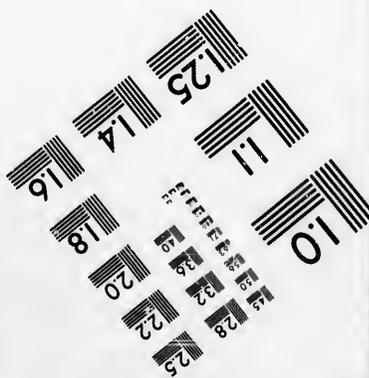
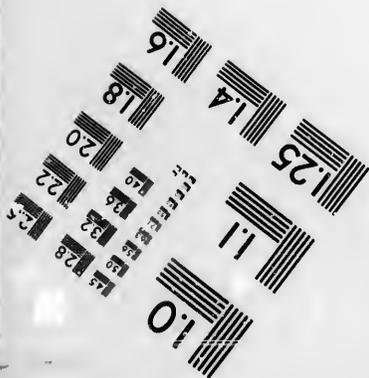
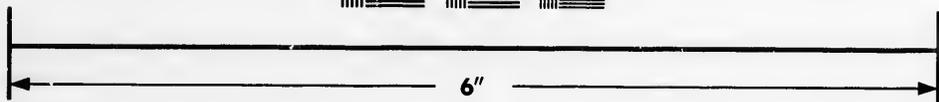
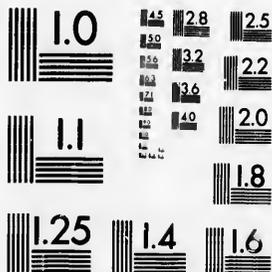


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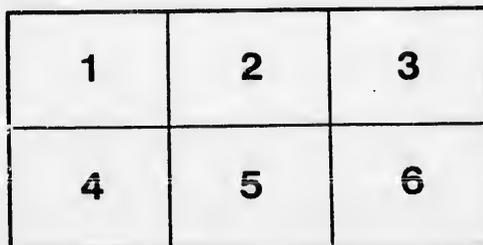
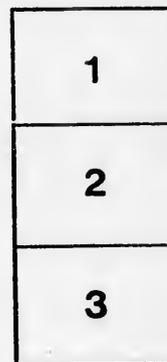
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THE

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# ACADIAN PRECEPTOR;

CONTAINING

SHORT AND EASY LESSONS,

IN

PROSE AND VERSE;

FOR THE

Use of Schools;



HALIFAX:

PRINTED AT THE ROYAL ACADIAN SCHOOL

—  
1823.

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IT was originally the intention of the compiler, to have printed this little work in the form of a tract; but as frequent applications have lately been made for a cheap publication, as a substitute for the larger works used in Schools, it has been thought expedient to publish the Acadian Preceptor in Numbers commencing with No. 1. which will give the public an opportunity of furnishing the compiler with original pieces suited to the nature of the work.

## GENERAL DIRECTIONS FOR READING AND SPEAKING.

*Extracted from Blair's Lectures.*

**T**HE first object of a reader or a speaker, is, to be clearly understood by his hearers. In order for this, it is necessary that he should pronounce his words distinctly, and deliberately; that he should carefully avoid the two extremes of uttering either too fast, or too slow; and that his tone of voice should be perfectly natural.

A reader or speaker should endeavour to acquire a perfect command of his voice; so as neither to stun his hearers by pitching it upon too high a key; nor tire their patience by obliging them to listen to sounds which are scarcely audible. It is not the loudest speaker, who is always the best understood; but he who pronounces upon that key which fills the space occupied by the audience. That pitch of voice which is used in ordinary conversation, is usually the best for a public speaker.

Early attention ought to be paid to the pauses; but the rules for these are so indefinite and arbitrary, and so difficult to be comprehended, that long experience is necessary in order to acquire a perfect knowledge of their use. With regard to the length of the several pauses, no precise rules can be given. This, together with the variety of tones which accompany them, depends much upon the nature of the subject.

Perhaps nothing is of more importance to a reader or speaker, than a proper attention to accent, emphasis, and cadence. Every word in our language, of more than one syllable, has, at least, one accented syllable. This syllable ought to be rightly known, and the word should be pronounced by the reader or speaker in the same manner as he would pronounce it in ordinary conversation.

By emphasis, we distinguish those words in a sentence which we esteem the most important, by laying

a greater stress of voice upon them than we do upon the others. And it is surprising to observe how the sense of a phrase may be altered by varying the emphasis. The following example will serve as an illustration.

This short question, "Will you ride to town to-day?" may be understood in four different ways, and consequently, may receive four different answers, according to the placing of the emphasis.

If it be pronounced thus; Will *you* ride to town to-day? the answer may properly be, no; I shall send my son. If thus; Will you *ride* to town to-day? Answer, no; I intend to walk. Will you ride to *town* to-day? No; I shall ride into the country. Will you ride to town *to-day*? No; but I shall to-morrow.

This shows how necessary it is that a reader or speaker should know where to place his emphasis. And the only rule for this is, that he study to attain a just conception of the force and spirit of the sentiments which he delivers. There is as great a difference between one who lays his emphasis properly, and one who pays no regard to it, or places it wrong, as there is between one who plays on an instrument with a masterly hand, and the most bungling performer.

Cadence is the reverse of emphasis. It is a depression or lowering of the voice; and commonly falls upon the last syllable in a sentence. It is varied, however, according to the sense. When a question is asked, it seldom falls upon the last word; and many sentences require no cadence at all.

In addition to what has been said, it is of great importance to attend particularly to tones and gestures. To almost every sentiment we utter, more especially, to every strong emotion, nature has adapted some peculiar tone of voice. And we may observe, that every man, when he is much in earnest in common discourse, when he is speaking on some subject which interests him nearly, has an eloquent or persuasive tone and manner.

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If one were to tell another that he was very angry, or very much grieved, in a tone which did not suit such emotions, instead of being believed, he would be laughed at. The best direction which can be given, is, to copy the proper tones for expressing every sentiment from those which nature dictates to us in conversation with others.

In natural tones of voice for *speaking* well.  
 So ever *read*—if you would e'er excel.  
 Avoid rapidity and read so slow,  
 That with *distinctness* every word shall flow.  
 Pronounce so loud, so forcibly and clear,  
 That all around—except the deaf—may hear.  
 Take heed to know your author's sentiments,—  
 Then to your hearers clearly give the sense.  
 The most accomplish'd speakers imitate,  
 Whatever be their rank in church or state.  
 In all you read, let these be your desires,  
 To *mend* your heart, and *do* what God requires.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF STUDYING THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE GRAMMATICALLY.

A RIGHT Education of children has ever been esteemed by the best philosophers and wisest legislators, as the most certain source of happiness, not only to families, but to states and kingdoms; and is, on all moral and civil considerations, the first blessing in order and necessity, the highest in value and importance, and the grand basis on which their future happiness and prosperity depend.

Of such inestimable worth was right education held by the ancients, that when they were in all their glory, and long after, the tutorage of youth was accounted the most honourable employment; and many of noble birth and easy fortunes became preceptors, and took youth under their tuition.

It is well known that the Romans, as well as

Greeks, carefully applied themselves to the study of their own language, and were early able to speak and write it in the greatest perfection. Masters taught them, betimes, the principles, the difficulties, the subtilties and the depths of it. And to that it was chiefly owing, that they made more early advances in the most useful sciences, than any youth have since done.

The French have been beforehand with us in this important particular. They have long imitated the Greeks and Romans, and have had the good policy to prefer their own language to every other; disdain- ing the study of any foreign tongues, unless driven by necessity into other countries. And the political ad- vantages they have derived from such a conduct are visible all over Europe.

