



VERSES

Recited at the last meeting of the Highland Society.

COMPOSED BY MR. CAMPBELL.

Pledge to the much-lov'd land that gave us birth,
Invisible romantic Scotia's shore:
Pledge to the memory of her parted worth:
And, first amidst the brave, remember Moore.

Next to infidelity, (remarks the British critic)
Warburton appears, at every period of
his life, to have thought fanaticism most to be
dreaded by the friends of true religion and social
order; but while he expressed, in private,
as well as in public, his abhorrence of the former,
he contented himself with exhibiting the latter
as an object of ridicule. Some earthquakes,
which had been felt about the beginning
of 1750, excited much alarm among the
superstitious, the fanatical and the profligate.

The purple stream of life first issued from
American veins on the fated plains of Lexington.
Methinks I see the horrid glare of war
raging in every countenance. Every zephyr
is filled with its keen blast. The trumpet's
hoarse clarion and the drum's hollow sound,
struck by the nerved hand of the patriot, fills
each breast with soul-inspiring ecstasy in rushing
forward to the ranks of slaughter, and of death.

Mr. Wills' Oration.
To celebrate an occasion which, imprinting
on the heart of a people a principle, puts
the noble affections into play, and discharges
on the general sentiment an oxydation, that in-
spires zeal and pungency in the national char-
acter. What sentiments of pious gratefulness
and enrapturing inspiration—what a stimu-
lation for the veneration of virtue—what an
exuberant ardour for glory—what an eager
adherence to liberty must it excite us with?

alias the staff, approaches; the pillars of
their seats in the splendour of a coronation—
the parade is over—the warriors
their laurelled brows, moistened with
tritious labour—and the swarthy sons of Africa,
and the admiring fair, pursue with their che-
rished smiles, the defenders of their coun-
try!!! The interval between the meridian alti-
tude of Sol and his nocturnal transit into the
shades of darkness, is devoted to the carousal
of the feast, and the moody madness of in-
ebriation—the rotatory influence of revolution
is every where seen—men's heads, the abode
of genius and cultivated intellect, are where
their feet should be—and the soldier calling
forth in terror, the victim of brainstealing
Bacchus!! Festivity has assumed the place of
industry—the forum is free from the waspish-
ness of contest, and the arbitrary despotism of
magisterial ignorance—the sun of Cæsar
quits his last, and the pestle used in preparing
the compounds of Galen and Hippocrates,
rests from its labours in the silent mortar!!!

CRONONHOTONTOLOGOS.
REMARKS ON STYLE.
Worthy of the consideration of the 4th of July orator.
A man who is skilful in style, knows from
the reading of the first two or three sentences
almost, the calibre of the writer's intellect and
acquirements. If he sees words which convey
no precise idea, or have no business in
that place; if he sees a starved thought pulled
out like a dropsical carcass on spindle legs, he
at once discerns the radical, incurable feeble-
ness of the writer; if he sees a laborious at-
tempt to raise a trivial or ordinary object be-
yond its natural level, by overstrained, awk-
ward efforts at quaint thoughts, and dispropor-
tionate, extravagant words, multiplied as well
as magnified; if he sees redundant, useless
epithets, extravagant far-fetched metaphors,
many figures confounded and jumbled to-
gether in one illustration; he directly perceives
that the author is not only unfit to write, but
ignorant of his subject, and what is much
more because more incurable, ignorant of his
own deficiencies.—Ext.

ADVICE TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS.
The president Witherspoon was a man of
learning and piety, and possessed a happy
talent of instructing in his own peculiar way.
Assembling his pupils on a certain day, he ad-
dressed them in his Scottish dialect, after the
following manner:
"Young gentlemen, if ye are able, that in
course of your lives ye may be called to
speak in public, some ye may be called to
speak at the bar. It then becomes my duty
to give ye a few words by way of advice on that
important subject: I shall comprize the
whole of my discourse under two heads, and
shall be very brief in each. In the first
place, take care that ye begin to speak
till ye ha' something to say; and secondly, be
sure to leave off as soon as ye ha' done."

FROM THE HUDSON BALANCE.
THE LINNER.
GUN-BOATS AND I.—Within a few years,
Messrs. Editors, various modes of male and
female dress have been distinguished by some
popular name.—We have had Fuxton hats—
Suwarrow boots—Nelson hats—Jefferson
boots and shoes—Trafalgar ribbons—Nelson
wave and Nelson ball calicoes—and more other
sorts of boots, hats, shoes, ribbons, &c. than I
can well remember. About the time that
Mr. Fulton raised the wonder of all New-York
by destroying a poor inoffensive old brig that
had been given over to his bulletings, a quick
very gravely advertised his new invented Tor-
pedo Pills. "Can you tell me Miss Pertly
why this enormous new fangled Bannet is called
a gun-boat?—Does it in any respect resem-
ble a gun-boat, madam?"
"More than one, sir."
"I confess it—and if you will permit me, I
will mention some of them."
"Agreed, sir."
"In the first place, madam, they cost more
than they are worth, and thus do they resemble
a Gun-Boat."
"Go on, sir."
"They resemble a Gun-Boat, from their fit-
ness to navigate none but shoal waters."
"Thank ye sir—proceed"—
" They are calculated to make a merry show
of defence"—Miss Pertly coloured—"while
in fact they vite aggression."
"I deny it, sir."
"I beg your pardon, madam—but let me
see a young lady with a gun-boat bonnet—a
proclamation tucker—and a spider net embar-
go—while all her prominent points, (I mean
her elbows, &c.) are naked and defenceless—
and I'll bet you my ears against a pair of pincers
gloves, that she can be conquered."
PETER PALLET.

