

of nature herself. All these things he can perform by the assistance of reason.

By imagination, man seems to verge towards creative power. Aided by this, he can perform all the wonders of sculpture and painting. He can almost make the marble speak. He can almost make the brook murmur down the painted landscape. Often, on the pinions of imagination, he soars aloft where the eye has never travelled; where other stars glitter on the mantle of night, and a more effulgent sun lights up the blushes of morning. Flying from world to world, he gazes on all the glories of creation; or, lighting on the distant margin of the universe, darts the eye of fancy over the mighty void, where power creative never yet has energized; where existence still sleeps in the wide abyss of possibility.

By imagination he can travel back to the source of time; converse with the successive generations of men, and kindle into emulation while he surveys the monumental trophies of ancient art and glory. He can sail down the stream of time until he loses "sight of stars and sun, by wandering into those retired parts of eternity, when the heavens and the earth shall be no more."

To these unequivocal characteristics of greatness in man, let us adduce the testimony of nature herself. Surrounding creation subserves the wants and proclaims the dignity of man. For him day and night visit the world. For him the seasons walk their splendid round. For him the earth teems with riches, and the heavens smile with beneficence.

All creation is accurately adjusted to his capacity for bliss. He tastes the dainties of festivity, breathes the perfumes of morning, revels on the charms of melody, and regales his eye with all the painted beauties of vision. Whatever can please, whatever can charm, whatever can expand the soul with ecstasy of bliss, allures and solicits his attention. All things beautiful, all things grand, all things sublime, appear in native loveliness, and proffer man the richest pleasures of fruition.

INFERNAL

INFERNAL CONFERENCE.

*Satan.* FRIENDS and confederates, welcome!  
for this proof

Of your affiance, thanks. On every call,  
Whether we need your counsel or your arms,  
Joyful I see your ready zeal displays  
Virtues, which hell itself cannot corrupt.  
I mean not to declaim: the occasion told  
Speaks its own import, and the time's dispatch  
All waste of words forbids. God's Son on earth,  
Christ, the reveal'd Messiah, how t' oppose  
Is now the question; by what force, or power;  
(Temptations have been tried, I name not them;)  
Or dark conspiracy, we may pull down  
This Sun of Righteousness from his bright sphere,  
Declare, who can. I pause for a reply.

*Baal.* Why thus on me, as I were worthy; me  
Lost being like yourselves; as I alone  
Could compass this high argument; on me,  
Least in your sapient conclave; why you point  
These scrutinizing looks, I muse; and, aw'd  
By this your expectation, faint would shrink  
From the great task to silence, had you not  
O'er these poor faculties such full control,  
As to put by all pleas, and call them forth  
In heaven or earth, or hell's profound abyss,  
Yours in all uses, present at all hours.  
Our kingly chief hath told us we are met  
To combat Christ on earth. Be't so! We yet  
May try our fortune in another field;  
Worse fortune than in heav'n befel our arms;  
Worse downfall than to hell, we cannot prove.  
But with the scene our action too must change:  
How? to what warfare? Circumvention, fraud,  
Seduction; these are earthy weapons; these  
As man to man opposes, so must we  
To Christ incarnate. There be some, who cry,

S

Hence

Hence with such dastard arts! War, open war!  
 I honor such bold counsellors, and yield  
 All that I can, my praise: till one be found,  
 One that may rival God's own Son in power,  
 And miracle to miracle oppose,  
 More than my praise I cannot; my assent  
 I will not give; 'twere madness. And how war  
 With God? what arms may we employ 'gainst him,  
 Whose very prophets can call down heaven's fires  
 Upon our priests and altars? For myself,  
 What powers I had I shall not soon forget;  
 What I have left I know, and for your use  
 Shall husband as I may, not vainly risk  
 Where they must surely fail. The Jews pretend  
 That Christ colludes with Beelzebub; the Jews  
 As far mistake my nature as my name.  
 The fallacy, O peers, confutes itself,  
 Forg'd to disparage Christ, not honor me.  
 Oh! that I had his wonder-working powers;  
 I'm not that fool to turn them on myself:  
 No, my brave friends, I've yet too much to lose.  
 Therefore no more of Beelzebub and Christ;  
 No league, no compact can we hold together.  
 What then ensues? Despair? Perish the thought!  
 The brave renounce it, and the wise prevent;  
 You are both wise and brave. Our leader says  
 Temptations have been tried, and tried in vain,  
 Himself the tempter. Who will tread that ground,  
 Where he was foil'd? For Adam a mere toy,  
 An apple serv'd; Christ is not brib'd by worlds:  
 So much the second Man exceeds the first  
 In strength and glory. But though Christ himself  
 Will not be tempted, those who hear him may:  
 Jews may be urg'd to envy, to revenge,  
 To murder: a rebellious race of old!  
 Wist ye not what a train this preacher hath,  
 What followers, what disciples? These are men,  
 Mere men, frail sons of Adam, born in sin.  
 Here is our hope. I leave it to your thoughts.

