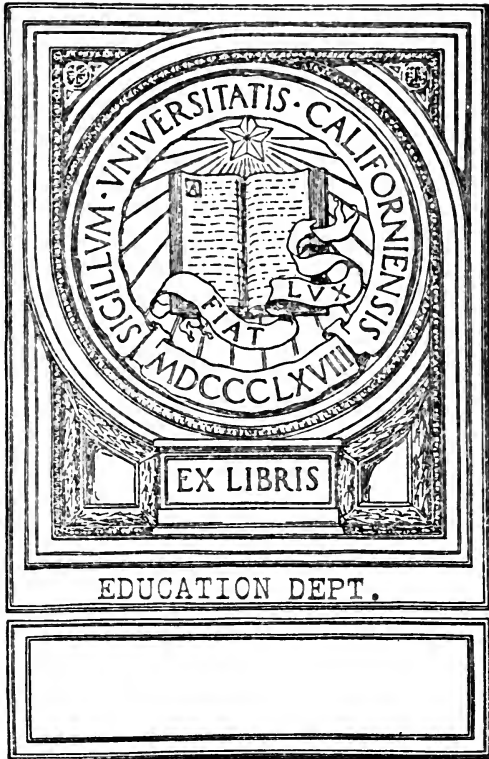


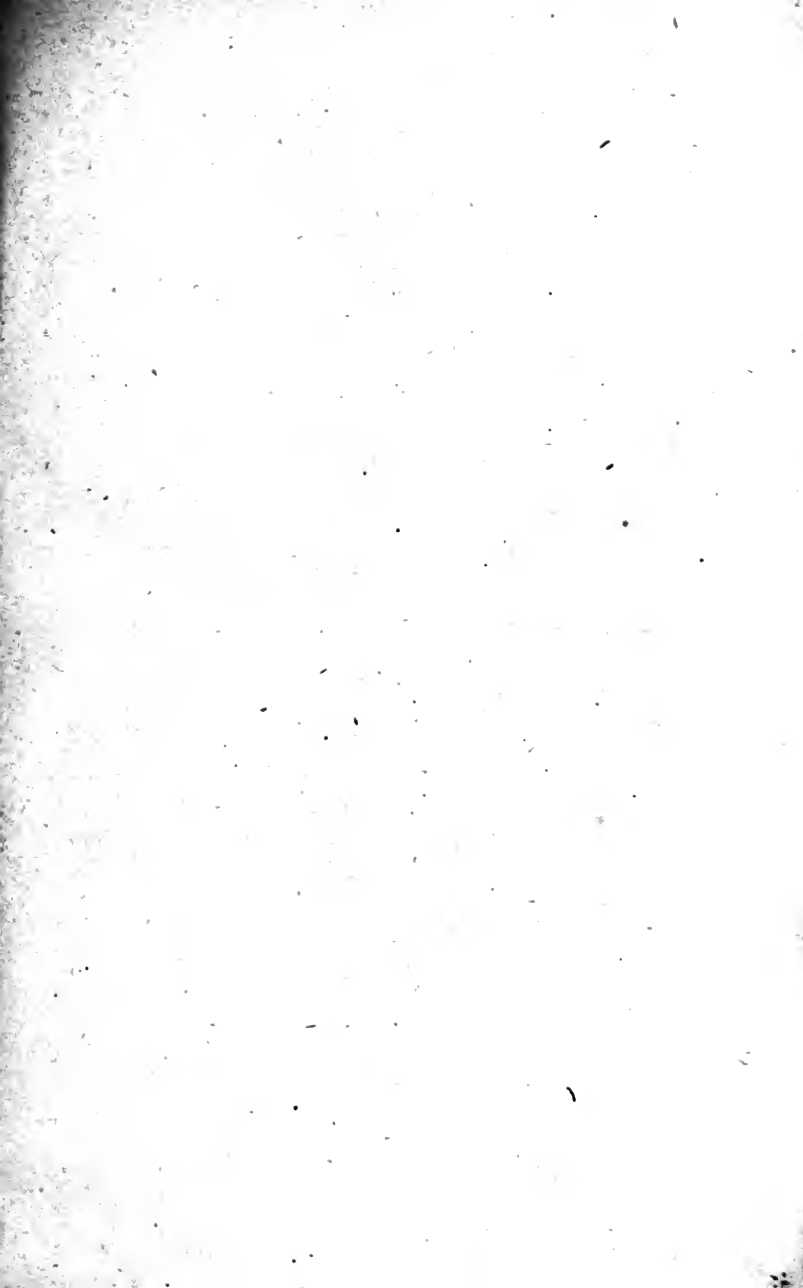


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That branch of the great German race which was planted fourteen centuries ago on British soil, grew, under unexceptionally favoring influences, to be the admiration of the world. The history of the long series of popular conquests, nobly won and firmly held,—from Magna Charta to that Bill of Rights which was the prelude to our own Declaration of Independence—contains a fund of political wisdom which no nation, and ours least of all, can afford to neglect. . . . We do well to remember that English History is, in a very special sense, our own; and it is difficult to imagine how the spirit of American institutions can be understood without some knowledge of the circumstances in Great Britain which led to the formation, and afterward to the independence, of our earliest States.

Though a large and honorable mass of our citizens are of other than English descent, yet it is English freedom—the slow and sturdy growth of many centuries—that they or their fathers have sought to enjoy under the shelter of the great Republic;—this new slip, severed a hundred years ago from the parent tree, only that it might extend new roots and branches in a broader field and under still freer heavens.

Would that the study of the glorious centuries of English History might convince some young mind that the service of the fatherland is not the degrading affair of selfish interest and greed which some would make it, but the grandest of all opportunities to serve God, win a noble name, and benefit our race!

* HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By M. E. THALHEIMER, author of *Ancient and Mediæval and Modern History*. 12mo., cloth, 288 pp. Illustrated.

VOCAL CULTURE

AND

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

ELOCUTION:

WITH NUMEROUS EXERCISES IN

READING AND SPEAKING.

BY

PROF. ROBERT KIDD, A.M.,

INSTRUCTOR OF ELOCUTION IN PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

VAN ANTWERP, BRAGG & CO.,

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EDUCATION DEPT.

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P R E F A C E .

THE Elementary Treatise embraced in this volume embodies the views of the compiler on elocutionary instruction. These views are the result of careful study and observation, and long experience as a practical teacher of the subjects discussed.

The primary object in the preparation of this work has been to place in convenient form for use, those principles, rules, illustrations, and exercises, which, for purposes of instruction, have been found best calculated to make good readers, and easy, graceful, and correct speakers.

It is hoped that this system of instruction, which has been long and successfully pursued by the compiler, may, in the hands of others, prove a valuable aid in the cultivation of the voice and the art of reading and speaking.

The leading feature of this treatise, and that claimed as distinguishing it from other similar works, is the importance given to the subject of VOCAL CULTURE, without a proper attention to which success in elocution and oratory is unattainable. The rules and exercises in this department will be found full and complete.

The selections for reading and declamation have been made with reference to their fitness to exemplify the principles discussed in the elementary portion of the work, or to illustrate the various styles of reading, declamation, and oratory.

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ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION is the art of reading and speaking correctly. Its rules relate chiefly to the management of the voice in the expression of thought and emotion.

The vocal qualifications, necessary to enable the reader or speaker to bring out the sense and sentiment of discourse in a pleasing and impressive manner, are:—

First, A clear, full, resonant voice.

Second, A perfectly distinct, and correct articulation.

Third, Such a control of the voice, as to be able to vary its modulations at pleasure.

Ignorance of the right way of using the lungs and the larynx, in speaking, reading, and singing, has caused more cases of bronchitis and pulmonary consumption among students, vocalists, clergymen and other public speakers, than all other causes combined.

The right use of the breathing apparatus, in connection with the exercise of the voice, ought, therefore, to be the first subject to which the attention of the student of Elocution is called. Before the pupil is permitted to read a sentence, he must be taught, not by precept, but by example, how to manage the breath while exercising the voice.

The child thus trained will speak, read or sing, in a clear, full, natural tone, and will grow up, in a great measure, free from the worst faults and defects in Elocution.

BREATHING.

Stand or sit erect; keep the head up and the chest expanded; throw the shoulders well back; place the hands upon the hips, with the fingers pressing upon the abdomen, and the thumbs extending backward; inhale the breath slowly, until the lungs are fully inflated, retaining the breath for a few moments, then breathing it out as slowly as it was taken in.

Let the chest rise and fall freely at every inspiration, and take care not to make the slightest aspirate sound, in taking in or giving out the breath.

Continue to take in and throw out the breath with increasing rapidity, until you can instantly inflate, and, as suddenly, empty the lungs. Repeat this exercise several times a day, and continue it as long as it is unattended with dizziness or other unpleasant feelings.

ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

The Elementary Sounds of the English Language are classified under three great divisions: First, the *Vocals*; Second, the *Subvocals*; Third, the *Aspirates*.

VOCALS.

Vocals consist of pure tone, and are subdivided into monothongs, which have the same sound from the commencement to the close; into the diphthongs, which begin with one sound and end with another; and into the short vocals, which differ from the monothongs only in the manner in which they are uttered.

SUBVOCALS.

The subvocals possess vocality, but in an inferior degree, and, in all of them, the vocalized breath is more or less obstructed.

The subvocals are divided into the correlatives, each of which terminates in an aspirate sound; into the nasals, in which the vocalized breath is passed through the nasal passage; into the liquids, so called from their special dependence upon the tongue; and into the coalescents, from their readily uniting with the vocal sounds.

ASPIRATES.

The aspirate sounds have no vocal tone, and, consequently, differ most from the vocals. They are divided into the explodents and the continuants.

CHART OF THE ELEMENTARY SOUNDS.

SINGLE OPEN VOWEL SOUNDS OR MONOTHONGS.

- | | | |
|--------|-----------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. e, | as heard in | me, eve, thee, free, &c. |
| 2. a, | “ | ale, may, they, pay. |
| 3. a, | as heard before r, in | care, there, air, pear. |
| 4. a, | “ in | arm, bar, hard, ma. |
| 5. aw, | “ | law, awe, jaw, saw. |
| 6. o, | “ | no, woe, own, home. |
| 7. oo, | “ | ooze, fool, moon, room. |

SHORT VOCALS.

- | | | |
|---------|-------|------------------------------|
| 8. i, | as in | it, will, live, give, pit. |
| 9. e, | “ | let, debt, end, deck, pet. |
| 10. e, | “ | err, verse, serve, sir, fir. |
| 11. a, | “ | add, mat, slab, past, bad. |
| 12. o, | “ | on, rob, log, dog, cot. |
| 13. u, | “ | up, cut, sun, but, sup. |
| 14. oo, | “ | foot, soot, book, root. |

DIPHTHONGS, OR DOUBLE VOWELS

15. i, as in die, sky, try, fie, lie.
 16. oi, “ coil, joy, boy, oil.
 17. ow, “ now, vow, owl, proud.
 18. u, “ few, new, due, view.

ELEMENTS OF WHICH THE DIPHTHONGAL SOUNDS
ARE MADE UP.

I is composed of the eleventh and first sounds; Oi, of the twelfth and first; Ow, of the twelfth and seventh; and U, of the eighth and seventh sounds.

SUBVOCALS.

CORRELATIVES.

19. b, as in babe, web; b stops with the light sound of p.
 20. d, “ dead, had, bed; “ “ “ t.
 21. g, “ gag, dog, wag; “ “ “ k.
 22. j, “ wedge, badge, judge; “ “ ch.
 23. v, “ valve, wave, live; “ “ f.
 24. th, “ thee, thou, breathe; “ “ th.
 25. z, “ zeal, ooze, size; “ “ s.
 26. zh, “ pleasure, azure, measure; “ sh.

NASALS.

27. n as in nun, one, on, moon.
 28. m, “ maim, home, me, come.
 29. ng, “ bring, thing, singing, sting.

LIQUIDS.

30. l, as in hill, shall, well, all.
 31. r, (the hard or trill sound) as in rise, drum, roar.
 32. r (the soft sound) at the end of the word, as in roar
fear.

COALESCENTS.

33. w, as in we, way, was, wit.
 34. y, “ ye, you, yet, yes.

ASPIRATES.

EXPLODENTS.

35. p, as in pipe, cap, rope, step, pop.
 36. t, “ it, met, spot, that, rot.
 37. k, “ back, thick, kick, deck, neck.

CONTINUANTS.

38. ch, as in church, which, wretch.
 39. f, “ life, stiff, laugh, fife.
 40. th, “ think, three, breath, thing.
 41. s, “ see, pass, hiss, this.
 42. sh, “ shame, wish, crash, dash.
 43. h, “ horse, home, he, hence.
 44. wh, “ whence, where, what, which.

As the words *Pitch*, *Force*, *Stress*, *Quantity*, *Quality*, *Movement*, and other terms will frequently occur in the exercises upon the elementary sounds, it is proper at this point to define them.

PITCH signifies the place in the musical scale on which the element, syllable, or word is sounded; or it may refer to the pervading pitch of the voice in reading or speaking. The following distinctions may be made in pitch: very low, low, middle, or conversational, high, and very high.

FORCE relates to the loudness of the sound, the degrees of which may be described as suppressed, subdued, moderate, energetic, and vehement.

STRESS relates to the different modes of applying force.

MONOTONE. When the pitch of the voice continues the

same, and when the same degree of force is kept up from the commencement to the close of the sound, it is called the monotone.

SWELL. When the force is gradually increased so as to swell out the sound as it advances toward the middle, and then as gradually vanishes into silence, it is called the swell, or medium stress.

EXPULSIVE RADICAL STRESS. In this the force is applied so as to swell out the first part of the syllable or sound, and gradually diminish on the vanishing part of the sound.

EXPLOSIVE RADICAL STRESS occurs when the first part of a syllable is given with great abruptness and percussive force. The short vocals when uttered in this way furnish examples of it.

VANISHING STRESS occurs when the sound gradually expands as it swells onward, then suddenly terminates with a vocal explosion, similar to that heard in the explosive radical stress.

QUANTITY relates to the *length of time* the voice dwells upon a syllable or word. The following passage, if properly expressed, will furnish an example of long quantity:

“Woe unto thee, Chorazin! Woe unto thee, Bethsaida!”—and the following, of short quantity, if uttered in a tone of excitement and defiance: “Fret, till your proud heart breaks!”

QUALITY relates to the *kind* of voice. The words commonly used to describe it are, clear, husky, harsh, mellow, rough, smooth, deep, thin, heavy, light, boyish, girlish.

MOVEMENT relates to the *degree* of rapidity with which the voice moves in the utterance of sounds, syllables, and words. The degrees of rapidity are, very slow, slow, moderate, lively, rapid, and very rapid.

The rules and exercises in Elocution may be classified under the two principal heads of

ARTICULATION AND EXPRESSION.

ARTICULATION includes the rules and exercises upon the elementary sounds in syllabication, in analysis, in accent, and in pronunciation.

EXPRESSION includes the rules and exercises which relate to the management of the voice, the look, gesture, and action, in the expression of thought, sentiment, and passion.

The exercises in articulation are those to which the attention of the pupil should be almost exclusively given, until a good control of the voice has been obtained.

A good articulation consists in giving to each element in a syllable its due proportion of sound and correct expression, so that the ear can readily distinguish every word, and every syllable that is uttered.

A full, pure tone of voice, and a good articulation, constitute the basis of every other excellence in reading and oratory.

PURE TONE.

PURE TONE is expressed with less expenditure of breath than any other quality of voice; it is smooth, resonant, and agreeable, and entirely free from any aspirated, guttural, or other impure quality of vocal sound.

The most severe and sustained exercise of the voice in pure tone, if the voice be pitched aright, is not only unattended with any bad effect upon the lungs and throat, but, on the contrary, tends to strengthen and invigorate them, and fortifies the whole system against the invasion of disease.

To command a full, resonant, and pure tone of voice, these conditions are indispensable:—

First, a full and copious breathing, as described in exercises 1 and 2.

Second, a free and natural action of the abdominal muscles, in the inhalation and expulsion of the breath.

Third, the muscles which regulate the action of the jaw must be relaxed.

Fourth, the throat and the mouth must be kept well open, so as to give free course to the sound.

Any one who expects to derive practical benefit from the following rules and exercises, must study them carefully and practice them regularly, systematically, and energetically. Begin with the first rule, and master it so thoroughly that you can readily give a correct exemplification of it; then take up the next rule and its accompanying exercises, and so proceed to the last example in the book.

POSITIONS OF THE TEETH AND LIPS

IN THE UTTERANCE OF THE DIFFERENT OPEN VOWEL SOUNDS.

In sounding element No. 1, the teeth must be separated about half an inch, and the corners of the mouth drawn well backward.

In No. 2 the teeth must be separated, at least three-quarters of an inch, and the corners of the mouth drawn farther back than in No. 1.