Policy, then, were there nothing else, cries aloud for our exerting ourselves in the cause of a too long neglected English education; and for wiping off that charge of barbarity, with which the English have been, on that account, so long stigmatized by the French, whose language we are so ridiculously fond of, to the reproach and degradation of a better, even our own.

There is, perhaps, no language, the grammatical knowledge of which can be learned with so much ease, or with less difficulty, than ours. And as the freedom, the liberty, and the life of our country depend upon it, shall Britain and her Colonies deprive their sons of this most valuable birthright, the right of nature?

It appears to me a thing very unaccountable, that masters, and those who superintend public schools, should neglect this important part of an education, and suffer youth to trifle away their time, when it might be employed to so much advantage to them- selves and to future generations. And what is still more so, is, that parents, who love their children, should connive at this unpardonable neglect.

Without a common school education, which is the anchor of liberty, the supporter of our rights, we can

be compared to nothing but a ship at sea, deprived of sails, rudder, compass, and exposed to the billows and hurricanes of the boisterous deep.

With it, we have a most substantial foundation laid, on which we can erect a superb building, for public and private utility: with it, we can conduct the ship of state, and repose ourselves in perfect safety; and unshackle ourselves from ignorance, which is the origin of feuds and animosities.

Do not the arts and sciences, in every kingdom, participate to a great degree the fate of its language? and rise and flourish, or sink into disrepute, as the latter is cultivated or neglected?

And as grammar is the solid foundation on which all other science rests, and as all human inquiry is divided into science and language; and further, as under the latter, fall the ideas and subjects of the didactic style, oratory, poetry, painting, and sculpture, judge ye, if it ought to be left to young persons to form their style by chance, or to begin the study of their mother tongue, at a time of life which calls them forth to action.

You, who are entrusted with the education of our youth, and you, who superintend our schools, have a glorious and joyful prospect before you, a noble opportunity indeed of doing much good to mankind; of constituting real merit, and securing the warmest returns of gratitude, by perfecting the flower of our youth, in speaking and writing that language, in which alone they must act the part of their fathers, serve their country, and become the mouths of the people.



### GRAMMAR, A POEM.

**G**RAMMAR, by proper rules laid down, doth teach  
The strict proprieties of ev'ry speech;  
Instructs to speak, or read, with proper grace,  
To write correct; and elegance to trace.

*Four parts of speech* ANALOGY contains,  
And ev'ry rule, to speak, read, write, explains :

*Viz.* NAMES, QUALITIES, AFFIRMATIONS, PARTICLES.

Names, or noun substantives, express, we find,  
All objects of the senses, and the mind :  
In *names* we three peculiar species trace,  
Fitting: all substantives in ev'ry case ;  
And, among *names*, ideal beings place. }

### COMMON, PROPER, PERSONAL.

*Com.* Of ev'ry kind, these names express the whole ;  
As, *man, bird, beast, fish, insect, reptile, fowl,*

*Prop.* All proper names one of a kind express ;  
As, it was *Adam* made us all transgress.

*Per.* We proper names for personal resign ;  
As, *you* and *I*, stand for your name and mine.

### PERSONS.

In names, three persons each grammarian seeks ;  
The *first*, as *I* and *me*, is he that speaks :  
The *second* is the person spoken to,  
And is express'd by *thou*, and *thee*, and *you* :  
The *third* does persons spoken of suppose ;  
As, *he, she, him, her, they, them, these, and those.*

### NUMBER.

Two numbers we distinct in names explore,  
The *singular* means *one*, the *plural* more ;  
As, *man* is *singular*, because but *one* ;  
But *men* and *horses* into *plurals* run.

### GENDER.

Two genders still in ev'ry tongue prevail,  
Expressive of the *female* and the *male* :  
The *masculine*, as *man*, betokens *he* ;  
The *feminine*, as *woman*, meaneth *she* :  
Names, without life, we *neuter* gender call :  
As *table, basket, hobby-horse, or ball.*

## QUALITIES.

All names in proper qualities we dress,  
 And each peculiar property express ;  
 As, a *good man*, *black horse*, or *naughty boy*,  
 An *entertaining book*, or *pretty toy*.  
 By *three degrees* we qualities compare :  
 The first is *positive*, as, you are *fair* ;  
 The next, or the *comparative*, does show  
 That *Polly Pert* is *fairer* still than you ;  
 But the *superlative*, or *third degree*,  
 Says, I'm the *fairest* creature that can be.  
 Again, we may compare with *more* and *most* ;  
 As, you are *fair*, and famous as a toast.  
 But with *comparitive degree* compare,  
 You'll find another *fairer* or *more fair* :  
 By the *superlative* it is decreed,  
 That I'm the *fairest*, or *most fair* indeed.

## AFFIRMATIONS.

Verbs, or else Affirmations, serve to show  
 We *suffer*, or *exist*, or *something do* ;  
 In short, in affirmations we may find  
 All actions of the *body*, or the *mind* :  
 Three times the sense of Affirmations bound,  
 And are in *present*, *past*, and *future*, sound.

*Pres.* The *present tense* denotes the present now ;  
 As, *I am writing*, or *I write*, *I bow*.

*Past.* The *past time* still displays a something done ;  
 As, *yesterday I play'd at tav*, and *won*.

*Fut.* The *future time* something to come explains ;  
 As, *he'll run mad*, and *then he'll lose his brains*.

## PARTICLES.

Unchanging particles precisely bring  
 To view, the manner of an *act* or *thing* ;  
 Some *quality* of something done explain,  
 And each peculiar *circumstance* maintain.  
 Grammarians, who the use of each have try'd,  
 Into *four parts* the particles divide :—

Viz. ADVERB, PREPOSITION, CONJUNCTION, INTERJECTION.

### ADVERB.

The *adverb*, which some quality bestows,  
The *manner* of the *affirmation* shows;  
As if I fought with *Dicky*, or with *Bill*,  
Perhaps you'll say, *I fought extremely ill*;  
Or if I said my lesson, you may tell,  
Like a good boy, I said it *wond'rous well*.

### PREPOSITION.

Force to expression *prepositions* grant,  
And give to *names* the *energy* they want;  
They before *names* in general appear,  
Tho' *now* and *then* they occupy the rear;  
As, *I was over hills and valleys sent*;  
Over denotes the *manner* how I went.

### CONJUNCTION.

Conjunctions either words, or sentence join,  
Explain the meaning, or the sense refine;  
As, *Tom and Harry went, like fools, to fight*;  
But, *tir'd of cuff'ng, left off ere 'twas night*.

### INTERJECTION.

The *interjection* of surprise combin'd,  
Denotes some *sudden passion* of the mind;  
Some *strong emotion* of the feeling soul,  
When all the thoughts are brought beneath controul;  
As, *Oh! Alack! Alas! Ah! well-a-day!*  
O! *let me find a purse! O, that I may!*

### SYNTAX.

Syntax, by certain rules, distinctly shows  
How we, with ease, may *sentences* compose;  
Respecting sentences, two things are found;  
They're either form'd as *simple*, or *compound*.  
A *simple sentence* is, where but one name  
Joins to one *affirmation*; as *seek fame* :

*Two sentences a compound sentence make;  
As, If I'm good, I soon shall have a cake.*

### CONCORD.

- Rule 1.* In number, and in person must agree,  
The noun and verb; as little Joe beat me.
- Rule 2.* The name of multitude—the crowd's in haste—  
May in the number singular be plac'd.
- Rule 3.* The adjective and substantive must still  
Agree together; as a gilded pill.
- Rule 4.* Two names, when a conjunction comes between,  
Have a verb plural, as is plainly seen.

