

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

thousand years to come. I wish I knew the tenth part as much about the planets as he does.

Jack. So do I. Don't you think our neighbours could hire him to keep our school, instead of Master Thinkwell? I believe he has fifty times as much learning. Aunt Betty told me this afternoon, that he knew every star in the sky as well as I do the cattle in our stable; and that he was as well acquainted with every crook and turn in the milky-way, as I am with the road to mill. They say he rode round to all the planets one night, in a chaise made of moon-light, drawn by flying horses.

Conjurer. [*Without, in a grum hollow voice.*] Hoc noxe conventio planetorum tenetur est in domus Jovum.

Rich. Hark! he is going by the window: don't you hear him talking to himself?

Jack. What a strange language he uses! He is talking to the man in the moon, I dare say. He will go into the back room and cast a figure now: I will look through the key-hole and see him. [*Exit Jack.*]

Rich. [*Solus.*] What a prodigious learned man this conjurer must be! I should suppose he had read all the books in the world, and conversed with spirits a hundred years, to know as much as he does.

Enter THINKWELL.

I am glad to see you, Master Thinkwell. Have you heard the rare news of the conjurer that is come to town?

Thinkwell. Yes; and I am informed he has taken up lodgings at your house to-night. You are greatly honored to be sure.

Rich. He is a very extraordinary man, I'll assure you.

Think. So far I agree with you, Richard. I believe he is an extraordinary man, and an extraordinary impostor too.

Rich. You are always on the side of contraries, Master Thinkwell; but every body is not of so stubborn faith as you. Why, there is as great a stir in town as there

there was when Prince Edward went through it. All the ladies are as much in the fidgets to see the conjurer, as they were to see him.

Think. It is much easier to account for these things than to justify them. We shall always act beneath ourselves, while we look up to worthless wretches as our superiors. Prince Edward was certainly no more than a man. This conjurer, in my opinion, is much less: I consider him beneath contempt. I am as great a friend to mirth as yourself; but it is really mortifying that my friends should be so anxious to make themselves the objects of ridicule.

Rich. This is your old strain, Master Thinkwell. I know you are apt to get round me in your arguments; but I believe the conjurer knows much more than both of us. I might go to you to learn grammar, arithmetic, and the common branches that are taught at school; but I shall go to him to have my fortune told.

Think. Have patience; and time, the only true fortune-teller, will disclose the future, without any pay, fast enough for your happiness or profit. Let me advise you to lay out your money for more valuable commodities than such gross imposition. Believe me, Richard, this man was never admitted into the cabinet of futurity any more than you or I, and knows no more of the events of to-morrow, next day, or next year, than the orang outang.

Rich. All our neighbours think very differently. He has told Mrs. Primble where she may find her silver spoon; and Sam Hodkins, the very day he is to be married; and the very first moment he cast his eyes on Bill Blunder's face, he saw the scar on his foot, and told him he had been wounded with an axe.

Think. Depend on it, Richard, it is all gross imposition. What careless lad is there, who uses an axe, that has not a scar on his feet?

Rich. If a man of common learning can foretel what is past, I don't see, for my part, why a conjurer may

not

not foretel what is to come. [*Knocking at the door.*]
Ah! Aunt Betty Wrinkle, I know by her rap.

Enter BETTY WRINKLE.

Betty. How do you do, Richard? a word with you, if you please, cousin. [*To Richard. They go to the other side of the room.*] Is the fortune-teller at your house, Richard?

Rich. He is casting a figure in the back room.

Betty. Can I see him? I wish to ask him a few questions in private.

Enter Mrs. CREDULOUS and JACK, in haste.

Mrs. Credulous. Law, sister Betty! I am glad to see you! I am half frightened out of my senses!

Betty. What is the matter, sister?

Mrs. Cred. I have been looking through the key-hole to see the conjurer. I believe there is a spell of enchantment upon him! The room will be full of spirits in five minutes!