*Moloch.*

*Moloch.* My thoughts it seems are known before I  
 speak;  
 War, open war is all my note. I rise  
 To thank the prophet, who thus reads my heart,  
 Where honesty should wear it, in my face;  
 That face from danger I did never hide;  
 How then from him? Nor am I by his praise  
 More honor'd than by his dissenting voice:  
 For whilst he counsels circumvention, fraud,  
 Seduction, (if my memory wrong his words  
 I yield it to correction) we stand off,  
 Wide as the poles apart. Much I had hop'd,  
 When the great tempter fail'd, and in your ears  
 Sung his own honor's dirge, we had heard the last  
 Of plots and mean temptations; mean I call them  
 For great names cannot sanctify mean deeds.  
 Satan himself knows I oppos'd th' attempt,  
 Appeal'd, protested; my thrice honor'd chief  
 Knows it full well, and blushes for th' event.  
 And are we now caballing how t' outwit  
 A few poor harmless fishermen; for such  
 Are Christ's disciples; how to gull and cheat  
 Their simple hearts of honesty? Oh peers,  
 For shame, if not for pity, leave them that,  
 That beggar's virtue. And is this the theme,  
 The mighty theme, which now employs the thoughts  
 Of your immortal synod? Shame, O shame!  
 Princes, dominions, arch-angelic thrones,  
 Imperial lords! These were your titles once;  
 By these names ye were known above the stars:  
 Shame not your ancient dignities, nor sink  
 Beneath the vilest of the sons of men,  
 Whisperers, informers, spies. If Christ be God,  
 Fight, as becometh you to fight, with God:  
 If man, and sure his birth bespeaks no more,  
 Why all this preparation, this consult,  
 These mighty machinations and cabals?  
 Off with your foe at once; dismiss him hence  
 Where all his brother prophets have been sent;

Where

Where his precursor John is gone before ;  
 Whose voice still echoes through this wilderness,  
 " Repent ye, for God's kingdom is at hand !  
 Prepare ye the Lord's way ! " It is prepar'd :  
 It leads to death ; it marshals him the road  
 To that oblivious bourne, whence none return.  
 Herod yet lives ; another royal feast,  
 Another wanton dance, and he, for whom  
 So many innocents were slain, shall fall.  
 Once vanquish'd, are we therefore to despair ?  
 In heav'n, unequal battle we provok'd ;  
 Though vast our host, the million was with God.  
 On earth, inquire of all the nations round  
 Whom they will serve ; with one voice they reply,  
*We* are their gods ; they feed us with their blood,  
 Their sons and daughters they make pass through fire  
 To do us grace : if their own flesh they give,  
 Shall they withhold to sacrifice a foe ?  
 Twelve tribes were all Jehovah had on earth,  
 And ten are lost ; of this small remnant, few  
 And wretched are the friends that league with Heav'n.  
 And where is now Christ's promis'd reign on earth ?  
 When God's own servants rise against his Son,  
 And those, to whom the promises were giv'n,  
 Revolt from their Messiah, can we wish  
 Greater revenge ? What need have we to tempt  
 Those, who have hearts rebellious as our own,  
 As prompt to malice, no less prone to vex  
 God's righteous Spirit ? And let come what may,  
 It comes not to our loss, rather our gain.  
 Let God arise to vengeance ; let him pour  
 Destruction on his temple, whose proud height  
 Our chief can witness, measur'd by his fall :  
 Let him not leave one stone upon another,  
 As his rash Son hath menac'd ; let his wrath  
 Through all th' inhospitable earth disperse  
 His scatter'd tribes ; such ever be the fate  
 Of all his worshippers ! May scorn, contempt,  
 Derision be their lot, and may their God