### LOVE TO MANKIND AN IMPORTANT BRANCH OF EDUCATION.

**O**F all the branches of education, no one is more important than that of cultivating love to the human race. For if we love not our brethren, whom we have seen, how can we love God, whom we have not seen.

Before children are capable of speaking, they may receive impressions by kind or unkind examples; and great care should be taken that these early impressions be favourable to virtue.

As soon as they are capable of being influenced by verbal instructions, they should be taught the precepts of Christian love; and these precepts should be illustrated and enforced by the examples of their parents and instructors.

Admonition, reproof and correction should ever be administered in the spirit of love and tender concern for the good of the child, and not in anger, ill will, or the spirit of revenge.

Not only should parents exemplify a kind disposition towards each other, and all in the family, but towards their neighbours and all mankind. On no occasion should they indulge the spirit of reviling, or of rendering evil for evil.

Examples of piety, honesty and benevolence, should be constantly represented to children, as what is pleasing to God and worthy of imitation.

When children become capable of reading, care should be taken in the selection of books for their use. Those which are at once instructive and entertaining should be preferred. Such as embellish vice, justify bad passions, or make light of sin, should never be put into the hands of children. Indeed, they ought to be banished from the world.

The goodness of God to all men, in bestowing favors both on the just and on the unjust, will suggest powerful reasons for brotherly love. If God has so loved us, we ought also to love one another. His long-suffering to us should excite us to be long-suffering to all who share with us in his mercy.

The example of our blessed Saviour should often be presented to the minds of children. Not merely his love in laying down his life for our salvation, but the meek, benevolent and forgiving spirit, which he displayed while he went about doing good.

The tender regard, also, which he manifested towards little children is worthy of special notice. "Suffer the little children" said he "to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Permit them to approach, he cries,  
Nor scorn their humble name;  
It was to bless such souls as these,  
The Lord of angels came."

Remember thy Creator, God;  
For him thy powers employ;  
Make him thy fear, thy love, thy hope;  
Thy confidence, thy joy;  
He shall defend and guide thy course  
Through life's uncertain sea;  
Till thou art landed on the shore  
Of blest eternity;  
Then seek the Lord betimes, and choose  
The path of heavenly truth;  
The earth affords no lovelier sight  
Than a religious youth; *Dr. Doddridge.*

13  
ACCOUNT OF COLUMBUS.

**T**HO Christopher Columbus, a native of Genoa, is deservedly ascribed the first discovery of America: an event, which opened to mankind a new region of science, commerce, and enterprise; and stamped with immortality the name of its projector.

He was born in the year 1447. He early showed a capacity and inclination for a sea-faring life, and received an education which qualified him to pursue it. At the age of fourteen, he went to sea, and began his career on that element, where he was to perform exploits, which should astonish mankind.

He made a variety of voyages to almost every part of the globe, with which any intercourse was then carried on by sea; and became one of the most skilful navigators in Europe. But his active and enterprising genius would not suffer him to rest in the decisions, and tamely follow the track of his predecessors.

It was the great object in view at this time in Europe, to find out a passage by sea to the East Indies. The Portuguese, among whom he now resided, sought a new route to these desirable regions, by sailing round the southern extremity of Africa.

They had consumed half a century in making various attempts, and had advanced no further on the western shore of Africa than just to cross the equator, when Columbus conceived his great design of finding India in the west. The spherical figure of the earth, which he understood, made it evident to him, that Europe, Asia, and Africa, formed but a small portion of the globe.

It is an impeachment of the wisdom and beneficence of the Author of nature, to suppose that the vast space, yet unexplored, was a waste unprofitable ocean; and it appeared necessary that there should be another continent in the west to counterpoise the immense quantity of land, which was known to be in the east.

In the sea near the western islands, pieces of carved wood, and large joints of cane had been discovered; and branches of pine trees, and the bodies of two men, with features different from the Europeans, had been found on the shores of those islands after a course of westerly winds.

These reasonings and facts, with some others, convinced Columbus that it was possible to find the desired land by sailing in a westerly direction. He had a genius of that kind, which makes use of reasoning only as an excitement to action. No sooner was he satisfied of the truth of his system, than he was anxious to bring it to the test of experiment; and set out on a voyage of discovery.

His first step was to secure the patronage of some of the considerable powers of Europe, capable of undertaking such an enterprise. Excited by the love of his country, he laid a scheme before the senate of Genoa, offering to sail under their banners. But they, ignorant of the principles on which it was formed, rejected it as the dream of a visionary projector.

He next applied to John II. king of Portugal. But he being deeply engaged in prosecuting discoveries along the coast of Africa, was not inclined to encourage the undertaking of Columbus; yet he meanly sought to rob him of the glory and advantages of his scheme, by privately dispatching a ship to make a discovery in the west.

When Columbus was acquainted with his perfidious transaction, he quitted the kingdom with indignation, and landed in Spain in 1484. Here, after seven years' painful solicitation at court, and surmounting every obstacle, which ignorance, timidity, jealousy, and avarice could lay before him, he obtained his request; and Ferdinand and Isabella, who then reigned together, agreed to be patrons of his enterprise.

It was stipulated between him and them, that he should be admiral in all those islands and continents he should discover, and have the office hereditary in

his family ; that he should be viceroy of the same for life, and enjoy a tenth of all the merchandize which should be found.

Three small vessels were fitted out and victualled for twelve months, furnished with ninety men, and placed under his command. With this little fleet he set sail from Palos, on Friday the 3d of August, 1492 ; and taking a westerly course, boldly ventured into the unknown ocean.

He soon found that he had unforeseen hardships and difficulties to encounter from the inexperience and fears of his men. To go directly from home into a boundless ocean, far from any hope of relief, if any accident should befall them, and where no friendly port nor human being were known to exist, filled the boldest seamen with apprehension.

What greatly added to their terror, was a new and extraordinary phenomenon, which occurred on the 14th of September. The magnetic needle varied from the pole, and as they advanced, the variation increased. Nature seemed to be changed ; and their only guide through the trackless waters, to prove unfaithful.

After twenty days, the impatient sailors began to talk of throwing their commander into the sea, and of returning home. Their murmurs reached his ears ; but his fertile mind suggested an expedient in every extremity. By soothing, flattery, and artifice ; by inventing reasons for every uncommon appearance, and deceiving them in the ship's reckoning, he kept them on sixteen days longer.

On the night of the 11th of October, he himself discovered a light, which appeared to move ; and the next morning gave them the joyful sight of land. It proved to be the island Guanahana, one of the cluster, called Bahamas. Thus in the space of thirty-six days, and the forty-fifth year of his age, Columbus completed a voyage, which he had spent twenty years in projecting ; which opened to the Europeans a new world, and made the name of Columbus immortal.

With tears of joy and transports of congratulation, the crews of the ships sang a hymn of thanksgiving to God. After touching at several islands, and leaving a small colony, he returned to Spain. On his return he was overtaken by a storm, which became so furious that his destruction seemed inevitable. The crews abandoned themselves to despair, and expected every moment to be swallowed up in the waves.

In this extremity, he gave an admirable proof of his calmness and foresight. He wrote a short account of his voyage on parchment, inclosed it in a cake of wax, which he put into a tight cask, and threw into the sea, in hopes that some fortunate accident would preserve a deposit of so much importance to the world. The storm however subsided, and he arrived at Palos in Spain, on the 15th of March, 1493.

