Scripture Doctrines.

God so loved the world, as of his tender mercy, to give his only son Jesus Christ for our Redemption.

Our blessed Lord willingly left the glory of the father and became man.

He was despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.

He was wounded for our transgressions: that he was bruised for our iniquities.

The lord laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He humbled himself, even to the death of the cross for us, miserable sinners: to the end, that all who with hearty repentance & true faith should come to him, might not perish, but have everlasting life.

He is now on the right hand of God, making intercession for his people.

Being reconciled to God by the death of his Son, we may come boldly unto the throne of his grace ~~in time of need~~ to obtain mercy & find grace in time of need.

God will surely give his Spirit to them that ask him.

The Spirit of God must dwell in us: If any man hath not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his.

By his Devine influence, we are renewed in knowledge after the image of him who created us, & filled with the fruits of Righteousness, to the praise of the glory of his grace.

Being made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light, we shall sleep in the Lord, and when the last Trumpet shall sound, this corruption shall put on incorruption, & being at length perfected in his likeness, we shall be admitted in the heavenly kingdom.

Paternoster in Moheyan or Muhhekaneew Language

Noghnuh, ne spummuck oieon taugh manwish ~~at~~ wneh wtuckoseauk ne-anne annuwoieon. Taugh ne aunchuwutamun wawetuseek mawek noh pummeh. Ne annoihitteech mauwek awauneek noh hkey oiecheek ne aun-chuwutammun, ne annoihitteet neek spummuk & oiecheek. Menenaunuh noonooh wohkamauk tquogh nuh uhhuyulamauk nquummauweh. Ohquutamouwenaunuh aunek numachoieaukeh ne anneh ohquutamou-woieauk numpeh neek numacheh annehoquaukeek. Cheen hquukquaunque chek sinkeh annehehenaunuh. Pannewek htuwenaunuh neen maumtehkeh keah nqwehcheh kwiouwauweh mauweh noh pummeh; ktanwoi; estah awaun wlinnoiquwun ne aunoyeyon. hanwewey ne klennoieen. Amen. Carey's American Museum V. 24th

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Le commencement de la vie est sans secours, le milieu sans plaisir, et la fin sans consolation ——— sans femes. Patronage.

Arms of Lane of Salsbury

Lane
" Commonplace-book

[illegible] Saleby

[illegible] winds. Hussan

[illegible]ya. Turkish Governor of Athens shot 5 84 yards. The ancient English could shoot a mile at 3 flights.

Scripture Doctrines.

Le commencement de la vie est sans secours, à moins sans plaisir,
et la fin sans consolation ——— sans femes. Patronage.

Arms of Lane of Salsbury

argent

gules parti per pale.
Three saltiers counterchanged.
red on white.
white on red.

OMNES VNDIQVE FLOSCVLOS CARPAM ATQVE DELIBAM

Who would pluck the tainted posies,
Which on every breast are worn;
Who could pluck the spotless roses,
From their never touched thorn

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARIES
CHICAGO, ILL.

Eben Lane.
Began July 24, 181
1810

——— Every idle thing.
That fancy finds in her excursi

"omnia floscula carpam et

"An odd sort of a thing

"Here a little, & there

The University of Chicago
Libraries

EBENEZER LANE COLLECTION
PRESENTED BY
EBEN. LANE AND FANNIE G. LANE
~~GEN. COLL.~~

The ordinary range of an English Bow is 200 yards. There was lately a Turkish Ambassador in London, who shot 480 yards. Hassan Aga, Turkish Governor of Athens shot 584 yards. The ancient English could shoot a mile at 3 flights.

Scripture Doctrines.

Le commencement de la vie est sans secours, à moins sans plaisir,
et la fin sans consolation ——— sans femes. Patronage.

Arms of Lane of Salsbury

argent

gules parti per pale.
Three saltiers counterchanged.
red on white.
White on red.

OMNES VNDIQVE FLOSCVLOS CARPAM ATQVE DELIBAM

Who would prize the tainted posies,
Which on every breast are worn;
Who could pluck the spotless roses,
From their never touched thorn

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
LIBRARIES
CHICAGO, ILL.

Eben Lane.
Begun July 24, 181
1810

EBENEZER LANE COLLECTION

Lane
" Commonplace-book

"Every idle thing.
That fancy frets in her excursive flight."

"omnia floscula carpam et que Selsbury."

"An odd sort of a thing have I gathered together here"
"Here a little, & there a little"

The ordinary range of an English Bow is 200 yards. There was lately a Turkish Ambassador in London, who shot 480 yards. Hassan Aga, Turkish Governor of Athens shot 584 yards. The ancient English could shoot a mile at 3 flights.

2. The people of England were so illiterate, & ... was the scarcity of preachers among them favourable to the Reforma... tion, that Elizabeth licenced Laymen to preach. The high Sheriff of ... Wiltshire preached the assise Sermon there, in the first year of her reign. He told the People "he had ascended to the Mount of St Mary's on the stony staye: that he "brought them some fine biscuits baked in the oven of charity, & carefully "conserved for the chickens of the church, for the sparrows of the Spi- "rit, for the sweet Swallows of Salvation".

A Jesuit being appointed to preach ... from their seven sermons all of which begin with the word O, look ... for his text that letter sought.

Nelson's Rights of the Clergy 1707.

Statement of the force of an English 98 ... from an Halifax Paper, per haps not correct. Broadside. Lower Deck 14 long 32s. Middle Deck 14 long 24s. Main Deck 14 long 12s. Quarter Deck 8 long 12s. forecastle 4 Carron ades 32s. Poop 4-24s Cannonades. Whole no of guns 112. Broadside 56

From Barnaby's Journey

18th page

Amant isti, et amantur, 30. Sed arrectis auribus audi,
Crescunt et multiplicantur: Quid de ... lexi, quicquid odi:
Spiritus instructi armis Montes, ... montes, montes, valles,
Nocte colunt opera carnis. Caulas, ... llas, colles, calles,
Vias, vi... las, vicos, vices,
Castas, ca... tas, meretrices.

Rule to reduce Pounds Sterling into Dollars.
a × 40 ÷ 9 — shillings to dollars. a × 2 ÷ 9. — pence to dollars. ÷ 6 ÷ 9.

Weekly Messenger.

If all things succeed, as already decreed,
And immutable impulses rule us;
Then to read, preach & pray, is but time thrown away,
And the gospel doth nothing but fool us.

If we're driven by fate, either this way or that,
As a Courier whips on his horses,
Then no man can stray, but must go the right way,
As the stars that are bound in their courses.

But if we, by free will, can go, or stand still,
As best suits each present occasion;
Then fill up the glass, & pronounce him an Ass,
That depends upon Predestination.

Found in Mr H. Pearse's

MARMION CANTO I PAGE 54

Danger, long travel want & woe,
Soon change the form, that best we know,—
For deadly fear can time outgo,
And blanch at once the hair,
Hard toil can roughen form & face,
And want can quench the eye's bright grace,
Nor does old age a wrinkle brace,
More deeply than despair.

N

I know the right & I approve it too,
I know the wrong, & yet the wrong pursue.

LINNEUS

Calyx ergo et Thalamus, Corolla, Antherae, Filamenta, Cirrus spermatica —, Antherae, Testiculi, Pulvis, genitura —, Stigma, Vulva —, Stylus, Vagina —, Germen, Ovarium —, Pericarpium, Ovarium fecundatum —, Semen, Ovum.

DRWATERHOUSE

The best Cigours are made in Convents.

VIRGIL

Formosæ fuer, ne nimium crede colori

BOOK VI

The wave, that for a space did foil,
Now trebly thundered on the gale,
And Stanley was the cry.
A ray of light on Marmions visage spread,
And fired his glazing eye,
With dying hand, above his head
He reared the fragment of his blade,
And shouted Victory.
Charge, Chester charge, on Stanley on,
Were the last words of Marmion.

1020119 3

Chief-

4

O woman, in our hours of Ease
Uncertain coy & hard to please
Variable as the shade
By the light quivering aspen made;
When care & anguish wring the brow,
A ministering angel thou.

MARMION BOOK VI

Here different sexes play their various parts
Love is the game & trumps are always hearts,
Each one attempts his foulings to disguise,
And seem all-perfect in his neighbours eyes.
Both sexes using all the art they know,
To gain their conquest by an outside show.

LITTLE RARY CABINET

Black hair receives it colour from a kind of oil, unlike the other colours of hair, & M. Vauquelin accounts for the sudden change of colour in the hair in profound grief, anger &c by the supposing an acid to be generated.

NICHOLSON.

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci

HORACE

A Mr Lyon of Vermont, now of Kentuckey, not being able to disprove the arguments of an opponent, spit directly in his face. This the other resented by running to the fire & reddening a hot poker, in a short time, nearly killed his opponent & cleared the house. !!!!!!!!

ASHES TRAVELS

In Anglia, nullum minus abest, si sit perennis.

A Gloss by M. Lee

KAKOYKORAKOCKAKYNΩON

5

PREBBLE

The portent condemning Tinderbox is a common condenser, to which is affixed a globe of metal which turns like a stopcock. Put a piece of tinder in the globe, & turn it, which dries it perfectly. Then by a forcible stroke, condense the air, turn the globe, & your tinder is on fire. M. Molet first observed this phenomenon.

Mr Tillock has published a brief examination of the received doctrine of [illegible] $1

MARGARETS GHOST

How could you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake?
How could you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break

PRIOR

In all my Emma's beauty blest,
Amidst profusion, still I pine;
For when she yielded up her breast,
The granting servant was not mine.

WM Pease

West Boston Bridge.

Piers 180. Bridge over the Gore, 14. Abutment, 87. Causeway, 3344.
Distance from end of the bridge to Cambridge meeting-house. 7810
Width of the bridge, 40. cost 20000 pounds L M.

Mr Lemuel Pease of Shrewsbury, first contracted to carry the mail in a stage in this country. A 1784. He went from Boston to Newyork. There were two carriages & it took 4 days to go to Hartford.!!!

David Hume was born in Edinburg 26th April A.D. 1711. & died Aug 25. 1776. Mr Gilliman says that he did not die in so much peace as has been represented. This is proved by his nurse chiefly.

There are particular glands to secrete the various fluids in the human & larger animals. The kidneys for the urine, liver for the gall???, stomach for the gastric juice & salivary glands for the secretion of Saliva.

Smellie Philosophy.

Redi, Bonnet, Trembley, Ellis & Spallanzani have paid particular attention to insects.

do

Henry Jenkins, a native of Yorkshire in G Britain, lived 169 years & died 1670.

do

Countess Herman of Henneburg, daughter of Count Floris, Earl of Hollands, Zealand & Frieseland, (it is said) brought forth 365 children at a birth, for reproaching a beggar woman, who cursed her, & wished she might bear as many children, as there are days in a year 1276

vide Peart's page 142.

The Editors of the Edinburg Review.
Lord Henry Petty. Mr Stuart
Earl of Selkirk. Mr Brougham
Mr Jeffrey. Mr Homer
Prof. Playfair. Rev Sydney Smith
Members of the Opposition.

Quarterly Review.
Mr Hookham Frere. Mr George Ellis
— John Smith. Rev Gerard Andrews
— Walter Scott. Mr Hopkins
— William Gifford.
Mr Canning
the Court.

By heaven, I'd rather forever forswear
The Elysium that dwells on a beautifull breast,
Than alarm, for a moment the peace that is there,
Or drive out the dove from so hallowed a nest.

Moore's Poems.

Buoy'd on light step, the beauty seem'd to swim,
And sweeten'd & alternate, every pliant limb.
Pleard, on Euphrates velvet border flood
And view'd her playfull image in the flood.
Own'd the fine flame of love, as life began,
And smild enchantment on the doting man

7

Down her white neck, & o'er her bosom roll'd,
Flow'd, in sweet negligence, her locks of Gold.
Round her fine form, the dim transparent play'd,
And show'd the beauties, that it seem'd to shade.—
Enamour'd Adam gazed in fond surprise,
And drank delirious passion from her eyes
Felt the new thrill of young desire, & press'd,
The graceful virgin, to his glowing breast.
The conscious fair betrays the soft alarms,
Sinks with warm blush, into his clasping arms.
Yeilds to his fond caress with wanton play,
"And sweet reluctant amorous delay."

Temple of Nature. Part II. line 140

Rolls round her languishing eyes that play by turns,
The glance that lightens, & the smile that burns.
Her dimpling cheeks, with transient blushes dyes,
Heaves the white bosom with seductive sighs,
Or moulds with rosy lips, the magic word,
That binds the heart not in adamantine chord.

Darwin

How short the span of life!! some hours passed
Warm but to cool, & action but to rest.

In the works of Seneca the Tragedian, the following lines are considered a kind of Prophecy of the discovery of America.

venient annis
Saecula seris, quibus oceanus
Vincula rerum laxet et ingens
Pateat tellus. Typhisque novos
Detegat orbes: nec sit terris
Ultima Thule.

Bacons Essays

Verum Pectus ubi pluva nitet non ego ~~Hunc~~ Jovis
Offendor maculis.

A Toast, given by Farley, at the senior celebration.

Our Alma Mater. Unlike other dames, she increaseth in beauty as she increases in years, & unlike other dames she increaseth in strength, as the number of her children increases.

An Oration delivered at the departure of the Senior Class July 31, 1816. by Edward Strong

The demands of human life are so great & various, & so necessary are the exertions of many individuals to their welfare, that the number of those who receive a public education is comparatively small. This difficulty & limitation give to the privelige a superiour value, & create a more imposing obligation upon those who are exempted from the common course of fortunes, worthily to estimate & improve it. To themselves, they owe the highest cultivation of their own powers; to their country, their first & greatest offerings; to literature, their encouragement & exertion.

These obligations, Alumni, have now become ours. We have long been permitted to wonder in the groves of Academus, to us have been unfolded; the operations of the mind; & the course & harmony of the spheres. We have suffered seclusion from the world, but it was to correct, & exalt our sentiments; to enlighten, & to invigorate our minds; better to qualify us to discharge its duties, & meet its misfortunes. Our long connection & the pursuit of the same object have assimilated our habits & united our feelings. The effect, which has been produced, will long be felt, tho' secret, but strongly attractive influence will continue to operate, when we have joined the general mass & our minds will frequently be recurr'd to the pleasures we have here enjoyed;

& the Attainments here formed. In the pursuits of Literature & science, the direction & extent of the powers of the mind have given various success. Incorrect estimates may have retarded individual progress, casual circumstances may have depressed genius & enfeebled circumspection. The habits of the mind have become partially formed, & may in some degree produce an opinion of character. Yet this has occurred, when the faculties are not yet deadened by insertion, when loss may be retrieved, & error easily corrected. But if any of us have stumbled in our course, or progressed with unsteady, feeble, or reluctant steps, let the reflection, that eminence must be the result of personal exertion, that the world affords a sphere for every talent, a reward for every acquisition, dispel the torpor that has dwelt around the mind, & elevate it to its proper, native, work. — Our course thro' this institution has been peculiarly diversified. scarcely had it commenced, before a storm arose, that threatened to blight our prospects, & for a moment, chill our hopes. But it soon dispersed, & we long have felt, & still recognize its beneficial effects. Commotions have continued to mark our progress, but their consequences were slight, partial & temporary. But tho' we have often fled from the noise of the muses, to join the bustle of the campus martius, yet with renewed sincerity & warmth, we soon recommenced our devotion.

