O impotence of sight ! mechanic ſenſe,

Which to exterior objects ow’ſt thy faculty,

Not ſeeing of election, but neceſſity.

Thus do our eyes, as do all common mirrors, Succeſſively reflect ſucceeding images.

Nor what they would, but muſt ; a ſtar or toad ;

Juſt as the hand of chance adminiſters !

*Mourning Bride, ad 2. sc.* 8. No man, in his ſenſes, ever thought of applying his eyes to diſcover what passes in his mind ; far leſs of bla­ming his eyes for not ſeeing a thought or idea. In Moliere’s l'*Avare (act* iv. *ſc.* 7.) Harpagon, being robbed of his money, ſeizes himſelf by the arm, miſtaking it for that of the robber. And again he expreſſes himſelf as follows :

Je veux aller querir la justice, et faire donner la question a toute ma maison ; à servantes, à valets, à fils, à fille, et à moi auſſi.

This is ſo abſurd as ſcarce to provoke a ſmile, if it be not at the author.

Of the second branch the following example may fuſſice :

——  Now bid me run,

And I will ſtrive with things *impossible,*

Yea, get the better of them.

*Julius Caesar, act 2. ſc.* 3.

Of the third branch, take the following ſamples. Lu­can, talking of Pompey’s ſepulchre,

—— Romanum nomen, et omne

Imperium magno est tumuli modus. Obrue saxa

Crimine plena deûm. Si tota eſt Herculis Oete,

Et juga tota vacant Bromio Nyseia ; quare

Unus in Egypto Magno lapis ? Omnia Lagi

Rura tenere potest, si nullo cespite nomen

Hæserit. Erremus populi, cinerumque tuorum,

Magne, metu nullas Nili calcemus arenas.

L. viii. l. 798.

Thus, in Rowe’s tranſlation :

Where there are ſeas, or air, or earth, or ſkies,

Where’er Rome’s empire ſtretches, Pompey lies.

Far be the vile memorial then convey'd !

Nor let this ſtone the partial gods upbraid.

Shall Hercules all Oeta's heights demand,

And Nyſa’s hill for Bacchus only ſtand ;

While one poor pebble is the warrior's doom

That fought the cauſe of liberty and Rome?

If Fate decrees he muſt in Egypt lie,

Let the whole fertile realm his grave ſupply,

Yield the wide country to his awful ſhade,

Nor let us dare on any part to tread,

Fearful we violate the mighty dead.

The following paſſages are pure rant. Coriolanus, speaking to his mother,

What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected ſon?

Then let the pebbles on the hungry beach Fillop the ſtars : then let the mutinous winds Strike the proud cedars ’gainſt the fiery ſun : Murd’ring impoſſibility, to make

What cannot be, flight work.

***Cοriolanus, acy 5. sc. 3.***

*Caeſar.* Danger knows full well,

That Caeſar is more dangerous than he.

We were two lions litter’d in one day,

And I the elder and more terrible.

*Julius Caesar, act* 2. *ſc.* 4.

*Ventidius.* But you, ere love milled your wand’ring eyes,

Were ſure the chief and beſt of human race,

Fram’d in the very pride and boaſt of nature,

So perfect, that the gods who form’d you wonder’d

At their own ſkill, and cry’d, A lucky hit

Has mended our deſign. *Dryden, All for Love, act* 1.

Not to talk of the impiety of this ſentiment, it is ludi­crous inſtead of being lofty.

The famous epitaph on Raphael is not leſs abſurd than any of the foregoing paſſages :

Raphael, timuit, quo ſoſpite, vinci,

Rerum magna parens, et moriente mori.

Initiated by Pope, in his epitaph on Sir Godfrey Kneller:

Living, great Nature fear’d he might outvie

Her works ; and dying, fears herself may die.

Such is the force of imitation; for Pope of himſelf would never have been guilty of a thought ſo extrava­gant.

SENTINEL, or Sentry, in military affairs, a private soldier placed in ſome poſt to watch the ap­proach of the enemy, to prevent ſurpriſes, to ſtop ſuch as would paſs without orders or diſcovering who they are. They are placed before the arms of all guards at the tents and doors of general officers, colonels of regiments, &c.

SENTINEL *Perdu,* a ſoldier poſted near an enemy, or in ſome very dangerous poſt where he is in hazard of being lost.

All ſentmels are to be vigilant on their poſts ; neither are they to sing, ſmoke tobacco, nor ſuffer any noiſe to be made near them. They are to have a watchful eye over the things committed to their charge. They are not to ſuffer any light to remain, or any fire to be made, near their poſts in the night-time ; neither is any sentry to be relieved or removed from his poſt but by the corpora of the guard. They are not to suffer any one to touch or handle their arms, or in the night-time to come within ten yards of their poſt.

No perſon is to strike or abuſe a ſentry on his poſt; but when he has committed a crime, he is to be relie­ved, and then puniſhed according to the rules and ar­ticles of war.

A ſentinel, on his poſt in the night, is to know nobody but by the counter-sign : when he challenges, and is anſwered, *Relief,* he calls out, *Stand, relief ! advance, corporal !* upon which the corporal halts his men, and advances alone within a yard of the ſentry’s fire­lock (firſt ordering his party to reft, on which the sentry does the ſame), and gives him the countersign, taking care that no one hear it.

SEPIA, the Cuttle-fish, a genus belonging to the order of vermes moluſca. There are eight brachia interſperſed on the interior side, with little round ſerrated cups, by the contraction of which the animal lays faſt hold of any thing. Besides theſe eight arms,