

the most effectual expression. There are other two great requisites for eloquence, namely a true pronounciation and a perfect knowledge of accent, which never come by nature, these must be taught: and they are in the present state of the English language extremely liable to fluctuation and corruptions. The art of oratory or eloquence (in this respect, therefore, and with the exception of those parts of it which are more directly the subjects of instruction;) is nothing farther than proceeding in that tract which nature has pointed out. And the more closely this tract is pursued, or the greater progress that is made in the study of eloquence, according to this rule, the more are we guarded against the abuse which bad men make of it and the better able to distinguish between true eloquence and the mere tricks of sophistry.

An objection to the study of eloquence has been adduced, but certainly without foundation; for the plea urged against it is that it is an art which may be employed in persuading to evil as well as good: as Milton has it "to make the worse appear the better reason; to perplex and dash maturest counsels." It cannot be denied that eloquence may be thus improperly employed; by evil designing characters; but it is only by them that this will happen; the fault is therefore not in the science but in those who practise it unworthily. Reasoning has before now been equally ill employed to lead men into error, but who would think, that on this account we ought to cease to cultivate our reasoning powers. And the same argument will apply in other cases; for not only reason and eloquence; but every art that has been cultivated by mankind may be abused; and may prove dangerous in the hands of the unprincipled. But we need not say how absurd it would be to argue against their being studied for this reason:

(To be Continued.)

THE GOOD OLD COUNT IN SADNESS STRAY'D.

The good old Count in sadness stray'd
Backwards—forwards pensively;
He bent his head—he said his prayers
Upon his beads of ebony;
And sad and gloomy were his thoughts,
And all his words, of misery:
O! daughter fair—to woman grown,
Say who shall come to marry thee;
For I am poor—though thou art fair,
No dower of riches thine shall be.—
Be silent, father, mine! I pray,
For what avails a dower to me?—
A virtuous child is more than wealth;
O! fear not,—fear not poverty:
There are whose children ban their bliss,
Who call on death to set them free;
And they defame their lineage,
Which shall not be defamed by me,
For if no husband should be mine,
I'll seek a convent's purity.