While recalling to our remembrances, we necessarily associate with them, the partial absence of our Instructors, especially our predecessors, with whom we were more immediately connected. We saw them retire from the walls, (of hope & the maturity) from our view in the vigour of intellectual strength. But, scarcely had they passed the limits of our view, when a fear was were met by the blast; it withered their powers, it enchanted their "vines of life". Around their brows, Minerva had wreathed the

olive & nature had impressed her stamp of excellence. 10

In our recurrence to the days that are past we find one, which has long been distinguished by the designation of misfortune. Then we beheld the fall of a brother. There You have celebrated his obsequies; in this place, affection has offered a tear to his memory. We saw him, not the victim to vice, not the subject of a tortured body, or diseased mind, but calmly & gradually retiring from our view. Hope was present, "shedding sweet influence," & as the shades of death closed around, she illumined the mental vision. But, classmates, a few days only have passed, since we again joined in offering our tribute to the remains of another of our number. This day, he would have shared our joys, he would have reciprocated our kindest feelings. But ALAS! that current of life, which would have been warmed & quickened in its course, has ceased forever. That heart, which would have glowed as a flame from the altar of mercy, has lost all its ardor & all its sensibilities. He has fled from our view, our love, our attachment; but his memory — long will it be found, closely clinging to our hearts.

The gloom which these events have cast upon the present hour, has recently been thickened around us. In the earliest part of our course, it was our melancholy duty to attend the bier; when our attachment had reached maturity, when our union was just to be dissolved, we were called to perform the same duty to the parent. In his official character, we admired his quick, sensibility to the honor of this institution; as a member of society, we paid homage to the purity of his example, & his high worth; as a father & friend, he was dear & invaluable.

As we are this day to terminate our course of Academical discipline, & take our departure from this institution, we involuntarily turn to you, Gentlemen, under whose auspices we have reposed. To you, then, it belonged to warn us of danger, & animate us to duty; to point out the true objects of exertion, & aid us in our efforts to attain them. Where we have received your affability & kindness, we owe an expression of our gratitude; & your endeavours to render our course agreeable, the encouragement & assertion of which, we have been the subjects, will ever hold their deserved place in our memories. remembrance.

Our alma mater claims our fond regard. A stain upon her character would revive our sorrow, & any additional splendor to her name, will be reflected on all her descendants. Independent of personal alliance, she demands our reverance, as an ornament to our country, a patroness of science, & a guardian of Public Virtue.

Those, who are still to remain, will suffer us to express a hope, that our relation is not immediately to close, but that we shall long bear some distinguishing traits of our common descent, that there ever will exist among us a mutual correspondence of high feeling & honorable action. Should our union here terminate, may your future fortune ever be propitious. But should we

hereafter be again drawn together, may we meet, if not in the cordiality of continued friendship, with the openness & pleasure of fraternal brethren.

Classmates, we are now to mingle with the world. New duties will arise, new objects of ambition will appear before us. An intimate connexion exists between past & future pursuits. Your knowledge is to receive an application to life; your acquirement must still be progressive, & your labours continue the labour of the mind. As literary men from the difference of character, between separate ages, they must give to society its immediate hues. To many, then, your example will be authority & many will derive their sentiment from you. Honour & duty then forcibly command both to be pure. Let your conduct evince, that the effect of learning is not to contract & render selfish, but to enlarge & ennoble; not to induce a belief of human nature's universal baseness, but to furnish conviction, that man has a guide to virtue, & a standard of right, that he possesses at heart, endowed with the choicest qualities, & susceptible of the finest impressions. ——. The form of our government is an encouragement to mere intellectual exertion, is a rival to the ancient republics. It affords to orators, a field equally common & glorious, & still more extensive. Wherever be your situation, there will be an opportunity of exerting its powers, of displaying its beauties, & of learning its influence, until by enlarged experience & increased strength, you may mature mould at your will, the measures of a nation. It is the wand of Mercury, with which you may arouse all, to your purpose, or wither the potency of the power of Darkness. It is the "opus et medela sopoita," to calm the rage of violence, & still the tumult of the passions. —— Upon the thresh. however, of a profession, & commencement of our career

Edward Strong, the Authour of the preceding Address, was the eldest son of His Ex youngest son of His Excellency Caleb Strong. He died at Northampton of a Consumption, in the spring of 1814.

Rule to find the cost of brick wall two brick lengths thick.
× lengths by height, × 30 = the number of brick @ worth $10. per thousand including all expenses. the open work = wastage of brick.

By Love illumed
Oh! much I envy ye beauty's bloom
On thee whose cheek shall pass no pond'rous time
But on thy leaf shall roses rise
Thy leaves, the emblem of the skies
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom.
And oft by you blue gushing stream
Shall sorrow weave the weeping dream,
And feel deep thought with mystic meaning teem
And long, long pleasure sing his witty theme.
Away - we know that grief is ever near -
Will this unthank ye to complain
Or make me mourn with pain
And through who teaches the tear?
Thy flowers are worn, they eyes are wet.

The following is the Ode that obtained the prize set for the best naval ode, commemorating our victories on the Ocean. by Edwin C Holland. of Charleston South Carolina. B. A. His. prize H. 100.

The Pillar of Glory.

Hail to the Heroes whose triumphs have brightened
The darkness that shrouded America's name:
Long shall their valour in battle that lightened
Live on the brilliant escutcons of fame.
Dark where the torrents flow,
And the wide tempests blow,
The stormy dark spirit of Albion ~~mourns~~ raves;
Long shall he mourn the day,
When in the vengefull fray,
Liberty walked like a God on the waves.

The Ocean, ye Chiefs, the region of Glory,
Where fortune has destined Columbia to shine,
Gleams with the halo & lustre of story
That crad crowned the waves, as the scene of her fame.
There on its tapering tide
Shall her proud navy ride,
The bulwark of Freedom, protected by Heaven:
There shall her haughty foe,
Bow to her prowes low,
There shall renown to her heroes be given.

The Pillar of Glory, the sea that enlightens
Shall last 'til Eternity rocks on its base;
The splendor of Fame, its waters that brightens,
Shall light the last footsteps of time in its race.
Wide o'er the stormy deep,
Where the wide navies sweep
Its lustre shall circle the brows of the brave;
Honour shall give it light,
Triumph shall keep it bright
Long as in battle we meet on the wave.

Already the storm of contention is hushed
From the grasp of Old England the trident of woe.
The beams of our stars have illumin'd the world,
Unfurled our standard flouts proud in the air.
Wide glares the Eagle eye
Swift as he cuts the sky,
Marking the wake where our heroes advance;
Compared with rays of light,
Vows he o'er the fight.
Albion is heartless, & stoops at his glance.

Nat. Adv. Jun 5. 1819.

The Old Bachelors Soliloquy on his Birth Day.

Let youthfull Lovers fondly greet
With song & dance, their natal day.
Let them in jovial circles ~~greet~~ meet,
And laugh the lightsome hours away;
But mine, Alas! - Must sadly pass
With no kind gratulations blest;
Mine but excites the silent tear,
That now another lonely year
Is added to the rest.

And whither, whither are they flown?
What traces have they left behind?
What transports can I call my own?
What social bosom shall I find?
I view the past. And stand aghast
How much, alas! of life's short span!
And memory cries, as thus I gaze,
"Where are the friends of former days.
"Thou solitary man".

Some blest of heaven, timely wise
Are link'd in Hymen's silken bands—
Have learn'd Heaven's best best gift to prize,
And joined with hers their willing hands:
With fond embrace - Each Grief they chace,
Whate'er ~~fill~~ ill their steps beside;
And hand & hand they sweetly stray,
Through life's perplex'd & thorny way.
With truest love their guide.

Some seek their Country's banner'd plain,
And fearless dare the hostile fray,
And some the ~~growing~~ love of gain
Hath lur'd to foreign lands away.
And some, indeed, whose names I read,
Engraved on many a mossy stone,
Were early numbered with the dead:—
Thus all their different ways are spent
And left me ~~left~~ alone.

They say that my unfeeling breast
Ne'er felt the pleasing anguish smart,—
Was ne'er with doubt & fears oppress'd
Nor sigh'd to win a woman's heart.
But let them say, Whate'er they may

Peters, in History of Connecticut says the Devil
London people invented having Heathenish fortified
Saints, Puritan detachments

Scripture from these promises drawn
That heaven is nothing but folly;
And that Joy is your true means heaven
That will those who taught ought to say.
That 'tis fine fond affair to be growing.
And that single we must all of us die.
Be I must all be unhappy while living.

I heed not censure now, nor praise;
I could not ask a simple maid
To seek with me the lowly shade,
I hop'd for brighter days.

Yes I have felt that hallowed flame,
Which burns with constant, chaste desire;
I too have cherish'd lony a name
That set my youthfull breast on fire.
But hope's sweet smiles — And witching wiles
Beguiled my heart of every pain;
And I have slept in her soft bowers,
'Til now of life's last lony tiny hours,
How few alas remain!

Ah now her fairy reign is past,
For youth's warm raptures rise no more;
Those visions ill, too bright to last
Of Love & Joy can charm no more.
Some little toys, shall prove my toys
To wear life's listless calm away.
Then near some old neglected stone
Unwept, unnoticed & unknown
I yield the worm its prey.

Come then whatever ills betide,
Though age sits hoary on my brow,
I care not for the frowns of fate,
And Poverty, I scorn thee now.
I shall not see — Obscured by thee,
Fair, lovely woman's charms decay! —
Have I no tie to keep me here?
Not one! — Why then, without a tear,
I yield the worm its prey.

Lent. Mazagine. — Analectic Mazagine

may. 1813

I love with all my heart
The Hanoverian Part.
And for that settlement,
My conscience gives consent
Most righteous is the cause
To fight for George's laws
This is my mind & heart.
Though none will take my part.

The Tory party brave
Most heedfull doth appear.
I ever have denied
To be on James's side.
To fight for such a king
Will England's men betray:
In their opression I
Resolve to live & die.

To be read down or across.

Royal Hanoverian Magazine Oct 1776.

guide de voyageurs

Le celebré Nell Gwinne paya 50 livres sterling, pour un poire des citoyens de salsbury. ——. On present le nombre paires de 260. 16 pour l'Ecosse. —— On 1780 la flotte etoit composée de 154 vaisseaux de ligne; de 19 vaisseaux de 50 cannons, 133 frégates et de 95 chalouppes de guerre. ——. Bristol contennient 70000 Dublin, 130000. Edinburg 85444. Londres, 2 millions 100000. et quelques 1000000.

Everett Benjonson

Epitaph on a young lady.

Underneath this stone doth lye, As much virtue beauty, as could die.
Which, when alive, did vigour give, To as much beauty, as could live

Lucare. Why is it said, that old maids, after death, send apes to hell?

Delaudge.

Live while you live, the Epicure would say,
And taste & the pleasures of another day.
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries
And give to God each moment as it flies
Lord, in my view, let both united be.
I live in pleasure, while I live to thee.

Lucretius the Latin giant past & far,
On Classic wheels, & Ciceronian car.

guide de voyageurs

M Ellis est le possesseur actuel de jardin de Pope a Twickenham.

Spirits of barley

For a lass is good, & a glass is good, And a pipe is good in cold weather,
And the world is good, & the people we love, & we're all good fellows together.

Southey.

O God! Lord William, dost thou know
How readfull 'tis to die,
And canst thou, without pity hear
A child's expiring cry.

How horrible it is to sink
Beneath the chilly stream
To stretch the powerless arm in vain
In vain, for help, to scream

Quint.

Live to Learn & learn to live

Simonides, with most becoming modesty, calls mules
the Daughters of Mares. (ΕΒΑΧΗΣΑΝ ΚΛΥΒΑΣΙΝ)

Qu an tris ti di c vut stra
os gnis tu w uon nere vit
Ne san Chris mi t mu lox

Epitaph
Here lies two twins, as dead as nits, God kill'd them both with agues fits
They were too good to stay with me, so God took them to stay with he.

Count Gleichen, a nobleman of Italy was taken prisoner by the Saracens in the 13 century, & condemned to work in a garden. The daughter of the Sultan fell him & accompanied him to Italy, & turned catholic. His wife much rejoiced at his delivery recieved Miss Saracen into her house without jealousy. & the count obtained a dispensation to marry her, & the three used to sleep together very comfortably. Mrs Saracen had no children, but entertained a motherly fondness for those of her third half. they were all buried in the same tomb.

I thinks myself, the other morning, says Steene, the moment I got out of bed. there happened to be a large pier glass just before me, that exposed me stark naked. I had never, in all my life seen such a sight before. Upon a close scrutiny of all my parts, I could fairly account for every nick, member, & circumstance except my nipples.

Steene

So youthfull Flower robb'd the roguish eye,
Cull'd the dark plumb from forth the christmas pye;
Then cry'd in self applause, how good a boy am I.

Clifford Loves of the Triangles.

Helvogabulus appointed many of his officers, "enormissimæ membrarum" Lucullus one of the generals of Robus once took 100 samaritan Virgins. Ex his, inquit, nocte, decem inivi; omnes tamen quod in me erat, mulieres, intra dies quindecem, reduxi. Robson.

Gillon 19

In Rome no person could be convicted of adultery, unless they saw "stilum in pyxide"

The Leverian museum was formed by Sir Ashton Lever, who began by collecting Puffballs. It is the largest collection in the world & owned by Mr Parkinson. It was sold by a private lottery. Mr Parkinson had 2 guineas a ticket. the price of which now

VIRGILIUS Quid non mortalia pectora cogis, auri sacra fames

When the celebrated Catharine Sforza was besieged in a town by the rebels, they threatened to kill her children. I care not said she, behold I have a mould in which I can cast more, so saying, she stepped on the wall &—— but I leave the Historian to tell the rest.

STERNE KORAN

How beautifull is night.
A dewy freshness fills the silent air,
No mist obscures, no little cloud
Breaks the whole serene of heaven:
In full orb'd glory, the majestic moon
Rolls thro the dark blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray,
The desert circle spreads,
Like the round ocean girded with the sky.
How beautifull is Night.

Southey Thalaba

Some time since, in the District of Maine there was a dam built, the fall of which was 20 feet. An extensive meadow lay above it, which was not flow overflowed. Soon after this dam was taken down, & two others of 10 feet each, were built in its stead, & after it, the meadow was constantly overflowed.

Prebble.

The Catholic Clergy had a curious way of getting money by will. No man say they, can make a will, unless he be in a sound mind & certainly no man is in a sound mind, unless he leave money to the church, that his soul may be freed from purgatory.

Millot.

The late Duke of Grafton had 208 horses whose names are in vol 30 of the sporting magazine, besides many others which are not mentioned.

Women are born, so fate declares, To smooth our bisiness, & our cares. 20
And 'tis but just, for by my troth, They're very apt to ruffle both.

Come when you're call'd, Do as you're bid
Shut the door after you, And you never will be chid. popular Tales.

As the political pot boils, the scum rises. Shaw

Brébeuf, speaking of Cadmus,
C'est de lui que nous vient cet art ingenieux
De peindre la parole, et de parler aux yeux
Et par les beaux accords, et des figures tracées,
Donner a la voix, et aux corps aux pensées. Nature Displayed

Linné in his critica botanica, shows the playfullness of his disposition. He says that the habit should bear some resemblance to the name, and thus illustrates it. Linnaeam, plantacon beponicam, vilem, neglectam, Scait Gronovius, brevi tempore florentem, a consimili suo Linneo. Turton

Parkhurst says that Cain was the first deist.

These parts of scripture were written in Chaldee. Jeremiah, Chap 10 verse 11. Daniel, from verse 4 in the 2 chapter, to the end of the 7 chapter. Ezra chapter 4 v 8, to Chap 6, v 19, & Chap 7 from v 12 to v 27. Parkhurst.

Aleciphrons Epistles describe the domestic maners, the Courtezans & the parasites of Greece.

Mr Bong, can you read? No sir I left schooling before I had got to that part of my Edication. Who wants a guinea

Albertus Magnus de secretis mulierum; Item de virtutibus herbarum lapidum, et animalium. Amst. 1665.

son esprit vit la verité
Et son coeur connut la justice
Il fit part l'honneur de la suisse
Et celui de l'humanité.

