instance?” says Belisarius.—“ The love of glory, for instance,” replied the young man. “ But what sort of glory?”—“ Why, of all the various classes of glory, renown in arms must hold the foremost place.”—“ Very well; that is your position: and do you think the pleasure that springs from conquest has a sincere and lasting charm in it? Alas! when millions are stretched in mangled heaps upon the field of battle, can the mind in that situation taste of joy? I can make allowance for those who have met danger in all its shapes; they may be permitted to congratulate themselves, that they have escaped with their lives; but in the case of a king born with sensibility of heart, the day that spills a deluge of human blood, and bids the tears of natural affection flow in rivers round the land; that cannot be a day of true enjoyment. I have more than once traversed over a field of battle; I would have been glad to have seen a Nero in my place: the tears of humanity must have burst from him. I know there are princes who take the pleasure of a campaign, as they do that of hunting, and who send forth their people to the fray, as they let slip their dogs; but the rage of conquest is like the unrelenting temper of avarice, which torments itself, and is to the last insatiable. A province has been invaded, it has been subdued, it lies contiguous to another not yet attempted; desire begins to kindle, invasion happens after invasion, ambition irritates itself to new projects, till at length comes a reverse of fortune, which exceeds, in the mortification it brings, all the pride and joy of former victories. But to give things every flattering appearance, let us suppose a train of uninterrupted success: yet, even in that case, the conqueror pushes forward like another Alexander, to the limits of the world, and then, like him, re-measures back his course; fatigued with triumphs, a burden to himself and man-

kind, at a loss what to do with the immense tracts which he has depopulated, and melancholy with the reflection that an acre of his conquests would suffice to maintain him, and a little pit-hole to hide his remains from the world. In my youth I saw the sepulchre of Cyrus; a stone bore this inscription: 'I am Cyrus, he who subdued the Persian empire. Friend, whoever thou art, or wherever thy native country, envy me not the scanty space that covers my clay-cold ashes.' 'Alas!' said I, turning aside from the mournful epitaph, 'is it worth while to be a conqueror!'"

Tiberius interrupted him with astonishment; "Can these be the sentiments of Belisarius!"—"Yes, young man, thus thinks Belisarius: he is able to decide upon the subject. Of all the plagues which the pride of man has engendered, the rage of conquest is the most destructive."

Marmontel.

Liberty and Slavery.

Disguise thyself as thou wilt, still, Slavery! still thou art a bitter draught; and though thousands, in all ages, have been made to drink of thee, thou art no less bitter on that account. It is thou, Liberty! thrice sweet and gracious goddess! whom all, in public or in private, worship; whose taste is grateful, and ever will be so, till Nature herself shall change. No tint of words can spot thy snowy mantle, or chemic power turn thy sceptre into iron. With thee to smile upon him as he eats his crust, the swain is happier than his monarch, from whose court thou art exiled. Gracious Heaven! grant me but health, thou great bestower of it! and give me but this fair goddess as my companion! and shower down thy mitres, if it seem good unto thy divine providence, upon those heads which are aching for them!

Pursuing these ideas, I sat down close by my table; and leaning my head upon my hand, I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement. I was in a right frame for it, and so I gave full scope to my imagination.

I was going to begin with the millions of my fellow-creatures, born to no inheritance but slavery ; but finding, however affecting the picture was, that I could not bring it near me, and that the multitude of sad groups in it did but distract me—I took a single captive ; and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door to take his picture.

I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement ; and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it is which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer, I saw him pale and feverish. In thirty years, the western breeze had not once fanned his blood—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time—nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice. His children—but here my heart began to bleed—and I was forced to go on with another part of the portrait.

He was sitting upon the ground, upon a little straw in the farthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little kalendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of these little sticks in his hand ; and, with a rusty nail, he was etching another day of misery, to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door—then cast it down—shook his head—and went on with his work of affliction. I heard his chains upon his legs, as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle—He gave a deep sigh—I saw the iron enter into his soul.—I burst into tears.—I could not sustain the picture of confinement which my fancy had drawn. *Sterne.*

Reyno and Alpin.

Reyno. The wind and rain are over ; calm is the noon of day. The clouds are divided in heaven ; over the green hill, flies the inconstant sun ; red, through the stony vale, comes down the stream of the hill.—Sweet are thy murmurs, O stream ! but more

sweet is the voice I hear.—It is the voice of Alpin, the son of song, mourning for the dead.—Bent is his head of age, and red his tearful eye—Alpin, thou son of song, why alone on the silent hill? Why complainest thou as a blast in the wood—as a wave on the lonely shore?

Alpin. My tears, O Reyno! are for the dead—my voice for the inhabitants of the grave. Tall thou art on the hill; fair among the sons of the plain—But thou shalt fall like Morar; and the mourner shall sit on thy tomb. The hills shall know thee no more, thy bow shall lie in the hall unstrung.—Thou wert swift, O Morar! as a roe on the hill—terrible as a meteor of fire.—Thy wrath was as the storm—thy sword, in battle, as lightning in the field.—Thy voice was like a stream after rain—like thunder on distant hills.—Many fell by thy arm—they were consumed in the flames of thy wrath. But when thou didst return from war, how peaceful was thy brow! Thy face was like the sun after rain—like the moon in the silence of night—calm as the breast of the lake, when the loud wind is hushed into repose.—Narrow is thy dwelling now—dark the place of thine abode. With three steps I compass thy grave, O thou who wast so great before! Four stones, with their heads of moss, are the only memorial of thee. A tree, with scarce a leaf—long grass whistling in the wind—mark to the hunter's eye, the grave of the mighty Morar.—Morar! thou art low indeed: thou hast no mother to mourn thee; no maid with her tears of love: dead is she that brought thee forth; fallen is the daughter of Morglan.—Who, on his staff, is this? who this, whose head is white with age, whose eyes are galled with tears, who quakes at every step?—It is thy father, O Morar! the father of no son, but thee.—Weep, thou father of Morar! weep; but thy son heareth thee not. Deep is the sleep of the dead—low their pillow of dust. No more shall he hear thy voice—no more awake at thy call.—When shall it be morn in the grave, to bid the slumberer awake?—Farewell! thou bravest of men: thou conqueror in the field: but the field shall see thee no more; nor the gloomy wood be lightened with the

splendour of thy steel.—Thou hast left no son—but
the song shall preserve thy name. *Ossian.*

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*Story of the Siege of Calais.*

Edward III. after the battle of Cressy, laid siege to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens under Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. France had now put the sickle into her second harvest, since Edward, with his victorious army, sat down before the town. The eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. At length, famine did more for Edward than arms. After suffering unheard-of calamities, they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle; and, after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner, and the citizens who survived the slaughter retired within their gates. The command devolving upon Eustace St. Pierre, a man of mean birth, but of exalted virtue, he offered to capitulate with Edward, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty. Edward, to avoid the imputation of cruelty, consented to spare the bulk of the plebeians, provided they delivered up to him six of their principal citizens with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar. When his messenger, Sir Walter Mauny, delivered the terms, consternation and pale dismay were impressed on every countenance. To a long and dead silence, deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly;—"My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either yield to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or give up our tender infants, our wives, and daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiers. Is there any expedient left, whereby we may avoid the guilt and infamy of delivering up those who have suffered every misery with you, on the one hand, or the desolation

and horror of a sacked city, on the other? There is, my friends; there is one expedient left! a gracious, an excellent, a godlike expedient left! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that Power who offered up his only Son for the salvation of mankind." He spoke;—but a universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution. At length St. Pierre resumed, "I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous of this martyrdom than I can be; though the station to which I am raised by the captivity of Lord Vienne, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely; I give it cheerfully. Who comes next?"—"Your son," exclaimed a youth not yet come to maturity.—"Ah! my child!" cried St. Pierre; "I am then twice sacrificed.—But no; I have rather begotten thee a second time. Thy years are few, but full, my son. The victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality. Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes."—"Your kinsman," cried John de Aire.—"Your kinsman," cried James Wissant.—"Your kinsman," cried Peter Wissant.—"Ah!" exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, "why was not I a citizen of Calais?" The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example. The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody; then ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English. Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take the last adieu of their deliverers. What a parting! what a scene! they crowded with their wives and children about St. Pierre and his fellow-prisoners. They embraced; they clung around; they fell prostrate before them; they groaned; they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning

passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the English camp.

The English, by this time, were apprized of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion. Each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals to welcome and entertain the half-famished inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way. At length St. Pierre and his fellow-victims appeared, under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts, and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire, this little band of patriots, as they passed. They bowed to them on all sides; they murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes, which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter. As soon as they had reached the presence, "Mauny," says the monarch, "are these the principal inhabitants of Calais?"—"They are," says Mauny: "they are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my Lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling."—"Were they delivered peaceably?" says Edward: "Was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?"—"Not in the least, my Lord: the people would all have perished, rather than have delivered the least of these to your Majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands." Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter: but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. "Experience," says he, "has ever shown, that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensably necessary to compel subjects to submission by punishment and example. "Go," he cried to an officer, "lead these men to execution."



At this instant a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The Queen had just arrived with a powerful reinforcement of gallant troops. Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her Majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience—"My Lord," said she, "the question I am to enter upon, is not touching the lives of a few mechanics—it respects the honour of the English nation; it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king. You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my Lord, they have sentenced themselves; and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward. The stage on which they would suffer, would be to them a stage of honour; but a stage of shame to Edward—a reproach to his conquests—an indelible disgrace to his name. Let us rather disappoint these haughty burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense. We cannot wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended, but we may cut them short of their desires: in the place of that death by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts; let us put them to confusion with applauses. We shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue."—"I am convinced: you have prevailed. Be it so," replied Edward: "prevent the execution: have them instantly before us." They came: when the Queen, with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them;—"Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais, ye have put us to a vast expense of blood and treasure, in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you have acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment; and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue, by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions. You noble burghers! you excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing, on our part, save respect

and affection for you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains ; we snatch you from the scaffold ; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you show us, that excellence is not of blood, of title, or station ; that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings ; and that those whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions. You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen, to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed, provided you refuse not the tokens of our esteem. Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves, by every endearing obligation ; and, for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons."—" Ah, my country !" exclaimed Pierre ; " it is now that I tremble for you. Edward only wins our cities ; but Philippa conquers our hearts."

*Fool of Quality.*

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On Living to One's-Self.

What I mean by living to one's-self, is living in the world, as in it, not of it: it is as if no one knew there was such a person, and you wished no one to know it: it is to be a silent spectator of the mighty scene of things, not an object of attention or curiosity in it ; to take a thoughtful, anxious interest in what is passing in the world, but not to feel the slightest inclination to make or meddle with it. It is such a life as a pure spirit might be supposed to lead, and such an interest as it might take in the affairs of men—calm, contemplative, passive, distant, touched with pity for their sorrows, smiling at their follies without bitterness, sharing their affections, but not troubled by their passions, not seeking their notice, nor once dreamed of by them. He who lives wisely to himself and to his own heart, looks at the busy world through the loopholes of retreat, and does not want to mingle in the fray. " He hears the tumult, and is still." He is

not able to mend it, nor willing to mar it. He sees enough in the universe to interest him, without putting himself forward to try what he can do to fix the eyes of the universe upon him. Vain the attempt! He reads the clouds, he looks at the stars, he watches the return of the seasons, the falling leaves of autumn, the perfumed breath of spring, starts with delight at the note of a thrush in a copse near him, sits by the fire, listens to the moaning of the wind, pores upon a book, or discourses the freezing hours away, or melts down hours to minutes in pleasing thought. All this while he is taken up with other things, forgetting himself. He relishes an author's style, without thinking of turning author. He is fond of looking at a print from an old picture in the room, without teasing himself to copy it. He does not fret himself to death with trying to be what he is not, or to do what he cannot. He hardly knows what he is capable of, and is not in the least concerned, whether he shall ever make a figure in the world. He feels the truth of the lines—

“ The man whose eye is ever on himself,
Doth look on one, the least of nature's works :
One who might move the wise man to that scorn
Which wisdom holds unlawful ever.”—

He looks out of himself at the wide extended prospect of nature, and takes an interest beyond his narrow pretensions in general humanity. He is free as air, and independent as the wind. Woe be to him when he first begins to think what others say of him. While a man is contented with himself and his own resources, all is well. When he undertakes to play a part on the stage, and to persuade the world to think more about him than they do about themselves, he is got into a track where he will find nothing but briars and thorns, vexation and disappointment.

Hazlitt.

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*Comal and Galvina.*

“ Mournful is thy tale, son of the car,” said Carril of other times.—“ It sends my soul back to the ages

of old, and to the days of other years.—Often have I heard of Comal, who slew the friend he loved ; yet victory attended his steel ; and the battle was consumed in his presence.

“ Comal was the son of Albion ; the chief of an hundred hills.—His deer drank of a thousand streams.—a thousand rocks replied to the voice of his dogs.—His face was the mildness of youth.—His hand the death of heroes.—One was his love, and fair was she ! the daughter of mighty Conloch.—She appeared like a sun-beam among women.—Her hair was like the wing of the raven.—Her dogs were taught to the chase.—Her bow-string sounded on the winds of the forest.—Her soul was fixed on Comal.—Often met their eyes of love.—Their course in the chase was one.—Happy were their words in secret.—But Gormal loved the maid, the dark chief of the gloomy Ardven.—He watched her lone steps in the heath ; the foe of unhappy Comal !

“ One day, tired of the chase, when the mist had concealed their friends, Comal and the daughter of Conloch met, in the cave of Ronan.—It was the wonted haunt of Comal.—Its sides were hung with his arms.—A hundred shields of thongs were there ; a hundred helms of sounding steel.—‘ Rest here,’ he said, ‘ my love, Galvina ; thou light of the cave of Ronan !—A deer appears on Mora’s brow,—I go ; but I will soon return.—‘ I fear,’ she said, ‘ dark Gormal my foe ; he haunts the cave of Ronan !—I will rest among the arms ; but soon return, my love.’

“ He went to the deer of Mora.—The daughter of Conloch would try his love.—She clothed her white sides with his armour, and strode from the cave of Ronan !—He thought it was his foe.—His heart beat high.—His colour changed, and darkness dimmed his eyes.—He drew the bow.—The arrow flew.—Galvina fell in blood !—He ran with wildness in his steps, and called the daughter of Conloch.—No answer in the lonely rock.—‘ Where art thou, O my love ?’ He saw, at length, her heaving heart beating around the feathered arrow.—‘ O Conloch’s daughter, is it thou ?’—He sunk upon her breast.—

“The hunters found the hapless pair.—He afterwards walked the hill—but many and silent were his steps round the dark dwelling of his love.—The fleet of the ocean came.—He fought; the strangers fled.—He searched for death along the field.—But who could slay the mighty Comal!—He threw away his dark-brown shield.—An arrow found his manly breast.—He sleeps with his loved Galvina, at the noise of the sounding surge!—Their green tombs are seen by the mariner, when he bounds o’er the waves of the north.”  
*Ossian.*

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On the Psalms.

Besides the figures supplied by the history of Israel, and by the law, there is another set of images often employed in the Psalms, to describe the blessings of redemption. These are borrowed from the natural world, the manner of its original production, and the operations continually carried on in it. The visible works of God are formed to lead us, under the direction of his word, to a knowledge of those which are invisible; they give us ideas, by analogy, of a new creation rising gradually, like the old one, out of darkness and deformity, until at length it arrives at the perfection of glory and beauty: so that while we praise the Lord for all the wonders of his power, wisdom, and love, displayed in a system which is to wax old and perish, we may therein contemplate, as in a glass, those new heavens, and that new earth, of whose duration there shall be no end.* The sun, that fountain of life, and heart of the world, that bright leader of the armies of heaven, enthroned in glorious majesty; the moon shining with a lustre borrowed from his beams; the stars glittering by night in the clear firmament; the air giving breath to all things that live and move; the interchanges of light and darkness; the course of the year, and the sweet vicissitude of

* Read nature; nature is a friend to truth;
 Nature is Christian, preaches to mankind;
 And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.

seasons ; the rain and the dew descending from above, and the fruitfulness of the earth caused by them ; the bow bent by the hands of the Most High, which compasseth the heavens about with a glorious circle ; the awful voice of thunder, and the piercing power of lightning ; the instincts of animals, and the qualities of vegetables and minerals ; the great and wide sea, with its unnumbered inhabitants ; all these are ready to instruct us in the mysteries of faith, and the duties of morality.

“ They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.”

The advantages of Messiah's reign are represented in some of the Psalms, under images of this kind. We behold a renovation of all things, and the world, as it were, new created, breaks forth into singing. The earth is clothed with sudden verdure and fertility : the field is joyful, and all that is in it ; the trees of the wood rejoice before the Lord ; the floods clap their hands in concert, and ocean fills up the mighty chorus, to celebrate the advent of the great King.

Horne.

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*Anningait and Ajut.*

In one of the large caves to which the families of Greenland retire together, to pass the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid, who came from different parts of the country, were so much distinguished for their beauty, that they were called by the rest of the inhabitants Anningait and Ajut, from a supposed resemblance to their ancestors of the same names, who had been transformed of old into the sun and moon.

Anningait for some time heard the praises of Ajut with little emotion ; but, at last, by frequent interviews, became sensible of her charms, and first made a discovery of his affection, by inviting her, with her parents, to a feast, where he placed before Ajut the tail of a whale. Ajut seemed not much delighted by this gallantry ; yet, however, from that time, was observed rarely to appear, but in a vest made of the skin of a

white deer ; she used frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her sleeves with coral shells, and to braid her hair with great exactness.

The elegance of her dress, and the judicious disposition of her ornaments, had such an effect upon Anningait, that he could no longer be restrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore composed a poem in her praise, in which, among other heroic and tender sentiments, he protested, that " she was beautiful as the vernal willow, and fragrant as thyme upon the mountains ; that her fingers were white as the teeth of the morse, and her smile grateful as the dissolution of the ice ; that he would pursue her, though she should pass the snows of the midland cliffs, or seek shelter in the caves of the eastern cannibals ; that he would tear her from the embraces of the genius of the rocks, snatch her from the paws of Amarock, and rescue her from the ravin of Hafgufa." He concluded with a wish, that " whoever should attempt to hinder his union with Ajut, might be buried without his bow, and that, in the land of souls, his skull might serve for no other use than to catch the droppings of the starry lamps."

This ode being universally applauded, it was expected that Ajut would soon yield to such fervour and accomplishments ; but Ajut, with the natural haughtiness of beauty, expected all the forms of courtship : and, before she would confess herself conquered, the sun returned, the ice broke, and the season of labour called all to their employments.

Anningait and Ajut for a time always went out in the same boat, and divided whatever was caught. Anningait in the sight of his mistress, lost no opportunity of signalizing his courage ; he attacked the sea-horses on the ice ; pursued the seals into the water, and leapt upon the back of the whale, while he was yet struggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence less to accumulate all that could be necessary to make winter comfortable ; he dried the roe of fishes and the flesh of seals ; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dressed their skins to adorn his bride ;

he feasted her with eggs from the rocks, and strewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempest drove the fish to a distant part of the coast, before Anningait had completed his store; he therefore entreated Ajut, that she would at last grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now summoned by necessity. Ajut thought him not yet entitled to such condescension, but proposed, as a trial of his constancy, that he should return at the end of summer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his assiduities. "O virgin, beautiful as the sun shining on the water, consider," said Anningait, "what thou hast required. How easily may my return be precluded by a sudden frost or unexpected fogs; then must the night be passed without my Ajut. We live not, my fair, in those fabled countries, which lying strangers so wantonly describe; where the whole year is divided into short days and nights; where the same habitation serves for summer and winter; where they raise houses in rows above the ground, dwell together from year to year, with flocks of tame animals grazing in the fields about them; can travel at any time from one place to another, through ways enclosed with trees, or over walls raised upon the inland waters; and direct their course through wide countries by the sight of green hills, or scattered buildings. Even in summer we have no means of crossing the mountains, whose snows are never dissolved; nor can remove to any distant residence, but in our boats coasting the bays. Consider, Ajut; a few summer-days, and a few winter-nights, and the life of man is at an end. Night is the time of ease and festivity, of revels and gayety: but what will be the flaming lamp, the delicious seal, or the soft oil, without the smiles of Ajut?"

The eloquence of Anningait was vain; the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promises to meet again before the night of winter.

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Anningait, however discomposed by the dilatory coyness of Ajut, was yet resolved to omit no tokens



of amorous respect ; and therefore presented her at his departure with the skins of seven white fawns, or five swans, and eleven seals, with three marble lamps, ten vessels of seal-oil, and a large kettle of brass, which he had purchased from a ship, at the price of half a whale, and two horns of sea-unicorns.

Ajut was so much affected by the fondness of her lover, or so much overpowered by his magnificence, that she followed him to the sea-side ; and when she saw him enter the boat, wished aloud, that he might return with plenty of skins and oil ; that neither the mermaids might snatch him into the deeps, nor the spirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She stood awhile to gaze upon the departing vessel, and then returning to her hut, silent and dejected, laid aside, from that hour, her white deer-skin, suffered her hair to spread unbraided on her shoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavoured to divert her thoughts, by continual application to feminine employments, gathered moss for the winter lamps, and dried grass to line the boots of Anningait. Of the skins which he had bestowed upon her, she made a fishing-coat, a small boat, and tent, all of exquisite manufacture ; and while she was thus busied, solaced her labours with a song, in which she prayed, " that her lover might have hands stronger than the paws of the bear, and feet swifter than the feet of the rein-deer ; that his dart might never err, and that his boat might never leak ; that he might never stumble on the ice, nor faint in the water ; that the seal might rush upon his harpoon, and the wounded whale might dash the waves in vain."

The large boats in which the Greenlanders transport their families, are always rowed by women : for a man will not debase himself by work, which requires neither skill nor courage. Anningait was therefore exposed by idleness to the ravages of passion. He went thrice to the stern of the boat with an intent to leap into the water, and swim back to his mistress ; but, recollecting the misery which they must endure in the winter, without oil for the lamp, or skins for the bed, he resolved to employ the weeks of absence in

provision for a night of plenty and felicity. He then composed his emotions as he could, and expressed in wild numbers and uncouth images, his hopes, his sorrows, and his fears. "O life!" says he, "frail and uncertain! where shall wretched man find thy resemblance but in ice floating on the ocean? It towers on high, it sparkles from afar; while the storms drive, and the waters beat it, the sun melts it above, and the rocks shatter it below. What art thou, deceitful pleasure! but a sudden blaze streaming from the north, which plays a moment on the eye, mocks the traveller with the hopes of light, and then vanishes for ever? What, love, art thou but a whirlpool, which we approach without knowledge of our danger, drawn on by imperceptible degrees, till we have lost all power of resistance and escape? Till I fixed my eyes on the graces of Ajut, while I had not yet called her to the banquet, I was careless as the sleeping morse, I was merry as the singers in the stars. Why, Ajut, did I gaze upon thy graces? why, my fair, did I call thee to the banquet? Yet, be faithful, my love, remember Anningait, and meet my return with the smile of virginity. I will chase the deer, I will subdue the whale, resistless as the frost of darkness, and unwearied as the summer sun. In a few weeks I shall return prosperous and wealthy; then shall the roefish and the porpoise feast thy kindred; the fox and hare shall cover thy couch; the tough hide of the seal shall shelter thee from cold; and the fat of the whale illuminate thy dwelling."

Anningait having with these sentiments consoled his grief, and animated his industry, found that they had now coasted the headland, and saw the whales spouting at a distance. He therefore placed himself in his fishing-boat, called his associates to their several employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity; and, by dividing his time between the chase and fishery, suspended the miseries of absence and suspicion.

Ajut, in the mean time, notwithstanding her neglected dress, happened, as she was drying some skins in the sun, to catch the eye of Norngsuk, on his return

from hunting. Norngsuk was of birth truly illustrious. His mother had died in childbirth, and his father, the most expert fisher of Greenland, had perished by too close pursuit of the whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches ; he was master of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five and twenty seals buried in the snow, against the season of darkness. When he saw the beauty of Ajut, he immediately threw over her the skin of a deer that he had taken, and soon after presented her with a branch of coral. Ajut refused his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of Anningait.

Norngsuk, thus rejected, had recourse to stratagem. He knew that Ajut would consult a diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himself to the most celebrated in that part of the country, and by a present of two seals and a marble kettle, obtained a promise, that when Ajut should consult him, he would declare that her lover was in the land of souls. Ajut, in a short time brought him a coat made by herself, and inquired what events were to befall her, with assurances of a much larger reward at the return of Anningait, if the prediction should flatter her desires. The diviner knew the way to riches, and foretold that Anningait, having already caught two whales, would soon return home, with a large boat laden with provisions.

This prognostication she was ordered to keep secret ; and Norngsuk, depending upon his artifice, renewed his addresses with greater confidence ; but, finding his suit still unsuccessful, applied himself to her parents with gifts and promises. The wealth of Greenland is too powerful for the virtue of a Greenlanders ; they forgot the merit and the presents of Anningait, and decreed Ajut to the embraces of Norngsuk. She entreated ; she remonstrated ; she wept, and raved ; but finding riches irresistible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon such berries as she could gather, and the birds or hares which she had the fortune to ensnare, taking care, at

an hour when she was not likely to be found, to view the sea every day, that her lover might not miss her at his return.

At last she saw the great boat in which Anningait had departed, stealing slow and heavy laden along the coast. She ran, with all the impatience of affection, to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her constancy and sufferings.———When the company reached the land, they informed her, that Anningait, after the fishery was ended, being unable to support the slow passage of the vessel of carriage, had set out before them in his fishing-boat, and they expected, at their arrival, to have found him on shore.

Ajut, distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though she was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her ; but, when at last they retired to rest, Ajut went down to the beach, where, finding a fishing-boat, she entered it without hesitation, and telling those who wondered at her rashness, that she was going in search of Anningait, rowed away with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion, that they were changed into stars ; others imagine, that Anningait was seized in his passage by the genius of the rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the general persuasion is, that they are both in that part of the land of souls, where the sun never sets, where oil is always fresh, and provisions always warm. The virgins sometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay, from which the hapless maid departed ; and, when a Greenlander would praise any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like Anningait and Ajut.

*Johnson.*

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On the Pleasure of Painting.

To give one instance more, and then I will have done with this rambling discourse. One of my first

attempts was a picture of my father, who was then in a green old age, with strong-marked features, and scarred with the small-pox. I drew it with a broad light crossing the face, looking down, with spectacles on, reading. The book was Shaftesbury's *Characteristics*, in a fine old binding, with Gribelin's etchings. My father would as lieve it had been any other book; but for him to read was to be content, was "riches fineless." The sketch promised well; and I set to work to finish it, determined to spare no time nor pains. My father was willing to sit as long as I pleased; for there is a natural desire in the mind of man to sit for one's picture, to be the object of continued attention, to have one's likeness multiplied; and, besides his satisfaction in the picture, he had some pride in the artist, though he would rather I should have written a sermon, than painted like Rembrandt or like Raphael. Those winter days, with the gleams of sunshine coming through the chapel windows, and cheered by the notes of the robin-redbreast in our garden (that "ever in the haunch of winter sings")—as my afternoon's work drew to a close,—were among the happiest of my life. When I gave the effect I intended to any part of the picture for which I had prepared my colours, when I imitated the roughness of the skin by a lucky stroke of the pencil, when I hit the clear pearly tone of a vein, when I gave the ruddy complexion of health, the blood circulating under the broad shadows of one side of the face, I thought my fortune made; or rather, it was already more than made, in my fancying that I might one day be able to say with Correggio, "I also am a painter!" It was an idle thought, a boy's conceit; but it did not make me less happy at the time. I used regularly to set my work in the chair, to look at it through the long evenings; and many a time did I return to take leave of it before I could go to bed at night. I remember sending it with a throbbing heart to the exhibition, and seeing it hung up there by the side of one of the Honourable Mr. Skeffington (now Sir George.) There was nothing in common between them, but that they were the

portraits of two very good-natured men. I think, but am not sure, that I finished this portrait (or another afterwards) on the same day that the news of the battle of Austerlitz came. I walked out in the afternoon, and, as I returned, saw the evening-star set over a poor man's cottage, with other thoughts and feelings than I shall ever have again. Oh for the revolution of the great Platonic year, that those times might come over again! I could sleep out the three hundred and sixty-five thousand intervening years very contentedly!—The picture is left; the table, the chair, the window where I learned to construe Livy, the chapel where my father preached, remain where they were; but he himself is gone to rest, full of years, of faith, of hope, and charity!

Hazlitt.

Damon and Pythias.

When Damon was sentenced by Dionysius of Syracuse to die on a certain day, he begged permission in the interim, to retire to his own country, to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the king intended peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the conditions, and did not wait for an application upon the part of Damon; he instantly offered himself as security for his friend, which being accepted, Damon was immediately set at liberty. The king and all the courtiers were astonished at this action; and, therefore, when the day of execution drew near, his majesty had the curiosity to visit Pythias, in his confinement. After some conversation on the subject of friendship, in which the king delivered it as his opinion, that self-interest was the sole mover of human actions; as for virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of one's country, and the like, he looked upon them as terms invented by the wise, to keep in awe, and impose upon, the weak. "My lord," said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, "I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths, rather than my friend

should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord ; I am as confident of his virtue, as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds ! prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours, and suffer him not to arrive, till, by my death, I shall have redeemed a life a thousand times of more consequence, of more value, than my own ; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country. O leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon." Dionysius was awed and confounded by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner in which they were uttered : he felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth ; but it served rather to perplex than undeceive him. The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked amidst the guards with a serious, but satisfied air, to the place of execution. Dionysius was already there ; he was exalted on a moving throne, that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive, and attentive to the prisoner. Pythias came ; he vaulted lightly on the scaffold, and, beholding for some time the apparatus of death, he turned with a placid countenance, and addressed the spectators : " My prayers are heard," he cried, " the gods are propitious ; you know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come ; he could not conquer impossibilities ; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day, shall have ransomed the life of my friend. O could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion, of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death, even as I would to my bridal. Be it sufficient, in the meantime, that my friend will be found noble ; that his truth is unimpeachable ; that he will speedily prove it ; that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods : but I hasten to prevent his speed : executioner, do your office." As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to rise among the remotest of the people—a

distant voice was heard—the crowd caught the words, and, “stop, stop the execution,” was repeated by the whole assembly. A man came at full speed—the throng gave way to his approach: he was mounted on a steed of foam: in an instant, he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced. “You are safe,” he cried, “you are safe, my friend, my beloved friend; the gods be praised, you are safe. I now have nothing but death to suffer, and am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own.” Pale, cold, and half-speechless, in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied, in broken accents—“Fatal haste!—Cruel impatience!—What envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour?—But I will not be wholly disappointed.—Since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you.” Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched; he wept; and, leaving his throne, he ascended the scaffold. “Live, live, ye incomparable pair!” he cried, “ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue! and that virtue equally evinces the existence of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned: and, Oh! form me by your precepts, as ye have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship.” *Fool of Quality.*

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*Brethren should Dwell together in Harmony.*

Two brothers, named Timon and Demetrius, having quarrelled with each other, Socrates, their common friend, was solicitous to restore amity between them. Meeting, therefore, with Demetrius, he thus accosted him: “Is not friendship the sweetest solace in adversity, and the greatest enhancement of the blessings of prosperity?” “Certainly it is,” replied Demetrius; “because our sorrows are diminished, and our joys increased, by sympathetic participation.” “Amongst whom, then, must we look for a friend?” said Socrates: “Would you search among strangers? They cannot be interested about you. Amongst your rivals? They



have an interest in opposition to yours. Amongst those who are much older, or younger than yourself? Their feelings and pursuits will be widely different from yours. Are there not, then, some circumstances favourable, and others essential, to the formation of friendship?" "Undoubtedly there are," answered Demetrius. "May we not enumerate," continued Socrates, "amongst the circumstances favourable to friendship, long acquaintance, common connections, similitude of age, and union of interest?" "I acknowledge," said Demetrius, "the powerful influence of these circumstances: but they may subsist, and yet others be wanting, that are essential to mutual amity." "And what," said Socrates, "are those essentials which are wanting in Timon?" "He has forfeited my esteem and attachment," answered Demetrius. "And has he also forfeited the esteem and attachment of the rest of mankind?" continued Socrates. "Is he devoid of benevolence, generosity, gratitude, and other social affections?" "Far be it from me," cried Demetrius, "to lay so heavy a charge upon him. His conduct to others, is, I believe, irreproachable; and it wounds me the more, that he should single me out as the object of his unkindness." "Suppose you have a very valuable horse," resumed Socrates, "gentle under the treatment of others, but ungovernable, when you attempt to use him; would you not endeavour, by all means, to conciliate his affection, and to treat him in the way most likely to render him tractable?—Or, if you have a dog, highly prized for his fidelity, watchfulness, and care of your flocks, who is fond of your shepherds, and playful with them, and yet snarls whenever you come in his way; would you attempt to cure him of his fault, by angry looks or words, or by any other marks of resentment? You would surely pursue an opposite course with him. And is not the friendship of a brother of far more worth, than the services of a horse, or the attachment of a dog? Why, then, do you delay to put in practice those means, which may reconcile you to Timon?" "Acquaint me with those means," answered Demetrius, "for I am a stranger to

them." "Answer me a few questions," said Socrates. "If you desire, that one of your neighbours should invite you to his feast, when he offers a sacrifice, what course would you take?"—"I would first invite him to mine." "And how would you induce him to take the charge of your affairs, when you are on a journey?"—"I should be forward to do the same good office to him, in his absence." "If you be solicitous to remove a prejudice, which he may have received against you, how would you then behave towards him?"—"I should endeavour to convince him, by my looks, words, and actions, that such prejudice was ill-founded." "And if he appeared inclined to reconciliation, would you reproach him with the injustice he had done you?"—"No," answered Demetrius; "I would repeat no grievances." "Go," said Socrates, "and pursue that conduct towards your brother, which you would practise to a neighbour. His friendship is of inestimable worth; and nothing is more lovely in the sight of Heaven, than for brethren to dwell together in unity." *Percival.*

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On the Abuse of Genius, with reference to the Works of Lord Byron.

I have endeavoured to show, that the intrinsic value of genius is a secondary consideration, compared with the use to which it is applied; that genius ought to be estimated chiefly by the character of the subject upon which it is employed, or of the cause which it advocates—considering it, in fact, as a mere instrument, a weapon, a sword, which may be used in a good cause, or in a bad one; may be wielded by a patriot, or a highwayman; may give protection to the dearest interests of society, or may threaten those interests with the irruption of pride, and profligacy, and folly—of all the vices which compose the curse and degradation of our species. I am the more disposed to dwell a little upon this subject, because I am persuaded that it is not sufficiently attended to—nay, that in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, it is not attended to at all! That works of imagination

are perused, for the sake of the wit which they display ; which wit not only reconciles us to, but endears to us, opinions, and feelings, and habits, at war with wisdom and morality—to say nothing of religion. In short, that we admire the polish, and the temper, and the shape of the sword, and the dexterity with which it is wielded, though it is the property of a lunatic, or of a bravo ; though it is brandished in the face of wisdom and of virtue ; and, at every wheel, threatens to inflict a wound, that will disfigure some feature, or lop some member ; or, with masterly adroitness, aims a death-thrust at the heart ! I would deprive genius of the worship that is paid to it, for its own sake. Instead of allowing it to dictate to the world, I would have the world dictate to it—dictate to it, so far as the vital interests of society are affected. I know it is the opinion of many, that the moral of mere poetry is of little avail ; that we are charmed by its melody and wit, and uninjured by its levity and profaneness ; and hence, many a thing has been allowed in poetry, which would have been scouted, deprecated, reviled, had it appeared in prose : as if vice and folly were less pernicious, for being introduced to us with an elegant and insinuating address ; or, as if the graceful folds and polished scales of a serpent, were an antidote against the venom of its sting.

There is not a more prolific source of human error, than that railing at the world, which obtrudes itself so frequently upon our attention, in the perusing of Lord Byron's poems—that sickness of disgust, which begins its indecent heavings, whensoever the idea of the species forces itself upon him. The species is not perfect ; but it retains too much of the image of its Maker, preserves too many evidences of the modelling of the hand that fashioned it, is too near to the hovering providence of its disregarded, but still cherishing Author, to excuse, far less to call for, or justify, desertion, or disclaiming, or revilings, upon the part of any one of its members. I know not a more pitiable object, than the man, who, standing upon the pigmy eminence of his own self-importance, looks round upon the species, with an eye that never throws a beam of satisfaction

on the prospect, but visits with a scowl, whatsoever it lights upon. The world is not that reprobate world, that it should be cut off from the visitation of charity; that it should be represented, as having no alternative, but to inflict or bear. Life is not one continued scene of wrestling with our fellows. Mankind are not for ever grappling one another by the throat. There is such a thing as the grasp of friendship, as the outstretched hand of benevolence, as an interchange of good offices, as a mingling, a crowding, a straining together, for the relief, or the benefit of our species. The moral he thus inculcates, is one of the most baneful tendency. The principle of self-love—implanted in us for the best, but capable of being perverted to the worst of purposes—by a fatal abuse, too often disposes us to indulge in this sweeping depreciation of the species, founded upon some fallacious idea of superior value in ourselves; with which imaginary excellence we conceive the world to be at war. A greater source of error cannot exist. We are at once deprived of the surest prop of virtue—distrust of our own pretensions, and compound, as it were, with our fellows, for an interchange of thwartings, and jostlings; or else withdrawing from all intercourse with them, commune with rocks, and trees, and rivers; fly from the moral region of sublimity and beauty, to the deaf, voiceless, sightless, heartless department of the merely physical one. *Anon.*

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*Harley's Death.*

There are some remembrances (said Harley) which rise involuntarily on my heart, and make me almost wish to live. I have been blessed with a few friends, who redeem my opinion of mankind. I recollect, with the tenderest emotion, the scenes of pleasure I have passed among them—but we shall meet again, my friend, never to be separated. There are some feelings which perhaps are too tender to be suffered by the world. The world, in general, is selfish, interested, and unthinking, and throws the imputation of romance, or melancholy, on every temper more sus-

ceptible than its own. I cannot but think, in those regions which I contemplate, if there is any thing of mortality left about us, that these feelings will subsist :—they are called—perhaps they are—weaknesses, here ;—but there may be some better modifications of them in heaven, which may deserve the name of virtues.” He sighed, as he spoke these last words. He had scarcely finished them, when the door opened, and his aunt appeared, leading in Miss Walton. “My dear (says she) here is Miss Walton, who has been so kind as to come and inquire for you herself.” I could perceive a transient glow upon his face. He rose from his seat.—“If to know Miss Walton’s goodness (said he) be a title to deserve it, I have some claim.” She begged him to resume his seat, and placed herself on the sofa beside him. I took my leave. His aunt accompanied me to the door. He was left with Miss Walton alone. She inquired anxiously after his health. “I believe (said he) from the accounts which my physicians unwillingly give me, that they have no great hopes of my recovery.”—She started, as he spoke; but, recollecting herself immediately, endeavoured to flatter him into a belief that his apprehensions were groundless. “I know (said he) that it is usual with persons at my time of life, to have these hopes which your kindness suggests; but I would not wish to be deceived. To meet death as becomes a man, is a privilege bestowed on few: I would endeavour to make it mine :—nor do I think, that I can ever be better prepared for it than now :—’tis that chiefly which determines the fitness of its approach.” “Those sentiments,” answered Miss Walton, “are just; but your good sense, Mr. Harley, will own, that life has its proper value.—As the province of virtue, life is ennobled; as such, it is to be desired.—To virtue has the Supreme Director of all things assigned rewards enough, even here, to fix its attachments.”

The subject began to overpower her.—Harley lifted up his eyes from the ground—“There are (said he, in a low voice)—there are attachments, Miss Walton.”—His glance met hers—they both betrayed a confu-

sion, and were both instantly withdrawn.—He paused some moments.—“ I am (he said) in such a state as calls for sincerity : let that alone excuse it—it is, perhaps, the last time we shall ever meet. I feel something particularly solemn in the acknowledgment ; yet my heart swells to make it, awed as it is by a sense of my presumption,—by a sense of your perfections.”—He paused again.—“ Let it not offend you, (he resumed,) to know their power over one so unworthy. My heart will, I believe, soon cease to beat, even with that feeling which it shall lose the latest.—To love Miss Walton could not be a crime.—If to declare it is one, the expiation will be made.” Her tears were now flowing without control.—“ Let me entreat you (said she) to have better hopes—let not life be so indifferent to you ; if my wishes can put any value upon it—I will not pretend to misunderstand you—I know your worth—I have long known it—I have esteemed it—what would you have me say?—I have loved it, as it deserved !” He seized her hand :—a languid colour reddened his cheek—a smile brightened faintly in his eye. As he gazed on her, it grew dim, it fixed, it closed—he sighed, and fell back on his seat—Miss Walton screamed at the sight—his aunt and the servants rushed into the room—they found them lying motionless together.—His physician happened to call at that instant—every art was tried to recover them—with Miss Walton they succeeded—but Harley was gone for ever !

*Mackenzie.*

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Advantages of uniting Gentleness of Manners, with Firmness of Mind.

I mentioned to you, some time ago, a sentence, which I would most earnestly wish you always to retain in your thoughts, and observe in your conduct ; it is, *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. I do not know any one rule so unexceptionably useful and necessary in every part of life.

The *suaviter in modo*, alone, would degenerate and sink into a mean, timid complaisance, and passiveness,

if not supported and dignified by the *fortiter in re*; which would also run into impetuosity and brutality, if not tempered and softened by the *suaviter in modo*: however, they are seldom united. The warm, choleric man, with strong animal spirits, despises the *suaviter in modo*, and thinks to carry all before him, by the *fortiter in re*. He may, possibly, by great accident, now and then succeed, when he has only weak and timid people to deal with; but his general fate will be, to shock, offend, be hated, and fail. On the other hand, the cunning, crafty man thinks to gain all his ends by the *suaviter in modo* only: he becomes all things to all men; he seems to have no opinion of his own, and servilely adopts the present opinion of the present person; he insinuates himself only into the esteem of fools, but is soon detected, and surely despised by every body else. The wise man—who differs as much from the cunning, as from the choleric man—alone joins the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*.

If you are in authority, and have a right to command, your commands, delivered *suaviter in modo*, will be willingly, cheerfully, and—consequently—well obeyed: whereas, if given only *fortiter*, that is, brutally, they will rather, as Tacitus says, be *interpreted*, than *executed*. For my own part, if I bade my footman bring me a glass of wine, in a rough, insulting manner, I should expect, that, in obeying me, he would contrive to spill some of it upon me: and, I am sure, I should deserve it. A cool, steady resolution should show, that, where you have a right to command, you will be obeyed; but, at the same time, a gentleness in the manner of enforcing that obedience, should make it a cheerful one, and soften, as much as possible, the mortifying consciousness of inferiority. If you are to ask a favour, or even to solicit your due, you must do it *suaviter in modo*, or you will give those, who have a mind to refuse you either, a pretence to do it, by resenting the manner; but, on the other hand, you must, by a steady perseverance, and decent tenaciousness, show the *fortiter in re*. In short, this precept is the only way I know in the world, of being loved, without being despised; and feared, without being

hated. It constitutes that dignity of character, which every wise man must endeavour to establish.

If, therefore, you find, that you have a hastiness in your temper, which unguardedly breaks out into indiscreet sallies, or rough expressions, to either your superiors, your equals, or your inferiors; watch it narrowly, check it carefully, and call the *suaviter in modo* to your assistance: at the first impulse of passion, be silent, till you can be soft. Labour even to get the command of your countenance so well, that those emotions may not be read in it—a most unspeakable advantage in business! On the other hand, let no complaisance, no gentleness of temper, no weak desire of pleasing, on your part; no wheedling, coaxing, nor flattery, on other people's, make you recede one jot from any point, that reason and prudence have bid you pursue; but, return to the charge, persist, persevere, and you will find most things attainable, that are possible. A yielding, timid meekness, is always abused and insulted, by the unjust and the unfeeling; but meekness, when sustained by the *fortiter in re*, is always respected, commonly successful. In your friendships and connections, as well as in your enmities, this rule is particularly useful—let your firmness and vigour preserve and invite attachments to you; but, at the same time, let your manner prevent the enemies of your friends and dependants from becoming yours; let your enemies be disarmed by the gentleness of your manner; but, let them feel, at the same time, the steadiness of your just resentment; for, there is a great difference between bearing malice—which is always ungenerous—and a resolute, self-defence—which is always prudent and justifiable.

I conclude with this observation, That gentleness of manners, with firmness of mind, is a short, but full, description of human perfection, on this side of religious and moral duties. *Chesterfield.*

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*The Elder's Death-bed.*

“ Jamie, thy own father has forgotten thee in thy infancy, and me in my old age; but, Jamie, forget



not thou thy father, nor thy mother; for that, thou knowest and feelest, is the commandment of God."

The broken-hearted boy could give no reply. He had gradually stolen closer and closer unto the loving old man, and now was lying, worn out with sorrow, drenched and dissolved in tears, in his grandfather's bosom. His mother had sunk down on her knees, and hid her face with her hand. "Oh! if my husband knew but of this—he would never, never desert his dying father!" And I now knew that the Elder was praying on his death-bed for a disobedient and wicked son.

At this affecting time, the Minister took the Family-Bible on his knees, and said, "Let us sing to the praise and glory of God, part of the fifteenth psalm;" and he read, with a tremulous and broken voice, those beautiful verses,

" Within thy tabernacle, Lord,  
Who shall abide with thee?  
And in thy high and holy hill,  
Who shall a dweller be?

" The man that walketh uprightly,  
And worketh righteousness,  
And as he thinketh in his heart,  
So doth he truth express."

Ere the psalm was yet over, the door was opened, and a tall, fine-looking man entered, but with a lowering and dark countenance, seemingly in sorrow, in misery, and remorse. Agitated, confounded, and awe-struck by the melancholy and dirge-like music, he sat down on a chair, and looked with a ghastly face towards his father's bed. When the psalm ceased, the Elder said, with a solemn voice, "My son—thou art come in time to receive thy father's blessing. May the remembrance of what will happen in this room, before the morning again shine over the Hazel-glen, win thee from the error of thy ways! Thou art here to witness the mercy of thy God and thy Saviour, whom thou hast forgotten."

The Minister looked, if not with a stern, yet with an upbraiding countenance, on the young man, who had not recovered his speech, and said, "William!

for three years past your shadow has not darkened the door of the house of God. They who fear not the thunder, may tremble at the still small voice—now is the hour for repentance—that your father's spirit may carry up to Heaven tidings of a contrite soul saved from the company of sinners!”

The young man, with much effort, advanced to the bed-side, and at last found voice to say, “Father—I am not without the affections of nature—and I hurried home the moment I heard that the minister had been seen riding towards our house. I hope that you will yet recover, and, if I have ever made you unhappy, I ask your forgiveness—for though I may not think as you do on matters of religion, I have a human heart. Father! I may have been unkind, but I am not cruel. I ask your forgiveness.”

“Come near to me, William; kneel down by the bed-side, and let my hand feel the head of my beloved son—for blindness is coming fast upon me. Thou wert my first-born, and thou art my only living son. All thy brothers and sisters are lying in the church-yard, beside her whose sweet face thine own, William, did once so much resemble. Long wert thou the joy, the pride of my soul,—ay, too much the pride, for there was not in all the parish such a man, such a son, as my own William. If thy heart has since been changed, God may inspire it again with right thoughts. I have sorely wept for thee—ay, William, when there was none near me—even as David wept for Absalom—for thee, my son, my son!”

A long deep groan was the only reply; but the whole body of the kneeling man was convulsed; and it was easy to see his sufferings, his contrition, his remorse, and his despair. The Pastor said, with a sterner voice, and austerer countenance than were natural to him, “Know you whose hand is now lying on your rebellious head? But what signifies the word father to him who has denied God the Father of us all?” “Oh! press him not too hardly,” said his weeping wife, coming forward from a dark corner of the room, where she tried to conceal herself in grief, fear, and shame. “Spare, Oh! spare my husband—he has

ever been kind to me ;” and with that she knelt down beside him, with her long soft white arms mournfully, and affectionately laid across his neck. “ Go thou, likewise, my sweet little Jamie,” said the Elder, “ go even out of my bosom and kneel down beside thy father and thy mother, so that I may bless you all at once, and with one yearning prayer.” The child did as the solemn voice commanded, and knelt down somewhat timidly by his father’s side ; nor did the unhappy man decline encircling with his arm, the child too much neglected, but still dear to him as his own blood, in spite of the deadening and debasing influence of infidelity.

“ Put the word of God into the hands of my son, and let him read aloud to his dying father the 25th, 26th, and 27th verses of the eleventh chapter of the gospel according to St. John.” The Pastor went up to the kneelers, and with a voice of pity, condolence, and pardon, said, “ There was a time when none, William, could read the Scriptures better than couldst thou—can it be that the son of my friend hath forgotten the lessons of his youth ?” He had not forgotten them—there was no need for the repentant sinner to lift up his eyes from his bed-side. The sacred stream of the gospel had worn a channel in his heart, and the waters were again flowing. With a choked voice he said, “ Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life : And whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this ? She said unto him, Yea, Lord : I believe thou art the Christ, the son of God, which should come into the world.”

“ That is not an unbeliever’s voice,” said the dying man, triumphantly ; “ nor, William, hast thou an unbeliever’s heart. Say that thou believest in what thou hast now read, and thy father will die happy !” “ I do believe ; and as thou forgivest me, so may I be forgiven by my Father who is in heaven.” The Elder seemed like a man suddenly inspired with a new life. His faded eyes kindled—his pale cheeks glowed—his palsied hand seemed to wax strong—and his voice was clear as that of manhood in its prime. “ Into thy hands, O God ! I commit my spirit ;” and, so saying,

he gently sunk back on his pillow ; and I thought I heard a sigh.—There was then a long deep silence, and the father, the mother, and the child, rose from their knees. The eyes of us all were turned towards the white placid face of the figure now stretched in everlasting rest ; and, without lamentations, save the silent lamentations of the resigned soul, we stood around the DEATH-BED OF THE ELDER. *Wilson.*

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On Lord Byron's Lines upon the Field of Waterloo.

Here is the very cunning of the poet—one train of ideas excited to prepare you for receiving in its full force, the shock of their opposite. The ball-room thrown open to you ; beauty and chivalry, in all the splendour that should grace the festive hour, presented to you ; the voluptuous swell of music awakened for you ; your senses, your imagination, and your affections, environed with scenes and images of sweetness, and grace, and loveliness, and joy—to strike you aghast with alarm, to bring trepidation and terror before you, in their most appalling shapes and attitudes. The whole scene, as by the waving of an enchanter's wand, changed in a moment ! For smiles, tears ; for blushes, paleness ; for meetings, partings ; for the assembly, the muster ; for the dance, the march ; for the music, the cannon ; for the ball-room, the battle-field ! This is one of the most favourite feats of poetry, and occurs frequently in the works of all great masters. It is a means by which they provoke that agitation and hurry of spirits, which enable them to take possession of their readers ; and which consists in bringing contraries into sudden collision. The luxuriant valley opens upon the sterile heath ; the level plain borders upon the rugged mountain ; you walk in imagined security, and find yourself upon the brink of an abyss ; you fall asleep with the languor of the calm, and awaken with the fury of the tempest ! Campbell soothes the apprehensions of Gertrude—places Albert and his interesting family in their lighted bower, prolonging the joy of converse—when Outalissi rushes in to tell them, that

“ The mammoth comes ! the foe ! the monster Brandt !
With all his howling—desolating band ! ”

Thomson avails himself of the serenity of a placid summer's day, and the security and calm of requited, happy, communing love—to introduce the tempest, whose lightning strikes Amelia to the earth, a blackened corse ! Milton works up his infernal hero to the highest pitch of demoniac exultation, to prepare his ear for the dismal, universal hiss, that aptly gratulates his triumph—extends, expands him into the full dimensions of monarchal pride, to throw him down, a reptile, upon the floor of Pandemonium ! Shakspeare prepares a feast for the reception of the ghost of Banquo—brings the exultation and the agony of triumphant guilt, into immediate contact—exhibits to us at the same moment, and in the same person, the towering king, and the grovelling murderer !—or, in the tragedy of Hamlet, makes the grave-digger's carol, the prelude to the dirge of Ophelia ! *Anon.*

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*The Perfect Orator.*

Imagine to yourselves a Demosthenes, addressing the most illustrious assembly in the world, upon a point whereon the fate of the most illustrious of nations depended—How awful such a meeting ! how vast the subject !—Is man possessed of talents adequate to the great occasion ?—Adequate ! Yes, superior. By the power of his eloquence, the augustness of the assembly is lost in the dignity of the orator ; and the importance of the subject, for a while, superseded by the admiration of his talents.—With what strength of argument, with what powers of the fancy, with what emotions of the heart, does he assault and subjugate the whole man ; and, at once, captivate his reason, his imagination, and his passions !—To effect this, must be the utmost effort of the most improved state of human nature.—Not a faculty that he possesses, is here unemployed ; not a faculty that he possesses, but is here exerted to its highest pitch. All his internal powers are at work ; all his external, testify their energies. Within, the memory, the fancy, the judgment, the passions, are all busy :

without, every muscle, every nerve is exerted ; not a feature, not a limb, but speaks. The organs of the body, attuned to the exertions of the mind, through the kindred organs of the hearers, instantaneously vibrate those energies from soul to soul. Notwithstanding the diversity of minds in such a multitude ; by the lightning of eloquence, they are melted into one mass—the whole assembly, actuated in one and the same way, become, as it were, but one man, and have but one voice—The universal cry is—LET US MARCH AGAINST PHILIP, LET US FIGHT FOR OUR LIBERTIES—LET US CONQUER OR DIE !