Betty. O, don't be frightened, sister; if he can conjure them up, he can conjure them down again. He won't let them hurt you. I shouldn't be afraid to go right into the room among them, not I.

Rich. If they were to come in the shape of widowers or old bachelors, perhaps you would not.

Betty. Law, how you joke, cousin. [*Cuffing his ears.*]

Mrs. Cred. This is no jesting matter, I assure you. I could see plainly the candle burnt blue; there was a circle of fire round his head, and it began to smoke out of his mouth and nose.

Bet. Poh! nothing more than his breath, I dare say.

Jack. And I thought I saw the shadow of a spirit. The cat saw it too; for she looked as wild as though she would fly out of the window.

Betty. Well, you won't frighten me. I am determined to see him, if he breathes nothing but fire and smoke.

Conj. [*Speaking loud in the other room.*] Horum quorum spiritorum, veniunto!

Mrs. Cred. Law me! the very ghosts are come now! he is talking to them.

Think.

Think. They will never understand him, unless he uses better Latin.

Mrs. Cred. O, good master Thinkwell! you can talk Latin; do go and pray them, for mercy's sake! beseech them to leave the house. Do, quick!

Think. Do compose yourself, Mrs. Credulous: there are no worse spirits here than ignorance and folly; and they, of all others, are the most incorrigible. If you please, I will go and turn this scape-gallows out of your house, and put an end to your fears. [*Going.*]

Mrs. Cred. O, stop! don't think of such a thing for the world. If you should affront him, he would raise a tempest and carry the house away in a minute. Mercy on me! he knows what you have said now! how dark it grows! O, the wind begins to rise! I will leave the house! we shall all be flying in the air in an instant!

Rich. Don't be so terrified, ma'am. I don't hear any wind.

Jack. I do; and see it too. [*Looking out at the window.*] Dear me! how black it is!

Betty. You are very much frightened, sister. For my part, I am not afraid of the conjurer or any other man.

Rich. You were never quite so shy of them as they are of you.

Betty. Shy of me!

Mrs. Cred. Well, you must all take care of yourselves. I will run over to Mr. Rector's the minister. He may save the house; he is a good man. What would I give, if I had never seen this wicked conjurer! [*Going out of the door.*] Mercy! the ground rises up under my feet; I can almost hear it thunder! Dear me, I shall meet a spirit! Master Thinkwell, you are not apt to be frightened; do go with me to the minister's.

Think. At your request I will. For your credit's sake, compose yourselves, and let not this shameful affair be related abroad.

[*Exit Thinkwell*]

Betty.

Betty. I'm sure I don't see any cause for all this flutteration.

Jack. I believe I was more scared than hurt. The cat, I see, has got over her fright: she is playing in the entry as sprightly as you, aunt Betty.

Betty. Well said, Jack. [*Patting his cheeks.*] Do you think I could speak with the conjurer now, Richard?

Rich. I see nothing of any spirits yet. We will venture to go and see what he is about.

[*They go out of the room.*]

SCENE changes, and discovers the Conjurer sitting at a table and making characters in a large book. He rises, takes his wand, and moves it slowly round a large circle, drawn on the floor, and filled with characters.

Betty. [*Advancing slowly.*] Law me, my heart is in my mouth! I dare not speak to him. [*She stands and looks at him, and on Richard and Jack at the other side of the room alternately.*]

Conj. Horum characterius in hoc circulum omnes planetorum atque eorum inhabitantibusque recto representur; et atque geniū spiritorumque.

Betty. Bless me! what a world of learning he has! I can't understand a word he says.

Jack. [*To Richard.*] That circle is full of spirits, I suppose. He has made them put on their coats of air, that we might not see them.

Conj. I perceive, lady, by the mystic characters of this circle, you approach this way to inquire into the occult mysteries of fate, and to know of me your future destiny.