Mortuus
Hic jacet
vixit & celebrit hostis
This is an Epitaph on Bernouli
written by Voltaire.

21
So many Sweet
Sweet is the tear that kindly flows,
To give the heart relief.
To bid the wounds of sorrow close
And sooth the pangs of grief

A Captain in the army's Answer to a challenge.

I have two objections to this challenge. One is lest I should hurt you, & the other is lest you should hurt me. I do not see any good it would do me to put a bullet thro any part of your body. I could make no use of you for any culinary purpose, or I would send you to Mr. Cox's or a turkey. I am no cannibal, to feed on the flesh of a man. Why then, shoot down a human creature, of which I could make no use? A buffalo would be better meat; for tho your flesh might be delicate & tender, yet it wants that firmness, & consistence, which takes & retains salt. You might make a good barbacue, it is true, being of the nature of a racoon or Opossum; but people are not in the habit of barbecuing any thing human, now. As for myself, I don't like to stand in the way of any thing harmfull. I am under apprehension, that you might hit me; & that being the case, I think it most advisable to stay at a distance. If you want to try your pistols, take some object, a tree, a barn door, about my size. Dimensions; If you hit that, send me word, & I shall then acknowledge, that if I had been in the same place, you might also have hit me. Sporting Magazine Vol 27

I met a friend, the other day,
Whose coat was rather O.D.
When told, we wonder you will pay
His jacket were quite M.L. Sporting Magazine

If ancient Poets Argus prize
Because he had an hundred eyes
How greater praise to her is due
Who took a hundred ways with two. Do

A Biblical Correspondent thinks that a compleat description of a regiment may be found 1 Samuel. Chap. 22 v 2. And every one that was in distress & every one that was in debt & every one that was discontented came unto him & he became a captain over them, & there was gathered unto him about 400 men. Do

In the morning of life, when the heart is wildly beating
The bosom expands, with sweet promise of ~~rest~~ bliss,
When each nerve throbs with rapture, & lips fondly meeting
The language of passion attends on each kiss;
Should the maiden — ah hapless — believe the soft story,
Give ear to his vows; — in that credulous sleep,
He gains all his wishes, his pride & his glory
A conquest to boast of; — then leave her to weep

On his wifes bosom, by Dr Doddridge.

Open open lovely breast
Let my weary head to rest
Soft & warm, & sweet & fair
Balmy antidote to care.
Fragrant source of true delight
Downy couch of welcome night
Ornament of rising day,
Always constant, always gay!
In this gentle calm retreat,
All the trains of graces meet
Truth & innocence & love,
From this temple never remove.
Sacred virtues worthiest shrine
Art thou here? & art thou mine?
Wonder gratitude & joy,
Blest vicissitude! employ.
Every moment every thought:
Crowds of cares are here forgot.
Open open beauteous breast.
Angels here might seek their rest.
Caesar fill thy shining throne,
A nobler seat I call my own.
Here I reign with boundless sway,
Here I triumph night & day.
Precious Empire! Glorious power!
Mine of inexhausted store.
Let the wretched love to roam
Joy & I can live at home
Open, Open balmy breast
Into raptures, awaken rest.

Universal Magozine
For february 1806
page 127.

Go youth beloved, in distant plains
New joys, new hopes, new friends to find,
Yet sometimes deign, midst pleasures mild
To think on her you left behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
May never be my happy lot,
Yet thou mayst ~~grant~~ this humble prayer
Forget me not, forget me not.

Mrs Opie

Dont Of the thought of my distress
Too painfull to thy feelings be,
Need not the wish I now express
Nay ever deign to think of me.
But oh! If grief thy steps attend,
And want & sorrow be thy lot
And thou should'st want a friend (true)
Forget me not, forget me not.

W. Review.

Receipt to make bacon. To one ham of 12 lbs, 1½ oz nitrate of Potash / salt petre / ½ oz allum, ½ pint fine salt, an handfull of brown sugar, & 1 gill of molasses; mix them together, & rub the hams well with the composition. Then lay them in a brine tub for 3 days. After that make a brine of fine salt, just enough to cover them. Turn them every 3 days. Let them lay six or seven weeks, then smoke them.

Mr Davy, in prosecuting his experiments on Galvanism, noticed the remarkable attraction, which potash had for the — end of the battery. He made a course of experiments, in which he placed some sulphat of lime, in a tube at the — end & some pure ammonia at the + end, & found, that they had entirely changed places, without uniting, although they have a very strong attraction for each other. He was, from these experiments, induced to think that they proved contrary Electricities, & the Electric fluid had suspended the power of chemical Affinity. He pursued his discovery, & has proved, that all the phaenomena of Chemical Affinity are merely Electrical Phaenomena, & the light & heat, exhibited during the combination of an acid & an alkali, are owing to sparks of Electricity.

Farrar.

Nicholsons Dictionary.

The fibres of a frog are affected with 1/1000 part of the quantity of Electricity, that affects the most sensible Electrometer

Farrar

In the minutes of a diet for choosing a King of Poland A. 1764, the Princess Radzivil, newly married, & sisters of her husband, fought on horseback, with, sabres, & encouraged the soldiers, by words & example

Voltaire Calth. 2nd

While Legislators have been forever, multiplying laws against vice, they have always been too negligent of multiplying institutions, in favour of virtue

Lay of the last Minstrel.

And she, when love, scarce told, scarce hid,
Lent to her cheek a livelier red.
When the half sigh, her swelling breast,
Against the silken ribband prest.
When her blue eyes, their secret told
Tho shaded by her locks of gold.
Where would you find the peerless fair
With Margaret of Branksome, might compare

Cant 2

And how the Knight, with ardent love,
To paint his faithfull Passion strove,
Swore he might at her feet expire,
But never, never cease to love.
And how she blushed, & how she sighed
And half consenting, half denied. &c.

In peace, love tunes the shepherds reed.
In war, he mounts the warriors steed.

Cant 3.

In halls, in gay attire is seen.
In hamlets, dances on the green.
Love rules the court, the camp, the grove.
And men below & saints above.
For Love is heaven, & heaven is love.

From Lowthorp's Trans. the A.

Here, where Hengeney trusts the turnpike road,
The stage, thro staggering, hauls its heavy load
But not the rocks, Hengeney, only boast
A stage as poor in comfort as in cost.
Where Clavis Cantabrigiensis height his hoary head,
Another runs, that own'd by Jemmy Reed
xxxxxxxxxxxx
This, on some posting day, before starting day
Open College gates & points the unwinded way,

Bids each smart student toss his logic down,
Bundle his best coat & road him into town,
Flings down wide it doors, & on three seats betwixt,
Fifteen fat folks, & coolly bids them close.
The bare-bone beasts, nor lash, nor handle mind,
Lag the lean leg, & heave the broken wind.
In vain the drivers cheers them on the way,
In vain the stirrup cheers them on the way,
No oats their spirit, nor English hay.
Lyceum. Sal, salt, marsh mowings make their morning mite,
Their niggard noonings, and their nips at nights.

From Dr Parrs Preface to Bellendenus de statu.

Trial of W Hastings.

Laura illa publica contra prefectum quendam nuperime dicta, quantum commendationis, ad gratiam, et ad famam habuit? Quanta vocis, et animi contentione, pleraque dixerit? ad se, auditores convertit, omnes, omnium et actatum ardores, ad se, auditores convertit, omnes, omnium et actatum impetus

Benig. vis est, is splendor, ea copiâ et varietas, quam magnitudo
sibi causse et dignitas postulabat. — Oratio illa, si-
-unt omnes, quæ placuere sit in senatu excepta: quas
Sheridani ex adversariis expegerat et quæ ei tot vexit lau-
-des; quantus inde egressus ad popularitatem innoxium ho-
-nestamq. vel etiam ad gloriam solidam & sempiternam
cumulus accessit. Obtrusperent certe portenti dicis illam
lectam relegenter eruntq. iis sepe in ore Rhetorica illa
verba pauculum mutata. quid si ipsum audissemus.

HAPVARA LICEVM

Opera autem quæ Burkius edidit, varia &
in suo quæque genere egregia, quis non legit, summa
cum fructu, nominaque voluptate.

Checkered are the scenes of life. Pleasure & pain, joy & grief, austerity
& laughter, intermingling, weave a motley web. Our prejudices are
our punishments; they sting about us, warp our actions, distort our
manners, render us the food of satire, the mockery of fools & torture
us, or wailing urchins are tormented to make sport for boys.
Error & folly impede the progress of perfection. Truth alone
can make us wise & happy.

Dulces

School for Arrogance Hubris ?

Qui, stulte eruditi videri volent, semper eruditis stulti videruntur. Erasmus

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Cui nihil hæret vim.

From Aikins Letters to his son.

— I am not afraid of the censure
usually passed upon a copious scheme of early instruc-
-tion — That it is calculated rather to make smatterers in eve-
-ry thing, than proficients in any thing. Let but a solid founda-
-tion be reared of those elementary parts of Learning, which em-
-ploy the memory, when that is the only faculty in full vi-
-gour, & it is immaterial, how slight is the superstruc-
-ture first erected. I would wish it rather to resemble
the scaffolding of a great building, than the finished
model of a small one. Besides that almost all the branches
of Learning have a mutual connection, & dependance.

It is the only mean of preventing narrow prejudices, in fa-
-vour of any one, at the same time, to afford a prospect of several,
& alternately exercise the mind upon each. Letter 1st

Letter IX Speaking of Novel reading. "But the taste for such rea-
-ding is a kind of false appetite, resembling snuff or tobacco, which
rather seeks the supply of a want, than the enjoyment of a
pleasure.

Letter X It is not bigotry to be firmly attached
to a cause, but & to conceive of it as a thing of the highest
moment; but it is bigotry to shut the eyes against all the
arguments on the opposite side, & to refuse others that li-
-berty of judging, which we ourselves assume. — If excesses
are readily admitted to palliate & explain away, manifest vi-
-olations of honour & honesty, the great barriers between
right & wrong will be in danger of being overthrown. —
When Jesus preached, Prejudice cried "can any good come
out of Nazareth?" "Crucify him, Crucify him," exclaimed
Bigotry: "Why what evil hath he done", remonstrated Can-
-dour. & Liberality drew from his words, the following inferences
"In every nation, he that feareth God, & worketh righteousness
is accepted with him". Letter X. — The Great & amiable
Melancthon was the subject of the most virulent abuse.
When strongly urged by his friends to publish a vindication
of his conduct, "I will answer you, said he, as my little daugh-
-ter did me, she, one day, had been sent on an errand, & stay-
-ed much longer than she ought to have done. I met her in
the street, & said to her, now child, what will you say to your
mother, when she chides you for staying so long. I will say
nothing, replied the poor child. Letter XII

Taken from Camera-rius.

Letter XIX. — The difference of opinion between sons
& fathers in the matrimonial choice, may be stated in a sin-
-gle position, — that the former have in their mind, the first
month of their marriage, the latter, the whole time of its duration
— Let us consider the two main points, on which the
happiness to be expected from a female associate in life must
depend, — her qualifications as a companion, & as a helper.
Were you engaged to make a voyage round
the world, on condition of sharing the cabin with an
unknown messmate, how solicitous would you
be to discover his character & disposition before you set
sail. If, on enquiry he should be a person of good sense
& cultivated manners, & especially of a temper fit to bear

be pleased, how fortunate would you think yourself. But if in addition to this, his tastes, his studies & opinions should be found conformable to yours, your satisfaction would be complete. —. Apply this to the domestic companion of the voyage for life — the intimate of all hours — the partaker of all fortunes — the sharer of pain & pleasure, — the mother & instructress of your offspring. Are you not struck with a sense of the infinite consequence it must be to you, what are the consequence of the heart & understanding of one who stands in this relation; & of the comparative insignificance of external charms & ornaments at accomplishments? But as it is scarcely probable, that all you could wish in these particulars, can be obtained, it is of importance what qualities are the most essential, that you may make the best compromise in your power. Now tastes, manners & opinions being things not original, but acquired, can not be of so much consequence, as the fundamental properties of good sense & good nature. Possessed of these, a wife, who loves her husband will fashion herself in the others, according to what she perceives to be his inclination; & if, after all, a considerable diversity remain between them in such points, this is not incompatible with domestic comforts. But good sense, & temper can never be dispensed with, in the companion for life; they form the basis, on which the whole edifice of happiness is to be reared. —. No man ever married a fool, without severely repenting of it; for tho' the pretty trifler may have served well enough for the hour of boldness & gaiety, yet when folly assumes the reins of domestic, & especially of parental control, she will give a perpetual bridle to a considerate partner. —

Attentive, regular & agreeable meals, a clean & quiet privacy with order & economy, ready for the reception of a friend or the accommodation of a stranger, a skilful as well as affectionate nurse in the time of sickness, all these things compose a very considerable part of what the nuptial state was instituted to afford us; & without them, no charms of person or understanding will long continue to yield delight. The arts of housewifery should be regarded as professional, by a woman who intends to become a wife. —

29

Nothing can be more contrary to the qualifications of a helpmate, than a condition that constantly requires that assistance, which it can never impart. — Akin to that is unreserved frame of body, is that shrinking timidity of mind & excessive nicety of feeling, which is too much encouraged under the notion of female delicacy. That this is carried beyond all reasonable bounds in modern education, can scarcely be doubted by one who considers what exertions of fortitude & self command are continually required in the course of female duty. — To them belong all the offices about the weak & sick & dying. When the house becomes a scene of wretchedness from any cause, the man often runs abroad, the woman must stay at home & face the worst. —— Study your object at home — see her twice in her proper department. Let the progress be taking, approving, loving, & after the last by declaring; & may you, after the experience of as many years as I have had, be as happily convinced, that a choice so formed is not liable to failure.

It has been held out by Warburton (Letters to Bp Hurd) that dogmatism & true literature, as species, may exist as the oak, which never shoot out & flourish, till that monarch of the grove be effete & nearly exhausted.

Nihil autem copia eorum judicio parandum est, vim ornandi, non circumlocutionem volubilitatem, spectantibus. Quæ autem consequimur optima legendo, atque audiendo. non solum ipsum nomina ipsa rerum cognoscemus, sed eas quotque loco sit apparatissimum. —— Repetamus autem, et bractemus et ut cibos mansitatos ad ea propè liquefactos demittimus, quo facilius digeri eantur, ita lectio non cruda, et multa iteratione mollita, et velut confecta, memoriæ imitationique trabatur. ***.

Campbell Poems.

My mind is my kingdom, but if thou will reign
A queen there to sway without measure;
Then come, o'er its wishes & homage to reign,
And make it an empire of pleasure.
Then of thoughts & emotions each mutinous crowd
That rebelled at stern reason & duty,
Returning, shall yield all their proud
To the halcyon dominion of beauty.

Blackstone. Bailiffs were originally bound by law to perform their duties. This has been corrupted into a much more homely appellation.

Oh leave this little spot to me
Spare, Woodman, spare the beechen tree.
Though shrub or flow'ret never grow
My bare unmurmuring shade below.
Nor fruit of Autumn never blow
My leaves green & glossy leaves adorn,
Nor murmuring tribes from me derive
Their ambrosial treasures of the hive,
Yet leave this little spot to me
Spare, Woodman, spare the beechen tree

Thrice twenty summers have I stood
In bloomless fruitless solitude,
Since childhood in my rustling bower
First spent its sweet & sporting hour,
Since youthful lovers in my shade
Their vows of truth & rapture paid
And on my trunks surviving frame
Carved many a long forgotten name.
Oh, by the vows of gentle sound
First breathed upon this sacred ground,
By all that love has whispered here,
Or beauty heard with raptured ear,
By lovers own altar, honour me,
Spare, Woodman, spare the beechen tree. — Campbell

Campbell.

