

me upon your clear schoolmaster larnin, and there I am even with you.

1st. Com. I am satisfied with the gentleman. He has missed but one question, and that was such a metatistical one, that it would have puzzled a Jesuit himself to have answered it. Gentlemen, shall the master withdraw a few minutes, for our further consultation?

[*Exit Master.*]

2d. Com. I am much pleased with the stranger. He appears to be a man of wonderful parts; and I shall cheerfully agree to employ him.

3d. Com. For my part, I don't think we shall find a cheaper master; and I move for engaging him at once.

Par. Gentlemen, how long will you be blind to your own interest? I can say with you, that I am perfectly satisfied—that the man is, in his profession, emphatically what he calls himself by name, an *ignoramus*; and totally incapable of instructing our children. You know not who he is, or what he is; whether he be a thief, a liar, or a drunkard. The very terms, on which he offers himself, ought to operate as a sufficient objection against him. I am sensible that my vote will now be of no avail, since you are all agreed. I have been for years striving to procure a man of abilities and morals, suitable for the employment; and such a one I had obtained; but, alas! we were unworthy of him. We aspersed his character; invented a multitude of falsehoods; magnified every trifling error in his conduct; and even converted his virtues into vices. We refused to give him that pecuniary reward which his services demanded; and he, knowing his own worth, and our unworthiness, has left us forever.

1st. Com. Come, come, Parson, it is easy for salary men to talk of *liberality*, and to vote away money which they never earned; but it won't do. The new master, I dare engage, will do as well, or better than the old one. Landlord, call him in for his answer.

Par. I protest against your proceeding, and withdraw myself forever from the committee. But I must tell

tell you, your children will reap the bitter consequences of such injudicious measures. It has always been surprising to me, that people in general are more willing to pay their money for any thing else, than for "the one thing needful;" that is, for the education of their children. Their taylor must be a workman, their carpenter, a workman, their hair-dresser, a workman, their hostler, a workman; but the instructor of their children must—work cheap! [*Exit Parson.*]

Re-enter SCHOOL-MASTER.

1st. Com. We have agreed to employ you, Sir; and have only to recommend to you, not to follow the steps of your predecessor. This is an "age of reason;" and we do not imagine our children so stupid, as to need the rod to quicken their ideas, or so vicious, as to require a moral lesson from the ferule. Be gentle and accommodating, and you have nothing to fear.

Land. I'll answer for him. He's as generous and merry a lad as I've had in my house this many a day.

EXTRACT FROM MR. PITT'S SPEECH, IN ANSWER TO
LORD MANSFIELD, ON THE AFFAIR OF MR.
WILKES, 1770.

MY LORDS,

THERE is one plain maxim, to which I have invariably adhered through life; that in every question in which my liberty or my property were concerned, I should consult and be determined by the dictates of common sense. I confess, my lords, that I am apt to distrust the refinements of learning, because I have seen the ablest and most learned men equally liable to deceive themselves, and to mislead others.

The condition of human nature would be lamentable indeed, if nothing less than the greatest learning and talents, which fall to the share of so small a number of men, were sufficient to direct our judgment and

our

our conduct. But Providence has taken better care of our happiness, and given us, in the simplicity of common sense, a rule for our direction, by which we shall never be misled.

I confess, my lords, I had no other guide in drawing up the amendment, which I submitted to your consideration. And before I heard the opinion of the noble lord who spoke last, I did not conceive, that it was even within the limits of possibility for the greatest human genius, the most subtle understanding, or the acutest wit, so strangely to misrepresent my meaning; and to give it an interpretation so entirely foreign from what I intended to express, and from that sense, which the very terms of the amendment plainly and distinctly carry with them.

If there be the smallest foundation for the censure thrown upon me by that noble lord; if, either expressly or by the most distant implication, I have said or insinuated any part of what the noble lord has charged me with, discard my opinions forever; discard the motion with contempt.

My lords, I must beg the indulgence of the House. Neither will my health permit me, nor do I pretend to be qualified, to follow that learned lord minutely through the whole of his argument. No man is better acquainted with his abilities and learning, nor has a greater respect for them, than I have. I have had the pleasure of sitting with him in the other House, and always listened to him with attention. I have not now lost a word of what he said, nor did I ever. Upon the present question, I meet him without fear.

The evidence, which truth carries with it, is superior to all arguments; it neither wants the support, nor dreads the opposition of the greatest abilities. If there be a single word in the amendment to justify the interpretation, which the noble lord has been pleased to give it, I am ready to renounce the whole. Let it be read, my lords; let it speak for itself. In what instance does it interfere with the privileges of the House

House of Commons? In what respect does it question their jurisdiction, or suppose an authority in this House to arraign the justice of their sentence?