Petersburg Eloquence.

If any of our readers should question the
right of the following extracts from orations,
delivered on the fourth instant, to appear
among the flowers of literature, we will inform
them that they were greatly admired at Peters-
burg, and were (say their newspapers)
"received with the loud and repeated plaudits
of the audience." The editor of the Republi-
can, in speaking of Mr. Wills' performance,
professes to have been "astonished with his
wisdom and research." If, notwithstanding
the opinions of the wise men of Virginia, my
self-willed critic shall refuse to receive them
as flowers, he will be pleased to accept of them
as curiosities.]

Extracts from Mr. Edward O. Goodwyn's Oration.
To obtain this glorious end, our immortal
ancestors fled from the unrelenting scourge of
despotism; braved the furious billows of the
vast Atlantic, in pursuit of this holy and con-
secrated spot, which the regenerated shade of
Columbus, with prophetic finger, had pointed
out; this dark forest, the gloomy habitation of
beasts of prey, and the more savage Indian,
whose uplifted tomahawk was ever ready to
strike the deadly blow, and plume the scalping
knife with its victorious trophy. But under all
these cruelties and privations, the hardy sons
of the forest preferred to bask in the fostering
beams of liberty, rather than submit to the hu-
milating state of unconditional slavery.
"Whilst their proud rivalls, in stately pomp,
rode triumphant on the ocean, waving the
sceptre of omnipotence, with the nations
groaning around her, the world, as if by the
wrath of offended Heaven, was formed into a
spacious and gloomy dungeon, where no fos-
tering beams of a free sun ever suffered to
enter; where no messenger of Heaven was
permitted to approach and unbar the door of
the dungeon, and lead the captives out to light
and liberty; where nothing was heard but the
clanking of chains, and the dreadful note of
preparation to meet their impending fate;
where tyrants stalked with iron rods through
every apartment, with firm, but cautious foot-
steps, seeking what they might destroy, and
whom they might slay.
"By the most sincere, respectful, and heart-
melting petitions they tried to soften the ob-
duracy of a callous despot; dead to the re-
morserless cruelties of parental guilt; lost to
all sense of virtue and of shame; deaf to the
clear-sounding voice of reason, and of justice.
"Finding the stern Monarch inexorable in
his resolves, she appealed to the God of bat-
tles, and the thunderbolts of war! The Eagle
of America then unfurled its wide-spreading
pinions, and waved its golden plumage. The
loud cry of rebellion soon sounded along our
shores—and all the machinery of warfare ap-
peared in dread array before their eyes, ready
to be hurled like destructive lightning on their
devoted heads.
"Her navy in proud majesty darkening the
atmosphere with its white swelling canvas,
which extended over every part of the ocean,
whilst hollow groans were heard to issue from
the unfathomable deep—whilst its cannon, like
the thunderbolts of Heaven, rived and mark-
ed its devoted victim for the grave.

MISCELLANY.

Omnes unguis foscules, carpanus atque delibemus.

IRRELIGION AND FANATICISM.

Every good Christian (says the British
Critic) will be delighted with the manner, in
which Warburton writes to his intimate friend
of infidelity and infidels. Our philosophers,
indeed, though they would not hesitate to em-
ploy the harshest language, when speaking of
a notorious swindler, who could rob his fellow-
creatures only of a little dross, will, we doubt
not, be all up in arms, at the rudeness of the
terms in which Warburton writes (Septem-
ber, the 28th, 1749) of the philosopher Hume
who endeavoured by sophistry to rob the
wretched of every comfort. He is informing
his friend of the plan of his excellent book on
Julian's attempt to rebuild the temple of Jeru-
salem, and says,
"I am strongly tempted to have a stroke
at Hume in parting. He is the author of a
little book, called, 'Philosophical Essays,' in
one part of which he argues against the being
of a God, and in another (very needlessly, you
will say) against the possibility of miracles.—
He has crowned the liberty of the press; and
yet he has a considerable post under the go-
vernment. I have a great mind to do justice
on his arguments against miracles, which I
think might be done in a few words.—But does
he deserve notice? Is he known among you?
Pray answer me these questions.—For if his
own weight keeps him down, I should be sorry
to contribute to his advancement to any
place but the pillory."—Warburton's Letters
P. 14.
Though, in his Julian, Warburton takes
no notice of Hume, he thus writes of him, to
his friend, some years afterwards.
There is an epidemic madness amongst
us; to day we burn with the heat of superstition;
to-morrow we stand fixed and frozen in
atheism. Expect to hear that the churches
are all crowded on Friday; and that on Satur-
day they buy up Hume's new Essays;—the
first of which (so please you) is The Natural
History of Religion, for which I will trim the
rogue's jacket, at least sit upon his skirts, as
you will see when you come hither, and find
his margin scribbled over. In short, the Es-
say is to establish an atheistical naturalism,
like Bolingbroke; and he goes upon one of
Bolingbroke's capital arguments, that idolatry
and polytheism was before the worship of the
one God. They say this man has several
moral qualities. It may be so; but there are
vices of the mind, as well as body; and a
wicked heart, and more determined to do
public mischief, I think, I never knew.—P.
238.
These marginal scribblings, as the author
calls them, constitute, as is now well known,
the substance of the remarks on Hume's Natu-
ral History of Religion, which were published
by Dr. Hurd, and addressed to Dr. Warbur-
ton.