

EXTRACT FROM THE EULOGY ON DR. FRANKLIN,  
PRONOUNCED BY THE ABBE FAUCHET, IN THE NAME  
OF THE COMMONS OF PARIS, 1790.

A SECOND creation has taken place; the elements of society begin to combine together; the moral universe is now seen issuing from chaos, the genius of liberty is awakened, and springs up, she sheds her divine light and creative powers upon the two hemispheres. A great nation, astonished at seeing herself free, stretches her arms from one extremity of the earth to the other, and embraces the first nation that became so: the foundations of a new city are created in the two worlds; brother nations hasten to inhabit it. It is the city of mankind!

One of the first founders of this universal city was the immortal FRANKLIN, the deliverer of America. The second founders, who accelerated this great work, made it worthy of Europe. The legislators of France have rendered the most solemn homage to his memory. They have said, "A friend of humanity is dead: mankind ought to be overwhelmed with sorrow! Nations have hitherto only worn mourning for Kings; let us assume it for a Man, and let the tears of Frenchmen mingle with those of Americans, in order to do honor to the memory of one of the Fathers of Liberty!"

The city of Paris, which once contained this philosopher within its walls, which was intoxicated with the pleasure of hearing, admiring, and loving him; of gathering from his lips the maxims of a moral legislator, and of imbibing from the effusions of his heart a passion for the public welfare, rivals Boston and Philadelphia, his two native cities (for in one he was born as it were a man, and in the other a legislator) in its profound attachment to his merit and his glory.

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It has commanded this funeral solemnity, in order to perpetuate the gratitude and the grief of this third country, which, by the courage and activity with which it has profited of his lessons, has shown itself worthy of having him at once for an instructor and a model.

In selecting me for the interpreter of its wishes, it has declared, that it is less to the talents of an orator, than to the patriotism of a citizen, the zeal of a preacher of liberty, and the sensibility of a friend of men, that it hath confided this solemn function. In this point of view, I may speak with firm confidence; for I have the public opinion, and the testimony of my own conscience, to second my wishes. Since nothing else is wanting than freedom, and sensibility, for that species of eloquence which this eulogium requires, I am satisfied; for I already possess them.

My voice shall extend to France, to America, to posterity. I am now to do justice to a great man, the founder of transatlantic freedom; I am to praise him in the name of the mother city of French liberty. I myself also am a man; I am a freeman; I possess the suffrages of my fellow-citizens: this is enough; my discourse shall be immortal.

The academies, the philosophical societies, the learned associations which have done themselves honor by inscribing the name of Franklin in their records, can best appreciate the debt due to his genius, for having extended the power of man over nature, and presented new and sublime ideas, in a style simple as truth, and pure as light.

It is not the naturalist and the philosopher that the orator of the Commons of Paris ought to describe; it is the *man* who hath accelerated the progress of social order; it is the *legislator*, who hath prepared the liberty of nations!

Franklin, in his periodical works, which had prodigious circulation on the continent of America, laid the sacred foundations of social morality. He was no less inimitable in the developements of the same morality,

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when applied to the duties of friendship, general charity, the employment of one's time, the happiness attendant upon good works, the necessary combination of private with public welfare, the propriety and necessity of industry; and to that happy state which puts us at ease with society and with ourselves. The proverbs of "Old Henry," and "Poor Richard," are in the hands both of the learned and the ignorant; they contain the most sublime morality, reduced to popular language and common comprehension; and form the catechism of happiness for all mankind.

Franklin was too great a moralist, and too well acquainted with human affairs, not to perceive that women were the arbiters of manners. He strove to perfect their empire; and accordingly engaged them to adorn the sceptre of virtue with their graces. It is in their power to excite courage; to overthrow vice, by means of their disdain; to kindle civism, and to light up in every heart the holy love of our country.

His daughter, who was opulent and honored with the public esteem, helped to manufacture and to make up the clothing for the army with her own hands; and spread abroad a noble emulation among the female citizens, who became eager to assist those by means of the needle and the spindle, who were serving the state with their swords and their guns.