I am sure that every lord who hears me, will bear me witness that I said not one word touching the merits of the Middlesex election. Far from conveying any opinion upon that matter in the amendment, I did not, even in discourse, deliver my own sentiments upon it. I did not say that the House of Commons had done either right or wrong; but when his Majesty was pleased to recommend it to us to cultivate unanimity amongst ourselves, I thought it the duty of this House, as the great hereditary council of the crown, to state to his Majesty the distracted condition of his dominions, together with the events which had destroyed unanimity among his subjects.

But, my lords, I stated those events merely as facts, without the smallest addition either of censure or of opinion. They are facts, my lords, which I am not only convinced are true, but which I know are indisputably true.

Do they not tell us, in so many words, that Mr. Wilkes, having been expelled, was thereby rendered incapable of serving in that Parliament? and is it not their resolution alone, which refuses to the subject his common right? The amendment says farther, that the electors of Middlesex are deprived of their free choice of a representative. Is this a fact, my lords? or have I given an unfair representation of it? Will any man presume to affirm that Colonel Luttrell is the free choice of the electors of Middlesex? We all know the contrary.

We all know that Mr. Wilkes (whom I mention without either praise or censure) was the favourite of the county, and chosen, by a very great and acknowledged majority, to represent them in Parliament. If the noble lord dislikes the manner in which these facts are stated, I shall think myself happy in being advised by him how to alter it. I am very little anxious about

terms,

terms, provided the substances be preserved; and these are facts, my lords, which I am sure will always retain their weight and importance, in whatever form of language they are described.

The constitution of this country has been openly invaded in fact; and I have heard, with horror and astonishment, that very invasion defended upon principle. What is this mysterious power, undefined by law, unknown to the subject; which we must not approach without awe, nor speak of without reverence; which no man may question, and to which all men must submit? My lords, I thought the slavish doctrine of passive obedience had long since been exploded: and, when our kings were obliged to confess that their title to the crown, and the rule of their government, had no other foundation than the known laws of the land, I never expected to hear a divine right, or a divine infallibility, attributed to any other branch of the legislature.

My lords, I beg to be understood. No man respects the House of Commons more than I do, or would contend more strenuously than I would, to preserve to them their just and legal authority. Within the bounds prescribed by the constitution, that authority is necessary to the well-being of the people: beyond that line, every exertion of power is arbitrary, is illegal; it threatens tyranny to the people, and destruction to the state. Power without right is the most odious and detestable object that can be offered to the human imagination: it is not only pernicious to those who are subject to it, but tends to its own destruction.

ON

ON THE GENERAL JUDGMENT-DAY; FROM DWIGHT'S
CONQUEST OF CANAAN.

MID these dire scenes, more awful scenes shall rise;
Sad nations quake, and trembling seize the skies.
From the dark tomb shall fearful lights ascend,
And sullen sounds the sleeping mansion rend;
Pale ghosts with terror break the dreamer's charm,
And death-like cries the listening world alarm.
Then midnight pangs shall toss the cleaving plains;
Fell famine wanton o'er unburied trains;
From crumbling mountains baleful flames aspire;
Realms sink in floods, and towns dissolve in fire;
In every blast, the spotted plague be driven,
And angry meteors blaze athwart the heaven.
Clouds of dark blood shall blot the sun's broad light,
Spread round th' immense, and shroud the world in night;
With pale and dreadful ray, the cold moon gleam;
The dim, lone stars diffuse an anguish'd beam;
Storms rock the skies; afflicted oceans roar,
And sanguine billows dye the shuddering shore;
And round earth thunder, from th' Almighty throne,
The voice irrevocable, IT IS DONE.

Rous'd on the fearful morn, shall nature hear
The trump's deep terrors rend the troubled air;
From realm to realm the sound tremendous roll;
Cleave the broad main, and shake th' astonish'd pole;
The slumbering bones th' archangel's call inspire;
Rocks sink in dust, and earth be wrapt in fire;
From realms far distant, orbs unnumber'd come,
Sail through immensity, and learn their doom:
And all yon changeless stars, that, thron'd on high,
Reign in immortal lustre round the sky,
In solemn silence shroud their living light,
And leave the world to undistinguish'd night.

Hark, what dread sounds descending from the pole,
Wave following wave, in swelling thunders roll!