The populace received him with acclamations; and the King and Queen, no less astonished than delighted with his success, had him conducted to court with a pomp suitable to the event, which added such distinguished lustre to their reign. His family was ennobled; and his former privileges and offices confirmed to him.

He soon sailed on a second expedition to the new world, with a fleet of seventeen ships, having on board 1500 people, and all things necessary for establishing plantations. After discovering many islands of the West-Indies, and submitting to every labour and vexation in attempting to settle his colony, he returned to Spain in 1498, to counteract the intrigues and efforts of his enemies in the Spanish court.

He made two more voyages, in which he touched at most parts of the West-Indies, discovered the continent, and coasted on its shores for 400 leagues. But the last part of his life was made wretched by the persecutions of his enemies.

Their pride and jealousy could not endure that a foreigner should obtain so high a rank as to be viceroy for life, and have the office of admiral hereditary in his family, to the exclusion of the Spanish nobles.

They were, therefore, indefatigable in their endeavours to depreciate his merits, and ruin his fortune.

He was once carried home in irons; and, in violation of gratitude, humanity, and justice, basely deprived of all the offices and possessions in the new world, to which he had a right by the solemn stipulations of Ferdinand. When he returned from his last voyage, in 1505, Queen Isabella, his only friend and patroness in the court of Spain, was dead.

Worn out with sickness and fatigue, disgusted with the insincerity of his sovereign, and the haughtiness of his courtiers, he lingered out a year in fruitless solicitations for his violated rights, till death relieved him from his sorrows. He ended his useful and active life at Valladolid, on the 20th of May, 1506, in the 59th year of his age.

In the life of this remarkable man, there was no deficiency of any quality, which can constitute a great character. He was grave, though courteous in his deportment, circumspect in his words and actions, irreproachable in his morals, and exemplary in all the duties of religion.

The court of Spain were so just to his memory, that, notwithstanding their ingratitude towards him during his life, they buried him magnificently in the Cathedral of Seville, and erected a tomb over him with this inscription,

COLUMBUS HAS GIVEN A NEW WORLD TO THE  
KINGDOMS OF CASTILE AND LEON.



### TO THE CRICKET.

**L**ITTLE Croaker of the hearth,  
I hear thy melancholy mirth,  
To me thou seem'st to say—  
I now supply the Robin's song,  
And all the summer painted throng,  
Whose wings have flown away.

My bagpipe, in the chimney side,  
 Shall strains of music still provide,  
 Though thou art all unknown ;  
 O save me from the howling storm,  
 And only keep the Minstrel warm,  
 Thy summer friends have flown.

When cold and fierce December stares,  
 And through his icy mantle glares,  
 Let me this warmth enjoy—  
 'Tis all the boon I ask of men—  
 Grant me this humble suit, and then  
 My music I'll employ.

While seated by the social fire,  
 I will not sing of battles dire,  
 In strains of Walter Scott ;  
 Of heroes on the bloody plain,  
 Who in the glorious strife were slain,  
 Left on that field to rot.

I will not sing in Byron's lays,  
 Whom critics oft have deign'd to praise,  
 His glory is a dream—  
 I, a poor Minstrel of the wood,  
 And with no human powers endued,  
 Alas, cannot blaspheme!

I cannot in this tempest gust,  
 Sing like the Poet Moore, of lust,  
 To charm this world below ;  
 If strong temptation rules the hour,  
 Thank heav'n that I have not the pow'r  
 To brave my Maker so.

Yet I can chirp while life remains,  
 Such poor, such humble, woodland strains,  
 As heav'n has taught to me ;  
 While seated by the social fire,  
 O let me know, ere I retire,  
 My insect muse is free.

Dear insect hear me—chirp along,  
 From morn to eve, thy hum drum song,  
 Without my frowning, free ;  
 And neither Scott, or Byron, Moore,  
 Shall e'er such Minstrel strains restore,  
 As I should lose by thee.

Give me thy bagpipe, insect wild,  
 Untam'd for thou art nature's child,  
 That unharmonious line ;  
 And may I never dare to lose,  
 Amidst the wanderings of my muse,  
 A God of power, divine.

A.



### CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

**M**ONTAIGNE thinks it some reflection upon human nature itself, that few people take delight in seeing beasts caress or play together ; but almost every one is pleased to see them lacerate and worry one another.

I am sorry this temper is become almost a distinguishing character of our own nation, from the observation which is made by foreigners of our beloved pastimes, bear-baiting, cock-fighting, and the like.

We should find it hard to vindicate the destroying of any thing that has life, merely out of wantonness ; yet in this principle our children are bred up ; and one of the first pleasures we allow them is the license of inflicting pain upon poor animals.

Almost as soon as we are sensible what life is ourselves, we make it our sport to take it from other creatures. I cannot but believe a very good use might be made of the fancy which children have for birds and insects.

Mr. Locke takes notice of a mother who often procured these animals for her children, but rewarded or punished them as they treated them well or ill. This was no other than entering them betimes into a

daily exercise of humanity, and improving their very diversion to a virtue.

The laws of self-defence undoubtedly justify us in destroying those animals which would destroy us, which injure our properties, or annoy our persons; but not even these, whenever their situation incapacitates them from hurting us.

I know of no right which we have to shoot a bear on an inaccessible island of ice; or an eagle on the mountain's top; whose lives cannot injure, nor deaths procure us any benefit. We are unable to give life, and therefore ought not wantonly to take it away from the meanest insect, without sufficient reason. They all receive it from the same benevolent hand as ourselves, and have therefore an equal right to enjoy it.

God has been pleased to create numberless animals intended for our sustenance; and they that are so intended, the agreeable flavour of their flesh to our palates, and the wholesome nutriment which it administers to our stomachs, are sufficient proofs.

These, as they are formed for our use, propagated by our culture, and fed by our care, we have certainly a right to deprive of life, because it is given and preserved to them on that condition.

But this should always be performed with all the tenderness and compassion, which so disagreeable an office will permit; and no circumstances ought to be omitted, which can render their executions as quick and easy as possible.



### TO A ROBIN,

*Frightened from its nest by the author's approach.*

**F**OND, timid creature! fear not me;  
 Think not I mean to injure thee;  
 I am not come with hard intent  
 To steal the treasure heav'n hath sent.

Hovering with fond anxiety  
 Around thy unfledged family,  
 Fearful and tender as thou art  
 Each step alarm to thy failing heart ?

But let those fluttering plumes lie still,  
 Those needless terrors cease to feel !  
 Why hop so fast from bough to bough ?  
 Thou hear'st no hostile footstep now.

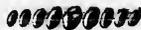
Compose thy feathers, ease thy fear  
 No cruel purpose brought me here :  
 I came not rudely to invade  
 The little dwelling thou hast made—  
 To hurt thy fair domestic peace,  
 And wound parental tenderness.

When cheerless wintry scene appear  
 Thy sprightly song well pleased we hear,  
 And he that robs thee of thy young  
 But ill repays that sprightly song.

Kind heav'n protect thy tender brood  
 Secret and safe be their abode ;  
 Let no malign, exploring eye  
 Thy little tenement descry.

Still may thy fond assiduous care  
 Thine offspring unmolested rear :  
 Teach them, like thee, to spread the wing;  
 And teach them too, like thee, to sing.  
 And may each pure felicity  
 That birds can feel, be felt by thee.

*Fawcett.*



### THE BEE.

**T**HE Bee is a noble pattern of industry and prudence. She settles upon every plant and flower, and makes the most insignificant, nay, even the most

hurtful of them, useful to her purpose. Thus she toils all the summer, while the days are fair, in order to get a stock, which she lays by to serve for winter, when the herbs and flowers are dead, the trees deprived of their leaves, and the weather unfavourable.