The following remarkable custom prevails in Cooch Bahar, near Bengal. If any Ryot or peasant owes owes a sum of money, & has not ability to pay the Creditor, he is compelled to give up his wife, as a pledge, & the creditor keeps possession 'till the debt is discharged. Sometimes the wife is retained for one, two, or three years, & then, if during the term of her connection with him, any family results, half of it is considered the property of the occupant, & half of the husband.

Titles of the Viceroy of Lepn. Of great, the magnificent & powerfull, eminent & of authority, Who is above the reach of praise, the magnanimous MAHA RAJAH, Who, in excellence & virtue exceeds all the RAJAH'S in the world. Whose ancestor sprung from the sun, & who is celebrated over the whole earth. Lord of the gold & silver mines, & of the mines of rubies, sapphires, & all precious stones; & who, without labour & trouble can extract whatever is desirable or useful. Who is the master of all things, the ruler & governor of many towns. By whom all creation, whether great or small near or distant is equally dear as the flesh & blood of his own body. Who listens to the petitions of all, & supports the dignity & respect of

every class of men. Who is the most excellent lord, before whom the rulers of other countries continually do homage. Whose elevated head & towering pride, like those of the resemble the abode of angels, SUMMERATOORA, the great government seat of the mighty sovereign, in magnificence & splendour, such as the blessed Spirits of the celestial regions enjoy, luminous as the sun, & emitting fire like the gleams of lightning; the golden throne whose minarets resemble those of angels, the seat of perfect Majesty, Whose powerfull protection is extended to the weak; the sovereign of the red & white elephants; Lord of the earth, air, & justice. His MONARCH has raised the golden post of confidence, & his orders, rapid as the ray of lightning, are obeyed!!!!!!

☞ Asiatic annual register

Of the wonderfull attainments of Sir W Jones, it is difficult to speak in qualified terms. His comprehensive mind seems to have embraced the whole circle of the sciences in its ample grasp; & his works prove that in most branches of human knowledge, he had attained a high degree of excellence. His Latin odes are stamped with elegance; his version of Hafiz are the only real specimens of the rich & copious strains of the Persian bard; the institutes of MENU, Hitopadesa & Sacontala throw new light on the manners, & civil & religious institutions of the HINDUS, than can be derived from all other sources collectively, if we except the agreeable translations of Mr Wilkins; & his anniversary discourses communicate an infinite variety of curious & useful information, in a style at once elegant & impressive. His indefatigable application exhibits a useful example to literary men; but the extent & variety of his attainments, who can hope to attain? By his premature death, literature has met with one of the severest losses in the 18th century; for, highly as we value his performances, we are confident that if his life had been protracted, his future production would have supplied the most important desiderata, for the elucidation of ancient history, & thrown an entirely new light on the Origin & progress of civil society. The Oriental muses may now exclaim

Tecum una tota est nostra sepulta domus.

Asiatic Annual Register.

Ode traduite de HAFIZ, par Sir W Jones.

C'est à toi matineux zephire
A m'apprendre dans quel climat
On voit les ravissant appas
De l'objet pour qui je soupire
Dans quel lieux, bravant les rigueurs
De mon implacable fortune,
Trouverai-je la belle brune
Qui retint ses admirateurs!

Le nuit etend ses voiles sombres;
Sur la terre et semé l'effroi;
Et mon maîtresse devant moi
Sur sa couche et ses traits sombres:
Où se cachent les brillants feux
Dont on vit ce ploins retours?
Hélas! qui voudra me conduire
Vers l'objet de mes tendres vœux.

Je insensés l'univers entende
L'homme bientôt perd sa raison;
On en voit dans cette saison,
On en voit dans cette la ronde.
Que cherchent un sage à la ronde.
Hélas un penetre l'objet
Du sens cache de mes paroles,
Celui que les trouve frivoles
Saurait il garder le secret?
J'ai mille amoureuses affaires,
A regler avec tes frères
Où sommes nous! cessons facheux
Où sont tes reproches severes?
Où sont tes jugements!
Ah! je perds ce le jugements!
De tes traces, & aimable Chaine
Et tout heure vers toi m'entraine
Où revoir ce lieu charmant.

En vain aux plaisirs tout convie
Les danses, le vin coloré
Le roses tout est préparé
Sans toi ce n'est parfait est laide!

Qui te cherches objet chéri!
En vain HAFIZ dans ces bocages
Je trouve à l'abri les orages,
L'épine est au rosier fleuri.

Imitation from Regis.

32

Sir W Jones application of time.
Daily duties for the long vacation of 1785

Morning. one letter
Ten chapters of the Bible
Sanscrit Grammar
Hindoo Law &c

Afternoon In Asian geography.
Evening Roman history.
Chev. Ariosto.

2.39

Sir Edward Coke

Six hours in sleep, in laws grave study six.
Four spend in prayer, the rest on nature fix.
Six hours to Kuttes, to soothing slumber seven
Ten to the world allot, & all to heaven.

257

Translation from the Peruvian

Our parents knees a naked new born child,
Weeping thou satst, while all around thee smiled:
So live that sinking in thy last long sleep,
Calm thou may smile, while all around the weep.

Page 273

Rotando

I met three women —
I marvel much, when suffer them to walk
Loose in the streets, whilst other untamed monsters
Are kept in Cages! three loud talking women!
They were discoursing of the newest fashions
And their tongues went like — I have since been thinking
What most that active member of a woman
Of most like thing resembles?

Count Rol. Have you found it?
Umph! not exactly — something like a smoke jack.
For it goes ever without winding up.
But that wears out in time — Then fails the minute.
Next I bethought me of a rusted mill,
But that stands still on sundays. Swansons tongue,
Needs no reviving Sabbath. And besides
A mill, to give it motion, waits for gusts.
Now, whether he has ought to say, or no,
A woman's tongue will go for ever.
In short I came to this conclusion:
Most earthly things have their similitudes,
But woman's tongue is yet incomparable.

Honey Moon. Act I

Robert Merry is the author of Del a Cruscan. died in Baltimore. 1710. Jervis 1797
Mrs Cowley wrote Anna Matilda.

3 87

Oh! think not my spirit an always so light,
That as free from the pang, as they seem to you now,
Or expect that the heart beaming smile of tonight,
Will return with tomorrow to ~~daily~~ light on my brow.
No, life is a waste of wearisome flowers,
Which seldom the rose of ~~abroomen~~ enjoyment adorns:
And the heart that is soonest awoke to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.

But send round the bowl & be happy a while,
May we never meet with more in our pilgrimage here,
Than the tear which Enjoyment can gild with a smile,
And the smile that compassion can turn to a tear.

The thread of our life would be dark, heaven knows!
If it were not with friendship & love intertwined;
And I care how soon I may sink to repose,
When these blessings shall cease to be dear to my mind.
But they who have loved the fondest, the purest,
Too often have wept o'er the dream they've believed
And the heart that Slumbered in friendship the surest
Is happy indeed, if it ever was deceived.

But send round the bowl; while a relic of truth
In man or in woman, this prayer shall be mine;
That the sunshine of love may illumine our youth,
And the moonlight of friendship console our decline.

Thos Moore

From pleines Sloan

3 Inveni portum — spes et fortuna valete —
Sat me lusistis, ludite nunc alios.

87. I agree with Erasmus, on the subject of the Iunity, satis est credere & tacere. I never perplex myself either with philosophizing or theologizing about the matter.
142. Modern poets put too much water in their ink.
150 Think nought a trifle, tho it small appear —
Small sands the mountain, — moments make the year,
And trifles life. — Your care to trifle give,
Or you may die before you learn to live. Young.
155. One of the fathers compares contemplation to Rachel & Lean.
one was fairest the other most fruitfull.
165. A lie is desperate cowardice. It is to fear man & trust God.

Memorabilia.

2. But this I say, says a woman knows no medium between loving & hating
101 The Laplanders have a law that he who kills a bear, need not cohabit with his wife for a month.
103 A good smile, as conciliator of kindly declaration of love.
122. I was acquainted with a gallant soldier, who told me that his only measure of courage was this. Upon the first fire of any engage

to look upon himself as a dead man, & all the limbs he carried back to his tent were clear gain.

34

Ballad from Brun & Chatto PAGE 52.

On One parent stalk two white roses were blooming
From buds just unfolded & lovely to view:
Together they bloomed, with the same sunbeam kissing
And anointed at night with the same balmy dew.
A spoiler beheld the fair twins, & unsparing,
Tore one from the stem, like a gory victims dress:
Then left its companion — his prize proudly bearing
To flaunt for an hour, ere it drew on its breast
But ah! for the widowed one, shrinded & yellow,
Its sleek silver leaves, lost their delicate hue;
It withered in thought, pined to death for its fellow,
Rejected the sunbeam, & shrank from the dew.
Then Where ruthless spoiler! ah where is the stone?
Two flowers strewn in dust, that might sweetly have bloomed:
A tomb is the record that tells thy proud story,
Where beauty & love are untimely CONSUMED.

Page 60. The queerest of gobbins, the quaintest of sprites,
Who in good deed & mischief alternate delights,
Is he who dwells high on the mountain.—
All winter he tends a blows fire in the mine,
But rambles abroad when the weather is fine,
And eats the fat frog of the mountain fountain.
He milks Cicely's cows, long before it is dawn—
While farmers are snoring, he threshes their corn;
Then down at his length he sprawls in the chaff
And greets the scared thrown with a riotous laugh.
Number Nip! Number Nip!!
O Mountainous, mischievous, marvelous Nip.

Tother night as poor Roger was crossing the moor,
And sought thro the darkness for our cottage door,
The fiend met him mantled in vapour,
Now here & now there danced the fanciful sprite,
Bog swamps & stale pools, with a wicked blue light.
Which Roger mistook for a taper.
For hours the night wanderer was going to pursue
Still further & further the knavish light drew:
The ground sudden quakes — presto! vanished in fire,
And poor Roger sank up to his ears in the mire.—
Number Nip! Number Nip,
O Mountainous Mischievous, Marvelous Nip!!!!

Epitaph on William Loxton.

355 Moder of mercy, styld hym from thorigibut lynd
And lyvyng hym to lyf eternal, that neuyr hath ynd.

A writer, who claims his full purpose, loves himself in his own lustre. Of an opinion, which is no longer doubted, the evidence ceases to be examined. Of an art, universally practised, the first teacher is forgotten. Learning, once needful, is no longer claiming; it has the appearance of something which we have restored upon ourselves, as the sewage peers to rise from the field which it represses. Johnsons life of Dryden

In Parnels life, speaking of Dr Goldsmith.

He was "A man who has the art of being minute without tediousness, & general, without confusion; whose language was copious without exuberance, exact without constraint, & easy without weakness. It is observed by Lowth, that there is no difference than is thought between scepticism & popery; & that a mind accustomed to the one, willingly seeks repose in the bosom of the infallable Church.

Quart Review Nov. 212

The Abbe Philippe is thought to be the writer of the travels which go under the name of Vaillant, though M Walter-Brun attributes them to a M Varron.

Happy the mortal man, who now at last
Has thro this dolefull vale of misery past,
Who to his destined stage has carried on
The tedious load, & laid his burden down;
Whom the cut thrun, or wounded marble shows
Victor over life, & all her train of woes.
He happier yet who privileged by fate,
To shorter labours, & a lighter weight,
Reviewed but yesterday the gift of breath,
Ordered tomorrow to return to death.
But Oh! beyond description happier he,
Who ne'er must tread the life tumultuous sea;
Who with blest freedom from the general doom
Except, must never force the teeming womb.
Nor see the son, nor sink into the tomb.

Prior.

Oh blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make tomorrow cheerfull as today.
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers, till her husband cools,
Or if the rule him, never shows the rules,
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most, when she obeys

Pope.

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late, that men betray,
What art can sooth her melancholly?
What art can wash her guilt away?
The only art her guilt to cover,
To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover,
To wring his bosom, — is to die. Goldsmith.

Nam si abest quod avemus, praesto simulacra tamen sunt
Mitia, et nomen dulce obversatur ad aures. Lucretius. IV. 1055.

Ode to content, by Mrs Barbauld.

O thou, the nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
Receive my temperate vow;
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul
And smooth unaltered brow.
O come in simplest vest arrayed,
With all thy sober cheer dispensed,
To bless my longing sight.
Thy mien composed, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy modest grace
And chaste subdued delight.
No more by varied passion beat,
O gentle guide thy pilgrim feet,
To find my hermit cell:
Where in some pure & equal sky
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye
The modest virtues dwell.
Simplicity in attic vest,
And innocence with candid breast
And clear undaunted eye;
And hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening thro' this vale of tears
A vista to the sky.
There health, thro' whose calm bosom glide
The temperate joys in even tide,
That rarely ebb & flow;
And patience there, thy sister meek
Presents her milk unmoving cheek
To meet the offered blow.

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smile to meet;
Inured to toil & bitter bread
He bowed his meek submitted head
And kissed thy sainted feet.
But thou O nymph retired & coy
In what wild hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?
The lowliest children of the ground
Moss & Violet blossom round
And Lilly of the vale.
O say what soft propitious hour
I best may chuse to hail thy power
And court thy gentle sway?
When autumn, friendly to the muse
Shall thy own modest tints diffuse
And shed the milder day.
When Eve, her dewy star beneath,
Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
And every storm is laid,
If such an hour were e'er thy choice,
Oft let me hear thy soothing voice
Low whispering thro' the shade.

Translation of my dear friend Thales poetic in these words "Tant vaut ages tout"; by Dr Johnson.

Quos laudet vates Graium Romanus et Anglus
Hos tua temporibus secla dedere meis.
Hos tua (temporibus secla dedere meis.
Nec tua sublime ingenium Graium: Romanum habebat
Sublime ingenium Graium: Romanum habebat
Carmen grandisonum: Anglus utrumque tulit.
Nil magis natura cupit; clarare precesque
Nil magis natura cupit; clarare precesque
Haec fortuna tuos tertium unum habet

Virg. Lib

Ac veluti magno in populo cum saepe coorta est
Seditio, saevitque animis ignobile vulgus;
Jamque faces et saxa volant; furor arma ministrat:
Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere, silent; arrectis auribus adstant:
Ille regit dictis animos, et pectora mulcet.

The stars of Genius must the light impart,
That leads us to the promised land of Art. Shee's Elements of Art.

In the pursuits of Agriculture, speaking of swimming cattle to a most preposterous obesity. ——— Expensive plans
For deluging our dripping loins.
Alas! What tantalizing meat! —
Too dear to buy, too fat to eat.
'Tis an old way of making plenty,
For one to eat the fat of twenty

---

from Miller's Retrospect: Extracted from the monthly review: Vol II. 2 5 page.
Speaking of old Kant's Philosophy. His not Atheism.
Caret.

An exercise in latin poetry, by T. Knight.

Accubui / quid nam postae cum fidei / mortis,
Et jam ante occidui Phoebi fulgebat horizon.
Audivi modulantem, ut fit, sibi forte negrillon.
Jam sonitum, versus me verti, ad talia lusit.
Eequid purpureum magine botro?
Nutricem medium mea Thularis
Fiet candidior collum brule ovo.
Indum nonne vides ebur? sit album?
Indum non ebenum? nigrum sit illud?
Coram at lentibus, illud hoc videtur.
Coram at crinibus, hoc videtur illud.
Mures, sit occulti micant ungues.
Mus quorum per tenebras, die Thularis.
Dextra, sinus crucet nigra illos,
Ut me pellicat enervatque vellit
Brumali, radius meae puellae,
Eequid textilibus argentina cornu?
Mortis mollius argutaque lana?
Coram cicaris, illud est animus
Corneum alterum vorgungae malum.
Unquam bellius est corpus crescimus?

38

Sin autem gremio foveret hoc unum,
Pro caetera nantem me illa sinerit.
At neptuna cognar puella bella
Dentes albida, pernigra, et colorem,
Sina crispa comam nitens ita.