*Sheridan.*

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Lord Byron considered as a Moralist, and a Poet.

As a moralist, Lord Byron is most exceptionable. There is not a more prolific source of positive virtue, than the habit of feeling benevolently towards our fellow-creatures. This he endeavours to cut up by the root. There is nothing of benignity, or even of urbanity, in his writings ; all is sourness and harshness, a perpetual dreariness, sterility, that puts forth no medicinal shoot or cheering flower. So far as the kindly movements of the heart are concerned, among his species, Lord Byron is a rock ; and among rocks only, a man. His works are not absolutely destitute of touches of virtuous emotion ; but those that occur, are never of the social kind, unless you allow some few traits of merely animal affection. Lord Byron's morality counsels you to relax the grasp of friendship, to withhold the trust of confidence, to shut out your fellow from your heart, and lock it upon him. But, putting aside the tone of misanthropy, which pervades his writings, how chaotic an idea does he give of the government of his own mind, when you find him dedicating to his daughter, the song in which he celebrates his mistress, when he can find no more fitting office for the hand of a parent, than that of imprinting upon the mind of a daughter, the indulgent position, that a woman may surrender her honour, and preserve her purity ! We do not pretend to scan the real character of Lord Byron. We know nothing of him, but what

we learn from his works, and it is they that are to blame, if we do not profess the most exalted opinion of him. We slight him upon the warrant of his own hand. There is something perfectly puerile in the sketch that he so repeatedly gives us of his own character—a man whining forth his private discontents and dislikings, vending them, as it were, in every village, town, and city of the empire ; making them as notorious, as if they had been committed to the oratory of the town serjeant. A father, professing the most passionate tenderness for his offspring, and for the indulgence of a romantic disposition, or any thing else, leaving her destitute of her most efficient natural guardian ; and making her, in the fervour of his love, a gift of the public record of his weaknesses, and caprices, and passions, and vices, collected, and drawn up, and authenticated by his own paternal hand.

As a poet, Lord Byron is the most easy, the most nervous ; and with the exception perhaps of Wordsworth, the most original of the day. His verses possess all the flowing property of extemporaneous eloquence. His diction seems to fall into numbers, rather than to be put into them. He reminds us of one who has written down his ideas just as they occurred, and finds he has expressed them in rhyme. No eking out of the verse ; no accommodating of the sound ; nothing that indicates a looking out for materials ; every thing at hand, to be had only for the reaching, and fitting at the first trial. It would savour too much of pedantry, to point out errors of a merely grammatical description ; but, it is somewhat singular, that so classical a writer should abound more in solecisms, than all his cotemporaries put together. This may be readily pardoned however, if we take into consideration, the rapidity with which he is reputed to compose. In all other respects, Lord Byron is seldom incongruous, rarely redundant, never vapid ; often pathetic, frequently sublime, always eloquent : if once he lays hold of your attention—unless, indeed, it be by some sudden start of displeasure—the chances are against your getting loose again, until he is satisfied to let you go.

Anon.

Story of Le Fevre.

It was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the Allies, when my uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small side-board.—I say sitting;—for in consideration of the Corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain)—when my uncle Toby dined or supped alone, he would never suffer the Corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that, with a proper artillery, my uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself, with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him: for many a time, when my uncle Toby supposed the Corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back, and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect. This bred more little squabbles betwixt them, than all other causes for five-and-twenty years together.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack: 'Tis for a poor gentleman—I think of the army, said the landlord, who has been taken ill at my house, four days ago, and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste any thing—till just now that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast—"I think," says he, taking his hand from his forehead, "it would comfort me."—

—If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing,—added the landlord,—I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill.—I hope he will still mend, continued he:—we are all of us concerned for him.

Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself,—and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more, if they will do him good.

Though I am persuaded, said my uncle Toby, as the landlord shut the door, he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim—yet I cannot help entertaining a high

opinion of his guest too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host—and of his whole family, added the Corporal, for they are all concerned for him.—Step after him, said my uncle Toby—do Trim, and ask if he knows his name.

—I have quite forgot it, truly, said the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the Corporal,—but I can ask his son again.—Has he a son with him, then? said my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age; but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father—he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day—he has not stirred from the bed-side these two days.

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away, without saying one word, and in a few minutes after, brought him his pipe and tobacco.

Stay in the room a little, said my uncle Toby—Trim—said my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and smoked about a dozen whiffs—Trim came in front of his master, and made his bow;—My uncle Toby smoked on, and said no more.—Corporal! said my uncle Toby;—The Corporal made his bow.—My uncle Toby proceeded no further, but finished his pipe.

Trim, said my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman.—Your honour's roquelaure, replied the Corporal, has not once been had on since the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;—and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, it will be enough to give your honour your death.—I fear so, replied my uncle Toby: but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me.—I wish I had not known so much of this affair—added my uncle Toby, or that I had known more of it: How shall we manage it?—Leave it,

an't please your honour, to me, quoth the Corporal :— I'll take my hat and stick, and go to the house and reconnoitre, and act accordingly : and I'll bring your honour a full account in an hour.—Thou shalt go, Trim, said my uncle Toby, and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant.—I'll get it all out of him, said the Corporal, shutting the door.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe, that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account :

I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick Lieutenant—Is he in the army, then ? said my uncle Toby—He is, said the Corporal—And in what regiment ? said my uncle Toby—I'll tell your honour, replied the Corporal, every thing straight forward as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, said my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee ; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window seat, and begin thy story again. The Corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it, " Your honour is good : —And having done that, he sat down, as he was ordered,—and began the story to my uncle Toby over again, in pretty near the same words.

I despaired at first, said the Corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour about the Lieutenant and his son ; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing every thing which was proper to be asked—That's a right distinction, Trim, said my uncle Toby—I was answered, an't please your honour, that he had no servant with him :—that he had come to the inn with hired horses ; which, upon finding himself unable to proceed, (to join, I suppose, the regiment,) he had dismissed the morning after he came—If I get better, my dear, said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man,—we can hire horses from hence.—But, alas ! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, said the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long ;—and when he dies, the youth, his son,

will certainly die with him ; for he is broken-hearted already.

I was hearing this account, continued the Corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of.—But I will do it for my father myself, said the youth.—Pray, let me save you the trouble, young gentleman, said I, taking up a fork for the purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it.—I believe Sir, said he, very modestly, I can please him best myself.—I am sure, said I, his honour will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier. The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears. Poor youth, said my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in his ears like the name of a friend ; I wish I had him here.

—I never, in the longest march, said the Corporal, had so great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company :—What could be the matter with me, an't please your honour ?—Nothing in the world, Trim, said my uncle Toby, blowing his nose,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toast, continued the Corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honour (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father :—and that if there was any thing in your house or cellar—(and thou mightest have added my purse too, said my uncle Toby) ;—he was heartily welcome to it : He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honour), but no answer—for his heart was full—so he went up stairs with the toast ;—I warrant you, my dear, said I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again.—Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire—but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth—I thought it wrong, added the Corporal—I think so too, said my uncle Toby.

When the Lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about

ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up stairs. I believe, said the landlord, he is going to say his prayers—for there was a book laid upon his chair by his bed-side, and as I shut the door I saw his son take up the cushion.—

I thought, said the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.—I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night, said the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.—Are you sure of it? replied the curate.—A soldier, an't please your reverence, said I, prays as often—of his own accord—as a parson:—and, when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.—'Twas well said of thee, Trim, said my uncle Toby. But when a soldier, said I, an't please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, said I, for five months together, in long and dangerous marches; harassed, perhaps, in his rear to-day; harassing others to-morrow;—detached here—countermanded there;—resting this night out upon his arms—beat up in his shirt the next;—benumbed in his joints—perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on;—he must say his prayers *how* and *when* he can.—I believe, said I—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army—I believe, an't please your reverence, said I, that when a soldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parson,—though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.—Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim; said my uncle Toby.—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:—At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then)—it will be seen who have done their duties in this world,—and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.—I hope we shall, said Trim.—It is in the Scripture, said my uncle Toby; and I will show it thee to-morrow.—In the mean time, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort, said my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is so good

and just a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one.—I hope not, said the Corporal.—But go on, Trim, said my uncle Toby, with the story.

When I went up, continued the Corporal, into the Lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, his elbow upon his pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion upon which I supposed he had been kneeling,—the book was laid upon the bed,—and, as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand, he reached out his other to take the book away at the same time. Let it remain there, my dear, said the Lieutenant.

He did not offer to speak to me, till I had walked up close to his bedside:—If you are Captain Shandy's servant, said he, you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me;—If he was of Leven's—said the Lieutenant;—I told him your honour was—Then, said he, I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him;—but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fevre, a Lieutenant in Angus's:—but he knows me not—said he a second time, musing:—possibly he may know my story—added he;—pray tell the Captain, I was the Ensign at Breda, whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot as she lay in my arms in my tent.—I remember the story, an't please your honour, said I, very well—Do you so? said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I—— In saying this, he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kissed it twice—Here, Billy, said he.—The boy flew across the room to the bed-side, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kiss'd it too,—then kiss'd his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept.

I wish, said my uncle Toby, with a deep sigh,—I wish, Trim, I was asleep.

Your honour, replied the Corporal, is too much concerned;—shall I pour your honour out a glass of sack to your pipe?—Do, Trim, said my uncle Toby.

I remember, said my uncle Toby, sighing again, the story of the ensign and his wife—and particularly well, that he, as well as she, upon some account or other, (I forget what) was universally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finish the story.—'Tis finished already, said the Corporal—for I could stay no longer,—so wished his honour a good-night. Young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders.—But, alas! said the Corporal—the Lieutenant's last day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby.

Thou hast left this matter short, said my uncle Toby to the Corporal, as he was putting him to bed—and I'll tell thee in what, Trim.—In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre,—as sickness and travelling are both expensive, and thou knowest he was but a poor Lieutenant, with a son to subsist, as well as himself, out of his pay—that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself.—Your honour knows, said the Corporal, I had no orders.—True, quoth my uncle Toby—thou didst very right, Trim, as a *soldier*,—but certainly very wrong as a *man*.

In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse, continued my uncle Toby, when thou offeredst him whatever was *in my house*,—thou shouldst have offered him my *house too*,—a sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us—we could tend and look to him; thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.—

—In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, smiling, he might march.—He will never march, an't please your honour, in this world, said the Corporal.—He will march, said my uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off. An't please your honour, said the Corporal, he will never march, but to his grave.—He shall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch,—he shall march to his regiment. He cannot stand it, said the Corporal.—He shall be supported, said my uncle Toby.—He'll drop at last, said the Corporal; and what will become of his boy.—He shall not drop, said my uncle Toby firmly.—A-well-a-day, do what we can for him, said Trim, maintaining his point—the poor soul will die.—He shall not die, by H——n, cried my uncle Toby—

The ACCUSING SPIRIT, which flew up to Heaven's chancery with the oath, blushed as he gave it in; and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever.

My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purse into his pocket, and having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

The sun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village, but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids—and hardly could the wheel at the cistern turn round its circle, when my uncle Toby, who had got up an hour before his wonted time, entered the Lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and, independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain, in the manner an old friend and brother-officer would have done it, and asked him how he did,—how he had rested in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain—and what he could do to serve him? and without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal, the night before, for him.—

—You shall go home directly, Le Fevre, said my uncle Toby, to my house,—and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary, and the Corporal shall be your nurse,—and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre.

There was a frankness in my uncle Toby,—not the *effect* of familiarity, but the *cause* of it,—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature ; to this, there was something in his looks, and voice, and manner, superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate, to come and take shelter under him ; so that before my uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it towards him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to their last citadel, the heart—rallied back—the film forsook his eyes for a moment—he looked up wishfully in my uncle Toby's face—then cast a look upon his boy.—And that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken !

Nature instantly ebbed again—the film returned to its place—the pulse fluttered—stopped—went on—throbbed—stopped again—moved—stopped. Shall I go on?—No. *Sterne.*



PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

*The Departed Spirits of the Just are Spectators of
our Conduct on Earth.*

FROM what happened on the Mount of Transfiguration, we may infer, not only that the separated spirits of good men live and act, and enjoy happiness, but that they take some interest in the business of this world, and even that their interest in it has a connection with the pursuits and habits of their former life. The virtuous cares which occupied them on earth, follow them into their new abode. Moses and Elias had spent the days of their temporal pilgrimage in promoting among their brethren, the knowledge and the worship of the true God. They are still attentive to the same great object; and, enraptured at the prospect of its advancement, they descend on this occasion to animate the labours of Jesus, and to prepare him for his victory over the powers of hell.

What a delightful subject of contemplation does this reflection open to the pious and benevolent mind! what a spring does it give to all the better energies of the heart! your labours of love, your plans of beneficence, your swellings of satisfaction in the rising reputation of those whose virtues you have cherished, will not, we have reason to hope, be terminated by the stroke of death. No! your spirits will still linger around the objects of their former attachment; they will behold with rapture, even the distant effects of those beneficent institutions which they once delighted to rear; they will watch with a pious satisfaction over the growing prosperity of the country which they loved; with a parent's fondness, and a parent's exultation, they will share in the fame of their virtuous pos-

terity ; and, by the permission of God, they may descend at times as guardian angels, to shield them from danger, and to conduct them to glory.

Of all the thoughts that can enter the human mind, this is one of the most animating and consolatory. It scatters flowers around the bed of death. It enables us who are left behind, to support with firmness, the departure of our best beloved friends, because it teaches us that they are not lost to us for ever. They are still our friends. Though they be now gone to another apartment in our Father's house, they have carried with them the remembrance and the feeling of their former attachments. Though invisible to us, they bend from their dwelling on high, to cheer us in our pilgrimage of duty, to rejoice with us in our prosperity, and, in the hour of virtuous exertion, to shed through our souls, the blessedness of heaven. *Finlayson.*

Time and Manner of the Arrival of Death.

Death is called in Scripture, the land without any order ; and, without any order, the king of terrors makes his approaches in the world. The commission given from on high, was, " Go into the world : Strike ; strike so, that the dead may alarm the living." Hence it is, that we seldom see men running the full career of life ; growing old among their children's children, and then falling asleep in the arms of nature, as in the embraces of a kind mother ; coming to the grave like a shock of corn fully ripe, like flowers that shut up at the close of the day. Death walks through the world without any order. He delights to surprise, to give a shock to mankind. Hence, he leaves the wretched to prolong the line of their sorrows, and cuts off the fortunate in the midst of their career ; he suffers the aged to survive himself, to outlive life, to stalk about the ghost of what he was, and aims his arrow at the heart of the young, who puts the evil day far from him. He delights to see the feeble carrying the vigorous to the grave, and the father building the tomb of his children. Often when his approaches are least expected, he bursts at once upon the world,

like an earthquake in the dead of night, or thunder in the serenest sky. All ages and conditions he sweeps away without distinction; the young man just entering into life, high in hope, elated with joy, and promising to himself a length of years; the father of a family, from the embraces of his wife and children; the man of the world, when his designs are ripening to execution, and the long expected crisis of enjoyment seems to approach. These, and all others, are hurried promiscuously off the stage, and laid without order in the common grave. Every path in the world leads to the tomb, and every hour in life hath been to some the last hour.

Without order, too, is the manner of death's approach. The king of terrors wears a thousand forms; pains and diseases, a numerous and a direful train, compose his host. Marking out unhappy man for their prey, they attack the seat of life, or the seat of understanding; hurry him off the stage in an instant, or make him pine by slow degrees; blasting the bloom of life, or, waiting till the decline, according to the pathetic picture of Solomon, "They make the strong men bow themselves, and the keepers of the house tremble; make the grinders cease; bring the daughters of music low; darken the sun, and the moon, and the stars; scatter fears in the way, and make desire itself to fail, until the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl be broken, when the dust returns to the dust as it was, and the spirit ascends to God who gave it."

Logan.

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*On the Threatened Invasion in 1803.*

By a series of criminal enterprises, by the success of guilty ambition, the liberties of Europe have been gradually extinguished: the subjugation of Holland, Switzerland, and the free towns of Germany, has completed that catastrophe; and we are the only people in the eastern hemisphere, who are in possession of equal laws and a free constitution. Freedom, driven from every spot on the Continent, has sought an asylum in a country which she always chose for

her favourite abode : but she is pursued even here, and threatened with destruction. The inundation of lawless power, after covering the whole earth, threatens to follow us here ; and we are most exactly, most critically placed in the only aperture where it can be successfully repelled—in the Thermopylæ of the world. As far as the interests of freedom are concerned—the most important by far of sublunary interests !—you, my countrymen, stand in the capacity of the fœderal representatives of the human race ; for with you it is to determine (under God) in what condition the latest posterity shall be born ; their fortunes are entrusted to your care, and on your conduct at this moment depends the colour and complexion of their destiny. If liberty, after being extinguished on the continent, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in the midst of that thick night that will invest it ? It remains with you then to decide, whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awoke from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in every thing great and good ; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God ; whose magic torch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence—the freedom which poured into our lap opulence and arts, and embellished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders ; it is for you to decide, whether this freedom shall yet survive, or be covered with a funeral pall, and wrapped in eternal gloom. It is not necessary to await your determination. In the solicitude you feel to approve yourselves worthy of such a trust, every thought of what is afflicting in warfare, every apprehension of danger must vanish, and you are impatient to mingle in the battle of the civilized world. Go then, ye defenders of your country, accompanied with every auspicious omen ; advance with alacrity into the field, where God himself musters the host to war. Religion is too much interested in your success, not to lend you her aid ; she will shed over this enterprise her selectest influence. While you are engaged in the

field, many will repair to the closet, many to the sanctuary ; the faithful of every name will employ that prayer which has power with God ; the feeble hands, which are unequal to any other weapon, will grasp the sword of the Spirit ; and from myriads of humble contrite hearts, the voice of intercession, supplication, and weeping, will mingle in its ascent to heaven, with the shouts of battle, and the shock of arms. The extent of your resources, under God, is equal to the justice of your cause. But should Providence determine otherwise, should you fall in this struggle, should the nation fall, you will have the satisfaction (the purest allotted to man !) of having performed your part ; your names will be enrolled with the most illustrious dead, while posterity to the end of time, as often as they revolve the events of this period, (and they will incessantly revolve them,) will turn to you a reverential eye, while they mourn over the freedom which is entombed in your sepulchre. I cannot but imagine the virtuous heroes, legislators, and patriots of every age and country, are bending from their elevated seats to witness this contest, as if they were incapable, till it be brought to a favourable issue, of enjoying their eternal repose. Enjoy that repose, illustrious immortals ! Your mantle fell when you ascended ; and thousands, inflamed with your spirit, and impatient to tread in your steps, are ready to swear by Him that sitteth upon the throne and liveth for ever and ever, they will protect freedom in her last asylum, and never desert that cause which you sustained by your labours, and cemented with your blood. And thou, sole Ruler among the children of men, to whom the shields of the earth belong, gird on thy sword, thou Most Mighty : go forth with our hosts in the day of battle ! Impart, in addition to their hereditary valour, that confidence of success which springs from thy presence ! Pour into their hearts the spirits of departed heroes ! Inspire them with their own ; and, while led by thy hand, and fighting under thy banners, open thou their eyes to behold in every valley, and in every plain, what the prophet beheld by the same illumination—chariots of fire and horses

of fire ! Then shall the strong man be as tow, and the maker of it as a spark ; and they shall both burn together, and none shall quench them. *Hall.*

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The Christian Mother.

If the sex, in their intercourse, are of the highest importance to the moral and religious state of society, they are still more so in their domestic relations. What a public blessing, what an instrument of the most exalted good, is a VIRTUOUS CHRISTIAN MOTHER ! It would require a far other pen than mine, to trace the merits of such a character. How many perhaps who now hear me, feel that they owe to it all the virtue and piety that adorns them ; or may recollect at this moment, some saint in heaven, that brought them into light, to labour for their happiness, temporal and eternal. No one can be ignorant of the irresistible influence which such a mother possesses, in forming the hearts of her children, at a season when nature takes in lesson and example at every pore. Confined by duty and inclination within the walls of her own house, every hour of her life becomes an hour of instruction, every feature of her conduct a transplanted virtue. Methinks I behold her encircled by her beloved charge, like a being more than human, to whom every mind is bent, and every eye directed ; the eager simplicity of infancy inhaling from her lips the sacred truths of religion, in adapted phrase, and familiar story—the whole rule of their moral and religious duties simplified for easier infusion. The countenance of this fond and anxious parent, all beaming with delight and love, and her eye raised occasionally to heaven, in fervent supplication for a blessing on her work. Oh what a glorious part does such a woman act on the great theatre of humanity ; and how much is the mortal to be pitied, who is not struck with the image of such excellence ! When I look to its consequences, direct and remote, I see the plant she has raised and cultivated, spreading through the community with the richest increase of fruit ; I see her diffusing happiness and virtue through a great portion of

the human race ; I can fancy generations yet unborn, rising to prove and to hail her worth ; and I adore that God, who can destine a SINGLE HUMAN CREATURE to be the stem of such extended and incalculable benefit to the world. *Kirwan.*

Christ our Consolation and Relief, under the apprehension of being Separated by Death from those we Love.

Jesus Christ gives us the victory over death, by yielding us consolation and relief, under the fears that arise in the mind, upon the awful transition from this world to the next.

Who ever left the precincts of mortality, without casting a wishful look on what he left behind, and, a trembling eye on the scene that is before him ? Being formed by our Creator for enjoyments even in this life, we are endowed with a sensibility to the objects around us. We have affections, and we delight to indulge them : we have hearts, and we want to bestow them. Bad as the world is, we find in it objects of affection and attachment. Even in this waste and howling wilderness, there are spots of verdure and beauty, of power to charm the mind, and make us cry out, "it is good for us to be here." When, after the observation and experience of years, we have found out the objects of the soul, and met with minds congenial to our own, what pangs must it give to the heart, to think of parting for ever ? We even contract an attachment to inanimate objects. The tree under whose shadow we have often sat ; the fields where we have frequently strayed ; the hill, the scene of contemplation, or the haunt of friendship, become objects of passion to the mind, and, upon our leaving them, excite a temporary sorrow and regret. If these things can affect us with uneasiness, how great must be the affliction, when stretched upon that bed, from which we shall rise no more, and looking about for the last time on the sad circle of our weeping friends, —how great must be the affliction, to dissolve at once all the attachments of life ; to bid an eternal adieu to the friends whom we have long loved, and to part for

ever with all that is dear below the sun ! But let not the Christian be disconsolate. He parts with the objects of his affection, to meet them again ; to meet them in a better world, where change never enters, and from whose blissful mansions sorrow flies away. At the resurrection of the just—in the great assembly of the sons of God, when all the family of heaven are gathered together—not one person shall be missing, that was worthy of thy affection or esteem. And if, among imperfect creatures, and in a troubled world, the kind, the tender, and the generous affections, have such power to charm the heart, that even the tears which they occasion, delight us, what joy unspeakable and glorious will they produce, when they exist in perfect minds, and are improved by the purity of the heavens.

Logan.

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*Infatuation of Mankind, with regard to the Things  
of Time.*

But if no danger is to be apprehended while the thunder of heaven rolls at a distance, believe me, when it collects over our heads, we may be fatally convinced, that a well-spent life is the only conductor that can avert the bolt. Let us reflect, that time waits for no man. Sleeping or waking, our days are on the wing. If we look to those that are past, they are but as a point. When I compare the present aspect of this city, with that which it exhibited within the short space of my own residence, what does the result present, but the most melancholy proof of human instability ? New characters in every scene, new events, new principles, new passions, a new creation insensibly arisen from the ashes of the old ; which side soever I look, the ravage of death has nearly renovated all. Scarcely do we look around us in life, when our children are matured, and remind us of the grave ; the great feature of all nature, is rapidity of growth and declension. Ages are renewed, but the figure of the world passeth away. God only remains the same. The torrent that sweeps by, runs at the base of his immutability ; and he sees, with indignation, wretched mortals, as they pass along, in-



sulting him by the visionary hope of sharing that attribute, which belongs to HIM alone.

It is to the incomprehensible oblivion of our mortality, that the world owes all its fascination. Observe for what man toils. Observe what it often costs him to become rich and great—dismal vicissitudes of hope and disappointment—often all that can degrade the dignity of his nature, and offend his God! Study the matter of the pedestal, and the instability of the statue.—Scarce is it erected—scarce presented to the stare of the multitude—when death, starting like a massy fragment from the summit of a mountain, dashes the proud colossus into dust! Where, then, is the promised fruit of all his toil? Where the wretched and deluded being, who fondly promised himself that he had laid up much goods for many years?—Gone, my brethren, to his account, a naked victim, trembling in the hands of the living God! Yes, my brethren, the final catastrophe of all human passions, is rapid as it is awful. Fancy yourselves on that bed from which you never shall arise, and the reflection will exhibit, like a true and faithful mirror, what shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue. Happy they who meet that great, inevitable transition, full of days! Unhappy they who meet it but to tremble and despair! Then it is that man learns wisdom, when too late; then it is that every thing will forsake him, but his virtues or his crimes. To him the world is past; dignities, honours, pleasure, glory; past like the cloud of the morning! nor could all that the great globe inherits, afford him, at that tremendous hour, as much consolation, as the recollection of having given but one cup of cold water to a child of wretchedness, in the name of Christ Jesus!

*Kirman.*

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Danger of Delay, in Matters of Religion.

By long delaying, your conversion may become altogether impossible.

Habit, says the proverb, is a second nature; and indeed it is stronger than the first. At first, we easily take the bend, and are moulded by the hands of the

master; but this nature of our own making is proof against alteration. The Ethiopian may as soon change his skin, and the leopard his spots; the tormented in hell may as soon revisit the earth; as those who have been long accustomed to do evil, may learn to do well. Such is the wise appointment of Heaven, to deter sinners from delaying their repentance. When the evil principle hath corrupted the whole capacity of the mind; when sin, by its frequency and its duration, is woven into the very essence of the soul, and is become part of ourselves; when the sense of moral good and evil is almost totally extinct; when conscience is seared, as with a hot iron; when the heart is so hard, that the arrows of the Almighty cannot pierce it; and when, by a long course of crimes, we have become what the Scripture most emphatically calls, "vessels of wrath fitted for destruction:"—then we have filled up the measure of our sins; then Almighty God swears in his wrath that we shall not enter into his rest; then there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin, but a fearful looking for of wrath, and indignation which shall devour the adversary. Almighty God, weary of bearing with the sins of men, delivers them over to a reprobate mind; when, like Pharaoh, they survive only as monuments of wrath; when, like Esau, they cannot find a place for repentance, although they seek it carefully with tears; when, like the foolish virgins, they come knocking—but the door of mercy is shut for ever.

Further, let me remind you, my brethren, that if you repent not now, perhaps you will not have another opportunity. You say you will repent in some future period of time; but are you sure of arriving at that period of time? Have you one hour in your hand? Have you one minute at your disposal? Boast not thyself of to-morrow. Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth. Before to-morrow, multitudes shall be in another world. Art thou sure that thou art not of the number? Man knoweth not his time. As the fishes that are taken in an evil net, as the birds that are caught in the snare; so are the sons of men snared in an evil hour. Can you recall to mind none of your companions, none of the partners

of your follies and your sins, cut off in an unconverted state—cut off perhaps in the midst of an unfinished debauch, and hurried, with all their transgressions on their head, to give in their account to God the Judge of all? Could I show you the state in which they are now; could an angel from heaven unbar the gates of the everlasting prison; could you discern the late companions of your wanton hours, overwhelmed with torment and despair; could you hear the cry of their torment which ascendeth up for ever and ever; could you hear them upbraiding you as the partners of their crimes, and accusing you as in some measure the cause of their damnation!—Great God! how would your hair stand on end! how would your heart die within you! how would conscience fix all her stings! and remorse, awaking a new hell within you, torment you before the time! Had a like untimely fate snatched you away then, where had you been now? And is this the improvement which you make of that longer day of grace with which Heaven has been pleased to favour you?—Is this the return you make to the Divine goodness, for prolonging your lives, and indulging you with a longer day of repentance? Have you in good earnest determined within yourself, that you will weary out the long-suffering of God, and force destruction from his reluctant hand?

I beseech, I implore you, my brethren, in the bonds of friendship, and in the bowels of the Lord; by the tender mercies of the God of Peace; by the dying love of a crucified Redeemer; by the precious promises and awful threatenings of the gospel; by all your hopes of heaven and fears of hell; by the worth of your immortal souls; and by all that is dear to men; I conjure you to accept of the offers of mercy, and fly from the wrath to come.—“Behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation.” All the treasures of heaven are now opening to you; the blood of Christ is now speaking for the remission of your sins; the church on earth stretches out its arms to receive you; the spirits of just men made perfect are eager to enrol you amongst the number of the blessed; the angels and archangels are waiting to

break out into new hallelujahs of joy on your return ; the whole Trinity is now employed in your behalf ; God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, at this instant, call upon you, weary and heavy laden, to come unto them that ye may have rest unto your souls !

Logan.

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*On the Death of the Princess Charlotte.*

That such an event should affect us in a manner very superior to similar calamities in private life, is agreeable to the order of nature, and the will of God ; nor is the profound sensation it has produced to be considered as the symbol of courtly adulation. The catastrophe itself, it is true, apart from its peculiar circumstances, is not a rare occurrence. Mothers often expire in the ineffectual effort to give birth to their offspring : both are consigned to the same tomb, and the survivor, after witnessing the wreck of so many hopes and joys, is left to mourn alone, " refusing to be comforted, because they are not."

There is no sorrow which imagination can picture, no sign of anguish which nature agonized and oppressed can exhibit, no accent of woe, but what is already familiar to the ear of fallen, afflicted humanity ; and the roll which Ezekiel beheld flying through the heavens, inscribed within and without, " with sorrow, lamentation, and woe," enters, sooner or later, into every house, and discharges its contents into every bosom. But, in the private departments of life the distressing incidents which occur, are confined to a narrow circle. The hope of an individual is crushed ; the happiness of a family is destroyed ; but the social system is unimpaired, and its movements experience no impediment, and sustain no sensible injury. The arrow passes through the air, which soon closes upon it, and all again is tranquil. But when the great lights and ornaments of the world, placed aloft to conduct its inferior movements, are extinguished, such an event resembles the apocalyptic vial poured into that element which changes its whole temperature,

and is the presage of fearful commotions, of thunders, and lightnings, and tempests.

Born to inherit the most illustrious monarchy in the world, and united at an early period to the object of her choice, whose virtues amply justified her preference, the Princess enjoyed the highest connubial felicity, and had the prospect of combining all the tranquil enjoyments of private life, with the splendour of a royal station. Placed on the summit of society, to her every eye was turned, in her every hope was centered, and nothing was wanting to complete her felicity—excepting perpetuity. To a grandeur of mind suited to her illustrious birth, and lofty destination, she joined an exquisite taste for the beauties of nature, and the charms of retirement ; where, far from the gaze of the multitude, and the frivolous agitations of fashionable life, she employed her hours in visiting, with her illustrious consort, the cottages of the poor, in improving her virtues, in perfecting her reason, and acquiring the knowledge best adapted to qualify her for the possession of power, and the cares of empire.

One thing was only wanting to render our satisfaction complete, in the prospect of the accession of such a Princess ; it was, that she might become the living mother of children.

The long-wished for moment at length arrived ; but, alas ! the event anticipated with so much eagerness, will form the most melancholy page in our history. It is no reflection on this amiable Princess to suppose, that in her early dawn, with the “ dew of her youth” so fresh upon her, she anticipated a long series of years and expected to be led through successive scenes of enchantment, rising above each other in fascination and beauty. It is natural to suppose she identified herself with this great nation, which she was born to govern ; and that, while she contemplated its pre-eminent lustre in arts and in arms, its commerce encircling the globe, its colonies diffused through both hemispheres, and the beneficial effects of its institutions, extending to the whole earth ; she considered them as so many component parts of her own grandeur. Her heart, we may well conceive, would

often be ruffled with emotions of trembling ecstasy, when she reflected, that it was her province to live entirely for others ; to compose the felicity of a great people ; to move in a sphere which would afford scope for the exercise of philanthropy, the most enlarged ; of wisdom, the most enlightened ; and that, while others are doomed to pass through the world in obscurity, she was to supply the materials of history, and to impart that impulse to society, which was to decide the destiny of future generations. Fired with the ambition of equalling, or surpassing, the most distinguished of her predecessors, she probably did not despair of reviving the remembrance of the brightest parts of their story, and of once more attaching the epoch of British glory to the annals of a female reign. It is needless to add, that the nation went with her, and probably outstripped her in these delightful anticipations. We fondly hoped that a life so inestimable, would be protracted to a distant period, and that, after diffusing the blessings of a just and enlightened administration, and being surrounded by a numerous progeny, she would gradually, in a good old age, sink under the horizon, amidst the embraces of her family, and the benedictions of her country. But, alas ! these delightful visions are fled, and what do we behold in their room, but the funeral pall and shroud, a palace in mourning, a nation in tears, and the shadow of death settled over both like a cloud ! Oh the unspeakable vanity of human hopes ! the incurable blindness of man to futurity ! ever doomed to grasp at shadows, to seize with avidity what turns to dust and ashes in his hand, " to sow the wind, and reap the whirlwind."

Without the slightest warning, without the opportunity of a moment's immediate preparation, in the midst of the deepest tranquillity, at midnight a voice was heard in the palace, not of singing men, and singing women, not of revelry and mirth, but the cry, " Behold the Bridegroom cometh !" The mother in the bloom of youth, spared just long enough to hear the tidings of her infant's death, almost immediately, as if summoned by his spirit, follows him into eternity.

“It is a night much to be remembered.” Who foretold this event, who conjectured it, who detected at a distance the faintest presage of its approach, which, when it arrived, mocked the efforts of human skill, as much by their incapacity to prevent, as their inability to foresee it! Unmoved by the tears of conjugal affection, unawed by the presence of grandeur, and the prerogatives of power, inexorable death hastened to execute his stern commission, leaving nothing to royalty itself, but to retire and weep. Who can fail to discern on this awful occasion, the hand of Him who “bringeth princes to nothing, who maketh the judges of the earth as vanity; who says they shall not be planted; yea they shall not be sown; yea their stock shall not take root in the earth; and he shall blow upon them, and they shall wither, and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble.”

But is it now any subject of regret, think you, to this amiable Princess so suddenly removed, “that her sun went down while it was yet day,” or that, prematurely snatched from prospects the most brilliant and enchanting, she was compelled to close her eyes so soon on a world, of whose grandeur she formed so conspicuous a part? No! in the full fruition of eternal joys, for which we humbly hope religion prepared her, she is so far from looking back with lingering regret on what she has quitted, that she is surprised it had the power of affecting her so much;—that she took so deep an interest in the scenes of this shadowy state of being, while so near to an “eternal weight of glory;” and, so far as memory may be supposed to contribute to her happiness, by associating the present with the past, it is not by the recollection of her illustrious birth, and elevated prospects—but that she visited the abodes of the poor, and learned to weep with those that weep; that, surrounded with the fascinations of pleasure, she was not inebriated by its charms; that she resisted the strongest temptations to pride, preserved her ears open to truth, was impatient of the voice of flattery; in a word, that she sought and cherished the inspirations of piety, and walked humbly with her God.

The nation has certainly not been wanting in the proper expression of its poignant regret at the sudden removal of this most lamented Princess, nor of their sympathy with the royal family, deprived, by this visitation, of its brightest ornament. Sorrow is painted in every countenance, the pursuits of business and of pleasure have been suspended, and the kingdom is covered with the signals of distress. But what (my friends) if it were lawful to indulge such a thought—what would be the funeral obsequies of a lost soul? Where shall we find the tears fit to be wept at such a spectacle; or, could we realize the calamity, in all its extent, what tokens of commiseration and concern would be deemed equal to the occasion? Would it suffice for the sun to veil his light, and the moon her brightness; to cover the ocean with mourning, and the heavens with sackcloth; or, were the whole fabric of nature to become animated and vocal, would it be possible for it to utter a groan too deep, or a cry too piercing, to express the magnitude and extent of such a catastrophe? *Hall.*

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On the Death of the Princess Charlotte.

Oh! how it tends to quiet the agitations of every earthly interest and earthly passion, when death steps forward and demonstrates the littleness of them all—when he stamps a character of such affecting insignificance on all that we are contending for—when, as if to make known the greatness of his power in the sight of a whole country, he stalks in ghastly triumph over the might and the grandeur of its most august family, and singling out that member of it in whom the dearest hopes and the gayest visions of the people were suspended, he, by one fatal and resistless blow, sends abroad the fame of his victory and his strength, throughout the wide extent of an afflicted nation! He has indeed put a cruel and impressive mockery on all the glories of mortality. A few days ago, all looked so full of life, and promise, and security—when we read of the bustle of the great preparation—and were told of the skill and the talent that were pressed into the

service—and heard of the goodly attendance of the most eminent of the nation—and how officers of state, and the titled dignitaries of the land, were charioted in splendour to the scene of expectation, as to the joys of an approaching holiday—yes, and were told too, that the bells of the surrounding villages were all in readiness for the merry peal of gratulation, and that the expectant metropolis of our empire, on tiptoe for the announcement of her future monarch, had her winged couriers of despatch to speed the welcome message to the ears of her citizens, and that from her an embassy of gladness was to travel over all the provinces of the land; and the country, forgetful of all that she had suffered, was at length to offer the spectacle of one wide and rejoicing jubilee. O death! thou hast indeed chosen the time and the victim, for demonstrating the grim ascendancy of thy power over all the hopes and fortunes of our species!—Our blooming Princess, whom fancy had decked with the coronet of these realms, and under whose sway all bade so fair for the good and the peace of the nation, has he placed upon her bier! And, as if to fill up the measure of his triumph, has he laid by her side, that babe, who, but for him, might have been the monarch of a future generation; and he has done that, which by no single achievement he could otherwise have accomplished—he has sent forth over the whole of our land, the gloom of such a bereavement as cannot be replaced by any living descendant of royalty—he has broken the direct succession of the monarchy of England—by one and the same disaster, has he awakened up the public anxieties of the country, and sent a pang as acute as that of the most woful visitation into the heart of each of its families.

Amongst the rich, there is apt at times to rankle an injurious and unworthy impression of the poor—and just because these poor stand at a distance from them—just because they come not into contact with that which would draw them out in courteousness to their persons, and in benevolent attentions to their families. Amongst the poor, on the other hand, there is often

a disdainful suspicion of the wealthy, as if they were actuated by a proud indifference to them and to their concerns, and, as if they were placed away from them at so distant and lofty an elevation as not to require the exercise of any of those cordialities, which are ever sure to spring in the bosom of man to man, when they come to know each other, and to have the actual sight of each other. But, let any accident place an individual of the higher before the eyes of the lower order, on the ground of their common humanity—let the latter be made to see that the former are akin to themselves in all the sufferings and in all the sensibilities of our common inheritance—let, for example, the greatest chieftain of the territory die, and the report of his weeping children, or of his distracted widow, be sent through the neighbourhood—or, let an infant of his family be in suffering, and the mothers of the humble vicinity be run to for counsel and assistance—or, in any other way, let the rich, instead of being viewed by their inferiors through the dim and distant medium of that fancied interval which separates the ranks of society, be seen as heirs of the same frailty, and as dependent on the same sympathies with themselves—and, at that moment, all the floodgates of honest sympathy will be opened—and the lowest servants of the establishment will join in the cry of distress which has come upon their family—and the neighbouring cottagers, to share in their grief, have only to recognize them as the partakers of one nature, and to perceive an assimilation of feelings and of circumstances between them.

Let me further apply all this to the sons and the daughters of royalty. The truth is, that they appear to the public eye as stalking on a platform so highly elevated above the general level of society, that it removes them, as it were, from all the ordinary sympathies of our nature. And though we read at times of their galas, and their birth-days, and their drawing-rooms, there is nothing in all this to attach us to their interests and their feelings, as the inhabitants of a familiar home—as the members of an affectionate family. Surrounded as they are with the glare of a splendid notoriety, we

scarcely recognize them as men and as women, who can rejoice, and weep, and pine with disease, and taste the sufferings of mortality, and be oppressed with anguish, and love with tenderness, and experience in their bosoms the same movements of grief or of affection that we do ourselves. And thus it is, that they labour under a real and heavy disadvantage.

Now, if through an accidental opening, the public should be favoured with a domestic exhibition—if, by some overpowering visitation of Providence upon an illustrious family, the members of it should come to be recognized as the partakers of one common humanity with ourselves—if, instead of beholding them in their gorgeousness as princes, we look to them in the natural evolution of their sensibilities as men—if the stately palace should be turned into a house of mourning—in one word, if death should do what he has already done,—he has met the Princess of England in the prime and promise of her days, and as she was moving onward on her march to a hereditary throne, he has laid her at his feet.—Ah! my brethren, when the imagination dwells on that bed where the remains of departed youth and departed infancy are lying—when, instead of crowns and canopies of grandeur, it looks to the forlorn husband, and the weeping father, and the human feelings which agitate their bosoms, and the human tears which flow down their cheeks, and all such symptoms of deep affliction as bespeak the workings of suffering and dejected nature—what ought to be, and what actually is, the feeling of the country at so sad an exhibition? It is just the feeling of the domestics and the labourers at Claremont. All is soft and tender as womanhood. Nor is there a peasant in our land, who is not touched to the very heart, when he thinks of the unhappy stranger, who is now spending his days in grief, and his nights in sleeplessness—as he mourns alone in his darkened chamber, and refuses to be comforted—as he turns in vain for rest to his troubled feelings, and cannot find it—as he gazes on the memorials of an affection that blessed the brightest, happiest, shortest year of his existence—as he

looks back on the endearments of the bygone months, and the thought that they have for ever fled away from him, turns all to agony—as he looks forward on the blighted prospect of this world's pilgrimage, and feels that all which bound him to existence, is now torn irretrievably away from him! There is not a British heart that does not feel to this interesting visitor, all the force and all the tenderness of a most affecting relationship; and go where he may, will he ever be recognised and cherished as a much-loved member of the British family.

Chalmers.

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*Sitting in the Chair of the Scorned.*

The third and last stage of impiety, is “sitting in the chair of the scorner,” or laughing at all religion and virtue. This is a pitch of diabolical attainment, to which few arrive. It requires a double portion of the infernal spirit, and a long experience in the mystery of iniquity, to become callous to every sense of religion, of virtue, and of honour; to throw off the authority of nature, of conscience, and of God; to overleap the barrier of laws divine and human; and to endeavour to wrest the bolt from the red right-hand of the Omnipotent. Difficult as the achievement is, we see it sometimes effected. We have seen persons who have gloried in their shame, and boasted of being vicious for the sake of vice. Such characters are monsters in the moral world. Figure to yourselves, my brethren, the anguish, the horror, the misery, the damnation, such a person must endure, who must consider himself in a state of enmity with heaven and with earth; who has no pleasant reflection from the past, no peace in the present, and no hopes from the future; who must consider himself as a solitary being in the world; who has no friend without to pour balm into the cup of bitterness he is doomed to drink; who has no friend above to comfort him, when there is none to help; and who has nought within him to compensate for that irreparable and that irredeemable loss. Such a person is as miserable as he is wicked. He is insensible to every emotion of friendship; he is

lost to all sense of honour ; he is seared to every feeling of virtue.

In the class of those who sit in the chair of the scorner, we may include the whole race of infidels, who misemploy the engines of reason or of ridicule to overthrow the Christian religion. Were the dispute concerning a system of speculative opinions, which of themselves were of no importance to the happiness of mankind, it would be uncharitable to include them all under this censure. But on the Christian religion, not only the happiness but the virtue of mankind depends. It is an undoubted fact, that religion is the strongest principle of virtue with all men, and with nine-tenths of mankind is the only principle of virtue. Any attempt, therefore, to destroy it, must be considered as an attempt against the happiness, and against the virtue of the human kind. If the heathen philosophers did not attempt to subvert the false religion of their country, but, on the contrary, gave it the sanction of their example, because, bad as it was, it had considerable influence on the manners of the people, and was better than no religion at all, what shame, what contempt, what infamy ought they to incur, who endeavour to overthrow a religion which contains the noblest ideas of the Deity, and the purest system of morals that was ever taught upon earth? He is a traitor to his country ; he is a traitor to the human kind ; he is a traitor to Heaven, who abuses the talents that God has given him, in impious attempts to wage war against Heaven, and to undermine that system of religion, which, of all things, is the best adapted to promote the happiness and the perfection of the human kind. Blessed then is the man who hath not brought himself into this sinful and miserable state, who hath held fast his innocence and integrity in the midst of a degenerate world ; or if, in some unguarded hour, he hath been betrayed into an imprudent step, or overtaken in a fault, hath made ample amends for his folly, by a life of penitence and of piety.

*Logan.*

*The Plurality of Worlds not an Argument against the Truth of Revelation.*

Keep all this in view, and you cannot fail to per-

ceive how the principle so finely and so copiously illustrated in this chapter, may be brought to meet the infidelity we have thus long been employed in combating. It was nature—and the experience of every bosom will affirm it—it was nature in the shepherd, to leave the ninety and nine of his flock forgotten and alone in the wilderness, and betaking himself to the mountains, to give all his labour and all his concern to the pursuit of one solitary wanderer. It was nature—and we are told in the passage before us, that it is such a portion of nature as belongs not merely to men, but to angels—when the woman, with her mind in a state of listlessness as to the nine pieces of silver that were in secure custody, turned the whole force of her anxiety, to the one piece which she had lost, and for which she had to light a candle, and to sweep the house, and to search diligently until she found it. It was nature in her to rejoice more over that piece, than over all the rest of them, and to tell it abroad among friends and neighbours, that they might rejoice along with her—and, sadly effaced as humanity is in all her original lineaments, this is a part of our nature, the very movements of which are experienced in heaven, “where there is more joy over one sinner that repenteth, than over ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance.” For any thing I know, every planet that rolls in the immensity around me, may be a land of righteousness; and be a member of the household of God; and have her secure dwelling-place within that ample limit, which embraces his great and universal family. But I know at least of one wanderer; and how wofully she has strayed from peace and from purity: and how in dreary alienation from him who made her, she has bewildered herself amongst those many devious tracks, which have carried her afar from the path of immortality; and how sadly tarnished all those beauties and felicities are, which promised, on that morning of her existence when God looked on her, and saw that all was very good—which promised so richly to bless and to adorn her; and how in the eye of the whole unfallen creation, she has renounced all this goodness, and is fast de-

parting away from them into guilt, and wretchedness, and shame. Oh! if there be any truth in this chapter, and any sweet or touching nature in the principle which runs throughout all its parables, let us cease to wonder, though they who surround the throne of love should be looking so intently towards us, or, though, in the way by which they have singled us out, all the other orbs of space should, for one short season, on the scale of eternity, appear to be forgotten—or though, for every step of her recovery, and for every individual who is rendered back again to the fold from which he was separated, another and another message of triumph should be made to circulate amongst the hosts of paradise—or though, lost as we are, and sunk in depravity as we are, all the sympathies of heaven should now be awake on the enterprise of him who has travailed, in the greatness of his strength, to seek and to save us.

And here I cannot but remark how fine a harmony there is between the law of sympathetic nature in heaven, and the most touching exhibitions of it on the face of our world. When one of a numerous household droops under the power of disease, is not that the one to whom all the tenderness is turned, and who, in a manner, monopolizes the inquiries of his neighbourhood, and the care of his family? When the sighing of the midnight storm sends a dismal foreboding into the mother's heart, to whom of all her offspring, I would ask, are her thoughts and her anxieties then wandering? Is it not to her sailor boy, whom her fancy has placed amid the rude and angry surges of the ocean? Does not this, the hour of his apprehended danger, concentrate upon him the whole force of her wakeful meditations? And does not he engross, for a season, her every sensibility, and her every prayer? We sometimes hear of shipwrecked passengers thrown upon a barbarous shore; and seized upon by its prowling inhabitants; and hurried away through the tracks of a dreary and unknown wilderness; and sold into captivity; and loaded with the fetters of irrecoverable bondage; and who, stripped of every other liberty but the liberty of thought, feel

even this to be another ingredient of wretchedness—for what can they think of but home, and as all its kind and tender imagery comes upon their remembrance, how can they think of it but in the bitterness of despair? Oh tell me when the fame of all this disaster reaches his family, who is the member of it to whom is directed the full tide of its griefs and of its sympathies?—who is it that, for weeks and for months, usurps their every feeling, and calls out their largest sacrifices, and sets them to the busiest expedients for getting him back again?—who is it that makes them forgetful of themselves and of all around them?—and tell me, if you can assign a limit to the pains, and the exertions, and the surrenders which afflicted parents and weeping sisters would make to seek and to save him? *Chalmers.*

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Christ's Agony.

Christians! what an hour was that, which our Saviour passed in the garden of Gethsemane! In the time of his passion, his torments succeeded one another. He was not at the same time betrayed, mocked, scourged, crowned with thorns, pierced with a spear, extended on a cross, and forsaken by his Father; but here all these torments rose before him at once: all his pains were united together; what he was to endure in succession, now crowded into one moment, and his soul was overcome. At this time, too, the powers of darkness, it should seem, were permitted to work upon his imagination, to disturb his spirit, and make the vale through which he was to pass, appear more dark and gloomy.

Add to this, that our Saviour having now come to the close of his public life, his whole mediatorial undertaking presented itself to his view; his eye ran over the history of that race which he came to save from the beginning to the end of time; he had a feeling of all the misery, and a sense of all the guilt of men. If he looked back into past times, what did he behold? The earth a field of blood, a vale of tears, a theatre of crimes. If he cast his eyes upon that one in which

he lived, what did he behold? The nation, to whom he was sent, rejecting the counsel of God against themselves, imprecating his blood to be upon them and their children, and bringing upon themselves such a desolation as has not happened to any other people. When he looked forward to succeeding ages, what did he behold? He saw that the wickedness of men was to continue and abound, to erect a Golgotha in every age, and by obstinate impenitence to crucify afresh the Son of God;—he saw, that, in his blessed name, and under the banners of his cross, the most atrocious crimes were to be committed, the sword of persecution to be drawn, the best blood of the earth to be shed, and the noblest spirits that ever graced the world to be cut off;—he saw, that for many of the human race all the efforts of saving mercy were to be defeated; that his death was to be of no avail, that his blood was to be shed in vain, that his agonies were to be lost, and that it had been happy for them if he had never been born;—he saw, that he was to be wounded in the house of his friends, that his name was to be blasphemed among his own followers, that he was to be dishonoured by the wicked lives of those who called themselves his disciples; that one man was to prefer the gains of iniquity, another the blandishments of pleasure, a third the indulgence of malicious desire, and all of you, at times, the gratification of your favourite passion—to the tender mercies of the God of peace, and the dying love of a crucified Redeemer. While the hour revolved that spread forth all these things before his eyes, we need not wonder that he began to be in agony, and that he sweated as it were great drops of blood.