Betty. He knows my very thoughts. [*Aside.*] Learned Sir, be so good as to take this, and answer me a few questions I shall ask you.

[*Offering him a piece of money.*]

Conj. You must first answer me a few questions. Your name, Madam?

Betty.

Betty. Elizabeth Wrinkle, at your service, Sir.

Conj. [*Writing her name in his book.*] Do you recollect whether the day that Burgoyne was captured was clear or cloudy?

Betty. That was quite before my remembrance, Sir. [*Looking in a glass.*] I am sure nobody could take me for more than twenty-five. [*Aside.*]

Conj. I am not to be deceived, madam.

[*Looking out at the window through his glass.*]

Jack. [*To Richard.*] Hark! we shall know her age now. He looks clear through time, with that glass, as easy as you can look through a key-hole.

Betty. Good Sir, don't expose me! pray speak low.

Conj. Young men, withdraw, and shut that door.

[*Richard and Jack leave the room.*]

I told you I was not to be deceived. You were born, Anno Domini, one thousand, seven hundred and—

Betty. Law me! how should he know I was born in fifty-five? The treacherous stars must have betrayed me; not my looks, I am sure. [*Aside.*]

Conj. I tell you furthermore, the very man, whom the fates had singled out for your husband, by the fatal destiny of the stars, was slain at the taking of Burgoyne.

Betty. Dear me! O cruel stars, and more cruel Britons! how many husbands and wives have ye separated! Were it not for you, I should have been married twenty years ago. But since the fates have been so very cruel, don't you think they will be so kind as to provide me—you know what I mean, Mr. Conjurer.

Conj. Another husband. I will inquire.

[*Moving his wand round the circle.*]

Enter Mr. CREDULOUS and BLUSTER.

Betty. Law, brother, you have come in the very nick of time. I was just going to ask the Conjurer about your horse.

Conj. By the mysterious numbers of this circle, and the hidden virtue of this wand, I perceive you have lost a horse.

Cred.

Cred. You have cast your figure right. My poor Trot has been gone ever since the twentieth day of June.

Conj. [Moving his wand over the circle, and touching particular characters. Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer; that is it, precisely. You are under a little mistake, Sir; it was on the twentieth night of June.

Bluster. You are right, you are right, Mister Conjuror. The same night I had my watch stolen.

Conj. Aries, March; Taurus, April; Gemini, May; Cancer, June. On the night of June twentieth, precisely at twenty-three minutes past twelve, the horse was stolen from your pasture, by a thief.

Blust. There, brother Credulous, you have it as exact as the multiplication table.

Cred. Strange what learning will do! [Giving a piece of money to the Conjuror.] Now, Sir, be so good as to tell me where the horse is, and how I shall find the very thief. Rascal! I shall have you now.

[To himself.

Conj. [Making characters in his book.] The stars are inauspicious at present. Mercury, the patron of thieves, bears rule to-night. I shall be able to detect him to-morrow. Hah! that is a lucky figure. Quod erat demonstrandum. I have got a clue to the watch in spite of Mercury.

Blust. Put me in a way of finding it, and you shall be well paid. We must secure our houses, brother Credulous, or this rogue of a Mercury will have our very beds from under us, before morning.

Conj. It shall be forth coming immediately. [Figuring in his book.] One hundred and twenty-seven rods northeasterly from this table, in Chinese measure, lies a hollow tree; in that tree lies your watch.

Enter LONGSTAFF, an OFFICER, two WITNESSES, and THINKWELL.

Betty. Bless me! half the town will be here: it is time for me to go.

[Exit. Blust.

Blust. Mr. Longstaff, be so good as not to interrupt the Conjuror. He has just told me where my watch is, and will detect the thief with a few figures more.

Longstaff. My duty obliges me to interrupt him. We have your watch, and are come to secure the thief. [To the Conjuror.] You have run at large, and defrauded the honest and ignorant long enough. By virtue of this warrant, you are the state's prisoner.