A Postman asked Knight for a copy of the above, & he added:

Lucc nivosa per valles errat at Idonis
Omnes at Veneres veris, in ore vigent,
Lugubreque senem in vectum conspexit asello,
Cui nebulas, nugas lucit, ut intus agat.
Hunc vocat, et fovens carmen amabile precat,
Pro, duo nunc, tuo, munera mitit Eyues.

Aenigmata.

Scipio.

Est mihi pro unum, pectus sublevarat unum.
Me gratitus cacus, mortem, me duce, senectus;
Ame seducunt nomen, duo fulmina belli.

Anguilla

Alga mihi domus est, et omnis humusque per undas.
Me pueri illogerunt hamo, neque sum impota voce,
Fortun ut premere, scitius arbicus labor.

Too well dear youth these tell tale eyes
My heart your own declare,
But for heavens sake let is suffice,
Your reign triumphant there.
Force your utmost power to try
Nor seither urge your sway,
Vies not for what I must deny
For fear I should obey.
Could all your arts successfull prove
Would you a maid undo?
Whose greatest failing is her love
And that her love for you?
Sory would you use that very power
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin in one fatal hour
A life of spotless fame?

39

Resolve not then to do an ill
Because perhaps your may
But rather use your utmost power
To save me than betray.
Be you yourself my virtues guard
Defend & not pursue
Since tis a task for me too hard
To strive with love & you.

Sooene Jerynes.

Why so pale & wan fond lover?
Prithee why so pale?
Will when looking well cant move her
Looking ill prevail?
Prythee why so pale?

Why so dull & mute young sinner
Prythee why so mute?
Will when speaking well cant winner
Saying nothing do it?
Prythee why so mute?

Quit quit for shame, this will not move her
This can not take her
If of herself she will not love
Nothing can make her
The devil may take her.

Sir John Suckling.

Good shepherd tell me what it is to love.
It is to be all made of sighs & tears,
It is to be all made of faith & service.
It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion & all made of wishes,
All adoration duty & obsevance
All humbleness, all patience & impatience
All purity all trial all obedience. Shakespeare.

From Burns Common place Book.

Notwithstanding all that has been said against love, respecting the folly & weakness, it leads a young & inexperienced mind into; still I think it, in a great measure, deserves the highest encomiums that have been passed upon it. If any thing on earth deserves the names of rapture & transport, it is the feelings of green eighteen, in the company of the mistress of his heart, when she reposes him with an equal return of affection.

Reliques of Burns. Pag 200.

There is certainly some connection between poetry & love, & music; & therefore I have always thought it a fine touch of nature. that passage in a modern love composition;

As how we her cot the joyous along
Her name was frequent in his song.

For my part I never had the least thought or inclination of turning poet, till I got once heartily in love, & then rhime & song were, in a manner, the spontaneous language of my heart. The following composition was the first of my performances, & done at an early period of life, when my heart glowed with honest, warm simplicity, unacquainted & unsophisticated with the ways of a wicked world. The performance is indeed very puerile & silly; but I am always pleased with it, as it recalls to my mind those happy days, when my heart was yet honest, & my tongue sincere. The subject was a young girl, who really deserved all the praises bestowed on her. I not only had this opinion of her then, but I think so still, now that the spell is long since broken & the enchantment o'er.

June [redacted] I am a man unmarried

O once I loved a bonnie lass
Ay & I love her still.
And whilst that honour warms my heart,
I'll love my handsome Nell.
As bonnie lasses I have seen
And many full as braw
But for a modest graceful mein.
The like I never saw!
A bonnie lass I will confess
Is pleasant to the ee
But without some better qualities
It's no a lass for me
But Nelly looks she's by the sweet
And what is best of a'.
Her reputation is complete
And fair without a flaw
She dresses aye so clean & neat
Both decent & genteel
And then there's something in her gait
Gars my heart look well
A graceful mien & gentle air
Weel shapely touch the heart
But its innocence & modesty
That polishes the dart.
'Tis this in Nelly pleases me
'Tis this enchants the soul
For absolutely in my breast
She reigns without controul.

from the holy fair.

O happy is that man an blest
Wae wonder that it pride him
Whase ain dear lass whom he likes best.
Comes clinking down beside him
Wi arm repos'd on the chair back
He sweetly does compose him
Which by degrees slips round her neck
An's loof upon her bosom.
Unkend that day.

Hymn.

O Lord I thank thee! may no thought
Or deem thy chastizments severe;
But may this heart by sorrow taught
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.
Thy mercy sits all nature blown;
Thy sun shines bright, & man is gay;
Shine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.
Full many a throb of grief & pain
To earths pale wanderer seems to know;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.
Thy various messengers employ;
Thy purposes of love fulfill;
And mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore thy will. A Norton.

6. The memory of Gov. GRISWOLD—An independent patriot, and an enlightened statesman, a correct civilian and honourable man. Dead March in Saul.

Summer evening by Do.

How sweet the summer gales of Night.
That blow when all is hush'd around.

As if some spirits tawny flight
Swept silent thro the blue profound.
How sweet, at midnight to recline,
Where flows the cool & rapid stream,
Where half repeat some rapturous line,
Where count each wild & fairy dream.
Or idly mark the autumn cloud,
Their broad deep mass of darkness throw,
Where as the moon her radiance shrouds,
Their changing sides with silver glow.
Or see where from that depth of shade,
The ceaseless lightning, faintly bright,
In silence plays, as if afraid
To break the deep repose of night.
Or gaze on heavens unnumbered fires,
While dimly-imaged thoughts arise,
And fancy, loos'd from earth, aspires
To search the secrets of the skies.
What various beings there reside,
What forms of life, to man unknown,
Drink the rich flow of bliss, whose tide,
Wells from beneath the Eternal throne.
Or life's uncertain scenes revolve,
And musing how to act or speak
Alone some high wish, some proud resolve
Heat in the heart, or flush the cheek.
Meanwhile, may reasons light, whose beam
Dimm'd by the world's oppressive gloom,
Sheds but a dull, uncertain gleam,
In this still hour, its rays resume.
Then off in this still hour, be mine,
The light all meaner passions fear
The wandering thought, the proud design,
And fairy dreams, to virtue dear.

49 From Cappes sermon delivered on a fast day during the American War, at York. Eng.

For tell me, though we rank among the first of Xian countries, is the character of this country Xian? To what would you appeal in support of this assertion? Would you allege in proof of it, that we have learned to call the basest vices, by the softest names? that intemperance is called into sociality; lewdness into gaiety; adultery into gallantry; profaneness & obscenity, into vivacity & spirit? frivolousness, into fashionableness & hypocrisy into politeness? Would you adduce in proof of it, that we have learnt to call the noblest virtues, by the most ignominious appellations? that devotion is enthusiasm; that conscientiousness is scrupulosity; that integrity is obstinacy; that nonconformity to fashionable, tho unreasonable opinions, & to politic, tho immoral practices, is superstition, weakness, & preciseness. Are these, the proofs of Xianity? Will you go into the street, & thence collect the evidences of intemperance, sensuality & profaneness, which will not fail very soon to meet you there? Will you go into the scenes of mercantile & commercial life, & thence collect the selfish projects, the ordinary deceptions, the authorized frauds, the systematic overreachings, which tradition, not reason, which custom, not religion, have sanctified? Will you thence collect the instances of those who, hastening to be rich, have fallen into divers snares; who impatient of poverty, mediocrity, of inferior affluence, through the instigation of avarice or ambition, have from day to day adventured, & at length accomplished the ruin of many other families beside their own. Will you go into the scenes of public entertainment, & there, in the most innocent of those scenes, observe a sight, conspicuous indeed to the serious eye, the ministers of luxury & vanity, the panders of an outrageous appetite for pleasure, more punctually met, more freely attended, & almost

Young Ladies

good credit more liberally rewarded, than the ministers of virtue, the instructors of youth, & the dispensers of the bread of life? Will you change the of public entertainment, for the scenes of Public Devotion, will you there collect the giddy crowds, who go thither for no other purpose, than those which carry them to every other concourse? Will you there collect the formalist, whose religion rests on the hearing of the word, & the praying of the prayer? Will you quit these public scenes, for scenes more retired & domestic? Will you thence collect the uninteresting, insipid, unedifying conversation. Will you there observe how fast time flows, & how folly flows as fast? Will you observe how seldom the bounds of innocence are kept; how commonly such assemblys are erected into uncandid, & iniquitous tribunals, where the practices, the manners, the customs, the conduct of others, as innocent as our own, are tried by our own prejudices, & by that test condemned; where the affairs of others occupy an officious concern, while our own important concerns, both in company & solitude are neglected; in such scenes, will you observe how often some absent character is sacrificed to to pride, to self conceit, to malignity to ill. will. From these less public, will you go into still more private scenes? will will you inquire into the Government of servants, into the education of children; will you from all me some evidences of Unity from these? If servants serve their masters, what care they, whether they serve God or not? If Children be accomplished, what care they, whether they be good?

Education is not formed expressly against the world, but for it; not to arm us against temptations, but to betray us to them. — To live — to shine — these are the objects of education, which seldom rise higher, in one half of the world, than the attainment of some mechanical, or some liberal art; & in the other half, than the acquirements of accomplishments. To live well, unblameably, humbly, & usefully; to be adorned with the true beauty of unaffected virtue; to shine in the solid glories of pure, undefiled religion, is this the object of the many? Their object for themselves? Their object for their children? Are the honors of their fathers, to the rising generation the choice of piety, of any government, of sober mindedness? Alas! here it is, that they first learn to neglect their Creator, & to neglect their souls. Here it is that they first imbibe the principles of frivolism, of vanity, of extravagance. Here it is, that they learn to make amusement the end of life. Here it is that they first receive those impressions, & acquire those habits, which precludes the possibility of acquiring a taste of real pleasure, & a capacity of real worth. Here it is, they learn to seek for happiness from abroad, to go abroad in quest of it, & to fetch it in, as they expect from every thing that smiles & glitters in the eye of vain imagination. Here it is, that they learn to admire, what is not admirable to love what is not lovely, to dread what is not dreadful, to place the point of honour, where it cannot stand, to laugh at those things that are not ridiculous, to make light of that which is very serious, & to trifle with those things which are as dangerous as fire brands, arrows & death. 111

Draco Guantleus. translation of the Dragon of Wantley. 46
from Percy's Reliques of Antient English Poetry. Anthology Feb. 1911.

Vetustam hydram perhibent, immanem et infernam
Striasse quendam Herculem, cum fuste, apud Lernam:
Quae septem sua capita, cervice prosterebat,
Et quatuordecim oculis, se circum spiciebat.
Sed nisi clavem Herculem, ingentem habuisset,
Draconem hunce, crudelem, nequaquam contudisset.
Sed manus noster inclytus, quem fama plus amavit,
Draconem Guantlëii cum nihilo necavit.
Hoc non tum telas habuit, in tergo non exili,
Aculeum in cauda, et qui longior hostili:
Sum dentes in tria, pene omnes exitere,
Terguque circumvenit, quod tena cius et acre
Trojano de caballo multum forma clamitavit.
Qui septuaginta corpora in uteo portavit.
Sic Draco hic infanter tres, occidit juxta domum
Et manducavit dentibus, ut manducaret pomum.
Deinde abit templa, que pro ansere & tuno;
Quanter vitam pecudes, & cicinere nudo.
Tum saltus alq: arbores in gulam descendere,
Et praeter quosdam Lapides, non ullo retinere.

Degebat urbe vicino, invictus quidam miles,
Qui bellum semper coluerat in belluas tam viles;
Non equum, prensa cauda, mortem usque sub rotavit,
Et omne, praeter caput, pro furore devoravit.

Ad illum omnes fugiunt, exanimes terrore,
Cum lachrymis, singultibus, et fletu, et merore:
"Ah Mane!" una clamitant, "Ah nisi eris servator,
Draconem hunece pelle, et nos omnes impenetro."

47 Jul. responderat militis, contra miles, vestri nihil volo,
Ni equidem puella sit, quae eminet in colo;
Quae nigros mundo oculos, eutemque albam habet,
Quae me per noctem remanens, in praelium parabit.
Cum proximo dilecto, cubili conquexit
Amique novi generis, immane corpus texit,
Nam braccas, & que tunicam, sinistra atque dextra.
Rhenivit densis spiculis, non intra, verum extra.
Tunc aeribus equitibus, et vico sputiatur,
Dum sibi, atque omnibus, ut histrix videbatur;
Dum pueri et anus, et infantes lactantes,
E tectis et culminibus conclamitabant "Eugs."
Sex cantharos cervisiae, vini sex portavit;
Potandog. repectus tunc ad pugnam festinavit,
In ovilium venit Draco, atq. lymphas dum libabat,
"Boh"!! clamat noster Hercules, et pugno verberabat.
"Nunc occumpet te scabies," vociferabat Draco,
"Qui me potare prohibis in antro hic opaco."
In hostem tum conversus est, et stecore aspergit,
O Dii immortales, qualis habitus assurgit.

O sternuscit miles, telum pugnam minus anus;
Mehercle! tuae stercora non valebit balsamo!
Te putam esse floribus, pol! non existimaren;
Nec credo tuum cibum esse valde salutarem.

Accepit Draco miletem egressum jam e claustro,
Cum pugnis atq. calcibus, et unguibus, et rostro.
Ambobus tum certatum est, pugnando bene doctis,
Per duas noctes proximas, per totidemq. noctis.
Conatus Draco miletem extollere in sublime,
Accepit tandem corporis, heu! cultrus partis imae;
Per fletus atq. fletus atq. gemitus inanes,
Effavit miser animam, migravitque ad manes. Jacob Bigelow

Answer to a challenge from the Adventurer, no LXV. | 38 |

Sir, Your behaviour last night, has convinced me that you are a scoundrel, & your letter this morning, that you are a fool. If I should accept your challenge, I should myself be both. I owe a duty to God & to my country, which I deem it infamous to violate; & I am entrusted with a life, wh. I think, cannot without folly, be staked against yours. I believe you have sunned, but you cannot degrade me. You may possibly, while you sneer over this letter, secretly exult over it in your own security; but remember, that, to prevent assassination, I have a sword, & to chastise insolence, a cane.

It is observed by Bacon that "reading makes a full man, conversation a ready man, writing an exact man." Adventurer 85.

Love, says the celebrated Huet, is not only a passion of the soul, like hatred & envy, but is also a malady of the body, like a fever. It is situated in the blood & animal spirits, wh. are exclusively inflamed & heated agitated; & it ought to be treated methodically, by the rules of Medicine, in order to effect a cure. I am of opinion, that this disorder may easily be subdued, by plentiful meals, a copious bleeding, wh. would carry off the peccant humours, & three vigorous inflammations, would purge the blood, calm it emotions, & reestablish it in its former natural state. This is not merely groundless conjecture, but an opinion, founded on experience. A great prince, with whom I was intimate, having conceived a violent passion for a young lady of excellent merit, was obliged to leave her, & take the field with the army. During his absence, his love was cherished & kept alive, by a frequent & regular intercourse of letters, to the end of the campaign. When dangerous sickness reduced him to an extremity. By applying to the most powerful & efficacious drugs, wh. Physic could afford, he recovered his health, but lost his passion, wh. the great evacuation, he has ever since entirely carried off, unknown

to him. For imagining he was as much in love as ever, the found himself unexpectedly cold & indifferent, the first time he beheld again the lady, of whom, he had been so passionately fond. The like accident befell one of my most intimate friends, who recovering from a long & stubborn fever, by falling into copious sweats, perceived at the same time, that he was cured of a passion wh. for some time past, had continually teazed, & previously tormented him. He had no longer any taste for the objects he formerly adored, attempted in vain to renew his gallantries, & found that insensibility & dislike, had banished tenderness & respect.

Adventurer, no 71.