In No. 3 the teeth must be separated a little farther still, and the opening of the mouth must be more enlarged than in No. 2.

In No. 4 the mouth must be thrown wide open, and the corners drawn still farther back than in No. 3.

In No. 5 the teeth must be separated about the same distance as in No. 4, the lips pressed forward and the aperture of the mouth diminished.

In No. 6 the teeth must be brought nearer together, the lips pressed farther out, and the aperture of the mouth made much smaller than in No. 5.

In No. 7 the lips must be pressed farther outward, and more tightly together than in No. 6.

TO FIND THE EXACT SOUND OF ANY ELEMENT.—Stand or sit perfectly at ease, drop the jaw, so as to keep the throat and mouth open, then take in a full breath, draw the

muscles of the abdomen as far back as possible, retain the breath for a few moments, then express in a full, affirmative tone, any word of one syllable that terminates with the sound in question.

Continue to dwell upon the last sound in the syllable as long as possible, without changing its character or varying the position of the organs of speech, in the slightest degree.

When you can thus express all the sounds with tolerable accuracy, next reverse the position of the sounds, in the syllable or word, and practice upon them in that connection. Continue this exercise, at least once a day, until the ear becomes so accustomed to the true sound of each of the elements, as to be able instantly to detect it, no matter by what letter or letters the sound may be represented in the syllable or word.

Do not exert yourself at first, to express the sounds in a very loud and forcible manner. Take it easily and go slowly at the beginning, and you will soon be able to vocalize with great force, in a full and pure tone of voice.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

EXERCISE I.

Give each of the open vowel sounds in connection with the subvocals, as arranged in the accompanying table, in a full, pure, resonant, affirmative tone.

¹ E,	² a,	³ æ,	⁴ i,	⁵ aw,	⁶ O,	⁷ oo,	¹⁵ i,	¹⁶ oi,	¹⁷ ow,	¹⁸ u.
Be,	ba,	ba,	ba,	baw,	bo,	boo,	bi,	boi,	bow,	bu.
De,	da,	da,	da,	daw,	do,	doo,	di,	doi,	dow,	du.
Ge,	ga,	ga,	ga,	gaw,	go,	goo,	gi,	goi,	gow,	gu.
Je,	ja,	ja,	ja,	jaw,	jo,	joo,	ji,	joi,	jou,	ju.
Ve,	va,	va,	va,	vaw,	vo,	voo,	vi,	voi,	vow,	vu.
The,	tha,	tha,	tha,	thaw,	tho,	thoo,	thi,	thoi,	thou,	thu.
Ze,	za,	za,	za,	zaw,	zo,	zoo,	zi,	zoi,	zou,	zu.
Zhe,	zha,	zha,	zha,	zhaw,	zho,	zhoo,	zhi,	zhoi,	zhou,	zhu.
Ne,	na,	na,	na,	naw,	no,	noo,	ni,	noi,	now,	nu.

Mé, ma, ma, ma, maw, mo, moo, mi, moi, mow, mu.
(The element *ny* never begins a syllable.)

Le, la, la, la, law, lo, loo, li, loi, low, lu.

Re, ra, ra, ra, raw, ro, roo, ri, roi, row, ru.

(The soft sound of *r* never begins a syllable.)

We, wa, wa, wa, waw, wo, woo, wi, woi, wow, wu.

Ye. ya, ya, ya, yaw, yo, yoo, yi, yoi, yow, yu.

EXERCISE II.

Reverse the position of the elements in the syllables, giving the vowel sound first.

In this exercise dwell as long as possible upon the subvocals.

10 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34
b, d, g, j, v, th, z, zh, n, m, ng, l, r, r, w, y.

Eb, ed, eg, ej, ev, eth, ez, ezh, en, em, eng, el, er,—ew, ey.

Ab, ad, ag, aj, av, ath, az, azh, an, am, ang, al, ar,—aw, ay.

Ab, ad, ag, aj, av, ath, az, azh, an, am, ang, al, ar,—aw, ay.

Ab, ad, ag, aj, av, ath, az, azh, an, am, ang, al, ar,—aw, ay.

Awb, awd, awg, awj, awv, awth, awz, awzh, awn, awm,
awng, awl, awr,—aw, awy.

Ob, od, og, oj, ov, oth, oz, ozh, on, om, ong, ol, or,—ow, oy.

Oob, ood, oog, ooj, oov, ooth, ooz, oozh, oon, oom, oong,
ool, oor,—oow, ooy.

Ib, id, ig, ij, iv, ith, iz, izh, in, im, ing, il, ir,—iw, iy.

Oib, oid, oig, oij, oiv, oith, oiz, oizh, oin, oim, oing, oil,
oir,—oiw, oiy.

Owb, owd, owg, owj, owv, owth, owz, owzh, own, owm,
owng, owl, owr,—ow, owy.

Ub, ud, ug, uj, uv, uth, uz, uzh, un, um, ung, ul, ur.

EXERCISE III.

Give each of the short vocals, in connection with the accompanying subvocals, as in Exercises I. and II. Prac-

time upon the syllables until the vocal element can be uttered with a sharp, ringing sound, like the explosion of a percussion cap.

EXERCISE IV.

Give each of the aspirates in connection with the accompanying open vowel sounds: thus,

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	15	16	17	18
e,	a,	a,	a,	aw,	o,	oo,	i,	oi,	ow,	u.
Pe,	pa,	pa,	pa,	paw,	po,	poo,	pi,	poi,	pow,	pu.
Te,	ta,	ta,	ta,	taw,	to,	too,	ti,	toi,	tow,	tu.
Ke,	ka,	ka,	ka,	kaw,	ko,	koo,	ki,	koi,	kow,	ku.
Che,	cha,	cha,	cha,	chaw,	cho,	choo,	chi,	choi,	chow,	chu.
Fe,	fa,	fa,	fa,	faw,	fo,	foo,	fi,	foi,	fow,	fu.
The,	tha,	tha,	tha,	thaw,	tho,	thoo,	thi,	thoi,	thow,	thu.
Se,	sa,	sa,	sa,	saw,	so,	soo,	si,	soi,	sow,	su.
She,	sha,	sha,	sha,	shaw,	sho,	shoo,	shi,	shoi,	show,	shu.
He,	ha,	ha,	ha,	haw,	ho,	hoo,	hi,	hoi,	how,	hu.
Whe,	wha,	wha,	wha,	whaw,	who,	whoo,	whi,	whoi,	whow,	whu.

EXERCISE V.

Reverse the position of the elements in the syllable, first giving the open vowel sound, then the aspirate sound: thus,

35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44
p,	t,	k,	ch,	f,	th,	s,	sh,	h,	wh.
Ep,	et,	ek,	ech,	ef,	eth,	es,	esh,	eh,	ewh.
Ap,	at,	ak,	ach,	af,	ath,	as,	ash,	ah,	awh.
Ap,	at,	ak,	ach,	af,	ath,	as,	ash,	ah,	awh.
Ap,	at,	ak,	ach,	af,	ath,	as,	ash,	ah,	awh.
Awp,	awt,	awk,	awch,	awf,	awth,	aws,	awsh,	awh,	awwh.
Op,	ot,	ok,	och,	of,	oth,	os,	osh,	oh,	owh.
Oop,	oot,	ook,	ooch,	oof,	ooth,	oos,	oosh,	ooh,	oowh.
Ip,	it,	ik,	ich,	if,	ith,	is,	ish,	ih,	iwh.
Oip,	oit,	oik,	oich,	oif,	oith,	ois,	oish,	oih,	oiwh.

Owp, owt, owk, owch, owf, owth, ows, owsh, owh, owwh.
 Up, ut, uk, uch, uf, uth, us, ush, uh, uwh.

EXERCISE VI.

Give each of the aspirate sounds, in connection with each of the short vowels, with explosive force: thus,

8	9	10	11	12	13	14
i,	e,	e,	a,	o,	u,	oo.
Pi,	pe,	pe,	pa,	po,	pu,	poo.
Ti,	te,	te,	ta,	to,	tu,	too
Ki,	ke,	ke,	ka,	ko,	ku,	koo.
Chi,	che,	che,	cha,	cho,	chu,	choo.
Fi,	fe,	fe,	fa,	fo,	fu,	foo.
Thi,	the,	the,	tha,	tho,	thu,	thoo.
Si,	se,	se,	sa,	so,	su,	soo.
Shi,	she,	she,	sha,	sho,	shu,	shoo.
Hi,	he,	he,	ha,	ho,	hu,	hoo.
Whi,	whe,	whe,	wha,	who,	whu,	whoo.

EXERCISE VII.

Reverse the position of the sounds in the syllables, giving the short vocal first, and the aspirates last: thus,

35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44
p,	t,	k,	ch,	f,	th,	s,	sh,	h,	wh.
Ip,	it,	ik,	ich,	if,	ith,	is,	ish,	ih,	iwh.
Ep,	et,	ek,	ech,	ef,	eth,	es,	esh,	eh,	ewh.
Ep,	et,	ek,	ech,	ef,	eth,	es,	esh,	eh,	ewh.
Ap,	at,	ak,	ach,	af,	ath,	as,	ash,	ah,	awh.
Op,	ot,	ok,	och,	of,	oth,	os,	osh,	oh,	owh.
Up,	ut,	uk,	uch,	uf,	uth,	us,	ush,	uh,	uwh.
Oop,	oot,	ook,	ooch,	oof,	ooth,	oos,	oosh,	ooh,	oowh.

In the preceding exercises each sound must be expressed separately, with great force and precision, before the syl-

lable is given. On giving the element by itself, the student should name over, at least three words in which it occurs: thus, E, as in *me, eve, and sea*; M, as in *more, come, and roam*; Sh, as in *shame, hush, and crash*.

In giving the syllables, take great pains to bring out all the sounds in a distinct and proper manner.

EXERCISE VIII.

EXERCISE UPON WORDS CONTAINING DIFFICULT COMBINATIONS OF THE SUBVOCAL AND ASPIRATE SOUNDS.

First, give each sound by itself; then, connect the first element with the second; next, give the first, second, and third, separately; then, in combination, at a single utterance. Proceed thus to the end of the word.

EXAMPLES.

- bd: Orb'd, prob'd, rob'd, rub'd, sob'd.
 bdst: Prob'dst, fib'dst, dub'dst, bob'dst, sob'dst.
 blst: Tumbl'dst, fabl'dst, stabl'dst, disabl'dst.
 bls: Stabl's, fabl's, nibbl's, gabbl's, babbl's.
 br: Brave, brown, break, breath, bride.
 dlst: Add'lst, padd'lst, sadd'lst, pedd'lst, fidd'lst.
 fldst: Baffl'dst, raffl'dst, shuffl'dst, muffl'dst.
 gdst: Beg'dst, hagg'l'dst, bag'dst, flog'dst.
 kldst: Tackl'dst, buckl'dst, truckl'dst, twinkl'dst.
 ldst: Hold'st, mold'st, bold'st, gild'st.
 mdst: Tam'dst, trim'dst, seem'dst, dream'dst.
 ndlst: Hand'lst, kind'lst, fond'lst, trifl'dst.
 ngd: Rang'd, hing'd, hang'd, ring'd.
 rjd: Merg'd, charg'd, enlarg'd, forg'd.
 rldst: Furl'dst, snarl'dst, whirl'dst, hurl'dst.

- rmdst : Arm'dst, charm'dst, form'dst, storm'dst.
 rndst : Turn'dst, lurn'dst, scorn'dst, spurn'dst.
 rchd : Arch'd, march'd, search'd, parch'd.
 ngst : Hang'st, wrong'st, bring'st, wing'st.
 ngth : Length, strength. ngs : Songs, wrongs.
 bdst : Barb'dst, prob'dst. rjd : Urg'd, scourg'd.
 rkdst : Work'dst, thank'dst. plst : Ripp'lst, tipp'lst.
 rnd : Burn'd, turn'd, spurn'd, warn'd.
 rvd : Curv'd, swerv'd, serv'd, starv'd.
 rtst : Hurt'st, part'st, smart'st, report'st.
 skst : Bask'st, mask'st, frisk'st, kick'st.
 sld : Nestl'd, bristl'd, wrestl'd, jostl'd.
 thd : Breath'd, wreath'd, sheath'd, bequeath'd.
 ths : Breath's, wreath's, sheath's, bequeath's.
 thst : Wreath'dst, breath'dst, sheath'dst, bequeath'dst.)
 tld : Nettle'd, settle'd, battle'd, bottle'd.
 tldst : Nettle'dst, settle'dst, throtl'dst, bottle'dst.
 vdst : Liv'dst, deceiv'dst, grov'ldst, believ'dst.
 vldst : Drivel'dst, grovel'dst, shovel'dst.
 zld : Dazz'ld, muzz'ld, puzz'ld.
 zldst : Dazzl'dst, muzzl'dst, puzzl'dst.
 zm : Chasm, spasm. zms : Chasms, spasms.
 nz : Pris'n, ris'n. znd : Impris'nd, reas'nd.
 znz : Seas'ns, pris'ns. znst : Impris'nst.

 EXERCISE IX.

IN ANALYSIS.

Express with great distinctness and precision, the sounds which compose each letter of the alphabet, giving the

name of each sound, and the class to which it belongs: thus, B, the first sound of the letter B, is the subvocal B; the second sound of b, is the open vowel sound of E.

C, the first sound of C is the aspirate S; the second sound is the open vowel sound of E.

Do not go through this, or any other of the exercises, in a careless, languid manner; but with as much earnestness as if something of great importance depended upon your doing it correctly.

EXERCISE X.

IN ANALYSIS, SYLLABICATION, ACCENT, AND PRONUNCIATION.

Analyze the following words as in Exercise IX; then express each element singly, and with great precision; next, designate the accented syllable, then pronounce the words with varying degrees of force, but always with a sufficient degree to mark the accent well, and to bring out clearly and distinctly every syllable and every sound.

EXAMPLES.

Personification,	Perpendicularity,	Intercommunication.
Recapitulation,	Irresistibility,	Incontrovertibly,
Etymologically,	Horizontally,	Generalissimo,
Valetudinarian,	Interrogatively,	Metaphorically,
Allegorically,	Discrimination,	Emphatically,
Congratulation,	Nonconformity,	Incomprehensibility.

The foregoing exercises, if faithfully practiced, according to instructions, two or three times a day, will, in a few weeks, break up the worst faults in articulation, and increase the compass, power, and flexibility of the voice, to an extent truly astonishing.

MODULATION.

EXERCISE I.

IN THE MONOTONE MOVEMENT UPON THE OPEN VOWEL SOUNDS.

Express each of the monothong vowel sounds, thus: take a full breath and utter each of the sounds in succession, in

as pure, subdued, and yet distinct a tone as possible; continue to prolong the sound as directed, until the lungs are nearly emptied, then let it gradually die away into silence.

In your first efforts in this movement, give the sounds in your natural key, or pitch of voice, when you can give them correctly on that key; then practice upon them, sometimes in a higher, and sometimes in a lower pitch, increasing the force or loudness as much as you please, so that the tone of the voice is kept clear and resonant.

Whenever, on changing the pitch or increasing the force, the voice runs into a thin, aspirated, guttural, or disagreeable tone of any kind, stop at once, and rest until you feel perfectly at ease. Then carefully begin again in your conversational pitch and tone of voice.

Above every thing else be sure you keep the tone pure and resonant.

The chief difficulty the student will experience in this and some other of the vocal exercises, is that of keeping the throat and mouth wide enough open.

Unless the pupil is very mindful of the conditions to be observed, he will gradually close the mouth, until the teeth are brought close together, before the sound is finished, the inevitable consequence of which is a smothered, imperfect, and lifeless utterance of the syllable or word. A liberal opening of the mouth is a condition absolutely indispensable in giving the voice the full effect of round, smooth, and agreeable tone.

This common and very bad habit of reading, speaking, and singing with the throat and mouth almost closed, may be entirely broken up by vocalizing, for a short time every day, with a gag in the mouth, according to the following directions:

Cut a piece of hard wood, the thickness of a pipe stem, and about an inch in length; place this perpendicularly between the teeth, and proceed to vocalize, in any pitch within the compass of your voice, and with as much force as you can command. Let the gag remain in its place until the jaw aches considerably, before you remove it.

Practice with a gag about an inch long, two or three times a day, for several minutes at a time, until you can keep the mouth thus far open without any difficulty. Afterward cut another about an inch and a half in length, and practice with it between the teeth, until you can vocalize with it in the mouth for three minutes at a time, without experiencing any very disagreeable feeling. Then cut another, still longer, and practice with that in the same manner.

EXERCISE II.

THE SWELL OR MEDIUM STRESS.