With the charm ever attendant upon true wisdom and the grace ever flowing from true sentiment, this grave philosopher knew how to converse with the other sex; to inspire them with a taste for domestic occupations; to hold out to them the prize attendant upon honor unaccompanied by reproach, and instil the duty of cultivating the first precepts of education, in order to teach them to their children; and thus to acquit the debt due to nature, and fulfil the hope of society. It must be acknowledged, that, in his own country, he addressed himself to minds capable of comprehending him.

Immortal

Immortal females of America! I will tell it to the daughters of France, and they only are fit to applaud you! You have attained the utmost of what your sex is capable; you possess the beauty, the simplicity, the manners, at once natural and pure; the primitive graces of the golden age. It was among you that liberty was first to have its origin. But the empire of freedom, which is extended to France, is about to carry your manners along with it, and produce a revolution in morals as well as in politics.

Already our female citizens, (for they have lately become such) are not any longer occupied with those frivolous ornaments, and vain pleasures, which were nothing more than the amusements of slavery; they have awakened the love of liberty in the bosoms of fathers, of brothers, and of husbands; they have encouraged them to make the most generous sacrifices; their delicate hands have removed the earth, dragged it along, and helped to elevate the immense amphitheatre of the grand confederation. It is no longer the love of voluptuous softness that attracts their regard; it is the sacred fire of patriotism.

The laws which are to reform education, and with it the national manners, are already prepared; they will advance, they will fortify the cause of liberty by means of their happy influence, and become the second saviours of their country!

Franklin did not omit any of the means of being useful to men, or serviceable to society. He spoke to all conditions, to both sexes, to every age. This amiable moralist descended, in his writings, to the most artless details; to the most ingenuous familiarities; to the first ideas of a rural, a commercial, and a civil life; to the dialogues of old men and children; full at once of all the verdure and all the maturity of wisdom. In short, the prudent lessons arising from the exposition of those obscure happy, easy virtues, which form so many links in the chain of a good man's life, derived immense weight from that reputation for genius which he had acquired,



acquired, by being one of the first naturalists and greatest philosophers in the universe.

At one and the same time, he governed nature in the heavens and in the hearts of men. Amidst the tempests of the atmosphere, he directed the thunder; amidst the storms of society, he directed the passions. Think, gentlemen, with what attentive docility, with what religious respect, one must hear the voice of a simple man, who preached up human happiness, when it was recollected that it was the powerful voice of the same man who regulated the lightning.

He electrified the consciences, in order to extract the destructive fire of vice, exactly in the same manner as he electrified the heavens, in order peaceably to invite from them the terrible fire of the elements.

Venerable old man! august philosopher! legislator of the felicity of thy country, prophet of the fraternity of the human race, what ecstatic happiness embellished the end of thy career! From thy fortunate asylum, and in the midst of thy brothers who enjoyed in tranquillity the fruit of thy virtues, and the success of thy genius, thou hast sung songs of deliverance. The last looks, which thou didst cast around thee, beheld America happy; France, on the other side of the ocean, free, and a sure indication of the approaching freedom and happiness of the world.

The United States, looking upon themselves as thy children, have bewailed the death of the father of their republic. France, thy family by adoption, has honored thee as the founder of her laws; and the human race has revered thee as the universal patriarch who has formed the alliance of nature with society. Thy remembrance belongs to all ages; thy memory to all nations; thy glory to eternity!