Logan.

The Deluding Influence of the World.

My brethren, the true source of all our delusion, is a false and deceitful security of life. Thousands pass their accounts around us, and we are not instructed; some are struck in our very arms—our parents, our children, our friends—and yet we stand as if we had shot into the earth an eternal root. Even the most

sudden transitions from life to dust, produce but a momentary impression on the dust that breathes. No examples, however awful, sink into the heart. Every instant we see health, youth, beauty, titles, reputation, and fortune, disappear like a flash. Still do we pass gaily on, in the broad and flowery way, the same busy, thoughtless, and irreclaimable beings; panting for every pleasure as before, thirsting for riches and pre-eminence, rushing on the melancholy ruins of one another, intriguing for the employments of those whose ashes are scarce cold, nay, often, I fear, keeping an eye on the very expiring, with the infamous view of seizing the earliest moment to solicit their spoils.

Great God! as if the all-devouring tomb, instead of solemnly pronouncing on the vanity of all human pursuits, on the contrary, emitted sparks to rekindle all our attachment to a perishable world! Let me suppose, my brethren, that the number of man's days were inscribed on his brow! Is it not clear, that an awful certainty of that nature must necessarily beget the most profound and operative reflection? Would it be possible to banish even for a moment the fatal term from his thoughts? the nearer he approached it, what an increase of alarm! what an increase of light on the folly of every thing but immortal good! Would all his views and aspirings be confined, as they now are, to the little span that intervenes between his cradle and his grave; and care, and anxiety, and miserable agitation be his lot, merely to die overwhelmed with riches, and blazing with honours?

No! wedded to this miserable scene of existence, our hopes are afloat to the last. The understanding, clear in every other point, casts not a ray on the nature of our condition, however desperate. Too frequently it happens, that every one around us at that awful moment, conspires to uphold this state of delusion. They shudder for us in their hearts, yet talk to us of recovery with their lips, from a principle of mistaken, or to give it its proper name, of barbarous lenity. The most important of all truths is withheld, till it is of little use to impart it. The consequence

is obvious. We are surprised, fatally surprised. Our eyes are only opened when they are ready to close for ever. Perhaps an instant of reflection to be made the most of; perhaps to be divided between the disposition of worldly affairs and the business of eternity! An instant of reflection, just God! to bewail an entire life of disorder! to inspire faith the most lively, hope the most firm, love the most pure! An instant of reflection, perhaps for a sinner whom vice may have infected to the very marrow of his bones, when reason is half eclipsed, and all the faculties palsied by the strong grasp of death! Oh, my brethren, terrible is the fate of those, who are only roused from a long and criminal security, by the sword of his divine justice already gleaming in their eyes. Remember, that if any truth in religion be more repeatedly pressed on us than another, it is this—that as we live, so shall we inevitably die. Few of us, I am sure, but live in the intention of throwing an interval of most serious reflection between the world and the grave. But let me warn you on that point; it is not given to man to bestow his heart and affection on the present scene, and recall them when he pleases. No; every hour will draw our chains closer. Those obstacles to better practice, which we find insuperable at this moment, will be more insuperable as we go on. It is the property of years to give wide and immoveable root to all passions. The deeper the bed of the torrent, the more impossible to change its course. The older and more inveterate a wound, the more painful the remedy, and more desperate the cure. *Kirwan.*

There is no Peace to the Wicked.

In truth, my brethren, there is not a sin, but what one way or another is punished in this life. We often err egregiously by not attending to the distinction between happiness, and the means of happiness. Power, riches, and prosperity, those means of happiness and sources of enjoyment, in the course of Providence, are sometimes conferred upon the worst of men. Such persons possess the good things of life, but they do

not enjoy them. They have the means of happiness, but they have not happiness itself. A wicked man can never be happy. It is the firm decree of heaven, eternal and unchangeable as Jehovah himself, that misery must ever attend on guilt; that, when sin enters, happiness takes its departure. There is no such thing in nature, my brethren,—there is no such thing in nature,—as a vicious or unlawful pleasure. What we generally call such, are pleasures in themselves lawful, procured by wrong means, or enjoyed in a wrong way; procured by injustice, or enjoyed with intemperance;—and surely neither injustice nor intemperance have any charm for the mind: and unless we are framed with a very uncommon temper of mind and body, injustice will be hurtful to the one, and intemperance fatal to the other. Unruly desires and bad passions, the gratification of which is sometimes called pleasure, are the source of almost all the miseries in human life. When once indulged, they rage for repeated gratification, and subject us, at all times, to their clamours and importunity. When they are gratified, if they give any joy,—it is the joy of fiends, the joy of the tormented,—a joy which is purchased at the expense of a good conscience, which rises on the ruins of the public peace, and proceeds from the miseries of our fellow-creatures. The forbidden fruit proves to be the apples of Sodom and the grapes of Gomorrah. One deed of shame is succeeded by years of penitence and pain. A single indulgence of wrath has raised a conflagration, which neither the force of friendship, nor length of time, nor the vehemence of intercession, could mitigate or appease; and which could only be quenched by the effusion of human blood. One drop from the cup of this powerful sorceress has turned living streams of joy into waters of bitterness. “There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.”

If a wicked man could be happy, who might have been so happy as Haman,—raised from an inferior station to great riches and power, exalted above his rivals, and above the princes of the empire, favourite and prime minister to the greatest monarch in the

world? But with all these advantages on his side, and under all these smiles of fortune, his happiness was destroyed by the want of a bow, usual to those of his station, from one of the porters of the palace. Enraged with this neglect, this vain great man cried out in the pang of disappointment, "All this availeth me nothing, so long as I see Mordecai sitting at the king's gate." This seeming affront sat deep on his mind. He meditated revenge. A single victim could not satisfy his malice. He wanted to have a glutting vengeance. He resolved for this purpose, to involve thousands in destruction, and to make a whole nation fall a sacrifice to the indulgence of his mean-spirited pride.—His wickedness proves his ruin, and he erected the gallows, on which he himself was doomed to be hanged!

If we consider man as an individual, we shall see a further confirmation of the truth contained in the text, "That there is no peace to the wicked."

In order to strengthen the obligations to virtue, Almighty God hath rendered the practice of sin fatal to our peace as individuals, as well as pernicious to our interests as members of society. From the sinner God withdraws his favour and the light of his countenance. How dark will that mind be, which no beam from the Father of lights ever visits? How joyless that heart, which the spirit of life never animates! When sin entered into paradise, the angels of God forsook the place. So from the soul that is polluted with guilt, peace, and joy, and hope, those good angels, vanish and depart. What succeeds to this family of heaven? Confusion, shame, remorse, despair.

Logan.

On the Importance of an Interest in the Divine Favour.

If God be the great ruler of the world, and governs it without interruption or control, of what infinite importance is his favour!

If an earthly ruler be our friend, we reckon that all our civil interests are secure; but if God doth according to his pleasure, both in heaven and in earth, in

this world and the next, his favour must be life, and his loving kindness must be even better than life. It must be of all things the most desirable, for it comprehends in it all things that are good. If his power could be controlled, if his will could be eluded, if his government could be interrupted, if any interest of ours lay without the reach of his sceptre or his influence; we might then occasionally hesitate concerning the importance of his favour, and deliberate whether, in this season or in that circumstance, we stood in need of it. But at all seasons, and in all circumstances, being absolutely in his hands; holding our lives and comforts at his pleasure; suffering only through his appointment, and prolonging our days in joy or in sorrow according to his will; capable, if he pleaseth, of immortal happiness, and liable, if he commands it, to everlasting destruction; unable to resist him, and unable to recommend ourselves to any who can maintain our interest against God; what is it that should be the first object of our anxiety—what is it that should be the constant subject of our concern, but that without which we must be wretched; possessed of which, no enmity can hurt us, and no evil overwhelm or injure us? Would you that your friends should love you?—make a friend of God. Would you that their neglect, if they do neglect you, should be better to you than their love?—make a friend of God. Would you that your enemies should be at peace with you?—be ye reconciled to Heaven. Would you that their hatred should promote your interest?—take care to have an interest in God. Would you prosper in the world?—you cannot do it without God's help. Say not that your prosperity may be the result of the right and vigorous application of your own powers. Ask yourselves from whom those powers are derived, by whom those powers are continued to you, and who it is that forms the connections, and constitutes the conjunctures that are favourable to the right and successful application of your abilities. Whatever are your views in life, you cannot attain them without God; and though he should assist you to attain them, yet still you cannot improve your real interests, you

cannot enjoy them in unalloyed comfort, without God. Would you that your souls should prosper?—it must be through his blessing. Are you weary of affliction?—there is no aid but in the Divine compassion. Are you burdened with a load of guilt?—there is no hope for you but in the Divine mercy. Is your heart sad?—your comfort must come from God. Is your soul rejoicing?—God must prolong your joy, or, like the burning thorn, it will blaze and die. Does your inexperienced youth need to be directed?—God must be your guide. Does your declining age need to be supported?—God must be your strength. The vigour of your manly age will wither, if God does not nourish and defend it; and even prosperity is a curse, if God does not give a heart to relish and enjoy it. All hearts, all powers are God's. Seek ye then the Lord while he is to be found; seek his favour with your whole souls; it is a blessing that will well reward you for all that you can sacrifice to purchase it; it is a blessing without which nothing else can bless you. His patience may perhaps for a moment suffer you to triumph; but do not thence conclude that you enjoy his favour. If a good conscience do not tell you so, believe no other witness; for all the pleasures that you boast are but like the pleasures of a bright morning, and a gaudy equipage to the malefactor going to his execution. Every moment you are in jeopardy, and every moment may put an end to your jollity, and transform your hopes and joys into desperate and helpless misery. It is but for God to leave you, and you are left by every thing you delight in, and abandoned to every thing you fear. It is but for God to will it so, and this night your reason shall forsake you, your health shall fail you, your friends on whom you lean shall fall, and your comforts on which you are rejoicing shall distress you. It is but for God to will it so, and this moment shall begin a series of perplexities, and fears, and griefs, which in this world shall never end. It is but for God to will it so, and this night thy soul shall be ejected from its earthly tabernacle: this night thy last pulse shall beat, and thy last breath expire; and thine eyes, for ever closed on all

thou lovedst on earth, shall be opened on all thou darest in heaven.

No, my brethren, there is not a moment's safety but in peace with God ; there is not a moment's solid comfort but in friendship with our Maker. In every season, and in every state of life, his favour is absolutely necessary to us. What infatuation, then, has seized the sons of reason and of foresight, that you seek *first* what you fondly wish for, whatever it is that your hearts desire ; and propose, if you propose at all, *afterwards* to seek for that favour which can alone fulfil the desires of your hearts, and without which their wishes never can be gratified ! Cappe.

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*The melancholy Effects of early Licentiousness (in a Sermon preached for the Female Orphan House).*

Perhaps of all sources of corruption in human society, there is none greater than that lamentable degradation of the female sex, which this institution, from the extensive scale on which it is conducted, must go extensively to diminish. In the consideration of this point, I place the misfortune of fallen woman, as far as it involves her own fate temporal and eternal, totally out of the question. To this I shall speak in the sequel ; I would here only consider the effect which her depravity is known to produce on the morals of every rank of the community ; and I do say, when we deliberately look to the variously desperate complexion of that effect, there is no principle, Christian or social, that must not give superior importance to the preventive before us. How many parents, even in the highest order of life, can bear woful testimony to the total perversion of youth, by the seductions of the vicious part of the female sex ! The fondest hopes of rising excellence disappointed ; fortune opprobriously dissipated ; constitution radically broke down ; living spectres of early decrepitude ! Every ingrafted virtue, every sacred principle of education effaced, every vice that can dishonour human nature and religion springing from this one impure root. Objects to whom they tenderly looked up for the pride and consolation of



their age, often presenting nothing to their eyes but the premature compound of the demon and the brute. This may appear to be strong language on the subject ; but to know the world at all, is to know that it is more than justified. When youth is once allured into the mysteries of libertinism, there is no excess or enormity that is not swallowed like water. It is the property of this fatal evil even to mar the finest qualities of nature. Often are talents and spirits, fitted for the greatest purposes of society, entombed for ever in this sepulchre of the soul ; nothing that belongs to mind can have power to charm where mind would appear no more. If youths who might have pressed forward to the most honourable distinction, are daily to be seen without a spark of virtuous emulation ; insensible even to that love of fame which, in default of purer motives, gives birth to such diversified objects of human ability, roaming through the capital with stupid and licentious gaze, dead to the respect of character, and equally lost to their country and the world ; impute it to no other cause than that unhappy corruption of morals which extinguishes the nobler aspirings of man, to substitute the pursuits of a vile instinct. Would you vindicate, my brethren, the honour of religion and nature ; would you behold in youth, the ambition of pre-eminence in virtue and usefulness ? establish purity and severity of morals, by cutting off the foul source of their depravation ; do this, I say, and instead of swarms of walking and ignominious nuisances, you will have men—you will have citizens—more—instead of the contempt of Christian practice, private and public ; instead of the affected and blasphemous language of infidelity—for the libertine is invariably profane—you will have youth glorying in submission to the sacred principles of their religion, and affording the happy and edifying spectacle of its influence on their conduct.

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*Religion the distinguishing Quality of our Nature.*

Religion is the distinguishing quality of our nature, and is one of the strongest features that marks the

human character. As it is our distinguishing quality, so it possesses such extensive influence, that, however overlooked by superficial inquirers, it has given rise to more revolutions in human society, and to more changes in human manners, than any one cause whatever. View mankind in every situation, from the earliest state of barbarity, down through all the successive periods of civilization, till they degenerate to barbarity again, and you will find them influenced strongly by the awe of superior spirits, or the dread of infernal fiends. In the heathen world, where mankind had no divine revelation, but followed the impulse of nature alone, religion was often the basis of the civil government. Among all classes of men, the sacrifices, the ceremonies, and the worship of the gods were held in the highest reverence. Judge what a strong hold religion must have taken of the human heart, when, instigated by horror of conscience, the blinded wretch has submitted to torture his own flesh before the shrine of the incensed deity, and the fond father has been driven to offer up with his own hands his first-born for his transgression,—the fruit of his body for the sin of his soul. It is possible to shake off the reverence, but not the dread of a Deity. Amid the gay circle of his companions, in the hour of riot and dissipation, the fool may say in his heart that there is no God; but his conscience will meet him when he is alone, and tell him that he is a liar. Heaven will avenge its quarrel on his head. Judge, then, my brethren, how miserable it must be for a being made after the image of God, thus to have his glory turned into shame. How dismal must the situation be for a subject of the divine government to consider himself as acting upon a plan to counteract the decrees of God, to defeat the designs of eternal Providence, to deface in himself the image and the lineaments of heaven, to maintain a state of enmity and war with his Creator, and to associate with the infernal spirits, whose abode is darkness, and whose portion is despair!

Reflections upon such a state will give its full measure to the cup of trembling. Was not Belshazzar, the

impious king of Babylon; a striking instance of what I am now saying? This monarch made a feast to a thousand of his lords, and assembled his princes, his concubines and his wives. In order to increase the festivity, he sent for the consecrated vessels, which his father Nebuchadnezzar had taken from the temple of Jerusalem; and, in these vessels which were holy to the Lord, he made libations to his vain idols, and, in his heart, bade defiance to the God of Israel. But, whilst thus he defied the living God, forth came the fingers of a man's hand, and, on the wall, which had lately resounded with joy, wrote the sentence of his fate! In a moment his countenance was changed, his whole frame shook, and his knees smote one against another, whilst the prophet in awful accents denounced his doom; "O man, thy kingdom is departed from thee!"

*Logan.*

## ANCIENT AND MODERN

## ORATORY.

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*Hannibal to his Soldiers.*

I know not, soldiers, whether you or your prisoners be encompassed by fortune with the stricter bonds and necessities. Two seas enclose you on the right and left;—not a ship to flee to for escaping. Before you is the Po, a river broader and more rapid than the Rhone; behind you are the Alps, over which, even when your numbers were undiminished, you were hardly able to force a passage.—Here then, soldiers, you must either conquer or die, the very first hour you meet the enemy. But the same fortune which has laid you under the necessity of fighting, has set before your eyes those rewards of victory, than which no men are ever wont to wish for greater from the immortal gods. Should we by our valour recover only Sicily and Sardinia, which were ravished from our fathers, those would be no inconsiderable prizes. Yet, what are these? The wealth of Rome, whatever riches she has heaped together in the spoils of nations, all these, with the masters of them, will be yours. You have been long enough employed in driving the cattle upon the vast mountains of Lusitania and Celtiberia; you have hitherto met with no reward worthy of the labours and dangers you have undergone. The time is now come to reap the full recompence of your toilsome marches over so many mountains and rivers, and through so many nations, all of them in arms. This is the place, which fortune has appointed to be

the limits of your labours; it is here that you will finish your glorious warfare, and receive an ample recompence of your completed service. For I would not have you imagine, that victory will be as difficult as the name of a Roman war is great and sounding. It has often happened, that a despised enemy has given a bloody battle, and the most renowned kings and nations have by a small force been overthrown. And if you but take away the glitter of the Roman name, what is there, wherein they may stand in competition with you? For (to say nothing of your service in war for twenty years together with so much valour and success) from the very pillars of Hercules, from the ocean, from the utmost bounds of the earth, through so many warlike nations of Spain and Gaul, are you not come hither victorious? And with whom are you now to fight? With raw soldiers, an undisciplined army, beaten, vanquished, besieged by the Gauls the very last summer, an army unknown to their leader, and unacquainted with him.

Or shall I, who was born I might almost say, but certainly brought up, in the tent of my father, that most excellent general, shall I, the conqueror of Spain and Gaul, and not only of the Alpine nations, but, which is greater yet, of the Alps themselves, shall I compare myself with this half-year captain?—A captain!—before whom should one place the two armies without their ensigns, I am persuaded he would not know to which of them he is consul! I esteem it no small advantage, soldiers, that there is not one among you, who has not often been an eye witness of my exploits in war; not one of whose valour I myself have not been a spectator, so as to be able to name the times and places of his noble achievements; that with soldiers, whom I have a thousand times praised and rewarded, and whose pupil I was, before I became their general, I shall march against an army of men, strangers to one another.

On what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength; a veteran infantry, a most gallant cavalry; you, my allies, most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your

country's cause, but the justest anger impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy ; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge.—First, they demanded me ; that I, your general, should be delivered up to them : next, all of you, who had fought at the siege of Saguntum ; and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud and cruel nation ! Every thing must be yours, and at your disposal ! You are to prescribe to us with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace ! You are to set us bounds ; to shut us up within hills and rivers ; but you—you are not to observe the limits which yourselves have fixed ! Pass not the Iberus. What next ? Touch not the Saguntines ; Saguntum is upon the Iberus. Move not a step towards that city. Is it a small matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia ; you would have Spain too ? Well, we shall yield Spain ; and then—you will pass into Africa ! Will pass, did I say ? This very year they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain. No, soldiers, there is nothing left for us but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on then ! Be men ! The Romans may with more safety be cowards. They have their own country behind them, have places of refuge to flee to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither ; but for you there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again, I say, you are conquerors. *Livy.*

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*Speech of Lord Chatham, in the House of Peers, against the American War, and against employing the Indians in it.*

I cannot, my Lords, I will not, join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my Lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation : the smoothness of flattery cannot save

us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelope it; and display, in its full danger and genuine colours, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my Lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt! "But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world: now, none so poor as to do her reverence."—The people whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies; are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy—and ministers do not, and dare not, interpose with dignity or effect. The desperate state of our army abroad is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honours the British troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valour; I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You cannot, my Lords, you cannot conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst: but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much. You may swell every expense, accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot: your attempts will be for ever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates, to an incurable resentment, the minds of your adversaries, to over-run them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop was landed in my country, I never would lay down my arms;—Never, never, never!—

But, my Lords, who is the man, that, in addition to the disgraces and mischiefs of the war, has dared to

authorize and associate to our arms the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the savage?—to call into civilized alliance, the wild and inhuman inhabitant of the woods?—to delegate to the merciless Indian, the defence of disputed rights, and to wage the horrors of his barbarous war against our brethren? My Lords, these enormities cry aloud, for redress and punishment. But, my Lords, this barbarous measure has been defended, not only on the principles of policy and necessity, but also on those of morality; “for it is perfectly allowable,” says Lord Suffolk, “to use all the means, which God and nature have put into our hands.” I am astonished, I am shocked, to hear such principles confessed; to hear them avowed in this House, or in this country: My Lords, I did not intend to encroach so much on your attention, but I cannot repress my indignation—I feel myself impelled to speak. My Lords, we are called upon as members of this House, as men, as Christians, to protest against such horrible barbarity!—“That God and nature have put into our hands!” What ideas of God and nature, that noble Lord may entertain, I know not; but I know, that such detestable principles, are equally abhorrent to religion and humanity. What! to attribute the sacred sanction of God and nature, to the massacres of the Indian scalping-knife! to the cannibal savage, torturing, murdering, devouring, drinking the blood of his mangled victims! Such notions shock every precept of morality, every feeling of humanity, every sentiment of honour. These abominable principles, and this more abominable avowal of them, demand the most decisive indignation.

I call upon that Right Reverend, and this most Learned Bench, to vindicate the religion of their God to support the justice of their country. I call upon the Bishops, to interpose the unsullied sanctity of their lawn;—upon the Judges, to interpose the purity of their ermine, to save us from this pollution. I call upon the honour of your Lordships, to reverence the dignity of your ancestors, and to maintain your own. I call upon the spirit and humanity of my country, to vindicate the national character. I invoke



the genius of the constitution. From the tapestry that adorns these walls, the immortal ancestor of this noble Lord, frowns with indignation at the disgrace of his country. In vain did he defend the liberty, and establish the religion of Britain, against the tyranny of Rome, if these worse than Popish cruelties, and Inquisitorial practices, are endured among us. To send forth the merciless cannibal, thirsting for blood! against whom?—your Protestant brethren!—to lay waste their country, to desolate their dwellings, and extirpate their race and name, by the aid and instrumentality of these horrible hounds of war! Spain can no longer boast pre-eminence in barbarity. She armed herself with bloodhounds, to extirpate the wretched natives of Mexico; we, more ruthless, loose these dogs of war against our countrymen in America, endeared to us by every tie that can sanctify humanity. I solemnly call upon your Lordships, and upon every order of men in the state, to stamp upon this infamous procedure, the indelible stigma of the public abhorrence. More particularly, I call upon the holy prelates of our religion, to do away this iniquity; let them perform a lustration, to purify the country from this deep and deadly sin. My Lords, I am old and weak, and at present unable to say more; but my feelings and indignation were too strong, to have said less. I could not have slept this night in my bed, nor even reposed my head upon my pillow, without giving vent to my eternal abhorrence, of such enormous and preposterous principles.

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*Cicero against Verres.*

The time is come, Fathers, when that which has long been wished for towards allaying the envy your order has been subject to, and removing the imputations against trials, is effectually put in our power. An opinion has long prevailed, not only here at home, but likewise in foreign countries, both dangerous to you, and pernicious to the State—that in prosecutions, men of wealth are always safe, however clearly convicted. There is now to be brought upon his trial

before you—to the confusion, I hope, of the propagators of this slanderous imputation—one, whose life and actions condemn him in the opinion of all impartial persons ; but who, according to his own reckoning and declared dependence upon his riches, is already acquitted : I mean Caius Verres. I demand justice of you, Fathers, upon the robber of the public treasury, the oppressor of Asia Minor and Pamphylia, the invader of the rights and privileges of Romans, the scourge and curse of Sicily. If that sentence is passed upon him which his crimes deserve, your authority, Fathers, will be venerable and sacred in the eyes of the public ; but if his great riches should bias you in his favour, I shall still gain one point—to make it apparent to all the world, that what was wanting in this case was—not a criminal nor a prosecutor—but justice and adequate punishment.

To pass over the shameful irregularities of his youth, what does his quæstorship, the first public employment he held, what does it exhibit, but one continued scene of villanies ? Cneius Carbo plundered of the public money by his own treasurer, a consul stripped and betrayed, an army deserted and reduced to want, a province robbed, the civil and religious rights of a people violated. The employment he held in Asia Minor and Pamphylia, what did it produce but the ruin of those countries ? In which houses, cities, and temples were robbed by him. What was his conduct in the prætorship here at home ? Let the plundered temples, and public works neglected, that he might embezzle the money intended for carrying them on, bear witness. How did he discharge the office of a judge ? Let those who suffered by his injustice answer. But his prætorship in Sicily crowns all his works of wickedness, and finishes a lasting monument to his infamy. The mischiefs done by him in that unhappy country, during the three years of his iniquitous administration, are such, that many years, under the wisest and best of prætors, will not be sufficient to restore things to the condition in which he found them : for it is notorious, that, during the time of his tyranny, the Sicilians neither enjoyed the

protection of their own original laws, of the regulations made for their benefit by the Roman Senate, upon their coming under the protection of the commonwealth, nor of the natural and unalienable rights of men. His nod has decided all causes in Sicily for these three years; and his decisions have broke all law, all precedent, all right. The sums he has, by arbitrary taxes and unheard of impositions, extorted from the industrious poor, are not to be computed. The most faithful allies of the commonwealth have been treated as enemies; Roman citizens have, like slaves, been put to death with tortures; the most atrocious criminals, for money, have been exempted from the deserved punishments; and men of the most unexceptionable characters, condemned and banished unheard. The harbours, though sufficiently fortified, and the gates of strong towns, opened to pirates and ravagers; the soldiery and sailors, belonging to a province under the protection of the commonwealth, starved to death; whole fleets, to the great detriment of the province, suffered to perish. The ancient monuments of either Sicilian or Roman greatness, the statues of heroes and princes, carried off; and the temples stripped of the images. Having, by his iniquitous sentences, filled the prisons with the most industrious and deserving of the people, he then proceeded to order numbers of Roman citizens to be strangled in the gaols; so that the exclamation, "I am a citizen of Rome!" which has often, in the most distant regions, and among the most barbarous people been a protection, was of no service to them, but, on the contrary, brought a speedier and more severe punishment upon them.

I ask now, Verres, what you have to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend, that any thing false, that even any thing aggravated, is alleged against you? Had any prince, or any state committed the same outrage against the privileges of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient ground for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment ought, then, to be inflicted upon a tyrannical and wicked prætor, who

dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion, that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked prætor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen; I have served under Lucius Precius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The blood-thirsty prætor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defence, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, Fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly mangled with scourging; whilst the only words he uttered amidst his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and from infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was thus asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!—Oh liberty!—Oh sound, once delightful to every Roman ear!—Oh sacred privilege of Roman citizenship!—once sacred!—now trampled upon! But what then?—Is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his whole power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of

his riches, strikes at the root of all liberty, and sets mankind at defiance?

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

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Invective against Hastings.

Had a stranger, at this time, gone into the province of Oude, ignorant of what had happened since the death of Sujah Dowla, that man, who, with a savage heart, had still great lines of character, and who, with all his ferocity in war, had still, with a cultivating hand, preserved to his country the riches which it derived from benignant skies and a prolific soil—if this stranger, ignorant of all that had happened in the short interval, and observing the wide and general devastation, and all the horrors of the scene—of plains unclothed and brown—of vegetables burned up and extinguished—of villages depopulated, and in ruins—of temples unroofed and perishing—of reservoirs broken down and dry,—he would naturally inquire, what war has thus laid waste the fertile fields of this once beautiful and opulent country—what civil dissensions have happened, thus to tear asunder and separate the happy societies that once possessed those villages—what disputed succession—what religious rage has, with unholy violence, demolished those temples, and disturbed fervent, but unobtruding piety, in the exercise of its duties?—What merciless enemy has thus spread the horrors of fire and sword—what severe visitation of providence has dried up the fountain, and taken from the face of the earth every vestige of verdure?—Or, rather, what monsters have stalked over the country, tainting and poisoning, with pestiferous breath, what the voracious appetite could not devour? To such questions, what must be the answer? No wars have ravaged these lands, and depopulated these villages—no civil discords have been felt—no disputed succession—no religious

rage, no merciless enemy—no affliction of providence, which, while it scourged for the moment, cut off the sources of resuscitation—no voracious and poisoning monsters—no, all this has been accomplished by the friendship, generosity, and kindness of the English nation. They have embraced us with their protecting arms, and lo! those are the fruits of their alliance. What, then, shall we be told, that under such circumstances, the exasperated feelings of a whole people thus goaded and spurred on to clamour and resistance, were excited by the poor and feeble influence of the Begums! When we hear the description of the paroxysm, fever, and delirium, into which despair had thrown the natives, when on the banks of the polluted Ganges, panting for death, they tore more widely open the lips of their gaping wounds, to accelerate their dissolution, and while their blood was issuing, presented their ghastly eyes to Heaven, breathing their last and fervent prayer, that the dry earth might not be suffered to drink their blood, but that it might rise up to the throne of God, and rouse the eternal Providence to avenge the wrongs of their country; will it be said that this was brought about by the incantations of these Begums in their secluded Zenana? or that they could inspire this enthusiasm and this despair into the breasts of a people who felt no grievance, and had suffered no torture? What motive, then, could have such influence in their bosom? What motive? That which nature, the common parent, plants in the bosom of man, and which, though it may be less active in the Indian than in the Englishman, is still congenial with, and makes part of his being—that feeling which tells him, that man was never made to be the property of man; but that when through pride and insolence of power, one human creature dares to tyrannise over another, it is a power usurped, and resistance is a duty—that feeling which tells him, that all power is delegated for the good, not for the injury of the people, and that when it is converted from the original purpose, the compact is broken, and the right is to be resumed—that principle which tells him, that resistance to power usurped is not merely a duty which he owes

to himself and to his neighbour, but a duty which he owes to his God, in asserting and maintaining the rank which he gave him, in the creation!—to that common God, who, where he gives the form of man, whatever may be the complexion, gives also the feelings and the rights of man—that principle, which neither the rudeness of ignorance can stifle, nor the enervation of refinement extinguish!—that principle, which makes it base for a man to suffer when he ought to act, which, tending to preserve to the species the original designations of providence, spurns at the arrogant distinctions of man, and vindicates the independent quality of his race.

Sheridan.

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*Cicero for Milo.*

MY LORDS,

That you may be able the more easily to determine upon that point before you, I shall beg the favour of an attentive hearing, while, in a few words, I lay open the whole affair.—Clodius being determined, when created prætor, to harass his country with every species of oppression, and finding the comitia had been delayed so long the year before, that he could not hold this office many months, all on a sudden threw up his own year, and reserved himself to the next; not from any religious scruple, but that he might have, as he said himself, a full, entire year, for exercising his prætorship; that is, for overturning the commonwealth. Being sensible he must be controlled and cramped in the exercise of his prætorian authority under Milo, who, he plainly saw, would be chosen consul by the unanimous consent of the Roman people, he joined the candidates that opposed Milo, but in such a manner, that he overruled them in every thing, had the sole management of the election, and as he used often to boast, bore all the comitia upon his own shoulders. He assembled the tribes; he thrust himself into their councils, and formed a new tribe of the most abandoned of the citizens. The more confusion and disturbance he made, the more Milo prevailed. When this wretch, who was bent upon all manner of wickedness,

saw that so brave a man, and his most inveterate enemy, would certainly be consul—when he perceived this, not only by the discourses, but by the votes of the Roman people, he began to throw off all disguise, and to declare openly that Milo must be killed. He often intimated this in the Senate, and declared it expressly before the people; insomuch, that when Favonius, that brave man, asked him what prospect he could have of carrying on his furious designs, while Milo was alive—he replied, that in three or four days at most, he should be taken out of the way; which reply Favonius immediately communicated to Cato.

In the mean time, as soon as Clodius knew—nor indeed was there any difficulty to come at the intelligence—that Milo was obliged by the 18th of January to be at Lanuvium,—where he was dictator, in order to nominate a priest, a duty which the laws rendered necessary to be performed every year,—he went suddenly from Rome the day before, in order, as it appears by the event, to way-lay Milo in his own grounds; and this at a time when he was obliged to leave a tumultuous assembly, which he had summoned that very day, where his presence was necessary to carry on his mad designs; a thing he never would have done, if he had not been desirous to take the advantage of that particular time and place for perpetrating his villany. But Milo, after having staid in the Senate that day till the house was broke up, went home, changed his clothes, waited a while, as usual, till his wife had got ready to attend him, and then set forward, about the time that Clodius, if he had proposed to come back to Rome that day, might have returned. He meets Clodius, near his own estate, a little before sun-set, and is immediately attacked by a body of men, who throw their darts at him from an eminence, and kill his coachman. Upon which he threw off his cloak, leaped from his chariot, and defended himself with great bravery. In the mean time, Clodius's attendants drawing their swords, some of them ran back to the chariot, in order to attack Milo in the rear, whilst others, thinking that he was already killed, fell upon his servants who were behind: these being resolute and



faithful to their master, were, some of them slain; whilst the rest, seeing a warm engagement near the chariot, being prevented from going to their master's assistance, hearing besides from Clodius himself that Milo was killed, and believing it to be a fact, acted upon this occasion—I mention it, not with a view to elude the accusation, but because it was the true state of the case—without the orders, without the knowledge, without the presence of their master, as every man would wish his own servants should act in the like circumstances.

This, my Lords, is a faithful account of the matter of fact: the person who lay in wait was himself overcome, and force subdued by force, or rather audaciousness chastised by true valour. I say nothing of the advantage which accrues to the state in general, to yourselves in particular, and to all good men: I am content to wave the argument I might draw from thence in favour of my client,—whose destiny was so peculiar, that he could not secure his own safety, without securing yours and that of the republic at the same time. If he could not do it lawfully, there is no room for attempting his defence. But, if reason teaches the learned, necessity the barbarian, common customs all nations in general, and even nature itself instructs the brutes to defend their bodies, limbs, and lives, when attacked, by all possible methods; you cannot pronounce this action criminal, without determining, at the same time, that whoever falls into the hands of a highwayman, must of necessity perish either by the sword or your decisions. Had Milo been of this opinion, he would certainly have chosen to have fallen by the hand of Clodius—who had more than once before this made an attempt upon his life—rather than be executed by your order, because he had not tamely yielded himself a victim to his rage. But if none of you are of this opinion, the proper question is, not whether Clodius was killed; for that we grant: but, whether justly or unjustly? If it appear that Milo was the aggressor, we ask no favour; but if Clodius, you will then acquit him of the crime that has been laid to his charge.

Every circumstance, my Lords, concurs to prove that it was for Milo's interest Clodius should live ; that, on the contrary, Milo's death was a most desirable event for answering the purposes of Clodius ; that, on the one side, there was a most implacable hatred ; on the other, not the least ; that the one had been continually employing himself in acts of violence, the other, only in opposing them ; that the life of Milo was threatened, and his death publicly foretold by Clodius, whereas nothing of that kind was ever heard from Milo ; that the day fixed for Milo's journey was well known to his adversary, while Milo knew not when Clodius was to return ; that Milo's journey was necessary, but that of Clodius rather the contrary : that the one openly declared his intention of leaving Rome that day, while the other concealed his intention of returning ; that Milo made no alteration in his measures, but that Clodius feigned an excuse for altering his ; that if Milo had designed to way-lay Clodius, he would have waited for him near the city till it was dark ; but that Clodius, even if he had been under no apprehensions from Milo, ought to have been afraid of coming to town so late at night.

Let us now consider whether the place where the encounter happened, was most favourable to Milo or to Clodius. But can there, my Lords, be any room for doubt or deliberation upon that ? It was near the estate of Clodius, where at least a thousand able-bodied men were employed in his mad schemes of building. Did Milo think he should have an advantage by attacking him from an eminence, and did he for this reason pitch upon that spot for the engagement ? or was he not rather expected in that place by his adversary who hoped the situation would favour his assault ? The thing, my Lords, speaks for itself, which must be allowed to be of the greatest importance in determining a question. Were the affair to be represented only by painting, instead of being expressed by words, it would even then clearly appear which was the traitor, and which was free from all mischievous designs. When the one was sitting in his chariot, muffled up in his cloak, and his wife along with him ;

which of these circumstances was not a very great incumbrance? the dress, the chariot, or the companion? How could he be worse equipped for an engagement, when he was wrapped up in a cloak, embarrassed with a chariot, and almost fettered by his wife? Observe the other now, in the first place sallying out on a sudden from his seat; for what reason? In the evening? what urged him? Late; to what purpose, especially at that season? He calls at Pompey's seat; with what view? To see Pompey? He knew he was at Allium. To see his house? He had been in it a thousand times. What then could be the reason of this loitering and shifting about? He wanted to be upon the spot when Milo came up.

But if, my Lords, you are not yet convinced—though the thing shines out with such strong and full evidence—that Milo returned to Rome with an innocent mind, unstained with guilt, undisturbed by fear, and free from the accusations of conscience; call to mind, I beseech you, by the immortal gods, the expedition with which he came back, his entrance into the forum, while the senate-house was in flames, the greatness of soul he discovered, the look he assumed, the speech he made on the occasion. He delivered himself up, not only to the people, but even to the senate; nor to the senate alone, but even to guards appointed for the public security; nor merely to them, but even to the authority of him whom the senate had entrusted with the care of the whole republic; to whom he would never have delivered himself, if he had not been confident of the goodness of his cause.

What now remains, but to beseech and adjure you, my Lords, to extend that compassion to a brave man, which he disdains to implore, but which I, even against his consent, implore and earnestly entreat. Though you have not seen him shed a single tear while all are weeping around him—though he has preserved the same steady countenance, the same firmness of voice and language, do not, on this account, withhold it from him.

On you, on you I call, ye heroes, who have lost so much blood in the service of your country! To you,

ye centurions, ye soldiers, I appeal in this hour of danger, to the best of men, and bravest of citizens! While you are looking on, while you stand here with arms in your hands, and guard this tribunal, shall virtue like this be expelled, exterminated, cast out with dishonour? By the immortal gods I wish—Pardon me, oh my country! for I fear what I shall say out of a pious regard for Milo may be deemed impiety against thee—that Clodius not only lived, but were prætor, consul, dictator, rather than be witness to such a scene as this. Shall this man, then, who was born to save his country, die any where but in his country? Shall he not at least die in the service of his country? Will you retain the memorials of his gallant soul, and deny his body a grave in Italy? Will any person give his voice for banishing a man from this city, whom every city on earth would be proud to receive within its wall? Happy the country that shall receive him! ungrateful this, if it shall banish him! wretched, if it should lose him! But I must conclude: my tears will not allow me to proceed, and Milo forbids tears to be employed in his defence. You, my Lords, I beseech and adjure, that, in your decision, you would dare to act as you think. Trust me, your fortitude, your justice, your fidelity, will more especially be approved of by him, who, in his choice of judges, has raised to the bench the bravest, the wisest, and the best of men.

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*Lord Chatham's Reply to Sir Robert Walpole.*

SIR,

The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has, with such spirit and decency, charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate, nor deny;—but content myself with wishing, that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be 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 oppor-

tunities which it brings have past away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail, when the passions have subsided. The wretch who, 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 hairs should secure him from insult. Much more, Sir, is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and become more wicked with less temptation ;—who prostitutes himself for money which he cannot enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country. But youth, Sir, is not my only crime ; I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may either imply some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and 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, perhaps, I may have some ambition to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, nor very solicitously copy his diction or his mien, however matured by age, or modelled by experience. But, if any man shall, by charging me with theatrical behaviour, imply, that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator, and a villain ;—nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment he deserves. I shall, on such an occasion, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench 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 him in his villany, and whoever may partake of his plunder.

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*Caius Marius to the Romans.*

It is but too common, my countrymen, to observe a material difference between the behaviour of those who stand candidates for places of power and trust, before and after their obtaining them. They solicit them in one manner, and execute them in another. They set out with a great appearance of activity, humility, and moderation; and they quickly fall into sloth, pride, and avarice. It is undoubtedly no easy matter to discharge, to the general satisfaction, the duty of a supreme commander, in troublesome times; to carry on, with effect, an expensive war, and yet be frugal of the public money; to oblige those to serve, whom it may be delicate to offend; to conduct, at the same time, a complicated variety of operations; to concert measures at home, answerable to the state of things abroad; and to gain every valuable end, in spite of opposition from the envious, the factious, and the disaffected—to do all this, my countrymen, is more difficult than is generally thought.

But besides the disadvantages which are common to me, with all others in eminent stations, my case is, in this respect, peculiarly hard—that whereas a commander of Patrician rank, if he is guilty of a neglect or breach of duty, has his great connections, the antiquity of his family, the important services of his ancestors, and the multitudes he has, by power, engaged in his interest, to screen him from condign punishment, my whole safety depends upon myself; which renders it the more indispensably necessary for me to take care that my conduct be clear and unexceptionable. Besides, I am well aware, my countrymen, that the eye of the public is upon me; and that, though the impartial, who prefer the real advantage

of the commonwealth to all other considerations, favour my pretensions, the Patricians want nothing so much as an occasion against me. It is therefore my fixed resolution to use my best endeavours, that you may not be disappointed in me, and that their indirect designs against me may be defeated.

I have, from my youth, been familiar with toils and with dangers; I was faithful to your interest, my countrymen, when I served you for no reward but that of honour. It is not my design to betray you, now that you have conferred upon me a place of profit. You have committed to my conduct the war against Jugurtha. The Patricians are offended at this. But where would be the wisdom of giving such a command to one of their honourable body? A person of illustrious birth, of ancient family, of innumerable statues, but of no experience! What service would his long line of dead ancestors, or his multitude of motionless statues, do his country in the day of battle? What could such a general do, but, in his trepidation and inexperience, have recourse to some inferior commander for direction in difficulties to which he was not himself equal? Thus, your Patrician general would in fact have a general over him; so that the acting commander would still be a Plebeian. So true is this, countrymen, that I have myself known those who have been chosen consuls, begin then to read the history of their own country, of which, till that time, they were totally ignorant; that is, they first obtained the employment, and then bethought themselves of the qualifications necessary for the proper discharge of it.

I submit to your judgment, Romans, on which side the advantage lies, when a comparison is made between Patrician haughtiness and Plebeian experience. The very actions which they have only read, I have partly seen, and partly myself achieved. What they know by reading, I know by action. They are pleased to slight my mean birth: I despise their mean characters. Want of birth and fortune is the objection against me; want of personal worth against them. But are not all men of the same species? What can make a dif-

ference between one man and another, but the endowments of the mind? For my part, I shall always look upon the bravest man as the noblest man. Suppose it were inquired of the fathers of such Patricians as Albinus and Bestia, whether, if they had their choice, they would desire sons of their character or of mine; what would they answer, but that they would wish the worthiest to be their sons? If the Patricians have reason to despise me, let them likewise despise their ancestors, whose nobility was the fruit of their virtue. Do they envy the honours bestowed upon me? let them envy likewise my labours, my abstinence, and the dangers I have undergone for my country, by which I have acquired them. But those worthless men lead such a life of inactivity, as if they despised any honours you can bestow, whilst they aspire to honours, as if they had deserved them by the most industrious virtue. They lay claim to the rewards of activity, for their having enjoyed the pleasures of luxury. Yet none can be more lavish than they are in praise of their ancestors. And they imagine they honour themselves by celebrating their forefathers; whereas they do the very contrary; for as much as their ancestors were distinguished for their virtues, so much are they disgraced by their vices. The glory of ancestors casts a light indeed upon their posterity; but it only serves to show what the descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth. I own I cannot boast of the deeds of my forefathers; but I hope I may answer the cavils of the Patricians, by standing up in defence of what I have myself done.

Observe now, my countrymen, the injustice of the Patricians. They arrogate to themselves honours on account of the exploits done by their forefathers, whilst they will not allow me the due praise for performing the very same sort of actions in my own person. He has no statues, they cry, of his family. He can trace no venerable line of ancestors.—What then? Is it matter of more praise to disgrace one's illustrious ancestors, than to become illustrious by one's own good behaviour? What if I can show no statues of my



family? I can show the standards, the armour, and the trappings which I have myself taken from the vanquished. I can show the scars of those wounds which I have received by facing the enemies of my country. These are my statues. These are the honours I boast of. Not left me by inheritance as theirs; but earned by toil, by abstinence, by valour; amidst clouds of dust and seas of blood; scenes of action where these effeminate Patricians, who endeavour, by indirect means, to depreciate me in your esteem, have never dared to show their faces.

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Demosthenes to the Athenians, exciting them to prosecute the War against Philip.

When I compare, Athenians, the speeches of some amongst us with their actions, I am at a loss to reconcile what I see with what I hear. Their protestations are full of zeal against the public enemy; but their measures are so inconsistent, that all their professions become suspected. By confounding you with a variety of projects, they perplex your resolutions; and lead you from executing what is in your power, by engaging you in schemes not reducible to practice.

'Tis true, there was a time when we were powerful enough, not only to defend our own borders, and protect our allies, but even to invade Philip in his own dominions. Yes, Athenians; there was such a juncture; I remember it well. But, by neglect of proper opportunities, we are no longer in a situation to be invaders, it will be well for us if we can provide for our own defence and our allies. Never did any conjuncture require so much prudence as this. However, I should not despair of seasonable remedies, had I the art to prevail with you to be unanimous in right measures. The opportunities which have so often escaped us, have not been lost through ignorance, or want of judgment, but through negligence or treachery.—If I assume, at this time, more than ordinary liberty of speech, I conjure you to suffer patiently those truths which have no other end but your own good. You have too many reasons to be sensible how much you

have suffered by hearkening to sycophants. I shall, therefore, be plain in laying before you the grounds of past miscarriages, in order to correct you in your future conduct.

You may remember, it is not above three or four years since we had the news of Philip's laying siege to the fortress of Juno in Thrace. It was, as I think, in October we received this intelligence. We voted an immediate supply of threescore talents; forty men-of-war were ordered to sea; and so zealous we were, that, preferring the necessities of state to our very laws, our citizens above the age of five-and-forty years were commanded to serve. What followed?—A whole year was spent idly without any thing done; and it was but in the third month of the following year, a little after the celebration of the feast of Ceres, that Charademus set sail, furnished with no more than five talents, and ten galleys not half manned.

A rumour was spread that Philip was sick. That rumour was followed by another, that Philip was dead.—And, then, as if all danger died with him, you dropped your preparations: whereas, then—then was your time to push and be active: then was your time to secure yourselves, and confound him at once. Had your resolutions, taken with so much heat, been as warmly seconded by action, you had been then as terrible to Philip, as Philip, recovered, is now to you.—“To what purpose, at this time, these reflections? What is done, cannot be undone.”—But, by your leave, Athenians, though past moments are not to be recalled, past errors may be retrieved. Have we not, now, a fresh provocation to war? Let the memory of oversights, by which you have suffered so much, instruct you to be more vigilant in the present danger. If the Olynthians are not instantly succoured, and with your utmost efforts, you become assistants to Philip, and serve him more effectually than he can help himself.

It is not, surely necessary to warn you, that votes alone can be of no consequence. Had your resolutions of themselves, the virtue to compass what you intend, we should not see them multiply every day, as they

do, and upon every occasion, with so little effect : nor would Philip be in a condition to brave and affront us in this manner. Proceed, then, Athenians, to support your deliberations with vigour. You have heads capable of advising what is best ; you have judgment and experience to discern what is right ; and you have power and opportunity to execute what you determine. What time so proper for action ? What occasion so happy ? And when can you hope for such another, if this be neglected ? Has not Philip, contrary to all treaties, insulted you in Thrace ? Does he not, at this instant, straiten and invade your confederates, whom you have solemnly sworn to protect ? Is he not an implacable enemy—a faithless ally—the usurper of provinces to which he has no title nor pretence—a stranger, a barbarian, a tyrant ? and, indeed, what is he not ?

Observe, I beseech you, men of Athens, how different your conduct appears from the practices of your ancestors :—they were friends to truth and plain dealing, and detested flattery and servile compliance. By unanimous consent, they continued arbiters of all Greece, for the space of forty-five years, without interruption. A public fund of no less than ten thousand talents, was ready for any emergency. They exercised over the Kings of Macedon, that authority which is due to barbarians ; obtained both by sea and land, in their own persons, frequent and signal victories ; and, by their noble exploits, transmitted to posterity an immortal memory of their virtue, superior to the reach of malice and detraction. It is to them we owe that great number of public edifices, by which the city of Athens exceeds all the rest of the world in beauty and magnificence. It is to them we owe so many stately temples, so richly embellished, but, above all, adorned with the spoils of vanquished enemies.—But visit their own private habitations ; visit the houses of Aristides, Miltiades, or any other of those patriots of antiquity—you will find nothing, not the least mark or ornament, to distinguish them from their neighbours. They took part in the government, not to enrich themselves, but the public : they had no scheme or ambition, but for

the public : nor knew any interest but the public. It was by a close and steady application to the general good of their country, by an exemplary piety towards the immortal gods, by a strict faith, and religious honesty betwixt man and man, and a moderation always uniform and of a piece, they established that reputation, which remains to this day, and will last to utmost posterity.

Such, oh men of Athens ! were your ancestors ; so glorious in the eye of the world ; so bountiful and munificent to their country ; so sparing, so modest, so self-denying, to themselves. What resemblance can we find, in the present generation, of these great men ? At a time when your ancient competitors have left you a clear stage—when the Lacedæmonians are disabled, the Thebans employed in troubles of their own—when no other State whatever is in a condition to rival or molest you ; in short, when you are at full liberty—when you have the opportunity and the power to become once more the sole arbiters of Greece,—you permit, patiently, whole provinces to be wrested from you ; you lavish the public money in scandalous and obscure uses ; you suffer your allies to perish in time of peace, whom you preserved in time of war ; and, to sum up all, you yourselves, by your mercenary court and servile resignation to the will and pleasure of designing, insidious leaders, abet, encourage, and strengthen the most dangerous and formidable of your enemies. Yes, Athenians, I repeat it, you yourselves are the contrivers of your own ruin. Lives there a man who has confidence enough to deny it ? Let him arise, and assign, if he can, any other cause of the success and prosperity of Philip—“ But,” you reply, “ what Athens may have lost in reputation abroad, she has gained in splendour at home. Was there ever a greater appearance of prosperity ; a greater face of plenty ? Is not the city enlarged ? Are not the streets better paved, houses repaired and beautified ? ”—Away with such trifles ! Shall I be paid with counters ? An old square new vamped up ! a fountain ! an aqueduct ! are these acquisitions to brag of ? Cast your eye upon the magistrate under

whose ministry you boast these precious improvements. Behold the despicable creature, raised, all at once, from dirt to opulence; from the lowest obscurity to the highest honours. Have not some of these upstarts built private houses and seats, vying with the most sumptuous of our public palaces? And how have their fortunes and their power increased, but as the commonwealth has been ruined and impoverished?

To what are we to impute these disorders, and to what cause assign the decay of a state so powerful and flourishing in past times? The reason is plain. The servant is now become the master. The magistrate was then subservient to the people; all honours, dignities, and preferments, were disposed by the voice and favour of the people; but the magistrate, now, has usurped the right of the people, and exercises an arbitrary authority over his ancient and natural lord. You, miserable people!—the meanwhile, without money, without friends,—from being the ruler, are become the servant; from being the master, the dependant: happy that these governors, into whose hands you have thus resigned your own power, are so good and so gracious as to continue your poor allowance to see plays.