John Taylor thus dedicates his "Scullers." To the whole kennel of Antichrists hounds, Priests, Friars, Monks, & Jesuits, Mastiffs, Mongrells, Irishes, Bloodhounds, bob tail'd Tykes &c &c &c.

Pursuits of Literature. Page 75

What from the Muse, by cryptogamic stealth,
Must I prolong her native sterling wealth?
In filmy, flimsy, gossamery lines,
With lucid lumyage & most dark designs,
In sweet tetandrian Monogynian strains,
Pant for a psyche, with botanic pains;
On the luxurious lap of Flora thrown,
On beds of yielding vegetable down,
Raise dust in puffs; & with unhallowed fire,
Bid the soft Virgin violet expire.

Pursuits of Literature.

Cupido ille, qui vincit omnia, in oculos incubuit. Guardian No 7.
et ex oculis ejus Matres et in oculos ultrices ejus
vibrando non rotum, ut ait poeta, foeminae animum, sed in foeminas vio-

Daily experience shews us, that the rudest rustic grows humane, as soon as he is inspired by the passion of love. It gives a new grace to our manners, a new dignity to our minds, a new vivacity to our persons. Whether we are inclined to arts, to arms, or letters in our exercise, Our improvement is hastened by a particular object, whom we would please. Cheerfulness, Gentleness, fortitude, liberality, magnificence, & all the virtues which adorn men, which inspire heroes, are most conspicuous in Lovers.

Guardian No 7

Monumental inscription.

Ah Maria.

Puellarum elegantissima.

Ah Flore venustatis Abreptæ,

Vale!

Flen Quanta minus est,

Cum reliquiis veneris,

Quam tui meminisse.

Can music's voice, can beauty's eye,
Can paintings glowing hand supply.
A charm so suited to the mind.
As blows this hollow gust of wind.
Do drops this little weeping rill,
Left trickling down the moss-grown hill,
While through the west, where sinks the crimson day,
Meek twilight slowly veils, & waves her tawnies grey.

Mason

Nulla recordantis luce est ingratior quamque
Nulla fuit cujus non meminisse velit.
Amplius octonis spectatum vibi vix bonus, hvert,
Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui. Martial.

"A preacher, says a French Author, may spend an hour in explaining & enforcing a precept of religion, without feeling any impression from his own performance, because he may have no farther design than to fill up his hour." A student may easily exhaust his life in comparing divines & moralists, without any practical regard to morality or religion; he may be learned not to live, but to reason; he may regard only the elegance of stile, justness of argument & accuracy of expression; & may enable himself to criticise with judgement & dispute with subtlety, while the chief use of his volumes is unthought of, his mind unaffected, & his life unreformed. Rambler No 87.

Σ.Γ.Π. The sacred love of well-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' illicit rove,
Tho' nothing should divulge it.
I wave the quantum of the sin,
The hazard of concealing; —
But och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling. — R. Burns. —

Earn, if you want; if you abound impart.
For both are pleasures to the feeling heart.

Dr South says that a physician at the death of a patient may have the consolation of knowing that he is killed secundum artem.

Spectator.

From Southey's Sermon from 2 Corinthians 12. 4. 52

— But among those of ye late reforming age, whom we have been speaking of, all learning was utterly view'd down. So that with them, the best preachers were such as could not read, & the ablest divines, such as could not write. In all their preachments, they were highly pretended to ye spirit, but they could hardly so much as spell ye letter. To be blind, was with them the proper qualification of a spiritual guide, & to be book-learned, as they call'd it, & to be irreligious were almost terms convertible. None were thought fit for ye ministry, but Tradesmen & Mechanics, because none else were allowed to have ye spirit. Those only were allowed to take St Paul, who could work with their hands, & in a literal sense, drive the nail home, & be able to make a pulpit before they preached in it.

Inscription for a Column at Trujillo, the birth-place of Pizarro — by Southey.

Pizarro here was born: to greater name
The list of glory boasts not. Toil & want
And danger never from his course deterr'd
This daring soldier. Many a fight he won,
He slaughter'd thousands, he subdued a rich
And ample realm. Such were Pizarro's deeds,
And wealth & power & fame were his rewards
Among mankind. — There is another world. —
Oh Reader! if you earn your daily bread
By daily labour; if your lot be low,
Be hard & wretched; thank the gracious God
Who made you, that you are not such as he. —

Song.

My friends all declare that my time is misspent
While in rural retirement I rove,
I ask no more wealth than Jamie fortune has sent,

53

But the sweet little girl that I love.
The rose on her cheek is my delight.
She is soft as the down of the dove.
No lily was ever so white.
As the sweet little girl that I love.

Tho humble my cot, calm content gilds the scene.
For my fair one delights in my grove.
And a palace I'd quit, for a throne on the green.
With the sweet little girl that I love.
The sweet little &c

No ambition I know, but to call her my own.
No fame but her praises wish to prove.
My happiness centers in Mary alone.
She's the sweet little girl that I love.
The sweet &c

From Moodie Book first.

Fair blows the wind, the vessel drives along.
Her streamers flutt'ring at their length, her sails.
All full, she drives along, & round her prow
Scatters the ocean spray. What feelings then
Fill'd every bosom, when the mariners.
After the peril of that weary way.
Beheld their country! Here stands one,
Stretching his sight toward the distant shore,
And, as to well known forms his busy joy
Shapes the dim outline, eagerly he points
The fancied headlands & the cape & bays,
Till his eyes ache, overbrimming; This man shakes
His comrades hand, & bids him welcome home,
And blesses God, & there he weeps alone.
Here stands another rapt in secret prayer
Calls on the Virgin & the patron Saint

Renewing his olden vows of Gift & alms
And pilgrimage so he may find all well.

III. Oh what is pilgrim love? what are the ties
Of blood, the affections growing as we grow
If but ambition come.

Gently on him had gentle Nature laid
The weight of years: all passions that distract
Were past away: the stronger lines of grief
Softened & settled till they told of grief
By patient hope & piety subdued.
His eyes, which had their hue & brightness left
First & lifelessly, or objectless as they will.
Were fixed by fasting
Nor moved by sense, or animate by thought.

IV. Yet with a heart unmoved I left thy shores
Dear native isle! oh... not without a prayer
As thy fair shapes unclosed on my view.
Cast back a long involuntary sigh.
soaring ——— almost it seemed
That we had past the mortal bounds of space.
And speed was toiling in infinity.
'Tis pleasant by the cheerfull hearth, to hear
Of tempests, & the dangers of the deep,
And pause at times, & feel that we are safe;
Then listen to the perilous tale again,
And with an eager & suspended soul,
Woo terror to delight us... but to hear
The roaring of the raging elements,
To know all human skill, all human strength
Avail not; to look around, & only see
The mountain wave incumbent, with its weight
Of bursting waters, over the reeling bark,...
O God, this is indeed a dreadfull thing.
And he that hath endured the horror, once

Of such an hour, doth never hear the storm
Howl round his home, but he remembers it
And thinks upon the suffering mariner.

XII. I love the glittering Swelling where we hear
The ever sounding waves; for there the Swell
The stroke by moist, fair as the ocean spray.
Her cheek as lovely as the apple flower,
Or summers evening glow. I pine for her.
In crowded halls, my spirit is with her.
Through the long sleepless nights, I think of her;
And happiness is gone, & health is lost.
And fled the flush of youth, & I am pale,
As thy pale ocean, on a moonless noon.
I pine for her, yet pity her,
I pine for her, yet pity her,
That she should spurn a love so true as mine.

XV Let him be cursed!... were the words which first
Assailed his ears, . . Lying & dead, in limb.
In life, in soul I took he be the curse,
Here & hereafter! Let him feel the curse,
At every moment, & in every act,
By night & day, in waking & in sleep!
We cut him off from Christian fellowship,
Of Xn sacraments, we deprive his soul,
Of Xn burial, we deprive his corpse;
And when that carrion to the Fiend is left.
In unpitied earth, thus let his soul
Be quenched in hell. ——— ———

He sunk upon the floor

His taper down, & all the ministering Fiends
Extinguish'd each his light, to consummate
That inspiration. ΕΝΔΟΦΠΑΡΤ 1st

Part 2nd. II

She is the daughter of an aged Priest.
I often times have seen her, & in truth,
Compared with Britains maids so beautifull,
Or with the dark-eyed daughters of ye south,
She would be lovely still. Her cotton vest,
Falls to the knee, & leaves her crimson arms
Bare in their beauty: loose, luxuriant, long
Flow the black tresses of her glossy hair,
Wild is her eye, yet lustre, & her voice,—
A soul that harboured evil never breathed
Such winning tones.

What will not woman, gentle woman, dare,
When strong affection stirs her spirits up?

E.E.T

Oh! would some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as others see us,
It would from many a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.

R. Burns.

Madoc XX

Curses be he who did this deed! Arouse
Ye furies who begat him, & the breast
All which he fed! Death be his portion now,
Eternal infamy his lot on earth.
His doom eternal horrors! Let his name
From sire to son, be in the peoples mouth.
Thro every generation! Let a curse
Of deep & fierce & effectual hate,
Pursue follow the abhorred name

And every curse inflict upon his soul.
A shriek of mortal anguish. Then he grasp'd
The vase... Drink every one... the innocent
Bubbles; on them the water hath no power.
But let the guilty tremble! It shall flow
A draught of agony & death to him,
A theme of fiery poison. — Cowled
What were thy horrors, when the fatal vase
Past to thy trial... when Tezozomoc
Fix'd his keen eye on thee... a deathliness
Came over her... her blood ran back.. her joints
Shook like the palsy, & the fearfull cup
Dropt from her conscious nerveless hand. —

... Three things, a wise man will not trust.
The wind, the sunshine of an april day,
And woman's plighted faith. I have beheld
The weathercock upon the steeple point,
Steady from morn to eve; & I have seen
The trees go forth upon an april morn
Secure the sunshine will not end in showers;
But when was woman true? Madoc

The honourable degree which a young man takes, in the University, is by no means a certain presage of future eminence: for while many, who have highly distinguished themselves in the senate house have afterwards by their indolence frustrated all the flattering expectations which they have raised: others on the contrary, who stood low in the distributions of Academical honours, or a later development of genius, have far outrun their contemporaries, in depth of Learning & vigour of intellect. Yet tho such instances frequently occur, it is but common justice to say, that a majority of those Graduates who have in subsequent life distinguished themselves, will be found recorded among the higher names, on the * triposes of their year.

* list of those who obtained honours, of taking the degree of A.B.

Headley's Life of Paley. Bost. 1831. 18

Where will the creative genius of Man stop?— A Cheshire mechanic 57
has invented a machine to thresh, winnow, & grind; it will also churn
scrape potatoes, rock the cradle, & darn stockings.— He calls it
the good housewife. Morning Mag.

Sweet harmony! Aolian harmony!
The god of wind strikes his celestial lyre.
Soft soul dissolving strains the chords inspire;
How soothing to the troubled mind
Sweet natures music, how refined!
Its pleasure thrilling thro the heart,
Warbling beyond the reach of art.
Sweet Harmony! Aolian harmony!

(on III. 1. Sages have said, & many fools have found
That life is but a joyless round
That fate, in wrath, has lent to man
A struggling striving sorrowing span:
His bitter cup still overflows
With public wrongs & private woes,
Domestic ills, & sullen train,
Perplex his heart, & rack his brain;
While he whom angry stars have hurl'd
Mid the rude tempests of the world,
Whose aching form with anxious breast
Nor feels the balm of humble rest,
Oh! let but reason intervene
How does he hate the weary scene!
He lowers a while his lofty eye
To unmolested penury,
And views with envious eye the lines
In turfy Skeelin's lowly cot rock'd by the northern winds!
1744
Rude is our passage to the tomb;
But does no reverence pierce the gloom?
Methinks a world unwavering blaze

Wallace.

58.1

Sheds daylight on the darksome maze;
On the lone hovel's roof it rests,
And warms the shivering inmates breasts;
The king, who feels it at his heart,
Drops of his cares the dearest part;
With it the steel-clad bosom knows
Its dearest moments of repose;
Hail friendship, since the world began,
Kindest noblest boon to man.
Heaven's tenderest mildest fire,
All other joys, with meteor fire,
Dazzle & in the mists of time, expire;
But thou, unlost by fortunes blast,
Shinest brightest, clearest to the last!
The dreary heart, unwarmed by thee,
Roots over sullen destiny;
Heaven's fairest gift to world fast to close
That cold & wintry haunt of cheerless selfishness.

× × × ×

Count IV. Oh he was brave! but this his heart
XXIII. Mild nacency, milky current ran.
And in the warrior's ruthless pratt,
Mild mercy He never sunk the man.

** *

LVII.

He ort has risen on morgan eye
That blazed responsive light;
That blazed responsive light;
He ort stalk'd sides in the golden sky,
The ort stalk'd sides in the golden sky,
But the eye has sunk in night.
But the eye has sunk in night.

Names of the signs, from de Watte.

The yam, the bull, the heavenly twins,
And next the crab, the lion shines,
The Virgin & the scales,
The scorpion, Archer & sea goat
The man that holds the water pot
And fish with glittering tails.

Address to a sister, on the birth of an infant.

Now winter dec the infant year
His fleecy mantle rudely throws;
Ere long shall blushing spring appear,
And all her treasured charms disclose.
Sweet babe, that claim'st a nature's care
May many a spring returning smile
Still find thee what a parent's prayer
Would fondly wish a much-lov'd child.
Luxuriant in thy youth's soft mind
May every useful opening virtue blow;
And sound religion closely twin'd
Survive the winter of the brow.
Be thy young bosom quick to glow
With all the warmth of friendship's flame.
And quick to feel another's woe.
And quick to hide another's shame.
Life's path at best, is rough with care
Yet be few selfish sorrows thine,
May wisdom teach thee how to bear
And faith instruct thee how to resign.
And when the solemn hour draws nigh
That gives the wearied spirit rest.
May hope returne thy fading eye
And bid thy trembling soul be blest.

The following propositions were keenly agitated by the Logicians of the 13 century. Non est supponibile in propositione, tam per suppositio de unitate significationis. Signum non significat subjectum, sermonis, quam per significationem. Signum non significat subjectum, in compositione, et divisione. Ex negativis de praedicato infinito, sequitur, affirmativa de praedicato infinito sine existentia subjecti

Veritas, non necessitate praedicati tamen est non existentis subjecti.

Henry of Ghent Great Britain.

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59 - Epitaph upon Elfrida. Holinshed Book VI. 152 page.

O pleasant Elfrid' o thou maid of men the dread & fear.
O pleasant Elfrid' worthie maid the name of men to bear.
Noble nature hath thee made a maiden mild to be.
Thy vertue also hath procurde a manlie name to thee.
It hath but onelie thee become of late to change the name
A pleasant queene, a king art thou preparing trophes of fame.
Now marvel not so much at Caesar's triumphs (trim to view
O manlike maiden, more renowned than Caesar was, Adieu.

Holinshead.

O why dost thou shiver & shake, Gaffer Gray,
And what makes your nose look so blue?
The weather is cold & I'm grown very old.
And my doublet is not very new.
Well a day.

So, line your old doublet with ale Gaffer Gray
And then cheer thy heart with a glass.
Nay, but credit I've none, & my money's all gone;
Then say how may this come to pass?

Go lie to your house on the brow, Gaffer Gray.
And knock at the godly priest's door.
The Priest often preacheth against worldly riches,
But ne'er gives a mite to the poor.

The lawyer lives under the hill, Gaffer Gray,
Warmly fenced both in back & in front.
He has fastened by locks & bars the extent of the stocks.
If he can see me in want.