## EPILOGUE

## EPILOGUE TO ADDISON'S CATO.

YOU see mankind the same in every age:  
 Heroic fortitude, tyrannic rage,  
 Boundless ambition, patriotic truth,  
 And hoary treason, and untainted youth,  
 Have deeply mark'd all periods and all climes,  
 The noblest virtues, and the blackest crimes.  
 Did Cesar, drunk with power, and madly brave,  
 Insatiate burn, his country to enslave?  
 Did he for this, lead forth a servile host  
 To spill the choicest blood that Rome could boast?  
 The British Cesar too hath done the same,  
 And doom'd this age to everlasting fame.  
 Columbia's crimson'd fields still smoke with gore;  
 Her bravest heroes cover all the shore:  
 The flower of Britain, in full martial bloom,  
 In this sad war, sent headlong to the tomb.  
 Did Rome's brave senate nobly dare to oppose  
 The mighty torrent, stand confess'd their foes,  
 And boldly arm the virtuous few, and dare  
 The desperate horrors of unequal war?  
 Our senate too the same bold deed have done,  
 And for a Cato, arm'd a Washington;  
 A chief, in all the ways of battle skill'd,  
 Great in the council, mighty in the field.  
 His martial arm, and steady soul alone,  
 Have made thy legions shake, thy navy gleam,  
 And thy proud empire totter to the throne.  
 O, what thou art, mayst thou forever be,  
 And death the lot of any chief but thee!  
 We've had our Decius too; and Howe could say  
 Health, pardon, peace, George sends America;  
 Yet brought destruction for the olive wreath;  
 For health, contagion, and for pardon, death.  
 Rise then, my countrymen, for fight prepare;  
 Gird on your swords, and fearless rush to war:

'Tis



'Tis your bold task the gen'rous strife to try;  
 For your griev'd country nobly dare to die!  
 No pent up Utica contracts your powers;  
 For the whole boundless continent is our's!

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 SELF-CONCEIT.
 

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 AN ADDRESS, SPOKEN BY A VERY SMALL BOY.
 

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WHEN boys are exhibiting in public, the politeness or curiosity of the hearers frequently induces them to inquire the names of the performers. To save the trouble of answers, so far as relates to myself, my name is Charles Chatterbox. I was born in this town; and have grown to my present enormous stature, without any artificial help. It is true, I eat, drink, and sleep, and take as much care of my noble self, as any young man about; but I am a monstrous great student. There is no telling the half of what I have read.

Why, what do you think of the Arabian Tales? Truth! every word truth! There's the story of the lamp, and of Rook's eggs as big as a meeting-house. And there is the history of Sindbad the Sailor. I have read every word of them. And I have read Tom Thumb's folio through, Winter Evening Tales, and Seven Champions, and Parismus, and Parismenus, and Valentine and Orson, and Mother Bunch, and Seven Wise Masters, and a curious book, entitled, Think well on't.

Then there is another wonderful book, containing fifty reasons why an old bachelor was not married. The first was, that nobody would have him; and the second was, he declared to every body, that he would not marry; and so it went on stronger and stronger. Then, at the close of the book, it gives an account of his marvellous death and burial. And in the appendix, it tells about his being ground over, and coming out.

out as young, and as fresh, and as fair as ever. Then, every few pages, is a picture of him to the life.

I have also read Robinson Crusoe, and Reynard the fox, and Moll Flanders; and I have read twelve delightful novels, and Irish Rogues, and Life of Saint Patrick, and Philip Quarle, and Conjuror Crop, and Æsop's Fables, and Laugh and be fat, and Toby Lumpkin's Elegy on the Birth of a Child, and a Comedy on the Death of his Brother, and an Acrostic, occasioned by a mortal sickness of his dear wife, of which she recovered. This famous author wrote a treatise on the Rise and Progress of Vegetation; and a whole Body of Divinity he comprised in four lines.

I have read all the works of Pero Gilpin, whose memory was so extraordinary, that he never forgot the hours of eating and sleeping. This Pero was a rare lad. Why, he could stand on his head, as if it were a real pedestal; his feet he used for drumsticks. He was trumpeter to the foot guards in Queen Betty's time; and if he had not blown his breath away, might have lived to this day.

Then, I have read the history of a man who married for money, and of a woman that would wear her husband's small-clothes in spite of him; and I have read four books of riddles and rebusses; and all that is not half a quarter.