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How the tombs cleave! What awful forms arise!
 What crowding nations pain the failing eyes!
 From land to land behold the mountains rend;
 From shore to shore the final flames ascend;
 Round the dark poles with boundless terror reign,
 With bend immeasurable sweep the main;
 From morn's far kingdoms stretch to realms of even,
 And climb and climb with solemn roar to heaven.
 What smoky ruins wrap the lessening ground!
 What fiery sheets sail through the vaulted round!
 Pour'd in one mass, the lands and seas decay;
 Involv'd, the heavens, dissolving, fleet away;
 The moon departs; the sun's last beams expire,
 And nature's buried in the boundless fire.

Lo, from the radiance of the blest abode
 Messiah comes, in all the pomp of God!
 Borne on swift winds, a storm before him flies;
 Stars crown his head, and rainbows round him rise;
 Beneath his feet a sun's broad terrors burn,
 And cleaving darkness opes a dreadful morn:
 Through boundless space careering flames are driven;
 Truth's sacred hosts descend, and all the thrones of
 heaven.

See crowding millions, call'd from earth's far ends,
 See hell's dark world, with fearful gloom, ascends,
 In throngs incomprehensible! Around,
 Worlds after worlds, from nature's farthest bound,
 Call'd by th' archangel's voice from either pole,
 Self-mov'd, with all created nations, roll.
 From this great train, his eyes the just divide,
 Price of his life, and being's fairest pride;
 Rob'd by his mighty hand, the starry throngs
 From harps of transport call ecstatic songs.
 Hail, heirs of endless peace! ordain'd to rove
 Round the pure climes of everlasting love.
 For you the sun first led the lucid morn;
 The world was fashion'd and Messiah born;
 For you high heaven with fond impatience waits,
 Pours her fair streams, and opes her golden gates;
 Each

Each hour, with purer glory, gaily shines,
 Her courts enlarges, and her air refines.
 But O unhappy race! to woes consign'd,
 Lur'd by fond pleasure, and to wisdom blind,
 What new Messiah shall the spirit save,
 Stay the pent flames, and shut th' eternal grave?
 Where sleeps the music of his voice divine?
 Where hides the face, that could so sweetly shine?
 Now hear that slighted voice to thunder turn!
 See that mild face with flames of vengeance burn!
 High o'er your heads the storm of ruin roars,
 And, round th' immense, no friend your fate deplores.
 Lo, there to endless woe in throngs are driven,
 What once were angels, and bright stars of heaven!
 The world's gay pride! the king with splendor crown'd!
 The chief resistless, and the sage renown'd!
 Down, down, the millions sink; where yon broad main
 Heaves her dark waves, and spreads the seats of pain;
 Where long, black clouds, emblaz'd with awful fire,
 Pour sullen round their heads, and in dread gloom retire.

ON THE WORKS OF CREATION AND PROVIDENCE.

WHEN I contemplate those ample and magnifi-
 cent structures, erected over all the ethereal
 plains: when I look upon them as so many reposito-
 ries of light, or fruitful abodes of life: when I remem-
 ber that there may be other orbs, vastly more remote
 than those which appear to our unaided sight; orbs,
 whose effulgence, though travelling ever since the cre-
 ation, is not yet arrived upon our coasts: when I stretch
 my thoughts to the innumerable orders of being, which
 inhabit all those spacious systems; from the loftiest ser-
 aph, to the lowest reptile; from the armies of angels
 which surround the Almighty's throne, to the puny na-
 tions, which tinge with purple the surface of the plum,
 or mantle the standing pool with green; how various
 appear

appear the links of this immeasurable chain! how vast the gradations in this universal scale of existence! Yet all these, though ever so vast and various, are the work of the Creator's hand, and are full of his presence.

He rounded in his palm those stupendous globes, which are pendulous in the vault of heaven. He kindled those astonishingly bright fires, which fill the firmament with a flood of glory. By Him they are suspended in fluid ether, and cannot be shaken: by Him they dispense a perpetual tide of beams, and are never exhausted. He formed, with inexpressible nicety, that delicately fine collection of tubes; that unknown multiplicity of subtle springs, which organize and actuate the frame of the minutest insect.

He bids the crimson current roll; the vital movements play; and associates a world of wonders, even in an animated point. In all these is a signal exhibition of creating power; to all these are extended the special regards of preserving goodness. From hence let me learn to rely on the providence, and to revere the presence, of Supreme Majesty. Amidst that inconceivable number and variety of beings, which swarm through the regions of creation, not one is overlooked, not one is neglected, by the great Omnipotent Cause of all.

SPEECH OF MR. FOX, IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT,
ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS, 1778.

YOU have now two wars before you, of which you must choose one, for both you cannot support. The war against America has hitherto been carried on against her alone, unassisted by any ally whatever. Notwithstanding she stood alone, you have been obliged uniformly to increase your exertions, and to push your efforts to the extent of your power, without being able to bring it to an issue. You have exerted all your force hitherto without effect, and you cannot now divide a force, found already inadequate to its object.