Believe me, Athenians, if recovering from this lethargy, you would assume the ancient freedom and spirit of your fathers—if you would be your own soldiers and your own commanders, confiding no longer your affairs in foreign or mercenary hands—if you would charge yourselves with your own defence, employing abroad, for the public, what you waste in unprofitable pleasures at home—the world might once more, behold you making a figure worthy of Athenians.—“You would have us, then, (you say,) do service in our armies in our own persons; and, for so doing, you would have the pensions we receive in time of peace, accepted as pay in time of war. Is it thus we are to understand you?”—Yes, Athenians, 'tis my plain meaning. I would make it a standing rule, that no person, great or little, should be the better for the public money, who should grudge to employ it for the public service. Are we in peace?

the public is charged with your subsistence. Are we in war, or under a necessity, as at this time, to enter into a war? let your gratitude oblige you to accept, as pay in defence of your benefactors, what you receive, in peace, as mere bounty.—Thus, without any innovation—without altering or abolishing any thing but pernicious novelties, introduced for the encouragement of sloth and idleness—by converting only for the future, the same funds, for the use of the serviceable, which are spent, at present, upon the unprofitable, you may be well served in your armies—your troops regularly paid—justice duly administered—the public revenues reformed and increased—and every member of the commonwealth rendered useful to his country, according to his age and ability, without any further burden to the state.

This, oh men of Athens! is what my duty prompted me to represent to you upon this occasion.—May the gods inspire you to determine upon such measures as may be most expedient for the particular and general good of our country!

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*Curran for Hamilton Rowan.*

This paper, gentlemen, insists upon the necessity of emancipating the Catholics of Ireland, and that is charged as part of the libel. If they had waited another year—if they had kept this prosecution impending for another year—how much would remain for a jury to decide upon, I should be at a loss to discover. It seems as if the progress of public information was eating away the ground of the prosecution. Since the commencement of the prosecution, this part of the libel has unluckily received the sanction of the legislature. In that interval, our Catholic brethren have obtained that admission, which it seems it was a libel to propose. In what way to account for this, I am really at a loss. Have any alarms been occasioned by the emancipation of our Catholic brethren? Has the bigoted malignity of any individuals been crushed? or has the stability of the government, or that of the country been weakened? or is one million

of subjects stronger than four millions? Do you think that the benefit they received, should be poisoned by the sting of vengeance? If you think so, you must say to them, "you have demanded emancipation and you have got it: but we abhor your persons, we are outraged at your success, and we will stigmatize, by a criminal prosecution, the adviser of that relief which you have obtained from the voice of your country." I ask you, do you think, as honest men, anxious for the public tranquillity, conscious that there are wounds not yet completely cicatrized, that you ought to speak this language at this time, to men who are too much disposed to think, that in this very emancipation, they have been saved from their own parliament, by the humanity of their sovereign? Or do you wish to prepare them for the revocation of these improvident concessions? Do you think it wise or humane, at this moment, to insult them, by sticking up in a pillory the man who dared to stand forth as their advocate? I put it to your oaths; do you think, that a blessing of that kind—that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression—should have a stigma cast upon it, by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose that measure?—to propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it; giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, giving "Universal Emancipation!" I speak in the spirit of the British law, which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of Universal Emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced;—no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burned upon him;—no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down;—no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of

slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled, by the irresistible genius of Universal Emancipation.

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DEBATE ON THE CHARACTER  
OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

*Spoken June, 1815.*

This Debate was first delivered in the Belfast Academical Institution. I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of recording the names of the noble little fellows for whom it was composed, and who, in reciting it, acquitted themselves in such a manner, as to transcend the most sanguine expectations of their Teacher.

ROBERT ARCHER, *Chairman.*

*Debaters.*

JAMES GIBSON, FRANCIS M'CRACKEN, ROBERT PATERSON,  
ROBERT GAMBLE, Sen. BENJAMIN A. GAMBLE, FRANCIS ARCHER,  
ROBERT VANCE, W. M'CLEERY, ROBERT TEMPLETON,  
WILLIAM SIMMS, HENRY HERBERT, FRANCIS WARD.

ROBERT ARCHER—Gentlemen,

I am happy to see you. Agreeably to the notice of your late worthy chairman,\* you have assembled to discuss the propriety of calling Cæsar a Great Man. I promise myself much satisfaction from your debate. I promise myself the pleasure of hearing many ingenious arguments on each side of the question. I promise myself the gratification of witnessing a contest, maintained with animation, good humour, and courtesy. You are my sureties, and I shall not be disappointed.

The avocations of your late chairman have not allowed him to resume his seat—a seat honourable in itself, but more honourable from the dignity with

\* William Napier, who had presided at a former debate, with admirable effect.

which he filled it. I have been appointed to succeed him.

My first duty is, to bear testimony to the accomplishments of my predecessor; to his eloquence, his disinterestedness, his address—to all which, I know no other way of doing justice, than by acknowledging my total inability to describe their excellence. My next duty regards myself; and calls upon me to declare my sense of the honour I enjoy, in having been appointed to this station. My last duty—and one that I discharge with great diffidence—is, to present you with a few observations that have reference to the occasion of your being assembled.

You are assembled, Gentlemen, to discuss the merits of a man, whose actions are connected with some of the most interesting events in Roman story. You have given the subject due consideration.—You come prepared for the contest; and I shall not presume to offer any opinion, respecting the ground which either side ought to take. My remarks shall be confined to the study of Oratory—and, allow me to say, I consider Oratory to be the second end of our academic labours, of which the first end is, to render us enlightened, useful, and virtuous.

The principal means of communicating our ideas are two—speech and writing. The former is the parent of the latter; it is the more important, and its highest efforts are called—Oratory.

If we consider the very early period at which we begin to exercise the faculty of speech, and the frequency with which we exercise it, it must be a subject of surprise that so few excel in Oratory. In any enlightened community, you will find numbers who are highly skilled in some particular art or science, to the study of which they did not apply themselves, till they had almost arrived at the stage of manhood. Yet, with regard to the powers of speech—those powers which the very second year of our existence generally calls into action, the exercise of which goes on at our sports, our studies, our walks, our very meals; and which is never long suspended, except at the hour of refreshing sleep—with regard to those

powers, how few surpass their fellow-creatures of common information and moderate attainments! how very few deserve distinction!—how rarely does one attain to eminence!

The causes are various; but we must not attempt, here, to investigate them. By doing so, we might alarm many a formidable adversary; we might excite a suspicion that we wished to undermine the foundations of modern literature; although our only aim should be to render them sound and durable, and to despoil the edifice of a few monastic features, that mar the harmony, and take from the general effect of the structure.

I shall simply state, that one cause of our not generally excelling in Oratory is—our neglecting to cultivate the art of speaking—of speaking our own language. We acquire the power of expressing our ideas, almost insensibly—we consider it as a thing that is natural to us; we do not regard it as an art—it is an art—a difficult art—an intricate art—and our ignorance of that circumstance, or our omitting to give it due consideration, is the cause of our deficiency.

In the infant, just beginning to articulate, you will observe every inflection that is recognised in the most accurate treatise on elocution—you will observe, further, an exact proportion in its several cadences, and a speaking expression in its tones. I say, you will observe these things in almost every infant. Select a dozen men—men of education—erudition—ask them to read a piece of animated composition—you will be fortunate if you find one in the dozen, that can raise, or depress, his voice—inflect or modulate it, as the variety of the subject requires. What has become of the inflections, the cadences, and the modulation of the infant? They have not been exercised—they have been neglected—they have never been put into the hands of the artist, that he might apply them to their proper use—they have been laid aside, spoiled, abused; and, ten to one, they will never be good for any thing!

Oratory is highly useful to him that excels in it. In common conversation, observe the advantage which

the fluent speaker enjoys over the man that hesitates, and stumbles in discourse. With half his information, he has twice his importance ; he commands the respect of his auditors ; he instructs and gratifies them. In the general transactions of business, the same superiority attends him. He communicates his views with clearness, precision, and effect ; he carries his point by his mere readiness ; he concludes his treaty before another kind of man would have well set about it. Does he plead the cause of friendship ?—how happy is his friend ! Of charity ?—how fortunate is the distressed ! Should he enter the senate of his country, he gives strength to the party which he espouses ; should he be independent of party, he is a party in himself. If he advocates the cause of royalty, he deserves to be a monarch's champion ; if he defends the commons, he approves himself the people's bulwark !

That you will persevere in the pursuit of so useful a study, as that of Oratory, I confidently hope. That your progress has been, hitherto, considerable, I am about to receive a proof.

Gentlemen, the Question for debate is—

#### WAS CÆSAR A GREAT MAN ?

JAMES GIBSON—Sir, to bespeak your indulgence, is a duty, imposed, no less, by a knowledge of your desert, than by a consciousness of my deficiency. For two successive seasons, you have distinguished yourself in this assembly ; you have commanded the approbation of an enlightened and judicious audience. I am unpractised in the orator's art ; nor can I boast that native energy of talent, which asks not the tempering of experience ; but, by its single force, effects what seems the proper achievement of labours and of years. Let me then hope, that you will excel in favour, as much as I shall fall short in merit. Let me presume that the performance of what I undertake with diffidence, will be regarded by you with allowance. Let me anticipate, that failure will not be imputed as a crime to him who dares not hope success.

“Was Cæsar a great man ?”—What revolution has taken place in the first appointed government of the

universe—What new and opposite principle has begun to direct the operations of nature—What refutation of their long established precepts, has deprived Reason of her sceptre, and virtue of her throne, that a character which forms the noblest theme that ever Merit gave to Fame, should now become a question for debate?

No painter of human excellence, if he would draw the features of that hero's character, needs study a favourable light, or striking attitude. In every posture, it has majesty; and the lineaments of its beauty are prominent in every point of view. Do you ask me, "Had Cæsar genius?"—He was an orator! "Had Cæsar judgment?"—He was a politician! "Had Cæsar valour?"—He was a conqueror! "Had Cæsar feeling?"—He was a friend!

It is a generally received opinion, that uncommon circumstances make uncommon men—Cæsar was an uncommon man, in common circumstances. The colossal mind commands your admiration, no less in the pirates' captive, than in the victor of Pharsalia. Who, but the first of his race, could have made vassals of his savage masters, mocked them into reverence of his superior nature, and threatened, with security, the power that held him at its mercy? Of all the striking incidents of Cæsar's life, had history preserved for us but this single one, it would have been sufficient to make us fancy all the rest—at least we should have said, "Such a man was born to conquest, and to empire!"

To expatiate on Cæsar's powers of oratory, would only be to add one poor eulogium to the testimony of the first historians. Cicero, himself, grants him the palm of almost pre-eminent merit; and seems at a loss for words to express his admiration of him. His voice was musical, his delivery energetic, his language chaste and rich, appropriate and peculiar. And it is well presumed, that, had he studied the art of public speaking, with as much industry as he studied the art of war, he would have been the first of orators. Quintilian says, he would have been the only man capable of combating Cicero; but granting them to have

been equal in ability, what equal contest could the timid Cicero—whose nerves fail him, and whose tongue falters, when the forum glitters with arms—what equal contest could he have held with the man, whose vigour chastised the Belgæ, and annihilated the Nervii, that maintained their ground till they were hewn to pieces on the spot!

His abilities, as a master of composition, were undoubtedly of the first order. How admirable is the structure of his Commentaries! what perspicuity and animation are there in the details! You fancy yourself upon the field of action! You follow the development of his plans, with the liveliest curiosity!—You look on with unwearied attention, as he fortifies his camp, or invests his enemy, or crosses the impetuous torrent!—You behold his legions, as they move forward, from different points, to the line of battle—you hear the shout of the onset, and the crash of the encounter; and, breathless with suspense, mark every fluctuation of the awful tide of war!

As a politician, how consummate was his address!—How grand his projections!—How happy the execution of his measures! He compels the vanquished Helvetii to rebuild their towns and villages; making his enemies the guards, as it were, of his frontier. He captivates, by his clemency, the Arverni, and the Ædui, winning to the support of his arms the strength that had been employed to overpower them. He governs his province with such equity, and wisdom, as add a milder, but a fairer lustre to his glory; and, by their fame, prepare the Roman people for his happy yoke. Upon the very eve of his rupture with Pompey, he sends back, on demand, the borrowed legions, covering with rewards the soldiers that may no longer serve him; and whose weapons, on the morrow, may be turned against his breast—presenting here a noble example of his respect of right; and of that magnanimity, which maintains that gratitude should not cease, though benefits are discontinued. When he reigns sole master of the Roman world, how temperate is his triumph!—how scrupulous his respect for the very forms of the laws!—He discountenances the profligacy

of the patricians, and endeavours to preserve the virtue of the state, by laying wholesome restraints upon luxury. He encourages the arts and sciences, patronises genius and talent, respects religion and justice, and puts in practice every means that can contribute to the welfare, the happiness, and the stability of the empire.

To you, Sir, who are so fully versed in the page of history, it must be unnecessary to recount the military exploits of Cæsar. Why should I compel your attention to follow him, for the hundredth time, through hostile myriads, yielding, at every encounter, to the force of his invincible arms. Full often, Sir, have your calculations hesitated to credit the celerity of his marches; your belief recoiled at the magnitude of his operations; and your wonder re-perused the detail of his successive victories, following upon the shouts of one another. As a captain, he was the first of warriors; nor were his valour and skill more admirable, than his abstinence and watchfulness; his disregard of ease and his endurance of labour; his moderation and his mercy. Perhaps, indeed, this last quality forms the most prominent feature in his character; and proves, by the consequences of its excess, that virtue itself requires restraint, and has its proper bounds, which it ought not to exceed—for Cæsar's moderation was his ruin!

That Cæsar had a heart susceptible of friendship, and alive to the finest touches of humanity, is unquestionable. Why does he attempt so often to avert the storm of civil war?—Why does he pause so long upon the brink of the Rubicon?—Why does he weep when he beholds the head of his unfortunate rival?—Why does he delight in pardoning his enemies—even those very men that had deserted him?

It seems as if he lived the lover of mankind, and fell—as the BARD expresses it—vanquished, not so much by the weapons, as by the ingratitude of his murderers.

If, Sir, a combination of the most splendid talents for war, with the most sacred love of peace—of the most illustrious public virtue, with the most endearing private worth—of the most unyielding courage, with

the most accessible moderation, may constitute a great man—that title must be Cæsar's!

FRANCIS M'CRACKEN—Sir, From a long disuse of public speaking, I come to the discussion of this question, with something more than the anxiety and hesitation, with something less than the ardour and the hope, of a novice. When the man that has not proved his strength, is brought to the test, how much soever he may seem to doubt himself, he still feels a secret trust that he shall succeed; and, even while he apparently shrinks from the trial, views himself, in the anticipating mirror of expectation, crowned with the meed of applause. Besides, his very inexperience is a source of confidence; for, in the eye of the severest judge, he shall not merit condemnation, who fails upon his first attempt. From what source shall I derive the hope that I shall not expose myself to the contempt which the man who fails in the performance of what he undertakes, deserves? From my inexperience?—I cannot use that modest appeal to indulgence! From my ability?—I have tried it, and found it but little—I have long ceased to exercise it, and may find it less! From your forbearance?—Yes! Sir; allow me to presume upon that, as a source of confidence—allow me to trust, that you will not exercise a rigorous judgment with respect to him, who, if he answer not the expectation which the chairman of this assembly has a right to form of those who aspire to his notice, possesses, still, the humble merit of acknowledging his liability to that misfortune, and the prudence to guard you against disappointment.

No change, Sir, has taken place in the first appointed government of the Universe—the operations of Nature acknowledge, now, the same principle that they did in the beginning—Reason still holds her sceptre, Virtue still fills her throne, and the epithet of great does not belong to Cæsar!

I would lay it down, Sir, as an unquestionable position, that the worth of talents is to be estimated only by the use we make of them. If we employ them in the cause of virtue, their value is great—If we employ



them in the cause of vice, they are less than worthless—they are pernicious and vile. Now, Sir, let us examine Cæsar's talents by this principle, and we shall find, that, neither as an orator, nor as a politician—neither as a warrior, nor as a friend—was Cæsar a great man.

If I were asked, "What was the first, the second, and the last principle of the virtuous mind?" I should reply, "It was the love of country." Sir, it is the love of parent, brother, friend!—the love of MAN!—the love of honour, virtue, and religion!—the love of every good, and virtuous deed!—I say, Sir, If I were asked, "What was the first, the second, and the last principle of the virtuous mind?" I should reply, "It was the love of country!" Without it, man is the basest of his kind!—a selfish, cunning, narrow speculator!—a trader in the dearest interests of his species!—reckless of every tie of nature—sentiment—affection!—a Marius—a Sylla—a Crassus—a Catiline—a Cæsar! What, Sir, was Cæsar's oratory?—How far did it prove him to be actuated by the love of country? I'll tell you, Sir; I'll show you this great Cæsar in such a light and posture, as shall present no air of majesty, or lineament of beauty—How far, I say, Sir, did Cæsar's oratory prove him to be actuated by the love of country? It justified, for political interest, the invader of his domestic honour:—sheltered the incendiary!—abetted treason!—flattered the people into their own undoing!—assailed the liberties of his country, and bawled into silence every virtuous patriot that struggled to uphold them! He would have been a greater orator than Cicero! I question the assertion—I deny that it is correct—I revolt from it—I will not suffer it! He would have been a greater orator than Cicero!—Well!—let it pass—he might have been a greater orator, but he never could have been so great a man. Which way soever he had directed his talents, the same inordinate ambition would have led to the same results; and, had he devoted himself to the study of oratory, his tongue had produced the same effects as his sword; and equally desolated the human kingdom.

But Cæsar is to be admired as a politician ! I do not pretend to define the worthy speaker's idea of a politician ; but I shall attempt, Mr. Chairman, to put you in possession of mine. By a politician, I understand a man who studies the laws of prudence and of justice, as they are applicable to the wise and happy government of a people, and the reciprocal obligations of states. Now, Sir, how far was Cæsar to be admired as a politician ? He makes war upon the innocent Spaniards, that his military talents may not suffer from inaction. This was a ready way to preserve the peace of his province, and to secure its loyalty and affection ! That he may be recorded as the first Roman that had ever crossed the Rhine in a hostile manner, he invades the unoffending Germans, lays waste their territories with fire, and plunders and sacks the country of the Sicambri and the Suevi. Here was a noble policy !—that planted in the minds of a brave and formidable people, the fatal seeds of that revenge and hatred, which finally assisted in accomplishing the destruction of the Roman Empire ! In short, Sir, Cæsar's views were not of that enlarged nature, which could entitle him to the name of a great politician ; for he studied, not the happiness and interest of a community, but merely his own advancement, which he accomplished—by violating the laws, and destroying the liberties, of his country.

That Cæsar was a great conqueror, I do not care to dispute. His admirers are welcome to all the advantages that result from such a position. I will not subtract one victim from the hosts that perished for his fame ; or abate, by a single groan, the sufferings of his vanquished enemies, from his first great battle in Gaul, to his last victory under the walls of Munda—but I will avow it to be my opinion, that the character of a great conqueror does not necessarily constitute that of a great man ; nor can the recital of Cæsar's many victories, produce any other impression upon my mind, than what proceeds from the contemplation of those convulsions of the earth, which, in a moment inundate with ruin, the plains of fertility and the abodes of peace ; or, at one shock, convert whole cities into the graves of their living population !

But Cæsar's munificence, his clemency, his moderation, and his affectionate nature, constitute him a great man! What was his munificence, his clemency, or his moderation?—The automaton of his ambition! It knew no aspiration from the Deity. It was a thing from the hands of a mechanician!—an ingenious mockery of nature! Its action seemed spontaneous—its look argued a soul—but all the virtue lay in the finger of the operator. He could possess no real munificence, moderation, or clemency, who ever expected his gifts to be doubled by return—who never abstained, but with a view to excess; nor spared but for the indulgence of rapacity.

Of the same nature, Sir, were his affections. He was, indeed, a man of exquisite artifice; but the deformity of his character was too prominent—no dress could thoroughly hide it; nay, Sir, the very attempt to conceal, served only to discover, the magnitude of the distortion. He atones to the violated and murdered laws, by doing homage to their manes; and expiates the massacre of thousands, by dropping a tear or two into an ocean of blood!

ROBERT PATERSON—Sir, If it is necessary for talent and desert to bespeak indulgence, what shall encourage him who cannot boast of talent and desert? With how much diffidence did the gentlemen that have preceded me, present themselves to your notice; how cautious were they to prepare you for something that might exercise your patience, and stand in need of your forbearance; and yet, with how much energy, ease, and address, have they acquitted themselves! I must confess, I hardly think it just, to profess a deficiency which we do not feel—it exhausts, needlessly, the stock of benevolence, and leaves the really necessitous without assistance or relief—it is like a rich man's assuming the garb of a mendicant, and drawing upon the treasury of commiseration for those sighs, and that solace, which are the proper alms of penury and distress.

For my part, Sir, I shall so far profit by the example of those gentlemen, as not to bespeak your excuse,

lest I should thereby excite your expectation ; and shall, accordingly, proceed to consider the question, without apology, or further preface.

To form an accurate idea of Cæsar's character, it is necessary that we should consider the nature of the times in which he lived ; for the conduct of public men cannot be duly estimated, without a knowledge of the circumstances under which they have acted. The happiness of a community resembles the health of the body. As it is not always the same regimen that can preserve, or the same medicine that can restore, the latter ; so the former is not always to be maintained by the same measures, or recovered by the same corrections. There was a time when kingly power had grown to so enormous an excess, as rendered its abolition necessary for the salvation of the Roman people—Let us examine whether the times in which Cæsar lived, did not call for, and justify, the measures which he adopted—whether the liberty of the republic had not degenerated into such a state of anarchy, as rendered it expedient that the power of the empire should be vested in one man, whose influence and talents could command party, and control faction.

The erroneous ideas that we have formed concerning Roman liberty, have induced us to pass a severe judgment on the actions of many an illustrious man. The admirers of that liberty will not expect to be told that it was little better than a name. True liberty, Sir, could never have been enjoyed by a people who were the slaves of continual tumults and cabals ; whose magistrates were the mere echoes of a crowd, and among whom virtue itself had no protection from popular caprice, or state intrigue. By the term liberty, I understand a freedom from all responsibility, except what morality, virtue, and religion impose. That is the only liberty which is consonant with the true interests of man—the only liberty that renders his association with his fellow, permanent and happy—the only liberty that places him in a peaceful, honourable, and prosperous community—the only liberty that makes him the son of a land that he would inhabit till his death, and the subject of a state that he

would defend with his property and his blood! All other liberty is but a counterfeit—the stamp a cheat, and the metal base—turbulence—insolence—licentiousness—party ferment—selfish domination—anarchy—such anarchy as needed more than mortal talents to restrain it; and found them in a Cæsar.

I hold it to be an unquestionable position, that they who duly appreciate the blessings of liberty, revolt as much from the idea of exercising, as from that of enduring, oppression. How far this was the case with the Romans, you may inquire of those nations that surrounded them. Ask them, “What insolent guard paraded before their gates, and invested their strong holds?” They will answer, “A Roman legionary.” Demand of them, “What greedy extortioner fattened by their poverty, and clothed himself by their nakedness?” They will inform you, “A Roman Quæstor.” Inquire of them, “What imperious stranger issued to them his mandates of imprisonment or confiscation, of banishment or death?” They will reply to you, “A Roman Consul.” Question them what haughty conqueror led, through his city, their nobles and kings in chains; and exhibited their countrymen, by thousands, in gladiators’ shows for the amusement of his fellow citizens?” They will tell you, “A Roman General.” Require of them, “What tyrants imposed the heaviest yoke?—enforced the most rigorous exactions?—inflicted the most savage punishments, and showed the greatest gust for blood and torture?” They will exclaim to you, “The Roman people.”

Yes, Sir, that people, so jealous of what they called their liberties, to gratify an insatiate thirst for conquest, invaded the liberties of every other nation; and on what spot soever they set their tyrant foot, the fair and happy soil of the freeman withered at their stamp! But the retributive justice of Heaven ordained that their rapacity should be the means of its own punishment. As their territories extended, their armies required to be enlarged, and their campaigns became protracted. Hence the citizen lost, in the camp, that independence which he had been taught in the city; and being long accustomed to obey,

implicitly, the voice of his general, from having been sent forth the hope, returned the terror of his country. Hence, Sir, their generals forgot, in foreign parts, the republican principles which they had imbibed in the forum; and, long habituated to unlimited command, from being despots abroad, learned to be traitors at home. Hence, Sir, Marius, returned the salutations of his fellow-citizens with the daggers of assassins; and, with cool ferocity, marched to the Capitol, amidst the groans of his butchered countrymen, expiring on each side of him—Hence Sylla's bloody proscription, that turned Rome into a shambles—that tore its victims from the altars of the gods—that made it death for a man to shelter a person proscribed, though it were his son, his brother, or his father; and never suffered the executioners to take breath, till senators, knights and citizens, to the number of nine thousand, had been inhumanly murdered!

Such, Sir, were the events that characterised the times in which Cæsar lived. To such atrocities were the Roman people subject, while the rivalry of their leading men was at liberty to create divisions in the state. Had you, Sir, lived in those times, what would you have called the man, that would have stepped forward to secure your country against the repetition of those horrid scenes. Would you not have styled him a friend to his country—a benefactor to the world—a great man—a demi-god? Was not Cæsar such a character? Observe what use he makes of power—He does not employ it to gratify revenge, or to awe his countrymen; on the contrary, the whole of his conduct encourages confidence and freedom; while he reforms the government, and enacts the wisest laws for the preservation of order, and for the happiness of the community. They who object to the character of Cæsar, condemn it, principally upon the score of his having erected himself into the sole governor of the republic; but let it be remembered, that the happiness of a state does not depend so much upon the form of its government, as upon the manner in which that government is administered. A country might be as prosperous and free under what was an-

ciently called a tyranny, as where the chief power was vested in the people.

In short, Sir, when Cæsar created himself dictator, and thereby destroyed, virtually, the republican form of government, he usurped no more than the people did, when they erected themselves into a republic, and thereby destroyed the monarchy; and the existing circumstances which rendered the act of the latter expedient, were not more urgent than those which gave rise to the conduct of the former.

Cæsar, Sir, was a great man!

ROBERT GAMBLE, Sen.—Cæsar, Sir, was not a great man. He who for his own private views disobeyed the order of the senate, from whom he held his power—he who seduced from their duty, the soldiers whom he commanded in trust for the republic—he who passed the Rubicon, though, by that step, he knew he must inundate his country with blood—he who plundered the public treasury, that he might indulge a selfish and rapacious ambition—he against whom the virtuous Cato ranked himself, whose very mercy the virtuous Cato deemed a dishonour to which death was preferable,—was not a great man.

“Cæsar erected himself into a tyrant, that he might prevent a repetition of those atrocities which had been committed by Marius and Sylla!” what does the gentleman mean by such an assertion? Cæsar pursues the same measures that Marius and Sylla did—Why?—To prevent the recurrence of the effects which those measures produced!—He keeps his eye steadfastly upon them—follows them in the same track—treads in their very foot-prints—Why? That he may arrive at a different point of destination! What flimsy arguments are these! What were Sylla and Marius, that Cæsar was not? If they were ambitious, was not he ambitious? If they were treacherous, was not he treacherous? If they rebelled, did not he rebel? If they usurped, did not he usurp? If they were tyrants, was not he a tyrant?

You were told—the people, from their long continued service in the army, gradually lost the spirit of inde-

pendence, and that the calamities of the state arose from that cause. Granted—It follows, then, that a spirit of independence was necessary for the prosperity of the state; and, consequently, that the way to put a stop to its calamities, was to revive that spirit. Did Cæsar do this? The gentleman says, he had the happiness of his country at heart. From his own argument, it follows, that this was the way to secure the happiness of his country—Did Cæsar adopt it?—Was it to revive in his countrymen the spirit of independence, that he audaciously stepped from the rank of their servant to that of their master?—Was it to preserve the integrity which fosters that spirit, that he corrupted the virtue of all that came in contact with him, and that he dared to tempt?—Was it for the regeneration of the republic, that he converted it into a tyranny?—Was it to restore the government to its ancient health and soundness, that he filled all the offices of the state with his own creatures—the instruments of his usurpation?—Was it to re-animate the people with a sense of their own dignity, that he called them *Bruti* and *Cumæi*—that is, beasts and fools—when they applauded the tribunes for having stripped his statues of the royal diadems with which his flatterers had dressed them? These were the acts of Cæsar. Did they tend to restore the ancient virtue of the Roman people? No, Sir; they tended to annihilate the chance of its restoration—to sink the people into a viler abasement—to rob them of the very names of men.

But the gentleman has brought forward a very curious argument, for the purpose of proving, that the Romans were incapable of being a free people—namely, that their magistrates were the mere echoes of the people. He adverts, I suppose, to what were called the tribunes of the people—officers that acted particularly for the plebeian orders, and were generally chosen from their body. But those magistrates, or tribunes were, it seems, the mere voices of the people, and that circumstance rendered the people incapable of being free! To me, at least, this is a paradox. Who elected these tribunes?—The people. What



were they?—The representatives of the people. Whose affairs did they manage?—The affairs of the people. To whom were they responsible?—The people. What should they have been then, but the voices, or, as the gentleman has expressed it, the echoes of the people? But this circumstance rendered the Roman people incapable of being free! Did it shackle them to have a control over their tribunes? Did it enslave them to have a voice in their own measures? Did it sell them into bondage to have the disposal of their own affairs? If it did, I should advise you, Sir, not to meddle with that honest man, your steward. Bid him let what farms he pleases; demand what fines he pleases; cultivate what land he pleases; fell what timber he pleases; keep what accounts he pleases; and make what returns he pleases; lest by impertinently meddling with your servant, in your own affairs, you rob yourself—ruin your estate—become involved in debt—and end your days in prison!

The admirers of Cæsar, and, of course, of that form of government which was anciently called a tyranny, are extremely fond of under-rating the character of the Romans, as a free people; their liberty they always represent to us, as something bordering on excess; and, following the idea that extremes meet, they describe it as verging into that extreme which naturally leads to despotism. But the hypothesis, which is not borne out by facts, is good for nothing. It was not the liberty which the plebeians enjoyed, that was the cause of their final enslavement.—It was the senate's jealousy of that liberty.—The senate's struggles for the control of that liberty.—The senate's plunder of that liberty.—The senate's desire to annihilate that liberty, which left it in the power of any crafty knave, miscalled a great man, who was sufficiently master of hypocrisy and daring, to set his foot on both the senate and the people, and make himself, as Cæsar did, the tyrant of his country!

FRANCIS ARCHER—Mr. Chairman—

B. A. GAMBLE—Mr. Chairman—

FRANCIS ARCHER—I believe I am in possession of the chair—I certainly spoke first.

B. A. GAMBLE—I apprehend that I rose first—However, the point may be easily settled—The Chairman will decide which of us first caught his attention.

CHAIRMAN—The last speaker is certainly in possession of the chair.

FRANCIS ARCHER—I acquiesce in the decision.

B. A. GAMBLE—When the voice of a single man can operate so instantaneously in composing a difference, who would not approve of a rational and moderate tyranny? It is not, however, Mr. Chairman, my present object to answer the arguments which have been so ably brought forward to support the negative of this question. I rise, to submit a few observations upon the nature of the question itself. I take the liberty of stating, that I think it an injudiciously selected question—a vague and indefinite question—a question which does not receive from every mind the same interpretation. I dare assert, Mr. Chairman, that, in this very assembly, there are various different opinions with respect to what constitutes a great man. Some will tell you, that greatness consists in rank—some, in exploits—some, in talents—some in virtue. Thus, Sir, the very premises of our discussion are unsettled and wavering; and, from unsettled and wavering premises, what can proceed, but indefinite and inconclusive arguments. Already do the gentlemen on the opposite side endeavour to strain your question to the construction, that greatness essentially consists in goodness; and they may quote Mr. Pope, and say, “’Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great.” Others, again, may insist, that greatness depends upon rank, and exclaim with Milton, “Worthiest, by being good, far more than great or

high." Where are we to rest, Sir, upon this doubtful basis?—This "neither sea nor good dry land!" I confess, Mr. Chairman, that, until this point shall have been disposed of, I cannot hope for an end to the debate; and, therefore, propose, as an amendment, that, previously to the further discussion of the question, we shall determine, "what it is that constitutes a great man?"

FRANCIS ARCHER—I oppose the amendment! I oppose it, because I think it unnecessary, unprecedented, ill-timed, and indecorous——

FRANCIS WARD—I beg your pardon, Mr. Chairman, but I believe there is not any motion before you, as the gentleman's amendment has not been seconded.

ROBERT VANCE—Mr. Chairman, I second the amendment.

CHAIRMAN—The gentleman, then, will have the goodness to submit his amendment in writing.

FRANCIS ARCHER—I apprehend, Sir, that your recommendation involves a question of no small importance; namely, whether the gentleman can write.

B. A. GAMBLE—I thank the gentleman for his friendly insinuation, and beg leave to assure him, that if I cannot write, my deficiency is far less deplorable than his, who is master of the art of penmanship, and makes a despicable use of it; and I dare assert, that the man who makes a bad use of his tongue, will never use his pen to much advantage. Mr. Chairman, here is the motion, ready written; and if the writing is not mine, the dictation is; and that is more than many a man can say, who flourishes upon paper!

FRANCIS ARCHER—Sir, If the little gentleman that has just sat down, imagines it would give me any pleasure to hurt his feelings, I assure him he is much mistaken. Mr. Chairman, I object to the amendment

on two grounds ; first, because it is indecorous, with regard to you ; secondly, because it is uncalled for, with regard to the question. Your experience, Sir, could never have allowed you to propose a question, that required revision ; and had you proposed such a question, it would have been our duty to receive it without comment. The question, in point, does not require revision. You do not ask, if Cæsar was a great warrior, or a great politician ; but, if he was a great man. Surely, Sir, in these enlightened times, we do not inquire what it is that constitutes a great man ? Do we not refuse the name of man to him that violates the laws of morality and religion ? And, if we wish to express that a person is eminently virtuous, do we not use that name without a single epithet ? To say of any one that he is a man, is to give him credit for the noblest endowments of the heart. To say that he is not a man, is to leave him destitute of any generous principle. The question cannot be viewed in any light but one, namely, as inquiring whether Cæsar was a man of great virtues, and justifiable conduct ? If he was so, our opposition will be fruitless—If he was not so, those gentlemen exert their eloquence to little purpose.

B. A. GAMBLE—Sir, I hope the *big* gentleman that has just sat down, will do me the justice to believe, that as I receive little satisfaction from being offended, so I am not sedulous to find out cause for offence. If the gentleman is serious in his apology, I ought to be, and I am—satisfied. If he is not serious, I assure him, that I pity the poverty of that man's pretensions, who thinks he can humiliate another, by reflecting upon the dimensions of his body—that least and lowest part of a man !—It is not, Sir, the consideration of five feet, or six, that ever yet operated in achieving a noble action, or performing a virtuous one ; nor have those maxims which have instructed, or those imaginations, which have delighted mankind, proceeded from how much a man could measure, in his stockings, the length of his back, or the thickness of his body. Those are considerations for your tailor ; and give me leave

to assure the worthy gentleman, that though he could overlook me by a full head and a half, it would not give him the advantage of one poor eighth of an inch with respect to height or breadth of soul, or intellect, the proper, the real, the only measure of a man. With regard to my amendment, Mr. Chairman, I am not anxious to press it. That I did not propose it from any disrespectful feeling towards you, I entreat you to believe. I withdraw it, and I beg you will excuse the interruption it has occasioned.

CHAIRMAN—I cannot allow the last speaker to withdraw his amendment, without expressing my conviction, that in proposing it, he was actuated solely by the desire of giving the question a greater degree of precision. I own it has been objected to, as not being so definite as it ought to be ; and it is probable, that we might have presented it in a less objectionable shape. However, I trust that you will proceed with the discussion ; at the same time, keeping in mind, that the greatest talents, and the most brilliant achievements, are not sufficient to constitute a great man, unless his ends are virtuous and noble.

FRANCIS ARCHER—Mr. Chairman, To you, Sir, I am sure I need not apologize for the freedom I have used with regard to the gentleman who last addressed you. Believe me, Sir, had I not known his great natural talents—had I not admired and valued them, I should not have presumed to ruffle him into resentment, or pique him into retort. I appeared to slight him, because I knew that he was above slight—I questioned his strength, that he might be tempted to exert it ; and I rejoice at his triumph, although it has been achieved by my own apparent defeat.

But upon what ground are we to acknowledge that Cæsar was a great man ? For my part, I am at a loss to account for the infatuation of those who call him so ; for his chief merit seems to have consisted in his talents as a warrior ; and those talents he certainly employed in a cause that cannot be defended, upon any principle of morality or religion. What species

of beings are we, that we laud to the skies those men whose names live in the recollection of a field of carnage, a sacked town, or a stormed citadel?—that we celebrate, at our convivial meetings, the exploits of him, who, in a single day, has more than trebled the ordinary havoc of death? that our wives and daughters weave garlands for the brow, whose sweat has cost the groans of widows and of orphans?—and that our very babes are taught to twine the arms of innocence and purity about the knees that have been used to wade in blood?—I say, what species of beings are we, that we give our praise, our admiration, and our love, to that which reason, religion, interest, every consideration, should persuade us to condemn—to avoid—to abhor!

I do not mean to say, that war ought never to be waged—there are at times, occasions, when it is expedient—necessary—justifiable; but who celebrates with songs of triumph those commotions of the elements that call the awful lightning into action—that hurl the inundating clouds to earth—and send the winds into the deep to rouse its horrors? These things are necessary—but we hail them not with shouts of exultation—we do not clap our hands as they pass by us—we do not throng in crowds to their processions; we shudder as we behold them! What species of beings are we?—We turn with disgust from the sight of the common executioner, who, in his time, has despatched a score or two of victims, and we press to the heels of him, that, in a single day, has been the executioner of thousands!

Let us not call Cæsar a great man, because he was a great warrior; if we must admire him, let us seek some other warrant for our applauses, than what proceeds from the groans and writhings of humanity!

Let us, then, Sir, first examine his youth—and here we are struck with his notable adventure with the pirates. These freebooters took him, as he was sailing to Rhodes—they asked twenty talents for his ransom; and, in derision of their moderation, he promised them fifty—the *onus* of which act of liberality was borne by the honest Milesians, who raised the money

by a voluntary tax—he spent thirty-eight days with those pirates—joined in their diversions—took his exercises among them—wrote poems and orations, which he rehearsed to them, and which, indeed, pirates as they were, they did not admire—and, in short, lived among them with as much security, ease, and honour, as if he had been in Rome. And what was the sequel?—His ransom arrives—they keep their compact—set him at liberty—he departs—arrives at Miletus—mans some vessels in the port of that place—returns—attacks these same pirates—takes the greater number of them prisoners, and crucifies them to a man!

Was this a great act in Cæsar? True! he had promised to do so when they showed no great relish for the songs and speeches which he had written among them—but should he have kept his promise? True! they were a banditti,—they had deprived him of his liberty;—but he had eaten at their board—he had partaken of their diversions—he had slept among them in sacred security—he had railed at them without retort—threatened them, and only excited delight at his freedoms;—should he, Mr. Chairman, have crucified them?—crucified them to a man?—was there not one, at least, he might have spared?—one bluff face, whose humour and confidence had pleased him above the rest?—One hand, whose blunt officiousness he more particularly remembered? Oh! Mr. Chairman, do we admire the attachment which a wild beast displays towards its attentive keeper—do we applaud that sacred and general principle of nature, which allows kindness to obliterate the sense of injury—and shall we give our sanction, praise, and admiration, to this exploit of Cæsar's!

What do we find him next about?—He produces the images of Marius!—that man, who, as my worthy friend has said, returned the salutations of his fellow-citizens with the blows of his assassins; and marched to the Capitol amidst the groans of his butchered countrymen, expiring on each side of him—this was not following the steps of Marius—it was justifying them—it was expatiating upon them, in the language

of veneration and triumph! it was inviting to the standard of his ambition, every recreant that would sell the vigour of his arm to any cause, no matter how bloody—how unnatural—how immoral—how sacrilegious!

I shall not comment upon the circumstance of his having been two hundred and fifty thousand pounds in debt, before he obtained any public office; neither shall I dwell upon his exhibition of three hundred and twenty pair of gladiators—his diversions in the theatre—his processions and entertainments; in which, as Plutarch says, he far outshone the most ambitious that had gone before him; and by which he courted the favour of the vile, the witless, the sensual, and the venal—I shall not expatiate upon the share he had in Catiline's conspiracy—I shall not track him in his military career, by pointing out the ruin which he left behind him at every step—I shall simply answer those gentlemen, who argue, that Cæsar usurped the supreme power for the public good, by examining the characters of the men who abetted him.

Were your country, Sir, in a state of anarchy—were it distracted by the struggles of rival parties, drawn out, every now and then, in arms against one another—and were you, Sir, to attempt a reformation of manners, what qualifications would you require in the men, whom you would associate with you, in such an undertaking? What would content you?—Talent?—No! Enterprise?—No! Courage?—No! Reputation?—No!—Virtue?—No! The men whom you would select, should possess, not one, but all of these—nor, yet, should that content you. They must be proved men—tested men—men that had, again and again, passed through the ordeal of human temptation—without a scar—without a blemish—without a speck! You would not select the public firebrand—you would not seek your seconds in the tavern or in the brothel—you would not inquire out the man who was oppressed with debts, contracted by licentiousness, debauchery, every species of profligacy! Who, Sir, I ask, were Cæsar's seconds in his undertaking? Crebonius Curio, one of the most vicious and de-



bauched young men in Rome—a creature of Pompey's, bought off by the illustrious Cæsar! Marcus Antonius, a creature of that creature's—a young man, so addicted to every kind of dissipation, that he had been driven from the paternal roof—the friend and coadjutor of that Clodius, who violated the mysteries of the Bona Dea—and drove into exile the man that had been called the father of his country! Paulus Æmelius—a patrician—a consul—a friend of Pompey's—bought off by the great Cæsar with a bribe of fifteen hundred talents! Such, Sir, were the abettors of Cæsar. What, then, what was Cæsar's object? Do we select extortioners, to enforce the laws of equity?—Do we make choice of profligates, to guard the morals of society?—Do we depute atheists, to preside over the rites of religion?—What, I say, was Cæsar's object? I will not press the answer—I need not press the answer—the premises of my argument render it unnecessary—The achievement of great objects does not belong to the vile—or of virtuous ones, to the vicious—or of religious ones, to the profane. Cæsar did not associate such characters with him for the good of his country—His object was the gratification of his own ambition—the attainment of supreme power; no matter by what means accomplished—no matter by what consequences attended. He aspired to be the highest—above the people!—above the authorities!—above the laws!—above his country!—and, in that seat of eminence, he was content to sit, though, from the centre to the far horizon of his power, his eyes could contemplate nothing, but the ruin and desolation by which he had reached to it!

ROBERT VANCE—Mr. Chairman, I solicit your attention.

The gentleman says, we ought not to rejoice at the triumphs of the warrior! Is this position, Sir, to be received without the least restriction? Let us detect the sophistry of those who support the negative of the question.

A caitiff enters your house at the dead hour of the night, prepared for robbery, and grasping the instru-

ment of murder! You hear the tread of unknown feet—you rise, come upon the intruder, resist him, and lay him prostrate! Shall your wife shudder, when you approach to tell her she is safe?—Shall your children shrink from you, when you say you have averted the danger that threatened their innocent sleep? Why should they not? I'll tell you, Sir—because you have followed the dictates of reason, of affection, of nature, and of God. Had you not been alarmed—notwithstanding this imminent danger, had you risen in safety, and had you found the ruffian dead at your chamber-door, without a mark of violence upon him—his ready weapon lying by his hand—had you then called your family to behold the spectacle, what would they all have done? Would not some have fallen upon their knees?—would not others have stood with uplift hands?—would not all have been transfixed with gratitude—with adoration—that their Almighty guard had stretched his arm between them and destruction, and marked a limit which the murderer should not pass, without the penalty of death? And is the question changed, because you are the instrument of God? It would be preposterous to say so. If, then, your wife, your children and family, shall bless the hand that has been the means of their preservation—if they shall weep for gratitude, and press to you on every side, rejoicing in the protection of your arm—shall he not hear the voice of gratulation, whose skill and valour have saved the lives of thousands—have defended cities of matrons and children, not from unexpected destruction, but from destruction, again and again anticipated—approaching before their eyes, and, at every step, acquiring additional horror! Sir, there are warriors, whose victories should be celebrated with shouts and songs—for whose brows our wives and daughters should weave garlands, and whose knees our infants should embrace—such warriors as guard the boundaries of their native land! Though they have waded through blood, fair is their aspect, Religion is the motto of their standard, and Mercy glances from their sword.—And had not Cæsar been such a warrior? Who were the

enemies over whom he triumphed, before his rupture with Pompey? Barbarians, that lived by predatory warfare!—The people whose ancestors had once sacked Rome!—who were the restless invaders of the Roman territory, and, in one of their incursions, annihilated a consular army of a hundred and twenty thousand men!—a nation of robbers!—ignorant of the laws of arms—regardless of leagues and treaties—the bloodhounds of havoc—that destroyed for the mere gust of destroying!

But a very curious attack has been made upon the character of Cæsar, namely, that he put a few pirates to death! I question, if the worthy gentleman understands what a pirate of those times signified. Probably, he conceives him to have been a rough, honest, free, merry kind of fellow, that loved a roving life, and indulged himself, only now and then, in a little harmless plunder! He will not expect to be told, that he was a man, enrolled in a formidable band—possessing, at times, a fleet of a thousand galleys—making frequent descents upon the Italian coasts—plundering villas—temples—and even towns!—carrying off consuls and their lictors!—tearing virgins from the arms of their aged parents!—murdering, in cold blood, the prisoners whom they had taken, particularly Romans—and spreading such terror over the seas, that no merchant-vessel dared to put out of port, and large districts of the empire were threatened with famine! Surely the gentleman must be ignorant of these facts; otherwise, he would not have chosen so untenable a position for attack. As to Cæsar's forgetting that the pirate had been his host, it might indeed have been some ground for animadversion, had he ever remembered that he was so. Some gentlemen, truly, may be so much in love with hospitality, as to admire it, though it should be forced upon them with handcuffs and fetters; and may have so curious a taste for visiting, as never to go abroad, except upon the requisition of a bailiff; or value an entertainment, unless the host turns the key upon them, and feasts them in a dungeon with walls a yard thick, and windows double-barred. But, as such fancies cannot be called

common, Cæsar, I think, may escape without censure for not having indulged in them.

And Cæsar is to be condemned, because he produced the images of Marius, and revived his memory and honours! Now, Sir, I conceive, a weaker ground of accusation could not have been selected—for the mere circumstance of Marius's having been related to Cæsar by marriage, presents a very natural excuse for such a proceeding—particularly as it took place upon the death of Cæsar's aunt, who was the wife of Marius. I fear the worthy gentleman does not follow Bacon's recommendation, and chew and digest the nutritious food which historical reading presents to the mind; otherwise, he must have perceived that Cæsar's conduct on this occasion, not only admitted of excuse, but even challenged commendation. Let him return to the page which he has examined, I fear, too superficially, and he will find, that, up to that time, several of Sylla's partisans—partisans in his murders—remained in Rome—lived there, in peace, in safety—perhaps, in power; he will find the general assertion, that Cæsar's conduct in having revived the memory of Marius, incensed the nobility; and the particular assertion, that Catulus accused him before the senate—this Catulus had been the distinguished friend of Sylla; had been raised by Sylla to the consulship; and, at Sylla's death, had preserved his remains from the deserved dishonour of an ignominious burial; had procured him the most magnificent funeral that had ever been seen in Rome, and caused the vestals and pontifices to sing hymns, in praise of the man, who, as it has been justly said, converted Rome into a shambles, with his butcheries!—he will find that Cæsar answered the invectives of Catulus, and was acquitted with high applauses; and that he, thereupon, attacked the remaining partisans of Sylla, brought them to trial, and having convicted such as had imbrued their hands in the blood of their fellow-citizens, caused them to be condemned to death, or to perpetual banishment!

Let us, Sir, do justice to the dead, though their interests be parted from ours, by the lapse of

a hundred generations—and, as this noble act of Cæsar's followed the revival of his uncle's honours, let us believe that he revived his uncle's honours, for the purpose of performing this noble act—that the memory of Sylla's enemy, being opposed to the memory of Sylla, might deprive it of that power which gave impunity to murder, and guarded sacrilege from vengeance!

As to the assertion, that Cæsar's aims may be ascertained by examining the character of those whom he associated with him, it must go for nothing. The gentleman must recollect that those very men had been the abettors of Pompey—had been employed by Pompey—ay! and with the sanction of the senate—in carrying on the measures which he adopted against Cæsar.

Our cause may rest upon one single fact—Rome was happy, prosperous, and honoured, under Cæsar's government; and I shall have the hardihood to assert, that he, whose rule secures the happiness, prosperity, and glory of a nation, deserves to rule it.

WILLIAM M'CLEERY—Sir, if you are not indebted to the gentleman that has just addressed you, I am sure the fault is not his. He has made you a present of a wife, and a fine thriving family, with all the happy *et ceteras*. Allow me, Sir, to pay my compliments to you, in your new character—allow me to congratulate you upon your having escaped the bachelor's tax—allow me to give you joy of a title, which becomes your grave deportment—which you wear with a peculiar grace—and which, I fervently trust, you will wear long! Yet let me hope, Mr. Chairman, that you will sometimes remember your late, affectionate fraternity—now disconsolate at the loss they have sustained—Let me presume that you will sometimes steal yourself away from the lullaby of the nurse, and the prattling of the children, to visit your old companions—Your condescension will not be unprofitable—From the contemplation of our desolate state, you will turn, with a livelier zest, to your own little domestic circle; your heart will feel the prouder by the contrast; and,

in the fulness of your joy, you will sigh an involuntary blessing upon the day that first introduced you to the acquaintance of the worthy gentleman!

You know, Mr. Chairman, I never prided myself upon my talents for speaking. You must, therefore, attribute my present presumption to the surprise which I feel at learning that you managed your courtship so cunningly, as to bring it to a conclusion, without the knowledge of the mistress you wooed, the parson that performed the ceremony, and even without your own privacy!

However, Sir, as I have risen, I shall venture an observation or two, upon the question before me. And here, Mr. Chairman, I feel myself tolerably bold, for I have a good cause, and that is more than half the battle—Sir, it is the whole of the battle—it is the victory itself—for, though Truth should be repulsed a hundred times, she will be triumphant at last. Defeated again, and again, she returns unwearied, whole, and confident, to the charge—because she is immortal!

“As easy may you the intrenchant air  
With your keen sword impress, as make her bleed.”

But this kind of style does not belong to me, Mr. Chairman. Unfortunately, I am a fellow so given to jesting, that I am always thought to be most in jest, when I appear to be serious; therefore, Sir, I must talk to you in my own way—catching at the ideas, just as they present themselves; and giving them to you without examination, or order, or system, or any thing else that bespeaks a man of a sedate habit of thinking—confiding every thing, as I said before, to the goodness of my cause.

And, first of all, Sir, I have not the least idea of calling a man great, because he has been a great conqueror! I do not like what are called your great conquerors! you gentlemen that have slain their tens of thousands, and fought more battles than they are years old! I care not in what cause they may have been engaged—that is the last consideration; for the very best cause may be entrusted to the very worst man—that is, with respect to morals, principles, and so forth,

It is not virtue that is requisite to form such characters ; it is the contempt of death—enterprise—cunning—skill—resolution—and these may be found in a man who does not possess one single recommendation besides. How many a renowned general has turned his arms against the very cause, in whose defence he first took them up?—as Cæsar did—Cæsar, who was commissioned by his country to subdue the Gauls, and then commissioned himself to subdue his country ! I wonder that any man who has a regard for common sense, or plain honesty, can so far forget himself, as to justify Cæsar's conduct in this particular. I shall state a very simple case to you, Mr. Chairman. You have a very large estate ; you employ a couple of stewards to assist you in the management of it ; and you send one of them to reside in the most distant part of it. Well, Sir ; this steward is a fellow of address ; he manages his little government very skilfully ; keeps your tenants in due subjection, and your servants in admirable order ; at the same time, taking care to secure himself in their good graces, by indulgences, and gifts, and flatteries, and every effective means of engaging esteem. Well, Sir, in process of time, you determine to dismiss this steward ; but you retain the other—You recall him that he may give an account of himself, and receive his discharge. Does he obey you?—No—He does not stir a step ! He sets his arms akimbo, and thus accosts your messenger—“ Mr. Jack—or Thomas—or William—or Walter—present my duty to my master, and say, that when steward such-a-one receives his discharge, I'll accept mine. I should like to see your face, Mr. Chairman, upon your receiving his message. I fear it would require something more than the caresses of your wife, and the prattling of your infant family, to preserve it in its natural smoothness—What would you do with the rascal?—I need not follow the supposition farther. You would do what you could. You would have him fined—imprisoned—whipped—put in the pillory—hanged—and yet, Sir, such a man—though acting upon a larger scale—was the immortal Cæsar. It makes one sick to hear the cause of such a fellow advocated !—And

let me recall to the recollection of those gentlemen, the truth, that greatness cannot consist in any thing that is at the disposal of chance ; or, rather, that exists by chance—Had not fortune favoured Cæsar in his first battles, he would have been recalled, perhaps, brought to trial, and banished ; and then he would have been little Cæsar.