Never

Never recal his curse ! Are we, O peers,  
 To mourn for his Jerusalem ? Our joy  
 Springs from confusion : enmity 'twixt God  
 And man is our best triumph. For myself,  
 War is my harvest ; then my altars blaze  
 Brightest, when human victims feed the flame.  
*Belial.* After so many peaceful ages past  
 Since first emerging from hell's dark abyss,  
 Rous'd by our arch-angelic chief, we sprung  
 Up to this middle region, and here seiz'd  
 On this terrestrial globe, created first  
 For man, our vassal now, where, at full ease,  
 Lords of the elements and gods ador'd,  
 We reign and revel undisturb'd of Heav'n.  
 If God whose jealousy be sure ill brooks  
 That this fair world should be so long possess'd  
 By us his exil'd angels, and his name,  
 Pent up in Palestine, should now arouse  
 His slumbering wrath, and his best strength put forth  
 To wrestle for lost empire, and our earth,  
 As we in evil hour his heaven, assail,  
 Who of this mighty synod but must own  
 The provocation warrants the retort ?  
 If then the Maker of mankind hath cause  
 To meditate their rescue, we no less  
 Have cause t' oppose th' attempt, and hold them fast  
 To their allegiance in despite of Heav'n.  
 Much then we owe to our great leader's care,  
 Who, ever watchful o'er the public weal,  
 Calls us to this full council, here to meet  
 In grave consult how best we may repair  
 Past disappointments, and repel the spite  
 Of this new Champion, levell'd at our shrines.  
 Great is the trouble of my thoughts, O peers,  
 And much perplex'd am I with doubts, what name,  
 Nature, and office to ascribe to Christ ;  
 In form the lowliest of the sons of men,  
 In miracles omnipot' as God ;  
 Whose voice controls the stoutest of our host,

S 2

Bids

Bids the graves open and their dead come forth;  
 Whose very touch is health; who with a glance  
 Pervades each heart, absolves it or condemns;  
 Whose virgin birth credulity scarce owns,  
 And nature disavows. Prais'd to all time,  
 Immortal as himself be the renown  
 Of that wise spirit, who shall devise the means  
 By force or fraud to overthrow the power  
 Of this mysterious foe: what shall I say?  
 Priest, Prophet, King, Messiah, Son of God?  
 Yet how God's unity, which well we know  
 Endures no second, should adopt a Son,  
 And essence indivisible divide,  
 Baffles my weak conjecture. Let that pass,  
 To such hard doctrines I subscribe no faith:  
 I'll call him man inspir'd, and wait till death  
 Gives sentence of mortality upon him.  
 Meanwhile let circumspection on our part  
 Fill all the anxious interim; alarm  
 Rome's jealousy; stir up the captious spleen  
 Of the proud Pharisee; beset him round  
 With snares to catch him; urge the envious priests,  
 For envy still beneath the altar lurks;  
 And note the man he trusts. Mammon could tell,  
 Though Mammon boasts not of his own success,  
 How few of human mould have yet withstood  
 His glittering, golden lures. The sword can kill  
 Man's body; gold destroys his very soul.  
 Yet mark me well, I counsel not to tempt  
 The Master; poverty can do no more  
 Than his own mortifying penance does,  
 Hunger and thirst and obstinately starve,  
 When his mere wish could make the rock a spring,  
 And its hard fragments, bread. Yet sure I am  
 All are not Christ's in heart, who with their lips  
 Confess him; these are men, and therefore frail,  
 Frail and corruptible. And let none say,  
 Fear prompts this counsel; I disclaim all fear  
 But for the general cause. In every heart