The squire has fat beeves, & brown ale, Gaffer Gray,
And the season will welcome you there.
His beeves, & his beer, & his merry new year
Are all for the Gluttons & the Poor.
My keg is but low, I confess, Gaffer Gray,
What then — while it lasts we will live.
'Tis the poor man alone, when he hears the poor moan
Of his morsel, a morsel will give. Well a day

Pray, sir, says a lady to a gentleman, how old are you? Just as old as what you do in all your your actions. [XL].

Jean Francois de la Harpe, born 1740, & died Feb 11. 1803. He was an infidel until just into prison, during the 1st revolution. A Lady recommended "the Psalms" for consolation. Struck with their beauty, he made a better examination of the Bible, which ended in his thorough conversion. He then became a strenuous Christian, & in his will, discouraged the publication of such of his works, as were written before his conversion. Anth. 1807

Jeremy Taylor was of one of the first ornaments of the Church. He is emphatically stiled "the Shakespeare of Divinity." Dr Hurst thus speaks of him. "To sum up all, he had the honour of a gentleman, ye eloquence of an orator, the accuracy of a schoolmaster, ye profoundness of a philosopher, ye wisdom of a chancellor, ye sagacity of a prophet, ye reasoning of an angel, & the piety of a saint. He had devotion enough for a cloister, learning enough for an university, & wit enough for a college of Virtuosi; & had his parts & endowments been parcelled out among his fellow Clergy, it would have made one of the best classes in the world. Anth. 1807

The authors of the Federalist. Nos 2. 3. 4. 5. 54. - Jay. Nos 10. 14. from 37 to 48 inclusive, Madison. Nos 15. 19. 20. Madison & Hamilton together; the rest Hamilton.

W. Scott received 1000 guineas for Marmion

The University of Jena gave the name of Napoleon, to the group of stars, between the girdle & sword of Orion.

Col Gibbs cabinet is now composed by Mons Pigot & Grey, & the Count Gregorie De Raganowsky.

Dr Gibbons introduced Mahogony into England.

Dr Hunters famous museum is at ~~Edinburgh~~ Glascow.

Paul writes about their opinion upon the texts. Rom V. 12. 13. 14.

Christ's or Occhams. a famous Schoolman.
Nunc est movendus, ut appareat,
Sol si videat, id negaret.

I ne'er could any lustre see, R.B. Sheridan.
In eyes that ~~yet~~ would not look on me.
I ne'er saw nectar in that lip,
But where mine own did hope to sip.
Has the maid who seeks my heart,
Cheeks of rose, untainted by art?
I will own their colour true.
When yielding blushes aid their hue:
Then her hand so soft I prove.
I must press it, to be sure;
Nor can I ever certain be
'Till it gently presses me.
Must I with attentive eye,
Watch her bosoms heaving sigh?
I will do so when I see,
That heaving bosom sighs for me.

I corrected it from the Duenna. I first copied it from the complete Hack of Lovers

Lines, worked into a Hearth Rug.

Fair one take heed how you advance,
Nor tempt your own undoing.
If you're to succeed, (fair soft chance,)
A Check may prove your ruin.

What a vast do you make for a single sweet kiss!
I suggest it, 'tis true, & I ne'er shall repent it.
Why he never enjoys one, who thinks it amiss,
But for me. — I thank Cytherea, that sent it.
You may pout, & look prettily cross; but I pray,
What business a mere to my lips, had your cheek?
If you will put temptation so pat in my way.
Saints, resist if you can. as for me, I'm too weak.

verte

But come, Dearest Delia, one quarrel let's end
Or will I by force what you give not, return:
By allowing the kiss, I'm forever your friend.
If you say that I stole it, why take it again. Horace Walpole.

True I confess'd it yesterday,
I've been in love, a week or two;
Yet cruel maid forbear your scorn,
For take my word, 'twas not with you.

On Irish Place Hunter. A Place under Government was all that Paddy wanted.
He married soon a scolding wife, & Paddy's wish was granted.

On a Young Lady, who married an very old Man.

Since thou wouldst wed, bewitched by some ill charms,
Be buried in those monumental arms:
All we can wish is — may the earth lie light
Upon thy tender limbs, & so Good night.

On a sign board of a country alehouse.

I John Stubbs lives here, sells good brandy, ale & beer.
I make my beer, a little wider, To let you know I sell good cider.

Epitaphs. — on a Poet.

Reader this grave & moss-incumbered stone
The mouldering ashes of a poet hides
He by his trade subsisted. Reader think,
How many lies the rascal must have told.

On one who broke his neck by falling from a horse.

Man like a vapour, & full of woes,
He cuts a caper, & — down he goes.

On Master Bunbridge, a Frenchman.

Bill Bunbridge.

On Tom Paine.

Here lies Tom Paine, who wrote in liberty's Defence.
But in his "Age of Reason" lost his "common sense."

On Dr Walker, who wrote a Treatise on English Particles.

Here lies "Walkers" Particles

Here lies "Mother" Earth.

Here lies Father & Mother & I, & three sisters dear.
Mary was buried in Newington, & I was buried here.

On George Alexander Stethens.

Alas poor Alexander here lies dead
Alas poor Alexander here lies dead
And not less famed for taking off a head.

Here I lays
Killed by a chaise.

Here lays I, killed by a sky-rocket in my eye.

On an importunate Tailor.

— Here lies W W.
Who never more will trouble you, trouble you.

On the 22 day of December
A wonderful great piece of timber
Fell down — blown — by
And killed poor John Lamb.

Pope probably took his "Dying Author &c." from this stanza of Flatman.

When on my sick bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish.
Fainting, gasping, trembling, dying, crying.
Panting, groaning, shrieking, Dying;
Methinks I hear some gentle spirit say,
Be not fearfull, come away.

Fenton translated the 1. 4. 19. & 20 books of the Odyssey. Broome 2. 4. 8. 11 12. 15. 18. 23. The rest were done by Pope

---

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, & yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, & hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, & a suspicious friend.

Prologue to Popes Satires. 201.

Caesar had ambition, without pride or vanity, Cato pride without ambition or vanity, Cicero vanity, without ambition or pride. Warton on Pope

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The dramatic works of Lope de Vega make 25 volumes, besides 400 sacramental & dramatic pieces. His biographer says that he often finished a play in 24 hours; many some of his comedies, in 5 hours. He wrote during his life 21. 316.000 verses. Wartons Hist. II. 443

Bentley has arranged the writings of Horace in the following order. He composed the first book of his satires between the 26th & 27th years of his age. No 2 31–33. Epodes. 34–35. Odes 1. 3. 36–38. Lib 2d. 39–41. Lib 3d. 42–43. Carmen Saeculare 46–47. Odes Lib 4th. 49–51. Art of Poetry, & 1st Lib. Epist. cannot be determined.

Ibid.

Atterbury, speaking of Pope. Mens curva, in corpore curvo. Ibid. 459
Atterbury used to mean Pope & Swift.

The motto of the Stephani was a branch of fruit, with a man under it looking up with the motto, Noli altum Sapere.

Sign post poetry. Near Cambrige. Eng.

Fine pearl ware,
Fit for a king,
If not in haste,
Step in & taste.

I am a fox you plainly see,
There is no harm can come of me,
My master he has placed me here,
To let you know he sells good beer.

Notice of the translation of the Bible: In 1604 fifty four learned men, from the Universities of Oxford & Cambrige met were commissioned to confer upon the means of carrying the plan into execution. The number of those who actually met, was forty seven. They were divided into six classes. 10 were to meet at Westminister, & translate from the Pentateuch to the second book of Kings. 8 at Cambrige, to finish the Historical books, & the Hagiographa. At Oxford, 7 undertook the 4 greater prophets, & the Lamentations of Jeremiah, & the 12 minor Prophets. The Epistles of Paul & other canonical Epistles, were allotted to another company of 7 at Westminister. Another company of 8 at Oxford rendered the four Gospels the Acts, & the Apocalypse. Another Company of 7 finished the Apocryphya, including the prayer of Manasseh

When the translation was finished, two persons were chosen from each of the joint companies at Oxford, Cambrige & Westminster were appointed to revise it. The two from Cambrige companies, were John Boys & Andrew Downes. Last of all, Bilson, Bishop of Winchester & Dr Miles Smith, reviewed the whole, & prefixed arguments to the several books. Dr Smith, who for his indefatigable pains, was speedily advanced to the Bishopric of Gloucester, was ordered to write the Preface. In 1611. this vast work was delivered to the World. Universal Magazine. Vol 96

Song in the School for Scandal. R. B. Sheridan.

Here's to the maiden of blushing fifteen
Now to the Widow of fifty.
Here's to the flaunting extravagant queen,
And then to the housewife that's thrifty.
Chor. Let the toast pass, drink to each lass,
I'll warrant it will prove an excuse for the glass.

Now to the charmer, whose dimples we prize,
Now to the Damsel with none, sir,
Here's to the maid with a pair of blue eyes,
And now to the nymph with but one, sir.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
Now to her, who's as brown as a berry;
Here's to the wife, with a face full of woe,
And now to the Damsel that's merry.
For let them be clumsy, or let them be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather,
So fill up a bumper, and quit not the brim,
And we'll toast them all together.

Song.

How imperfect, is expression,
Some emotions to impart;
When we mean a soft confession,
And yet seek to hide the heart.
When our bosoms all complying
With delicious tumults swell;
And beat, what broken, faltering sighing
Language would but cannot tell
Deeper confusion rosy tenor
Quite expressive paints my cheek:
Ask no more, behold your error,
Blushes eloquently speak.
What the silent is my anguish,
Or breather only to the air;
Mark my eyes, behold as they languish,
Read what you have written there.

O. that you could once conceive me,
Once my soul, strong ~~passion~~ feelings view;
Love has nought more fond, believe me,
Friendship nothing half so true.
From you, I am wild, distraining,
With you speechless as I stand;
This is all that bears declaring,
This perhaps declares too much.

The two last lines that Goldsmith wrote were in Sir J Reynolds character in the Retaliation

When they talked of their Raphaels Corregios & stuff,
He shifted his trumpet & only took snuff. He had written half a line more of this character, when he was seized with a fever which carried him off. He intended to finish with his own.

Malones Life of Sir J Reynolds I. 90.

No king could govern, & no God could please.
Dryden's Absolom & Achitophel. [Nescio]

These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted liberty;
And when no rule, no precedent was found,
Of men, by laws less circumscribed & bound,
They led their wills & passions to the worst & vilest,
And thought that all but savages were slaves.

Absolom & Achitophel.

From the Grave. Blair.

Invidious Grave! — how dost thou rend in sunder,
Whom love has knit, & sympathy made one?
A tie more stubborn than nature, band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul;
Sweetner of life, & solder of society,
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved of me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart,
Anxious to please. Oh! when my friend & I
In some thick wood have wandered heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, & sat us down,
Upon the sloping cowslip-covered bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along,
In grateful murmurs through the underwood,
Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill tongued thrush,
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird,
Mellowed his pipe, & softened every note;
The eglantine smelled sweeter, & the rose
Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every flower
Vy'd with its fellow plant in luxury
Of hue. — Oh! then the longest summer day
Seemed too too much in haste; still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness,
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

+ + + + + +

Oh cursed lust of gold! when for thy sake,
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds:
First starved in this, then damned in that to come.

+ + + + + + + + +

Son of the morning, whither wert thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy morning-spangled head?
And the magestic menace of thine eye
Fallen from afar? Pliant & powerless now
Like the newborn infant wound up in its mother,
Or victim tumbler flat upon its back,
That thirsts beneath the sacrificers knife.
Mute must thou bear the stroke of Cittle tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd.
That grudge a privelege thou never hadst
But only hast for in the peaceful grave,
Of being unmolested & alone.
Arabias suns & odoriferous Sings.
And honours by the heralds duly paid
In mock form e'en to a very scruple:
Oh! cruel irony! these come too late,
And only mock whom they were meant to honor.
Surely there's not a dungeon slave that's buried
In the highway, unshrouded & uncoffined,
But lies as soft & sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry preeminence of high descent,
Above the vulgar born, to rot in state.

× × × + + + +

Beauty — thou wretch, plaything, dear deceit!
That steals so softly o'er the prattlings heart.
And gives it a new pulse unknown before,
The Grave discredits thee: thy charms expunged
Thy roses faded & thy lillies evil.
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers

Flock round thee now to pay their homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid
Whilst surfeiter whom thy Sun-ask cheek
The high fed worm, in lazy volumes roll's,
Rich unscar'd. For this was all thy caution?
For this thy painfull labour at the glass,
To improve those charms & keep them in repair.
For which the spoiler thanks thee not. Foul feeder!
Coarse fare & carrion please thee full as well,
And leave us keen a relish on the sense.
Look how the flow'r one week! the conscious bear,
Stand thick as fern-sprouts on the beds of flowers:
Honest effusion! the swoln heart in vain
Works hard to hide a gloss on its distress.

The Litany. by R. Herrick.

In the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When I lie within my bed
Sick at heart & sick in head,
And with doubts discomfited
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the house doth sigh & weep,
And the world is drown'd in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the passing bell doth toll,
And the furies in a shoal,
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the tapers now burn blue
And the comforters are few,
And that number more than true
Sweet Spirit comfort me.

When the Priest his last has pray'd
And I nod to what is said
'Cause my speech is now decay'd
Sweet Spirit comfort me.

When {God knows} I'm tost about
Either with Despair or Doubt,
Yet before my glass is out
Sweet Spirit comfort me.

When the tempter me pursueth
With the sins of all my youth,
And half sammone with untruth,
Sweet Spirit comfort me.

When the flames & Hebrick cries,
Fright mine ears & fright mine eyes,
And all terror me surprise
Sweet Spirit comfort me.

When the Judgement is revealed
And that opened which was sealed
When to Thee I have appealed
Sweet Spirit comfort me.

From the Hesperides, or Works of Robert Herrick — Lionel Rev. Vol IV.

From Grongar Hill — — Dyer.

— Yet time has seen that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of State;
But transient is the smile of Fate.
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winters day

Is all the proud & mighty have,
Between the cradle & the grave

And see the rivers, how they run,
Thro woods & meads, thro shade & sun,
Sometimes swift & sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they do
A various journey to the deep
Like human life to endless sleep.

× ×× ××

A step, methinks, may pass the stream.
So little distant dangers seem:
So we mistake the future's face.
Eyed thro hopes deluding glass;
As yon summits soft & fair,
Clad in the colours of the air,
Which to those that journey near,
Barren, brown, & rough appear:
Grass & flowers, Quiet treats,
On the mead, & murmuring brooks
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present, still a cloudy day.

A curious fate befell those who voted for the death of Louis XVI.
Of the 693 members of the convention, who voted that the King was guilty,
7 were assassinated, 8 were suicides, 34 were proscribed, 92 were
imprisoned, & 65 were guillotined. Other actors of those horrid scenes,
Vadier & Barère stabbed himself; Lebas & Condorcet poisoned themselves;
L'Huillier killed himself in prison; Robespierre shot himself;
Nisson & Chamfort fell by their own hands.

Friendship is the bond of reason. } Duenna by
But if reason snap above, } R.B. Sheridan.
Heaven absolves all other treason,
In the heart that's true to love.

The faith that to my friend I swore,
As a civil oath I deem;
But the charms which I adore,
Tis religion to be true.
Then if to one I false must be,
Can I doubt which to prefer?
A breach of social faith to thee,
Or sacrilege to love & her?