Then the Bees retire to their hive, which is formed like a little state, and governed by a queen, who dispenses justice to her subjects. It is said they bury their dead, punish criminals, and drive the drones from their hives. They keep a regular order, whether in war or peace; and, as soon as their queen dies, appoint another to succeed her, and rule their little state, which may serve as a pattern for a well ordered community.

The Bee is one of the aptest emblems of industry, and the art of extracting good out of evil, that can be found in nature. It is endued with an instinct, which justly excites our admiration; and its perseverance is an admirable example for the wisest of us to follow.

As the Bee, in the summer, provides for itself that which may serve for its support in winter, so should we, in the summer of our days, take care to lay in a store of profitable virtues and good qualities, which may render us justly admired in age, and enable us to set a good example to posterity.

Like that industrious insect, we should learn to make every occurrence of life serviceable to us; for nothing is so small or minute but it may be of use; nothing so bad in nature, but we may draw from it some profit or instruction. And thus, by choosing the good, and avoiding the evil, we may purchase to ourselves peace here, and the hopes of a brighter reward hereafter.

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#### INVITATION TO THE BEE.

**C**HILD of patient industry,  
 Little active busy Bee,  
 Thou art out at early morn,  
 Just as the opening flowers are born,

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Among the green and grassy meads,  
 Where the cowslips hang their heads;  
 Or by hedge-rows, while the dew  
 Glitters on the harebell blue.

Then on eager wing art flown  
 To thymy hillocks on the dawn;  
 Or to revel on the broom,  
 Or suck the clover's crimson bloom;  
 Murmuring still, thou busy Bee,  
 Thy little ode to industry.

Go while summer suns are bright,  
 Take at large thy wandering flight;  
 Go and load thy tiny feet  
 With every rich and various sweet.

But when the meadows shall be mown  
 And summer's garlands overblown;  
 Then come, thou little busy Bee,  
 And let thy homestead be with me.

Yet fear not when the tempests come  
 And drive thee to thy waxen home,  
 That I shall then most treacherously  
 For thy honey murder thee.

*Charlotte Smith.*

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### PRIDE NOT MADE FOR MAN.

**I**F there be any thing which makes human nature appear ridiculous to beings of superior faculties, it must be pride. They know so well the variety of those imaginary perfections that swell the heart of man, and of those little supernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it must certainly very much astonish, if it does not very much divert them, when they see a mortal puffed up, and valuing himself above his neighbours on any of these accounts, at the same

time that he is liable to all the common calamities of the species.

To set this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you please, that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reasonable creatures, and that every pismire (his shape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human passions. How should we smile to hear one give us an account of the prejudices, distinctions and titles that reign among them.

Observe how the whole swarm divide and make way for the pismire that passes through them! You must understand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any pismire in the mole-hill. Do not you see how sensible he is of it, how slow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their distance? Here you may observe one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers.

He is the richest insect on this side the hillock; he has a walk of half a yard in length, and a quarter of an inch in breadth; he keeps a hundred menial servants, and has at least fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beslaving the emmet that stands before him, and who, for all what we can discover, is as good an emmet as himself.

But here comes an insect of figure! Do not you take notice of a little white straw he carries in his mouth? That straw, you must understand, he would not part with for the longest tract about the mole-hill; did you but know what he has undergone to purchase it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions swarm about him! Should this straw drop out of his mouth, you would see all the numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the discarded insect, or run over his back to come at his successor.

If now you have a mind to see all the ladies of the mole-hill, observe first the pismire that listens to the emmet on her left hand, at the same time that she seems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor

insect that she is a goddess, that her eyes are brighter than the sun, that life and death are at her disposal. She believes him, and gives herself a thousand little airs upon it.

Mark the vanity of the pismire on your left hand. She can scarce crawl with age; but you must know she values herself upon her birth; and if you mind, spurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running along by the side of her is a wit. She has broken many a pismire's heart. Do but observe what a drove of lovers are running after her.

We will here finish this imaginary scene but first of all, to draw the parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the mole-hill in the shape of a sparrow, who picks up, without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers, the pismire of substance and day-labourers, the white-straw officer and his sycophants, with all the goddesses, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine that beings of superior natures and perfections, regard all the instances of pride and vanity among our species, in the same kind of view, when they take a survey of those who inhabit the earth; or in the language of an ingenious French poet; of those pismires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions.

*Addison.*

MAN praises man. Desert in arts or arms  
Wins public honour, and ten thousand sit  
Patiently present at a sacred song,  
Commemoration mad; content to hear  
Messiah's eulogy for Handel's sake.

Man praise man. The rabble all alive  
From tippling benches, cellars, stalls, and styes,  
Swarm in the streets. The statesman of the c v;  
A pompous and slow-moving pageant, comes.  
Some shout him, and some hang upon his ear,

To gaze in's eyes, and bless him. Maidens wave  
 Their kerchiefs, and old women vesp for joy;  
 While others, not so satisfied, unhorse  
 The gilded equipage, and turning loose  
 His steeds, usurp a place they well deserve.  
 Why? What has charm'd them? Hath he saved  
 the state?

No. Doth he purpose its salvation? No.

Thus idly do we waste the breath of praise,  
 And dedicate a tribute, in its use  
 And just direction sacred, to a thing  
 Doom'd to the dust, or lodg'd already there.

*Cowper.*



### THE SQUIRREL.

**T**HE Squirrel with aspiring mind,  
 Disdains to be to earth confin'd,  
 But mounts aloft in air;  
 The pine-trees giddiest height he climbs,  
 Or scales the beech-tree's loftiest limbs,  
 And builds his castle there.

Within some old fantastic tree,  
 Where time has worn a cavity  
 His winter food is stor'd;  
 The cone beset with many a scale,  
 The chesnut in its coat of mail,  
 Or nuts complete his hoard.

Soft is his shining auburn coat,  
 As ermine white his downy throat,  
 Intelligent his mien;  
 With feathery tail and ears alert,  
 And little paws as hands expert,  
 And eyes so black and keen,

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was reviled, reviled not again." This temper he displayed while "he went about doing good," and when he was reviled on the cross.

The practice of reviling, or speaking evil, is forbidden by all the precepts which require men to love one another, and particularly by this—"Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."

The practice of slander always implies a want of due consideration, or a want of Christian benevolence; and too often envy or malignity is the direct source of calumnious remarks.

This vice ever abounds when men are under the influence of party spirit, whether the parties are formed on account of politics, religion, or particular persons. Under such influence people are little inclined to admit or suspect any evil in their revilings.

As evil speaking generally proceeds from evil passions, so it tends to excite evil passions in others; and the measure which the slanderer metes out, is very commonly measured to him in return.

Much of the contention, which exist in societies and neighbourhoods is produced by this vice; and not unfrequently public wars between nations have been excited or accelerated by the same pernicious means.

As kind and soft words turn away wrath and preserve peace; so unkind and reproachful words excite anger and produce hostilities. Calumnies which originated with a few men, have occasioned the destruction of thousands, and deluged countries in blood.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." He therefore, who wantonly or maliciously robs his neighbour of a good name, does a greater injury than the highwayman or pirate, who merely robs a man of his money.

A good name is essential to extensive usefulness; and he that robs a worthy man of his reputation, does a great injury, not only to the individual whom he defames, but to the community of which he is a member.

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The defamer not only injures his neighbour and society, but he injures himself in the view of good men; for in their esteem his reputation sinks, and the evil which he intended to another falls finally on his own head.