Nature

Nature hath built my altar; every sect,  
 Nation and language with one voice confess  
 Pleasure the sovereign good. The Stoic churl,  
 The dogged cynic snarling in his tub,  
 And all the ragged moralizing crew,  
 Are hypocrites; philosophy itself  
 Is but my votary beneath a cloak.  
 It harms not me, though every idol god  
 Were tumbled from his base; alike I scorn  
 Samson's strong nerve and Daniel's flaming zeal.  
 And let Christ preach his mortifying rules;  
 Let him go forth through all the Gentile world,  
 And on the ruin of our fanes erect  
 His church triumphant o'er the gates of hell,  
 Still, still man's heart will draw the secret sigh  
 For pleasures unenjoyed; the gloomy cell  
 And melancholy fast, the midnight prayer,  
 And pale contrition weeping o'er her lamp,  
 Are penances, from which the sense revolts,  
 Fines, that compounding superstition pays  
 For pleasures past, or bribes for more to come.  
*Satan.* Enough of this vain boast,  
 More than enough of these voluptuous strains,  
 Which, though they lull the ear, disarm the soul  
 Of its best attribute. Not gaudy flowers  
 Are cull'd for med'cine, but the humble weed.  
 True wisdom, ever frugal of her speech,  
 Gives sage advice in plain and homely words.  
 The sum of all our reasoning ends in this,  
 That nothing but the death of Christ can solve  
 The myst'ry of his nature: till he falls,  
 Scarce can I say we stand. All voices then,  
 Though varying in the means, conspire his death;  
 Some cautiously as Baal; some with zeal,  
 Precipitate as Moloch, whose swift thought  
 Vaults over all impediments to seize  
 The goal of his ambition. But, O peers,  
 Ours is no trivial care; direct your sight  
 Along the ranks of that redeemed host,

On

On us hangs all their safety. Night and day  
 My anxious thoughts are lab'ring in their cause ;  
 And whilst Christ walks the earth, I take no rest ;  
 A watchful spy forever at his side,  
 Noting each word and deed, sometimes I mix  
 With the selected Twelve that trace his steps ;  
 Of these, though some have wavered, none is false  
 Save one alone, Iscariot he by name ;  
 The taint of avarice hath touch'd his heart ;  
 I've mark'd him for my own. Hear, princes, hear !  
 This night the priests and elders will convene  
 Their secret conclave : I am in their hearts.  
 Burning with envy, malice, and revenge,  
 Their only thought is how to tangle Christ,  
 In whom of force I own no guile is found,  
 But gentleness instead, and perfect truth ;  
 A lamb in nature without spot and pure ;  
 Fit victim therefore for their Paschal rites,  
 Which now are near at hand : apt is the hour,  
 Apt are the instruments. What now remains  
 But to send forth a tempter to persuade  
 Iscariot to betray his Master's life,  
 And damn himself for gold ? Speak, is there one,  
 One in this patriot circle, whom all eyes  
 Point out for this emprise ? Most sure there is ;  
 Belial hath well predicted of our choice :  
 Mammon, stand forth ! on thee th' election lights.  
*Mammon.* Prince of this world ! to whom these  
 armies owe,

(Lost but for thee in everlasting night)  
 The glorious prospect of yon rising sun,  
 'Tis not t' evade the labour, but prevent  
 The failure of your hopes, that I beseech  
 Your wisdom to correct its choice, and lodge  
 This arduous embassy in abler hands :  
 Nathless, if such your will, and my compeers  
 Adjudge me to this service, I submit.  
 In me is no repugnance, no delay ;  
 For ever what these toiling hands could do,

Or

Or patient thoughts devise, that I have done ;  
 Whether in heaven ordain'd to undermine  
 God's adamantine throne, or doom'd to dig  
 The solid sulphur of hell's burning soil,  
 Fearless I wrought, and, were there no tongues else  
 To vouch my services, these scars would speak.  
 How many daintier spirits do I see  
 Fair as in heav'n, and in fresh bloom of youth,  
 Whilst I, with shrivell'd sinews, cramp'd and scorch'd,  
 'Midst pestilential damps and fiery blasts,  
 Drag as you see a miserable load,  
 Age-struck without the last resource of death :  
 This for myself : no more. You're not to learn  
 The snares which I employ are golden snares ;  
 These are my arts ; and like the crafty slave,  
 Who in Rome's circus hurls the fatal net  
 Over his fierce pursuer, so oft times  
 Have I entangled the proud hearts of men,  
 And made their courage stoop to shameful bribes,  
 Paid for dishonest deeds, perjuries and plots,  
 That draw them off from God, who else had fill'd  
 His courts ere now with guests, and peopled heav'n.  
 These weapons and these hands you still command ;  
 So dear I hold the general cause at heart,  
 So disciplin'd am I in duty's school,  
 That reckless of all hazard I present  
 Myself your servant, or, if so fate wills,  
 Your sacrifice : for though from mortal man  
 Discomfiture I dread not ; yet if Christ,  
 Whom the great tempter foil'd not, shall stand forth  
 The champion of his followers, witness for me,  
 You, my brave peers, and this angelic host,  
 I sought not this bold height, whence if I fall,  
 I do but fall where Satan could not stand.  
*Satan.* Go then ;  
 Go, brave adventurer, go where glory calls :  
 Auspicious thoughts engender in my breast,  
 And now prophetic visions burst upon me :  
 I see the traitor Judas with a band

Of

Of midnight ruffians seize his peaceful Lord;  
 They drag him to the bar, accuse, condemn;  
 He bleeds, he dies! Darkness involves the rest.  
 Ascend the air, brave spirit and midst the shout  
 Of grateful myriads wing thy course to fame.