Conj. What trick shall I try now! I am detected at last.

[Aside.

Cred. You must be misinformed, Mr. Longstaff. This man is so far from being a thief, that he is a greater torment to them than their own consciences.

Long. Hear the evidence of these gentlemen, and you may alter your mind.

1st. Witness. I suppose this watch to be yours, Mr. Bluster.

Blust. It is the very same; the chain only is changed.

1st. Wit. I happened to overhear him talking with one of his gang last evening. This watch, with a number of other articles, was to be hidden in a hollow tree. This impostor, to maintain the credit of a conjurer, was to inform the owners, on inquiry, where they were, upon their paying him for the imposition. I have been so fortunate as to secure one of the partners in this trade. And as I heard this gentleman, for whom you have so much regard, had taken up lodgings at your house, I did not choose to interrupt you till there was full proof of his guilt. The stolen goods, which he described, and we have found, are sufficient evidence against him.

Cred. Villain! a halter is too good for your neck. May I be taught common sense by a monkey, if ever I am duped again in such a manner.

2d. Wit. My evidence tends rather to impeach the character of my townsmen than this worthless fellow's. All I can say, is, that several months ago, he travelled this road in character of a tinker; and now all our young girls, old maids, and ignorant fellows, are running

ning after this wise Conjuror to buy the history of their lives, which, a little while since, they were weak enough to give him for nothing.

Think. I hope the impostor will be brought to justice, and we to our senses; and that after paying this infatuated devotion to vice and ignorance, virtue and true knowledge may have our more serious veneration.

Long. Gentlemen, assist me to conduct him to prison.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

EXTRACT FROM MR. PITT'S SPEECH IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT, JAN. 20, 1775.

WHEN your lordships look at the papers transmitted to us from America; when you consider their decency, firmness, and wisdom, you cannot but respect their cause, and wish to make it your own. For myself, I must declare and avow, that in all my reading and observation, (and it has been my favourite study: I have read Thucydides, and have studied and admired the master-states of the world :) I say I must declare, that, for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity, and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of difficult circumstances, no nation, or body of men can stand in preference to the General Congress at Philadelphia. I trust it is obvious to your lordships, that all attempts to impose servitude upon such men, to establish despotism over such a mighty continental nation, must be vain, must be fatal.

We shall be forced, ultimately, to retract; let us retract while we *can*, not when we *must*. I say we must necessarily undo these violent oppressive acts. They **MUST** be repealed. You **WILL** repeal them. I pledge myself for it, that you will in the end repeal them. I stake my reputation on it. I will consent to be taken for an idiot, if they are not finally repealed.

Avoid, then, this humiliating, disgraceful necessity. With a dignity becoming your exalted situation, make
the

the first advances to concord, to peace and happiness: for it is your true dignity, to act with prudence and justice. That *you* should first concede, is obvious from sound and rational policy. Concession comes with better grace, and more salutary effects from superior power; it reconciles superiority of power with the feelings of men; and establishes solid confidence on the foundations of affection and gratitude.

Every motive, therefore, of justice and of policy, of dignity and of prudence, urges you to allay the ferment in America, by a removal of your troops from Boston; by a repeal of your acts of Parliament; and by demonstration of amicable dispositions towards your colonies. On the other hand, every danger and every hazard impend, to deter you from perseverance in your present ruinous measures. Foreign war hanging over your heads by a slight and brittle thread: France and Spain watching your conduct, and waiting for the maturity of your errors; with a vigilant eye to America, and the temper of your colonies, more than to their own concerns, be they what they may.

To conclude, my lords; if the ministers thus persevere in misadvising and misleading the king, I will not say, that they can alienate the affections of his subjects from his crown; but I will affirm, that they will make the crown not worth his wearing: I will not say that the king is betrayed; but I will pronounce, that the kingdom is undone.

SPEECH OF GALGACHUS TO THE CALEDONIAN ARMY.