Now, what signifies reading so much if one can't tell of it? In thinking over these things, I am sometimes so lost in company, that I don't hear any thing that is said, till some one pops out that witty saying, "A penny for your thoughts." Then I say, to be sure, I was thinking of a book I had been reading. Once, in this mood, I came very near swallowing my cup and saucer; and another time, was upon the very point of taking down a punch-bowl, that held a gallon. Now, if I could fairly have gotten them down, they would not have hurt me a jot; for my mind is capacious enough for a china shop. There is no choaking a man of my reading. Why, if my mind can contain Genii and

Giants,



Giants, sixty feet high, and enchanted castles, why not a punch-bowl, and a whole tea-board?

It was always conjectured that I should be a monstrous great man; and I believe, as much as I do the Spanish war, that I shall be a perfect Brobdignag in time.

Well now, do you see, when I have read a book, I go right off into the company of the ladies; for they are the judges whether a man knows any thing or not. Then I bring on a subject which will show my parts to the best advantage; and I always mind and say a smart thing just before I quit.

You must know, moreover, that I have learned a great deal of wit. I was the first man who invented all that people say about cold tongues, and warm tongues, and may-bees. I invented the wit of kissing the candlestick when a lady holds it; as also the plays of criminal and cross question; and above all, I invented the wit of paying toll at bridges. In short, ladies and gentlemen, take me all in all, I am a downright curious fellow.

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HOWARD AND LESTER.

A DIALOGUE ON LEARNING AND USEFULNESS.

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*Howard.* LIFE is much like a fiddle: every man plays such a tune as suits him.

*Lester.* The more like a fiddle, the better I like it. Any thing that makes a merry noise suits me; and the man that does not set his hours to music, has a dull time on't.

*How.* But, Lester, are there no serious duties in life? Ought we not to improve our minds, and to prepare for usefulness?

*Lest.* Why, in the present day, a man's preparing himself for usefulness, is like carrying coals to Newcastle. Our country is full of useful men; ten, at least,

least, to where one is wanted, and all of them ten times as ready to serve the public, as the public is to be served. If every man should go to Congress that's fit for it, the federal city would hardly hold them.

*How.* You mean, if all who think themselves fit for it.

*Lest.* No; I meant as I said.

*How.* Then what do you think fits a man for Congress?

*Lest.* Why he must be flippant and bold.

*How.* What good will that do him, if he is without knowledge?

*Lest.* O! he must have knowledge to be sure.

*How.* Well, must he not be a man in whom the people can trust? Must he not understand politics? and must he not be able and willing to serve his country?

*Lest.* I agree to all that.

*How.* Then you suppose that the federal city could hardly hold all our men who unite eloquence with confidence, knowledge with integrity, and policy with patriotism. I fear that a counting-house would give them full accommodation.

*Lest.* I don't go so deep into these matters: but this is certain, that when the election comes, more than enough are willing to go.

*How.* That, my friend, only proves that more than enough are ignorant of themselves: but are there no other ways of serving the public?

*Lest.* Yes; one may preach, if he will do it for little or nothing. He may practise law, if he can get any body to employ him; or he may be a Doctor or an Instructor; but I tell you the country is crowded with learned men begging business.

*How.* Then you intend to prepare yourself for the ignorant herd, so that you may not be crowded.

*Lest.* I have serious thoughts of it. You may take your own way, but I'll never wear out a fine pair of eyes in preparing myself for usefulness, till this same



public will give me a bond to employ me when I am ready to serve them. Till such a bond is signed, sealed, and delivered, I shall set my hours to the tune of "Jack's alive." To-day's the ship I sail in, and that will carry the flag, in spite of the combined powers of yesterdays and to-morrows.

*How.* Well, Lester, you can take your choice. I shall set my hours to a more serious tune. I ask no bond of the public. If my mind is well furnished with knowledge, and that same generous public, which has so uniformly called to her service the discerning, should refuse my services, still I shall possess a treasure, which after a few years of dissipation, you would give the world to purchase, **THE RECOLLECTION OF TIME WELL SPENT.**

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CHRIST'S CRUCIFIXION.