EXTRACT FROM MR. PITT'S SPEECH IN THE BRITISH  
 PARLIAMENT, MAY 13, 1777.

MY LORDS,

THIS is a flying moment; perhaps but six weeks left to arrest the dangers that surround us. It is difficult for government, after all that has passed, to shake hands with defiers of the king, defiers of the parliament, defiers of the people. I am a defier of nobody; but if an end is not put to this war, there is an end to this kingdom. I do not trust my judgment in my present state of health; this is the judgment of my better days; the result of forty years attention to America. They are rebels! but what are they rebels for? Surely not for defending their unquestionable rights! What have these rebels done heretofore? I remember when they raised four regiments on their own bottom, and took Louisbourg from the veteran troops of France.

But their excesses have been great! I do not mean their panegyric; but must observe, in extenuation, the erroneous and infatuated counsels, which have prevailed. The door to mercy and justice has been shut against them. But they may still be taken up upon the grounds of their former submission. I state to you the importance of America; it is a double market; a market of consumption, and a market of supply. This double market for millions with naval stores, you are giving to your hereditary rival.

America has carried you through four wars, and will now carry you to your death, if you do not take things in time. In the sportsman's phrase, when you have  
 found

found yourselves at fault, you must try back. You have ransacked every corner of lower Saxony; but forty thousand German boors never can conquer ten times the number of British freemen. They may ravage; they cannot conquer. But you would conquer, you say! Why, what would you conquer? the map of America? I am ready to meet any general officer on the subject.

What will you do out of the protection of your fleet? In the winter, if together, they are starved; and if dispersed, they are taken off in detail. I am experienced in *spring* hopes and *vernal* promises. I know what ministers throw out; but at last will come your *equinoctial* disappointment. They tell you—what? That your army will be as strong as it was last year, when it was not strong enough. You have gained nothing in America but stations. You have been three years teaching them the art of war. They are apt scholars; and I will venture to tell your lordships, that the American gentry will make officers enough, fit to command the troops of all the European powers. What you have sent there are too many to make peace, too few to make war.

If you conquer them, what then? You cannot make them respect you; you cannot make them wear your cloth. You will plant an invincible hatred in their breasts against you. Coming from the stock they do, they can never respect you. If ministers are founded in saying there is no sort of treaty with France, there is still a moment left; the point of honor is still safe. France must be as self destroying as England, to make a treaty while you are giving her America, at the expense of twelve millions a year. The intercourse has produced every thing to France; and England, poor old England must pay for all.

I have at different times made different propositions, adapted to the circumstances in which they were offered. The plan contained in the former bill is now impracticable; the present motion will tell you where  
 you

you are, and what you have now to depend upon. It may produce a respectable division in America, and unanimity at home. It will give America an option: she has yet made no option. You have said, Lay down your arms, and she has given you the Spartan answer, "Come and take them."

I will get out of my bed, on Monday, to move for an immediate redress of all their grievances, and for continuing to them the right of disposing of their own property. This will be the herald of peace; this will open the way for treaty; this will show that parliament is sincerely disposed. Yet still much must be left to treaty. Should you conquer this people, you conquer under the cannon of France; under a masked battery then ready to open. The moment a treaty with France appears, you must declare war, though you had only five ships of the line in England: but France will defer a treaty as long as possible.

You are now at the mercy of every little German chancery; and the pretensions of France will increase daily, so as to become an avowed party in either peace or war. We have tried for unconditional submission, let us try what can be gained by unconditional redress. Less dignity will be lost in the repeal, than in submitting to the demands of German chanceries. We are the aggressors. We have invaded them. We have invaded them as much as the Spanish armada invaded England. Mercy cannot do harm; it will seat the king where he ought to be, throned on the hearts of his people; and millions at home and abroad, now employed in obloquy or revolt, would then pray for him.