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My opinion is for withdrawing your forces from America entirely; for a defensive war you can never think of there. A defensive war would ruin this nation at any time; and in any circumstances, offensive war is pointed out as proper for this country; our situation points it out; and the spirit of the nation impels us to attack rather than defend. Attack France, then, for she is your object. The nature of the wars is quite different: the war against America is against your own countrymen; you have stopped me from saying against your fellow subjects; that against France is against your inveterate enemy and rival. Every blow you strike in America is against yourselves; it is against all idea of reconciliation, and against your own interest, though you should be able, as you never will be, to force them to submit. Every stroke against France is of advantage to you: America must be conquered in France; France never can be conquered in America.

The war of the Americans is a war of passion; it is of such a nature as to be supported by the most powerful virtues, love of liberty and of their country; and, at the same time, by those passions in the human heart which give courage, strength, and perseverance to man; the spirit of revenge for the injuries you have done them; of retaliation for the hardships you have inflicted on them; and of opposition to the unjust powers you have exercised over them. Every thing combines to animate them to this war, and such a war is without end; for whatever obstinacy, enthusiasm ever inspired man with, you will now find in America. No matter what gives birth to that enthusiasm; whether the name of religion or of liberty, the effects are the same; it inspires a spirit which is unconquerable, and solicitous to undergo difficulty, danger, and hardship: and as long as there is a man in America, a being formed such as we are, you will have him present himself against you in the field.

The war of France is a war of another sort; the war of France is a war of interest: it was her interest which first induced her to engage in it, and it is by that inter-

est that she will measure its continuance. Turn your face at once against her; attack her wherever she is exposed; crush her commerce wherever you can; make her feel heavy and immediate distress throughout the nation: the people will soon cry out to their government. Whilst the advantages she promises herself are remote and uncertain, inflict present evils and distresses upon her subjects: the people will become discontented and clamorous; she will find it a bad bargain, having entered into this business; and you will force her to desert any ally that brings so much trouble and distress upon her.

What is become of the ancient spirit of this nation? Where is the national spirit that ever did honor to this country? Have the present ministry spent that too, with almost the last shilling of your money? Are they not ashamed of the temporizing conduct they have used towards France? Her correspondence with America has been clandestine. Compare that with their conduct towards Holland, some time ago; but it is the characteristic of little minds to be exact in little things, whilst they shrink from their rights in great ones.

The conduct of France is called clandestine: look back but a year ago to a letter from one of your Secretaries of State of Holland; "it is with surprise and indignation" your conduct is seen, in something done by a petty governor of an island, while they affect to call the measures of France clandestine. This is the way that ministers support the character of the nation, and the national honor and glory. But look again how that same Holland is spoken of to-day. Even in your correspondence with her your littleness appears.

From this you may judge of your situation; from this you may know what a state you are reduced to. How will the French party in Holland exult over you, and grow strong! She will never continue your ally, when you meanly crouch to France, and do not dare to stir in your defence! But it is nothing extraordinary that she should not, while you keep the ministers you have

have. No power in Europe is blind; there is none blind enough to ally itself with weakness, and become partner in bankruptcy; there is no one blind enough to ally themselves to obstinacy, absurdity, and imbecility.

THE CONJURER, A DIALOGUE.

RICHARD and JACK.

Jack. **W**HAT a strange man this is, Richard! Did you ever see a conjurer before?

Richard. There was one travelled this way before your remembrance; but he missed his figure very much. I was to have been an officer before this time, according to his predictions; and you, Jack, were to have had a fine rich young lady for your sister-in-law. But he was only an apprentice in the art; no more than A, B, C, to this man.

Jack. Aye, he is master of his trade, I warrant you. I dare say, when father comes home, he can tell him which way the thief is gone with our old Trot. Uncle Bluster is coming over here this evening to find out who has got his watch. The conjurer is just gone out to look at the stars. I suppose, after he has viewed them a while, he will cast a figure in his great black-art book in the other room, and tell in a trice what things are stolen, and where they are, to a hair's breadth.

Rich. He must have a hawk's eye to see the stars this evening. Why don't you know, Jack, it is cloudy out a'doors?

Jack. That's nothing with him. He could look through the clouds with his glass, if it was as dark as Egypt, as easy as you can look into the other room; or, if he had a mind, he could brush away the clouds in a trice, with that long wand he carries in his hand.

Rich. No doubt he is a great almanac maker. I'll be bound he could foretel the weather to a tittle for a thousand