× × × × ×

Had I a heart for falsehood framed
I ne'er could injure you;
For, tho your tongue no promise claimed
Your charms would make me true.
To you no youth can bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong;
For friends in all the aged you meet,
And lovers in the young.
For when they learn that you have blessed
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passions rest,
And act a brother's part.
Then lady, dear, not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong;
For friends in all the aged you meet,
And lovers in the young

× × × × × ×

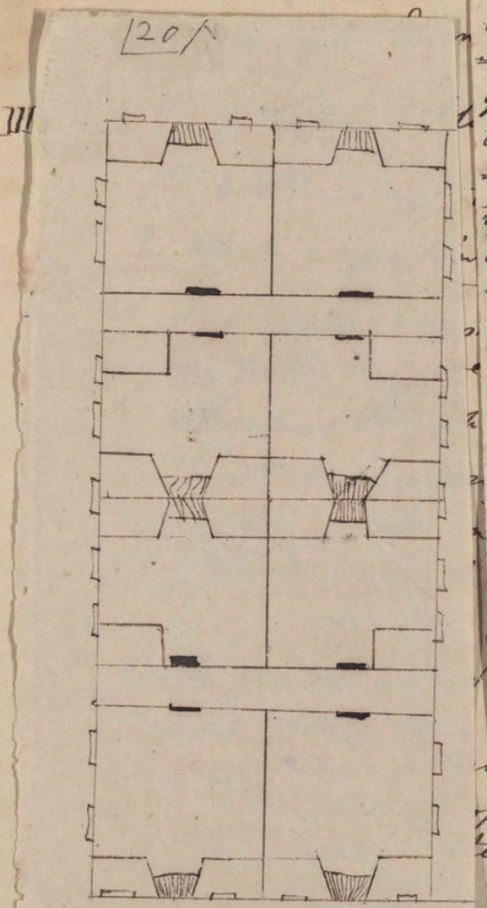
The following are specimens of Delta Phocas's poetry. They are distinguished for Downright nonsense, 2ly Down right stupidity, & 3ly Down right Doggrel.

I. Hang o'er his eye the lachrymary tear.
Wreath round her airy harp the timorous cry.
A web work of despair, & mass of woe.
And o'er my lip, the scalding tumour rolls.
While on the air, nocturnal shout, in shrieks shrill
Glances with frisly stare, from cloud to cloud.

I. 74 Or [illegible] zephyrs, flitting o'er the plain,
On twilight's bosom, drop their filmy rain.

II — The explosion came;
And burst the o[illegible]
Monarchs; turgid ty[illegible]

III



[illegible] with shame. mostly
the West-Saxon laws; Gloucester, Worcester Hereford, Oxford, Warwick, Stratford, Cheshire & Shropshire, held to the Mercian Laws; While the other Counties were governed by the Danish Laws. These two, differing little in substance, were united by Edward the Confessor, R. L. A. the twentieth King from the Heptarchy, AD 1047, & these, with some Norman regulations, were adopted by William the Conquerer, & form the Common Law.
from Blackstones "Analysis."

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by H. K. White.

When twilight steals along the ground,
And all the bells are ringing round,
One, two three, four, & five;
I sit my study window sit
And wrapt in many a musing fit,
To bliss am all alive.

But though impressions, calm & sweet,
Still round my heart a holy heat,
And I am inly glad,
The tear drop stands in either eye,
And yet I cannot tell thee why,
I am pleased & yet am sad.

The silvery cock that flies away,
Like mortal life, on pleasures day,
Does not disturb my breast;
Nay, what have I, a studious man,
To do with life's unstable plan,
Or pleasures fading vest!

[illegible] we pain — a groan — a sigh — a tear,
Heaven! how we sweat, laboriously about!
Works of gigantic bulk [illegible] Lucan's sound,
In rolling train, the long sentence bounds,
While points with [illegible], with periods, periods pour,
And the whole work seems one continued roar.

Bard. 216.

The faith that to my friend I swore,
As a civil oath I deem;
But the charms which I adore,
Tis religion to be true.
Then if to one I false must be,
Can I doubt which to prefer?
A breach of social faith to thee,
Or sacrilege to love & her?

x x x x x

Had I a heart for falsehood framed
I never could injure you;
For, tho your tongue no promise claimed
Your charms would make me true.
To you no soul can bear deceit,
No stranger offer wrong;
For friends in all the aged you meet,
And lovers in the young.
For when they learn that you have blessed
Another with your heart,
They'll bid aspiring passions rest
And act a brother's part.
Then, lady, dear, not here deceit,
Nor fear to suffer wrong;
For friends in all the aged you meet,
And lovers in the young

x x x x

The following are specimens of Delta Rowcau's poetry. They are distinguished for downright nonsense, 1st Down right stupidity, 3rd Downright Doggrel.

I — Hung o'er his eye the gossamery tear.
Wreath round her airy head the timorous fear.
A web work of despair, a mass of woe.
And o'er my lids, the scalding tumour rolls.
While airy nocturnal ghost, in pale, shroud,
Glances with ghastly stare, from cloud to cloud.

Q. And sweeps gephyric, flutt'ring o'er the plain,
On twilight's breast, the[ir] filmy rain.

II — The explosion came;
And burst the over charged culverin with shame. mock; monarchs; turgid tyrants; hampered hopes; restraint in[fa]mies;
within [19] [illegible]

Laws of England.

Dunvallo Molmutius, six=
=teenth king of the Britains, A[illegible]500, is said to have published a set of laws which were not annulled by the Romans who, AD 84, 138 years after the landing of J. Caesar, reduced England to a romanized province & governed it by these laws, until they left the Island, AD 408. The Britains, soon after called in the Saxons to their aid, who AD 507 drove out the na=tions of the "northern hive" subdued the natives & established the Heptarchy. AD 596. Ethelbert, king of Kent established the Saxon laws. Ina, king of Wessex, in=cum 724 published the West-Saxon le=gacy. Offa king of Mercia, circum 794 published the Mercian leagis. Alfred 896 compiled his code, from all that had preceded him, to which he added some from the Old Testament. Edgar, AD 961 added several to these, one of which was to extir=pate Wolves, & another to prevent Bri=bery & extortion.

AD 1013, Swein established the Danish laws, which were confirmed by Canute, AD 1025. At this period Kent Sussex, Surrey, Berkshire, Hampshire, Wiltshire, Somerset, Devonshire, & Cornwall

Heaven! how
Words of gigantic bulk [illegible] Lucretian sound,
In rolling train, the long sentence bounds;
While points with points, with periods periods jar,
And the whole work seems one continued war.

Buriad: 216.

The faith that to my friend I swore,
As a civil oath I deem;
But the charm which I wore,
'Tis religion to be true.
Then if to one I false must be,
Can I [illegible]

19

the West-Saxon laws; Gloucester, Worcester Hereford, Oxford, Warwick, Stratford, Chester & Shropshire, held to the Mercian Laye: While the other Counties were governed by the Danish laye. These two, differing little in substance, were united by Edward the Confessor, R.L.A. the twentieth King from the Heptarchy, A.D. 1049, & these, with some Norman regulations, were adopted by William the Conqueror, & form the Common Law.

from Blackstones "Analysis."

— by H.K. White.

When twilight steals along the ground,
And all the bells are ringing round,
One, two, three, four, & five;
I sit my study window sit
And wrapt in many a musing fit,
To bliss am still alive.

But though impression, calm & sweet,
Still round my heart a holy heat,
And I am inly glad,
The tear-drop stands in either eye,
And yet I cannot tell thee why,
I am pleas'd & yet am sad.

The silvery cock that flies away,
Like mortal life, on pleasures day,
Does not disturb my breast:
Nay, what have I, a studious man,
To do with life's unstable plan,
Or pleasures fading vest!

[illegible] day.

Wreath round her [illegible]
A web work of despair, & mass of woe.
And o'er my lids, the scalding tumour rolls.
While [illegible] nocturnal ghost, in sable shroud
Glances with grisly stare, from cloud to cloud.

I74 Or [illegible] Zephyrs, fluttering o'er the plain,
On twilights breast, drop their filmy rain.

II — The explosion came;
And burst the over-charged culverin with shame. mock monarchs; turgid tyrants; hampered popes; valiant nobles; rolling cataracts; Gauntlet day; sweet the silent swamp &c.

III — In phosphor blaze of genealogic line:
O better were it ever to be lost,
In black negation's sea, than reach the coast. the form satis.
Bavian 15. post.

L'Abbe Cuisca! in his closet pent,
He toils to give his crude conception vent.
Abortive thoughts, that right & wrong confound,
Truth sacrificed to letters, sense to sound.
False glare, incongruous images, combine;
And noise & nonsense clatter thro the line.
x x x Bavian. 40. lin.

Oh for the good old times, when all was new
And every hour brought prodigies to view;
Our sires in unaffected language told
Of streams of amber, & of locks of gold:
Dull, if their theme they spurn'd all idle art,
And the plain tale was trusted to the heart.
Now all is changed — we fume, & fret, & rave:
Less to display the subject than ourselves:
Whate'er we paint — a grot — a flower — a bird,
Heaven! how we sweat, laboriously absurd!
Works of gigantic bulk ~~with the~~ unwieldy sound,
In rolling triad, the long sentence bounds;
Bavian. 216. While points with point, with period period jars,
And the whole work seems one continued mass.

x x x

Now fools & children void their brain by loads,
And itching Lunalans spaul lascivious odes;
Now Lords & Dukes, curs'd by a sickly taste,
While Burnet pure natural healthful nurture turns to waste,
Lick up the spittle of the bev=ru muse,
And riot on the sweetnings of the stews.

314.

Specimen of Alliteration from "the fall & evil succes of Rebellion. scribt. 1537, by Wm White Holme.

Loe, lepious lurdeins, lubrike in Sodomitie,
Vah, vap. rous villeins, with venim vulnerate,
Hot, hunting parenticides of plexion to homicide,
Fie, frantick fabulators, furibund & fatuate,
Out, obstinant obstict, obstricle & obcecate,
Ah abiect algoes, in acerbitie acclamant,
Magnal in mischief, malicious to mugilate,
Repairing your Rey, so renowned & radiant.

Midsummer Dream. Act V. note

Their blindness is almost as great & as manifest as their's stages, or rather an inseparable companion, an ordinarie prone of it. Love is blinde, as the saying is Cupids blind & we are all his followers. Quisquis amat ranam amat ranam putat esse Dianam. Every Lover admires his mistress, though she be very deformed & herself, ill favoured, crooked, bald, goggle eyed, or squinteyed, sparrow=mouthed, hooknosed, to have a shark for nose, rubber lipped, rotten teeth, beelle=browed, her breath stink all over the room, her nose dogs, winter & summer with a Bavarian joker under her chin, lage eares, her duggs like two double duggs, blood sucking fingers, scabbed wrist, a tanned skinne, a rotten carcase, crooked backt, lame, pilea footed, as slender in the middle as a cow in the waist, gouty legs, her feet stinke, she breeds lice, ever monster, an asse in a perfect, her whole complexion savours of the Judgement looke like a monke in a Lanthorne, whom thou could not fance for the world, but hatest & loathest, & wouldst have shit in her face, or blow thy nose in her bosom, remedium amoris, to another man a chaste, abstinent, a nasty, filthy, beastly, queane, dishonest, beraudrous, obscene base, beyond, foolish & unthought of, if he love her once, he admires her for all this, he takes no notice of any such errors & imperfections, but had rather have her than all other women in the world. Anatomie of Melancholy.

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74 :1 The ideas of Burton, upon a beautiful woman.

Or if she be faire indeed, golden haired as Anacreon his Bathyllus, black eyed, of a pure sanguine complexion, little mouth, white teeth, soft & plumb body, hands, feet, all else lovely to behold, composed of all graces & elegancies, an absolute piece, her head from Italy, hayre of all graces & elegancies, an absolute piece, her head from Italy, her feather from Austria, belly from France, back from Brabant, hands out of England, feet from Rhine, buttocks from Switzerland, leather from the spanish gait, the venitian twee, Italian complements & endowments, such an one be the thing I want. Anat: of Mel: 642:

An account of Reviews in England & Britain.

Before the establishment of the Monthly Review a regularly literary journal was unknown in this country. The literary Reviews which preceded it were not in any high degree instructive & interesting, probably from the nature of the plan, which included abridgement, rather than opinions of Books. The Censura Temporum, established in 1708 & the Bibliotheca Curiosa about the same time, only gave notice of Remarkable publications & retailed selections from foreign Journals. They were followed by the Memoirs of Literature, 1722. 8 vo: New Memoirs of Literature by Michael de la Roche 1725-7, 6 vo. 8vo: Present State of the Republic of letters by Andrew Reid, 1728-36, 16 vol. Historia Literaria by Archibald Bowzer, 1730-32, 4 vol: History of the works of the Learned, 1737-43, 13 vol: & Literary Journal, printed at Dublin, 1744-49, 5 vol: the first No of the Monthly Review, appeared in May 1749, by Ralph Griffiths. The original proprietor retained three=fourths, assisted by Dr Rose of Chiswick, Dr Kippis, & during 55 years, at his death, [1804] his son succeeded him. Journal Britannique by Dr Maty, 1750-55, 18 vol: The Edinburg Review 1755, Dr Adam Smith: the London Review 1775-78, 8 vol by Dr Kenrick: New Review. in Maty, 1782-85, 8 vol: English Review 1783-98, 30 vol: Analytical Review 1788-99, 22 vol: London Review 1799-1800, 4 vol: the Present Reviews are Imperial Review 1805 die 1806: Ed: Review: Annual Review, 1802 A. Aikin: Literary journal 1803: General Review 1806: Eclectic Review 1806: Radical Reviews are Gentlemans Magazine 1731:

Annual Register 1758: European Magazine 1782: New Annual Register 1783: Monthly Magazine 1796 & the Monthly Mirror: since this account was taken, the New London Review, by Cumberland, & the London Quarterly Review lately in 1808 have been published. The first number of the Critical Review was published 1756. Smollet was principal Editor. J Mawman is the present proprietor 1803. It has deviated in some measure from its original principles. & the British Critic undertook to restore them. This was edited by Rev Robert Nares & other gentlemen of Oxford 1793. It was follow-ed by the Anti-Jacobin Review & Magazine 1798, of a more political & party tendency.

Andersons Smollet. page 55.

Scotland — a nation cast in the happy medium between the spiritless acquiescence of submissive poverty, & the sturdy credulity of pampered wealth: cool & ardent, adventurous & persevering; swinging her eagle flight against the blaze of every science with an eye that never winks, & a wing that never tires; crowned as she is with the spoils of every art, & decked with the wreath of every muse, from the deep & scrutinizing researches of her Humes to the sweet & simple, but not less sublime & pathetic, morality of her Burns.

Travers Speeches

Speaking of coxcombs, — Their souls might be lodged in a nut-shell without incommoding the maggot that previously tenanted it: & if their whole stock of ideas were transferred to the maggot, they would not be sufficient to confuse his own. It is impossible to describe them, for no ideas can be formed of infinite littleness; you might as reasonably attempt to dissect a bubble or to bottle moonshine as to investigate their character: they prove satisfactorily the existence of a vacuum: the sum total of their being is composed of negative qualities

Letter LXXI. Miss Blois Letters. 354

Southey, when respiring the Nitrous Oxide, thought he was in Heaven. Mr Wedgwood threw the bottle from his mouth & remained in the middle of the room, with one hand closing his nostrils & his mouth gaping, though aware of the ridiculousness of his situation. Gorham.

The German tongue has from time immemorial been divided into 2 principal Dialects. Upper German {Ober-Deutsch & the lower German {Nieder-Deutsch} (pronounced Doitch. The former belongs to the South, & the latter to the north of the empire. The first includes all between Franconia & Italy. viz Austria Bavaria, Swabia, & part of the Rhenish countries; Franconia, part of Upper Saxony, & silesia. The lower extends from the Netherlands to the eastern part of the Empire. viz Westphalia, Lower Saxony & the Northern part of Upper Saxony ie Pomerania & Brandenburg. & in the kingdom of Prussia.

Noeders Germ

Hoch-Deutsch or high German was first used by Luther, in his translation of the Scriptures. This is what is called The German

ibid.

Then oft I've thought, man jabber as he will
How learned, clever, yet plain experience still
Must tutor him — he knows but what he knows — Saxon II. 24.

— — — —