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— **N**OW darkness fell  
 On all the region round; the shrouded sun;  
 From the impenitent earth withdrew his light:  
 I thirst, the Saviour cry'd; and lifting up  
 His eyes in agony, My God, my God!  
 Ah! why hast thou forsaken me? exclaim'd.  
 Yet deem him not forsaken of his God!  
 Beware that error. 'Twas the mortal part  
 Of his compounded nature, breathing forth  
 Its last sad agony, that so complain'd:  
 Doubt not that veil of sorrow was withdrawn,  
 And heav'nly comfort to his soul vouchsaf'd,  
 Ere thus he cry'd, Father! into thy hands  
 My spirit I commend. Then bow'd his head  
 And died. Now Gabriel and his heavenly choir  
 Of ministring angels hov'ring o'er the cross  
 Receiv'd his spirit, at length from mortal pangs  
 And fleshly pris'n set free, and bore it thence  
 Upon their wings rejoicing. Then behold

A prodigy

A prodigy, that to the world announc'd  
 A new religion and dissolv'd the old:  
 The temple's sacred veil was rent in twain  
 From top to bottom, 'midst th'attesting shocks  
 Of earthquake and the rending up of graves.  
 Now those mysterious symbols, heretofore  
 Curtain'd from vulgar eyes, and holiest deem'd  
 Of holies, were display'd to public view:  
 The mercy-seat, with its cherubic wings  
 O'ershadowed, and the golden ark beneath  
 Cov'ring the testimony, now through the rent  
 Of that dissever'd veil first saw the light;  
 A world redeem'd had now no farther need  
 Of types and emblems, dimly shadowing forth  
 An angry Deity withdrawn from sight  
 And canopied in clouds. His face to face,  
 Now in full light reveal'd, the dying breath  
 Of his dear Son appear'd, and purchas'd peace  
 And reconciliation for offending man.

Thus the partition wall, by Moses built,  
 By Christ was levell'd, and the Gentile world  
 Enter'd the breach, by their great Captain led  
 Up to the throne of grace, opening himself  
 Through his own flesh a new and living way.  
 Then were the oracles of God made known  
 To all the nations, sprinkled by the blood  
 Of Jesus, and baptiz'd into his death;  
 So was the birthright of the elder born,  
 Heirs of the promise, forfeited; whilst they,  
 Whom sin had erst in bondage held, made free,  
 From sin, and servants of the living God,  
 Now gain'd the gift of God, eternal life.

Soon as those signs and prodigies were seen  
 Of those who watch'd the cross, conviction smote  
 Their fear-struck hearts. The sun, at noon-day dark:  
 The earth convulsive underneath their feet,  
 And the firm rocks, in shiver'd fragments rent,  
 Rous'd them at once to tremble and believe.  
 Then was our Lord by heathen lips confess'd,

When



When the centurion cry'd, In very truth  
This righteous Person was the Son of God ;  
The rest, in heart assenting, stood abash'd,  
Watching in silence the tremendous scene.

The recollection of his gracious acts,  
His dying pray'rs and their own impious taunts  
Now rose in sad review ; too late they wish'd  
The deed undone, and sighing smote their breasts ;  
Straight from God's presence went that angel forth,  
Whose trumpet shall call up the sleeping dead  
At the last day, and bade the saints arise  
And come on earth to hail this promis'd hour,  
The day-spring of salvation. Forth they came  
From their dark tenements, their shadowy forms  
Made visible as in their fleshly state,  
And through the holy city here and there  
Frequent they gleam'd, by night, by day, with fear  
And wonder seen of many : holy seers,  
Prophets and martyrs from the grave set free,  
And the first fruits of the redeemed dead.