COUNTRYMEN, AND FELLOW-SOLDIERS,

WHEN I consider the cause, for which we have drawn our swords, and the necessity of striking an effectual blow, before we sheathe them again, I feel joyful hopes arising in my mind, that this day an opening will be made for the restoration of British liberty,

and for shaking off the infamous yoke of Roman slavery. Caledonia is yet free. The all-grasping power of Rome has not yet been able to seize our liberty. But it is to be preserved only by valour.

You are not to expect to escape the ravage of the general plunderers of mankind, by any sentiment of justice in them. When the countries which are more accessible have been subdued, they will then force their way into those which are harder to be overcome. And if they should conquer the dry land, over the whole world, they will then think of carrying their arms beyond the ocean, to see whether there be not certain unknown regions, which they may attack, and reduce under subjection to the Roman empire.

For we see that if a country is thought to be powerful in arms, the Romans attack it because the conquest will be glorious; if inconsiderable in the military art, because the victory will be easy; if rich, they are drawn thither by the hope of plunder; if poor, by the desire of fame.

The east, and the west, the south, and the north, the face of the whole earth is the scene of their military achievements. The world is too little for their ambition, and their avarice. Their supreme joy seems to be ravaging, fighting, and shedding of blood; and when they have unpeopled a region, so that there are none left alive to bear arms, they say they have given peace to that country.

Our distance from the seat of government, and our natural defence by the surrounding ocean, render us obnoxious to their suspicions: for they know that Britons are born with an instinctive love of liberty: and they conclude that we must naturally be led to think of taking the advantage of our detached situation, to disengage ourselves, one time or another, from their oppression.

Thus, my countrymen and fellow-soldiers, suspected and hated as we ever must be by the Romans, there is no prospect of our enjoying even a tolerable state of bondage

bondage under them. Let us, then, in the name of all that is sacred, and in defence of all that is dear to us, resolve to exert ourselves, if not for glory, at least for safety; if not in vindication of British honor, at least in defence of our lives.

But, after all, who are these mighty Romans? Are they gods; or mortal men, like ourselves? Do we not see that they fall into the same errors and weaknesses, as others? Does not peace effeminate them? Does not abundance debauch them? Does not wantonness enervate them? Do they not even go to excess in the most unmanly vices? And can you imagine that they who are remarkable for their vices are likewise remarkable for their valour? What then do we dread? Shall I tell you the truth, my fellow-soldiers? It is by means of our intestine divisions, that the Romans have gained such great advantage over us. They turn the misconduct of their enemies to their own praise. They boast of what they have done, and say nothing of what we might have done, had we been so wise, as to unite against them.

What is this formidable Roman army? Is it not composed of a mixture of people from different countries; some more, some less capable of bearing fatigue and hardship? They keep together while they are successful. Attack them with vigour; distress them: you will see them more disunited than we are now. Can any one imagine, that Gauls, Germans, and with shame I must add, Britons, who basely lend their limbs and lives, to build up a foreign tyranny; can one imagine that these will be longer enemies than slaves? or that such an army is held together by sentiments of fidelity or affection? No: the only bond of union among them is fear. And whenever terror ceases to work upon the minds of that mixed multitude, they who now fear, will then hate their tyrannical masters. On our side there is every possible incitement to valour. The Roman courage is not, as ours, inflamed by the thoughts of wives and children in danger of falling in-

to the hands of the enemy. The Romans have not parents, as we have, to reproach them if they should desert their infirm old age. They have no country here to fight for. They are a motley collection of foreigners, in a land wholly unknown to them; cut off from their native country, hemmed in by the surrounding ocean; and given, I hope, a prey into our hands, without any possibility of escape. Let not the sound of the Roman name affright your ears, nor let the glare of gold or silver, upon their armour, dazzle your eyes. It is not by gold or silver, that men are either wounded or defended; though they are rendered a richer prey to the conquerors. Let us boldly attack this disunited rabble. We shall find among themselves a reinforcement to our army.