Place the breathing apparatus in a proper condition, and utter each of the open vowel sounds, thus:

Commence the sound in a very subdued tone, which gradually increase or swell out, until the sound is full and deep; then let it as gradually diminish in force, until it vanishes with a sound so light and delicate that the ear can scarcely distinguish its close.

The words marked in capitals, in the accompanying examples, must be given with the prolonged swell.

The pupil must exercise his own judgment as to the degree of force to be employed: his aim ought to be to bring out the sense and sentiment of the whole passage, in an appropriate and effective manner.

EXAMPLES.

1. But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, Oh! ill-matched pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

2. Woe unto thee, Chorazin! Woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty things which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago, in sackcloth and in ashes

3. Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering TEARS, and tremblings of distress.
And cheeks all pale, which, but an hour ago,
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.

4. OUI sacred Truth, thy triumphs ceased awhile,
And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile.
5. AN! why will Kings forget that they are men,
And men that they are brethren!
6. OUI that I had the wings of a dove, that I might fly away
and be at rest!
7. OH for a tongue to curse the slave,
Whose treason, like a poison blight,
Comes o'er the counsels of the brave,
And blasts them in their hour of might!

THE WAVE.

In the wave, which is a form of the swell, the voice rises and then falls, or falls and then rises, while the force is increasing or diminishing. The modifications of the swell and the wave are innumerable.

EXERCISE III.

IN THE EXPULSIVE RADICAL STRESS.

Express in a clear, full, affirmative tone, in the order in which they are arranged upon the chart, the words containing examples of the open vowel sounds, as follows:

First, pronounce each word as if in answer to a question addressed to you by a person but a short distance from you, using the words *I said*, in connection with the word. *I said me*. Between the words *said* and *me*, take a short breath, and draw the abdominal muscles well back, that you may be enabled to bring out the word *me* with proper force and quantity.

Continue in this manner to utter the words with increasing force and earnestness; but be careful to keep the voice down, and avoid every thing like a tone of excitement.

Exemplify the *Expulsive Radical Stress*, on the words marked in the following examples.

1. RISE! fathers, RISE!--'t is ROME demands your help.
2. HOLD! HOLD for your lives!
3. FORWARD, the Light Brigade!

4. Who DARES to FLY from yonder sword—he cries,
Who DARES to TREMBLE, by this weapon, DIES.
5. To ARMS! to ARMS! to ARMS! they cry.
6. AWAKE! ARISE! or be forever fallen.
7. ROLL ON! thou deep and dark blue ocean, ROLL.

Most of the preceding examples require the intonsive form of the Expulsive Radical Stress, to give them with proper effect.

EXERCISE IV.

EXPLOSIVE RADICAL STRESS.

Inflate the lungs, and, as it were, bar up the breath in the throat, keep the abdominal muscles drawn back tight, then by the sudden, vigorous action of every part, cause the sound to burst forth with the utmost abruptness and with the highest degree of energy. First, give each of the vowel sounds in this manner, then select a number of words, such as SLAVE, WRETCH, COWARD, as in the passage, "Thou SLAVE, thou WRETCH, thou COWARD!" and practice upon these words and sounds, with varying degrees of force, but always with a well marked radical stress.

Give the following examples with proper spirit. Let the emphatic words be brought out with great abruptness and intense force. Take care to keep the voice within its range; if you let it spring into a very high pitch, you will be unable to control it.

EXAMPLES.

1. Thy threats, thy mercies I DEFT!
And give thee, in thy TEETH, the LIE!
2. I LOATHE you with my bosom;
I SCORN you with mine eye;
I'll TAUNT you with my latest breath,
And FIGHT you till I DIE!
3. Down soothless insulter!

4. And if thou sayst I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Highland or Lowland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast LIED!
5. Go from my sight! I HATE and I DESPISE thee!
6. ROUSE, ye Romans! ROUSE, ye SLAVES!
- 7 He DARES not touch a HAIR of Cataline.
8. Strike! till the last arm'd foe expires,
Strike! for your altars and your fires,
Strike! for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land.
-

EXERCISE V.

EXPLOSIVE SHORT VOCALS.

The mode of expressing these sounds is the same as in the Explosive Radical Stress, with this slight difference: in the explosive short vocals the sound continues but an instant, while in the Explosive Radical Stress the vanishing sound is always heard, and sometimes greatly prolonged.

Pronounce the words marked in the following passages with the utmost explosive force, and in a tone of passionate excitement. Practice, in this form of stress, upon the short vocals, singly, in syllables, and upon words until you can utter any of them in the middle, low, or high pitch of the voice, with that percussive force, that may be compared to the crack of a rifle.

EXAMPLES.

1. WHENCE and WHAT art thou? EXECRABLE shape!
2. BACK to thy punishment, false fugitive!
3. FRET, till your proud heart BREAKS!
4. HENCE! HOME! ye idle creatures! get you HOME.
5. You BLOCKS—you STONES—you WORSE than *senseless things*.
6. UP comrades, UP!—in Rokeby's halls,
Ne'er be it said our courage falls.
7. If it will feed nothing *else*, it will feed my REVENGE!

VANISHING STRESS.

The vanishing stress begins with a light and gentle sound, which gradually increases in volume, and suddenly terminates with a heavy and violent sound. This form of stress but seldom occurs in speech.

This is one of the best exercises for strengthening the voice, but the student must have forcible examples of it from the living teacher, before he can understand it sufficiently well to practice upon it with any decided advantage.

The pupil should practice regularly and frequently, upon the elementary sounds, on words, and on short passages in every form of stress, and in the lowest pitch of voice in which he can command a clear, full tone.

EXERCISE VI.

LAUGHING EXERCISE ON THE VOWEL SOUNDS.

Put on a mirthful look, draw back the corners of the mouth, as in laughter, and laugh out successively each of the short vocal sounds. Let the tone of voice be subdued, and the movement slow, at first, but rapidly increase, then diminish the degree of force and rapidity with which the sounds are uttered.

Occasionally intersperse the exercises with one of the open vowel sounds, expressed with long quantity. In this manner you will relieve yourself, and be enabled to utter the sounds more like those which are heard on the spontaneous breaking forth of real laughter.

This is one of the most valuable of the vocal exercises, whether considered with reference to the deepening and mellowing of the voice, which results from it, or from the strengthening and invigorating effect it has upon the throat and lungs. It is highly promotive alike of health of body and cheerfulness of mind. It should, however, be conducted with great moderation at first. As soon as the pupil begins to feel somewhat exhausted by his efforts, he should rest awhile.

EXERCISE VII.

IN THE INTERROGATIVE AND AFFIRMATIVE TONES.

Take the vocal sounds in the order in which they occur upon the chart, beginning with E, and ask the question *Did you say E?* in your natural tone, and manner of asking a question; then answer the question affirmatively, thus: *Yes, I said E.*

In the question let the voice glide into a higher pitch on the element, or syllable which is the subject of experiment. In the affirmation let the voice fall into a lower pitch, and take a deeper, fuller tone.

Use the words, *Did you say?* and *Yes, I said;* in connection with the element, syllable, or word, until you no longer need them to enable you to distinguish the true sound of the interrogative or the affirmative tones. When you can readily do this, then illustrate both tones on the same word, thus:

Question.	Cincinnati?	Ans.	Cincinnati.
"	Gen. Washington?	"	Gen. Washington.
"	Constantinople?	"	Constantinople.
"	A?	"	A. &c.

Continue to increase the force and earnestness, in exemplifying these tones, until you have a perfect control of them.

EXERCISE VIII.

IN THE TONE OF SURPRISE.

Commence as if about to ask a question, but let the voice run up rapidly, on the principal syllable, or word, into a very high key, and terminate with great abruptness.

Putting on the look and appearance, which are characteristic of the emotion, will greatly aid you in bringing out the true sound.

EXERCISE IX.

Express the following examples slowly, at first, and gradually increase the rate of utterance. Pronounce every

word and syllable, clearly, distinctly, and with the utmost rapidity.

Whenever you discover that there is the least indistinctness, or that the words or syllables run into each other, stop and commence again, more slowly and carefully.

Give the examples in every pitch, within the compass of your voice, and with varying degrees of force, from the suppressed whisper, up to the loudest tone you can command.

EXAMPLES.

1. The steadfast stranger through the forest strayed.
2. Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostrils wide.
3. Round the rude ring the ragged rascals ran.
4. The wild beasts struggled through the thickest shade.
5. The swinging swain swiftly swept the swinging sweep.
6. Execrable Xantippe exhibited extraordinary and excessive irritability.
- 7 Six brave maids sat on six broad beds, and braided broad braids.
8. The stripling stranger strayed through the struggling stream
9. The rough and rugged rocks rear their hoary heads high on the heath.
10. Peter Prickle Prangle picked three pecks of prickly pears, from three prickly, prangly pear trees.
11. Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone.
12. Amidst the mists and coldest frosts,
With barest wrists and stoutest boasts,
He thrusts his fists against the posts,
And still insists he sees the ghosts.

13. THE CATARACT OF LODORE.

How does the water
Come down at Lodore?

From its sources which well
In the tarn on the fell;
From its fountains
In the mountains,
Its rills and its gills;

Through moss and through brake
 It runs and it creeps,
 For a while, till it sleeps
 In its own little lake.
 And thence at departing,
 Awakening and starting,
 It runs through the reeds,
 And away it proceeds,
 Through meadow and glade,
 In sun and in shade,
 And through the wood-shelter,
 Among crags in its flurry,
 Helter-skelter,
 Hurry-skurry.

Here it comes sparkling,
 And there it lies darkling;
 Now smoking and frothing
 Its tumult and wrath in,
 Till in this rapid race,
 On which it is bent,
 It reaches the place
 Of its steep descent.

The cataract strong
 Then plunges along,
 Striking and raging,
 As if a war waging
 Its caverns and rocks among:
 Spouting and frisking,
 Turning and twisting,
 Around and around
 With endless rebound:
 Smiting and fighting,
 A sight to delight in,
 Confounding, astounding,

Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,
 Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,
 Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,
 And gleaming and streaming and steaming and beaming,
 And dashing and flashing and splashing and clashing,
 And so never ending, but always descending,
 Sounds and motions forever and ever are blending,
 All at once and all o'er, with a mighty uproar:
 And this way, the water comes down at Lodore.

The pupil should carefully practice the various exercises upon the elementary sounds, and in articulation, until he can utter every sound, syllable, word, or combination of elements, with perfect distinctness and accuracy, and in a clear, full tone of voice.

Much advantage may be obtained from practicing in company with some one, who is competent to detect your faults of utterance and delivery, and is willing to point them out.

The monotone, swell, and all the different forms of stress, should be practiced in every pitch of voice, and in every degree of force.

To obtain a full, deep, clear, rich tone, the student must resort to every conceivable expedient for modifying the voice. Whenever he utters a sound that is very pleasing to the ear, or that impresses his mind as being very striking or significant, he should repeat it, until he can command it without difficulty at pleasure.

The most significant, impressive, and pleasing tones of the voice can not be taught, or even described; the pupil, if he ever learns them, must find them out for himself, by careful, persevering self practice. In short, he must try every plan, and resort to every appliance that he can command, in his endeavors to perfect himself in the art of reading and speaking with ease, elegance, and impressive effect.

EXPRESSION.

Expression comprehends the practical application of all the rules and principles of Elocution.

EMPHASIS.

Emphasis relates to the mode of giving expression; properly and fully defined it includes whatever modulation of the voice or expedient the speaker may use, to render what he says significant or expressive of the meaning he desires to convey.

No certain rules can be given to guide the student in the employment of emphasis. If his voice be full, clear, flexible, and under the control of the will, he will be able to express what he fully understands and strongly feels, in an effective manner, without the aid of rules. The best advice that can be given to the student upon this point, is to study his subject until he thoroughly understands it, and then practice upon it until he can express it to his own satisfaction.

A careful observance of the following simple directions, will soon enable the student to read in a pleasing and impressive manner.

FIRST:—Pause long enough to take a short breath, just before giving an emphatic word.

SECOND:—Pause for a moment immediately after giving an emphatic word, letting the voice fall in pitch, and take a more subdued tone on the words immediately following.

THIRD:—When emphasis is given by simply increasing the loudness, or duration of the accented syllable, let the voice out freely, and do not check the sound before it is fully developed.

FOURTH:—After expressing a word or syllable with great force, as in the intensive forms of the Expulsive or Explosive Radical Stress, do not keep the muscles of the neck, throat, and chest in the same rigid condition they are in at the moment of giving the emphatic word; but, instantly, let them relax, and fall into a natural and easy position.

Let me here advise the student who intends to pursue this subject, not to pass lightly over the first exercises because they are simple and unattractive. Success in giving the most difficult passages, will chiefly depend upon a practical knowledge of the principles involved in the correct enunciation of short and simple sentences. As in Articulation and Modulation, the student should begin with the first example under the first rule, and thoroughly master *that*, before he takes up the next.

CADENCE.

Cadence signifies that easy, natural dropping of the voice at the end of a sentence or passage, which denotes completeness of sense, or that the speaker has finished what he had to say upon that point.

No specific rules can be given by which to regulate the tone and movement of the voice in making the cadence; the pupil must rely, mainly, upon his own taste and discrimination. After a few days' careful practice of the following exercises, his ear will detect the slightest variation from the true sound of the cadence.

EXERCISE I.

The simplest form of the cadence can be best illustrated by the enumeration of a series of particulars.

By counting one, two, three, four, five, in a deliberate manner, and paying particular attention to the tone of the voice on *four* and *five*, it will be discovered that on *five*, the voice falls a little, takes a fuller tone, and has that peculiar intonation which denotes that the enumeration is complete.

EXAMPLES.

1 1, 2, 3 \ 4. 1, 2, 3, 4 \ 5. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 \ 7. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7 \ 8.

Give the open vowel sounds in a clear, full tone, in the same manner as in the first example, thus:

2. E, A, Aw \ O. O, E, I, Oi \ Ow. I, Oi, E, A, Aw \ U.

Give a number of names in succession as in calling the roll, thus:

3. Smith, Chambers, Butterfield, Edmunds, Morgan, Wilson, Page,
Jones, *Byron.*

Connect the last two names or particulars by the conjunction *and*, letting the voice rise a little on the last par-

ticular but one, and fall, as in the previous examples, on the last one, thus:

4. Cincinnati, St. Louis, Boston, Louisville, Philadelphia, Nashville,
and New York.

Let the cadence in the following passages be formed in the same manner as in example 4.

5. He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, ¹unknelled, ²uncoffin'd, and ³unknown.

6. Whatever obscurities may involve religious tenets, the essence of true piety consists in ¹humility, ²love, and ³devotion.

7. Be armed with courage against ¹thyself, against thy ²passions, and against ³flatterers.

8. In the least insect there are ¹muscles, ²nerves, ³joints, ⁴veins, ⁵arteries, and ⁶blood.

When the concluding series consists of more than three members or particulars, the preceding members or particulars should receive the modulation which taste and the general sense of the passage suggest.

EXERCISE II.

THE COMMENCING SERIES.

In the commencing series the last particular or member should take the rising modulation, and the last but one, a slight falling modulation.

EXAMPLES.

1. The ¹knowledge, ²power, ³wisdom, ⁴holiness, and ⁵goodness of the Deity are all unbounded.

2. Gold, silver, copper, iron, and lead are abundant in various parts of the Western Continent.

3. Proofs of the immortality of the soul, may justly be drawn from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, wisdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this great point.

Immediately after expressing the last particular, pause

for a moment and let the voice drop into its ordinary pitch and tone, upon the words that follow.

EXERCISE III.

The student should practice upon each of the following examples until he can exemplify the rule involved, and bring out the sense in the fullest, most pleasing, and most impressive manner.

EXAMPLES.

1. Diligence, industry, and proper improvement of their time, are material duties of the young.

2. He is generous, just, charitable, and humane.

3. In meat and drink observe the rules of Christian temperance and sobriety.

4. If you would be revenged on your enemies, let your life be blameless.

5. Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that the man was never yet found who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

6. As you value the approbation of heaven or the esteem of the world, cultivate the love of virtue.

7. The earth is adorned with a beautiful variety of mountains, hills, valleys, plains, seas, lakes, rivers, trees, flowers, plants, and animals.

8. Luxury, vanity, and pride, have much influence in corrupting the opinions of the multitude.

9. Make a proper use of your time, for the loss of it can never be retrieved.

10. Envy not the appearance of happiness in any man; for you know not his secret griefs.

11. The shadow of knowledge passeth over the mind of man as a dream; he seeth as in the dark; he reasoneth and is deceived.

12. Do not insult a poor man; his misery entitles him to pity.

13. A tear is sometimes the indication of a noble mind: Jesus wept.

14. Every thing grows old; every thing passes away; every thing disappears.

15. A talkative man is a nuisance to society; the ear is sick of his babbling.

16. Fear God: He is thy Creator and thy Preserver.

17. When the battle was ended, the stranger disappeared, and no person knew whence he had come, or whither he had gone.

18. It is not the use of the innocent amusements of life which is dangerous, but the abuse of them; it is not when they are occasionally, but when they are constantly pursued, that they become an evil.