Young people, therefore, who wish to be respected by the good, and to be useful and happy in this world, or to please God and to be happy in the world to come, should be as careful not to defame others, as they wish others to be not to defame them.

—o—

The man who doth his neighbour wrong,  
By falsehood or by force,  
The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,  
I'll drive them from my doors.

The pure, the faithful, and the just,  
My favour shall enjoy:  
These are the friends that I will trust;  
The servants I'll employ.

The wretch who deals in sly deceit,  
I'll not endure a night;  
The liar's tongue I ever hate,  
And banish from my sight.

*Watts.*

### GOLDEN VERSES OF PYTHAGORAS.

**F**IRST, the Supreme doth highest rev'ence claim;  
Use with religious awe his sacred name.  
Honour thy parents and thy next of kind;  
And virtuous men wherever thou canst find.

Useful and steady let thy life proceed,  
Mild every word, good natur'd every deed;  
Oh, never with the man thou lov'st contend!  
But bear a thousand frailties from thy friend.

O'er lust, o'er anger, keep the strictest rein,  
 Subdue thy sloth, thy appetite restrain.  
 One way let all thy words and actions tend,  
 Reason their constant guide, and truth their end.

Would'st thou be justly rank'd among the wise,  
 Think ere thou dost, ere thou resolv'st, advise.  
 Among the various ends of thy desires,  
 'Tis no inferior place thy health requires.  
 Firmly for this from all excess refrain,  
 Thy cups be moderate, and thy diet plain.  
 Each night, ere needful slumber seals thy eyes,  
 Home to thy soul let these reflections rise ;  
 How has this day my duty seen express'd ?  
 What have I done, omitted, or transgress'd ?  
 Then grieve the moments thou hast idly spent.  
 The rest will yield thee comfort and content.  
 Be these good rules thy study and delight,  
 Practise by day and ponder them by night ;  
 Thus all thy thoughts to virtue's height shall rise,  
 And truth shall stand unveil'd before thy eyes.

*Fitzgerald.*

0000000000  
 THE BEST WAY TO BEAR CALUMNY.

**A** GOOD conscience is to the soul what health is to the body ; it preserves a constant ease and serenity within us, and more than countervails all the calamities and afflictions which can possibly befall us.

I know nothing so hard for a generous mind to get over as calumny and reproach, and cannot find any method of quieting the soul under them, besides this single one, of being conscious to ourselves that we do not deserve them.

The way to silence calumny, says Bias, is to be always exercised in such things as are praiseworthy. Socrates, after having received sentence, told his friends that he had always accustomed himself to regard truth, and not censure, and that he was not troubled at his condemnation, because he knew himself free from guilt.

Others of the philosophers rather chose to retort the injury by a smart reply, than thus to disarm it with respect for themselves. They shew that it stung them, though they had the address to make their aggressors suffer with them.

Of this kind was Aristotle's reply to one who pursued him with long and bitter invectives. "You," says he, who are used to suffer reproaches, utter them with delight; I who have not been used to utter them, take no pleasure in hearing them."

Diogenes was still more severe on one who spoke ill of him. "Nobody will believe you when you speak ill of me, any more than they would believe me should I speak well of you."

In these and many other instances, the bitterness of the answer sufficiently testifies the uneasiness of mind the person was under who made it. I would rather advise my reader, if he has not, in this case, the secret consolation that he deserves no such reproaches, to follow the advise of Epictetus:—

"If any one," said he, "speaks ill of thee, consider whether he has the truth on his side; and if so, reform thyself, that his censures may not affect thee."

When Anaximander was told that the very boys laughed at his singing, "Ay," said he, "then I must learn to sing better." But of all the sayings of philosophers, there are none which carry in them more candour and good sense than the two following ones of Plato:—

Being told that he had many enemies who spoke ill of him—"It is no matter," said he, "I will live so that none shall believe them."—Hearing at another time that an intimate friend had spoken detractingly of him,—"I am sure he would not do it," says he, "if he had not some reason for it."

This is the surest as well as the noblest way of drawing a sting out of a reproach, and a true method of preparing a man for that great and only relief against the pains of calumny—a good conscience.

*Addison.*

Th' insidious slandering thief is worse  
 Than the poor rogue who steals your purse—  
 Say, he purloins your glittering store;  
 Who takes your gold takes trash—no more.  
 But the dark villain who shall aim  
 To blast thy fair, thy spotless name,  
 He'd steal a precious gem away,  
 Steal what both Indies can't repay!  
 Here the strong pleas of want are vain,  
 Or the more impious pleas of gain.  
 No sinking family to save!  
 No gold to glut th' insatiate knave.

*Cotton.*

### THE BEGGAR'S PETITION.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
 Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak,  
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years;  
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek  
 Has been the channel to a flood of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,  
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road;  
 For plenty there a residence has found,  
 And grandeur a magnificent abbode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!  
 Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,  
 A pamper'd menial drove me from the door,  
 To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome;  
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!  
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,  
 For I am poor and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,  
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,  
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,  
 And tears of pity would not be repress'd.

Heaven sends misfortunes; why should we repine  
 'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see;  
 And your condition may be soon like mine,  
 The child of sorrow, and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,  
 Then like the lark I sprightly hail'd the morn;  
 But ah! oppression forc'd me from my cot,  
 My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,  
 Lur'd by a villain from her native home,  
 Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,  
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care,  
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,  
 Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,  
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,  
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,  
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,  
 Oh! give relief and Heaven will bless your store.

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THE SUBJECT OF MORTALITY BROUGHT HOME TO OUR  
 CASE.

\* \* \* \* \*

**H**ERE I called in my roving meditations from their long excursion on this tender subject. Fancy listened a while to the soliloquy of a lover; now judgment resumes the reins, and guides my thoughts to more near and self-interesting inquiries.—However, upon a review of the whole scene, crowded with

*spectacles of mortality and trophies of death*, I could not forbear smiting my breast, and fetching a sigh, and lamenting over the noblest of all visible beings, lying in ruins under the feet of "*the pale horse, and his rider.*"—I could not forbear that pathetic exclamation, "*O! thou Adam, what hast thou done!*" What desolation has thy disobedience wrought on the earth! See the malignity, the ruinous malignity of *sin!* Sin has demolished so many stately structures of flesh: sin has made such havock among the most excellent ranks of God's lower creation; and sin (that deadly bane of our nature) would have plunged our better part into the execrable horrors of the nethermost hell, had not our merciful Mediator interposed and given himself for our ransom.—

Therefore, what grateful acknowledgments does the whole world of *penitent* sinners owe; what ardent returns of love will a whole heaven of *glorified* believers pay to such a friend, benefactor and deliverer!

Musing upon these melancholy objects, a faithful remembrancer suggests from within,—“Must this sad change succeed in *me* also? Am I to draw my last gasp, to become a breathless corpse, and be what I deplore? Is there a time approaching, when this body shall be carried out upon the bier, and confined to its clay-cold bed? while some kind acquaintance, perhaps, may drop one parting tear; and cry, Alas! my brother!—Is the time approaching?”—Nothing is more certain. A decree much surer than the law of the Medes and Persians, has irrevocably determined the doom.

Should one of these ghastly figures burst from his confinement, and start up, in frightful deformity, before me;—should the *haggard skeleton* lift a clattering hand; and point it full in my view;—should it open the stiffened jaws; and, with a hoarse tremendous murmur, break this profound silence;—

Should it accost *me*, as Samuel's apparition addressed the trembling king—“*The LORD shall deliver thee also into the hands of death: yet a little while, and*

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thou shalt be with me ;"—the solemn warning, delivered in so striking a manner, must strongly impress my imagination : a message in thunder would scarce sink deeper.—Yet there is abundantly greater reason to be alarmed by that express declaration of the Lord God Almighty, "*Thou shalt surely die.*"

Well then, since sentence is passed, since I am a condemned man, and know not when the dead warrant may arrive ; let me die to *sin*, and die to the *world*, before I die beneath the stroke of a righteous God.