They, who with Christ transfigur'd on the mount  
Were seen of his disciples in a cloud  
Of dazzling glory, now, in form distinct,  
Mingling amidst the public haunts of men,  
Struck terror to all hearts : Ezekiel there,  
The captive seer, to whom on Chebar's banks  
The heaven's were open'd and the fatal roll  
Held forth, with dire denunciations fill'd,  
Of lamentation, mourning and of woe,  
Now falling fast on Israel's wretched race :  
He too was there, Hilkiab's holy son,  
With loins close girt, and glowing lips of fire  
By God's own finger touch'd : there might be seen  
The youthful prophet, Belteshazzar nam'd  
Of the Chaldees, interpreter of dreams,  
Knowledge of God bestow'd, in visions skill'd,  
And fair, and learn'd, and wise : the Baptist here,  
Girt in his hairy mantle, frowning stalk'd,  
And pointing to his ghastly wound, exclaim'd,

Ye

Ye vipers ! whom my warning could not move  
Timely to flee from the impending wrath  
Now fallen on your head ; whom I indeed  
With water, Christ hath now with fire baptiz'd :  
Barren ye were of fruits, which I prescrib'd  
Meet for repentance, and behold ! the axe  
Is laid to the unprofitable root  
Of every sapless tree, hewn down, condemn'd  
And cast into the fire. Lo ! these are they,  
These shadowy forms now floating in your sight,  
These are the harbingers of ancient days,  
Who witness'd the Messiah, and announc'd  
His coming upon earth. Mark with what scorn  
Silent they pass you by : them had ye heard,  
Them had ye noted with a patient mind,  
Ye had not crucified the Lord of Life :  
He of these stones to Abraham shall raise up  
Children, than you more worthy of his stock ;  
And now his winnowing fan is in his hand,  
With which he'll purge his floor, and having stor'd  
The precious grain in garners, will consume  
With fire unquenchable the refuse chaff.

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THE WONDERS OF NATURE.

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**H**OW mighty ! how majestic ! and how mysteri-  
ous are nature's works ! When the air is calm,  
where sleep the stormy winds ? In what chambers are  
they reposed, or in what dungeons confined ? But  
when He, " who holds them in his fist," is pleased  
to awaken their rage, and throw open their prison  
doors, then, with irresistible impetuosity, they rush  
forth, scattering dread, and menacing destruction.

The atmosphere is hurled into the most tumultuous  
confusion. The aerial torrent bursts its way over moun-  
tains, seas, and continents. All things feel the dread-  
ful shock. All things tremble before the furious blast.  
The forest, vexed and torn, groans under the scourge.

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Her sturdy sons are strained to the very root, and almost sweep the soil they were wont to shade. The stubborn oak, that disdains to bend, is dashed headlong to the ground; and, with shattered arms, with prostrate trunk, blocks up the road. While the flexile reed, that springs up in the marsh, yielding to the gust, (as the meek and pliant temper, to injuries, or the resigned and patient spirit, to misfortunes) eludes the force of the storm, and survives amidst the wide-spread havoc.

For a moment, the turbulent and outrageous sky seems to be assuaged; but it intermits its warmth, only to increase its strength. Soon the sounding squadrons of the air return to the attack, and renew their ravages with redoubled fury. The stately dome rocks amidst the wheeling clouds. The impregnable tower totters on its basis, and threatens to overwhelm whom it was intended to protect. The ragged rocks are rent in pieces; and even the hills, the perpetual hills, on their deep foundations are scarcely secure. Where now is the place of safety? when the city reels, and houses become heaps! Sleep affrighted flies. Diversion is turned into horror. All is uproar in the elements; all is consternation among mortals; and nothing but one wide scene of rueful devastation through the land.

The oceanswells with tremendous commotions. The ponderous waves are heaved from their capacious bed, and almost lay bare the unfathomable deep. Flung into the most rapid agitation, they sweep over the rocks; they lash the lofty cliffs, and toss themselves into the clouds. Navies are rent from their anchors; and, with all their enormous load, are whirled swift as the arrow, wild as the winds, along the vast abyss. Now they climb the rolling mountain; they plough the frightful ridge; and seem to skim the skies. Anon they plunge into the opening gulf; they lose the sight of day; and are lost themselves to every eye.

How vain is the pilot's art; how impotent the mariner's strength! "They reel to and fro, and stagger like

like a drunken man." Despair is in every face, and death sits threatening on every surge. But when Omnipotence pleases to command, the storm is hushed to silence; the lightnings lay aside their fiery bolts, and the billows cease to roll.