19. Some men are intent upon gathering riches; others endeavor to acquire reputation and honor; a third sort are devoted to their pleasures; while but few are engaged in the nobler pursuits of learning and wisdom.

20. Truth is the basis of every virtue; it is the voice of reason; let its precepts be religiously obeyed; never transgress its limits. Every deviation from truth is criminal. Abhor a falsehood. Let your words be ingenuous.

21. Sincerity possesses the most powerful charm. It acquires the veneration of mankind; its path is security and peace.

EXERCISE IV.

PARENTHESIS.

In the following examples, read the first part of each sentence in a manner suited to the nature of the subject, and make a short pause just before the parenthesis, which read more rapidly, and in a more subdued tone. When the parenthesis is concluded, resume your former pitch and tone of voice.

EXAMPLES.

1. Know then this truth, (enough for man to know,) Virtue alone is happiness below.
2. I have seen charity (if charity it may be called) insult with an air of pity.
3. I am happy, said he (expressing himself with the warmest emotion), infinitely happy, in seeing you return.
4. Surely in this age of invention, something may be struck out to obviate the necessity (if such necessity exist) of so tasking the human intellect.
5. Know ye not, brethren (for I speak to them that know the law), that the law hath dominion over a man as long as he liveth?

6. It is this sense which furnishes the imagination with ideas; so that by the pleasures of the imagination or fancy (terms which I shall use promiscuously), I here mean such as arise from visible objects.

EXERCISE V.

THE RHETORICAL PAUSE.

The *Rhetorical Pause* consists in suspending the voice either directly before or after the utterance of an important thought. The pause before the principal word awakens curiosity and excites expectation; after, it carries the mind back to what has already been said.

Pauses occur as often where points are not found as where they are. Sense and sentiment are the best guides in the use of the pause. The student must remember that every important modulation, in order to preserve its due force and distinctness, requires to be followed by a considerable pause.

A pause of greater or less duration is always required wherever an interruption occurs in the progress of thought, or the uniform construction of the sentence, as in the case of the dash, the exclamation, the parenthesis, &c. In these instances the mind is supposed to be arrested by the sudden change of sentiment or passion.

EXAMPLES.

1. But this very day,
An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—
Was struck—struck like a dog—by one who wore
The badge of Ursini.
- 2 Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue:
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when? or where?—This world was made for *Cæsar*
I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
3. Slaves to a horde
Of petty tyrants, feudal despots! lords,
Rich in some dozen paltry villages—

Strong in some hundred spearmen—only great
In that strange spell—a name.

4. They fought like brave men—long and well;
They piled the ground with Moslem slain;
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
5. Ο τῆου Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide,
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty one!
Whom none can comprehend, and none explore:
Who fill'st existence with *thyself* alone;
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call GOD!—and know no more

6. Some—place the bliss in action, some—in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and—contentment, these.

7. Stand up—erect! Thou hast the form
And likeness of thy God!—Who more?
A soul as dauntless 'mid the storm
Of daily life, a heart as warm
And pure as breast e'er wore.

8. Hush!—Mark!—a deep sound strikes like a rising knell.

9. We are some of us very fond of knowledge, and apt to value ourselves upon any proficiency in the sciences. One science there is worth more than all the rest, and that is—*the science of living well.*

10. Heaven and earth will witness,
If—Rome must fall—that we are innocent.

11. He woke—to die mid flame and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre stroke.

12. Thou art thyself thine enemy:
The great!—what better they than thou?
As theirs is not thy will as free?
Has God with equal favors thee
Neglected to endow?

True, wealth thou hast not—'tis but dust:
Nor place—uncertain as the wind;

But that thou hast, which with thy crust
 And water may despise the lust
 Of both—a noble mind.

EXERCISE VI.

ON SHORT QUESTIONS.

Express the following examples with the same earnestness of tone, and directness of manner, which you would use if the questions were your own, and you felt deeply interested in the answer you might receive.

Is John at home?
 Are you still living with your father?
 Do you think he is honest?
 Are the people willing?
 Whither are you going?
 How many books have you bought?
 Why did you not go to Boston?
 When shall I see you again?
 Who told you that I was sick?
 Whose dog is that?
 What excuse have you for coming so late this morning?
 Did he say that he would do it?
 How many bushels have you?
 Who can view such misery without pity?
 Have you seen Joseph yet?

EXERCISE VII.

ON VARIOUS FORMS OF INTERROGATION AND AFFIRMATION.

Was his progress quick or slow?
 It was slow, very slow.
 Did he pitch his voice high or low?
 He pitched it high, never higher.
 Do you read Greek or Latin?
 I have long read Latin, never Greek.
 Did they confess or deny?
 They confessed and were merely rebuked.
 How does your friend look? well or ill?
 Well; he never looked better.
 How did he move? gracefully?
 Gracefully! Yes—as he always does.

Was the prize merited or not?
 It was—at least all thought so.
 Who delivered the message? he or his brother?
 He; his brother is from home.
 Is the stream wide or narrow?
 Very narrow—especially near its source.
 Straight or circuitous?
 Partly straight and partly circuitous.
 And its banks—rugged?
 Yes; but quite accessible, and highly picturesque.
 His speech was not read—it was delivered?
 It was well delivered.
 And well received?
 With enthusiasm—if the applause it obtained is the test
 The subject was interesting?
 Yes, and is rather popular at present.
 Did he speak long? An hour perhaps?
 Longer—two hours—three hours.
 And was well received, you say?
 Enthusiastically—applauded throughout.
 He made an impression then?
 I should think so—at least upon some.
 Then he is likely to succeed?
 Succeed! Yes—if he chooses to exert himself.

The Past—where is it? It has fled.
 The Future? It may never come.
 Our friends departed? With the dead.
 Ourselves? Fast hastening to the tomb.
 What are earth's joys? The dews of morn.
 Its honors? Ocean's wreathing foam.
 Where's peace? In trials meekly borne.
 And joy? In Heaven—the Christian's home.

EXERCISE VIII.

IN CHANGING THE SENSE BY VARYING THE MODULATION
 AND BY CHANGING THE SEAT OF EMPHASIS.

He attended Divine service regularly.

Read the above passage so as to place the emphasis first
 exclusively upon *regularly*; then upon *Divine service*; then
 upon *attended*; and last upon *He*. The words immediately
 preceding or following the emphatic word, must be given

in the usual conversational pitch and tone. Make a marked pause directly after uttering the word which receives the emphasis.

Give the tone of the direct question upon the last word of the same passage, so that it will convey the same meaning that would be conveyed if the question were asked thus:

Did you say that he attended divine service *regularly*?

Then change the seat of emphasis as in the preceding exercise. Next express it in a tone of surprise. Give the same sentence as a question in a whispered tone; then express it as if in answer to the question, in the same tone: thus,

He attended Divine service regularly?

Ans. He attended Divine service regularly.

Next, express it both interrogatively and affirmatively, in the tone of unimpassioned conversation; then as if carrying on a conversation with a person on the opposite side of the street; then as if conversing with a person still farther away from you; and so on, to the utmost extent of your vocal capability.

Express it also both interrogatively and affirmatively in a very pleasant tone and manner; in a sullen, surly manner; in a careless, indifferent, sleepy tone and manner; in a very irritable or excited tone and manner; in a scornful or ironical tone; in a respectful, deferential tone; in a very serious tone, and in a merry, laughing tone.

Such exercises, carefully practiced, will, more than any other, facilitate the progress of the student, in obtaining a command of the tones, looks, and action by which the various emotions and passions of the soul are expressed.

EXERCISE IX.

ANTITHESIS.

Antithesis is founded upon contrast, expressed or implied. It occurs in a sentence in which two or more words are opposed to each other in meaning. Words, that

express opposite ideas, must be marked by different modulations, and expressed with greater emphasis, than the words that immediately precede, or those which follow them. In nearly all cases there should be a marked pause directly after the antithetic words, and on the remaining words in the passage the voice should take its ordinary, unimpassioned tone.

EXAMPLES.

1. I come to *bury*—Cæsar, not to *praise* him.
2. The *evil* that men do, lives after them;
The *good*—is oft interred with their bones.
3. It is sown in *weakness*; it is raised in *power*. It is sown a *natural* body; it is raised a *spiritual* body.
4. If ye are *beasts*, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are *men*,—follow me!
5. O Comrades! Warriors! Thracians!—if we must fight, let us fight for *ourselves*! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our *oppressors*!
6. Had you rather Cæsar were *living*, and die all *slaves*, than that Cæsar were *dead*, and live all *freemen*?
7. A *friend* can not be *known* in *prosperity*; an *enemy* can not be *hidden* in *adversity*.
8. Speak gently; it is better far
To rule by *love*, than *fear*:
Speak gently, let no harsh words mar
The good we might do here.
9. Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though *poor*, *luxurious*; though *submissive*, *vain*;
Though *grave*, yet *trifling*; *zealous*, yet *untrue*;
And e'en in penance, planning sins anew.
10. Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be *angels*, *angels* would be *gods*;
Aspiring to be *gods*, if *angels* fell,
Aspiring to be *angels*, *men* rebel.

EXERCISE X.

CLIMAX.

A climax is a series of particulars, members, or sentences, in which each successive particular, member, or sentence rises in force and importance to the last.

The pervading pitch, the kind of stress, the rate of utterance, and the peculiar modulations of the voice, appropriate to the correct delivery of any example of climax, the student must find out for himself. The best rule that can be given is to study the passage carefully until he has a correct appreciation of it, then to practice upon it until he can bring out his own conception of its meaning and character, in a manner satisfactory to himself. As a general rule, the voice should fall so as to make a partial cadence at the close of the first member of the climax, and each successive member ought to be given with increasing force and earnestness to the last.

EXAMPLES.

1. I tell you, though ¹you, though the whole world², though an angel from heaven³, were to declare the truth of it, I would not believe it.

2. But every where, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heaven, that other sentiment, dear to every American heart—Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.

3. And Douglas, more, I tell thee here—
Here—in thy pitch of pride—
Here—in thy hold, thy vassals near,
I tell thee, *thou'rt defied.*

4. I will not, must not, dare not, grant your wish.

5. I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes, strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs, I have within my heart's hot cells shut up, to leave you in your lazy dignities.

6. Add to your faith, virtue, and to virtue, knowledge, and to knowledge, temperance, and to temperance, patience, and to patience, godliness, and to godliness, brotherly kindness, and to brotherly kindness, charity.

7. Clarence has come! false! fleeting! perjured Clarence!

8. Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern, forever and aye;
O, sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul.

9. The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all that it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like the baseless fabric of a vision,
Leave not a wreck behind.
10. Can you raise the dead?
Pursue and overtake the wings of time?
And bring about again the hours, the days,
The years that made me happy?
-

EXERCISE XI.

AMPLIFICATION AND ENUMERATION.

Amplification signifies a diffusive description or discussion, containing such an enumeration of particulars as will present the subject in the strongest light. It admits of various modes of delivery, according to the nature of the subject and other circumstances. Generally, amplification and climax require nearly the same style of delivery.

Let the pupil study the following examples carefully, and use his own discretion as to the style and manner of giving them.

1. To wake the soul by tender strokes of art;
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er the scene, and be what they behold;-
For this the tragic muse first trod the stage:
Commanding tears to stream through every age.

2. Such has been the case with Mr. Roscoe. Born in a place apparently ungenial to the growth of literary talent; in the very market-place of trade; without fortune, family connections, or patronage; self-prompted, self-sustained, and almost self-taught; he has conquered every obstacle, achieved his way to eminence, and, having become one of the ornaments of the nation, has turned the whole force of his talents and influence to advance and embellish his native town.

3. Let not the passions blight the intellect in the spring of its advancement, nor indolence nor vice canker the promise of the heart in blossom. Then shall the summer of life be adorned with moral beauty, the autumn yield a harvest of wisdom and virtue and the

winter of age be cheered with pleasing reflections on the past, and bright hopes of the future.

4. We do not pray to instruct or advise God; not to tell him news, or inform him of our wants; nor do we pray by dint of argument to persuade God and bring him to our bent; nor that, by fair speech, we may cajole him, or move his affections toward us by pathetic orations; not for any such purpose are we obliged to pray; but because it becometh and behooveth us so to do; because it is a proper instrument of bettering, ennobling, and perfecting our souls; because it breedeth most holy affections, and pure satisfactions, and worthy resolutions: because it fitteth us for the enjoyment of happiness, and leadeth us thither: for such ends devotion is prescribed.

5. We have been discoursing of infancy, childhood, boyhood, and youth; of pleasures lying upon the unfolding intellect plenteously as morning dew-drops of knowledge, inhaled insensibly like fragrance; of dispositions stealing into the spirit like music from unknown quarters; of images uncalled for, and rising up like exhalations; of hopes plucked, like beautiful wildflowers from the ruined tombs that border the highways of antiquity, to make a garland for a living forehead: in a word, we have been treating of nature as a teacher of truth through joy and through gladness, and as a creatress of the faculties by a process of smoothness and delight. We have made no mention of fear, shame, sorrow, nor of ungovernable and vexing thoughts; because, although these have been, and have done mighty service, they are overlooked in that stage of life, when youth is passing into manhood: overlooked, or forgotten.

6. There various news I heard of love and strife;
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life;
Of loss and gain; of famine and of store;
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore;
Of prodigies and portents in the air;
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair;
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The fall of favorites, projects of the great;
Of old mismanagements, taxations new:
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

7. In all the modern languages she was
Exceedingly well versed, and had devoted
To their attainment, far more time than has,
By the best teachers, lately been allotted;
For she had taken lessons twice a week,
For a full month in each; and she could speak

French and Italian, equally as well
 As Chinese, Portuguese, or German; and
 What is still more surprising, she could spell
 Most of our longest English words, off-hand:
 Was quite familiar in low Dutch and Spanish,
 And thought of studying modern Greek and Danish.

EXERCISE XII.

TRANSITION.

Transition, in Elocution, signifies a sudden change in the pitch, force, quality, quantity, or movement of the voice; as from a high, to a low pitch, from a subdued, to a very loud tone, from a very slow, to a very rapid rate of utterance, and the reverse of these. It refers, also, to the changes in style, as from the persuasive to the declamatory; also, to the expression of passion or emotion, as from grief to joy, fear to courage, hope to despair, &c.

No rules can be laid down in relation to the management of the voice in transition, which will be intelligible without the living teacher to exemplify them.

The following exercises, if persevered in for a short time, will enable the pupil to make some of the most important vocal transitions, with skill and ease.

First,—Repeat 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, progressively increasing the force and elevating the pitch of the voice, as in the climax, up to the last number, which pronounce with great force, then pause for a moment, and pronounce 6, 7, 8, 9, very slowly, in the lowest and deepest tone you can command. Increase the number of particulars gradually, as you find you are acquiring the power to sustain the voice, in great force, upon a higher pitch.

Second,—Repeat the open vowels in the same way, then the short vowels, then the short and open vowels irregularly interspersed, letting the last in a series be an open vowel.

Third,—Give a number of words or names, with increasing force and rapidity, to the last one; then pause and let the voice fall as before instructed, and give other names or

words very slowly, with long quantity, and in the lowest pitch of the voice that you can reach.

Fourth,—Select for yourself a few suitable short passages, and exercise upon them in the same way as upon the vocal sounds.

EXAMPLES.

1. Were I an American, as I am an Englishman, while a single foreign troop remained in my country, I would NEVER lay down my arms, *Never! Never! Never!*

2. An hour passed on, the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last:
He woke to hear his sentry shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"

3. CHARGE! Chester, Charge! ON, Stanley! on!
Were the last words of Marmion.

4. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself are much condemned to have an itching palm, to sell and mart your offices for gold to under-servers.

I an itching PALM?—You know that you are Brutus that speak this, or by the gods this speech were else your last.

5. If influenced by local pride, or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate a tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame—may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth.

6. God of the Mariner! protect
Her inmates as she moves along,
Through perils which ere now had wrecked—
But that thine arm is strong.
Ha! she has struck—she grounds—she stands,
Still as if held by giant hands.

Quick, man the boat!—away they sprang,
The stranger ship to aid;
And loud their hailing voices rang,
And rapid speed they made:
But all in silence, deep, unbroke,
The vessel stood—none answering spoke.

'Twas fearful—not a sound arose—
No moving thing was there,
To interrupt the dread repose
Which fill'd each heart with fear.

7. Hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell
 Did ye not hear it?—No: 'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
 On with the dance! Let joy be unconfined;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet:—
 But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier, than before!
 Arm! arm! it is!—it is!—the cannon's opening roar!