Let me employ the little uncertain interval of respite from execution, in preparing for a happier state, and a better life ; that, when the fatal moment comes, and I am commanded to shut my eyes upon all things here below, I may open them again, to see my Saviour in the mansions above.

Since this body, which is so fearfully and wonderfully made, must fall to pieces in the grave ; since I must soon resign all my bodily powers to darkness, inactivity, and corruption ; let it be my constant care to use them well, while I possess them !—Let my *hands* be stretched forth to relieve the needy ; and always be "more ready to give than to receive."—Let my *knees* bend, in deepest humiliation, before the throne of grace ; while my *eyes* are cast down to the earth, in penitential confusion, or devoutly looking up to heaven for pardoning mercy !—In every friendly interview, let the "law of kindness dwell on my *lips* ;" or, rather, if the seriousness of my acquaintance permit, let the gospel of peace flow from my tongue.

O ! that I might be enabled, in every public course, to lift up my voice like a trumpet, and pour abroad a more joyful sound than its most melodious accents, in proclaiming the glad tidings of free salvation !—Be shut, my *ears*, resolutely shut, against the malevolent whispers of slander, and the contagious breath of filthy talking ; but be swift to hear the instructions of wisdom, be all attention when your *Re-*

DEEMER speaks ; imbibe the precious truths, and convey them carefully to the heart.—Carry me, my feet, to the temple of the LORD ; to the beds of the sick, and houses of the poor.—May all my members, devoted entirely to my divine Master, be the willing instruments of promoting his glory !

Then, ye embalmers, you may spare your pains : those works of faith, and labours of love, these shall be my *spices* and *perfumes*. Enwrapped in these, I would lay me gently down, and sleep sweetly in the blessed Jesus ; hoping that God will “ give commandment concerning my bones ; ” and one day fetch them up from the dust, as silver from the furnace, purified, “ I say not, seven times, but seven'y times seven.”

◆

*A Funeral Thought.*

Hark ! from the tombs a doleful sound,  
My ears attend the cry,  
“ Ye living men, come view the ground,  
“ Where you must shortly lie.

“ Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
“ In spite of all your tow'rs ;  
“ The tall, the wise, the reverend head,  
“ Must lie as low as ours.”

Great God ! is this our certain doom ?  
And are we still secure !  
Still walking downward to our tomb,  
And yet prepare no more !

Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,  
To fit our souls to fly ;  
Then, when we drop this dying flesh,  
We'll rise above the sky.

## AN ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD:

**T**HE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,  
 The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,  
 The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,  
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimm'ing 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 tow'r,  
 The moping owl does to the moon complain  
 Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,  
 Molest her ancient solitary roign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade,  
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring 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 twitt'ring 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 house-wife ply her evening care:  
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,  
 Or climb his knees the env'y'd kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to the sickle yield,  
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;  
 How jocund did they drive their team afield!  
 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 pow'r,  
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,  
 Await alike th' inevitable hour.  
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,  
 If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,  
 Where, thro' 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 wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
 Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol;  
 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 flow'r 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.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,  
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,  
 And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade : nor circumscrib'd alone  
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd ;  
 Forbade to wade thro' 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 ev'n 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, spelt by th' unletter'd muse,  
 The place of fame and elegy supply :  
 And many a holy text around she strews,  
 That 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 ling'ring look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,  
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;  
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries,  
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' 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 noon-tide would he stretch,  
" And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
" Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove ;  
" Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn ;  
" Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

" One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,  
" Along the heath, and near his fav'rite 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,  
" Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.  
" Approach, and read (for thou can'st read) the lay  
" Grav'd on the stone, beneath yon aged thorn."

#### THE EPITAPH.

**H**ERE 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 ;  
Heav'n did a recompence as largely send :  
He gave to mis'ry all he had, a tear,  
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

*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.*

◆ ◆ ◆  
A THOUGHT ON ETERNITY.

**O** ETERNITY! Eternity! how are our boldest, our strongest thoughts, lost and everwhelmed in thee? Who can set landmarks to limit thy dimensions; or find plummets to fathom thy depths? Arithmeticians have figures, to compute all the progressions of time: Astronomers have instruments to calculate the distances of the planets: but what numbers can state, what lines can gauge the lengths and breadths of Eternity? *It is higher than heaven; what canst thou do? Deeper than hell; what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea.*

Mysterious, mighty existence! A sum, not to be lessened by the largest deductions: an extent, not to be contracted by all possible diminutions. None can truly say, after the most prodigious waste of ages, *That so much of Eternity is gone.* For, when millions of centuries are elapsed, it is but just commencing; and when millions more have run their ample round, it will be no nearer ending.

Yea, when ages, numerous as the bloom of spring, increased by the herbage of summer, both augmented by the leaves of autumn, and all multiplied by the drops of rain which drown the winter—when these, and ten thousand times ten thousand more—more than can be represented by any similitude, or imagined by any conception, are all revolved: Eternity! vast, boundless, amazing eternity, will only be beginning, or rather (if I may be allowed the expression), only beginning to begin.

What a pleasing, yet awful thought is this! full of delight and full of dread. O! may it alarm our fears, quicken our hopes, and animate all our endeavours!

Since we are soon to launch into this endless and inconceivable state, let us give all diligence to secure an entrance into bliss. Now, let us give all diligence; because there is no alteration in the scenes of futurity. The wheel never turns; all is steadfast and immovable beyond the grave. Whether we are then seated on the throne, or stretched on the rack; a seal will be set to our condition, by the hand of everlasting mercy, or inflexible justice.—The saints always rejoice amidst the smiles of heaven; their harps are perpetually tuned; their triumph admits of no interruption.—The ruin also of the wicked is irremediable.

The fatal sentence, once passed, is never to be repealed. No hope of exchanging their doleful habitations: but all things bear the same dismal aspect, for ever and ever.—If this be the end of the ungodly; *My soul, come not thou into their secret! Unto their assembly, mine honour, be not thou united.*



*An interesting Dialogue, supposed to have passed between DEATH and a Fine Young LADY.*

**D.** FAIR Lady, lay your costly robes aside,  
No longer may you glory in your pride:  
Take leave of all your carnal, vain delight,  
Pun come to summon you away this night.

**L.** What bold attempt is this? Pray let me know  
From whence you come, and whither I must go.  
Shall I, who am a lady, stoop to bow  
To such a pale-faced visage! *Who art thou?*

**D.** Do you not know me? Well! I'll tell you then:—  
'Tis I that conquer all the sons of men;  
No post of honour from my dart is free:  
**My name is Death**—Have you not heard of me?

**L.** Yes, I have heard of thee, time after time,  
But being in the glory of my prime,  
I did not think you would have call'd so soon;  
**Why must my morning sun go down at noon?**

*D.* Talk not of noon, you may as well be mute,  
 You have no time at all, then why dispute?  
 Your riches, jewels, gold, and garments fine,  
 Your houses, lands, and all, you must resign.  
 Tho' thy vain heart to riches was inclin'd,  
 Yet thou must die, and leave them all behind,

*L.* My heart is cold; I tremble at the news.  
 Here's bags of gold if thou wilt me excuse,  
 And seize on those (thus finish thou the strife)  
 Who are, thro' pain, grown weary of their life.  
 Are there not many bound in prison strong,  
 And there in grief of soul have languish'd long,  
 Who wish to find a grave, a place of rest.  
 From all their grief, with which they're sore oppress?  
 Besides, there's many with their hoary head,  
 And palsy joints, thro' which their joys are fled;  
 Release thou them, whose sorrows are so great;  
 But spare *my* life to have a longer date.