And now, Sir, in the name of common sense, what mighty acts did Cæsar perform, when he became the master of his country ? We are told that the servile senate created him reformer of manners—a fine reformer of manners, whose own manners stood so much in need of reforming !—Sir, they should have rather made him inspector of markets—for it was in that capacity he shone the most conspicuously. It is said, he limited the expense of feasts, and that his officers used to enter the houses of the citizens, and snatch from off their tables any meats that were served up, contrary to his prohibition ! I should like to see a constable enter my parlour at dinner-time, and hand away a dish just as it had been placed upon the table !—I'd cut his fingers off with the carving-knife ! But the best of it is, his restrictions affected certain orders only. Men of rank might do as they pleased. They might have their litters, and their embroidered robes, and their jewels—ay ! and, I dare say, their dishes without limit of number, or of quality, or of variety. Give me no great Cæsar for the governor of my country. Give me such government as leaves the management of a man's table to himself !—Give me such cities, as have markets without informers !—where a cook may ride in a carriage, as fine as his own gilt and figured pastry ; and a pin-maker may set you down to as many different dishes, as there are minikins in a row !

In fine, Mr. Chairman, my opinion of Cæsar is this—He was a very fine fighter—a very bad patriot—a very selfish master—and a very great rogue !

ROBERT TEMPLETON—Sir, If my worthy friend has presented you with a wife and family, the last speaker is not behind hand with him, for he has given



you a large estate to maintain them—an estate so large, as to require two stewards to manage it! The gentleman has made an affecting appeal to your feelings, in favour of your old companions, the bachelors of your acquaintance; but, I trust, his oratory will not be so successful as to induce you to pay the tax for them, while this assembly present so many fair and irresistible arguments in favour of the marriage state!

As to the gentleman's eloquence, in opposition to Cæsar's greatness, he, himself, tells you what degree of importance you are to attach to his opinions, for he very ingeniously says, you are not to expect any thing serious from him; but that you must accept of undigested ideas, and rash conclusions, in the place of sober reflection, and logical reasoning: his arguments, therefore, pass for nothing; and do not add to the strength of his cause, or subtract from that of ours.

In one instance, however, I shall comment upon what he has said; because a man should not be frivolous even in his jesting. I allude to his wit, respecting the restraints that Cæsar laid upon luxury. Surely the gentleman cannot have been so great a victim to his mirth, as to have laughed away the fruit of his academic labours! Surely he cannot have forgotten that Cæsar had proud authority for the policy he pursued in the respect alluded to! Surely he remembers a few of the laws of Lycurgus, particularly that which prescribed the diet of the Spartans, and enjoined all ranks to eat without distinction in one common hall, where the simplest repast was provided! Surely I need not remind him, that the heroes of Greece fared upon black broth, and drew their glory no less from the moderation of their appetite, than from the excess of their courage and patriotism.

The gentleman says, it makes him sick to hear the cause of such a man as Cæsar advocated! I shall prescribe for his sickness. Let him take a dose of common sense, and use a little mental exercise—that will remove his sickness. I am sure it makes me sick to hear the arguments of Cæsar's opponents.

Sir, he was a man of stupendous loftiness of mind ! A man above all influence of fortune !—Himself, where other men would have been—nothing ! Observe him, when he is surprised by the Nervii. His soldiers are employed in pitching their camp—The ferocious enemy sallies from his concealment, puts the Roman cavalry to the rout, and falls upon the foot. Every thing is alarm, confusion, and disorder ! Every one is doubtful what course to take !—Every one, but Cæsar ! He causes the banner to be erected—the charge to be sounded—the soldiers at a distance, recalled—all in a moment ! He runs from place to place—his whole frame is in action—his words—his looks—his motion—his gestures, exhort his men to remember their former valour ! He draws them up, and causes the signal to be given—all in a moment ! The contest is doubtful and dreadful !—Two of his legions are entirely surrounded ! He seizes a buckler from one of the private men—puts himself at the head of his broken troops !—darts into the thick of the battle !—rescues his legions, and overthrows the enemy.

But, if you would contemplate Cæsar in a situation where he is peculiarly himself, observe him attempting to cross the sea in a fishing-bark. A storm arises ; the waves and winds oppose his course ; the rowers, in despair, desist from their labour !—Cæsar, from the time he had entered the boat, had sat in silence, habited in the disguise of a slave, unknown to the sailors or the pilot.—Like a genius who could command the elements he stands before the master of the vessel, in his proper shape, and cries, “ Go on boldly, my friend, and fear nothing ! Thou carriest Cæsar and his fortune along with thee ! ”

Really, Sir, I cannot command my patience, when I hear those gentlemen indulge themselves in invectives against a man, the twentieth part of whose excellence, divided amongst the whole of them, would make them heroes.

I shall certainly vote for the affirmative of the question.

WILLIAM SIMMS—Sir, If my worthy friend was

sick, I hope he is now in a fair way of recovery—The gentleman has considered his case, and prescribed for him ; and he certainly could not have fallen into better hands.

You must confess, Mr. Chairman, you preside over an assembly whose members entertain a very respectful sense of your merits—One has made you the father of a happy family—Another has bestowed on you, a handsome estate—Allow me, Sir, to recommend a physician to you—one who will be a faithful guardian of your health—who will watch, with skilful eye, the delicate complexion of your wife—and regulate, with gentle and innocent doses, your children's habit of body. What, Sir, is the blessing of a wife, of children, of fortune, if sickness spreads languor through our nerves, or fever through our veins? Believe me, Sir, the gentleman's merit does not consist in his diploma, only ; it has its foundation in knowledge, in science, and experience. Nor is his ability confined to his mere professional walk—he is, as you may perceive from the speech that he has just made you, a philosopher, and a moralist. Unlike Macbeth's physician, he—

“ Can minister to a mind diseased ;  
Pluck from the memory, a rooted sorrow ;  
Rase out the written troubles of the brain,  
And, with some sweet oblivious antidote,  
Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff,  
That weighs upon the heart.”

I regret, however, Mr. Chairman, that, notwithstanding my eulogium, I must dissent from him, with regard to his admiration of Cæsar—I cannot, I confess, behold those incidents he has just named, in Cæsar's life, in the same light that he does. When Cæsar was surprised by the Nervii, he had a great cause at stake, and his conduct was the natural result of that consideration. That consideration made him collected, and gave him coolness to employ the readiest means of extricating himself from the danger that threatened him—Besides, he was no raw commander ; he had subdued the Helvetians, the Germans, and the Belgians : nor was his rescuing the two legions that were

surrounded by the enemy, so wonderful an exploit. He was joined at that critical moment by the force that he had left to guard his baggage—nor was his success more the consequence of his courage in leading his men into the thickest of the fight, than of the enthusiasm of his soldiers who followed their general, and whose dearest honour was, then, most particularly concerned in his safety.

Cæsar, an ambitious general, attempted to cross the sea in a fishing-bark!—A lover swam across the Hellespont!—Cæsar's fortunes and life were at stake.—He had only a handful of men with him, and Antony was loitering, as he supposed, near Brundisium—Leander had his mistress at stake!—I will not, Mr. Chairman, trespass any longer on your patience. I am sure you will agree with me, that great exploits must have noble ends—and then, indeed, they make the executor great.

“Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,  
Is but the more a fool—the more a knave!  
Who noble ends, by noble means, obtains,  
Or, failing, smiles, in exile or in chains—  
Like good Aurelius, let him sigh, or bleed  
Like Socrates—that man is great indeed!”

HENRY HERBERT—Mr. Chairman, a gentleman has said, that the man whose rule secures the happiness, prosperity, and glory of a nation, deserves to rule it. With equal confidence, I assert, that the man who obtains the rule of his country, by violating its laws—how much soever he may contribute to make it happy, prosperous, and great—does not deserve to rule it. He sets a bad example—an example, the more pernicious, as his virtues seem to palliate the atrocity of his usurpation. He leaves it in the power of any wretch, who may possess his ambition, without his excellence, to quote his name, and use it as an authority for the commission of similar crime.

No gentleman has yet presumed to say that Cæsar's conduct was sanctioned by the laws of Rome—those laws that guarded more cautiously against the approaches of tyranny, than against the invasion of a

foreign enemy—Those laws which justified any private man in putting to death the person, whom he could afterwards prove to have been guilty of meditating usurpation. Cæsar, then, did not deserve to rule his country, for he violated its laws. A good man respects the laws of his country; Cæsar was not in this view a good man—Cæsar was not in this view a great man; for goodness is an essential part of greatness.

Let us now examine how far he deserved to rule his country, because, as it has been said, he secured its happiness, prosperity, and greatness. Sir, I do not believe that he accomplished any such object. To dispose of all offices and honours, just as his own interest, or fancy, directed his choice of the candidates: to create new offices for the gratification of his favourites and creatures—making the public property the recompense of public delinquency; to degrade the venerable senate, by introducing into it, persons whose only claim to that dignity was their servile devotion to his interests—common soldiers—the sons of freedmen—foreigners, and so forth—I say, Sir, to adopt such measures as these, had not a tendency to secure the happiness or prosperity of his country. But upon what ground does the gentleman assert, that Cæsar secured the greatness of his country? Was it by extending the fame of its arms? There was another kind of fame, which the Roman people valued more than the fame of their arms—the fame of their liberty!—There was another kind of greatness, dearer to their pride than all the wealth of honour, that could result from foreign victory—that kind of greatness, which gloried, not in the establishing, but in the destroying of tyranny; which drove a Tarquin from the throne, and cast an Appius into prison; which called their proudest heroes from the heads of armies, and the rule of conquered nations, into the equal ranks of private citizens.

A gentleman, speaking of Cæsar's benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance with which he entered into the civil war, observes, "How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon!" How came he to

the brink of that river! How dared he cross it! Shall private men respect the boundaries of private property, and shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river!—Oh! but he paused upon the brink! He should have perished on the brink ere he had crossed it! Why did he pause?—Why does a man's heart palpitate, when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part?—Because of conscience! 'Twas that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon. Compassion!—What compassion? The compassion of an assassin, that feels a momentary shudder, as his weapon begins to cut! Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon!—What was the Rubicon?—The boundary of Cæsar's province. From what did it separate his province?—From his country. Was that country a desert? No: it was cultivated and fertile; rich and populous! Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity! Its daughters were lovely, susceptible, and chaste! Friendship was its inhabitant!—Love was its inhabitant!—Domestic affection was its inhabitant!—Liberty was its inhabitant!—All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon! What was Cæsar, that stood upon the brink of that stream?—A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country! No wonder that he paused—No wonder, if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood, instead of water; and heard groans, instead of murmurs!—No wonder, if some gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot! But, no!—he cried, “The die is cast!” He plunged!—he crossed!—and Rome was free no more!

Again. It has been observed, “How often did he attempt a reconciliation with Pompey, and offer terms of accommodation!” Would gentlemen pass tricks upon us for honest actions? Examine the fact. Cæsar keeps his army on foot, because Pompey does so. What entitles either of them to keep his army on foot? The commission of his country. By that au-

thority, they levied their armies—by that authority, they should disband them. Had Cæsar that authority to keep his army on foot?—No. Had Pompey?—Yes. What right, then, had Cæsar to keep his army on foot, because Pompey did so? His army! It was the army of his country—enrolled by the orders of his country—maintained by the treasure of his country—fighting under the banners of his country—seduced by his flatteries, his calumnies, and his bribes, to espouse the fortunes of a traitor! Sir, he never sincerely sought an accommodation. Had he wished to accomplish such an object, he would have adopted such measures as were likely to obtain it. He would have obeyed the order of the senate; disbanded his troops; laid down his command; and appeared in Rome a private citizen. Such conduct would have procured him more dignity, more fame, more glory, than a thousand sceptres—he would not have come to parley with the trumpet, and the standard; the spear, and the buckler—he would have proved himself to have been great in virtue.

Upon the same principle, his clemency must go for nothing—clemency!—to attribute clemency to a man, is to imply that he has a right to be severe—a right to punish. Cæsar had no right to punish. His clemency!—it was the clemency of an outlaw—a pirate—a robber—who strips his prey—but then abstains from slaying him!

You were also told, that he paid the most scrupulous respect to the laws. He paid the most scrupulous respect to the laws—he set his foot upon them; and, in that prostrate condition, mocked them with respect!

But, if you would form a just estimate of Cæsar's aims, look to his triumphs after the surrender of Utica—Utica, more honoured in being the grave of Cato, than Rome, in having been the cradle of Cæsar!

You will read, Sir, that Cæsar triumphed four times. First, for his victory over the Gauls; secondly, over Egypt; thirdly, over Pharnaces; lastly, over Juba, the friend of Cato. His first, second, and third triumphs were, we are told, magnificent. Before him, marched the princes, and noble foreigners of the

countries he had conquered; his soldiers, crowned with laurels, followed him; and the whole city attended with acclamations. This was well!—the conqueror should be honoured. His fourth triumph approaches—as magnificent as the former ones. It does not want its royal captive, its soldiers crowned with laurels, or its flushed conqueror, to grace it; nor is it less honoured by the multitude of its spectators—but they send up no shout of exultation; they heave loud sighs; their cheeks are frequently wiped; their eyes are fixed upon one object, that engrosses all their senses—their thoughts—their affections—It is the statue of Cato!—carried before the victor's chariot! It represents him rending open his wound, and tearing out his bowels; as he did in Utica, when Roman liberty was no more! Now, ask if Cæsar's aim was the welfare of his country? Now, doubt if he was a man governed by a selfish ambition!—Now, question whether he usurped, for the mere sake of usurping? He is not content to triumph over the Gauls, the Egyptians, and Pharnaces; he must triumph over his own countrymen! He is not content to cause the statue of Scipio and Petreius to be carried before him; he must be graced by that of Cato! He is not content with the simple effigy of Cato; he must exhibit that of his suicide! He is not satisfied to insult the Romans with triumphing over the death of liberty; they must gaze upon the representation of her expiring agonies, and mark the writhings of her last—fatal struggle!

Mr. Chairman, I confidently anticipate the triumph of our cause.

FRANCIS WARD—Sir, With great reluctance, I present myself to your notice at this late hour. We have proved that your patience is abundant—we cannot presume that it is inexhaustible. I shall exercise it for only a few moments. Were our cause to be judged by the approbation which our opponents have received, it would appear to be lost. But that is far from being the case, Mr. Chairman. The approbation they receive is unaccompanied by conviction. It is a



tribute—and a merited one—to their eloquence, and has not any reference to the justice of the part they take. Our cause is not lost—is not in danger—does not apprehend danger. We are as strong as ever—as able for the contest, and as confident of victory. We fight under the banners of Cæsar ; and Cæsar never met an open enemy, without subduing him.

We grant that Cæsar was a usurper ; but we insist, that the circumstances of the times justified his usurpation. We insist that he became a usurper for the good of his country ; for the salvation of the republic ; for the preservation of its very existence ! What must have been the state of Roman liberty, when such men as Marius and Sylla could become usurpers ? Monsters, against whose domination, nature and religion exclaimed !

Gentlemen talk very prettily about the criminality of usurpation. They know it is a popular theme. All men are tenacious of their property ; and the gentlemen think that, if they can carry the feelings of their auditors along with them, in this respect, they may be certain of success in every other. We have not any objection to their flattering themselves with such fancies ; but the cause of justice shall not be sacrificed to their gratification—surely those gentlemen must be ignorant of the state of the republic, in those times ; surely they have never heard, or read, that massacre was the common attendant of public elections ; that the candidates brought their money—openly—to the place of election, and distributed it among the heads of the different factions—that those factions employed force and violence, in favour of the persons who paid them ; and that scarce any office was disposed of without being disputed, sword in hand, and without costing the lives of many citizens !

A gentleman very justly said, that the love of country is the first, the second, and the last principle of a virtuous mind. Now, Sir, it appears that the Roman people sold their country !—its offices—its honours—its liberty ; sold them to the highest bidder—as they would sell their wares—a sheep—or the quarter of an ox ; and that, after they had struck the

bargain, they threw themselves into it, and fought manfully for the purchaser! Cicero and Cato lived in these times—Cicero, that saved Rome from the conspiracy of Catiline—Cato, who would not survive the liberty of his country. The latter attempted to stop the progress of the corruption; but his efforts were fruitless. He could neither restrain its progress, nor mitigate its virulence. Thus, Sir, the independence of the republic was virtually lost, before Cæsar became a usurper; and, therefore, to say that Cæsar destroyed the independence, or liberty of his country, is, to assert that he destroyed a nonentity.

It was happily remarked, that the power of interfering with the tribunes, was fatal to the Roman people. Yes, Sir, it was fatal. The tribunes ought to have been independent of the people, from the moment of their entering on their office, to that of their laying it down. You were told, the people had a right to the direction of their own affairs. Yes, Sir; they had a right. We do not dispute that. But it was a right by the abandonment of which they would have been gainers. It was a fatal right, by grasping which, they lost every thing. It was an inconsistent right, for they stood as much in need of being protected from themselves, as of being protected from the nobility. Why does any man put his affairs into the hands of another, but because he cannot manage them so well himself? If he cannot manage them so well himself, why should he interfere with the person to whose conduct he intrusts them? Because he has a right! I know he has; but it is an unfortunate right, for it leaves it in his power to ruin himself, in spite of good counsel and friendship!

Gentlemen talk of what are called, the people, as if they were the most enlightened part of the community! Are they the guardians of learning?—or of the arts?—or of the sciences? Do we select counsellors from them?—or judges?—or legislators? Do we inquire among them for rhetoricians?—logicians?—or philosophers?—or, rather, do we not consider them as little cultivated in mind?—little regulated by judgment?—much influenced by prejudice?—greatly sub-

ject to caprice!—chiefly governed by passion!—of course, Sir, I speak of what are generally called, the people—the crowd, the mass of the community. But you ask me for a proof of the bad effects that resulted to the Roman people, from the liberty they possessed, of legislating directly for themselves. Look, Sir, to the proceedings of the forum!—What they did, they undid; what they erected, they threw down: they enacted laws, and they repealed them; they elected patriots, and they betrayed them; they humbled tyrants, and they exalted them! You will find, that the great converted the undue power, which the people possessed, into the means of subjugating the people. If they feared a popular leader, it was only necessary to spread by their emissaries a suspicion of his integrity, or set the engine of corruption to work, upon that frailest of all fortifications, popular stability—and thus, Sir, they carried their point, humbled their honest adversaries, and laughed in the face of the wisest and most salutary laws.

Mr. Chairman, I think that the times in which Cæsar lived, called for, and sanctioned, his usurpation. I think his object was, to extinguish the jealousies of party; to put a stop to the miseries that resulted from them; and to unite his countrymen. I think the divided state of the Roman people exposed them to the danger of a foreign yoke; from which they could be preserved, only by receiving a domestic one. I think that Cæsar was a great man; and I conclude my trial of your patience, with the reply made to Brutus by Statilius, who had once determined to die in Utica with Cato; and by Favonius, an esteemed philosopher of those times. Those men were sounded by Brutus, after he had entered into the conspiracy for murdering Cæsar. The former said, he “would rather patiently suffer the oppressions of an arbitrary master, than the cruelties and disorders which generally attend civil dissensions.” The latter declared, that, in his opinion, “a civil war was worse than the most unjust tyranny.”

JAMES GIBSON—Mr. Chairman, As the opener of

this debate, I am entitled to reply ; but it is a privilege by which I shall not profit. I leave our cause to the fate it merits. But, allow me to remark, that, how much soever we may disagree in our opinion of Cæsar's character, there is a subject upon which we cannot have the slightest difference of sentiment ; namely, that your patience, indulgence, and impartiality, have been great, and claim—our gratitude.

I thank you for your  
 speech, and for the  
 courtesy of the judges  
 who received me  
 in the most friendly  
 manner. I am  
 yours truly  
 K. B. P.

## EXTRACTS IN RHYME.

*Apostrophe to Love.*

O happy love ! where love like this is found ;  
 O heart-felt raptures ! bliss beyond compare !  
 I've paced much this weary, mortal round,  
 And sage experience bids me this declare—  
 " If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,  
 One cordial in this melancholy vale,  
 'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,  
 In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,  
 Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening  
 gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—  
 A wretch ! a villain ! lost to love and truth !  
 That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,  
 Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth ?  
 Curse on his perjured arts ! dissembling smooth !  
 Are honour, virtue, conscience, all exiled ?  
 Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,  
 Points to the parents fondling o'er their child,  
 Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction  
 wild ? *Burns.*

*The Soldier's Dream.*

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had lower'd,  
 And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;  
 And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,  
 The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die—  
 When, reposing that night on my pallet of straw,  
 By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain,  
 At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,  
 And thrice ere the morning I dream'd it again.

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

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

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

“ Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn !”  
 And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay—  
 But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,  
 And the voice in my dreaming ear—melted away !  
*Campbell,*

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On True Dignity.

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

Vain man, is grandeur given to gay attire ?
 Then let the butterfly thy pride upbraid :—
 To friends, attendants, armies, bought with hire ?
 It is thy weakness that requires their aid :—
 To palaces, with gold and gems inlay'd ?
 They fear the thief and tremble in the storm :—
 To hosts, through carnage who to conquest wade ?
 Behold the victor vanquish'd by the worm !
 Behold what deeds of woe the locust can perform.

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

Beattie.

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*Glenara.*

Oh ! heard you yon pibroch sound sad in the gale,  
 Where a band cometh slowly with weeping and wail ?  
 'Tis the Chief of Glenara laments for his dear ;  
 And her sire and her people are call'd to her bier. ♪  
 Glenara came first, with the mourners and shroud ;  
 Her kinsmen they follow'd, but mourn'd not aloud ;  
 Their plaids all their bosoms were folded around ;  
 They march'd all in silence—they look'd to the ground.  
 In silence they reach'd over mountain and moor,  
 To a heath, where the oak tree grew lonely and hoar,  
 Now here let us place the grey-stone of her cairn—  
 “ Why speak ye no word ? ” said Glenara the stern.  
 “ And tell me, I charge you, ye clan of my spouse,  
 Why fold ye your mantles, why cloud ye your brows ? ”  
 So spake the rude chieftain : no answer is made,  
 But each mantle unfolding, a dagger display'd.  
 “ I dream'd of my lady, I dream'd of her shroud,”  
 Cried a voice from the kinsmen, all wrathful and loud ;  
 “ And empty that shroud, and that coffin did seem ;  
 Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream ! ”  
 Oh ! pale grew the cheek of that chieftain I ween ;  
 When the shroud was unclos'd, and no body was seen,  
 Then a voice from the kinsmen spoke louder in scorn—  
 'Twas the youth that had loved the fair Ellen of Lorn—  
 “ I dream'd of my lady, I dream'd of her grief,  
 I dream'd that her lord was a barbarous chief ;  
 On a rock of the ocean fair Ellen did seem :  
 Glenara ! Glenara ! now read me my dream ! ”

In dust low the traitor has knelt to the ground,  
 And the desert reveal'd where his lady was found ;  
 From a rock of the ocean that beauty is borne ;  
 Now joy to the house of fair Ellen of Lorn !

*Campbell.*

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The Death of Marmion.

WITH fruitless labour, Clara bound,
 And strove to stanch, the gushing wound :
 The Monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear,
 For that she ever sung,
 "In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 "Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying !"
 So the notes rung ;—
 "Avoid thee, Fiend !—with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand !—
 Oh, look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine ;
 Oh, think on faith and bliss !—
 By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this."—
 The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
 And—STANLEY ! was the cry ;—
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye :
 With dying hand, above his head
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted "Victory !
 "Charge, Chester, charge ! On, Stanley, on !"
 Were the last words of Marmion ! *Sir Walter Scott.*

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*The Burial of Sir John Moore.*

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,  
 As his corse to the ramparts we hurried ;



Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot  
 O'er the grave where our Hero was buried.  
 We buried him darkly ; at dead of night,  
 The sods with our bayonets turning,  
 By the struggling moon-beams' misty light,  
 And the lantern dimly burning.  
 No useless coffin enclosed his breast,  
 Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ;  
 But he lay—like a warrior taking his rest—  
 With his martial cloak around him !  
 Few and short were the prayers we said,  
 And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;  
 But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,  
 And we bitterly thought of the morrow—  
 We thought—as we hollowed his narrow bed,  
 And smoothed down his lonely pillow—  
 How the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,  
 And we far away on the billow !  
 “ Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,  
 And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him ;  
 But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on  
 In the grave where a Briton has laid him.”  
 But half of our heavy task was done,  
 When the clock toll'd the hour for retiring,  
 And we heard the distant and random gun,  
 That the foe was suddenly firing—  
 Slowly and sadly we laid him down,  
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory !  
 We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,  
 But we left him—alone with his glory !

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The Battle of Hohenlinden.

On Linden, when the sun was low,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
 And dark as winter was the flow
 Of Iser rolling rapidly ;
 But Linden saw another sight,
 When the drum beat ; at dead of night,

Commanding fires of death to light
 The darkness of her scenery !
 By torch and trumpet fast array'd,
 Each horseman drew his battle-blade,
 And furious every charger neigh'd,
 To join the dreadful revelry ;
 Then shook the hills with thunder riven !
 Then rush'd the steed to battle driven !
 And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
 Far flash'd the red artillery !
 But redder yet that light shall glow,
 On Linden's hills of stained snow ;
 And bloodier yet the torrent flow
 Of Iser rolling rapidly !
 'Tis morn—but scarce yon level sun
 Can pierce the war-cloud rolling dun,
 Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
 Shout in their sulphurous canopy !
 The combat deepens—On, ye brave,
 Who rush to glory or the grave !
 Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
 And charge with all thy chivalry !—
 Few, few shall part where many meet !
 The snow shall be their winding-sheet ;
 And every turf beneath their feet
 Shall be a soldier's sepulchre !

Campbell.

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*The Dying Christian to his Soul.*  
 Vital spark of heavenly flame !  
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :  
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,  
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !  
 Cease fond Nature, cease thy strife,  
 And let me languish into life !  
 Hark ! they whisper—angels say,  
 “ Sister spirit, come away ”—  
 What is this absorbs me quite ?  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?—  
 Tell me, my soul, can this be—death ?—

The world recedes ! it disappears !  
 Heaven opens to my eyes !—my ears  
 With sounds seraphic ring !  
 Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !  
 O Grave ! where is thy victory ?  
 O Death ! where is thy sting ? *Pope.*

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On the Downfal of Poland.

O sacred Truth ! thy triumph ceased awhile,
 And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile,
 When leagued Oppression pour'd to Northern wars
 Her whisker'd pandoors and her fierce hussars,
 Waved her dread standard to the breeze of morn,
 Peal'd her loud drum, and twang'd her trumpet horn ;
 Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van,
 Presaging wrath to Poland—and to man !

Warsaw's last champion, from her height survey'd,
 Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,—
 “ O Heaven !” he cried, “ my bleeding country save !—
 Is there no hand on high to shield the brave ?
 Yet, though destruction sweep those lovely plains,
 Rise fellow-men ! our COUNTRY yet remains !
 By that dread name, we wave the sword on high !
 And swear for her to live !—with her to die !”

He said, and on the rampart-heights array'd
 His trusty warriors, few, but undismay'd ;
 Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,
 Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm !
 Low, murmuring sounds along their banners fly,
 REVENGE, OR DEATH !—the watchword and reply ;
 Then peal'd the notes, omnipotent to charm,
 And the loud tocsin toll'd their last alarm !—

In vain—alas ! in vain, ye gallant few !
 From rank to rank your vollied thunder flew :—
 O ! bloodiest picture in the book of time,
 Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime !
 Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
 Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe !
 Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
 Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career ;—

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd—as Kosciusko fell!

The sun went down, nor ceas'd the carnage there;
Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air—
On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin glow—
His blood-dy'd waters murmuring far below.
The storm prevails! the rampart yields away—
Bursts the wild cry of horror and dismay!
Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall,
A thousand shrieks for hopeless mercy call!
Earth shook!—red meteors flash'd along the sky!
And conscious nature shudder'd at the cry!

O righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found a grave,
Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save?
Where was thine arm, O Vengeance! where thy rod,
That smote the foes of Zion and of God?
That crush'd proud Ammon, when his iron car
Was yoked in wrath, and thunder'd from afar?
Where was the storm that slumber'd till the host
Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast;
Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow,
And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the MIGHTY DEAD!—
Ye that at Marathon and Leuctra bled!
Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,
Fight in his sacred cause, and lead the van!
Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone,
And make her arm puissant as your own!
Oh! once again to Freedom's cause return
The PATRIOT TELL—the BRUCE of BANNOCKBURN!

Campbell.

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*The Maid of the Inn.*

Who is she, the poor maniac! whose wildly-fix'd eyes  
Seem a heart overcharged to express?—  
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;  
She never complains—but her silence—implies  
The composure of settled distress!

No aid, no compassion, the maniac will seek,  
Cold and hunger awake not her care;

Through the rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak  
 On her poor wither'd bosom, half bare ; and her cheek  
 Has the deadly pale hue of despair !

Yet cheerful and happy—nor distant the day—  
 Poor Mary the maniac has been :  
 The traveller remembers, who journey'd this way,  
 No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,  
 As Mary, the Maid of the Inn !

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight,  
 As she welcomed them in with a smile ;  
 Her heart was a stranger to childish affright,  
 And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night,  
 When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved ; and young Richard had settled the day,  
 And she hoped to be happy for life—  
 But Richard was idle and worthless ; and they  
 Who knew him would pity poor Mary, and say,  
 That she was too good for his wife.

'Twas in Autumn, and stormy and dark was the night,  
 And fast were the windows and door ;  
 Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burn'd bright,  
 And smoking in silence, with tranquil delight,  
 They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

“ 'Tis pleasant,” cried one, “ seated by the fire-side,  
 To hear the wind whistle without.”  
 “ A fine night for the Abbey !” his comrade replied :  
 “ Methinks a man's courage would now be well tried,  
 Who should wander the ruins about.

“ I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear  
 The hoarse ivy shake o'er my head ;  
 And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,  
 Some ugly old abbot's white spirit appear,  
 For this wind might awaken the dead.”

“ I'll wager a dinner,” the other one cried,  
 “ That Mary would venture there now :”  
 “ Then wager, and lose,” with a sneer he replied,  
 “ I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side,  
 And faint if she saw a white cow !”

“ Will Mary this charge on her courage allow ?”

His companion exclaim'd with a smile :

“ I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,  
And earn a new bonnet, by bringing a bough  
From the alder that grows in the aisle.”

With fearless good humour did Mary comply,

And the way to the Abbey she bent—

The night it was gloomy, the wind it was high,  
And, as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,  
She shiver'd with cold as she went.

O'er the path, so well known, still proceeded the maid,

Where the Abbey rose dim on the sight ;

Through the gateway she enter'd—she felt not afraid—

Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade  
Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent, save when the rude blast

Howl'd dismally round the old pile ;

Over weed-cover'd fragments still fearless she pass'd,

And arrived at the innermost ruin at last,

Where the alder-tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleased did she reach it, and quickly drew near

And hastily gather'd the bough—

When the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear—

She paused, and she listen'd, all eager to hear,

And her heart panted fearfully now !

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head ;—

She listen'd ;—nought else could she hear.

The wind ceas'd, her heart sunk in her bosom with dread,

For she heard in the ruins—distinctly—the tread

Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,

She crept, to conceal herself there ;

That instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,

And she saw in the moon-light two ruffians appear,

And between them—a corpse did they bear !

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood curdle cold !

Again the rough wind hurried by—

It blew off the hat of the one, and behold !

Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd !—

She fell—and expected to die !

“Curse the hat!”—he exclaims—“Nay come on, and  
fast hide

The dead body!” his comrade replies.  
She beheld them in safety pass on by her side,  
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supplied,  
And fast through the Abbey she flies!

She ran with wild speed, she rush’d in at the door,  
She look’d horribly eager around:  
Her limbs could support their faint burden no more;  
But, exhausted and breathless, she sunk on the floor,  
Unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,  
For a moment the hat met her view—  
Her eyes from that object convulsively start,  
For, O heaven! what cold horror thrill’d through her  
heart

When the name of her Richard she knew!

Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard by,  
His gibbet is now to be seen;  
Not far from the inn it engages the eye,  
The traveller beholds it, and thinks, with a sigh,  
Of poor Mary, the Maid of the inn! *Southey.*

~~~~~  
Confidence in God.

How are thy servants bless’d, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help—Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass’d unhurt,
And breath’d in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten’d every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm’d,
And smooth’d the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul! devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes

Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise !

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art !—

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord !
Thy mercy set me free ;
While in the confidence of prayer
My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea, that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And praise thee for thy mercies past.
And humbly hope for more.

My life—if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death—if death must be my doom—
Shall join my soul to thee.

Anon.

~~~~~  
*Lord Ullin's Daughter.*

A Chieftain to the Highlands bound,  
Cries, " Boatman do not tarry,  
And I'll give thee a silver pound,  
To row us o'er the ferry !"—

" Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle,  
This dark and stormy water ?"

" O, I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,  
And this Lord Ullin's daughter :—

" And fast before her father's men,  
Three days we've fled together ;



For should he find us in the glen,  
My blood would stain the heather—

“ His horsemen hard behind us ride—  
Should they our steps discover,  
Then—who would cheer my bonny bride,  
When they have slain her lover ? ”—

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight,  
“ I’ll go, my chief—I’m ready :—  
It is not for your silver bright,  
But for your winsome lady !

“ And, by my word, the bonny bird  
In danger shall not tarry ;  
So—though the waves are raging white—  
I’ll row you o’er the ferry ! ”

By this the storm grew loud apace,  
The water-wraith was shrieking,  
And in the scowl of heaven, each face  
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind,  
And as the night grew drearer,  
Adown the glen rode armed men !—  
Their trampling sounded nearer !

“ Oh ! haste thee, haste ! ” the lady cries,  
“ Though tempests round us gather,  
I’ll meet the raging of the skies,  
But not an angry father. ”—

The boat has left a stormy land,  
A stormy sea before her,—  
When—oh ! too strong for human hand !—  
The tempest gather’d o’er her—

And still they row’d amidst the roar  
Of waters fast prevailing :  
Lord Ullin reach’d that fatal shore,  
His wrath was changed to wailing—

For sore dismay’d, through storm and shade,  
His child he did discover !—  
One lovely arm she stretch’d for aid,  
And one was round her lover.

“ Come back ! come back ! ” he cried in grief,

“ Across this stormy water :  
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,  
My daughter !—Oh ! my daughter ! ”—

'Twas vain !—the loud waves lash'd the shore,  
Return or aid preventing :—  
The waters wild went o'er his child—  
And he was left lamenting.

*Campbell.*

~~~~~  
Song from the Lady of the Lake.

Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.

Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more ;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the day-break from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here.
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons tramping.

Huntsman, rest ! thy chase is done,
While our slumberous spells assail you,
Dream not with the rising sun,
Bugles here shall sound reveillie.
Sleep ! the deer is in his den ;
Sleep ! thy hounds are by thee lying ;

Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
 How thy gallant steed lay dying.
 Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
 Think not of the rising sun,
 For at dawning to assail you,
 Here no bugles sound reveillie.

Scott.

~~~~~  
*The Exile of Erin.*

There came to the beach a poor exile of Erin,  
 The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;  
 For his country he sigh'd, when, at twilight, repairing  
 To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill:  
 But the day-star attracted his eye's sad devotion;  
 For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,  
 Where once, in the fervour of youth's warm emotion,  
 He sung the bold anthem of ERIN GO BRAGH!  
 Sad is my fate!—said the heart-broken stranger—  
 The wild deer and wolf to the cover can flee;  
 But I have no refuge from famine and danger:  
 A home and a country remain not to me!  
 Never again, in the green sunny bowers,  
 Where my forefathers liv'd, shall I spend the sweet  
 hours,  
 Or cover my harp with wild-woven flowers,  
 And strike to the numbers of ERIN GO BRAGH!  
 Erin! my country! though sad and forsaken,  
 In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore!  
 But, alas! in a far—foreign land I awaken,  
 And sigh for the friends that can meet me no more!  
 Oh! cruel fate, wilt thou never replace me  
 In a mansion of peace, where no perils can chase me?  
 Never again shall my brothers embrace me!—  
 They died to defend me!—or live to deplore!  
 Where is my cabin-door fast by the wild wood?—  
 Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?  
 Where is the mother that look'd on my childhood?  
 And where is the bosom-friend, dearer than all?  
 Ah! my sad soul, long abandon'd by pleasure!  
 Why did it dote on a fast fading treasure?  
 Tears, like the rain drops, may fall without measure,  
 But rapture and beauty they cannot recall!

Yet,—all its fond recollections suppressing—

One dying wish my lone bosom shall draw :—

Erin!—an exile bequeaths thee—his blessing!

Land of my forefathers!—ERIN GO BRAGH!

Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,

Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!

And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,

ERIN, MAVOURNIN! ERIN GO BRAGH! *Campbell.*

~~~~~  
On the Plain of Marathon.

Where'er we tread 'tis haunted, holy ground!

No earth of thine is lost in vulgar mould!

But one vast realm of wonder spreads around,

And all the Muse's tales seem truly told,

Till the sense aches with gazing to behold

The scenes our earliest dreams have dwelt upon:

Each hill and dale, each deepening glen and wold,

Defies the power which crush'd thy temples gone:

Age shakes Athena's tower, but spares grey Marathon.

The sun—the soil—but not the slave the same—

Unchang'd in all, except its foreign lord,

Preserves alike its bounds and boundless fame:

The Battle-field—where Persia's victim horde

First bow'd beneath the brunt of Hella's sword,

As on the morn to distant Glory dear,

When Marathon became a magic word—

Which utter'd—to the hearer's eye appear [career!

The camp—the host—the fight—the conqueror's

The flying Mede—his shaftless broken bow!

The fiery Greek—his red pursuing spear!

Mountains above—Earth's—Ocean's plain below!

Death in the front—Destruction in the rear!

Such was the scene—that now remaineth here.

What sacred trophy marks the hallow'd ground

Recording Freedom's smile and Asia's tear?—

The rifled urn—the violated mound—

The dust—thy courser's hoof, rude stranger! spurns
around!

Yet to the remnants of thy splendour past,
 Shall pilgrims, pensive, but unwearied, throng ;
 Long shall the voyager, with the Ionian blast,
 Hail the bright clime of battle and of song ;
 Long shall thine annals and immortal tongue
 Fill with thy fame the youth of many a shore ;
 Boast of the aged ! lesson of the young !
 Which sages venerate, and bards adore,
 As Pallas and the Muse unveil their awful lore.

The parted bosom clings to wonted home,
 If aught that's kindred cheer the welcome hearth ;
 He that is lonely hither let him roam,
 And gaze complacent on congenial earth.
 Greece is no lightsome land of social mirth !
 But he whom sadness sootheth may abide,
 And scarce regret the region of his birth,
 When wandering slow by Delphi's sacred side,
 Or gazing o'er the plains where Greek and Persian
 died. *Byron.*

~~~~~  
*Lochinvar.*

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west !  
 Through all the wide border his steed was the best ;  
 And save his good broad-sword he weapon had none,  
 He rode all unarm'd, and he rode all alone !  
 So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 There never was knight like the young Lochinvar !

He staid not for brake, and he stopp'd not for stone,  
 He swam the Eske river where ford there was none—  
 But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,  
 The bride had consented, the gallant came late :  
 For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,  
 Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar !

So boldly he enter'd the Netherby Hall, [all!—  
 Among bridemen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and  
 Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword—  
 For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word—  
 " O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war ?—  
 Or to dance at our bridal ? young Lord Lochinvar !"

“ I long woo’d your daughter, my suit you denied :  
 Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide !  
 And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,  
 To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine !  
 There be maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,  
 That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar !”

The bride kiss’d the goblet ; the knight took it up,  
 He quaff’d off the wine, and he threw down the cup !  
 She look’d down to blush, and she look’d up to sigh,—  
 With a smile on her lips, and a tear in her eye.  
 He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar,—  
 “ Now tread we a measure !” said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,  
 That never a hall such a galliard did grace !  
 While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,  
 And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and  
 plume,  
 And the bride-maidens whisper’d “ Twere better by far  
 To have match’d our fair cousin with young Lochinvar !”

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,  
 When they reach’d the hall-door, and the charger  
 stood near,  
 So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,  
 So light to the saddle before her he sprung !  
 “ She is won ! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur ;  
 They’ll have fleet steeds that follow !” quoth young  
 Lochinvar.

There was mounting ’mong Græmes of the Netherby  
 clan ;  
 Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they  
 ran ;  
 There was racing, and chasing, on Cannobie Lea,  
 But the lost bride of Netherby ne’er did they see !  
 So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,  
 Have ye e’er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar !  
*Scott.*

~~~~~  
The Anticipations of Hope.

Tyrants, in vain ye trace the wizard ring !
 In vain ye limit MIND’S unwearied spring !

What! can ye lull the winged winds asleep,
 Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep?
 No:—the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand;—
 It roll'd not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow?
 Still must there live a blot on nature's brow?
 Shall war's polluted banner ne'er be furl'd?
 Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?
 What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied?
 Why then hath Plato lived—or Sidney died?—

Ye fond adorers of departed fame,
 Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!—
 Ye, that, in fancied vision, can admire
 The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre!—
 Wrapp'd in historic ardour, who adore
 Each classic haunt, and well-remember'd shore,
 Where Valour tuned, amid her chosen throng,
 The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song;
 Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms
 Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!—
 See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell,
 And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell!
 Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore!
 Hath Valour left the world—to live no more?
 No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die,
 And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye?
 Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls,
 Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls?
 Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm,
 The might that slumbers in a PEASANT'S arm!

Yes! in that generous cause, for ever strong,
 The patriot's virtue and the poet's song,
 Still, as the tide of ages rolls away,
 Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay!

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic Hope may trust,
 That slumber yet in uncreated dust,
 Ordain'd to fire the adoring sons of earth
 With every charm of wisdom and of worth;
 Ordain'd to light, with INTELLECTUAL day,
 The mazy wheels of Nature as they play,

Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow,
And rival all—but Shakspeare's name below!

Campbell.

~~~~~  
*A Beth Gelert.*

The spearman heard the bugle sound,  
And cheerly smiled the morn,  
And many a brach, and many a hound,  
Attend Llewellyn's horn :

And still he blew a louder blast,  
And gave a louder cheer ;  
“ Come, Gelert ! why art thou the last  
Llewellyn's horn to hear ?

“ Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam ?  
The flower of all his race !  
So true, so brave, a lamb at home—  
A lion in the chase !”

'Twas only at Llewellyn's board  
The faithful Gelert fed ;  
He watch'd, he served, he cheer'd his lord,  
And sentinel'd his bed.

In sooth, he was a peerless hound,  
The gift of royal John ;  
But now no Gelert could be found,  
And all the chase rode on.

And now, as over rocks and dells  
The gallant chidings rise,  
All Snowdon's craggy chaos yells,  
With many mingled cries.

That day Llewellyn little loved  
The chase of hart or hare.  
And scant and small the booty proved,  
For Gelert was not there.

Unpleas'd, Llewellyn homeward hied,  
When, near the portal seat,  
His truant Gelert he espied,  
Bounding his Lord to greet.



But when he gain'd the castle door,  
 Aghast the chieftain stood ;  
 The hound was smear'd with gouts of gore,  
 His lips and fangs ran blood !

Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise,  
 Unused such looks to meet :  
 His favourite check'd his joyful guise,  
 And crouch'd and lick'd his feet.

Onward in haste Llewellyn pass'd,  
 (And on went Gelert too,)  
 And still, where'er his eyes were cast,  
 Fresh blood gouts shock'd his view !

O'erturn'd his infant's bed, he found  
 The blood-stain'd covert rent,  
 And, all around, the walls and ground  
 With recent blood besprent.

He call'd his child—no voice replied ;  
 He search'd—with terror wild ;  
 Blood ! blood ! he found on every side,  
 But no where found the child !

“ Hell hound ! by thee my child's devour'd ! ”  
 The frantic father cried,  
 And to the hilt, his vengeful sword  
 He plung'd in Gelert's side !—

His suppliant, as to earth he fell,  
 No pity could impart ;  
 But still his Gelert's dying yell,  
 Pass'd heavy o'er his heart.

Arous'd by Gelert's dying yell,  
 Some slumberer waken'd nigh ;  
 What words the parent's joy can tell,  
 To hear his infant cry !

Conceal'd beneath a mangled heap,  
 His hurried search had miss'd,  
 All glowing from his rosy sleep,  
 His cherub boy he kiss'd !

Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread—  
 But the same couch beneath,

Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead—  
Tremendous still in death !

Ah ! what was then Llewellyn's pain !  
For now the truth was clear ;  
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,  
To save Llewellyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's wo ;  
" Best of thy kind adieu !  
The frantic deed which laid thee low,  
This heart shall ever rue !"

And now a gallant tomb they raise,  
With costly sculpture deck'd ;  
And marbles, storied with his praise,  
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,  
Or forester, unmoved ;  
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass  
Llewellyn's sorrow proved.

And here he hung his horn and spear ;  
And, oft as evening fell,  
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear  
Poor Gelert's dying yell !

*Spencer.*

~~~~~  
Bruce to his Army.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led ;
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victory !

Now's the day, and now's the hour,
See the front of battle lour ;
See approach proud Edward's power,
Chains and slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?
Wha sae base as be a slave ?
Let him turn and flee !

Wha for Scotland's king and law
Freedom's sword would strongly draw,

Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
Let him follow me !

By oppression's woes, and pains !
By your sons in servile chains !
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free !

Lay the proud usurpers low !
Tyrants fall in every foe !
Liberty's in every blow !
Let us do, or die !

Burns.

~~~~~  
*On Visiting a Scene in Argyleshire.*

At the silence of twilight's contemplative hour,  
I have mused in a sorrowful mood,  
On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower,  
Where the home of my forefathers stood.  
All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode,  
And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree ;  
And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road,  
Where the hunter of deer and the warrior trode  
To his hills that encircle the sea.

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

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

Be hush'd, my dark spirit ! for wisdom condemns  
 When the faint and the feeble deplore ;  
 Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems  
 A thousand wild waves on the shore !  
 Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of disdain,  
 May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate !  
 Yea ! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain  
 Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again ;  
 To bear is to conquer our fate ! *Campbell.*

*The Sailor's Orphan Boy.*

Stay, lady—stay, for mercy's sake,  
 And hear a helpless orphan's tale :  
 Ah, sure my looks must pity wake—  
 'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale !  
 Yet I was once a mother's pride,  
 And my brave father's hope and joy :  
 But in the Nile's proud fight he died—  
 And I am now an orphan boy !

Poor, foolish child ! how pleased was I  
 When news of Nelson's victory came,  
 Along the crowded streets to fly,  
 To see the lighted windows flame !  
 To force me home my mother sought—  
 She could not bear to see my joy !  
 For with my father's life 'twas bought—  
 And made me a poor orphan boy !

The people's shouts were long and loud ;  
 My mother, shuddering, closed her ears ;  
 " Rejoice ! rejoice !" still cried the crowd—  
 My mother answered with her tears !  
 " Oh ! why do tears steal down your cheeks,"  
 Cried I, " while others shout for joy ?"  
 She kiss'd me, and, in accents weak,  
 She call'd me—" her poor orphan boy !"

" What is an orphan boy ?" I said ;  
 When suddenly she gasp'd for breath,  
 And her eyes closed ; I shriek'd for aid :—  
 But, ah ! her eyes were closed in death !

My hardships since—I will not tell :  
 But now, no more a parent's joy,  
 Ah! lady, I have learn'd too well  
 What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh! were I by your bounty fed!—  
 Nay, gentle lady, do not chide;  
 Trust me, I mean to earn my bread—  
 The sailor's orphan boy has pride!  
 "Lady, you weep:—what is't you say?  
 You'll give me clothing, food, employ!"  
 Look down, dear parents! look, and see  
 Your happy, happy orphan boy! *Mrs. Opie.*

~~~~~  
On the present State of Athens.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
 Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
 Gone!—glimmering through the dream of things
 that were!
 First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
 They won—and pass'd away! Is this the whole?
 A school-boy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
 The warrior's weapon and the sophist's stole
 Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
 Dim with the mist of years, grey flits the shade of power.
 Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
 Come!—but molest not yon defenceless urn:
 Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
 Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
 Even gods must yield—religions take their turn:
 'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
 Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
 Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
 Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built
 on reeds!

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—
 Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to know
 Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given
 That, being, thou wouldst be again, and go
 Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so

On earth no more, but mingled with the skies ?
 Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe ?
 Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies :
 That little urn saith more than thousand homilies
 Or burst the vanish'd Hero's lofty mound ;
 Far on the solitary shore he sleeps :
 He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around !
 But now not one of saddening thousands weeps.
 Nor warlike-worshipper his vigil keeps
 Where demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.
 Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps—
 Is that a temple where a god may dwell ?
 Why even the worm at last disdains her shatter'd cell !
 Look on its broken arch, its ruin'd wall,
 Its chambers desolate, and portals foul :
 Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
 The dome of thought, the palace of the Soul !
 Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
 The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit
 And Passion's host, that never brook'd control !
 Can all, saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
 People this lonely tower, this tenement refit ?
 Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son !
 " All that we know is, nothing can be known."
 Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun ?
 Each has his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
 With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
 Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best ;
 Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron :
 There no forced banquet claims the stated guest,
 But Silence spreads the couch of ever welcome rest.
 Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
 A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
 To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
 And Sophists, madly vain of dubious lore ;
 How sweet it were in concert to adore
 With those who made our mortal labours light !
 To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more !
 Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,
 The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the
 right.

Byron.

The Rose.

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

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

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

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

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

~~~~~  
*Harmony of Expression.*

But most by numbers judge a poet's song;  
And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong:  
In the bright Muse though thousand charms conspire,  
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;  
Who haunt Parnassus but to please the ear,  
Not mend their minds; as some to church repair, }  
Not for the doctrine, but the music there:  
These equal syllables alone require,  
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;  
While expletives their feeble aid do join,  
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;  
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,  
With sure returns of still-expected rhymes:  
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"  
In the next line it "whispers through the trees;"

If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"  
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"  
 Then, at the last and only couplet, fraught  
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,  
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,  
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know  
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow ;  
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,  
 Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join.  
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance ;  
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.  
 'Tis not enough no harshness give offence,  
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense :  
 Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,  
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;  
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.  
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
 The line too labours, and the words move slow ;  
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the  
 main. Pope.

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*Battle of the Baltic.*

Of Nelson and the North,  
 Sing the glorious day's renown,  
 When to battle fierce came forth  
 All the might of Denmark's crown,  
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;  
 By each gun the lighted brand,  
 In a bold determined hand,  
 And the Prince of all the land  
 Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat,  
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;  
 While the sign of battle flew  
 On the lofty British line :  
 It was ten of April morn by the chime :



As they drifted on their path,  
 There was silence deep as death ;  
 And the boldest—held his breath  
 For a time !

But the might of England flush'd  
 To anticipate the scene ;  
 And her van the fleeter rush'd  
 O'er the deadly space between.  
 "Heartsof oak !" our captains cried , when each gun  
 From its adamantine lips  
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,  
 Like the hurricane eclipse  
 Of the sun !

Again ! again ! again !  
 And the havoc did not slack,  
 Till a feeble cheer the Dane  
 To our cheering sent us back ;—  
 Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—  
 Then ceased—and all is wail,  
 As they strike the shatter'd sail ;  
 Or, in conflagration pale,  
 Light the gloom !