8. Her giant form
 O'er wrathful surge, through blackening storm,
 Majestically calm, would go,
 'Mid the deep darkness, white as snow!
 But gently now the small waves glide,
 Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
 So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
 The main she will traverse forever and aye.
 Many ports will exult at the gleam of her mast!
 —Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last
 Five hundred souls, in one instant of dread,
 Are hurried o'er the deck;
 And fast the miserable ship
 Becomes a lifeless wreck.

9. And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar,
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum,
 Roused up the soldier, ere the morning star;
 While thronged the citizens, with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! They come! they come!"

EXERCISE XIII.

EMPHATIC REPETITION.

In emphatic repetition, the repeated word or words should be given with increased force and earnestness the second time uttered, and so on, increasing the intensity of expression with each repetition.

EXAMPLES.

1. But whatever may be our fate, be *assured*, be *assured* that this declaration will stand.

2. *Rise*, fathers! *rise!* 'tis Rome demands your help.

3. *Up!* comrades, *up!*—in Rokeby's halls,
Ne'er be it said our courage falls.

4. *Woe! Woe! Woe*, unto the inhabitants of the earth!

5. *Arm! Arm!* it is!—it is!—the cannon's opening roar!

6. The temples of the god's, the gods themselves, will justify the cry, and swell the general sound, *Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!*

7. *Peace! Peace!*—To other than to me,
Thy words are *evil* augury.

8. *Hold, hold!* for your *lives!*

9. *Hold, hold!* the general speaks to you.

10. Stretch to the *race!*—*Away!*—*Away!*

11. To *arms!* to *arms!* to *arms!* they cry.

12. "*On! On!*"—was still his stern exclaim,
"*Confront* the battery's jaws of flame!

13. Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,
Behold where he flies on his desolate path!
Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight:
Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!

14. "*Revenge!—Revenge!*"—the Saxons cried.

15. To *arms!*—To *arms!*"—a thousand voices cried.

16. "Who *dares* to fly from yonder swords,"—he cries.
Who *dares* to tremble, by this weapon dies.

17. *Stand!*—Bayard!—*Stand!*—the steed obey'd,

18. *War! War!*—aloud with general voice they cry.

Repetition, when properly expressed, gives great beauty and impressiveness to the passage in which it occurs.

EXERCISE XIV.

INTERROGATION.

When men are moved by passion, or are intensely in earnest in argumentation, they naturally express what they

would affirm or deny by vehement interrogation, thus exhibiting the strongest confidence in the truth of their statements.

Most of our finest examples of senatorial and argumentative eloquence abound with the interrogation.

The pupil should carefully study the following examples, until he clearly understands them; then, as far as possible, he should bring himself under the influence of the proper spirit, and give the passage, in an appropriate tone and manner, with directness, force, and earnestness. Pause at the end of every question, as if you waited an answer; this will render your tone and manner much more direct, natural, and effective.

Keep the voice full and clear, and in a pitch in which you can readily control its modulations.

EXAMPLES.

1. But wherefore thou alone? wherefore with thee came not all hell, broke loose?

2. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak! for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak! for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak! for him have I offended.

3. Tried and convicted traitor! Who says this? Who'll prove it at his peril on my head?

4. Our brethren are already in the field. Why stand we here idle? What is it that gentlemen wish? What would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?

5. Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair—is not he—our venerable colleague near you, are not you both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws?

6. They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary; but when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every

house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely upon our backs and hugging the delusive phantom of hope until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of the means which the God of nature hath placed in our power.

7. He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? he that formed the eye, shall he not see? he that chastiseth the heathen, shall he not correct? he that teacheth man knowledge, shall he not know?

Thou therefore that teachest another, teachest thou not thyself? thou that preachest, a man shall not steal, dost thou steal? thou that sayest a man shall not commit adultery, dost thou commit adultery? thou that abhorrest idols, dost thou commit sacrilege? thou that makest thy boast of the law, through breaking the law, dishonorest thou God?

8. Whence is man;
 Why formed at all; and wherefore as he is;
 Where must he find his maker: with what rites
 Adore him? Will he hear, accept and bless;
 Or does he sit regardless of his works?
 Has man within him an immortal seed;
 Or does the tomb take all? If he survive
 His ashes, where? and in what weal or wo?
9. 'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ,
 To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy;
 Is it less strange the prodigal should waste
 His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?

10. Is it the cold and languid speaker, whose words fall in such sluggish and drowsy motion from his lips, that they can promote nothing but the slumbers of his auditory, and minister opiates to the body, rather than stimulants to the mind; is it the unlettered fanatic without method, without reason, with incoherent raving, and vociferous ignorance, calculated to fit his hearers not for the kingdom of heaven, but for a hospital of lunatics; is it even the learned, ingenious and pious minister of Christ, who, by neglect or contempt of the oratorical art, has contracted a whining, monotonous sing-song delivery to exercise the patience of his flock, at the expense of other Christian graces? or is it the genuine orator of heaven with a heart sincere, upright, and fervent: a mind stored with that universal knowledge required as the foundation of the art. with a genius for the invention, a skill for the disposition, and a voice for the elocution of every argument to convince and every sentiment to persuade?

EXERCISE XV.

PITCH.

No definite rules can be given for the regulation of the pitch of the voice. The nature of the sentiment and discriminating taste must determine the appropriate key-note of delivery.

HIGH PITCH.

To obtain good control of the voice in a high pitch, practice upon such examples as the following with great force, in the highest key in which you can manage the voice. Remember to drop the jaw, so as to keep the mouth and throat well open, and whenever the voice breaks into a falsette, or impure tone of any kind, stop immediately, and rest for a few moments, then begin again.

EXAMPLES.

1. *Boat ahoy! Boat ahoy!*
2. *Charcoal! Charcoal! Charcoal!*
3. *Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!*
4. Up drawbridge, grooms!—what, warder, *ho!*
Let the portcullis fall.
5. Follow your spirits, and upon this charge,
Cry, God for *Harry! England! and St. George!*
6. The combat deepens: *On, ye brave!*
Who rush to *glory* or the *grave*.
7. *Bursts* the storm on Phocis' walls!
Rise!—or Greece forever falls.
8. Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,
Rise! Fellow-men!—our country yet remains.
9. Quick! man the boat!
10. "Jump far out, boy, into the wave!
Jump, or I *fire!*" he said:
"This chance alone your life can save,
Jump! Jump!" the boy obeyed.
11. To *arms!* To *arms!*—a thousand voices cried.

Most of the examples in Repetition are appropriate examples for practice in high pitch and sustained force.

The foregoing exercise is one of the very best for increasing the compass and flexibility of the voice; but the student, to profit by it, must practice frequently, and with all the force he can command.

EXERCISE XVI.

LOW PITCH.

The best way to obtain a good control of the voice in a low pitch, is to practice such exercises as those given under REPETITION and HIGH PITCH, until you are somewhat fatigued with your exertions, then, after resting the lungs and vocal organs, for two or three hours, practice in the lowest and deepest tone you can command, upon passages which require the deepest, lowest, and most prolonged tones of the voice.

If found very laborious and difficult to sustain a full, clear, and resonant tone in a low key, rest a few moments occasionally, and then, "try again."

EXAMPLES.

1. How hollow groans the earth beneath my tread;
Is there an echo here? methinks it sounds
As though some heavy footstep followed me:
I will advance no farther.
2. My soul was hushed within me, and a dread
Of what I knew not, charmed mine awe-struck thought
The breeze that rustled in my hair, seemed fraught
With murmurings, as if the ocean dead
Were moaning in their sleep; the billows brought
Strange voices to mine ears, as if they sought
Communion; and the white moon, overhead,
Seem'd whispering to my soul in every ray she shed.
3. Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother, when she feels,
For the first time, her first-born's breath;—

Come, when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke;—
 Come in consumption's ghastly form—
 The earthquake shock—the ocean storm—
 Come, when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine—
 And thou art terrible;—the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
 And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

4. How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
 Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
 To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
 By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
 Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
 And terror on my aching sight: the tombs
 And monumental caves of death look cold,
 And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.

5. At dead of night,
 In sullen silence stalks forth PESTILENCE:
 CONTAGION, close behind, taints all her steps
 With poisonous dew: no smiting hand is seen;
 No sound is heard; but soon her secret path
 Is marked with desolation: heaps on heaps
 Promiscuous drop. No friend, no refuge, near:
 All, all is false and treacherous around,
 All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is DEATH!

6. Thou breakest;—and the obedient storm is still,
 Thou speakest;—silent, the submissive wave:
 Man's shattered ship the rushing waters fill;
 And the hushed billows roll across his grave.
 Sourceless and endless God! compared with Thee,
 Life is a shadowy, momentary dream;
 And time, when viewed through Thy eternity,
 Less than the mote of morning's golden beam.

7 Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity!—thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass!
 The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

- 8 Night, sable goddess, from her ebon throne,
 In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
 Her leaden scepter o'er a slumbering world.
 Silence, how dead! and darkness, how profound!
 Nor eye, nor listening ear, an object finds;
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
 Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause,
 An awful pause, prophetic of her end.

9. Now o'er the one half world
 Nature seems dead; and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered murder,
 Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
 Toward his design
 Moves like a ghost.—Thou sure and firm-set earth!
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk; for fear
 The very stones prate of my whereabouts,
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it.

EXERCISE XVII.

SUSTAINED FORCE.

The tones of the voice can be rapidly deepened, strengthened, and improved in quality, by practicing upon syllables, words, and short passages, in the most intensive and sustained forms of the Expulsive, and the Explosive Radical Stress.

To give the accompanying examples with proper effect, the student must exert every energy of body and mind. By pursuing this course, he will soon increase the power and flexibility of his voice to a surprising extent, and, also, acquire a directness of tone and earnestness of manner, which will be invaluable to him as a public speaker

EXAMPLES.

1. I scorn your proffer'd treaty: the pale-face I *defy*,
Revenge is stamped upon my spear, and *blood* my battle-cry
2. Our brethren are already in the field,
WHY stand we here idle?
3. Tried and convicted traitor! Who *says* this?
Who'll *prove* it, at his peril, on my head?
4. He DARES not touch a HAIR of Catiline!
5. ROUSE, ye *Romans*! ROUSE, ye SLAVES!
6. I laid me flat along, and cried in thralldom to the furious winds,
"BLOW ON! this is the land of *liberty*!"
7. Thou dost BELIE him, Percy! thou dost BELIE him! He never
did encounter with Glendower.
8. Unmanner'd DOG! STAND thou, when I command!
Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul! I'll STRIKE thee to the EARTH,
And *spurn* upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.
9. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!
10. What in the world he is,
That names me *traitor*, villian-like he LIES:
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On *him*, on you—WHO NOT?—I will maintain
My *truth* and *honor* firmly.
11. *Strike!*—till the last armed foe expires;
Strike!—for your altars and your fires;
Strike!—for the green graves of your sires—
God, and your native land!
12. BACK to thy punishment,
False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings;
Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or, with one stroke of this dart,
Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before!
13. WHENCE and WHAT art thou, execrable shape!
That dar'st, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miscreated front athwart my way
To yonder gates? Through them I mean to pass—
That be assured—without leave asked of thee:
RETIRE! or taste thy folly; and learn by proof,
HELL-BORN! not to contend with spirits of heaven.

EXERCISE XVIII

SUBDUED FORCE.

1. Ah! life is a journey of wearisome hours,
That the rose of enjoyment but seldom adorns;
And the heart that is soonest alive to the flowers,
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.
2. Thou unrelenting Past!
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain;
And fetters, sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.
3. Ye've gathered to your place of prayer,
With slow and measured tread;
Your ranks are full, your mates all there,
But the soul of one hath fled.
Tread lightly, comrades, ye have laid
His dark locks on his brow,
Like life, save deeper light and shade,
We'll not disturb them now.
4. Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame, fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone.
But left him—alone in his glory.
5. Ah! few shall part, where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet,
Shall be a soldier's sepulcher.
6. Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set;—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!
We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?
7. Yet half I hear the parting spirit sigh,
"It is a dread and awful thing to die!"—
Mysterious worlds untraveled by the sun,—
Where Time's far-wandering tide has never run,—
From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears.

EXERCISE XIX.

LONG QUANTITY.

Quantity relates to the duration, or length of time taken up in the utterance of a syllable or word. The word *roar* is an example of long quantity; the word *pit* of short quantity.

Let the following words be pronounced in the swell, in the expulsive radical stress, and in the explosive radical stress, with varying degrees of force, but always prolonging them to the utmost extent possible without changing their character, or giving them in a manner the least akin to a drawl.

By pronouncing the words as if you were speaking to some one fifty or a hundred yards away, you will soon form the habit of bringing out the vocals and sub-vocals in a clear, strong, and prolonged tone.

EXAMPLES.

Star, pale, law, bold, scorn, you, arm, down, shame, slave, all, lo, rave, time, hail, roar, praise, own, where, moon, plume, law, wail, calm, who, why, shore, roll, ale, wall, hold, me, knell, lie, home, blow, rise, noon, cold, etc.

One of the greatest beauties of delivery consists in a full, clear, prolonged utterance of the open vowel sounds; all of which are eminently susceptible of long quantity, as are many of the sub-vocals when properly expressed. Words that end with these sounds generally ought to terminate with a prolonged and well-defined delicate vanish.

MOVEMENT.

Words are uttered slowly or rapidly, according to the predominating feeling. In anger or excitement of any kind, we cut them short, and hurry over them rapidly. In grief, solemnity, adoration, and all the deeper emotions of the soul, we dwell upon the words, and utter them very slowly.

EXERCISE XX.

IN SLOW MOVEMENT AND LONG QUANTITY.

EXAMPLES.

1. And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and lo! there was a great earthquake. And the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood; and the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind. And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places. And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bond-man, and every free-man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains; and said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb: for the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?

2. Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,—
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,—
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
 No children run to lisp their sire's return,
 Or climb his knees, the envied kiss to share.

3. Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
 First chaos, then existence:— Lord! on thee
 Eternity had its foundation;— all
 Sprung forth from Thee, — of light, joy, harmony,
 Sole origin:— all life, all beauty thine.
 Thy word created all, and doth create;
 Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine.
 Thou art and wert and shalt be! Glorious! great!
 Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

4. O Lord! have mercy upon us, miserable offenders! Spare those, O God! who confess their faults according to thy promises, declared unto mankind in Christ Jesus our Lord, and grant, oh! most merciful Father, for his sake, that we may hereafter live a godly righteous, and sober life, to the glory of thy Holy Name.

EXERCISE XXI.

IN SHORT QUANTITY AND QUICK MOVEMENT.

EXAMPLES.

1. Quick! man the life boat! see yon bark,
That drives before the blast:
There's a rock ahead, the fog is dark,
And the storm comes thick and fast;
Can human power, in such an hour,
Avert the doom that's o'er her?
Her mainmast is gone,
But she still drives on,
To the fatal reef before her:—
The life boat! man the life boat!
2. Where's Harry Blount? Fitz Eustice, where?
Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare?
Redeem my pennon—charge again,
Cry—Marmion to the rescue!—Vain,
To Dacre bear my signet ring:
Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
Let Stanly charge, with spur of fire,
With Chester charge and Lancashire,
Full upon Scotland's central host,
Or Victory and England's lost!
Must I bid twice? hence, varlets, fly!
(slowly) Leave Marmion here alone—to die!
3. Talk not to me
Of odds or match!—When Comyn died,
Three daggers clashed within his side!
Talk not to me of sheltering hall!—
The Church of God saw Comyn fall!
On God's own altar streamed his blood;
While o'er my prostrate kinsmen stood
The ruthless murderer, e'en as now—
With armed hand and scornful brow—
Up! all who love me!—Blow on blow:
And lay the outlawed felons low!

EXERCISE XXII.

EXCLAMATION.

Exclamation shows that the mind is laboring with some strong emotion. It should be expressed in that tone and manner which are appropriate to the passage. Let the pupil exercise his own taste and judgment as to the manner of giving the following

EXAMPLES.

1. Ye, who have hearts of pity! ye, who have experienced the anguish of dissolving friendship! who have wept, and still weep over the moldering ruins of departed kindred!—ye can enter into the reflection.

2. O Jerusalem! Jerusalem! thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not.

3. Who would not exchange the misgivings and the gloom, that overhang this skeptical creed, for the inflexible faith, the ardent hope, the holy rejoicing of him who doubts not for a moment the future reign of universal peace?

4. O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

5. What sweetness, what purity, in his manners! what an affecting gracefulness in his instructions! what sublimity in his maxims! what profound wisdom in his discourses! what presence of mind, what sagacity and propriety in his answers! how great the command over his passions!

6. How hard it is to convince Christians of these things! how hard to bring them to act on the broad, simple, uncompromising precepts of the gospel! how next to impossible does it seem for them to regulate their thoughts, words, and deeds, and all the influences they are perpetually exerting over others, by the purifying and self-sacrificing humility of the gospel!

7. Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?—Not I!—
Bless me! how people propagate a lie!

8. How ghastly the visage of death doth appear;
How frightful the thought of the shroud and the bier;
And the blood-crested worm—how vile!

9. How friendly the hand that faith is now lending:
 How benignant her look o'er the pillow while bending.
 How sweet, how assuring, her smile!

10 Great Heaven! how frail thy creature man is made
 How by himself insensibly betrayed!

11. Not one shall survive to be enslaved; for ere the tri-colored flag shall wave over our prostrate republic, the bones of four millions of Americans shall whiten the shores of their country!

PERSONATION.

Personation is the representation by a single reader or speaker, of the words, manners, and actions of one or several persons.

The student should practice frequently and carefully upon such pieces as require personation in connection with narration and description. Such exercises are peculiarly fitted to break up monotonous and unimpressive habits of delivery.

STYLE.

One of the most important matters to be considered before engaging in a reading or declamatory exercise, is the style or manner, in which the piece should be given.

In ARGUMENT, the style must be characterized by directness and earnestness.

In DESCRIPTION, the speaker must proceed in precisely the same manner that he would if he were actually describing the thing spoken of.

In NARRATION, he must proceed as if narrating some part of his own experience.

In PERSUASION, he must use those tones, looks, and gestures only, which he knows are appropriate to persuasion.

In EXHORTATION, he must appeal, beseech, and implore, as the case may require.

In pieces of a mixed character, he must vary the style to suit the sentiment and character of the passage.

When the pupil understands the principles and rules which have been discussed, sufficiently well to be able to give a correct, practical exemplification of each of them, he ought to select passages for himself, suitable as exercises in cadence, pause, parenthesis, antithesis, climax, amplification, repetition, and transition; also in pitch, force, stress, movement, quantity, in personation, in style, and in every rule in modulation and expression.

He must especially practice in every kind of stress, and with every degree of force, from the most subdued whisper to the shout of enthusiastic exultation.

GESTURE.

Gesture, to be appropriate and impressive, must be natural. When gesture has its origin in the mere caprice of the speaker, it will appear artificial and out of place.

The speaker who is unable to manage his voice, is never easy and graceful in his gestures.

If the voice is exercised on too high a key, or in a harsh, aspirated, guttural, or impure tone of any kind, the attitude will be stiff and awkward, and the gestures broken, irregular, and difficult. But the speaker who has a good command of his voice, if he understands his subject, and is self-possessed, will speak with ease; and his gesticulation, if not always graceful, will be appropriate and expressive.

Before the pupil can be easy and natural in his action and gesticulation, he must have perfect control of his voice. Any attempt, therefore, which he may give to the cultivation of gesture and action, before he has obtained a good control of his voice, will be labor spent in vain.

ATTITUDE AND GESTURE IN READING.

Stand or sit erect, in an easy and graceful position, and hold the book in the left hand on a level with the face. Look from your book to the audience, as often and as long

at a time as you can, without missing the place. Make but few gestures, and then only when you are looking at your audience. To gesticulate while your eye is resting upon the book, is not only inappropriate, but ridiculous.

ACTION IN UNIMPASSIONED DISCOURSE.

In didactic or unimpassioned discourse, gesticulation is not necessary, farther than occasionally to slightly change the position and movement of the hands, or to move the head and body sufficiently to look at your audience from right to left. In discourse of this character the gestures and movements should be executed slowly, and as gracefully as possible. In stating unimportant particulars, or speaking about matters which require a quiet, narrative style, the right arm and hand should be chiefly used.

There are three positions in which the hand and arm may rest, and, by slowly changing from one to the other of these positions, stiffness and rigidity in the gestures of the arm will be avoided.

First: Let the arm hang naturally by the side.

Second: Let the hand rest upon the hip, the elbow thrown well backward.

Third: Let it rest between the buttons of your vest, on your bosom.

In all these positions the muscles of the arm and hand must be relaxed, so that the attitude may be, at once, easy and natural.

DESCRIPTIVE GESTURES.

Descriptive gestures are those used in pointing out or describing objects. The pupil will soon acquire skill in the use of these, by practicing in accordance with the following instructions:

EXERCISE XXIII.

Pronounce the names of a number of objects near you, and, as you mention the name of each, extend the arm and point the forefinger or the open hand, in the direction of

the object, completing the gesture the moment you utter the accented syllable of the name or word: thus,

1. The gentleman on my *right*, the lady on my *left*, the vacant chair *before* me, the books, maps, and pictures all *around* me.

2. HIGH, LOW, LEFT, RIGHT: on pronouncing the word HIGH, raise the hand gracefully above the head; on LOW, let it fall slowly and gracefully; LEFT, let the arm and hand be extended to the left; on the word RIGHT, to the right.

3. Before commencing the gesture always let the eye glance in the direction of the object, concerning which you are about to speak.

4. Do not move the arm and hand to the intended position by the shortest course, but describe a waving line, and let the motion be rather slow, until the position is almost reached, then let the hand move quickly to its place, in completing the gesture.

When the student has obtained a tolerable command over his arms, hands, and lower limbs, let him select for himself short passages suitable as exercises in descriptive gesture and action.

EXAMPLES.

1. Their swords flashed in *front*,
While their plumes waved *behind*.
2. His throne is on the *mountain top*,
His fields the boundless *air*,
And *hoary hills*, that proudly prop
The *skies*, his dwelling are.
3. Mountains *above*, Earth's, Ocean's plain *below*.
4. Death in the *front*, destruction in the *rear*.
5. See through this *air*, this *ocean*, and this *earth*,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.

SIGNIFICANT GESTURES.

The Head and Face.

The hanging down of the head denotes shame, or grief

The holding of it up, pride or courage.

To nod forward implies assent.

To toss the head back, dissent.

The inclination of the head implies diffidence or languor.

The head is averted, in dislike or horror.

It leans forward, in attention.

The Eyes.

The eyes are raised, in prayer.

They weep, in sorrow.

They burn, in anger.

They are downcast or averted, in shame or grief.

They are cast on vacancy, in thought.

They are cast in various directions, in doubt and anxiety.

The Arms.

The placing of the hand on the head, indicates pain or distress.

On the eyes, shame or sorrow.

On the lips, an injunction of silence.

On the breast, an appeal to conscience.

The hand is waved, or flourished, in joy or contempt.

Both hands are held supine, or they are applied, or clasped, in prayer.

Both are held prone, in blessing.

They are clasped, or wrung, in affliction.

They are held forward, and received, in friendship.

The Body.

The body held erect, indicates steadiness and courage.

Thrown back, pride.

Stooping forward, condescension or compassion.

Bending, reverence or respect.

Prostration, the utmost humility or abasement.

The Lower Limbs.

The firm position of the lower limbs signifies courage or obstinacy.

Bended knees indicate timidity, or weakness.

The lower limbs advance, in desire or courage.

They retire, in aversion or fear.

Start, in terror.

Stamp, in authority or anger.

Kneel, in submission and prayer.

These are a few of the simple gestures which may be termed significant.

EXERCISE XXIV.

LANGUAGE OF THE PASSIONS.

To exhibit a passion correctly, you must never attempt its imitation, till the imagination has conceived so strong an idea of it, as to move the same impressive springs within the mind as those by which that passion, when uncoerced, has been excited.

Before you attempt to give any passage of pathos or of passion, be sure that you understand every thing about it, necessary to be understood in order to render it correctly; then as far as able put on the appearance, and use the tones and action by which the feeling you wish to express is characterized. In this way you will soon acquire the art of bringing yourself, to some extent at least, under the influence of any feeling that you understand and appreciate.

“The different passions of the mind must be expressed by different tones of the voice. Love, by a soft, smooth, languishing voice; anger, by a strong, vehement, and elevated voice; joy, by a quick, sweet, and clear voice; sorrow, by a low, flexible, interrupted voice; fear, by a dejected, tremulous, hesitating voice; courage, by a full, bold, and low voice; and perplexity, by a grave, steady, and earnest voice. In exordiums the voice should be low, yet clear; in narrations, distinct; in reasoning, slow; in persuasions, strong; it should thunder in anger, soften in sorrow, tremble in fear, and melt in love.”

EXAMPLES.

ANGER AND SCORN.

1. Thou slave! thou wretch! thou coward!
Thou little valiant, great in villainy!
Thou ever strong upon the stronger side!

ELOCUTION.

Thou fortune's champion, thou dost never fight
But when ner humorous ladyship is by
To teach thee safety! Thou art perjured too,
And sooth'st up greatness! What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, and stamp, and sweat,
Upon my party! Thou cold-blooded slave,
Hast thou not spoke like thunder on my side?
Been sworn my soldier? bidding me depend
Upon thy stars, thy fortune, and thy strength?
And dost thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide? Doff it for shame,
And hang a calf's skin on those recreant limbs.

PITY.

2. Oh! sailor-boy, woe to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss—
Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?
Oh! sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;
Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.
No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form, or frame, from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge.

UNRELENTING OBSTINACY.

2. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking! I will have my bond.

GRIEF.

4. My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast, abandon'd, on the world's wide stage,
And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.
My tender wife, sweet soother of my care!
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell, lingering fell, a victim to despair;
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span:
 Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

SELF REPROACH.

5. O what a rogue and peasant slave am I;
 Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his own counsel,
 That, from her working, all his visage warmed,
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole functions suiting,
 With forms to his conceit; and all for nothing;
 For Hec-u-ba! What's Hec-u-ba to him, or he to Hec-u-ba,
 That he should weep for her?

INTENSE FEAR.

6. Ah! mercy on my soul! What is that? My old friend's ghost?
 They say none but wicked folks walk; I wish I were at the bottom
 of a coal-pit. See! how long and pale his face has grown since his
 death: he never was handsome; and death has improved him very
 much the wrong way. Pray do not come near me! I wish'd you very
 well when you were alive; but I could never abide a dead man,
 cheek by jowl with me.

Ah, ah, mercy on us! No nearer, pray; if it be only to take leave
 of me that you are come back, I could have excused you the cere-
 mony with all my heart; or if you—mercy on us! no nearer, pray,
 or, if you have wronged any body, as you always loved money a
 little, I give you the word of a frightened Christian; I will pray as
 long as you please for the deliverance or repose of your departed soul.
 My good, worthy, noble friend, do, pray disappear, as ever you would
 wish your old friend to come to his senses again.

RAGE.

7. You souls of geese,
 That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
 From slaves that apes would beat!—PLUTO and HELL!
 All hurt behind; backs red, and faces pale
 With flight and agued fear!—MEND, and CHARGE HOME,
 Or by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the FOX,
 And make my wars on YOU: look to't: COME ON!

SUSPICION.

8. Would he were fatter; but I fear him not:
 Yet, if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man, I should avoid
 So soon as this spare Cassius. He reads much;
 He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men.

He loves no plays; he hears no music;
 Scidom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,
 As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit,
 That could be moved to smile at any thing.
 Such men as he, be never at heart's ease,
 While they behold a greater than themselves,
 And therefore, are they very dangerous.

REMORSE.

9. Oh! I have passed a miserable night,
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though't were to buy a world of happy days,
 So full of dismal terror was the time!

My dream was lengthened after life:—
 Oh! then began the tempest to my soul!—

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Environed me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
 I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell;
 Such terrible impression made my dream!

RESIGNATION.

10. O Thou, who dry'st the mourner's tear,
 How dark this world would be,
 If, when deceived and wounded here,
 We could not fly to thee!

The friends who in our sunshine live,
 When winter comes, are flown;
 And he who has but tears to give
 Must weep those tears alone.

But thou wilt heal that broken heart
 Which, like the plants that throw
 Their fragrance from the wounded part,
 Breathes sweetness out of woe.

COMPLAINING OF EXTREME PAIN.

11. Search, there; nay, probe me; search my wounded reins,
 Pull,—draw it out,—

Oh! I am shot! A forked, burning arrow—
 Sticks across my shoulders: the sad venom flies
 Like lightning thro' my flesh, my blood, my marrow.
 Ha! what a change of torments I endure!
 A bolt of ice—runs hissing—thro' my body:
 'T is sure—the arm of death; give me a chair;
 Cover me, for I freeze, my teeth chatter,
 And my knees knock together.

AWE.

- 12 A fearful hope—was all—the world contained:
 Forests were set on fire; but, hour by hour,
 They fell, and faded, and the crackling trunks
 Extinguished with a crash, and all was black.
 The brows of men, by the despairing light,
 Wore an unearthly aspect, as, by fits,
 The flashes fell upon them. Some lay down,
 And hid their eyes, and wept; and some did rest
 Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smil'd;
 And others hurried to and fro, and fed
 Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up,
 With mad disquietude, on the dull sky,
 The pall of a past world; and then again,
 With curses, cast them down upon the dust,
 And gnashed their teeth, and howled.

MALICE.

- 13 How like a fawning publican he looks!
 I hate him, for he is a Christian;
 But more, for that, in low simplicity,
 He lends out money gratis, and brings down
 The rate of usance with us here in Venice.
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him!
 He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
 Even there where merchants most do congregate,
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
 Which he calls interest.—Cursed be my tribe,
 If I forgive him!

SORROW.

14. Seems, madam! nay, it is: I know not seems,
 'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 Nor windy suspiration of forced breath;
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

- v Nor the dejected 'havior of the visage,
 Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
 That can denote me truly: these, indeed, seem,
 For they are actions that a man might play;
 But I have that—within, which passeth show,
 These—but the trappings and the suits of wo.

HATRED.

15. I would that now
 I could forget the monk who stands before me;
 For he is like the accursed and crafty snake!
 Hence! from my sight!—Thou Satan, get behind me;
 Go from my sight!—I hate and I despise thee!
 These were thy pious hopes; and I, forsooth,
 Was in thy hands a pipe to play upon;
 And at thy music my poor soul to death
 Should dance before thee!
 Thou stand'st at length before me undisguised,
 Of all earth's groveling crew the most accursed.
 Thou worm! thou viper!—to thy native earth
 Return!—Away!—Thou art too base for man
 To tread upon.—Thou scum! thou reptile!

REVERENCE.

16. O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!
 who hast set Thy glory above the heavens. When I consider the
 heavens, the work of Thy fingers; the moon and the stars, which
 Thou hast ordained; what is man that Thou art mindful of him?
 and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?

For Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast
 crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have domi-
 nion over the works of Thy hands: Thou hast put all things under his
 feet O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is Thy name in all the earth!

HORROR.

17. Avaunt! and quit my sight! Let the earth hide thee!
 Thy bones are marrowless, thy blood is cold:
 Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
 Which thou dost glare with! Hence, horrible shadow,
 Unreal mockery, hence!

SUBLIMITY.

18. Thou glorious mirror! where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed,—in breeze, or gale, or storm,—
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime,—

The image of Eternity,—the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
 Obeys thee,—thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone!

BITTER DENUNCIATION.

19. Thou den of drunkards with the blood of princes
 Gehenna of the waters! thou sea Sodom!
 Thus I devote thee to the infernal gods!
 Thee and thy serpent seed!—Slave, do thine office!
 Strike as I struck the foe! Strike as I would
 Have struck those tyrants! Strike deep as my curse!
 Strike—and but once!

HOPE.

20. All's for the best! be sanguine and cheerful,
 Trouble and Sorrow are friends in disguise;
 Nothing but Folly goes faithless and fearful,
 Courage forever is happy and wise:
 All's for the best—if a man would but know it,
 Providence wishes us all to be blest;
 This is no dream of the pundit or poet,
 Heaven is gracious, and—All's for the best!
 All's for the best! set this on your standard,
 Soldier of sadness, or pilgrim of love,
 Who to the shores of Despair may have wandered,
 A way-wearied swallow, or heart-stricken dove;
 All's for the best!—be a man but confiding,
 Providence tenderly governs the rest,
 And the frail bark of his creature is guiding
 Wisely and warily, all for the best.

COMMAND.

21. Still "Onward!" was his stern exclaim;
 "Charge on the battery's jaws of flame!
 Rush on the level gun:
 Each Hulan forward with his lance!
 My steel-clad cuirassiers advance!
 My guard, my chosen, charge for France!
 France and Napoleon!"

MERCY.

22. The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 Upon the place beneath: it is twice bless'd;
 It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:

'Tis mightiest—in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch—better than his crown;
 His scepter shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe—and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy—is above this sceptered sway,
 It is enthroned—in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute—to God himself:
 And earthly power—doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy—seasons justice.

REVENGE.

23. If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hinder'd me of half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies. And what's his reason? I am a Jew! Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands? organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Is he not fed with the same food; hurt with the same weapons; subject to the same diseases; heal'd by the same means: warm'd and cool'd by the same summer and winter, as a Christian is?

If you stab us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? And if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, REVENGE. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

ADORATION.