*D.* Tho' they by age are full of grief and pain,  
 Yet their appointed time they must remain;  
 I come to none before my warrant's seal'd,  
 And when it is, they must submit and yield.  
 I take no bribe,—believe me this is true,—  
 Prepare *yourself* to go, I only come for *you*.

*L.* Ye learned doctors, now exert your skill,  
 And let not *Death* of me obtain his will;  
 Prepare your cordials, let me comfort find;  
 My gold shall fly like chaff before the wind.

*D.* Forbear to call, their skill will never do,  
 They are but mortals here, as well as you;  
 I give the fatal wound, my dart is sure,  
 'Tis far beyond the doctors' skill to cure.  
 You now may freely let your riches fly;  
 But know, fair lady, you must surely die:  
 My Lord beheld wherein you did amiss,  
 And calls you hence to give account of this.

L. Oh, heavy news! must I no longer stay?  
 How shall I stand in the great judgment day?  
 Down from her eyes the crystal tears did flow,  
 While she with tears exclaim'd—And must I go?  
 Lord JESUS CHRIST! have mercy on my soul;  
 My sins are great, but thou shalt make me whole;  
 Tho' justly I deserve thy righteous frown,  
 Yet pardon, Lord, and pour forgiveness down.  
 Then with a sigh she bid the world adieu,  
 And shut her eyes on sin, and sorrow too.  
 Thus do we see the great and mighty fall,  
 For cruel Death shews no respect at all  
 To any one of high or low degree;  
 Great men submit to Death as well as we:  
 Tho' they are gay, their lives are but a span,  
 A lump of clay,—so vile a creature's man.

MEANS FOR DIMINISHING THE CRIMES AND MISERIES  
 OF MAN.

**T**HAT crimes and miseries abound on earth, is well known in every country; and whatever may tend to diminish these evils should be ardently sought for by every philanthropist.

As a great portion of human misery is the natural result of vices or crimes, those means which tend to diminish crimes, or promote virtue, will also tend to diminish the aggregate of human wretchedness.

A general diffusion of the means of virtuous education, may justly be placed at the head of all the means for improving the condition of human society.

To advance and diffuse these means should be a principal object of pursuit with every human government—with all who are exalted to rule over men.

In the next place, it should be the special care of those in authority, by their own temper and conduct, to give examples of true virtue to all within the circle of their influence.

Evil examples of men in power are of the most pernicious tendency. How can rulers reasonably expect that subjects will be orderly and virtuous, while

their own examples are adapted to lead them in the road to perdition.

How odious it must be in the sight of a just God, to see rulers violate his laws and the laws of the land, while for similar vices they punish their subjects with severity and perhaps with death.

The same remark is applicable to wicked parents, who, by their own examples lead their children into the very crimes for which they punish them.

Let due attention be paid to forming the minds and habits of the young; let rulers and parents be examples of virtue, self-government, and benevolence; then may it be expected that the crimes and miseries of mankind will rapidly diminish.

Then too will the havoc of war be banished from the world, justice and beneficence will abound, and the future generations of men will be blessed with peace a happiness.

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If but one corse,  
 With murders sign upon it, meet the eye  
 Of pale discovery in the lone recess,  
 Justice begins the chase: When high are piled  
 Mountains of slain, the large enormous guilt,  
 Safe in its size, too vast for laws to whip,  
 Trembles before no bar.

How long shall it be thus? say Reason, say,  
 When shall thy long minority expire?  
 When shall thy dilatory kingdom come?

*Fawcett.*

Ye who direct the social state,  
 Which tauntingly ye civil call,  
 Who whip the crimes yourselves create,  
 Yourselves most criminal of all!

Instructed in this genial school,  
 Mellow your crude, inclement plan,  
 Copy mild Nature's gentle rule,  
 And learn, like her, to smile on man.

*Fawcett.*

## THE KITE, A FABLE;

OR,

## PRIDE MUST HAVE A FALL.

**O**NCE on a time, a paper kite  
 Was mounted to a wond'rous height,  
 Where, giddy with its elevation,  
 It thus express'd self-admiration :  
 " See how you crowds of gazing people  
 Admire my flight above the steeple ;  
 How would they wonder if they knew  
 All that a Kite, like me, could do !  
 Were I but free, I'd take a flight,  
 And pierce the clouds beyond their sight.  
 But ah! like a poor pris'ner bound,  
 My string confines me to the ground.  
 I'd brave the eagle's tow'ring wing,  
 Migh I but fly *without a string.*"  
 It tugg'd and pull'd, while thus it spoke,  
 To break the string ;—at last it broke ;  
 Depriv'd at once of all its stay,  
 In vain he try'd to soar away ;  
 Unable its own weight to bear ;  
 It flutter'd downward through the air ;  
 Unable its own course to guide,  
 The wind soon plung'd it in the tide.  
 Oh ! foolish kite, thou hadst no wing,  
 How couldst thou fly without a string ?  
 My heart reply'd, " O Lord, I see  
 How much this kite resembles me !  
 Forgetful that by thee I stand,  
 Impatient of the ruling hand,  
 How oft I've wish'd to break the lines  
 Thy wisdom for my lot assigns !  
 How oft indulg'd a vain desire  
 For something more, or something higher !  
 And but for Grace and Love Divine,  
 A fall thus dreadful had been mine.

## ON THE BEING OF A GOD.

**R**ETIRE;—The world 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.——

What am I? and from whence?—I nothing know,

But that I am; and, since I am, conclude

Something eternal: had there ere been nought,

Nought still had been, eternal there must be.——

But what eternal?—Why not human race?

And Adam's ancestors without an end?——

That's hard to be conceiv'd: since ev'ry link

Of that long-chain'd succession is so frail:

Can ev'ry 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 thro' vast masses of enormous weight?

Who bid rude matter's restive lump assume

Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?

Has matter inhate motion? Then each atom,

Asserting its indisputable right

To dance, would form an universe of dust:

Has matter none? Then whence these glorious forms,

And boundless flights, from shapeless, and repos'd?

Has matter more than motion? Has it thought,

Judgment, and genius? Is it deeply learn'd

In mathematics? Has it fram'd such laws,

Which, but to guess, a Newton made immortal?  
 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!

ON THE RESURRECTION.

**N**OW man awakes, and from his silent bed,  
 Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head;  
 Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,  
 And on the borders of new worlds appears.  
 Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,  
 And render back their long-committed dust.

Now Charnels rattle; scatter'd limbs, and all  
 The various bones, obsequious to the call,  
 Self-mov'd advance; the neck perhaps to meet  
 The distant head; the distant legs, the feet.  
 Dreadful in view, see through the dusky sky  
 Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,

To distant regions journeying, there to claim  
 Deserted members, and complete the frame.  
 Not all at once, nor in like manner rise:  
 Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes:  
 Shrink backward from the terror of the light,  
 And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.

Others, whose long attempted virtue stood  
 Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,  
 Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,  
 Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown;  
 Such in this day of horrors shall be seen,  
 To face the thunder with a godlike mien.

The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above;  
 The centre shakes; their hearts disdain to move:  
 An earth dissolving, and a heav'n thrown wide,  
 A yawning gulph and fiends on ev'ry side,  
 Serene they view impatient of delay,  
 And bless the dawn of everlasting day.

THE END.

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