Out spoke the victor then,  
 As he hail'd them o'er the wave,  
 " Ye are brothers ! ye are men !  
 And we conquer but to save !—  
 So peace instead of death let us bring :  
 But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,  
 With the crews, at England's feet,  
 And make submission meet  
 To our king."

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,  
 That he gave her wounds repose ;  
 And the sounds of joy and grief,  
 From her people wildly rose ;  
 As death withdrew his shades from the day ;  
 While the sun look'd smiling-bright,  
 O'er a wide and woeful sight,  
 Where the fires of funeral light  
 Died away !

Now joy, old England, raise  
 For the tidings of thy might,  
 By the festal cities' blaze,  
 While the wine-cup shines in light!—  
 And yet amidst that joy and uproar,  
 Let us think of them that sleep,  
 Full many a fathom deep,  
 By thy wild and stormy steep,  
 Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride  
 Once so faithful and so true,  
 On the deck of fame that died,  
 With the gallant—good Riou !  
 Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !  
 While the billow mournful rolls,  
 And the mermaid's song condoles,  
 Singing glory to the souls  
 Of the brave !—

*Campbell.*

~~~~~  
The Ocean.

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

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

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashes him again to earth:—there let him lay.

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

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

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

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*The Influence of Hope, at the Close of Life.*

Unfading Hope! when life's last embers burn,  
 When soul to soul, and dust to dust return!

Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour !  
 Oh ! then, thy kingdom comes, Immortal Power !  
 What, though each spark of earth-born rapture fly  
 The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye ?  
 Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey  
 The morning dream of life's eternal day !—  
 Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin !  
 And all the phoenix spirit burns within !

Oh ! deep-enchancing prelude to repose,  
 The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes !  
 Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,  
 It is a dread and awful thing to die !  
 Mysterious worlds ! untravell'd by the sun,  
 Where Time's far wandering tide has never run,  
 From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,  
 A warning comes, unheard by other ears—  
 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,  
 Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud !  
 While nature hears with terror-mingled trust,  
 The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust ;  
 And—like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod  
 The roaring waves, and call'd upon his God—  
 With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss,  
 And shrieks, and hovers round the dark abyss !

Daughter of Faith, awake ! arise ! illumine  
 The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb !  
 Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll  
 Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul !  
 Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,  
 Chased on his night-steed by the star of day !  
 The strife is o'er !—the pangs of nature close,  
 And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes !  
 Hark ! as the spirit eyes, with eagle gaze,  
 The noon of heaven undazzled by the blaze,  
 On heavenly winds that waft her to the sky,  
 Float the sweet tones of star-born melody ;  
 Wild as the hallow'd anthem sent to hail  
 Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale,  
 When Jordan hush'd his waves, and midnight still  
 Watch'd on the holy towers of Zion hill !

*Campbell.*

*The Present Aspect of Greece.*

He who hath bent him o'er the dead,  
 Ere the first day of death is fled—  
 The first dark day of nothingness,  
 The last of danger and distress—  
 Before Decay's effacing fingers  
 Have swept the lines where beauty lingers,  
 And mark'd the mild angelic air,  
 The rapture of repose that's there—  
 The fix'd yet tender traits that streak  
 The languor of the placid cheek—  
 And—but for that sad shrouded eye,  
     That fires not—wins not—weeps not—now—  
 And but for that chill changeless brow,  
 Whose touch thrills with mortality ;  
 And curdles to the gazer's heart,  
 As if to him it could impart  
 The doom, he dreads, yet dwells upon—  
 Yes—but for these—and these alone—  
 Some moments—ay—one treacherous hour,  
 He still might doubt the tyrant's power,  
 So fair—so calm—so softly seal'd  
 The first—last look—by death reveal'd !  
     Such is the aspect of this shore.  
 'Tis Greece—but living Greece no more !  
 So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,  
 We start—for soul is wanting there.  
 Hers is the loveliness in death,  
 That parts not quite with parting breath ;  
 But beauty with that fearful bloom,  
 That hue which haunts it to the tomb—  
 Expression's last receding ray,  
 A gilded halo hovering round decay,  
 The farewell beam of Feeling past away !  
 Spark of that flame—perchance of heavenly birth—  
 Which gleams—but warms no more its cherish'd earth !

*Byron.**The Curfew.*

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

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,  
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds ;  
 Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,  
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :  
 Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,  
 The moping owl does to the moon complain  
 Of such, as wandering near her secret bower,  
 Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath these rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,  
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,  
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep—  
 The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,  
 The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,  
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,  
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed !  
 For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,  
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care ;  
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share !  
 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :  
 How jocund did they drive their team a field !  
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !  
 Let not ambition mock their useful toil,  
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure ;  
 Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,  
 The short and simple annals of the poor.—  
 The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await, alike, the inevitable hour—  
 The paths of glory lead—but to the grave !  
 Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
 If memory o'er their tombs no trophies raise,  
 Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,  
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise—  
 Can storied urn, or animated bust,  
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
 Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust ?  
 Or flattery sooth the dull cold ear of death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid  
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;  
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,  
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :  
 But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;  
 Chill penury repress'd their noble rage,  
 And froze the genial current of the soul !  
 Full many a gem of purest ray serene,  
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;  
 Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air !  
 Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,  
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;  
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest—  
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.  
 The applause of listening senates to command,  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,  
 Their lot forbade ; nor circumscribed alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined—  
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind ;  
 The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide ;  
 To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame ;  
 Or heap the shrine of luxury and pride,  
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.  
 Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,  
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;  
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life  
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way !  
 Yet even these bones from insult to protect,  
 Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,  
 With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,  
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.  
 Their name, their years, spell'd by the unletter'd muse,  
 The place of fame and elegy supply ;  
 And many a holy text around she strews,  
 To teach the rustic moralist to die.

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

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires:  
 E'en from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
 E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires!

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

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

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,  
 That wreaths its old fantastic roots so high,  
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,  
 And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
 Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;  
 Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,  
 Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love!

"One morn I miss'd him on the accustom'd hill,  
 Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;  
 Another came, nor yet beside the rill,  
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he—

"The next—with dirges due, in sad array, [borne—  
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him  
 Approach, and read—for thou canst read—the lay,  
 'Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.

*The Epitaph.*

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,  
 A youth to fortune and to fame unknown;  
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth;  
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.



Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere ;  
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send,  
 He gave to Misery all he had—a tear : [friend.  
 He gain'd from Heaven—('twas all he wish'd)—a  
 No farther seek his merits to disclose,  
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—  
 There they alike in trembling hope repose,—  
 The bosom of his Father and his God! Gray.

~~~~~  
The Battle of Blenheim.

It was a summer's evening,
 Old Kaspar's work was done,
 And he before his cottage door
 Was sitting in the sun,
 And by him sported on the green
 His little grandchild Wihelmine.
 She saw her brother Peterkin
 Roll something large and round,
 Which he beside the rivulet
 In playing there had found ;
 He came to ask what he had found,
 That was so large and smooth, and round
 Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
 Who stood expectant by ;
 And then the old man shook his head,
 And with a natural sigh,
 " 'Tis some poor fellow's scull," said he,
 " Who fell in the great victory !
 " I find them in the garden,
 For there's many here about ;
 And often when I go to plough,
 The ploughshare turns them out :
 For many thousand men," said he,
 " Were slain in that great victory !"
 " Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
 Young Peterkin he cries ;
 And little Wihelmine looks up
 With wonder-waiting eyes ;
 " Now tell us all about the war,
 And what they kill'd each other for."

“ It was the English,” Kasper cried,

“ Who put the French to rout ;

But what they kill'd each other for,

I could not well make out.

But every body said,” quoth he,

“ That 'twas a famous victory !

“ My father lived at Blenheim then,

Yon little stream hard by ;

They burn'd his dwelling to the ground,

And he was forced to fly :

So with his wife and child he fled,

Nor had he where to rest his head !

“ With fire and sword the country round

Was wasted far and wide ;

And many a childing mother then,

And new-born baby died !—

But things like that, you know, must be

At every famous victory.

“ They say it was a shocking sight

After the field was won ;

For many thousand bodies here

Lay rotting in the sun !—

But things like that, you know, must be

After a famous victory.

“ Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,

And our good Prince Eugene.”

“ Why, 'twas a very wicked thing !”

Said little Wihelmine.

“ Nay—Nay—my little girl,” quoth he,

“ It was a famous victory !

“ And every body praised the Duke

Who this great fight did win,”

“ But what good came of it at last ?”

Quoth little Peterkin.

“ Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,

“ But 'twas a famous victory !”

Southey.

~~~~~  
*Song of Fitz Eustace.*

Where shall the lover rest

Whom the Fates sever

From his true maiden's breast—

Parted for ever ?—

Where through groves deep and high  
     Sounds the sad billow,  
 Where early violets die  
     Under the willow—  
     Soft shall be his pillow !  
 There through the summer days  
     Cool streams are laving,  
 There while the tempest plays,  
     Scarce are boughs waving ;  
 There thy rest shalt thou take,  
     Parted for ever !  
 Never again to wake,  
     Never !—Oh, never !  
 Where shall the traitor rest—  
     He !—the deceiver,  
 Who would win woman's breast,  
     Ruin and leave her ?—  
 In the lost battle  
     Borne down by the flying,  
 Where mingles war's rattle  
     With groans of the dying,  
 There shall he be lying.—  
 Her wings shall the eagle flap  
     O'er the false-hearted !  
 His warm blood the wolf shall lap  
     Ere life be parted !  
 Shame and dishonour sit  
     By his grave ever !  
 Blessings shall hallow it—  
     Never !—Oh, never !

Scott.

~~~~~  
The Field of Waterloo.

Stop !—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust !
 An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !
 Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust ?
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show ?
 None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,
 As the ground was before, thus let it be.—
 How that red rain—hath made the harvest grow !
 And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields ! king-making Victory ?

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

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

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear :
 And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :
 He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell !

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

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;

And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
 While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe ! they come !
 they come !"

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

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

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently-stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover—heap'd and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial
 blent !

Byron.

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*The Smuggler.*

And think ye now, ye sons of ease,  
 The smuggler's life is rough and rude ;

'Mid bawling winds, and roaring seas,  
He lives, a man of cheerless mood?

Ye little guess how many a smile  
To fortune's rugged frown we owe!  
Ye little guess the son of toil  
Knows sweeter ease than you can know!

"Now, bless thee, girl! the wind is fair  
And fresh, and may not long be so;  
We've little time, you know, to spare,  
So, gi's a buss, and let us go!"

The smuggler cries. A wight is he  
Fit for his trade: so rough and rude,  
He looks like—something of the sea—  
He is not of the landsman's brood!

His stature's big; his hazle eye  
Glistens beneath his bushy hair;  
His face is of a sunny die,  
His hands—his bosom, that is bare:

His voice is hoarse and sounding too:  
He has been wont to talk with winds  
And thunders, and the boisterous crew  
Of waves, whose moods he little minds.

His little, hardy infant son  
Sits crowing on his lusty neck:  
His wife—a fair and tender one—  
Murmurs and weeps upon his cheek:

He must not stay!—the treasures dear  
He hurries from him with a sigh:  
His rugged soul disdains a tear—  
Not but he has one in his eye!

The sail is set, she clears the shore,  
She feels the wind, and scuds away,  
Heels on her little keel, and o'er  
The jostling waves appears to play.

This is the smuggler's hardy crew:  
The mate, his tall and strapping son;  
Another active youth or two,  
Besides an old and childless man,

Who many a storm and wreck had seen ;  
 His head as hoary as the foam  
 Of the vex'd wave. He once had been  
 Another man !—had now no home,

Save what the ocean and the winds  
 Made for him—'twas a restless one !—  
 And they were harsh and wayward friends ;  
 But every other friend was gone !

And now the cliff is seen no more :  
 Around is nought but sea and sky :  
 And now the smuggler ponders o'er  
 His fears and hopes alternately.

O hope ! thou little airy form,  
 Thou thing of nothing, subtlest thing  
 That deals in potent spell, or charm !  
 Queen of the little fairy ring

That dances up and down the beam  
 Of the midnight moon, and loves to play  
 Such antics, by its witching gleam,  
 As scare or rap the sons of day !

When was the smile of human bliss  
 So fair as fiction'd forth by thee ?  
 Thy phantom gives a sweeter kiss  
 Than e'en the lover's fairest she !

Illusion bless'd ! how many a son  
 Of rude and wayward destiny,  
 Whom fortune never smiled upon,  
 Has yet been taught to smile by thee !

Now, with thy little golden wand,  
 Perch'd on the smuggler's helm, the wild  
 And savage sea thou wouldst command,  
 And make it merciful and mild ;

But 'tis a black and squally sky,  
 A restless, rough and raging sea,  
 Whose saucy waves thy power defy,  
 And make their moody mock of thee :

Yet, nothing moved, thou keep'st thy place  
 Beside the stern and hardy wight,

Who looks thee cheerly in the face,  
And little apprehends thy flight ;

Till, through the war of waves and winds,  
Regardless of their threatening roar,  
Thou guidest the smuggler, till he finds  
The port, and treads the sunny shore !

The traffic's made, the treasure stow'd,  
The wind is fair, the sail is spread,  
And, labouring with her secret load,  
Scarce heaves the little skiff her head.

Now is the smuggler's time of care :  
A weary watch he keeps ; nor night,  
Nor day, he rests ; nor those who share  
The fortunes of the venturous wight.

A veering course they steer, to shun  
The armed sail ; and strive to reach  
The nearest friendly land, and run  
For some safe creek, or shelter'd beach ;

Which soon, at night, they near : and then  
Laugh at their fears and perils o'er !—  
When, lo ! the wary beacon's seen  
To blaze !—An enemy's ashore—

Down goes the helm, about the sheet—  
The little bark obeys, and now,  
To clear the fatal land must beat  
The heavy surge with labouring prow.

She weathers it, when, lo ! a sail,  
By the faint star-light gleam, they find  
Has left the shore : as they can tell,  
She is about a league behind,

In chase of them !—Along the shore—  
The smuggler knows it well—there lies  
A little creek, three leagues, or more,  
And thither will he bear his prize.

Well sails the little skiff ! but vain  
Her efforts ; every knot they run  
The stranger draws on them amain—  
She nears them more than half a one !



The smuggler thinks 'tis over now ;  
 Thrice has he left the rudder, and  
 The fruitless dew from his sullen brow  
 Dash'd with his indignant hand :

When lo !—and think you not there was  
 Some bright and pitying spirit there,  
 That hover'd o'er the smuggler, as  
 He gave his rudder to despair ?—

Just as the heavy tears begin,  
 Upon the smuggler's cheek, to roll  
 Warm from that not unholy shrine,  
 The husband's and the father's soul—

The cutter springs her mast ! and lies  
 A useless log upon the seas ;  
 While the staunch skiff her wrath defies,  
 And likes the fair and freshening breeze !

But look !—what threatens yet behind ?  
 The wrath-fraught waves swell high and proud,  
 It 'gins to grow a squally wind,  
 With many a little ragged cloud

Sailing before the muffled storm,  
 Wrapp'd in a hundred clouds, with frown  
 As dark as death, and giant form,  
 Threatening to rush in thunder down,

In lightnings and in deluge !—Now  
 It comes !—it blows a hurricane !—  
 Great is the roar above—below !—  
 The flashes thick as the big rain,

That beats and batters the huge wave,  
 Rolling in wrath along !—what now  
 The smuggler's little skiff can save ?—  
 If heaven ordains, I think I know !

Her mainsail and her jib are down ;  
 Under her foresail reef'd she flies,  
 Through the black, fiery storm, whose frown,  
 Of death the smuggler still defies—

With dauntless arm the rudder rules,  
 Erect his brow and bold his mien ;

And as it scowls at him, he scowls,  
And looks it in the face again !

All night it rages on ; but now,  
As night declines it dies away ;  
And leaves the blessed East, to show  
The rosy lids of waking day,

That opes its glittering eye ; and Oh !  
How radiantly it shines !—it shines  
Upon the smuggler's cliff !—'tis so !  
Yet how 'tis so he scarce divines !

And, look ! who stands upon the beach,  
And waves a welcome with her hand ?  
What little cherub strives to reach  
Its father from the nearing land ?

O treasures dear !—What dome of state,  
The haunt of luxury and show,  
Contains so blithe a joy as that  
The smuggler's hut will shelter now ?

Oh ! how he glows again, to tell  
What perils he hath run !—what store  
Of merchandise he brings !—how well  
The skiff her share of duty bore !

Now tell me not, but, in my mind,  
Whate'er the smooth and sophist tongue  
Of luxury may sing,—you'll find  
Our sweetest joys from pain have sprung !

~~~~~  
Outalissi.

Night came,—and in their lighted bower, full late,
The joy of converse had endured—when, hark !
Abrupt and loud a summons shook their gate ;
And heedless of the dog's obstreperous bark,
A form has rush'd amidst them from the dark,
And spread his arms,—and fallen upon the floor :
Of aged strength his limbs retain'd the mark ;
But desolate he look'd, and famish'd poor,
As ever shipwreck'd wretch lone left on desert shore.

Uprisen, each wondering brow is knit and arch'd :
 A spirit from the dead they deem him first !
 To speak he tries ; but quivering, pale, and parch'd,
 From lips, as by some powerless dream accursed,
 Emotions unintelligible burst ;
 And long his filmed eye is red and dim ;
 At length the pity-proffer'd cup his thirst
 Had half assuaged, and nerved his shuddering limb,
 When Albert's hand he grasp'd ;—but Albert knew
 not him !—

' And hast thou then forgot,—he cried forlorn,
 And eyed the group with half indignant air,—
 ' Oh ! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn
 When I with thee the cup of peace did share ?
 Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,
 That now is white as Appalachia's snow ;
 But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair,
 And age hath bow'd me, and the torturing foe,
 Bring me my boy—and he will his deliverer know !'—
 It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame,
 Ere Henry to his loved Oneyda flew :
 ' Bless thee, my guide !'—but, backward, as he came,
 The chief his old bewilder'd head withdrew,
 And grasp'd his arm, and look'd and look'd him
 through.

'Twas strange—nor could the group a smile control—
 The long the doubtful scrutiny to view :—
 At last delight o'er all his features stole,
 ' It is—my own !' he cried, and clasp'd him to his soul.—

' Yes ! thou recall'st my pride of years, for then
 The bowstring of my spirit was not slack,
 When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambush'd men,
 I bore thee like the quiver on my back,
 Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack ;
 Nor foeman then, nor cougar's couch I fear'd,
 For I was strong as mountain cataract !
 And dost thou not remember how we cheer'd,
 Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts appear'd ?

' Then welcome be my death-song, and my death !
 Since I have seen thee, and again embraced !'

And longer had he spent his toil-worn breath
 But with affectionate and eager haste, ;
 Was every arm outstretch'd around their guest,
 To welcome and to bless his aged head.
 Soon was the hospitable banquet placed ;
 And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed
 On wounds, with fever'd joy, that more profusely bled.

'But this is not a time,'—he started up,
 And smote his breast with wo-denouncing hand—
 'This is no time to fill the joyous cup !
 The Mammoth comes !—the foe !—the Monster
 Brandt !—

With all his howling desolating band !—
 These eyes have seen their blade, and burning pine
 Awake, at once, and silence—half your land !
 Red is the cup they drink ;—but not with wine !
 Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine !

'Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe,
 'Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth :
 Accursed Brandt ! he left of all my tribe
 Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth :
 No !—not the dog, that watch'd my household hearth,
 Escaped, that night of blood, upon our plains !
 All perish'd !—I alone am left on earth,
 To whom nor relative nor blood remains—
 No !—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins !

'But go and rouse your warriors !—for—if right
 These old bewilder'd eyes could guess, by signs
 Of strip'd and starred banners—on yon height
 Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines,
 Some fort embattled by your country shines :
 Deep roars th' innavigable gulph below
 Its squared rock, and palisaded lines.
 Go, seek the light its warlike beacons show !
 Whilst I in ambush wait, for vengeance, and the foe !'
Campbell.

Jaspar

Jaspar was poor, and vice and want
 Had made his heart like stone ;

And Jasper look'd with envious eyes
On riches not his own.

On plunder bent abroad he went
Toward the close of day,
And loiter'd on the lonely road
Impatient for his prey.

No traveller came : he loiter'd long,
And often look'd around,
And paused and listen'd eagerly
To catch some coming sound.

He sate him down beside the stream
That cross'd the lonely way—
So fair a scene might well have charm'd
All evil thoughts away :

He sate beneath a willow tree
Which cast a trembling shade ;
The gentle river full in front
A little island made ;

Where pleasantly the moon-beam shone
Upon the poplar trees,
Whose shadow on the stream below
Play'd slowly to the breeze.

He listen'd—and he heard the wind
That waved the willow tree ;
He heard the waters flow along,
And murmur quietly.

He listen'd for the traveller's tread—
The nightingale sung sweet ;—
He started up, for now he heard
The sound of coming feet ;—

He started up and grasp'd a stake,
And waited for his prey ;
There came a lonely traveller,
And Jasper cross'd his way.

But Jasper's threats and curses fail'd
The traveller to appal,
He would not lightly yield the purse
Which held his little all.

Awhile he struggled, but he strove
With Jasper's strength in vain ;
Beneath his blows he fell and groan'd,
And never spake again.

Jasper raised up the murder'd man,
And plung'd him in the flood,
And in the running water then
He cleansed his hands from blood

The waters closed around the corpse,
And cleansed his hands from gore,
The willow waved, the stream flow'd on,
And murmur'd as before.

There was no human eye had seen
The blood the murderer spilt,
And Jasper's conscience never knew
The avenging goad of guilt.

And soon the ruffian had consumed
The gold he gain'd so ill,
And years of secret guilt pass'd on,
And he was needy still.

One eve beside the alehouse fire
He sate as it befell,
When in there came a labouring man
Whom Jasper knew full well.

He sate him down by Jasper's side
A melancholy man,
For, spite of honest toil, the world
Went hard with Jonathan.

His toil a little earn'd, and he
With little was content ;
But sickness on his wife had fall'n,
And all he had was spent.

Then with his wife and little ones
He shared the scanty meal,
And saw their looks of wretchedness,
And felt what wretches feel.

That very morn the landlord's power
Had seized the little left,

And now the sufferer found himself
Of every thing bereft.

He lean'd his head upon his hand,
His elbow on his knee,
And so by Jaspar's side he sate,
And not a word said he.

“Nay—why so downcast!” Jaspar cried,
“Come—cheer up, Jonathan!
Drink, neighbour, drink! 'twill warm thy heart—
Come! come! take courage man!”

He took the cup that Jaspar gave,
And down he drain'd it quick;
“I have a wife,” said Jonathan,
“And she is deadly sick.

“She has no bed to lie upon,
I saw them take her bed—
And I have children—would to Heaven
That they and I were dead!

“Our landlord, he goes home to-night,
And he will sleep in peace—
I would that I were in my grave,
For there all troubles cease.

“In vain I pray'd him to forbear,
Though wealth enough has he!
Heaven be to him as merciless
As he has been to me!”

When Jaspar saw the poor man's soul
On all his ills intent,
He plied him with the heartening cup,
And with him forth he went.

“This landlord on his homeward road
'Twere easy now to meet.
The road is lonesome, Jonathan—
And vengeance, man, is sweet!”

He listen'd to the tempter's voice,
The thought it made him start;
His head was hot, and wretchedness
Had harden'd now his heart.

Along the lonely road they went,
And waited for their prey,
They sate them down beside the stream
That cross'd the lonely way.

They sate them down beside the stream,
And never a word they said,
They sate and listen'd silently
To hear the traveller's tread.

The night was calm, the night was dark,
No star was in the sky,
The wind it waved the willow boughs,
The stream flow'd quietly.

The night was calm, the air was still,
Sweet sung the nightingale—
The soul of Jonathan was sooth'd,
His heart began to fail.

" 'Tis weary waiting here," he cried,
" And now the hour is late,—
Methinks he will not come to-night,
No longer let us wait."

" Have patience, man !" the ruffian said,
" A little we may wait,
But longer shall his wife expect
Her husband at the gate."

Then Jonathan grew sick at heart,
" My conscience yet is clear !
Jaspar—it is not yet too late—
I will not linger here."

" How now !" cried Jaspar, " why I thought
Thy conscience was asleep.
No more such qualms ! the night is dark,
The river here is deep !"

" What matters that ?" said Jonathan,
Whose blood began to freeze,
" When there is One above, whose eye
The deeds of darkness sees !"

" We are safe enough," said Jaspar then,
" If that be all thy fear !"

Nor eye below, nor eye above,
Can pierce the darkness here."

That instant, as the murderer spake,
There came a sudden light ;
Strong as the mid-day sun it shone,
Though all around was night :

It hung upon the willow tree,
It hung upon the flood,
It gave to view the poplar isle,
And all the scene of blood.

The traveller who journeys there,
He surely hath espied
A madman, who has made his home
Upon the river's side.

His cheek is pale, his eye is wild,
His look bespeaks despair ;
For Jasper since that hour has made
His home unshelter'd there.

And fearful are his dreams at night,
And dread to him the day ;
He thinks upon his untold crime,
And never dares to pray.

The summer suns, the winter storms,
O'er him unheeded roll,
For heavy is the weight of blood
Upon the maniac's soul !

Southey.

~~~~~  
*The Field of Morat.*

But these recede. Above me are the Alps,  
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls  
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,  
And throned Eternity in icy halls  
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls  
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow !  
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,  
Gather around these summits, as to show  
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man  
below.

But ere these matchless heights I dare to scan,  
 There is a spot should not be pass'd in vain,—  
 Morat ! the proud, the patriot field ! where man  
 May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,  
 Nor blush for those who conquer'd on that plain ;  
 Here Burgundy bequeath'd his tombless host,  
 A bony heap, through ages to remain,  
 Themselves their monument ;—the Stygian coast  
 Unsepulchred they roam'd, and shriek'd each wander-  
 ing ghost. . . . .

While Waterloo with Cannæ's carnage vies,  
 Morat and Marathon twin names shall stand ;  
 They were true Glory's stainless victories,  
 Won by the unambitious heart and hand  
 Of a proud, brotherly, and civic band !  
 All unbought champions in no princely cause  
 Of vice-entail'd Corruption ; they no land  
 Doom'd to bewail the blasphemy of laws  
 Making kings' rights divine, by some Draconic clause.

By a lone wall a lonelier column rears  
 A gray and grief-worn aspect of old days,  
 'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,  
 And looks as with the wild-bewilder'd gaze  
 Of one to stone converted by amaze,  
 Yet still with consciousness ; and there it stands  
 Making a marvel that it not decays,  
 When the coeval pride of human hands,  
 Levell'd Aventicum, hath strew'd her subject lands.

And there—oh ! sweet and sacred be the name !—  
 Julia—the daughter, the devoted—gave  
 Her youth to Heaven ; her heart beneath a claim  
 Nearest to Heaven's, broke—o'er a father's grave.  
 Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and hers would crave  
 The life she lived in ; but the judge was just,  
 And then she died on him she could not save.  
 Their tomb was simple and without a bust,  
 And held within their urn one mind, one heart, one dust.  
 But these are deeds which should not pass away,  
 And names that must not wither, though the earth  
 Forgets her empires with a just decay,  
 The enslavers and the enslaved, their death and birth.

The high, the mountain-majesty of worth  
 Should be, and shall, survivor of its wo!  
 And from its immortality look forth  
 In the sun's face, like yonder Alpine snow,  
 Imperishably pure beyond all things below. *Byron.*

~~~~~  
Outalissi's Death-Song.

'And I could weep;'—the Oneyda chief
 His descant wildly thus began;
 'But that I may not stain with grief
 The death-song of my father's son!
 Or bow his head in wo;
 For by my wrongs and by my wrath!
 To-morrow Areouski's breath,
 That fires yon heaven with storms of death,
 Shall light us to the foe:
 And we shall share, my Christian boy,
 The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

'But thee, my flower, whose breath was given
 By milder genii o'er the deep,
 The spirits of the white man's heaven
 Forbid not thee to weep:—
 Nor will the christian host,
 Nor will thy father's spirit grieve,
 To see thee, on the battle's eve,
 Lamenting, take a mournful leave
 Of her who loved thee most:
 She was the rainbow to thy sight!
 Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

'To-morrow let us do or die!—
 But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
 Ah! whither then with thee to fly,
 Shall Outalissi roam the world?—
 Seek we thy once-loved home?—
 The hand is gone that cropp'd its flowers!
 Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
 Cold is the hearth within their bowers!
 And should we thither roam,
 Its echoes, and its empty tread,
 Would sound like voices from the dead!

‘ Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
 Whose streams my kindred nation quaff’d,
 And by my side, in battle true,
 A thousand warriors drew the shaft?—
 Ah! there, in desolation, cold,
 The desert serpent dwells alone,
 Where grass o’ergrows each mouldering bone,
 And stones themselves to ruin grown,
 Like me, are death-like old!
 Then seek we not their camp—for there—
 The silence dwells of my despair!

‘ But hark, the trump!—to-morrow thou
 In glory’s fires shalt dry thy tears!
 Even from the land of shadows now
 My father’s awful ghost appears
 Amidst the clouds that round us roll!
 He bids my soul for battle thirst—
 He bids me dry—the last!—the first!
 The only tears that ever burst
 From Outalissi’s soul!
 Because I may not stain with grief
 The death-song of an Indian chief.’

Campbell.

~~~~~  
*Robin and Anna.*

She listens;—“ ’Tis the wind,” she cries:  
 The moon, that rose so full and bright,  
 Is now o’ercast: she looks, she sighs,  
 She fears ’twill be a stormy night.  
 Not long was Anna wed. Her mate,  
 A fisherman, was out at sea:  
 The night is dark, the hour is late,  
 The wind is high—and where is he?  
 “ Oh! who would love, Oh! who would wed  
 A wandering fisherman, to be  
 A wretched, lonely wife, and dread  
 Each breath that blows, when he’s at sea!”  
 Not long was Anna wed. One pledge  
 Of tender love her bosom bore:  
 The storm comes down! the billows rage!  
 Its father is not yet on shore!

“ Oh ! who would think her portion bless'd  
 A wandering seaman's wife to be,  
 To hug the infant to her breast,  
 Whose father's on a stormy sea !”

The thunder bursts ! the lightning falls !  
 The casement rattles with the rain !  
 And, as the gusty tempest bawls,  
 The little cottage quakes again !—

She doesn't speak ; she doesn't sigh ;  
 She gazes on her infant dear—  
 A smile lights up the cherub's eye,  
 Which dims its mother's with a tear !

“ Oh ! who would be a seaman's wife !  
 Oh ! who would bear a seaman's child ;  
 To tremble for her husband's life !  
 To weep—because her infant smiled !”

Ne'er hadst thou borne a seaman's boy—  
 Ne'er had thy husband left the shore—  
 Thou ne'er hadst felt the frantic joy,  
 To see—thy Robin at the door !—

To press his weather-beaten cheek,  
 To kiss it dry and warm again,  
 To weep the joy thou couldst not speak—  
 So pleasure's in the debt of pain !

Thy cheerful fire, thy plain repast,  
 Thy little couch of love, I ween,  
 Were ten times sweeter than the last—  
 And not a cloud that night was seen !

O happy pair ! the pains you know  
 Still hand in hand with pleasure come ;  
 For often does the tempest blow,  
 And Robin still is safe at home !

~~~~~  
Lord William.

No eye beheld when William plunged
 Young Edmund in the stream,
 No human ear but William's heard
 Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive all the vassals own'd
 The murderer for their lord,
 And he, as rightful heir, possess'd
 The house of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford
 Stood in a fair domain,
 And Severn's ample waters near
 Roll'd through the fertile plain.

And often the way-faring man
 Would love to linger there,
 Forgetful of his onward road,
 To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could Lord William dare
 To gaze on Severn's stream ;
 In every wind that swept its waves
 He heard young Edmund scream !

In vain at midnight's silent hour
 Sleep closed the murderer's eyes,
 In every dream the murderer saw
 Young Edmund's form arise !

In vain by restless conscience driven
 Lord William left his home,
 Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,
 In pilgrimage to roam.

To other climes the pilgrim fled—
 But could not fly despair ;
 He sought his home again—but peace
 Was still a stranger there.

Slow were the passing hours, yet swift
 The months appear'd to roll ;
 And now the day return'd that shook
 With terror William's soul—

A day that William never felt
 Return without dismay,
 For well had conscience kalendar'd
 Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that ! the rains
 Fell fast with tempest roar,

And the swoln tide of Severn spread
Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast,
In vain he quaff'd the bowl,
And strove with noisy mirth to drown
The anguish of his soul—

The tempest, as its sudden swell
In gusty howlings came,
With cold and death-like feelings seem'd
To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on,
His lonely couch he press'd ;
And wearied out, he sunk to sleep,—
To sleep—but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form,
Lord Edmund seem'd to stand,
Such and so pale as when in death
He grasp'd his brother's hand ;

Such and so pale his face as when
With faint and faltering tongue,
To William's care, a dying charge,
He left his orphan son.

“ I bade thee with a father's love
My orphan Edmund guard—
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge !
Now take thy due reward !”

He started up, each limb convulsed
With agonizing fear :
He only heard the storm of night,—
'Twas music to his ear.

When lo ! the voice of loud alarm
His inmost soul appals ;
“ What, ho ! Lord William, rise in haste !
The water saps thy walls !”

He rose in haste, beneath the walls
He saw the flood appear ;
It hemm'd him round, 'twas midnight now,
No human aid was near !

He heard the shout of joy, for now
 A boat approach'd the wall,
 And eager to the welcome aid
 They crowd for safety all.—

“ My boat is small,” the boatman cried,
 “ ’Twill bear but one away ;
 Come in, Lord William ! and do ye
 In God’s protection stay.”

Strange feeling fill’d them at his voice,
 Even in that hour of woe,
 That, save their Lord, there was not one
 Who wish’d with him to go.

But William leap’d into the boat,
 His terror was so sore ;
 “ Thou shalt have half my gold !” he cried,
 “ Haste !—haste to yonder shore !”

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
 Went light along the stream—
 Sudden Lord William heard a cry
 Like Edmund’s drowning scream.

The boatman paused, “ methought I heard
 A child’s distressful cry !”
 “ ’Twas but the howling wind of night,”
 Lord William made reply ;

“ Haste !—haste !—ply swift and strong the oar !
 Haste !—haste across the stream !”—
 Again Lord William heard a cry
 Like Edmund’s drowning scream.

“ I heard a child’s distressful voice,”
 The boatman cried again.
 “ Nay, hasten on !—the night is dark—
 And we should search in vain !”
 “ And, oh ! Lord William, dost thou know
 How dreadful ’tis to die ?
 And canst thou without pitying hear
 A child’s expiring cry ?

“ How horrible it is to sink
 Beneath the chilly stream,

To stretch the powerless arms in vain,
In vain for help to scream !”

The shriek again was heard : It came
More deep, more piercing loud :
That instant o'er the flood the moon
Shone through a broken cloud :

And near them they beheld a child,
Upon a crag he stood,
A little crag, and all around
Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat
Approach'd his resting-place :
The moon-beam shone upon the child,
And show'd how pale his face.

“ Now reach thine hand !” the boatman cried,
“ Lord William, reach and save !”—
The child stretch'd forth his little hands
To grasp the hand he gave—

Then William shriek'd ; the hand he touch'd
Was cold, and damp, and dead !
He felt young Edmund in his arms !
A heavier weight than lead !

The boat sunk down, the murderer sunk
Beneath the avenging stream ;
He rose, he shriek'd—no human ear
Heard William's drowning scream ! *Southey.*

~~~~~  
*The Mariners of England.*

Ye Mariners of England !  
That guard our native seas ;  
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,  
The battle, and the breeze !  
Your glorious standard launch again  
To match another foe !  
And sweep through the deep,  
While the stormy tempests blow ;  
While the battle rages loud and long,  
And the stormy tempests blow !

The spirits of your fathers  
 Shall start from every wave !—  
 For the deck it was their field of fame,  
 And Ocean was their grave ;  
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,  
 Your manly hearts shall glow,  
 As ye sweep through the deep,  
 While the stormy tempests blow !  
 While the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow !

Britannia needs no bulwark,  
 No towers along the steep ;  
 Her march is o'er the mountain waves !  
 Her home is on the deep !  
 With thunders from her native oak,  
 She quells the floods below—  
 As they roar on the shore,  
 When the stormy tempests blow ;  
 When the battle rages loud and long,  
 And the stormy tempests blow !

The meteor flag of England  
 Shall yet terrific burn ;  
 Till danger's troubled night depart,  
 And the star of peace return,  
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !  
 Our song and feast shall flow  
 To the fame of your name,  
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;  
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,  
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

*Campbell.*

~~~~~  
Thunder Storm among the Alps.

It is the hush of night ; and all between
 Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
 Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen—
 Save darken'd Jura, whose capp'd heights appear
 Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,
 There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
 Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
 Drops the light drip of the suspended oar ;
 Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more ;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
 His life an infancy, and sings his fill !
 At intervals, some bird from out the brakes,
 Starts into voice a moment—then is still.
 There seems a floating whisper on the hill—
 But that is fancy, for the star-light dews
 All silently their tears of love instil,
 Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
 Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

The sky is changed !—and such a change ! O night,
 And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong !
 Yet lovely in your strength, as in the light
 Of a dark eye in woman ! Far along,
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
 Leaps the live thunder !—not from one lone cloud ;
 But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
 And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud !

And this is in the night :—Most glorious night !
 Thou wert not sent for slumber ! let me be
 A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
 A portion of the tempest and of thee !
 How the lit lake shines !—a phosphoric sea !
 And the big rain comes dancing to the earth !
 And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
 Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth,
 As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his way be-
 tween
 Heights—which appear as lovers who have parted
 In hate, whose mining depths so intervene,
 That they can meet no more, though broken-hearted !
 Though in their souls, which thus each other
 thwarted,
 Love was the very root of the fond rage
 Which blighted their life's bloom, and then—de-
 parted !—
 Itself expired, but leaving them an age
 Of years—all winters !—war within themselves to
 wage !—

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath cleft his
 way,
 The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his stand :
 For here, not one, but many, make their play,
 And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to hand,
 Flashing and cast around ! of all the band,
 The brightest through these parted hills hath fork'd
 His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
 That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
 There the hot shaft should blast whatever therein
 lurk'd. Byron.

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*Ode to Winter.*

When first the fiery-mantled sun  
 His heavenly race began to run ;  
 Round the earth and ocean blue,  
 His children four the Seasons flew.  
 First, in green apparel dancing,  
 The young Spring smiled with angel grace ;  
 Rosy Summer next advancing,  
 Rush'd into her sire's embrace—  
 Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep  
 For ever nearest to his smiles,  
 On Calpe's olive-shaded steep,  
 On India's citron-cover'd isles :  
 More remote and buxom-brown,  
 The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne ;  
 A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,  
 A ripe sheaf bound her zone !  
 But howling Winter fled afar,  
 To hills that prop the polar star,  
 And loves on deer-borne car to ride,  
 With barren darkness by his side.  
 Round the shore where loud Lofoden  
 Whirls to death the roaring whale !  
 Round the hall where Runic Odin  
 Howls his war-song to the gale !—  
 Save when adown the ravaged globe  
 He travels on his native storm,  
 Deflowering nature's grassy robe,  
 And trampling on her faded form :—

Till light's returning lord assume  
 The shaft that drives him to his polar field,  
 Of power to pierce his raven plume,  
 And crystal-cover'd shield !

O sire of storms !—whose savage ear  
 The Lapland drum delights to hear,  
 When Frenzy with her blood-shot eye  
 Implores thy dreadful deity—  
 Archangel ! power of desolation !

Fast descending as thou art,  
 Say, hath mortal invocation,  
 Spells to touch thy stony heart ?  
 Then sullen Winter hear my prayer,  
 And gently rule the ruin'd year ;  
 Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,  
 Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear ;—  
 To shuddering want's unmantled bed,  
 Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lead ;  
 And gently on the orphan head  
 Of innocence descend !—

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds !  
 The sailor on his airy shrouds ;  
 When wrecks and beacons strew the steep,  
 And spectres walk along the deep !  
 Milder yet thy snowy breezes  
 Pour on yonder tented shores,  
 Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,  
 Or the dark-brown Danube roars.  
 O winds of Winter ! list ye there  
 To many a deep and dying groan ;  
 Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,  
 At shrieks and thunders louder than your own !  
 Alas ! even your unhallow'd breath  
 May spare the victim, fallen low—  
 But man will ask no truce to death,—  
 No bounds to human woe.

*Campbell.*

*The Arab Maid's Song.*

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

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

Our sands are bare—but down their slope  
 The silvery-footed antelope  
 As gracefully and gaily springs,  
 As o'er the marble courts of kings !  
 Then come !—thy Arab maid will be  
 The loved and lone acacia-tree ;  
 The antelope, whose feet shall bless  
 With their light sound thy loneliness.

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

As if the very lips and eyes  
 Predestined to have all our sighs,  
 And never be forgot again,  
 Sparkled and spoke before us then !

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

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

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

But if for me thou dost forsake  
 Some other maid, and rudely break  
 Her worshipp'd image from its base,  
 To give to me the ruin'd place ;—  
 Then, fare thee well—I'd rather make  
 My bower upon some icy lake,  
 When thawing suns begin to shine,  
 Than trust to love so false as thine !

*Moore.*

*Flight of O'Connor's Child, and Death of her Lover.*

' At bleating of the wild watch-fold  
 Thus sang my love—" Oh, come with me !  
 Our bark is on the lake—behold  
 Our steeds are fasten'd to the tree.  
 Come far from Castle-Connor's clans !—  
 Come with thy belted forestere,  
 And I, beside the lake of swans,  
 Shall hunt for thee the fallow deer ;  
 And build thy hut, and bring thee home  
 The wild fowl and the honey-comb ;  
 And berries from the wood provide,  
 And play my clarshech by thy side—  
 Then come, my love !" —How could I stay ?  
 Our nimble stag-hounds track'd the way,  
 And I pursued by moonless skies,  
 The light of Connocht Moran's eyes !

' And fast and far, before the star  
 Of day-spring, rush'd we through the glade,  
 And saw at dawn the lofty bawn  
 Of Castle-Connor fade.  
 Sweet was to us the hermitage  
 Of this unplough'd, untrodden shore ;  
 Like birds all joyous from the cage,  
 For man's neglect we loved it more !  
 And well he knew, my huntsman dear,  
 To search the game with hawk and spear ;  
 While I, his evening food to dress,  
 Would sing to him in happiness !  
 But oh, that midnight of despair,  
 When I was doom'd to rend my hair !  
 The night, to me of shrieking sorrow !  
 The night to him—that had no morrow !

' When all was hush'd at even-tide,  
 I heard the baying of their beagle :  
 Be hush'd ! my Connocht Moran cried,  
 'Tis but the screaming of the eagle—  
 Alas ! 'twas not the eyrie's sound,  
 Their bloody bands had track'd us out ;  
 Up-listening starts our couchant hound—  
 And, hark ! again, that nearer shout

Brings faster on the murderers.  
 Spare—spare him—Brazil—Desmond fierce !  
 In vain—no voice the adder charms ;  
 Their weapons cross'd my sheltering arms ;  
 Another's sword has laid him low—  
 Another's and another's ;  
 And every hand that dealt the blow—  
 Ah me ! it was a brother's !  
 Yes, when his moanings died away,  
 Their iron hands had dug the clay,  
 And o'er his burial turf they trod,  
 And I beheld—O God ! O God !  
 His life-blood oozing from the sod !      *Campbell.*

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Ode to Eloquence.

Heard ye those loud-contending waves,
 That shook Cecropia's pillar'd state ?
 Saw ye the mighty from their graves
 Look up and tremble at her fate ?
 Who shall calm the angry storm ?
 Who the mighty task perform ;
 And bid the raging tumult cease ?
 See, the son of Hermes rise,
 With siren tongue, and speaking eyes,
 Hush the noise, and sooth to peace !
 See the olive branches waving
 O'er Ilisus' winding stream,
 Their lovely limbs the Naiads laving,
 The Muses smiling by, supreme !
 See the nymphs and swains advancing,
 To harmonious measures dancing :
 Grateful Io Pæans rise
 To thee, O Power ! who can inspire
 Soothing words—or words of fire,
 And shook thy plumes in Attic skies !
 Lo ! from the regions of the north,
 The reddening storm of battle pours,
 Rolls along the trembling earth,
 Fastens on the Olynthian towers.

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

The jarring states, obsequious now,
 View the patriot's hand on high;
 Thunder gathering on his brow,
 Lightning flashing from his eye!
 Borne by the tide of words along,
 One voice, one mind, inspire the throng!
 "To arms! to arms! to arms!" they cry,
 "Grasp the shield, and draw the sword,
 Lead us to Philippi's lord,
 Let us conquer him, or die!"

Ah, Eloquence! thou wast undone;
 Wast from thy native country driven,
 When tyranny eclipsed the sun,
 And blotted out the stars of heaven!
 When Liberty from Greece withdrew,
 And o'er the Adriatic flew
 To where the Tiber pours his urn—
 She struck the rude Tarpeian rock,
 Sparks were kindled by the stroke—
 Again thy fires began to burn!
 Now shining forth, thou madest compliant,
 The conscript fathers to thy charms,
 Roused the world-bestridding giant,
 Sinking fast in Slavery's arms!
 I see thee stand by Freedom's fane,
 Pouring the persuasive strain,
 Giving vast conceptions birth:
 Hark! I heard thy thunders sound,
 Shake the forum round and round,
 Shake the pillars of the earth!
 First born of Liberty divine!
 Put on Religion's bright array:
 Speak! and the starless grave shall shine
 The portal of eternal day!

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

~~~~~  
*The Sister's Curse.*

“ And go ! I cried, the combat seek,  
 Ye hearts that unappalled bore  
 The anguish of a sister's shriek,  
 Go !—and return no more !  
 For sooner guilt the ordeal brand  
 Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold  
 The banner with victorious hand,  
 Beneath a sister's curse unroll'd.  
 Oh, stranger ! by my country's loss !  
 And by my love ! and by the cross !  
 I swear I never could have spoke  
 The curse that sever'd nature's yoke ;  
 But that a spirit o'er me stood,  
 And fired me with the wrathful mood ;  
 And frenzy to my heart was given,  
 To speak the malison of heaven.

“ They would have cross'd themselves all mute,  
 They would have pray'd to burst the spell ;  
 But at the stamping of my foot  
 Each hand down powerless fell !  
 And go to Athunree ! I cried,  
 High lift the banner of your pride !  
 But know that where its sheet unrolls  
 The weight of blood is on your souls !  
 Go where the havoc of your kerne  
 Shall float as high as mountain fern !  
 Men shall no more your mansion know ;  
 The nettles on your hearth shall grow !  
 Dead as the green oblivious flood,  
 That mantles by your walls, shall be  
 The glory of O'Connor's blood !  
 Away ! away to Athunree !

Where downward when the sun shall fall  
 The raven's wing shall be your pall ;  
 And not a vassal shall unlace  
 The vizor from your dying face !

“ A bolt that overhung our dome,  
 Suspended till my curse was given,  
 Soon as it pass'd these lips of foam,  
 Peal'd in the blood-red heaven !  
 Dire was the look that o'er their backs  
 The angry parting brothers threw :  
 But now, behold ! like cataracts,  
 Come down the hills in view,  
 O'Connor's plumed partisans,  
 Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans  
 Were marching to their doom :  
 A sudden storm their plumage toss'd,  
 A flash of lightning o'er them cross'd,  
 And all again was gloom !

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Alexander's Feast.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son,
 Aloft in awful state,
 The god-like hero sat
 On his imperial throne.
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound :
 So should desert in arms be crown'd.
 The lovely Thais by his side,
 Sat like a blooming eastern bride,
 In flower of youth, and beauty's pride.—
 Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave, deserves the fair.
 Timotheus placed on high
 Amid the tuneful choir,
 With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.—

The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seat above—
 Such is the power of mighty love!—
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
 Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia press'd,
 And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the
 world !

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound :
 " A present deity !" they shout around ;
 " A present deity !" the vaulted roofs rebound—
 With ravish'd ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus, then, the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young !—
 The jolly god in triumph comes !
 Sound the trumpets ! beat the drums !
 Flush'd with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath!—he comes ! he comes !
 Bacchus ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain :
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure ;
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
 Rich the treasure ;
 Sweet the pleasure ;
 Sweet is pleasure, after pain !

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain ;
 Fought all his battles o'er again :
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew
 the slain !

The master saw the madness rise ;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ;
 And while he heaven and earth defied—
 Changed his hand and check'd his pride.
 He chose a mournful muse,
 Soft pity to infuse :

He sang Darius great and good !
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen ! fallen ! fallen ! fallen !
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood !
 Deserted at his utmost need
 By those his former bounty fed,
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes !
 With downcast look the joyless victor sat,
 Revolving, in his alter'd soul,
 The various turns of fate below ;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow !

The mighty master smiled, to see
 That love was in the next degree :
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move ;
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble :
 Honour but an empty bubble ;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying.
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, Oh think it worth enjoying !
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee !
 The many rend the skies with loud applause,
 So love was crown'd ; but music won the cause.—
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
 Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
 At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
 The vanquish'd victor—sunk upon her breast !
 Now strike the golden lyre again !
 A louder vet, and yet a louder strain !
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder !

Hark ! hark !—The horrid sound
 Has raised up his head,
 As awaked from the dead ;
 And, amazed, he stares around !
 Revenge ! revenge ! Timotheus cries—
 See the furies arise !
 See the snakes that they rear,
 How they hiss in their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !
 These are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,
 And unburied remain
 Inglorious on the plain !
 Give the vengeance due
 To the valiant crew !
 Behold ! how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods !—
 The princes applaud, with a furious joy ;
 And the King seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey !
 And, like another Helen fired—another Troy !

Thus long ago,
 Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
 While organs yet were mute ;
 Timotheus to his breathing flute
 And sounding lyre,
 Could swell the soul to rage—or kindle soft desire.
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame.
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown :
 He raised a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down !

Dryden.

The Passions.

When Music, heavenly 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,
 Possess'd beyond the Muse's painting.
 By turns, they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined:
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspired,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
 And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each—for Madness ruled the hour—
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewilder'd laid;
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 Even at the sound himself had made.

Next, Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings own'd his sacred stings.
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept, with hurried hands, the strings.

With woful measures, wan Despair—
 Low sullen sounds!—his grief beguiled;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
 'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure!
 Still it whisper'd promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
 Still would her touch the strain prolong;
 And, from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still through all her song.
 And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
 And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden
 hair.

And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient 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,
 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 mein ;
 While each strain'd ball of sight—seem'd bursting from
 his head.

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 Love ; now, raving, call'd on
 Hate.
 With face upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired ;
 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.
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole ;
 Or o'er some haunted streams, 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 shoulders 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-eye'd Queen,
 Satyrs, and sylvan Boys, were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green :

Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear ;
And Sport leap'd up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial.
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand address'd ;
But, soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
They would have thought who heard the strain,
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
Amid the festal sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;
While, as the flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love framed 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.

Collins.

BLANK VERSE.

Pandemonium.

HIGH on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 Showers on her kings barbaric, pearl and gold,
 Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
 To that bad eminence : and, from despair
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
 Vain war with heaven ; and by success untaught,
 His proud imaginations thus display'd :

“ Powers and dominions, deities of heaven—
 For, since no deep within her gulf can hold
 Immortal vigour, though oppress'd and fallen,
 I give not heaven for lost—from this descent
 Celestial virtues rising, will appear
 More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
 Me though just right, and the fix'd laws of heaven,
 Did first create your leader ; next, free choice,
 With what besides, in council or in fight,
 Hath been achieved 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 heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
 Envy from each inferior ; but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain ? Where there is then no good
 For which to strive, no strife can grow up there

From faction : for none sure will claim in hell
 Precedence ; none, whose portion is so small
 Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
 Will covet more. With this advantage then
 To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
 More than can be in heaven, we now return
 To claim our just inheritance of old,
 Surer to prosper than prosperity
 Could have assured us ; and, by what best way,
 Whether of open war, or covert guile,
 We now debate : who can advise, may speak.”
 He ceased : and next him Moloch, sceptred king,
 Stood up ; the strongest and the fiercest spirit
 That fought in heaven ; now fiercer by despair :
 His trust was, with the Eternal to be deem'd
 Equal in strength ; and rather than be less
 Cared not to be at all : with that care lost
 Went all his fear : of God, or hell, or worse,
 He reck'd not ; and these words thereafter spake :
 “ My sentence is for open war ! of wiles,
 More unexpert, I boast not ; them 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 lingering here
 Heaven'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 heaven's high towers 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.
 The 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, driven out from bliss, condemn'd
 In this abhorred deep to utter wo ;
 Where pain of unextinguishable fire
 Must exercise us without hope of end,
 The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
 Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
 Calls 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 enraged,
 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 power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne ;
 Which, if not victory, is yet revenge !”