24. Thou art, O God! the life and light
 Of all this wondrous world we see;
 Its glow by day, its smile by night,
 Are but reflections caught from thee.
 Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
 And all things fair and bright are Thine!
 When Day, with farewell beam, delays
 Among the opening clouds of even,
 And we can almost think we gaze
 Through golden vistas into Heaven,
 Those hues, that make the sun's decline
 So soft, so radiant, Lord! are Thine.

SURPRISE.

25. Gone to be married; gone to swear a peace!
 It is not so: thou hast misspoke, misheard!

Be well advised, tell o'er thy tale again :
 It cannot be! thou dost but say 'tis so ;
 What dost thou mean by shaking of thy head ?
 What means that hand—upon that breast of thine ?
 Why holds thine eye—that lamentable rheum ?
 Be these sad sighs—confirmers of thy words ?
 Then speak again ; not all thy former tale,
 But this one word—whether thy tale be true ?

ADMONITION

26 Give thy thoughts no tongue,
 Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
 Be thou familiar ; but by no means vulgar.
 The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul, with hooks of steel ;
 But do not dull thy palm—with entertainment
 Of ev'ry new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
 Of entrance into quarrell! but, being in,
 Bear it, that the opposer—may beware of thee.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice,
 Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
 Costly thy habit—as thy purse can buy,
 But not expressed in fancy ; rich, not gaudy.
 For the apparel—oft proclaims the man.
 Neither a borrower, nor a lender be ;
 For loan—oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing—dulls the edge of husbandry.
 This above all—to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not, then—be false to any man.

REPROACH.

27 Shame! shame! that in such a proud moment of life,
 Worth ages of history,—when, had you but hurl'd
 One bolt at your bloody invader, that strife
 Between freemen and tyrants had spread through the world.—
 That then,—O! disgrace upon manhood!—e'en then
 You should falter,—should cling to your pitiful breath,—
 Cower down into beasts, when you might have stood men,
 And prefer a slave's life to a glorious death!

ADVICE TO STUDENTS OF ELOCUTION.

No matter under what favoring circumstances the student
 may be placed, he may attend the best schools, the best

lectures, and have the aid of the best teachers, yet his real improvement is never effected, and never can be, unless he does the work for himself. He can never become a finished speaker unless he feels an interest that shall induce him to exercise himself in a faithful course of appropriate practice, and cultivate his taste and judgment, by careful study and critical observation.

The highest attainment of art is the best imitation of nature; to attain to excellence in art, the pupil must study nature as it exists in the manners of the living age, and gather his models from the best society, and the best orators, and aim to appropriate and improve them to his own benefit, so as to embody in his style the perfections of all, without himself becoming the servile imitator of any.

SHERWOOD.

1. Whenever you fail to give the most significant word or words in a passage with the right kind of emphasis, continue to repeat the sentence upon which the difficulty occurs, if need be, a hundred times, until you can give it correctly.

2. Let it be your constant endeavor to cultivate those tones of voice, which are always pleasant to the ear. Before you can affect the heart you must please the ear.

3. Select a few short passages and express them so as to convey as many different meanings as possible; also practice upon them in every degree of force, pitch, rate of utterance, form of stress, and in every quality of voice.

4. In the delineation of passion and the personation of character, the speaker, to be successful, must not only have a clear conception of the meaning of the passages, but he must be able to excite the right feeling in his own mind, and as it were, merge his own individuality in the ideal character which he personates.

5. Before you attempt to give a piece in public, you should practice upon it in private, until the words and ideas are as familiar to you as the names of your intimate friends.

6. More declaimers break down in consequence of forget-

ting the words of their pieces, than from any other cause. The surest way to avoid being caught in such a mortifying predicament, is to repeat the words of your piece with the utmost force, and in the most rapid rate of utterance consistent with accuracy and perfect distinctness, until you have recited it thus several times, without making any mistake. If you do this a short time before declaiming your piece in public, you will certainly perform it in a creditable manner, providing you fully understand the sentiment and enter into the spirit of it.

7. Do not be discouraged because your first efforts to improve are unattended with the success you anticipated. Remember that "there is no excellence without *great* labor." The most renowned orators and actors were not at all remarkable at the commencement of their career, for extraordinary power of voice, or great ability of any kind: they attained to eminence by dint of systematic, untiring perseverance.

8. Never rest satisfied with having done well, but be constantly trying to improve and do still better. If injudicious friends have flattered you into the belief that you have a remarkable genius for reading and oratory, the sooner you get the foolish notion out of your head the better. A young man who believes himself a great genius, hardly ever becomes a useful member of society, or a truly distinguished man.

9. Make a practice of criticising your own reading and speaking. In this way you will discover many faults in your elocution, which otherwise you might never learn.

10. Don't rely too much upon others for instruction and advice, as to how you should read or declaim a passage: think it over until you have formed a definite opinion of your own about it,—and then deliver it so as to bring out your own conception of its meaning and character—

"Think for thyself—one good idea,
But known to be thine own,
Is better than a thousand gleaned
From fields by others sown."

11. Cultivate a pleasant style and manner in your reading

and declamatory exercises; speak as if it afforded you pleasure to engage in them, and pronounce every sentence as though you understood and felt interested in what you said.

12. Avoid every thing like affectation. Do not try to make a great display: let your mind be upon your subject and not upon yourself. Let your tone, look, and gestures harmonize: be deliberate, yet earnest and natural, and you will be sure to succeed. By naturalness of style I mean that common standard which exists in the mind of every one, whose taste is not perverted. Every one can tell whether the style of the speaker or reader is natural or otherwise.

13. When declaiming a piece in public look your audience in the face. The eye of the orator and the expressive movements of the features often tell with greater effect upon an audience than all other action, or than the sentiments given. A speaker can not commit a greater mistake than that of keeping his eyes cast down, averted, or turned away from those whom he is addressing.

14. The tones of public speaking must be formed upon those of sensible, animated conversation. The best rule, therefore, is to *follow Nature*; consider how she teaches you to utter any sentiment or feeling of the heart. Imagine a subject of debate introduced into conversation, and yourself bearing a share in it. Think after what manner, with what tones and inflections of voice, you would on such an occasion express yourself, when you were most in earnest, and sought most to be listened to by those whom you addressed. Let these be the foundation of your manner of pronouncing in public, and you will take the surest method of rendering your delivery both agreeable and persuasive.

15. Beware of a slavish attention to rules; for nothing should supersede Nature, who knows more than Art; therefore, let her stand in the foreground, with art for her servant. Emotion is the soul of oratory: one flash of passion on the cheek, one beam of feeling from the eye, one thrilling note of sensibility from the tongue, one stroke of hearty emphasis from the arm, have infinitely more value, than all

the rhetorical rules and flourishes of ancient or modern times.—The great rule is—BE IN EARNEST.

SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS OF READING AND ELOCUTION.

1. The teacher in Elocution ought to conduct his lessons so that his pupils shall clearly understand every step as they advance in their course.

2. The pupil should be master of the elementary sounds, and able to exemplify all the fundamental rules, and important exercises relating to purity of tone, articulation, and the management of the voice, before he is permitted to engage in general reading.

3. The pupil should not be permitted to read a sentence nor utter a sound, until he takes a correct and graceful position.

4. Let the passages or selections, which are given to the pupil as exercises, be suited to his taste and capacity. The surest way to destroy a taste for reading and make poor readers, is to require pupils to practice upon pieces for which they have no taste, or which they do not comprehend. A clear understanding and appreciation of a passage is indispensably necessary to its correct delivery.

5. The pupil ought to be made to understand that good reading is exactly like good talking. Whenever his reading performance fails to come up to this standard, he should be made to repeat until he gives it correctly.

6. As soon as the pupil clearly understands a rule, and can apply it correctly in a few cases, he should be required to seek out, and also invent for himself, examples and illustrations under the different rules.

7. The great secret of success in teaching elocution and vocal culture, consists in calling the attention of the pupil to but *one thing at a time*. When the exercise is in articulation, his attention should be directed exclusively to that. When it relates to pitch, he must, for the time, give his thoughts entirely to that; so, also, with regard to force, stress, quality, quantity, etc.

8. An excellent way to instruct a class in reading, is to ask each pupil, when he has read a passage, to state how

he read it, and then call upon him for his reasons. The practice of requiring pupils to give reasons for what they say and do in their scholastic exercises, is productive of many advantages: it tends to give them greater facility in expression, greater accuracy in study and observation, and aids in developing the thinking and reasoning faculties. Thus trained they will not be apt to think they know a thing unless they can clearly express it."

GENERAL RULES FOR THE CULTIVATION OF THE VOICE, ADVICE TO PUBLIC SPEAKERS, ETC.

The only basis upon which a full, firm, pure tone of voice can be formed, is deep and copious breathing. To do this the chest must be well thrown out, the head erect, and the throat and mouth opened so wide that the voice will meet with no obstruction in its course.

The great object in commencing any systematic course of vocal culture, ought to be to deepen and strengthen the voice. To accomplish this, the student must, in his vocal exercises, stretch the muscles about the throat and the root of the tongue, and those that regulate the action of the lower jaw, so as to form the voice lower down in the throat than he is in the habit of doing.

COMPASS OF VOICE.

To increase the compass of the voice, declaim short passages which require intense force on a high pitch. The pupil will discover, after the voice has been thus taxed to its highest capabilities, that it will perform its office with surprisingly greater facility and ease on the natural key, and in a lower pitch than he could reach before.

The most contracted and superficial voice may soon be made strong and flexible by this kind of exercise; and it can not be improved in any other way. If your voice is feeble, practice singing, shouting, and declaiming with the utmost force, at the top of your voice, whenever an opportunity presents itself, and it will soon acquire sufficient strength and resonance.

SUBDUED TONES.

Habitual speaking and reading in a very loud tone, disqualify the organs of speech for executing the soft tones with facility; yet the voice is greatly assisted in its efforts to acquire the more subdued tones, by being subjected to the most energetic vocal discipline, and in the highest pitch of the voice. These intensive exercises expand and deepen the voice, rendering it more flexible and mellow, and bringing it more completely under the control of the will.

VOCAL EXERCISE PREPARATORY TO READING OR SPEAKING
IN PUBLIC.

A beneficial influence is exerted on the voice, by the most vigorous and sustained exercises upon the elementary sounds, and by reading and declaiming with the utmost force consistent with purity of tone, immediately before retiring at night. The organs of speech are thus rendered flexible for exercise on the succeeding day. Even an interval of only an hour or two, between the preliminary exercise and the subsequent effort, will, in most cases, afford the organs of speech time to rest, and resume their natural state.

The best course that can be pursued to prepare the voice for speaking within a short time, is to repeat all the elementary sounds several times in succession; then declaim a few select passages; first, with ordinary force, in the middle pitch; then, progressively elevate the pitch, and increase the force and rate of utterance; lastly, go over them two or three times in the deepest and lowest tone you can reach.

HOW TO ACQUIRE A CONTROL OF THE VOICE IN EITHER
A HIGH OR LOW KEY.

By exercising the voice with great force, for a short time, in a very low key—paradoxical as it may seem—you will immediately afterward be able to speak with much greater ease upon a high key; and by exercising the voice with great force in a very high pitch, you will be able within a

short time afterward, to read or speak, with greater ease than before, on a low or very low pitch.

NATURAL PITCH OF VOICE.

“Every person has some pitch of voice in which he converses, sings, and speaks with greater effect and facility than in any other. It should be an object of constant solicitude, with every person who desires to become a good reader or speaker, to find what the natural pitch of his voice is, and when he has discovered this, let him practice with reference to it, until he is able instantly to bring the voice from a high or a low to a natural pitch.”

To discover the natural pitch of the voice, let the pupil read or speak a didactic passage, in different pitches or keys of voice: after a few efforts he will be able to discover the natural key or pitch, from its adaptation to his voice. If the pupil, when thus experimenting, finds that the pitch is wrong, let him suspend the effort for awhile, then renew his endeavors until he finds the right one.

BAD EFFECTS WHICH RESULT FROM HABITUALLY SPEAKING IN TOO HIGH A KEY.

Speaking rapidly, with great force on a high pitch, but a short time, tends to tighten and render rigid the muscles of the throat and neck, and makes it exceedingly difficult for the speaker to proceed. It, also, excites thirst, which increases every time the speaker takes any thing to quench it. In a short time the lungs become so wearied that they can scarcely perform their functions: the speaker's memory grows confused, his thoughts obscure, his language vague and indefinite, and his brain so sluggish and dizzy, that he is not unfrequently compelled to stop, or is stricken down by an apoplectic fit.

WHAT THE SPEAKER SHOULD DO WHEN HE FINDS HIS VOICE IS NOT PITCHED RIGHT.

When the speaker finds that he is talking in a key in which he can not control his voice, he should stop at once, and, after resting for a few moments, change the style and

manner of his discourse; as from the argumentative to the didactic, descriptive, or narrative, as the case may require.

NEVER DRINK WHILE EXERCISING THE VOICE.

The habit which most public speakers indulge of frequently drinking while speaking, is a very bad one, and most injurious to the vocal organs. The thirst which many speakers experience on coming before an audience can not be alleviated by drinking: it will disappear as soon as the speaker becomes perfectly self-possessed, and feels himself at home in his subject, and not before. The more a person drinks when speaking, the more thirsty he becomes, and the more difficulty he experiences in managing his voice. There is no necessity for drinking while exercising the voice, no matter how long or how severe the exercise may be.

TOBACCO INJURIOUS TO THE VOICE.

The use of tobacco, in any form, has a deleterious effect upon the speaking and breathing organs. It enfeebles the nervous system and tends to make the voice dry, harsh, husky and inflexible.

Public speakers who are votaries of the weed, if they can not give it up entirely, ought, by all means, to refrain from the use of it for several hours previous to speaking or engaging in any public-vocal exercise. For this brief season of self-denial they will be rewarded by a clearness and fullness of tone, and a flexibility of voice which will surprise and delight them.

STIMULANTS INJURIOUS TO THE VOICE.

The public speaker or actor, who is in the habit of taking a dram or two before commencing his performance, and an occasional sip during its continuance, hardly ever gets through with what he undertakes in a creditable manner.

The speaker excited by strong drink, usually speaks with the utmost force, at the top of his voice; the natural consequence is, his memory grows treacherous, his judgment bewildered, while the organs of the voice and throat become irritated and inflamed. Hoarseness ensues, which he tries to

overcome by speaking in still louder tones; the result is his voice soon breaks into a husky, squeaking tone, or becomes so thick and intensely guttural, that the words he tries to utter are lost in an inarticulate croaking.

Never resort to stimulants of any kind to raise the spirits or strengthen the voice. The excitement they produce in the system is unnatural, and, of course, injurious; and the strength which they create is certain to be followed by a corresponding prostration of power.

HOW TO CRITICISE THE ELOCUTION OF A READER OR SPEAKER.

By committing the following questions thoroughly to memory, the reader, if he fully understands the rules and principles which have been discussed in this treatise, will be able to analyze and criticise fully and accurately, so far as relates to its elocution, any reading or speaking performance to which he may listen.

The plan is simple, yet, as far as it goes, perfectly adapted to the end in view. Each question suggests the proper answer, and the answer gives the information sought upon that particular point.

The student ought, in this way, to criticise his own reading and speaking, and when the investigation results in the discovery of some defect in delivery, he should at once correct it.

1. Does he breathe naturally and at proper intervals, as he proceeds in his discourse? If not, in what respect does he fail to observe the necessary conditions?

2. Is his voice clear, pure, full, resonant and agreeable?

3. Is his articulation distinct and accurate, without being unnecessarily precise? If not, what are his faults?

4. Does he open his mouth wide enough to give full effect to the words uttered, without going to the extreme of mouthing?

5. Does he modulate his voice correctly, as relates to pitch; or does he habitually speak in the same key?

6. Does he speak in too high or in too low a pitch?

7. Does he indulge in unbecoming transitions in pitch, as by changing too suddenly or too frequently from a very low and subdued, to a very high and loud tone?

8. Does he employ the different forms of stress, with suitable variety and proper effect?

9. Has he a good command of the swell and wave, of the expulsive radical, and the explosive radical stress?

10. Does he manage the voice with taste and judgment, in modulating the force to suit the sentiment?

11. Does he employ too much force, or not enough?

12. Does he give proper quantity to the open vowel sounds, the nasals, and liquids, without letting them run into a singing or drawling tone?

13. Does he terminate sentences and passages in which the sense is complete, with a correct and pleasing cadence?

14. Does he mark his parentheses, paragraphs, and changes of subjects, by proper changes in pitch, force, stress, quantity, quality, and movement?

15. Does he speak too fast, or too slow, or has he uniformly about the same rate of utterance?

16. In interrogation, does he look and speak as if he were really asking a question, and felt interested in the answer he might receive?