And what will there be then to fear? A few half-garrisoned forts; a few municipal towns, inhabited by worn-out old men; discord universally prevailing, occasioned by tyranny in those who command, and obstinacy in those who should obey. On our side, an army united in the cause of their country, their wives, their children, their aged parents, their lives. At the head of this army, I hope I do not offend against modesty in saying, there is a General ready to exert all his abilities, such as they are, and to hazard his life in leading you to victory, and to freedom.

I conclude, my countrymen and fellow-soldiers, with putting you in mind, that on your behaviour this day depends your future enjoyment of peace and liberty, or your subjection to a tyrannical enemy, with all its grievous consequences. When, therefore, you come to engage, think of your ancestors, and think of your posterity.

MODERN

MODERN EDUCATION.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PRECEPTOR OF AN ACADEMY,
AND PARENT OF AN OFFERED PUPIL.

Preceptor. I AM heartily sick of this modern mode [Sohus.] of education. Nothing but trash will suit the taste of people at this day. I am perplexed beyond all endurance with these frequent solicitations of parents, to give their children graceful airs, polite accomplishments, and a smattering of what they call the fine arts; while nothing is said about teaching them the substantial branches of literature. If they can but dance a little, fiddle a little, flute a little, and make a handsome bow and courtesy, that is sufficient to make them famous, in this *enlightened* age. Three-fourths of the teachers of those arts, which once were esteemed most valuable, will soon be out of employment, at this rate. For my part, I am convinced, that, if I had been a dancing master, music master, stage player, or mountebank, I should have been much more respected, and much better supported, than I am at present.

Enter PARENT.

Parent. Your humble servant, Sir; are you the principal of this Academy?

Precep. I am, at your service, Sir.

Par. I have heard much of the fame of your institution, and am desirous of putting a son, of about twelve years of age, under your tuition. I suppose you have masters who teach the various branches of the polite arts.

Precep. We are not inattentive to those arts, Sir; but the fame of our Academy does not rest upon them. Useful learning is our grand object. What studies do you wish to put your son upon?

Par. I wish him to be perfected in music, dancing, drawing, &c. and as he possesses a promising genius for poetry, I would by all means have that cultivated.

Precep.

Precep. These are not all the branches, I trust, in which he is to be instructed. You mention nothing of reading, writing, arithmetic, language, &c. Are these to be wholly neglected?

Par. Why, as to these *every-day* branches, I cannot say I feel very anxious about them. The boy reads well now; writes a decent hand; is acquainted with the ground rules of arithmetic, and pronounces the English language genteelly. He has been a long time under the care of Mr. Honestus, our town schoolmaster, who has taught him all these things sufficiently. So that I think any more time devoted to them would be wasted.

Precep. If he is such an adept that there is no room for his progressing in those arts; yet I think, at least, there is need of practice, lest, at his age, he should forget what he has learned.

Par. That I shall leave to your discretion. But there is one branch, of great importance, which I have not yet mentioned, and to which I would have particular attention paid; I mean the art of speaking. You will find him not deficient in that respect; though perhaps it requires as much practice to make one perfect in that, as in any art whatever. He has already learned by heart a great number of pieces, and has acted a part in several comedies and tragedies with much applause. It has been the custom of our master to have an exhibition at least once a quarter; and my son has always been considered as one of his best performers. He lately took the part of Jemmy Jumps, in the farce called *The Farmer*, and acted it to universal acception.

Precep. I must confess, Sir, that your account of your son does not appear to me to be very flattering.

Par. Why so, pray? have you not an ear for eloquence?