ON

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ON THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

---

AT midnight, when mankind are wrap'd in peace,  
 And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams;  
 To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour;  
 At midnight, 'tis presum'd, this pomp will burst  
 From tenfold darkness; sudden as the spark  
 From smitten steel; from nitrous grain the blaze.  
 Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more!  
 The day is broke which never more shall close!  
 Above, around, beneath, amazement all!  
 Terror and glory join'd in their extremes!  
 Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire!  
 All nature struggling in the pangs of death!  
 Dost thou not hear her? Dost thou not deplore  
 Her strong convulsions, and her final groan?  
 Where are we now? Ah me! the ground is gone,  
 On which we stood, LORENZO! while thou mayst,  
 Provide more firm support, or sink forever!  
 Where? how? from whence? vain hope! It is too late!  
 Where, *where*, for shelter, shall the *guilty* fly,  
 When consternation turns the *good* man pale?  
 Great day! for which all other days were made;  
 For which earth rose from chaos, man from earth,  
 And an eternity, the date of gods,  
 Descended on poor earth-created man!  
 Great day of dread, decision, and despair!  
 At thought of thee, each sublunary wish  
 Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world;  
 And catches at each reed of hope in heav'n.  
 At *thought* of thee! And art thou *absent* then,  
 LORENZO! no; 'tis here; it is begun;  
 Already is begun the grand assize,  
 In thee, in all. Deputed conscience scales  
 The dread tribunal, and forestals our doom:  
 Forestals; and, by forestalling, proves it sure.  
 Why on himself should man *void* judgment pass?

T

Is

Is idle nature laughing at her sons?  
 Who conscience sent, her sentence will support,  
 And God above assert that God in man.

Thrice happy they, who enter now the court  
 Heav'n opens in their bosoms: but, how rare!  
 Ah me! that magnanimity how rare!

What hero, like the man who stands himself;  
 Who dares to meet his naked heart alone;  
 Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,  
 Resolv'd to silence future murmurs there?

The coward flies; and flying is undone.  
 (Art thou a coward? No.) The coward flies;  
 Thinks, but thinks slightly; asks, but fears to know;  
 Asks "What is truth?" with Pilate; and retires;  
 Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng;  
 Asylum sad! from reason, hope, and heaven!

Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,  
 For that great day, which was ordain'd for man?

O day of consummation! Mark supreme  
 (If men are wise) of human thought! nor least  
 Or in the sight of angels, or their King!  
 Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,  
 Order o'er order rising, blaze o'er blaze,  
 As in a theatre, surround this scene,

Intent on man, and anxious for his fate:  
 Angels look out for thee; for thee, their Lord,  
 To vindicate his glory; and for thee,  
 Creation universal calls aloud,  
 To disinvolve the moral world, and give  
 To Nature's renovation brighter charms.

THE

THE DISSIPATED OXFORD STUDENT, A DIALOGUE  
 BETWEEN A BROTHER AND HIS TWO SISTERS.

LIONEL, LAVINIA, and CAMILLA.

Lionel. **H**OW do you do, girls? how do you do?  
 I am glad to see you, upon my soul I am.  
 [Shaking them hard by the hand.]

Lavinia. I thought, brother, you had been at Dr.  
 Marchmont's!

Lionel. All in good time, my dear; I shall certainly  
 visit the old gentleman before long.

Lavinia. Gracious, Lionel!—If my mother—

Lionel. My dear little Lavinia, [Chucking her under  
 the chin] I have a mighty notion of making visits at my  
 own time and appointment, instead of my mamma's.

Lavinia. O Lionel! and can you just now—

Lionel. Come, come, don't let us waste our precious  
 moments in this fulsome moralizing. If I had not luck-  
 ily been hard by, I should not have known the coast  
 was clear. Pray where are the old folks gone tanti-  
 vying?

Camilla. To Cleves.

Lionel. To Cleves! What a happy escape! I was  
 upon the point of going thither myself. Camilla, what  
 is the matter with thee, my little duck?

Camilla. Nothing—I am only thinking—Pray when  
 do you go to Oxford?

Lionel. Poh, poh, what do you talk of Oxford for?  
 you are grown quite stupid, girl. I believe you have  
 lived too long with that old maid of a Margland. Pray  
 how does that dear creature do? I am afraid she will  
 grow melancholy from not seeing me so long. Is she  
 as pretty as she used to be? I have some notion of  
 sending her a suitor.

Lavinia. O brother, is it possible you can have such  
 spirits?

Lionel.