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DIALOGUE ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

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*Enter FRANK and HENRY.*

*Frank.* IT appears strange to me that people can be so imposed upon. There is no difficulty in judging folks by their looks. I profess to know as much of a man, at the first view, as by half a dozen years acquaintance.

*Henry.* Pray how is that done? I should wish to learn such an art.

*Fr.* Did you never read Lavater on Physiognomy?

*Hen.* No. What do you mean by such a hard word?

*Fr.* Physiognomy means a knowledge of men's hearts, thoughts, and characters, by their looks. For instance, if you see a man, with a forehead jutting over his eyes like a piazza, with a pair of eyebrows, heavy like the cornice of a house; with full eyes, and a Roman nose, depend on it he is a great scholar, and an honest man.

*Hen.* It seems to me I should rather go below his nose to discover his scholarship.

*Fr.* By no means: if you look for beauty, you may descend to the mouth and chin; otherwise never go below the region of the brain.

*Enter GEORGE.*

*Geor.* Well, I have been to see the man hanged. And he is gone to the other world, with just such a great forehead and Roman nose, as you have always been praising.

*Fr.* Remember, George, all signs fail in dry weather.

*Geor.* Now, be honest, Frank, and own that there is



is nothing in all this trumpery of yours. The only way to know men is by their actions. If a man commit burglary, think you a Roman nose ought to save him from punishment?

*Fr.* I don't carry my notions so far as that; but it is certain that all faces in the world are different; and equally true, that each has some marks about it, by which one can discover the temper and character of the person.

*Enter PETER.*

*Peter.* [to Frank.] Sir, I have heard of your fame from Dan to Beersheba; that you can know a man by his face, and can tell his thoughts by his looks. Hearing this, I have visited you without the ceremony of an introduction.

*Fr.* Why, indeed, I do profess something in that way.

*Pet.* By that forehead, nose, and those eyes of yours, one might be sure of an acute, penetrating mind.

*Fr.* I see that *you* are not ignorant of physiognomy.

*Pet.* I am not; but still I am so far from being an adept in the art, that, unless the features are very remarkable, I cannot determine with certainty. But yours is the most striking face I ever saw. There is a certain firmness in the lines, which lead from the outer verge to the centre of the apple of your eye; which denotes great forecast, deep thought, bright invention, and a genius for great purposes.

*Fr.* You are a perfect master of the art. And to show you that I know something of it, permit me to observe, that the form of your face denotes frankness, truth, and honesty. Your heart is a stranger to guile, your lips, to deceit, and your hands, to fraud.

*Pet.* I must confess that you have hit upon my true character; though a different one, from what I have sustained in the view of the world.

*Fr.*

*Fr.* [to Henry and George.] Now see two strong examples of the truth of physiognomy. [While he is speaking this, Peter takes out his pocket-book, and makes off with himself.] Now, can you conceive, that without this knowledge, I could fathom the character of a total stranger?

*Hen.* Pray tell us by what marks you discovered that in his heart and lips was no guile, and in his hands, no fraud?

*Fr.* Aye, leave that to me; we are not to reveal our secrets. But I will show you a face and character, which exactly suits him. [Fetches for his pocket-book in both pockets, looks wildly and concerned.]

*Geor.* [Tauntingly.] Aye, "in his heart is no guile, in his lips no deceit, and in his hands no fraud! Now we see a strong example of the power of physiognomy!"

*Fr.* He is a wretch! a traitor against every good sign! I'll pursue him to the ends of the earth. [Offers to go.]

*Hen.* Stop a moment. His fine honest face is far enough before this time. You have not yet discovered the worst injury he has done you.

*Fr.* What's that? I had no watch or money for him to steal.

*Hen.* By his deceitful lips, he has robbed you of any just conception of yourself; he has betrayed you into a foolish belief that you are possessed of most extraordinary genius and talents. Whereas, separate from the idle whim about physiognomy, you have had no more pretence to genius or learning than a common school-boy. Learn henceforth to estimate men's hands by their deeds, their lips, by their words, and their hearts, by their lives.

ORATION