Precep. Indeed I have, Sir. No man is more charmed than I am with its enrapturing sounds. No music rests sweeter on my ear than the melodious notes, proceeding from the mouth of a judicious, well-instruct-

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ed, and powerful orator. But I must tell you plainly, that I am by no means pleased to see parents take so much pains to transform their children into monkeys instead of men. What signs of oratory do you imagine you can discern in a boy, rigged out in a fantastical dress, skipping about the stage like a baboon, in the character of Jemmy Jumps, Betty Jumps, or any other jumper?

Par. Do you not approve of exhibitions then?

Precep. Not much, I confess, in the way they are generally conducted. A master, who has four in a year, must necessarily rob his pupils of one quarter of that time, which, in my opinion, might be much better employed in attending to what would be useful for them in life.

Par. What can be more useful for a child, under such a government as ours, than to be able to speak before an audience with a graceful ease, and a manful dignity? My son, for aught I know, may be a member of Congress before he dies.

Precep. For that very reason I would educate him differently. I would lay the foundation of his future fame on the firm basis of the *solid sciences*; that he might be able in time to do something more than a mere parrot, or an ape, who are capable only of speaking the words, and mimicking the actions of others. He should first be taught to *read*. He should likewise be taught to compose for himself; and I would not be wanting in my endeavours to make him a speaker.

Par. Surely, Mr. Preceptor, you must be very wrong in your notions. I have ever pursued a different plan with my children; and there are none in the country, though I say it myself, who are more universally caressed. I have a daughter that has seen but fourteen years, who is capable of gracing the politest circles. It is allowed that she can enter, and leave a room, with as much ease and dignity as any lady of quality whatever. And this is evidently owing altogether to her polite education. I boarded her a year

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in the capital, where she enjoyed every possible advantage. She attended the most accomplished masters in the ornamental branches of science; visited the genteel families, and frequented all the scenes of amusement. It is true, her letters are not always written quite so accurately as could be wished; yet she dances well, plays well on the piano-forte, and sings like a nightingale.

Precep. Does she know the art of making a good pudding? Can she darn a stocking well? or is she capable of patching the elbows of her husband's coat, should she ever be so lucky as to get one? If she is to remain ignorant of all such domestic employments, as much as I value her other accomplishments, and as much as I might be in want of a wife, I would not marry her with twice her weight in gold.

Par. Her accomplishments will command her a husband as soon as she wishes. But so long as a single cent of my property remains, her delicate hands shall never be so unworthily employed.

Precep. But suppose a reverse of fortune should overtake you, what is to become of the child; as you say she understands nothing of domestic affairs? Will it be more honorable, do you imagine, for her to be maintained by the charity of the people, than by her own industry?

Par. There are many ways for her to be supported. I would not have you think she is wholly ignorant of the use of the needle, though she never employed it in so disgraceful a manner as that of darning stockings! or boitching tattered garments! But we will waive that subject, and attend to the other. Will you receive the boy for the purposes before mentioned?

Precep. Why, indeed, Sir, I cannot. Though I am far from condemning altogether your favourite branches, yet I consider them all as subordinate, and some of them, at least, totally useless. We devote but a small portion of our time to the attainment of such superficial accomplishments. I would therefore recom-

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mend it to you, to commit him to the care of those persons, who have been so successful in the instruction of his sister.

Par. I confess I am so far convinced of the propriety of your method, that, if you will admit him into your Academy, I will renounce all right of dictating to you his lessons of instruction, except in one single instance; and in that I am persuaded we shall not disagree; I mean the art of speaking.