He ended frowning, and his look denounced
 Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
 To less than gods. On the other side up-rose
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane.
 A fairer person lost not heaven ! he seem'd
 For dignity composed, and high exploit :
 But all was false and hollow ; though his tongue
 Dropp'd manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest counsels : for his thoughts were low ;

To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
 Timorous and slothful : yet he pleased the ear,
 And with persuasive accent thus began :
 “ I should be much for open war, O peers !
 As not behind in hate, if what was urged
 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 towers of heaven are fill'd
 With armed watch, that render all access
 Impregnable : oft on the bordering deep
 Encamp their legions ; or, with obscure wing,
 Scout far and wide into the realms 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
 Heaven's purest light !—yet our great enemy,
 All incorruptible, would on his throne
 Sit unpolluted ; and the ethereal mould,
 Incapable of stain, would soon expel
 Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
 Victorious ! Thus repulsed, our final hope
 Is flat despair ! we must exasperate
 The 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,
 Reserved, and destined, to eternal wo;
 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 heaven'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,
 Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold 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—
 Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall!
 One day upon our heads; while we perhaps
 Designing or exhorting glorious war,
 Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd
 Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
 Of wrecking whirlwinds!—or for ever sunk
 Under yon boiling ocean, wrapp'd in chains
 There to converse with everlasting groans,
 Unrespited! unpitied! unreprieved!
 Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
 War therefore, open or concealed, alike
 My voice dissuades."

Thus Belial, with words clothed in reason's garb,
 Counsell'd ignoble ease, and peaceful sloth,
 Not peace: and after him thus Mammon spake:
 "Either to disenthroned the King of heaven
 We war, if war be best; or to regain
 Our own right lost. Him to unthroned we then
 May hope—when everlasting fate shall yield
 To fickle chance, and Chaos judge the strife!
 The former vain to hope, argues as vain
 The latter: for what place can be for us
 Within heaven's bound, unless heaven's Lord supreme

We overpower? Suppose he should relent,
 And publish grace to all, on promise made
 Of new subjection; with what eyes could we
 Stand in his presence humble, and receive
 Strict laws imposed, to celebrate his throne
 With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead sing
 Forced hallelujahs; while he lordly sits
 Our envied Sovereign, and his altar breathes
 Ambrosial odours and ambrosial flowers,
 Our servile offerings? This must be our task
 In heaven—this our delight! How wearisome
 Eternity so spent, in worship paid
 To whom we hate! Let us not then pursue—
 By force impossible, by leave obtain'd
 Unacceptable, though in heaven—our state
 Of splendid vassalage; but rather seek
 Our own good from ourselves, and from our own
 Live to ourselves, though in this vast recess,
 Free, and to none accountable, preferring
 Hard liberty before the easy yoke
 Of servile pomp! Our greatness will appear
 Then most conspicuous, when great things of small,
 Useful of hurtful, prosperous of adverse,
 We can create; and in what place so'er
 Thrive under evil, and work ease out of pain,
 Through labour and endurance! This deep world
 Of darkness do we dread? How oft amidst
 Thick clouds and dark doth heaven's all-ruling Sire
 Choose to reside, his glory unobscured;
 And with the majesty of darkness round
 Covers his throne, from whence deep thunders roar
 Mustering their rage, and heaven resembles hell!
 As he, our darkness, cannot we his light
 Imitate when we please? This desert soil
 Wants not her hidden lustre, gems and gold;
 Nor want we skill or art, from whence to raise
 Magnificence; and what can heaven show more?
 Our torments also may in length of time
 Become our elements; these piercing fires
 As soft as now severe—our temper changed
 Into their temper—which must needs remove
 The sensible of pain. All things invite

To peaceful counsels, and the settled state
 Of order, how, in safety, best we may
 Compose our present evils, with regard
 Of what we are, and where ; dismissing quite
 All thoughts of war. Ye have what I advise."

He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
 The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain
 The sound of blustering winds, which all night long
 Had roused the sea, now with hoarse cadence lull
 Seafaring men o'erwatch'd, whose bark, by chance,
 Or pinnacle, anchors in a craggy bay
 After the tempest: such applause was heard
 As Mammon ended, and his sentence pleased
 Advising peace ; for such another field
 They dreaded worse than hell : so much the fear
 Of thunder and the sword of Michael
 Wrought still within them ; and no less desire
 To found this nether empire, which might rise
 By policy and long process of time,
 In emulation opposite to heaven.

Which when Beelzebub perceived—than whom,
 Satan except, none higher sat—with grave
 Aspect he rose, and in his rising seem'd
 A pillar of state ! Deep on his front engraven
 Deliberation sat, and public care ;
 And princely counsel in his face yet shone,
 Majestic, though in ruin ! Sage he stood
 With Atlantean shoulders fit to bear
 The weight of mightiest monarchies ! His look
 Drew audience and attention still as night
 Or summer's noontide air, while thus he spake ;

“ Thrones and imperial powers, offspring of heaven,
 Ethereal virtues !—or these titles now
 Must we renounce, and, changing style, be call'd
 Princes of hell ? for so the popular vote
 Inclines ; here to continue, and build up here
 A growing empire !—doubtless while we dream ;
 And know not that the King of heaven hath doom'd
 This place our dungeon ; not our safe retreat
 Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
 From heaven's high jurisdiction, in new league
 Banded against his throne ; but to remain

In strictest bondage, though thus far removed ;
 Under the inevitable curb, reserved
 His captive multitude : for he, be sure—
 In height or depth, still first and last—will reign
 Sole king ; and of his kingdom lose no part
 By our revolt ; but over hell extend
 His empire, and with iron sceptre rule
 Us here, as, with his golden, those in heaven.
 What sit we then projecting peace and war ?
 War hath determined us, and foil'd with loss
 Irreparable ! terms of peace yet none
 Vouchsafed or sought : for what peace will be given
 To us enslaved, but custody severe
 And stripes, and arbitrary punishment
 Inflicted ? and what peace can we return,
 But to our power hostility and hate,
 Untamed reluctance, and revenge, though slow,
 Yet ever plotting how the conqueror least
 May reap his conquest, and may least rejoice
 In doing what we most in suffering feel ?
 Nor will occasion want, nor shall we need
 With dangerous expedition to invade
 Heaven, whose high walls fear no assault or siege,
 Or ambush from the deep. What if we find
 Some easier enterprise ? There is a place—
 If ancient and prophetic fame in heaven
 Err not—another world, the happy seat
 Of some new race, call'd Man, about this time
 To be created like to us, though less
 In power and excellence, but favour'd more
 Of him who rules above ; so was his will
 Pronounced among the gods ; and by an oath,
 That shook heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd.
 Thither let us bend all our thoughts : to learn
 What creatures there inhabit ; of what mould,
 Or substance ; how endued ; and what their power,
 And where their weakness ; how attempted best—
 By force or subtlety. Though heaven be shut,
 And heaven's high arbitrator sit secure
 In his own strength ; this place may lie exposed,
 The utmost border of his kingdom, left
 To their defence who hold it. Here perhaps

Some advantageous act may be achieved
 By sudden onset—either with hell-fire
 To waste his whole creation, or possess
 All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
 The puny habitants ; or, if not drive,
 Seduce them to our party, that their God
 May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
 Abolish his own work. This would surpass
 Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
 In our confusion, and our joy upraise
 In his disturbance, when his darling sons,
 Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, shall curse
 Their frail original, and faded bliss—
 Faded so soon ! Advise, if this be worth
 Attempting, or to sit in darkness here
 Hatching vain empires !” Thus Beelzebub
 Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devised
 By Satan, and in part proposed : for whence,
 But from the author of all ill, could spring
 So deep a malice ?—to confound the race
 Of mankind in one root, and earth with hell
 To mingle and involve !—done all to spite
 The great creator. But their spite still serves
 His glory to augment. The bold design
 Pleased highly those infernal states, and joy
 Sparkled in all their eyes. With full assent
 They vote ; whereat his speech he thus renews :

“ Well have ye judged, well ended long debate,
 Synod of gods ; and, like to what ye are,
 Great things resolved, which, from the lowest deep,
 Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
 Nearer our ancient seat—perhaps in view [arms
 Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbouring
 And opportune excursion, we may chance
 Re-enter heaven, or else in some mild zone
 Dwell, not unvisited of heaven's fair light,
 Secure ; and at the brightening orient beam
 Purge off this gloom : the soft delicious air,
 To heal the scar of these corrosive fires,
 Shall breathe her balm. But first, whom shall we send
 In search of this new world ? whom shall we find
 Sufficient ? who shall tempt with wandering feet.

The dark, unbottom'd, infinite abyss;
 And through the palpable obscure find out
 His uncouth way ; or spread his aëry flight,
 Upborne with indefatigable wings,
 Over the vast abrupt ere he arrive
 The happy isle ? What strength, what art can then
 Suffice, or what evasion bear him safe
 Through the strict senteries and stations thick
 Of angels watching round ? here he had need
 All circumspection ; and we now, no less
 Choice in our suffrage ; for, on whom we send,
 The weight of all and our last hope relies !”

This said, he sat ; and expectation held
 His look suspense, awaiting who appear'd
 To second, or oppose, or undertake
 The perilous attempt : but all sat mute,
 Pondering the danger with deep thoughts ; and each
 In other's countenance read his own dismay,
 Astonish'd. None among the choice and prime
 Of those heaven-warring champions could be found
 So hardy, as to proffer or accept,
 Alone, the dreadful voyage : till, at last,
 Satan, whom now transcendent glory raised
 Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
 Conscious of highest worth, unmoved thus spake :

“ O progeny of heaven ! empyreal thrones !
 With reason hath deep silence and demur
 Seized us, though undismay'd. Long is the way
 And hard, that out of hell leads up to light ;
 Our prison strong ; this huge convex of fire,
 Outrageous to devour, immures us round
 Ninefold ; and gates of burning adamant,
 Barr'd over us, prohibit all egress.
 These pass'd—if any pass—the void profound
 Of unessential night receives him next
 Wide-gaping, and with utter loss of being
 Threatens him, plunged in that abortive gulf :
 If thence he 'scape—into whatever world,
 Or unknown region, what remains him less,
 Than unknown dangers, and as hard escape ?
 But I should ill become this throne, O peers,
 And this imperial sovereignty, adorn'd

With splendour, arm'd with power ; if aught proposed
And judged of public moment, in the shape
Of difficulty or danger, could deter
Me from attempting ! Wherefore do I assume
These royalties, and not refuse to reign,
Refusing to accept as great a share
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and so much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the rest
High honour'd sits ? Go, therefore, mighty powers !
Terror of heaven, though fallen ; intend at home,
While here shall be our home, what best may ease
The present misery, and render hell
More tolerable ; if there be cure or charm
To respite, or deceive, or slack the pain
Of this ill mansion : intermit no watch
Against a wakeful foe, while I abroad
Through all the coasts of dark destruction seek
Deliverance for us all !—This enterprise
None shall partake with me." Thus saying rose
The monarch, and prevented all reply ;
Prudent, lest, from his resolution raised,
Others among the chief might offer now—
Certain to be refused—what erst they fear'd ;
And, so refused, might in opinion stand
His rivals ; winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge must earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure, than his voice
Forbidding ; and at once with him they rose :
Their rising all at once, was as the sound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend
With awful reverence prone ; and as a god
Extol him equal to the Highest in heaven :
Nor fail'd they to express how much they praised,
That for the general safety HE despised
His own : for neither do the spirits damn'd
Lose all their virtue ; lest bad men should boast
Their specious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or close ambition, varnish'd o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful consultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchless chief :
As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds

Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread
 Heaven's cheerful face, the lowering element
 Scowls o'er the darken'd landscape snow, or shower;
 If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
 Extend his evening beam, the fields revive,
 The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
 Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings.

~~~~~  
*Satan to Beelzebub.*

“ If thou beest he—but Oh, how fallen ! how changed  
 From him, who, in the happy realms of light,  
 Clothed with transcendent brightness did outshine  
 Myriads though bright !—if he, whom mutual league,  
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
 And hazard—in the glorious enterprise  
 Join'd with me once—now misery hath join'd  
 In equal ruin—into what pit thou seest  
 From what height fallen, so much the stronger proved  
 He with his thunder : and till then who knew  
 The force of those dire arms ? Yet not for those,  
 Nor what the potent Victor in his rage  
 Can else inflict, do I repent or change,  
 Though changed in outward lustre, that fix'd mind,  
 And high disdain from sense of injured merit,  
 That with the Mightiest raised me to contend ;  
 And to the fierce contention brought along  
 Innumerable force of spirits arm'd,  
 That durst dislike his reign, and me preferring,  
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed  
 In dubious battle on the plains of heaven,  
 And shook his throne ! What though the field be lost ?  
 All is not lost ! the unconquerable will,  
 And study of revenge ; immortal hate,  
 And courage never to submit or yield ;  
 And what is else not to be overcome ?—  
 That glory never shall his wrath or might  
 Extort from me ! To bow and sue for grace  
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power,  
 Who from the terror of this arm so late  
 Doubted his empire ! that were low indeed !  
 That were an ignominy, and shame beneath

This downfall ! since, by fate, the strength of gods  
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail ;  
 Since, through experience of this great event,  
 In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,  
 We may with more successful hope resolve  
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,  
 Irreconcilable to our grand foe,  
 Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy,  
 Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of heaven !”

~~~~~  
Satan's Reproof of Beelzebub.

“ Fallen cherub ! to be weak is miserable,
 Doing or suffering ; but of this be sure,
 To do aught good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight,
 As being the contrary to his high will
 Whom we resist. If then his providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil ;
 Which oft-times may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and disturb
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim.
 But see, the angry Victor hath recall'd
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
 Back to the gates of heaven : the sulphurous hail,
 Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid
 The fiery surge, that from the precipice
 Of heaven received us falling ; and the thunder,
 Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.
 Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn,
 Or satiate fury, yield it from our foe.
 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
 The seat of desolation, void of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
 Casts pale and dreadful ? Thither let us tend
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves ;
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there ;
 And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,

Consult how we may henceforth most offend
 Our enemy ; our own loss how repair ;
 How overcome this dire calamity ;
 What reinforcement we may gain from hope ;
 If not, what resolution from despair !”

~~~~~  
*Satan Surveying the Horrors of Hell.*

“ Is this the region, this the soil, the clime ?”  
 Said then the lost archangel, “ this the seat  
 That we must change for heaven ; this mournful gloom  
 For that celestial light ? Be it so ! since he,  
 Who now is Sovereign, can dispose and bid  
 What shall be right ; farthest from him is best,  
 Whom reason hath equall'd, force hath made supreme,  
 Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,  
 Where joy for ever dwells ! Hail, horrors ! hail,  
 Infernal world ! and thou, profoundest hell !  
 Receive thy new possessor—one, who brings  
 A mind not to be changed by place or time.  
 The mind is its own place, and in itself  
 Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.  
 What matter where, if I be still the same,  
 And what I should be—all but less than he  
 Whom thunder had made greater ? Here at least  
 We shall be free ; the Almighty hath not built  
 Here for his envy, will not drive us hence :  
 Here we may reign secure ; and, in my choice,  
 To reign is worth ambition, though in hell :  
 Better to reign in hell, than serve in heaven !  
 But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,  
 The associates and co-partners of our loss,  
 Lie thus astonish'd on the oblivious pool,  
 And call them not to share with us their part  
 In this unhappy mansion ; or once more  
 With rallied arms to try what may be yet  
 Regain'd in heaven, or what more lost in hell ?”

~~~~~  
Satan Arousing his Legions.

‘ Princes ! Potentates !
 Warriors ! the flower of heaven ! once yours, now lost—

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

~~~~~  
*Description of the Fallen Angels Wandering through  
 Hell.*

Thus roving on  
 In confused march forlorn, the adventurous bands  
 With shuddering horror pale, and eyes aghast,  
 View'd first their lamentable lot, and found  
 No rest. Through many a dark and dreary vale  
 They pass'd, and many a region dolorous;  
 O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,  
 Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and shades of  
 death!—

A universe of death! which God by curse  
 Created evil: for evil only good;  
 Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,  
 Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things;  
 Abominable, unutterable, and worse  
 Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceived,  
 Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimæras dire!

~~~~~  
Evening in Paradise.

Now came still evening on, and twilight grey
 Had in her sober livery all things clad;
 Silence accompanied; for beast and bird—
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were slunk—all but the wakeful nightingale;

She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
 Silence was pleased : now glow'd the firmament
 With living sapphires : Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length
 Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve : " Fair consort ! the hour
 Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
 Mind us of like repose ; since God hath set
 Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
 Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep,
 Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
 Our eye-lids : other creatures all day long
 Rove idle, unemploy'd, and less need rest ;
 Man hath his daily work of body or mind
 Appointed, which declares his dignity,
 And the regard of heaven on all his ways ;
 While other animals inactive range,
 And of their doings God takes no account.
 To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
 With first approach of light, we must be risen,
 And at our pleasant labour, to reform
 Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
 Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
 That mock our scant manuring, and require
 More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth :
 Those blossoms also, and those drooping gums,
 That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
 Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease ;
 Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd :
 " My author and disposer, what thou bidst
 Unargued I obey : so God ordains.—
 God is thy law : thou mine : to know no more
 Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise !
 With thee conversing, I forget all time ;
 All seasons, and their change—all please alike.
 Sweet is the breath of morn—her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds ; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,

Glistering with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild : then silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train—
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistering with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
 Nor grateful evening mild ; nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird ; nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering star-light, without thee, is sweet !”

~~~~~  
*Satan's Address to the Sun.*

“ O thou, that, with surpassing glory crown'd  
 Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god  
 Of this new world !—at whose sight all the stars  
 Hide their diminish'd heads !—to thee I call,  
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,  
 O sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,  
 That bring to my remembrance from what state  
 I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere,  
 'Till pride and worse ambition threw me down  
 Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King !  
 Ah ! wherefore ? he deserved no such return  
 From me, whom he created what I was  
 In that bright eminence ; and with his good  
 Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.  
 What could be less than to afford him praise,  
 The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,  
 How due ! yet all his good proved ill in me,  
 And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high,  
 I disdain'd subjection, and thought one step higher  
 Would set me highest, and in a moment quit  
 The debt immense of endless gratitude—  
 So burdensome still paying, still to owe !—  
 Forgetful what from him I still received ;  
 And understood not that a grateful mind  
 By owing owes not, but still pays, at once  
 Indebted and discharged ; what burden then ?  
 Oh, had his powerful destiny ordain'd

Me some inferior angel, I had stood  
 Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised  
 Ambition. Yet why not ? some other power  
 As great, might have aspired ; and me, though mean,  
 Drawn to his part : but other powers as great  
 Fell not, but stand unshaken ; from within  
 Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.  
 Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand ?  
 Thou hadst : whom hast thou then or what to accuse,  
 But heaven's free love dealt equally to all ?  
 Be then his love accursed ! since, love or hate  
 To me alike, it deals eternal woe !  
 Nay, cursed be thou ! since, against his ; thy will  
 Chose freely what it now so justly rues.  
 Me miserable ! which way shall I fly  
 Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?  
 Which way I fly is hell ! myself am hell !  
 And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep  
 Still threatening to devour me opens wide,  
 To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven !  
 Oh, then, at last relent ! is there no place  
 Left for repentance ? none for pardon left ?  
 None left but by submission : and that word  
 Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame  
 Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced  
 With other promises and other vaunts  
 Than to submit, boasting I could subdue—  
 The Omnipotent ! Ay me ! they little know  
 How dearly I abide that boast so vain ;  
 Under what torments inwardly I groan,  
 While they adore me on the throne of hell.  
 With diadem and sceptre high advanced,  
 The lower still I fall ; only supreme  
 In misery—Such joy ambition finds !  
 But say I could repent, and could obtain,  
 By act of grace, my former state—how soon  
 Would height recall high thoughts ; how soon unsay  
 What feign'd submission swore ! Ease would recant  
 Vows made in pain, as violent and void—  
 For never can true reconciliation grow,  
 Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep—  
 Which would but lead me to a worse relapse

And heavier fall ; so should I purchase dear  
 Short intermission bought with double smart !  
 This knows my punisher ; therefore as far  
 From granting, he—as I, from begging, peace !  
 All hope excluded thus, behold, instead  
 Of us out-cast ! exiled ! his new delight,  
 Mankind, created, and for him this world.  
 So farewell hope ! and with hope, farewell fear !  
 Farewell remorse ! all good to me is lost ;  
 Evil, be thou my good ! by thee, at least  
 Divided empire with heaven's King I hold ;  
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign,  
 As man ere long, and this new world, shall know !”

~~~~~  
Adam's Account of Himself with regard to his Creation.

“ For man to tell how human life began
 Is hard ; for who himself beginning knew ?
 Desire with thee still longer to converse
 Induced me. As new-waked from soundest sleep,
 Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid,
 In balmy sweat ; which with his beams the sun
 Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
 Straight toward heaven my wondering eyes I turn'd,
 And gazed awhile the ample sky ; till raised
 By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
 Stood on my feet : about me round I saw
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapse of murmuring streams ; by these,
 Creatures that lived and moved, and walk'd or flew ;
 Birds on the branches warbling ; all things smiled ;
 With fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd !
 Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
 Survey'd ; and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led :
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
 Knew not. To speak I tried, and forthwith spake ;
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
 Whate'er I saw. ‘ Thou sun,’ said I, ‘ fair light !
 And thou, enlighten'd earth ! so fresh and gay,
 Ye hills, and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,

And ye that live and move, fair creatures ! tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how I came thus ?—how here ?”

~~~~~

*Contest between Satan and Gabriel.*

“ Why has thou Satan, broke the bounds prescribed  
To thy transgression, and disturb'd the charge  
Of others, who approve not to transgress  
By thy example, but have power and right  
To question thy bold entrance on this place—  
Employ'd, it seems, to violate sleep, and those  
Whose dwelling God hath planted here in bliss ?”

To whom thus Satan with contemptuous brow :  
“ Gabriel, thou hadst in heaven the esteem of wise,  
And such I held thee ; but this question ask'd  
Puts me in doubt. Lives there who loves his pain?  
Who would not, finding way, break loose from hell,  
Though thither doom'd ? Thou wouldst thyself no doubt,  
And boldly venture to whatever place  
Farthest from pain, where thou might'st hope to change  
Torment with ease, and soonest recompense  
Dole with delight ; which in this place I sought :  
To thee no reason, who know'st only good,  
But evil hast thou tried : and wilt object  
His will who bound us ? Let him surer bar  
His iron gates, if he intends our stay  
In that dark durance : Thus much was ask'd.  
The rest is true ; they found me where they say ;  
But that implies not violence or harm.”

Thus he in scorn. The warlike angel moved,  
Disdainfully half-smiling, thus replied :  
“ Oh ! loss of one in heaven to judge of wise,  
Since Satan fell, whom folly overthrew !  
And now returns him from his prison 'scaped,  
Gravely in doubt whether to hold them wise  
Or not, who ask what boldness brought him hither  
Unlicensed from his bounds in hell prescribed.  
So wise he judges it to fly from pain,  
However, and to 'scape his punishment.  
So judge thou still, presumptuous ! till the wrath,  
Which thou incurr'st by flying, meet thy flight  
Sevenfold, and scourge that wisdom back to hell,

Which taught thee yet no better—that no pain  
 Can equal anger infinite provoked!  
 But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee  
 Came not all hell broke loose? is pain to them  
 Less pain, less to be fled; or thou than they  
 Less hardy to endure? Courageous chief!  
 The first in flight from pain! hadst thou alleged  
 To thy deserted host this cause of flight,  
 Thou surely hadst not come sole fugitive."

To which the fiend thus answer'd, frowning stern:  
 "Not that I less endure or shrink from pain,  
 Insulting angel! well thou know'st I stood  
 Thy fiercest, when in battle to thy aid  
 The blasting vollied thunder made all speed,  
 And seconded thy else not dreaded spear.  
 But still thy words at random, as before,  
 Argue thy inexperience what behoves  
 From hard assays and ill successes past  
 A faithful leader; not to hazard all  
 Through ways of danger by himself untried:  
 I therefore, I alone! first undertook  
 To wing the desolate abyss, and spy  
 This new-created world, whereof in hell  
 Fame is not silent, here in hope to find  
 Better abode, and my afflicted powers  
 To settle here on earth, or in mid air—  
 Though for possession put to try once more  
 What thou and thy gay legions dare against;  
 Whose easier business were to serve their Lord  
 High up in heaven, with songs to hymn his throne,  
 And practised distances to cringe—not fight!"

To whom the warrior-angel soon replied:  
 "To say, and straight unsay—pretending first  
 Wise to fly pain, professing next the spy—  
 Argues no leader, but a liar traced,  
 Satan! And couldst thou faithful add! O name,  
 O sacred name of faithfulness profaned!  
 Faithful to whom? to thy rebellious crew?  
 Army of fiends! fit body to fit head!  
 Was this your discipline and faith engaged,  
 Your military obedience, to dissolve  
 Allegiance to the acknowledged Power supreme?"

And thou, sly hypocrite ! who now wouldst seem  
 Patron of liberty, who more than thou  
 Once fawn'd, and cringed, and servilely adored  
 Heaven's awful Monarch ?—wherefore, but in hope  
 To dispossess him, and thyself to reign ?  
 But mark what I aread thee now—Avaunt !  
 Fly thither whence thou fled'st. If from this hour  
 Within these hallow'd limits thou appear,  
 Back to the infernal pit I drag thee chain'd,  
 And seal thee so, as henceforth not to scorn  
 The facile gates of hell too slightly barr'd.”

So threaten'd he ; but Satan to no threats  
 Gave heed, but waxing more in rage replied :

“ Then when I am thy captive, talk of chains,  
 Proud liminary cherub ! but ere then  
 Far heavier load thyself expect to feel  
 From my prevailing arm, though heaven's King  
 Ride on thy wings, and thou with thy compeers—  
 Used to the yoke !—draw'st his triumphant wheels  
 In progress through the road of heaven star-paved.”

While thus he spake, the angelic squadron bright  
 Turn'd fiery red, sharpening in mooned horns  
 Their phalanx, and began to hem him round  
 With ported spears, as thick as when a field  
 Of Ceres, ripe for harvest, waving bends  
 Her bearded grove of ears, which way the wind  
 Sways them ; the careful ploughman doubting stands,  
 Lest on the thrashing-floor his hopeful sheaves  
 Prove chaff. On the other side, Satan, alarm'd,  
 Collecting all his might, dilated stood,  
 Like Teneriff or Atlas, unremoved :  
 His stature reach'd the sky, and on his crest  
 Sat horror plumed ; nor wanted in his grasp  
 What seem'd both spear and shield. Now dreadful deeds  
 Might have ensued ; Not only Paradise,  
 In this commotion, but the starry cope  
 Of heaven perhaps, or all the elements  
 At least, had gone to wreck, disturb'd and torn  
 With violence of this conflict, had not soon  
 The Eternal, to prevent such horrid fray,  
 Hung forth in heaven his golden scales, yet seen  
 Betwixt Astrea and the Scorpion sign,

Wherein all things created first he weigh'd—  
 The pendulous round earth with balanced air  
 In counterpoise ; now ponders all events,  
 Battles and realms—In these he put two weights,  
 The sequel each of parting and of fight :  
 The latter quick up flew, and kick'd the beam ;  
 Which Gabriel spying thus bespake the fiend :

“ Satan, I know thy strength, and thou know'st  
 Neither our own, but given : what folly then [mine ;  
 To boast what arms can do ; since thine, no more  
 Than Heaven permits, nor mine, though doubled now  
 To trample thee as mire : for proof look up,  
 And read thy lot in yon celestial sign ; [weak  
 Where thou art weigh'd, and shown how light, how  
 If thou resist.” The fiend look'd up, and knew  
 His mounted scale aloft : nor more ; but fled  
 Murmuring ; and with him fled the shades of night.

~~~~~

The Good Preacher and the Clerical Coxcomb.

Would I describe a preacher, such as Paul,
 Were he on earth, would hear, approve, and own,
 Paul should himself direct me ; I would trace
 His master-strokes, and draw from his design.
 I would express him simple, grave, sincere ;
 In doctrine uncorrupt : in language plain ;
 And plain in manner. Decent, solemn, chaste,
 And natural in gesture. Much impress'd
 Himself, as conscious of his awful charge,
 And anxious, mainly that the flock he feeds
 May feel it too. Affectionate in look,
 And tender in address, as well becomes
 A messenger of grace to guilty men.
 Behold the picture !—is it like ?—like whom ?
 The things that mount the rostrum with a skip,
 And then—skip down again ? pronounce a text,
 Cry, hem ! and, reading what they never wrote
 Just fifteen minutes, huddle up their work,
 And with a well-bred whisper close the scene ?

In man or woman—but far most in man,
 And most of all in man that ministers,
 And serves the altar—in my soul I loathe

All affectation : 'tis my perfect scorn :
 Object of my implacable disgust.
 What !—will a man play tricks—will he indulge
 A silly fond conceit of his fair form
 And just proportion, fashionable mien
 And pretty face, in presence of his God ?
 Or will he seek to dazzle me with tropes,
 As with the diamond on his lily hand ;
 And play his brilliant parts before my eyes,
 When I am hungry for the bread of life ?
 He mocks his Maker, prostitutes and shames
 His noble office, and instead of truth,
 Displaying his own beauty, starves his flock.
 Therefore, avaunt ! all attitude and stare,
 And start theatric, practised at the glass !
 I seek divine simplicity in him
 Who handles things divine ; and all beside,
 Though learn'd with labour, and though much admired
 By curious eyes and judgments ill-informed,
 To me is odious.

Comper

~~~~~  
*Celadon and Amelia.*

'Tis listening fear, and dumb amazement all :  
 When to the startled eye, the sudden glance  
 Appears far south, eruptive through the cloud ;  
 And, following slower, in explosion vast,  
 The thunder raises his tremendous voice !  
 At first heard solemn, o'er the verge of Heaven,  
 The tempest growls ; but as it nearer comes,  
 And rolls its awful burden on the wind,  
 The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more  
 The noise astounds ; till, over head, a sheet  
 Of livid flame discloses wide ; then shuts,  
 And opens wider ; shuts and opens still,  
 Expansive, wrapping æther in a blaze :  
 Follows the loosen'd, aggravated roar,  
 Enlarging, deepening, mingling ; peal on peal  
 Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.  
 Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought :  
 And yet, not always on the guilty head  
 Descends the fated flash.—Young Celadon

And his Amelia were a matchless pair ;  
 With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,  
 The same ; distinguish'd by their sex alone :  
 Hers the mild lustre of the blooming morn,  
 And his the radiance of the risen day.

They loved ; but such their guileless passion was  
 As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart  
 Of innocence, and undissembling truth.  
 'Twas friendship, heighten'd by the mutual wish :  
 The enchanting hope, and sympathetic glow,  
 Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all  
 To love, each was to each a dearer self ;  
 Supremely happy in the awaken'd power  
 Of giving joy. Alone, amid the shades,  
 Still in harmonious intercourse, they lived  
 The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,  
 Or sigh'd, and look'd unutterable things !

So pass'd their life—a clear, united stream,  
 By care unruffled ; till, in evil hour,  
 The tempest caught them on the tender walk,  
 Heedless how far, and where its mazes stray'd ;  
 While, with each other bless'd created love  
 Still bade eternal Eden smile around.  
 Presaging instant fate, her bosom heaved  
 Unwonted sighs ; and stealing oft a look  
 Towards the big gloom, on Celadon her eye  
 Fell tearful, wetting her disorder'd cheek.  
 In vain assuring love, and confidence  
 In Heaven, repress'd her fear ; it grew, and shook  
 Her frame near dissolution. He perceived  
 The unequal conflict ; and, as angels look  
 On dying saints, his eyes compassion shed,  
 With love illumined high. “ Fear not,” he said,  
 “ Sweet innocence ! thou stranger to offence  
 And inward storm ! He who yon skies involves  
 In frowns of darkness, ever smiles on thee  
 With kind regard. O'er thee the secret shaft  
 That wastes at midnight, or the undreaded hour  
 Of noon, flies harmless ; and that very voice,  
 Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,  
 With tongues of seraphs whispers peace to thine !  
 'Tis safety to be near thee sure, and thus

To clasp perfection!" From his void embrace—  
 Mysterious Heaven! that moment to the ground,  
 A blacken'd corse, was struck the beauteous maid!  
 But who can paint the lover, as he stood  
 Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,  
 Speechless, and fix'd in all the death of wo?  
 So,—faint resemblance!—on the marble tomb,  
 The well-dissembled mourner, stooping stands,  
 For ever silent, and for ever sad. *Thomson.*

~~~~~  
On the Being of a God.

Retire;—the world's shut out;—thy thoughts call home!
 Imagination's airy wing repress;
 Lock up thy senses;—let no passion stir;—
 Wake all to Reason;—let her reign alone:—
 Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
 Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,
 As I have done; and shall inquire no more.
 In Nature's channel, thus the questions run.

What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know,
 But that I am; and since I am, conclude
 Something eternal; had there e'er been nought,
 Nought still had been: eternal there must be.
 But what eternal?—Why not human race;
 And Adam's ancestor without an end?—
 That's hard to be conceived; since every link
 Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail;
 Can every part depend, and not the whole?
 Yet grant it true, new difficulties rise;
 I'm still quite out at sea, nor see the shore.
 Whence earth, and these bright orbs?—eternal too?—
 Grant matter was eternal; still these orbs
 Would want some other father; much design
 Is seen in all their motions, all their makes;
 Design implies intelligence, and art:
 That can't be from themselves—or man; that art
 Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow?
 And nothing greater, yet allow'd, than man?—
 Who, motion, foreign to the smallest grain,
 Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
 Who bade brute matter's restive lump assume

Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly ?
 Has matter innate motion ? then each atom,
 Asserting its indisputable right
 To dance, would form a universe of dust :
 Has matter none ? then whence these glorious forms,
 And boundless flights, from shapeless, and reposed ?
 Has matter more than motion ? Has it thought,
 Judgment, and genius ? Is it deeply learned
 In mathematics ? Has it framed such laws,
 Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal ?—
 If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,
 Who think a clod inferior to a man !
 If art, to form ; and counsel, to conduct—
 And that with greater far, than human skill,
 Resides not in each block ;—a GODHEAD reigns.—
 And, if a God there is, that God how great ! *Young.*

~~~~~  
*Lavinia.*

The lovely young Lavinia once had friends ;  
 And fortune smiled deceitful on her birth ;  
 For, in her helpless years deprived of all—  
 Of every stay—save innocence and Heaven,  
 She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,  
 And poor, lived in a cottage, far retired  
 Among the windings of a woody vale ;  
 By solitude and deep surrounding shades  
 But more by bashful modesty conceal'd.  
 Together thus they shunn'd the cruel scorn  
 Which virtue, sunk to poverty, would meet  
 From giddy passion, and low-minded pride ;  
 Almost on Nature's common bounty fed ;  
 Like the gay birds that sung them to repose,  
 Content and careless of to-morrow's fare.  
 Her form was fresher than the morning rose,  
 When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure,  
 As is the lily, or the mountain snow :  
 The modest virtues mingled in her eyes,  
 Still on the ground dejected, darting all  
 Their humid beams into the blooming flowers :  
 Or, when the mournful tale her mother told,  
 Of what her faithless fortune promised once,

Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy star  
 Of evening, shone in tears. A native grace  
 Sat fair-proportion'd on her polish'd limbs,  
 Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,  
 Beyond the pomp of dress ; for loveliness  
 Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
 But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most.  
 Thoughtless of beauty, she was beauty's self,  
 Recluse amid the close-embowering woods.  
 As in the hollow breast of Appenine,  
 Beneath the shelter of encircling hills,  
 A myrtle rises, far from human eye,  
 And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild ;  
 So flourish'd, blooming, and unseen by all,  
 The sweet Lavinia ; till at length compell'd  
 By strong Necessity's supreme command,  
 With smiling patience in her looks, she went  
 To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of swains  
 Palemon was, the generous and the rich ;  
 Who led the rural life in all its joy  
 And elegance, such as Arcadian song  
 Transmits from ancient uncorrupted times ;  
 When tyrant custom had not shackled man,  
 But free to follow Nature was the mode.  
 He then his fancy with autumnal scenes  
 Amusing, chanced beside his reaper-train  
 To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye ;  
 Unconscious of her power, and turning quick  
 With unaffected blushes from his gaze :  
 He saw her charming, but he saw not half  
 The charms her downcast modesty conceal'd.  
 That very moment love and chaste desire  
 Sprung in his bosom, to himself unknown ;  
 For still the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,  
 Which scarce the firm philosopher can scorn,  
 Should his heart own a gleaner in the field ;  
 And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd :  
 " What pity, that so delicate a form,  
 By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense  
 And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,  
 Should be devoted to the rude embrace  
 Of some indecent clown ! She looks, methinks,

Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind  
 Recalls that patron of my happy life,  
 From whom my liberal fortune took its rise ;  
 Now to the dust gone down ; his houses, lands,  
 And once fair-spreading family, dissolved !  
 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,  
 Urged by remembrance sad, and decent pride,  
 Far from those scenes which knew their better days,  
 His aged widow and his daughter live,  
 Whom yet my fruitless search could never find :  
 Romantic wish ! would this the daughter were !”

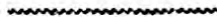
When, strict inquiring from herself, he found  
 She was the same, the daughter of his friend,  
 Of bountiful Acasto ! who can speak  
 The mingled passions, that surprised his heart,  
 And through his nerves in shivering transport ran !  
 Then blazed his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold ;  
 And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,  
 Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.  
 Confused, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,  
 Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,  
 As thus Palemon, passionate and just,  
 Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul :

“ And art thou then Acasto's dear remains ?  
 She, whom my restless gratitude has sought  
 So long in vain ? O heavens ! the very same,  
 The soften'd image of my noble friend,  
 Alive his every look, his every feature,  
 More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring !  
 Thou soul-surviving blossom from the root  
 That nourish'd up my fortune ! say, ah ! where,  
 In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn  
 The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven,  
 Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair ;  
 Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,  
 Beat keen and heavy on thy tender years ?  
 Oh, let me, now, into a richer soil  
 Transplant thee safe ! where vernal suns, and showers,  
 Diffuse their warmest, largest influence ;  
 And of my garden be the pride and joy !  
 Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits  
 Acasto's daughter—his, whose open stores,

Though vast, were little to his ampler heart—  
 The father of a country! thus to pick  
 The very refuse of those harvest fields,  
 Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.  
 Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,  
 But ill-applied to such a rugged task ;  
 The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine ;  
 If to the various blessings which thy house  
 Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,  
 That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee !”

Here ceased the youth : yet still his speaking eye  
 Express'd the sacred triumph of his soul,  
 With conscious virtue, gratitude, and love,  
 Above the vulgar joy divinely raised.  
 Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm  
 Of goodness irresistible, and all  
 In sweet disorder lost, she blush'd consent—  
 The news immediate to her mother brought,  
 While pierced with anxious thought, she pined away  
 The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate.  
 Amazed, and scarce believing what she heard,  
 Joy seized her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam  
 Of setting life shone on her evening hours :  
 Not less enraptured than the happy pair ;  
 Who flourish'd long in tender bliss, and rear'd  
 A numerous offspring, lovely like themselves,  
 And good, the grace of all the country round.

*Thomson*



## DRAMATIC PIECES.

*Cardinal Wolsey's Speech to Cromwell.*

Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear,  
 In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman—  
 Let's dry our eyes, and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;  
 And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,  
 And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention  
 Of me must more be heard ; say then I taught thee—  
 Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,  
 And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,  
 Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in :  
 A sure, and safe one—though thy master miss'd it.  
 Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me :  
 Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition !  
 By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,  
 The image of his maker, hope to win by't ?  
 Love thyself last : cherish those hearts that hate thee :  
 Corruption wins not more than honesty.  
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,  
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.  
 Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,  
 Thy God's, and truth's ; then if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,  
 Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King.  
 And, pr'ythee, lead me in——  
 There take an inventory of all I have ;  
 To the last penny 'tis the King's. My robe,  
 And my integrity to Heaven, is all  
 I dare now call my own, O Cromwell ! Cromwell !  
 Had I but served my God with half the zeal  
 I served my King, he would not in mine age  
 Have left me naked to mine enemies ! *Shakspeare.*



*Henry V. to his Soldiers.*

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;  
 Or close the wall up with the English dead !  
 In peace, there's nothing so becomes a man,  
 As modest stillness and humility :  
 But when the blast of war blows up 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 !  
 Now, set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;  
 Hold hard the breath ; and bend up every spirit  
 To its full height. Now, on, you 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 !  
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,  
 Straining upon the start.—The game's afoot !——  
 Follow your spirit : and, upon this charge,  
 Cry, God for Harry, England, and St. George !

*Shakspeare.**Marcellus's Speech to the Mob.*

Wherefore, rejoice ? that Cæsar comes in triumph !  
 What conquest bring he home ?  
 What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
 To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels ?  
 You blocks ! you stones ! you worse than senseless things !  
 Oh you hard hearts ! you cruel men of Rome !  
 Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft,  
 Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
 To towers and windows, yea, to chimney 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 shores !  
 And do you now put on your best attire ?  
 And do you now cull out a holyday ?  
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,  
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?  
 Begone !——  
 Run to your houses ! fall upon your knees !  
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plagues,  
 That needs must light on this ingratitude !

*Shakspeare.*

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Henry Vth's Speech before the Battle of Agincourt.
 What's he that wishes for more men from England ?
 My cousin 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.
 No, no, my lord, wish not a man from England !
 Rather proclaim it, Westmoreland, throughout my host,
 That he who hath no stomach to this fight,
 May straight depart : his passport shall be made,
 And crowns for convoy put into his purse :
 We would not die in that man's company !—
 This day is call'd the Feast of Crispian.
 He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
 Will stand a-tip-toe when this day is named,
 And rouse him at the name of Crispian !
 He that outlives this day, and sees 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 and Gos'ter,
 Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd ;
 This story shall the goodman teach his son :
 And Crispian's day shall ne'er go by,
 From this time to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remember'd ;
 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 e'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition ;
 And gentlemen in England, now a-bed,
 Shall think themselves accursed they were not here ;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks,
 That fought with us upon Saint Crispian's day !
Shakspeare.

~~~~~  
*Douglas's Account of Himself.*

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

Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,  
 And, heaven-directed, came this day to do  
 The happy deed, that gilds my humble name. *Home.*

*Rollo to the Peruvians.*

My brave associates!—partners of my toil, my feelings,  
 and my fame! Can Rollo's words add vigour to the  
 virtuous energies which inspire your hearts?—No;—  
 you have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty  
 plea by which these bold invaders would delude you.  
 —Your generous spirit has compared, as mine has, the  
 motives which, in a war like this, can animate their  
 minds and ours.—They, by a strange frenzy driven,  
 fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule;—we,  
 for our country, our altars, and our homes.—They  
 follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power  
 which they hate;—we serve a monarch whom we love,  
 —a God whom we adore.—Whene'er they move in  
 anger, desolation tracks their progress!—Where'er  
 they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship.  
 —They boast, they come but to improve our state,  
 enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of  
 error!—Yes—they—they will give enlightened freedom  
 to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion,  
 avarice, and pride!—They offer us their protection—  
 Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—cover-  
 ing and devouring them!—They call on us to barter  
 all of good we have inherited and proved, for the  
 desperate chance of something better which they  
 promise.—Be our plain answer this: The throne we  
 honour is the people's choice—the laws we reverence  
 are our brave fathers' legacy—the faith we follow  
 teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind,  
 and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave.—Tell  
 your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no  
 change; and least of all, such change as they would  
 bring us. *Sheridan's Pizarro.*

*Cato's Soliloquy.*

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!  
 Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,

This longing after Immortality ?  
 Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
 Of falling into nought ? Why shrinks the soul  
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction ?—  
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us :  
 'Tis Heaven itself, that points out—an hereafter,  
 And intimates—Eternity to man.  
 Eternity !—thou pleasing—dreadful thought !  
 Through what variety of untried being,  
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass !  
 The wide, the unbounded prospect, lies before me ;  
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.  
 Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us—  
 And that there is, all nature cries aloud  
 Through all her works—He must delight in virtue ;  
 And that which He delights in, must be happy.  
 But when ? or where ? This world—was made for Cæsar.  
 I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*]

Thus I am doubly arm'd. My death and life,  
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.  
 This—in a moment, brings me to an end ;  
 But this—informs me I shall never die !  
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles  
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.—  
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years ;  
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
 Unhurt amid the war of elements,  
 The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds !

*Addison.*

~~~~~  
Brutus on the Death of Cæsar.

Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers !—hear me for
 my cause ; and be silent that you may hear. Believe
 me for mine honour ; and have respect to mine honour,
 that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom ;
 and awake your senses, that you may the better judge.
 —If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend
 of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus's love to Cæsar
 was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand

why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer ; not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves ; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen ?—As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him ; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it ; as he was valiant, I honour him ; but as he was ambitious, I slew him ! There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition !—Who's here so base, that would be a bondman ? if any, speak ! for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman ? if any, speak ! for him have I offended. Who's here so vile, that will not love his country ? if any, speak ! for him have I offended.—I pause for a reply.—

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

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

Shakspeare.

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*Hamlet's Soliloquy on Death.*

To be—or not to be ?—that is the question,—  
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer  
 The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
 And, by opposing, end them ?—To die—to sleep—  
 No more !—and, by a sleep, to say we end  
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks  
 That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation  
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep—  
 To sleep ?—perchance to dream !—ay, there's the rub !—  
 For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,  
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,

Must give us pause.—There's the respect,  
 That makes calamity of so long life.  
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,  
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,  
 The insolence of office, and the spurns  
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes—  
 When he himself might his quietus make,  
 With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,  
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,  
 But that the dread of something after death—  
 That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne  
 No traveller returns!—puzzles the will;  
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,  
 Than fly to others that we know not of.  
 Thus, conscience does make cowards of us all:  
 And, thus, the native hue of resolution  
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;  
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,  
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
 And lose the name of action! *Shakspeare.*

~~~~~  
Mark Antony's Oration.

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!—Noble Brutus
 Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious—
 If it was so, it was a grievous fault;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it!
 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
 For Brutus is an honourable man!
 So they are all! all, honourable men—
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me—
 But Brutus says he was ambitious—
 And Brutus is an honourable man!
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have 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 as do him reverence !
 O masters ! if I were disposed to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
 Who, you all know are honourable men !—
 I will not do them wrong : I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
 Than I will wrong such honourable men !—
 But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar—
 I found it in his closet—'tis his will !
 Let but the commons hear his testament—
 Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
 And they will go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
 Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills,
 Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
 Unto their issue !—

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle ? I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent—
 That day he overcame the Nervii !—

Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through !—
 See what a rent the envious Casca made !—
 Through this—the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd !
 And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it !—
 As rushing out of doors to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knock'd or no ;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel !—
 Judge, O ye gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
 This, this was the unkindest cut of all ;
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab !—
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitor's arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him. Then burst his mighty heart ;
 And in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue—
 Which all the while ran blood ! Great Cæsar fell !
 Oh what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down ;
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us !
 Oh, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops !
 Kind souls ! what ! weep you when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ?—look you here !
 Here is himself—marr'd as you see, by traitors !—
 Good friends ! sweet friends ! let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny !
 They that have done this deed are honourable !—
 What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,
 That made them do it : they are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :
 I am no orator as Brutus is :
 But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
 That loves his friend—and that they know full well,
 That gave me public leave to speak of him—
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on !
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know ;
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb
 mouths !
 And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny! *Shakspeare.*

~~~~~  
*Shylock justifying his meditated Revenge.*

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge.  
 He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a  
 million! laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains,  
 scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my  
 friends, heated my enemies! And what's his reason?  
 I am a Jew! Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew  
 hands? organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions?  
 Is he not fed with the same food, hurt with the same  
 weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the  
 same means, warmed and cooled by the same summer  
 and winter, as a Christian is? If you stab us, do we  
 not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If  
 you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us,  
 shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest,  
 we will resemble you in that! If a Jew wrong a  
 Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Chris-  
 tian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by  
 Christian example? Why, Revenge! The villany you  
 teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I  
 will better the instruction.

*Shakspeare.*

~~~~~  
Othello's Despair.

Had it pleased heaven
 To try me with misfortune—had it rain'd
 All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
 Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
 Given to adversity me and my utmost hopes—
 I should have found in some part of my soul
 A drop of patience! But, alas! to make me
 A fixed figure for the hand of scorn
 To point its slow, unmoving finger at!—
 Yet could I bear that!—well!—very well!
 But there, where I had garner'd up my heart—

Where either I must live, or bear no life—
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or else dries up—to be discarded thence!—
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in!—
Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin!—
Ay, there—look black as hell! *Shakspeare.*

COMIC PIECES.

The Well of St. Keyne.

A Well there is in the west country,
And a clearer one never was seen ;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the Well of St. Keyne.

An oak and an elm tree stand beside,
And behind does an ash tree grow,
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below.

A traveller came to the Well of St. Keyne ;
Joyfully he drew nigh,
For from cock-crow he had been travelling,
And there was not a cloud in the sky.

He drank of the water so cool and clear,
For thirsty and hot was he,
And he sat down upon the bank
Under the willow-tree.

There came a man from the neighbouring town
At the Well to fill his pail ;
On the Well-side he rested it,
And he bade the stranger hail.

“ Now art thou a bachelor, Stranger ? ” quoth he,
“ For an if thou hast a wife,
The happiest draught thou hast drunk this day
That ever thou didst in thy life.

“ Or has thy good woman, if one thou hast,
Ever here in Cornwall been ?
For an if she have, I'll venture my life
She has drunk of the Well of St. Keyne.”

“ I have left a good woman who never was here,”
 The stranger he made reply,
 “ But that my draught should be better for that,
 I pray you answer me why.”

“ St. Keyne,” quoth the Cornish-man, “ many a time
 Drank of this crystal Well,
 And before the Angel summon’d her,
 She laid on the water a spell—

“ If the husband—of this gifted Well
 Shall drink before his wife,
 A happy man henceforth is he,
 For he shall be master for life.

“ But if the wife should drink of it first,—
 God help the husband then !”
 The stranger stoop’d to the Well of St. Keyne,
 And drank of the water again.

“ You drank of the Well I warrant betimes ?”
 He to the Cornish-man said :
 But the Cornish-man smiled as the stranger spake,
 And sheepishly shook his head.

“ I hasten’d as soon as the wedding was done,
 And left my wife in the porch ;
 But i’faith she had been wiser than I,
 For she took a bottle to church.”

Southey.

~~~~~  
*Lodgings for Single Gentlemen.*

Who has e’er been in London, that overgrown place,  
 Has seen “ Lodgings to Let” stare him full in the face :  
 Some are good, and let dearly ; while some, ’tis well  
 known,

Are so dear, and so bad, they are best let alone.—

Will Waddle, whose temper was studious and lonely,  
 Hired lodgings that took Single Gentlemen only ;  
 But Will was so fat, he appear’d like a tun ;—  
 Or like two Single Gentlemen roll’d into One.

He enter’d his rooms, and to bed he retreated ;  
 But all the night long he felt fever’d and heated ;  
 And, though heavy to weigh, as a score of fat sheep,  
 He was not, by any means, heavy to sleep.—

Next night 'twas the same!—and the next!—and the next!

He perspired like an ox; he was nervous, and vex'd;  
Week pass'd after week, till, by weekly succession,  
His weakly condition was past all expression.—

In six months his acquaintance began much to doubt  
him;

For his skin, like a lady's loose gown, hung about him!  
So he sent for a Doctor, and cried, like a ninny,  
“I have lost many pounds—make me well—there's a  
guinea.”

The Doctor look'd wise:—“a slow fever,” he said:  
Prescribed sudorifics—and going to bed.—

“Sudorifics in bed,” exclaim'd Will, “are humbugs!  
I've enough of them there, without paying for drugs!”

Will kick'd out the doctor:—but, when ill indeed,  
E'en dismissing the Doctor don't always succeed;  
So, calling his host, he said—“Sir, do you know,  
I'm the fat Single gentleman six months ago?”

“Look ye, landlord, I think,” argued Will with a grin,  
“That with honest intentions you first took me in:  
But from the first night—and to say it I'm bold—  
I've been so very hot, that I'm sure I've caught cold!”

Quoth the landlord,—“Till now, I ne'er had a dispute;  
I've let lodgings ten years,—I'm a baker to boot;  
In airing your sheets, Sir, my wife is no sloven;  
And your bed is immediately—over my oven.”

“The oven!!!”—says Will;—says the host, “Why  
this passion?”

In that excellent bed died three people of fashion!  
Why so crusty, good Sir?”—“Zounds!” cried Will  
in a taking,  
Who would not be crusty, with half a year's baking?”

Will paid for his rooms;—cried the host, with a sneer,  
“Well, I see you've been going away half a year.”

“Friend, we can't well agree;—yet no quarrel”—Will  
said;—

“But I'd rather not perish, while you make your  
bread.”

*Colman.*

*Life compared to the Stage.*

All the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players !  
 They have their exits and their entrances,  
 And one man in his time plays many parts ;  
 His acts being seven ages. First the infant,  
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms,  
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then the soldier,  
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,  
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel ;  
 Seeking the bubble reputation  
 Even in the cannon's mouth ! And then the justice,  
 In fair round belly, with good capon lined,  
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,  
 Full of wise saws and modern instances ;  
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts  
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,  
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;  
 His youthful hose, well saved ! a world too wide  
 For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound ! Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness, or mere oblivion,  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing !

*Shakspeare.**The Chameleon.*

Oft has it been my lot to mark  
 A proud, conceited, talking spark,  
 With eyes that hardly served at most  
 To guard their master 'gainst a post ;  
 Yet round the world the blade had been  
 To see whatever could be seen.  
 Returning from his finish'd tour,  
 Grown ten times perter than before ;  
 Whatever word you chance to drop,  
 The travell'd fool your mouth will stop—

“ Sir, if my judgment you'll allow,  
I've seen, and sure I ought to know”——  
So begs you'd pay a due submission,  
And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,  
As o'er Arabia's wilds they pass'd,  
And on their way in friendly chat,  
Now talk'd of this and then of that,  
Discours'd a while, 'mongst other matter,  
Of the Chameleon's form and nature.

“ A stranger animal,” cries one,  
“ Sure never lived beneath the sun !  
A lizard's body lean and long,  
A fish's head, a serpent's tongue,  
Its tooth with triple claw disjoin'd ;  
And what a length of tail behind !  
How slow its pace ! and then its hue—  
Who ever saw so fine a blue !”

“ Hold there,” the other quick replies,  
“ 'Tis green—I saw it with these eyes,  
As late with open mouth it lay,  
And warm'd it in the sunny ray ;  
Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,  
And saw it eat the air for food,”

“ I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,  
And must again affirm it blue  
At leisure I the beast survey'd,  
Extended in the cooling shade.”

“ 'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye”——

“ Green !” cries the other in a fury——

“ Why, Sir—d'ye think I've lost my eyes ?”

“ 'Twere no great loss,” the friend replies.

“ For, if they always serve you thus,  
You'll find 'em but of little use !”

So high at last the contest rose,  
From words they almost came to blows :  
When luckily came by a third——  
To him the question they referr'd :  
And begg'd he'd tell 'em if he knew  
Whether the thing was green or blue.

“ Sirs,” cries the umpire, “ cease your pother,  
The creature's neither one nor t'other,



I caught the animal last night,  
 And view'd it o'er by candle light :  
 I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—  
 You stare—but Sirs, I've got it yet,  
 And can produce it."—" Pray, Sir, do :  
 I'll lay my life the thing is blue."  
 " And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen  
 The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."  
 " Well then, at once to end the doubt,"  
 Replies the man, " I'll turn him out :  
 And when before your eyes I've set him,  
 If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."  
 He said ; then full before their sight  
 Produced the beast, and lo!—'twas white.

*Merrick.*

~~~~~  
How D'ye Do, and Good-Bye.

One day Good-bye met How d'ye do,
 Too close to shun saluting,
 But soon the rival sisters flew
 From kissing to disputing,
 " Away !" says How d'ye do, " your mien
 Appals my cheerful nature ;
 No name so sad as yours is seen
 In sorrow's nomenclature.
 " Where'er I give one sunshine hour,
 Your cloud comes in to shade it ;
 Where'er I plant one bosom's flower,
 Your mildew drops to fade it.
 " Ere How d'ye do has tuned each tongue
 To ' hope's delighted measure,'
 Good-bye in friendship's ear has rung
 The knell of parting pleasure !
 " From sorrows past, my chemic skill
 Draws smiles of consolation ;
 While you, from present joys, distil
 The tears of separation."
 Good-bye replied, " Your statement's true,
 And well your cause you've pleaded ;
 But pray, who'd think of How d'ye do,
 Unless Good-bye preceded ?

- “ Without my prior influence,
 Could yours have ever flourish'd ?
 And can your hand one flower dispense,
 But those my tears have nourish'd ?
- “ How oft,—if at the court of love
 Concealment is the fashion,—
 When How d'ye do has fail'd to move,
 Good-bye reveals the passion ?
- “ How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,—
 As every heart remembers,—
 One sigh of mine, and only mine,
 Revives the dying embers,—
- “ Go, bid the timid lover choose,
 And I'll resign my charter,
 If he for ten kind How d'ye do's,
 One kind Good-bye would barter !
- “ From love and friendship's kindred source
 We both derive existence ;
 And they would both lose half their force,
 Without one joint assistance.
- “ 'Tis well the world our merit knows,
 Since time, there's no denying,
 One half in How d'ye doing goes,
 And t'other in Good-byeing.”

Anon.

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*The Three Black Crows.*

Two honest tradesmen, meeting in the strand,  
 One took the other briskly by the hand ;  
 “ Hark ye,” said he, “ 'Tis an odd story this  
 About the crows ! ” — “ I don't know what it is ; ”  
 Replied his friend — “ No ! I'm surprised at that —  
 Where I come from, it is the common chat ;  
 But you shall hear an odd affair indeed !  
 And that it happen'd they are all agreed :  
 Not to detain you from a thing so strange,  
 A gentleman, who lives not far from 'Change,  
 This week, in short, as all the Alley knows,  
 Taking a vomit, threw up Three Black Crows ! ”  
 “ Impossible ! ” — “ Nay, but 'tis really true ;  
 I had it from good hands, and so may you, ” —

“ From whose, I pray ? ” — So having named the man,  
Straight to inquire his curious comrade ran.

“ Sir, did you tell ” — relating the affair,

“ Yes, Sir, I did ; and if 'tis worth your care,

'Twas Mr.” — Such-a-one, — “ who told it me ;

But, by the bye, 'Twas *Two* black crows, not *Three* ! ”

Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,  
Quick to the third, the virtuoso went.

“ Sir ” — and so forth — “ Why, yes ; the thing is fact,  
Though in regard to number not exact :

It was not *Two* black crows, 'twas only *One*,

The truth of that you may depend upon :

The gentleman himself told me the case.” —

“ Where may I find him ? ” — “ Why, in ” — such a place.

Away he went : and, having found him out,

“ Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt.” —

Then to his last informant he referr'd,

And begg'd to know, if true what he had heard ;

“ Did you, Sir, throw up a black crow ? ” — “ Not I ” —

“ Bless me ! — how people propagate a lie ! — [ *One* ;

Black crows have been thrown up, *Three*, *Two*, and

And here, I find, all comes at last to *None* !

Did you say nothing of a crow at all ? ” —

“ Crow — crow — perhaps I might, now I recall

The matter over.” — “ And pray, Sir, what was't ? ”

“ Why, I was horrid sick, and at the last,

I did throw up, and told my neighbour so,

Something that was — — as *black*, Sir, as a crow.”

*Dr. Byrom.*

~~~~~  
Queen Mab.

Oh, then, I see Queen Mab has been with you,
She is the fancy's midwife : and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep :
Her waggon-spokes, made of long spinner's legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moon-shine's watery beams ;

Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;
 Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat ;
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.

And, in this state, she gallops night by night,
 Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love ;
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream of fees ;
 O'er courtiers' knees, who dream on courtesies straight ;
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream :
 Sometimes she driveth o'er a lawyer's nose,
 And then he dreams of smelling out a suit :
 And sometimes comes she, with a tithe-pig's tail,
 Tickling the parson as he lies asleep ;
 Then dreams he of another benefice.
 Sometimes, she driveth o'er a soldier's neck ;
 And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats ;
 Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades ;
 Of healths five fathoms deep : and, then, anon,
 Drums in his ears ; at which he starts and wakes ;
 And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two—
 And sleeps again ! *Shakspeare.*

~~~~~

*Contest between the Eyes and the Nose.*

Between Nose and Eyes a strange contest arose,  
 The Spectacles set them unhappily wrong :  
 The point in dispute was, as all the world knows,  
 To which the said Spectacles ought to belong.

So the Tongue was the lawyer, and argued the cause  
 With a great deal of skill, and a wig-full of learning,  
 While chief baron Ear, sat to balance the laws,  
 So famed for his talent in nicely discerning.

In behalf of the Nose it will quickly appear,  
 And your lordship, he said, will undoubtedly find,  
 That the Nose has had Spectacles always in wear,  
 Which amounts to possession time out of mind.

Then, holding the Spectacles up to the court—  
 Your lordship observes they are made with a straddle,  
 As wide as the ridge of the Nose is, in short,  
 Design'd to sit close to it, just like a saddle.

Again, would your lordship a moment suppose—  
 'Tis a case that has happen'd, and may be again—  
 That the visage or countenance had not a Nose,  
 Pray who would or who could wear Spectacles then ?  
 On the whole, it appears, and my argument shows,  
 With a reasoning the court will never condemn,  
 That the Spectacles plainly were made for the Nose,  
 And the Nose was as plainly intended for them.  
 Then shifting his side, as a lawyer knows how,  
 He pleaded again in behalf of the Eyes ;  
 But what were his arguments few people know,  
 For the court did not think they were equally wise.  
 So his lordship decreed, with a grave solemn tone,  
 Decisive and clear, without one if or but—  
 That whenever the Nose put his Spectacles on,  
 By day-light or candle light—Eyes should be shut.  
*Comper.*

~~~~~  
Toby Tossopot.

Alas ! what pity 'tis that regularity
 Like Isaac Shove's, is such a rarity.
 But there are swilling wights in London town
 Term'd—Jolly dogs—Choice spirits—alias swine,
 Who pour, in midnight revel, bumpers down,
 Making their throats a thoroughfare for wine. ?
 These spendthrifts, who life's pleasure thus run on,
 Dozing with headaches, till the afternoon,
 Lose half men's regular estate of sun,
 By borrowing too largely of the moon.
 One of this kidney,—Toby Tossopot hight—
 Was coming from the Bedford, late at night :
 And being Bacchi plenus,—full of wine,
 Although he had a tolerable notion,
 Of aiming at progressive motion,
 'Twasn't direct—'twas serpentine.
 He work'd with sinuosities, along,
 Like Monsieur Corkscrew, worming through a cork,
 Not straight, like Corkscrew's proxy, stiff Don Prong,
 a fork.

At length, with near four bottles in his pate,
 He saw the moon shining on Shove's brass plate,
 When reading, "Please to ring the bell,"
 And being civil beyond measure,
 "Ring it!" says Toby—"very well ;
 I'll ring it with a deal of pleasure."

Toby, the kindest soul in all the town,
 Gave it a jerk that almost jerk'd it down.
 He waited full two minutes—no one came ;
 He waited full two minutes more ;—and then,
 Says Toby, "If he's deaf, I'm not to blame ;
 I'll pull it for the gentleman again."

But the first peal woke Isaac, in a fright,
 Who, quick as lightning, popping up his head,
 Sat on his head's antipodes, in bed,
 Pale as a parsnip,—bolt upright.

At length, he, wisely, to himself doth say,—
 Calming his fears,——
 "Tush ! 'tis some fool has rung and run away :"
 When peal the second rattled in his ears !

Shove jump'd into the middle of the floor,
 And trembling at each breath of air that stirr'd,
 He grop'd down stairs, and open'd the street door,
 While Toby was performing peal the third.

Isaac eyed Toby, fearfully askant,—
 And saw he was a strapper—stout and tall ;
 Then put this question ;—"Pray, Sir, what d'ye want ?"
 Says Toby,—"I want nothing, Sir, at all."

"Want nothing !—Sir, you've pull'd my bell, I vow,
 As if you'd jerk it off the wire."

Quoth Toby,—gravely making him a bow,—
 "I pull'd it, Sir, at your desire."

"At mine !"—"Yes, your's ; I hope I've done it well ;
 High time for bed, Sir ; I was hastening to it ;
 But if you write up—Please to ring the bell,
 Common politeness makes me stop and do it."

Colman.

The Charitable Barber.

A Scholar of that race, whom oft we meet,
 Hungry and friendless wandering through the street,
 Though bless'd with gifts, life's noblest scenes to grace,
 Was forc'd, through want, to seek a tutor's place.
 At length, when pining in extreme distress,
 The starving wretch was led to hope success,
 And got a sudden summons to repair
 Before the guardians of a titled heir :
 In Phœbus' livery dress'd from top to toe,
 Our wit in this dire plight was loath to go ;
 His hat, an hostler for a sieve might use,
 His wig was bald, his toes peep'd through his shoes ;
 His hose through many a rent display'd his skin,
 And a beard three weeks old adorn'd his chin :
 With such a Hebrew phiz, he felt 'twas clear,
 No Christian tutor ought to face a Peer.
 Much he desired to shave it, but, alas !
 Our wit was minus razor, soap, and glass,
 And what the barbed sage esteem'd still worse,
 Had nought to fee the barber in his purse.
 In this dilemma, cursing purse and beard,
 At many a barber's shop he anxious leer'd,
 Hoping some shaver's countenance to find,
 That spoke a feeling heart and liberal mind.
 At length he spied an artisan, whose face
 Bespoke compassion for man's suffering race ;
 Bleeding with wounded pride at every pore,
 Our shamed-faced scholar, trembling, opes the door :
 The barber greets him with a smirking air,
 Bows to the ground, and then presents a chair—
 Sir, you want shaving I presume, he cries,
 Then graceful on his nail a razor tries—
 Pray, Sir, be seated—Jack, bring Packwood's strap,
 A damask towel, and a cotton cap—
 A basin George—some shaving-powder Luke—
 And Tom—you friz the gentleman's peruke.
 Such pompous orders much the wit distress'd,
 Who, to the barber thus his speech address'd—
 Unused to beg, how wretched is the task,
 Alms from a stranger abject thus to ask ;

To act the suppliant, galls me to the core,
 Yet your compassion I must now implore ;
 Cash, I, alas ! have none, and therefore crave,
 That you, for charity, my beard will shave.—
 At this request, the barber stood aghast,
 And thus to his surprise gave vent at last :—
 Shave you, for charity ! confound your chops,
 Do men, to shave for nothing, rent such shops ?
 Barbers might soon retire from trade I trow,
 If all their customers resembled you ;
 I like your modesty, but good, my spark,
 The number of this house in future mark ;
 For, not to mince the matter and be nice,
 I never gratis shave a beggar twice.—
 No towel, soap, or night-cap, now appear'd,
 The churl with cold pump-water dabs his beard,
 Selects an old notch'd razor from his case,
 And without mercy flaws the scholar's face :
 Though at each rasp his chin was drench'd with gore,
 His lot, the stoic, uncomplaining, bore ;
 For to poor wits the privilege belongs,
 With resignation to support their wrongs.

Just then, the barber's cat in theft surprised,
 Was by the shopman woefully chastised ;
 Puss, who less patience than the bard possess'd,
 In piercing cries, her agony express'd :—
 The barber, sulky and displeas'd before,
 Now at his shopman like a trooper swore,
 And with a Stentor's voice the cook-maid calls,
 To know from whence proceed those hideous squalls :—
 'Tis doubtless, cried the wit, with great hilarity,
 Some poor cat, by your shopman, shaved *for Charity!*

Jones.

Law.

Law is law—law is law ; and as in such and so forth
 and hereby, and aforesaid, provided always, neverthe-
 less, notwithstanding. Law is like a country dance,
 people are led up and down in it till they are tired.
 Law is like a book of surgery, there are a great many
 desperate cases in it. It is also like physic, they that

take least of it are best off. Law is like a homely gentlewoman, very well to follow. Law is also like a scolding wife, very bad when it follows us. Law is like a new fashion, people are bewitched to get into it: it is also like bad weather, most people are glad when they get out of it.

We shall now mention a cause, called "*Bullum versus Boatum*:" it was a cause that came before me. The cause was as follows.

There were two farmers; farmer A. and farmer B. Farmer A. was seized or possessed of a bull; farmer B. was seized or possessed of a ferry-boat. Now, the owner of the ferry-boat, having made his boat fast to a post on shore, with a piece of hay, twisted rope-fashion, or, as we say, *vulgo vocato*, a hay-band. After he had made his boat fast to a post on shore, as it was very natural for a hungry man to do, he went up town to dinner; farmer A.'s bull, as it was very natural for a hungry bull to do, came down town to look for a dinner; and, observing, discovering, seeing, and spying out, some turnips in the bottom of the ferry-boat, the bull scrambled into the ferry-boat: he ate up the turnips, and, to make an end of his meal, fell to work upon the hay-band: the boat, being eaten from its moorings, floated down the river, with the bull in it: it struck against a rock; beat a hole in the bottom of the boat, and tossed the bull overboard: whereupon the owner of the bull brought his action against the boat, for running away with the bull; the owner of the boat brought his action against the bull, for running away with the boat: And thus notice of trial was given, *Bullum versus Boatum*, *Boatum versus Bullum*.

Now the Counsel for the bull began with saying, "My Lord, and you gentlemen of the jury, we are counsel in this cause for the bull. We are indicted for running away with the boat. Now, my Lord, we have heard of running horses, but never of running bulls before. Now, my Lord, the bull could no more run away with the boat, than a man in a coach may be said to run away with the horses; therefore, my Lord, how can we punish what is not punishable?"

How can we eat what is not eatable? Or how can we drink what is not drinkable? Or, as the law says, how can we think on what is not thinkable? Therefore, my Lord, as we are counsel in this cause for the bull, if the jury should bring the bull in guilty, the jury would be guilty of a bull."

The counsel for the boat observed, that the bull should be nonsuited, because, in his declaration, he had not specified what colour he was of; for thus wisely, and thus learnedly, spoke the counsel!—"My Lord, if the bull was of no colour, he must be of some colour; and, if he was not of any colour, what colour could the bull be of?" I overruled this motion myself, by observing the bull was a white bull, and that white is no colour: besides, as I told my brethren, they should not trouble their heads to talk of colour in the law, for the law can colour any thing. This cause being afterwards left to a reference, upon the award both bull and boat were acquitted, it being proved, that the tide of the river carried them both away; upon which I gave it as my opinion, that, as the tide of the river carried both bull and boat away, both bull and boat had a good action against the water-bailiff.

My opinion being taken, an action was issued, and, upon the traverse, this point of law arose, how, wherefore, and whether, why, when, and what, whatsoever, whereas, and whereby, as the boat was not a *compos mentis* evidence, how could an oath be administered? That point was soon settled, by Boatum's attorney, declaring, that, for his client, he would swear any thing.

The water-bailiff's charter was then read, taken out of the original record, in true law Latin; which set forth, in their declaration, that they were carried away either by the tide of flood, or the tide of ebb. The charter of the water-bailiff was as follows: "*Aquæ bailiffi est magistratus in choisi, super omnibus fishibus qui habuerunt finnos et scalos, claws, shells, et talos, qui swimmare in freshibus, vel saltibus riveris, lakis, pondis, canalibus, et well-boats; sive oysteri, prawni, whilini, shrimpi, turbutus solus;*" that is, not turbot alone,

but turbot and soals both together. But now comes the nicety of the law; the law is as nice as a new-laid egg, and not to be understood by adle-headed people. Bullum and Boatum mentioned both ebb and flood, to avoid quibbling; but, it being proved, that they were carried away neither by the tide of flood, nor by the tide of ebb, but exactly upon the top of high-water, they were nonsuited; but such was the lenity of the court, upon their paying all costs, they were allowed to begin again, *de novo*. Steven.

~~~~~  
*The Newcastle Apothecary.*

A man in many a country town we know,  
 Professing openly with death to wrestle:  
 Entering the field against the grimly foe,  
 Arm'd with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm, no enemies they are,  
 But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair:  
 Who first shake hands before they box,  
 Then give each other plaguy knocks,  
 With all the love and kindness of a brother.

So,—many a suffering patient saith,—  
 Though the apothecary fights with death,  
 Still they're sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,  
 Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne:  
 No man could better gild a pill;

Or make a bill;  
 Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;  
 Or draw a tooth out of your head;  
 Or chatter scandal by your bed;

Or give a glister.  
 Of occupations these were *quantum suff*:  
 Yet still he thought the list not long enough:

And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't.  
 This balanced things, for if he hurl'd  
 A few score mortals from the world,  
 He made amends by bringing others into't.

His fame full six miles round the country ran,  
 In short, in reputation he was *solus*!

All the old women call'd him "a fine man!"

His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in *trade*,

—Which oftentimes will genius fetter,—

Read works of fancy it is said;

And cultivated the *Belles Lettres*.

And why should this be thought so odd?

Can't men have taste that cure a phthisic?

Of poetry though patron god,

Apollo patronises physic.

Bolus loved verse;—and took so much delight in't,

That his prescriptions he resolved to write in't,

No opportunity he e'er let pass

Of writing the directions on his labels,

In dapper couplets—like Gay's Fables,

Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse!—and where's the treason?

'Tis simple honest dealing;—not a crime;

When patients swallow physic without reason,

It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at death's door,

Some three miles from the town—it might be four;

To whom one evening Bolus sent an article—

In pharmacy, that's call'd cathartical,

And on the label of the stuff,

He wrote a verse;

Which one should think was clear enough,

And terse.

"When taken

To be well shaken."

Next morning early, Bolus rose;

And to the patient's house he goes

Upon his pad,

Who a vile trick of stumbling had:

It was indeed a very sorry hack;

But that's of course.

For what's expected from a horse

With an apothecary on his back?

Bolus arrived, and gave a double tap,

Between a single and a double rap—

Knocks of this kind  
 Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance :  
 By fiddlers, and by opera singers :  
 One loud and then a little one behind  
 As if the knocker fell, by chance  
 Out of their fingers—  
 The servant lets him in with dismal face,  
 Long as a courtier's out of place—  
 Portending some disaster :  
 John's countenance as rueful look'd and grim,  
 As if the Apothecary had physick'd him,  
 And not his master.  
 " Well, how's the patient ?" Bolus said,  
 John shook his head,  
 " Indeed ?—hum !—ha !—that's very odd,  
 He took the draught ?"—John gave a nod !  
 " Well—how ?—What then ?—Speak out you dunce."  
 " Why then," says John, " we *shook* him once."  
 " Shook him !—how ?" Bolus stammer'd out :  
 " We jolted him about."  
 " Zounds ! shake a patient, man—a shake won't do."  
 " No, Sir—and so we gave him two."  
 " Two shakes !—odds curse ?  
 'Twould make the patient worse."  
 " It do so, Sir—and so a third we tried."  
 " Well, and what then ?"—" Then, Sir, my master—  
 died !" *Colman.*

~~~~~  
The Three Warnings.

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

This strong affection to believe
 Which all confess, but few perceive,
 If old assertions can't prevail,
 Be pleased to hear a modern tale,
 When sports went round, and all were gay
 On neighbour Dobson's wedding day,

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

What more he urged, I have not heard;
 His reasons could not well be stronger;

So death the poor delinquent spared,
 And left to live a little longer.
 Yet calling up a serious look,
 His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,
 "Neighbour," he said, "farewell: no more
 Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour;
 And farther, to avoid all blame
 Of cruelty upon my name,
 To give you time for preparation,
 And fit you for your future station,
 Three several warnings you shall have,
 Before you're summon'd to the grave;
 Willing for once, I'll quit my prey,
 And grant a kind reprieve;
 In hopes you'll have no more to say;
 But when I call again this way,

Well pleased the world will leave.
 To these conditions both consented,
 And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
 How long he lived, how wisely well;

How roundly he pursued his course,
 And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
 The willing muse shall tell:
 He chaffer'd then, he bought, he sold,
 Nor once perceived his growing old,
 Nor thought of death as near;
 His friends not false, his wife no shrew;
 Many his gains, his children few,

He pass'd his smiling hours in peace ;
 And still he view'd his wealth increase,
 While thus, along life's dusty road,
 The beaten track content he trod,
 Old time, whose haste no mortal spares,
 Uncall'd, unheeded, unawares,
 Brought on his eightieth year—
 When, lo ! one night in musing mood,
 As all alone he sat,
 The unwelcome messenger of fate,
 Once more before him stood.
 Half kill'd with anger and surprise,
 " So soon return'd ?" old Dobson cries.
 " So soon, do you call it ?" Death replies :
 " Surely, my friend, you're but in jest ;
 Since I was here before,
 'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
 And you are now fourscore."
 " So much the worse," the clown rejoin'd ;
 " To spare the aged would be kind :
 Besides you promised me Three warnings,
 Which I have look'd for nights and mornings :
 And for that loss of time and ease,
 I can recover damages."
 " I know," says Death, " that, at the best,
 I seldom am a welcome guest ;
 But don't be captious, friend, at least ;
 I little thought you'd still be able
 To stump about your farm and stable ;
 Your years have run to a great length,
 I wish you joy though of your strength."
 " Hold," says the farmer, " not so fast ;
 I have been lame these four years past."
 " And no great wonder," Death replies :
 " However, you still keep your eyes ;
 And sure to see one's loves and friends,
 For legs and arms may make amends."
 " Perhaps," says Dobson, " so it might,
 But latterly I've lost my sight."
 " This is a shocking tale, in truth ;
 But there's some comfort still," says Death ;

" Each strives your sadness to amuse ;
 I warrant you hear all the news."
 " There's none," he cries ; " and if there were,
 I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."
 " Nay then," the spectre stern rejoin'd,
 These are unjustifiable yearnings ;
 If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
 You have your *three* sufficient warnings ;
 So come along, no more we'll part :"
 He said, and touch'd him with his dart ;
 And now old Dobson turning pale,
 Yields to his fate——so ends my tale. Piozzi.

~~~~~  
*The Razor-Seller.*

A fellow in a market town,  
 Most musical cried razors up and down,  
 And offer'd twelve for eighteen-pence ;  
 Which certainly seem'd wondrous cheap,  
 And for the money quite à heap,  
 As every man would buy, with cash and sense.  
  
 A country bumpkin the great offer heard :  
 Poor Hodge ! who suffer'd by a thick, black beard,  
 That seem'd a shoe-brush stuck beneath his nose :  
 With cheerfulness the eighteen-pence he paid,  
 And proudly to himself, in whispers, said,  
 " This rascal stole the razors, I suppose !"  
  
 " No matter if the fellow *be* a knave,  
 Provided that the razors *shave* :  
 It *sartinly* will be a monstrous prize :"  
 So home the clown, with his good fortune, went,  
 Smiling in heart and soul content,  
 And quickly soap'd himself to ears and eyes.  
  
 Being well lather'd from a dish or tub,  
 Hodge now began with grinning pain to grub,  
 Just like a hedger cutting furze :  
 'Twas a vile razor !—then the rest he tried—  
 All were impostors—" Ah," Hodge sigh'd !  
 " I wish my eighteen-pence within my purse."  
  
 In vain to chase his beard, and bring the *graces*,  
 He cut, and dug, and winced, and stamp'd, and swore ;



Brought blood and danced, blasphemed and made  
wry faces,

And cursed each razor's body o'er and o'er!

His muzzle, form'd of opposition stuff,  
Firm as a Foxite, would not lose its ruff;

So kept it—laughing at the steel and suds:  
Hodge in a passion, stretch'd his angry jaws,  
Vowing the direst vengeance, with clinch'd claws,  
On the vile cheat that sold the goods.

“Razors! a damn'd confounded dog,  
Not fit to scrape a hog!”

Hodge sought the fellow—found him, and began—

“Perhaps, Master Razor-rogue, to you 'tis fun,  
That people flay themselves out of their lives:  
You rascal! for an hour have I been grubbing,  
Giving my scoundrel whiskers here a scrubbing,  
With razors just like oyster-knives.

Sirrah! I tell you, you're a knave,  
To cry up razors that can't shave.”

“Friend,” quoth the razor-man, “I am no knave:  
As for the razors you have bought,  
Upon my soul I never thought  
That they would shave.”

“Not think they'd shave!” quoth Hodge, with wonder-  
ing eyes,

And voice not much unlike an Indian yell;  
“What were they made for then, you dog?” he cries;

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

*Pindar.*

*Childe Harold's Song.*

Adieu, adieu ! my native shore  
 Fades o'er the waters blue ;  
 The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
 And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
 Yon sun that sets upon the sea,  
 We follow in his flight ;  
 Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
 My native land—Good night !  
 A few short hours, and he will rise  
 To give the morrow birth ;  
 And I shall hail the main and skies—  
 But not my mother earth ;  
 Deserted is my own good hall,  
 Its hearth is desolate ;  
 Wild weeds are gathering on the wall—  
 My dog howls at the gate.  
 Come hither, hither, my little page,  
 Why dost thou weep and wail ?  
 Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,  
 Or tremble at the gale ?  
 But dash the tear-drop from thine eye ;  
 Our ship is swift and strong :  
 Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly  
 More merrily along.  
 Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,  
 I fear not wave nor wind ;  
 Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I  
 Am sorrowful in mind :  
 For I have from my father gone,  
 A mother whom I love,  
 And have no friend, save these alone,  
 But thee—and One above.  
 My father bless'd me fervently,  
 Yet did not much complain ;  
 But sorely will my mother sigh,  
 'Till I come back again—  
 Enough, enough, my little lad,  
 Such tears become thine eye—  
 If I thy guiltless bosom had,  
 Mine own would not be dry !

Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,

Why dost thou look so pale?

Or dost thou dread a French foeman,

Or shiver at the gale?

Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?

Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;

But thinking on an absent wife

Will blanch a faithful cheek.

My spouse's boys dwell near thy hall,

Along the bordering lake;

And when they on their father call,

What answer shall she make?

Enough, enough, my yeoman good,

Thy grief let none gainsay;

But I, that am of lighter mood,

Will laugh to flee away.

For who would trust the seeming sighs

Of friend or paramour?

Fresh feres will dry the bright blue eyes,

We late saw streaming o'er.

For pleasures past I do not grieve,

Nor perils gathering near;

My greatest grief is—that I leave

No thing that claims a tear.

And now I'm in the world alone,

Upon the wide, wide sea:

But why should I for others groan,

When none will sigh for me?

Perchance my dog will whine in vain,

Till fed by stranger hands;

But, long ere I come back again,

He'd tear me where he stands.

With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go

Athwart the foaming brine,

Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,

So not again to mine!

Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves!

And when you fail my sight,

Welcome, ye deserts and ye caves!—

My native land,—Good night!

*Byron.*

*The following additional pieces have been inserted here, that their introduction might not interfere with the general arrangement of the book.*

*Lochiel's Warning.*

*Wizard.* Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day  
 When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!  
 For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,  
 And the clans of Culloden are scatter'd in fight:  
 They rally!--they bleed!--for their kingdom and crown;  
 Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!  
 Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,  
 And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.  
 But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,  
 What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?  
 'Tis thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,  
 Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.  
 A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;  
 But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.  
 Weep, Albin! to death and captivity led!  
 Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:  
 For a merciless sword o'er Culloden shall wave,  
 Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

*Lochiel.* Go preach to the coward, thou death-telling  
 seer!

Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,  
 Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight!  
 This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

*Wizard.* Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to  
 scorn?

Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!  
 Say, rush'd the bold eagle exultingly forth,  
 From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north,  
 Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode  
 Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;  
 But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!  
 Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.  
 Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast  
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament east!  
 'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven  
 From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven.

Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,  
 Whose banners arise on the battlement's height,  
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;  
 Return to thy dwelling all lonely!—return!  
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,  
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

*Lochiel.* False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshall'd  
 my clan:

Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!  
 They are true to the last of their blood and their breath,  
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.  
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!  
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!  
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,  
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;  
 When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,  
 Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud;  
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

*Wizard.* Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day!  
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,  
 But man cannot cover what God would reveal:  
 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,  
 And coming events cast their shadows before.  
 I tell thee Culloden's dread echoes shall ring  
 With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.  
 Lo! anointed by heaven with vials of wrath,  
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path! [sight:  
 Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my  
 Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!  
 'Tis finish'd. Their thunders are hush'd on the moors;  
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores;  
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?  
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.  
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banish'd, forlorn,  
 Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn?  
 Ah no! for a darker departure is near;  
 The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;  
 His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy, dispel  
 Yon sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell!  
 Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs,  
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.  
 Accursed be the faggots, that blaze at his feet,  
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,

With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

*Lochiel.* —Down, soothless insulter ! I trust not  
the tale :

For never shall Albin a destiny meet,  
So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.

Though my perishing ranks should be strew'd in their  
gore,

Like ocean-weeds heap'd on the surf-beaten shore,

Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,

While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,

Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,

With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe !

And leaving in battle no blot on his name,

Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

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Cadyow Castle.

When princely Hamilton's abode

Ennobled Cadyow's Gothic towers,

The song went round, the goblet flowed,

And revel sped the laughing hours.

But Cadyow's towers, in ruins laid,

And vaults, by ivy mantled o'er,

Thrill to the music of the shade,

Or echo Evan's hoarser roar.

Yet still, of Cadyow's faded fame,

You bid me tell a minstrel tale,

And tune my harp, of Border frame,

On the wild banks of Evandale.

Then, noble maid ! at thy command,

Again the crumbled halls shall rise ;

Lo ! as on Evan's banks we stand,

The past returns—the present flies.—

Where, with the rock's wood-cover'd side,

Were blended late the ruins green,

Rise turrets in fantastic pride,

And feudal banners flaunt between ;

Where the rude torrent's brawling course

Was shagg'd with thorn and tangling sloe,

The ashler buttress braves its force,

And ramparts frown in battled row.

'Tis night—the shade of keep and spire
 Obscurely dance on Evan's stream,
 And on the wave the warder's fire
 Is chequering the moon-light beam.
 Fades slow their light; the east is grey;
 The weary warder leaves his tower;
 Steeds snort; uncoupled stag-hounds bay,
 And merry hunters quit the bower.
 The draw-bridge falls—they hurry out—
 Clatters each plank and swinging chain,
 As, dashing o'er, the jovial route
 Urge the shy steed, and slack the rein.
 First of his troop, the chief rode on;
 His shouting merry-men throng behind;—
 The steed of princely Hamilton
 Was fleetier than the mountain wind.
 From the thick copse the roe-bucks bound,
 The startling red-deer scuds the plain,
 For the hoarse bugle's warrior sound
 Has roused their mountain haunts again.
 Through the huge oaks of Evandale,
 Whose limbs a thousand years have worn,
 What sullen roar comes down the gale,
 And drowns the hunter's pealing horn?
 Mightiest of all the beasts of chase,
 That roam in woody Caledon,
 Crashing the forest in his race,
 The Mountain Bull comes thundering on.
 Fierce on the hunters' quiver'd band,
 He rolls his eyes of swarthy glow,
 Spurns, with black hoof and horn, the sand,
 And tosses high his mane of snow.
 Aim'd well, the chieftain's lance has flown;
 Struggling in blood the savage lies;
 His roar is sunk in hollow groan—
 Sound, merry huntsmen! sound the *pryse*!
 'Tis noon—against the knotted oak
 The hunter rests the idle spear;
 Curls through the trees the slender smoke,
 Where yeomen dight the woodland cheer.

Proudly the chieftain mark'd his clan,
 On greenwood lap all careless thrown,
 Yet miss'd his eye the boldest man,
 That bore the name of Hamilton.

“ Why fills not Bothwellhaugh his place,
 Still wont our weal and woe to share?
 Why comes not he our sport to grace?
 Why shares he not our hunter's fare?”

Stern Claud replied, with darkening face,—
 Grey Pasley's haughty lord was he—

“ At merry feast, or buxom chase,
 No more the warrior shalt thou see.

“ Few suns have set, since Woodhouselee
 Saw Bothwellhaugh's bright goblets foam,
 When to his hearths, in social glee,
 The war-worn soldier turn'd him home.

“ There, wan from her maternal throes,
 His Margaret, beautiful and mild,
 Sat in her bower, a pallid rose,
 And peaceful nursed her new-born child.

“ O change accursed! past are those days;
 False Murray's ruthless spoilers came,
 And, for the hearth's domestic blaze,
 Ascends destruction's volumed flame.

“ What sheeted phantom wanders wild,
 Where mountain Eske through woodland flows,
 Her arms enfold a shadowy child—
 Oh is it she, the pallid rose?

“ The wildered traveller sees her glide,
 And hears her feeble voice with awe—
 ‘ Revenge,’ she cries, on ‘ Murray's pride!
 And woe for injured Bothwellhaugh!’”

He ceased—and cries of rage and grief
 Burst mingling from the kindred band,
 And half arose the kindling chief,
 And half unsheath'd his Arran brand.

But who, o'er bush, o'er stream and rock,
 Rides headlong, with resistless speed,
 Whose bloody poniard's frantic stroke
 Drives to the leap his jaded steed;

Whose cheek is pale, whose eye-balls glare,
 As one, some visioned sight that saw,
 Whose hands are bloody, loose his hair?—

'Tis he ! 'tis he ! 'tis Bothwellhaugh.

From gory selle, and reeling steed,
 Sprung the fierce horseman with a bound,
 And, reeking from the recent deed,
 He dash'd his carbine on the ground.

Sternly he spoke—" 'Tis sweet to hear
 In good greenwood the bugle blown,
 But sweeter to Revenge's ear,
 To drink a tyrant's dying groan.

" Your slaughter'd quarry proudly trod,
 At dawning morn, o'er dale and down,
 But prouder base-born Murray rode
 Thro' old Linlithgow's crowded town.

" But can stern power with all his vaunt,
 Or pomp, with all her courtly glare,
 The settled heart of Vengeance daunt,
 Or change the purpose of Despair ?

" With hackbut bent, my secret stand,
 Dark as the purposed deed, I chose,
 And mark'd where mingling in his band,
 Troop'd Scottish pikes and English bows.

" 'Mid pennon'd spears, a steely grove,
 Proud Murray's plumage floated high ;
 Scarce could his trampling charger move,
 So close the minions crowded nigh.

" From the raised visor's shade, his eye,
 Dark-rolling, glanced the ranks along,
 And his steel truncheon, waved on high,
 Seem'd marshalling the iron throng.

" But yet his sadden'd brow confess'd
 A passing shade of doubt and awe ;
 Some fiend was whispering in his breast,
 ' Beware of injured Bothwellhaugh !'

" The death-shot parts—the charger springs—
 Wild rises tumult's startling roar !
 And Murray's plummy helmit rings—
 —Rings on the ground to rise no more.

“ What joy the raptured youth can feel,
 To hear her love the loved one tell,
 Or he, who broaches on his steel
 The wolf, by whom his infant fell ;

“ But dearer to my injured eye,
 To see in dust proud Murray roll ;
 And mine was ten times trebled joy,
 To hear him groan his felon soul.

“ My Margaret’s spectre glided near ;
 With pride her bleeding victim saw ;
 And shriek’d in his death-deafen’d ear,
 ‘ Remember injured Bothwellhaugh !’

“ Then speed thee, noble Chatlerault !
 Spread to the wind thy banner’d tree !
 Each warrior bend his Clydesdale bow !
 Murray is fallen, and Scotland free.”

Vaults every warrior to his steed ;
 Loud bugles join their wild acclaim—
 “ Murray is fallen, and Scotland freed !
 Couch, Arran ! couch thy spear of flame !”—

But see !—the minstrel vision fails—
 The glimmering spears are seen no more ;
 The shouts of war die on the gales,
 Or sink in Evan’s lonely roar.

For the loud bugles pealing high,
 The blackbird whistles down the vale,
 And sunk in ivied ruins lie
 The banner’d towers of Evandale.

For chiefs, intent on bloody deed,
 And Vengeance, shouting o’er the slain,
 Lo ! high-born Beauty rules the steed,
 Or graceful guides the silken rein.

And long may Peace and Pleasure own
 The maids, who list the minstrel’s tale :
 Nor e’er a ruder guest be known
 On the fair banks of Evandale !

Gilderoy.

The last, the fatal hour is come,
That bears my love from me :
I hear the dead-note of the drum,
I mark the gallows tree !
The bell has toll'd ; it shakes my heart ;
The trumpet speaks thy name ;
And must my Gilderoy depart
To bear the death of shame ?
No bosom trembles for thy doom ;
No mourner wipes a tear ;
The gallows' foot is all thy tomb,
The sledge is all thy bier !
Oh, Gilderoy ! bethought we then
So soon, so sad, to part,
When first in Roslin's lovely glen
You triumph'd o'er my heart ?
Your locks they glitter'd to the sheen,
Your hunter garb was trim ;
And graceful was the ribbon green
That bound your manly limb !
Ah ! little thought I to deplore
Those limbs in fetters bound :
Or hear, upon the scaffold floor,
The midnight hammer sound,
Ye cruel, cruel, that combined
The guiltless to pursue !
My Gilderoy was ever kind,
He could not injure you !
A long adieu ! but where shall fly
Thy widow all forlorn,
When every mean and cruel eye
Regards my woe with scorn ?
Yes ! they will mock thy widow's tears,
And hate thine orphan boy !
Alas ! his infant beauty wears
The form of Gilderoy,
Then will I seek the dreary mound
That wraps thy mouldering clay,
And weep and linger on the ground,
And sigh my heart away !

Bonny Jane.

Loud roars the North round Bothwell Hall,
 And fast descends the pattering rain—
 But streams of tears yet faster fall
 From thy blue eyes, O bonny Jane !
 Hark ! Hark !—I hear with mournful yell
 The wraiths of angry Clyde complain—
 But sorrow bursts with louder swell
 From thy soft breast, O bonny Jane !
 “ Tap, Tap!—Who knocks?”—The door unfolds—
 The mourner lifts her eye with fear—
 And soon with joy and hope beholds
 A reverend Monk approaching her :
 His air is mild, his step is slow,
 His hands across his breasts are laid ;
 And soft he sighs, while bending low,
 “ Saint Bothan guard thee, gentle maid !”
 To meet the friar the damsel ran—
 She press’d his hand—she clasp’d his knee—
 “ Now aid me ! aid me ! holy man,
 That comest from Blantyre Priory !”
 “ What mean those piteous cries, daughter ?
 Saint Bothan be thy speed !
 Why swim in tears thine eyes, daughter ?
 From whom wouldst thou be freed ?”
 “ O father ! father ! know, my sire,
 Though long I knelt and wept and sigh’d,
 Hath sworn, ere thrice three days expire,
 His Jane shall be Lord Malcom’s bride !”
 “ Lord Malcom is rich and great, daughter,
 And comes of a high degree ;
 He’s fit to be thy mate, daughter,
 So, Benedicite !”
 “ O father ! father !—say not so !
 Though rich his halls, though fair his bowers,
 There stands a hut where Tweed doth flow,
 I prize beyond Lord Malcom’s towers :”

“ There dwells a youth where Tweed doth glide,
 On whom nor birth, nor fortune smiles ;
 I'd rather be that peasant's bride,
 Than queen of all Lord Malcom's isles !”

“ But should you flee away, daughter,
 And wed with a village clown,
 What would your father say, daughter ?
 How would he fume and frown !”

“ O he might frown and he might fume,
 And Malcom's heart with grief might pine ;
 So Edgar's hut for me had room,
 So Edgar's heart were press'd to mine !”

“ If at the castle-gate, daughter,
 At night thy love so true
 Should with a courser wait, daughter,
 What, daughter, wouldst thou do ?”

“ With noiseless step the stair I'd press,
 Unclose the gate, and mount with glee ;
 And ever as on I sped, would bless
 The Abbot of Blantyre Priory !”

“ Then, daughter, dry those eyes so bright ;
 I'll haste where flows Tweed's silver stream ;
 And when thou seest at dead of night
 A light in Blantyre's chapel gleam,

“ With noiseless step the stair-case press,
 For know thy lover there will be !
 Then mount his steed—haste on—and bless
 The Abbot of Blantyre Priory !”

Then forth the friar he went his way,
 And lightly danced the maiden's heart ;
 O how she chid the length of day !
 How sigh'd to see the sun depart !

How trembled when night's shadows came !
 How swiftly gain'd her tower on high !

“ Shines there in Blantyre tower a flame ?—
 Ah, no ! the moon deceived my eye !”

Again the shades of evening lower ;
 Again she hails the approach of night ;
 “ Gleams there a light from Blantyre tower ?—
 Ah, no ! 'tis but the Northern light !”

But when arrived Old-hallow-e'en,
 What time the day and night divide,
 The signal lamp by Jane was seen
 To glimmer o'er the waves of Clyde.
 She cares not for her father's tears :
 She cares not for her father's sighs ;
 No voice, but headlong love's she hears,
 And down the stair-case swift she flies
 As light and silent as the air ;
 She gains the hall—the bolts undrawn—
 She opes the castle-gate, and there
 She finds the friendly monk—alone !—
 “ O where is Edgar, father say ? ”—
 “ On ! On ! ” the friendly monk replied ;
 “ He fear'd his berry-brown steed would neigh,
 And waits us on the river side ! ”
 Then on they hurried, and on they hied,
 Down Bothwell's slope so steep and green ;
 And soon they reach'd the river side—
 Alas ! no Edgar still is seen !
 Then, bonny Jane, thy spirits sank,
 Fill'd was thy heart with strange alarms—
 “ Now art thou mine ! ” exclaim'd the monk,
 And clasp'd her in his ruffian arms !
 “ Long have I loved thee, bonny Jane,
 Long broke for thee my sacred vow,
 Then come, sweet maid !—Nay, strife is vain,
 Not heaven itself can save thee now ! ”
 The damsel shriek'd, and would have fled,
 But now a dagger press'd her throat ;
 “ One word and 'tis thy last ! ” he said,
 And bore her sinking towards the boat.
 The moon shone bright—the winds were chain'd—
 The boatman swiftly plied his oar—
 But ere the river's midst was gain'd,
 The tempest-fiend was heard to roar !
 Rain fell in sheets—high swell'd the Clyde—
 Blue flash'd the lightning's blasting brand—
 “ O lighten the skiff,” the boatman cried,
 “ Or never hope to reach the land !

"E'en now we stand on peril's brink !
 E'en now the boat half-fill'd I see !
 O lighten the skiff or else we sink !—
 O lighten it—of your gay lady !"

With shrieks the maid his counsel hears,
 But vain are now the daughter's cries,
 Who cared not for a father's tears—
 Who felt not for a father's sighs—

Fear conquer'd love ! in wild despair
 The Abbot view'd the watery grave ;
 Then seized his victim's golden hair,
 And plunged her in the foaming wave !

She shrieks ! she sinks !—" Row, boatman, row !
 The skiff is light !" the Abbot cries ;
 " Row, boatman, row to land !" —when, lo !
 Gigantic grew the boatman's size !

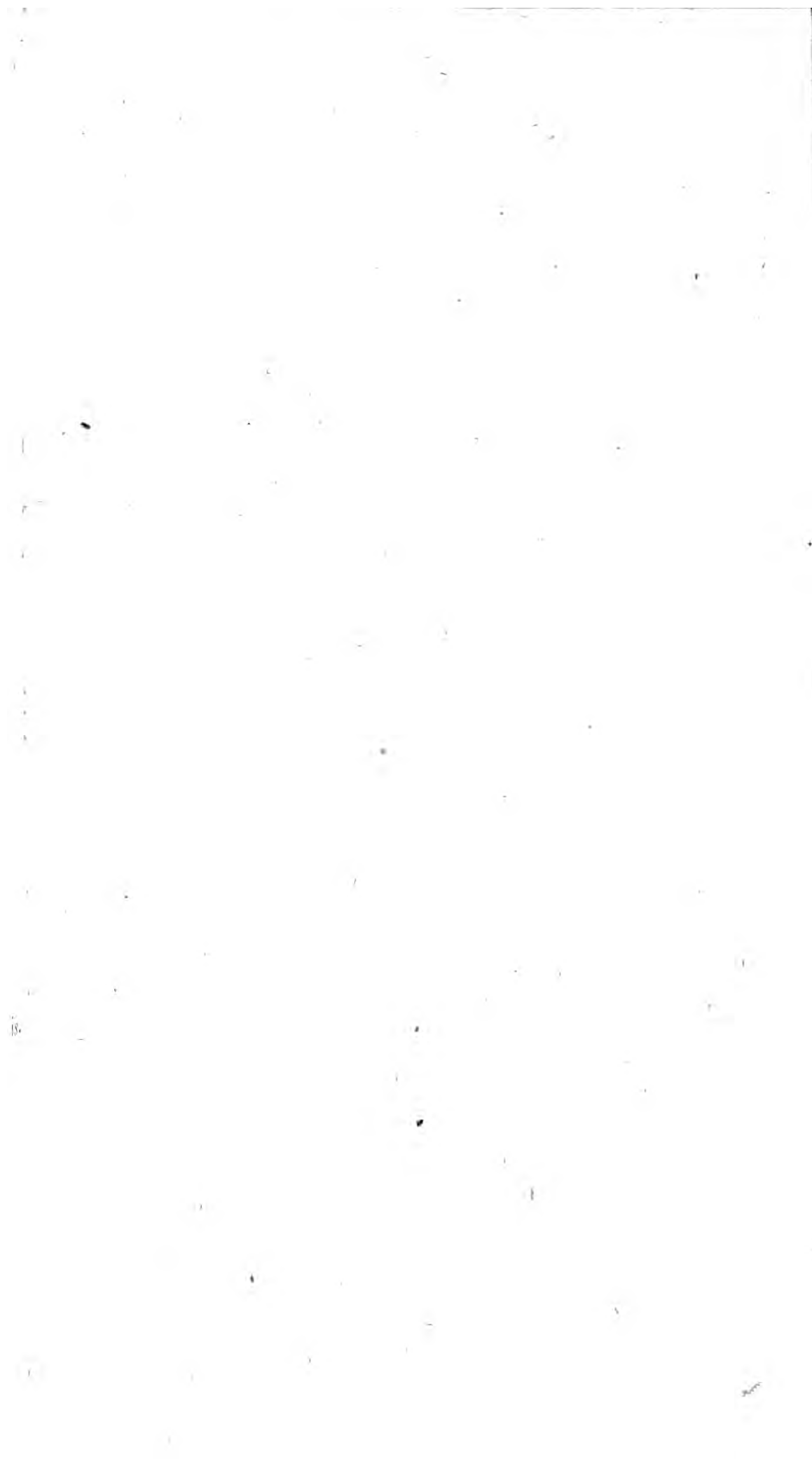
With burning steel his temples bound,
 Throbb'd quick and high with fiery pangs ;
 He roll'd his bloodshot eyes around,
 And furious gnash'd his iron fangs ;

His hands two gore-fed scorpions grasp'd—
 His looks fell joy and spite express'd—
 " Now art thou mine !" he cried,—and clasp'd
 The Abbot to his burning breast.

Midst hideous yells down sinks the boat !—
 When, lo !—the warring winds subside ;
 Moon-silver'd clouds o'er ether float,
 And gently murmuring flows the Clyde.

Lewis.

THE END.



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