Precep. I shall agree to that only under certain limitations. That is an art which undoubtedly demands our solicitous attention; but it ought never to be pursued to the injury of other studies. I am sensible that it is no less useful to a pupil than entertaining to an audience, to exercise him occasionally on the stage in declaiming judicious and well-written compositions, and pronouncing such selected dialogues, as will tend to give gracefulness to his attitude, and familiarity to his tones and gestures. But, admitting that time could be spared from more important pursuits, I see but little *good* resulting from the exhibition of whole comedies and tragedies in our academies and schools; while much *evil* is to be feared, both from the immorality of the plays, and the dissipation it introduces into society. Besides, all boys are not calculated for orators; and though Demosthenes surmounted almost insuperable difficulties in the acquirement of his art, it is folly to suppose that his example is capable of universal imitation. I cannot believe it a very pleasing entertainment to a discerning audience, to see a boy without talents, mounted upon the rostrum, *spouting* forth sentences which he does not understand, and which, perhaps, are chosen with as little judgment as they are delivered with propriety. But what can be more disgusting than to see innocent, and timid females, whose excellence, in part, consists in their modesty, and silence before superiours, encouraged to reverse the order of nature, by playing the orator on a public stage! And what *often* enhances our disgust, and sickens all our

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feelings, is, that their lips are taught to pronounce sentiments, extracted from the very dregs of the European drama.

Par. Then it seems you do not approve of females speaking at all?

Precep. Not on a public stage, unless I wished to see them divested of half their charms. Such masculine employments as ill become them, as the labours of the field, or the habits of the stronger sex. I would have them taught to read and pronounce well at school; but nature never designed them for public orators; much less, that they should be degraded to the vile purpose of entertaining the votaries of theatrical amusements.

Par. Why, you differ widely from many, whose pride is to be considered as the standards of modern taste. It does not now offend against the rules of delicacy, for the different sexes to make exchange of garments now and then, provided the grand object of amusement be promoted by it. I was in Boston last week, and there I saw a beautiful young lady, rigged out from top to toe in men's apparel, astride a gay horse, parading through the streets, for the entertainment of the ladies and gentlemen of that polite metropolis. And none appeared to be offended, except a few who had not attained a relish for refined pleasures.

Precep. Yes, and I am told, that, at their theatres, it is no uncommon thing for a woman to make her appearance, in that apparel, with a sword by her side, strutting across the stage, and swearing oaths big enough to choke an Algerine pirate; and yet it is so agreeable to the modern *ton*, that even ladies of distinguished refinement are *ashamed to blush* at her!

Par. You have made me so far a convert to your sentiments on this subject, and given me such proofs of your superiour judgment in the education of youth, that I am determined to commit my son, without any reserve, to your care and instruction. Till you hear from me again, I am, Sir, your obedient servant.

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THE EXISTENCE OF GOD, DEMONSTRATED FROM THE WORKS OF CREATION; BEING A SERMON PREACHED AT PROVIDENCE, BY JONATHAN MAXCY, A. M. PRESIDENT OF RHODE-ISLAND COLLEGE, 1795, FROM ROMANS i. 20.

[N. B. When found expedient, the following Sermon may conveniently be divided into three or four parts, suitable for declamations. The author of this work did not intend a first to insert the whole; but, in attempting to make a selection, he could find no part which he was willing to leave.]

NOTHING will more effectually guard us against vice, than a firm belief in the existence of God. For surely if we realize that there is such a Being, we shall naturally infer from his perfections, from the nature of his moral government, and from our situation as rational creatures, that we are amenable at his awful tribunal. Superior power, wisdom, and goodness always lay us under restraint, and command our veneration. These, even in a mortal, overawe us. They restrain not only the actions, but the words and thoughts of the most vicious and abandoned. Our happiness depends on our virtue. Our virtue depends on the conformity of our hearts and conduct to the laws prescribed us by our beneficent Creator.

Of what vast importance then is it to our present as well as future felicity, to possess in our hearts a feeling sense, and in our understanding a clear conviction, of the existence of that Being whose power and goodness are unbounded, whose presence fills immensity, and whose wisdom, like a torrent of lightning, emanates through all the dark recesses of eternal duration! How great must be the effect of a sense of the presence of the great Creator and Governor of all things, to whom belong the attributes, eternity, independency, perfect holiness, inflexible justice, and inviolable veracity; complete happiness and glorious majesty; supreme right and unbounded dominion!

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