17. In narration, are his looks, tone, and manner, such as you can conceive they would be, were he relating some part of his own experience?

18. When he attempts a description, does he proceed as though he had himself seen, heard, felt, or in any way known that which he tries to describe?

19. In didactic discourse, is his manner colloquial and familiar, as though he were actually engaged in imparting instruction?

20. Does he bring out the meaning of the author from whom he reads, or express his own sentiments in an elegant, forcible, clear, impressive, and appropriate manner?

21. Do his tone and manner indicate that he understands and feels what he says; or is there any thing in his delivery which excites the suspicion that he does not understand his subject, or that he is not sincere?

22. Does he have a style of his own, or does he try to imitate the style of another?

23. In reading or declamation, is his manner earnest and natural, or does he try to make too much of his piece, by the exhibition of unnecessary passion or excitement?

24. What are the distinguishing peculiarities of his manner? Is he pedantic, pompous, timid, theatrical, ministerial, effeminate, manly, irascible, simpering, impudent, sullen, tame, vehement, conceited, or affected?

25. Is he addicted to mouthing, sniffing, ranting, whining, or any other improper habit, in reading or speaking?

26. When he attempts to portray passion, are the tones of his voice, his look, gestures, and action appropriate to the sentiment expressed?

27. In imitation and personation, does he give distinct individuality to the character he personates?

28. Does he appear to have a clear and correct conception of the subject of his personation? If not, in what does his fault consist?

29. Are the expression of the face, the position of the head, the attitude, and the action, suited to the subject and the occasion?

30. Do his look, tone, and manner change with the sentiment, or do his features bear the same expression, and his attitude and action continue essentially the same?

31. Does he look his audience in the face, or does he cast his eye upon vacancy or let it wander in every direction but the right one?

32. In his reading, declamation, and extemporaneous utterance of his own thoughts, does he seem to understand and make a proper application of the rules and principles explained and illustrated in the preceding pages of this treatise?

CONCLUSION.

In conclusion, I commend the careful study of "Hamlet's advice to the players," to every one who desires to become an accomplished reader, or an elegant speaker. It is, in itself, a compendium of Elocutionary instruction

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But, if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier had spoken my lines. And do not saw the air too much with your hands; but use all gently: for, in the very torrent, *tempest*, and, as I may say, WHIRLWIND of your passion, you must beget a temperance that will give it smoothness.

Oh! it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very *rags*, to split the ears of the GROUNDINGS; who (for the most part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. Pray you avoid it.

Be not too TAME, either; but let your own discretion be your tutor. Suit the action to the word, the word to the action—with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for any thing so overdone, is from the purpose of playing; whose end is, to hold, as it were, the mirror up to nature: to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the times, their form and pressure.

Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it may make the unskillful laugh, can not but make the judicious grieve; the censure of one of which, must, in your allowance, outweigh a whole theater of others. Oh! there are players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that, highly—not to speak it profanely—who, having neither the accent of Christian, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

SHAKSPEARE.

MODULATION.

1. 'T is not enough the voice be sound and clear,
 'T is modulation that must charm the ear.
 That voice all modes of passion can express,
 Which marks the proper word with proper stress :
 But none emphatic can that speaker call,
 Who lays an equal emphasis on all.
 Some, o'er the tongue the labored measures roll,
 Slow and deliberate as the parting toll ;
 Point every stop, mark every pause so strong,
 Their words like stage processions stalk along.

2. All affectation but creates disgust ;
 And e'en in speaking, we may seem too just.
 In vain for them the pleasing measure flows
 Whose recitation runs it all to prose ;
 Repeating what the poet sets not down,
 The verb disjointing from its favorite noun,
 While pause, and break, and repetition join
 To make a discord in each tuneful line.

3. Some placid natures fill the allotted scene
 With lifeless drawls, insipid and serene ;
 While others thunder every couplet o'er,
 And almost crack your ears with rant and roar.
 More nature oft, and finer strokes are shown
 In the low whisper, than tempestuous tone ;
 And Hamlet's hollow voice and fixed amaze,
 More powerful terror to the mind conveys,
 Than he, who, swollen with impetuous rage,
 Bullies the bulky phantom of the stage.

4. He who, in earnest, studies o'er his part,
 Will find true nature cling about his heart.
 The modes of grief are not included all
 In the white handkerchief and mournful drawl.
 A single look more marks the internal woe,
 Than all the windings of the lengthened Oh !
 Up to the face the quick sensation flies,
 And darts its meaning from the speaking eyes :
 Love, transport, madness, anger, scorn, despair,
 And all the passions, all the soul is there.

EXERCISES.

NARRATIVE AND DESCRIPTIVE.

EXERCISE I.—A PROVIDENTIAL GUEST.

1. A WIDOW at Dort, in Holland, who was very industrious, was left by her husband with a comfortable house, some land, and two boats for carrying merchandise and passengers on the canals. She was also supposed to be worth ten thousand guilders in ready money, which she employed in a sail-cloth manufactory for the purpose of increasing her fortune, and instructing her children, a son and two daughters, in useful branches of business.

2. One night, about nine o'clock, in the year 1785, a person dressed in uniform, with a musket and broad-sword, came to her house, and requested lodging. "I let no lodgings, friend," said the widow; "and besides I have no spare bed, unless you sleep with my son, which I think very improper, on account of your being a perfect stranger to us all." The soldier then showed a discharge from Diesbach's regiment, signed by the major, who gave him an excellent character, and a passport from the governor of Breda. The widow, believing the stranger to be an honest man, called her son, and asked him if he would accommodate a veteran, who had served the republic thirty years with reputation, with part of his bed. The young man consented; the soldier was accordingly hospitably entertained, and at a reasonable hour withdrew to rest.

3. Some hours afterward, a loud knock was heard at the street door, which roused the soldier, who moved softly down stairs, and listened at the hall-door, when the blows were repeated, and the door almost broken through by a

sledge, or some heavy instrument. By this time the widow and her daughters were much alarmed by this violent attack, and ran almost frantic through different parts of the house, exclaiming, "Murder! murder!" The son, having joined the soldier, with a case of loaded pistols, and the latter, screwing on his bayonet, and fresh priming his piece, which was charged with slugs, requested the women to keep themselves in a back room out of the way of danger.

4. Soon after the door was burst in, two ruffians entered, and were instantly shot by the son. Two other associates of the dead men immediately returned the fire, but without effect; when the veteran stranger, taking immediate advantage of the discharge of their arms, rushed on them like a lion, ran one through the body with his bayonet, and while the other was running away, lodged the contents of his piece between his shoulders, and he dropped dead on the spot. The son and the stranger then closed the door as well as they could, re-loaded their arms, made a good fire, and watched till daylight.

5. When the weavers and spinners of the manufactory came to resume their employment, they were struck with horror and surprise, at seeing four men dead near the house, where the soldier had dragged them, before he closed the door leading to the street. The burgomaster attended, and took the depositions of the family relative to the affair. The bodies of the ruffians were buried in a cross road, and a stone erected over the grave, with a suitable inscription. The widow presented the soldier, who was seventy years old, with one hundred guilders, and the city settled a handsome pension on him for the rest of his life.

II.—THE HEART'S CHARITY.

1. A RICH man walked abroad one day,
And a poor man walked the self-same way,
When a pale and starving face came by,
With a pallid lip and a hopeless eye;
And that starving face presumed to stand
And ask for bread from the rich man's hand

But the rich man sullenly looked askance,
 With a gathering frown and a doubtful glance:
 "I have nothing," said he, "to give to you,
 Nor any such rogue of a canting crew;"
 And he fastened his pocket, and on he went,
 With his soul untouched and his conscience content

2. Now this great owner of golden store
 Had built a church not long before;
 As noble a fane as man could raise,
 And the world had given him thanks and praise;
 And all who beheld it lavished fame
 On his Christian gift and godly name.

3. The poor man passed, and the white lips dared
 To ask of him if a mite could be spared;
 He stood for a moment, but not to pause
 On the truth of the tale, or the parish laws;
 He was seeking to give—though it was but small,
 For a penny, a single penny was all,
 But he gave it with a kindly word,
 While the warmest pulse in his heart was stirred.
 'Twas a tiny seed his charity shed,
 But the white lips got a taste of bread,
 And the beggar's blessing hallowed the crust
 That came like a spring in the desert dust.

4. The rich man and the poor man died,
 As all of us must; and they both were tried
 At the sacred judgment-seat above,
 For their thoughts of evil and deeds of love.
 The balance of justice *there* was true,
 And fairly bestowed what fairly was due;
 And the two fresh comers at heaven's gate
 Stood waiting to learn their eternal fate.

5. The recording angel told of things
 That fitted them both with kindred wings;
 But as they stood in the crystal light,
 The plumes of the rich man grew less bright.
 The angels knew by that shadowy sign
 That the poor man's work had been most divine,
 And they brought the unerring scales to see
 Where the rich man's falling off could be.

6. Full many deeds did the angels weigh,
 But the balance kept an even sway,
 And at last the church endowment laid
 With its thousands promised and thousands paid,
 With the thanks of prelates by its side,
 In the stately words of pious pride;
 And it weighed so much that the angels stood
 To see how the poor man could balance such good.

7. A cherub came and took his place
 By the empty scale, with a radiant grace,
 And he dropped the penny that had fed
 White starving lips with a crust of bread;
 The church endowment went up with the beam,
 And the whisper of the great Supreme,
 As he beckoned the poor man to his throne,
 Was heard in this immortal tone:
 "Blessed are they who from great gain
 Give thousands with a reasoning brain,
 But holier still shall be his part
 Who gives one coin with a pitying heart!"

E. COOK.

III.—LOSS OF THE CENTRAL AMERICA.

1. BEHOLD the great ship, of whose stanchness there was not a doubt in full five hundred bosoms, that beat joyously, with a common but precious throb of expectancy, soon to be clasped to kindred bosoms at home. Behold that ship, overtaken by the swift speed of the tempest, and after three days of grand resistance to its wild scourgings, succumbing suddenly to its overmastering power. When the infuriated floods put out the great fires that glowed within her heart, and stopped the mighty pulsations of her machinery, hope of her rescue from destruction died within their souls. A night and a day they were relentlessly tossed on the maddened waves, by the unabated fury of the storm. Many had with them great treasures from the mines—earned, at the cost of exile from the loved ones, to whom they were bearing back the coveted gold, which was to transmute poverty into luxury and pain into delight.

2. Behold those delvers in the mines—making themselves ready for the inevitable hand-to-hand battle with the billows! How few think of their treasures! The gold gleams vainly on their sight. Its precious accretions through months of toil are forgotten, or despised in the paralysis of hope, or in the transport of terror. The frail floor that quivers between living men and the hungry jaws of death, is sown deep with golden grains, that in another hour than this of shipwreck would have seemed, to now lusterless eyes, to unfold vast harvests of happiness.

3. The awful horror of the closing act of this tragedy is mitigated by the blessed deliverance of all the women and children, and some of the brave men upon the doomed ship. When night descended upon the sea, and veiled the great death-scene with her black shroud, the helpless ship suddenly hid her desolation from mortal eyes, beneath the wild waves; but among the four hundred victims whom she despairingly surrendered to the arms of her conqueror, there was not one woman—not one child. The shriek of agony that broke from the lips of the sinking multitude had no piercing treble note in its sepulchral diapason. It was the deep death-cry of men, of brave-hearted men alone.

4. But I forbear. The sorrow of that scene is too awful for words. When the agony ceased upon the sea it was only to break forth afresh upon the land. Who shall measure it? Who shall trace its tear-stained path over this continent? Who shall count the broken hearts and ruined hopes of this dread ravage? None but GOD. None but He who let the tempest loose that made the ship its prey; none but He who alone can bind up the bleeding hearts, and inspire with brighter hopes those whose hopes on earth this woe has blighted; none but He of whom not one of us all dares to ask the question,—‘What doest Thou?’ none but He to whom every stricken victim of the calamity we deplore may say with reverent lips—‘Even so, Father, for thus it seemeth good in Thy sight.’

RICHARDS.

IV.—THE PASS OF DEATH.

1. It was a narrow pass,
 Watered with human tears,
 For Death had kept the outer gate
 Almost six thousand years ;
 And the ceaseless tread of a world's feet
 Was ever in my ears—
 Thronging, jostling, hurrying by,
 As if they were only born to die.

2. A stately king drew near
 This narrow pass to tread,
 Around him hung a gorgeous robe,
 And a crown was on his head ;
 But Death, with a look of withering scorn,
 Arrested him and said :
 " In humbler dress must the king draw near,
 For the crown and the purple are useless here."

3. Next came a man of wealth,
 And his eye was proud and bold,
 And he bore in his hand a lengthy scroll,
 Telling of sums untold ;
 But Death, who careth not for rank,
 Careth as little for gold :
 " Here that scroll I can not allow,
 For the gold of the richest is powerless now."

4. Another followed fast,
 And a book was in his hand,
 Filled with the flashes of burning thought
 That are known in many a land ;
 But the child of genius quailed to hear
 Death's pitiless demand :
 " Here that book can not enter with thee,
 For the bright flash of genius is nothing to me "

5. Next came a maiden fair,
 With that eye so deeply bright,
 That stirs within you strange sweet care,
 Should you meet on a summer night ;
 But death, ere the gentle maid passed through,
 Snatched away its light :
 " Beauty is power in the world," he saith,
 " But what can it do in the Pass of Death ?"

6. A youth of sickly mien
 Followed in thoughtful mood,
 Whose heart was filled with love to God
 And the early brotherhood;
 Death felt he could not quench the heart
 That lived for others' good:
 "I own," cried he, "the power of love,
 I must let it pass to the realms above!"
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V.—THE BLACKSMITH OF RAGENBACH.

1. IN the principality of Hohenlohe, now a part of the kingdom of Wirtemberg, is a village called Ragenbach, where, about twenty years ago, the following event took place: one afternoon in early autumn, in the tavern-room of Ragenbach, several men and women, assembled from the village, sat at their ease. The smith formed one of the merry company—he was a strong man, with resolute countenance and daring mien, but with such a good-natured smile on his lips that every one who saw him admired him. His arms were like bars of iron and his fist like a forge-hammer, so that few could equal him in strength of body.

2. The smith sat near the door chatting with one of his neighbors, when all at once the door opened, and a dog came staggering into the room, a great, powerful beast, with a frightful aspect; his head hanging down, his eyes bloodshot, his lead-colored tongue half way out of his mouth, and his tail dropped between his legs. Thus the ferocious beast entered the room, out of which there was no escape but by one door. Scarcely had the smith's neighbor, who was bath-keeper of the place, seen the animal, than he became deadly pale, sprang up and exclaimed, in a horrified voice, "Good heavens! the dog is mad!"

3. Then rose a terrible outcry. The room was full of men and women, and the foaming beast stood before the only entrance: no one could leave without passing him. He snapped savagely right and left: no one could pass him

without being bitten. This increased the fearful confusion. With horror depicted upon their countenances, all sprang up and shrunk from the dog. Who should deliver them from him? The smith also stood among them, and, as he saw the anguish of the people, it flashed across his mind how many of his happy and contented neighbors would be made miserable by a mad dog, and he formed a resolution, the like of which is scarcely to be found in the history of the human race, for noble self-devotion.

4. "Back all!" thundered he, in a deep, strong voice "Let no one stir, for none can vanquish the beast but me! One victim must fall, in order to save the rest; I will be that victim: I will hold the brute, and while I do so, ~~make your~~ escape." The smith had scarcely spoken these words when the dog started toward the shrieking people. But he went not far. "With God's help," cried the smith, and he rushed upon the foaming beast, seized him with an iron grasp, and dashed him to the floor. A terrible struggle followed. The dog bit furiously on every side in a frightful manner. His long teeth tore the arms and thighs of the heroic smith, but he would not let him loose. Regardless alike of the excessive pain and the horrible death which must ensue, he held down with an iron grasp, the snapping, howling brute, till all had escaped.

5. He then flung the half-strangled beast from him against the wall, and dripping with blood and venomous foam he left the room, locking the door after him. Some persons then shot the dog through the windows. Weeping and lamenting, the people surrounded him who had saved their lives, at the expense of his own. "Be quiet, do not weep for me," he said, "one must die in order to save the others. Do not thank me—I have only performed my duty. When I am dead, think of me with love, and now pray for me, that God will not let me suffer long, nor too much. I will take care that no further mischief shall occur through me, for I must certainly become mad."

6. He went straight to his workshop and selected a strong chain, the heaviest and firmest from his whole stock; then, with his own hands, welded it upon his limbs, and around

the anvil firmly. "There," said he, "it is done," after having silently and solemnly completed the work. "Now you are secured, and I am inoffensive. So long as I live bring me my food. The rest I leave to God; into his hands I commend my spirit." Nothing could save the brave smith, neither tears, lamentations nor prayers. Madness seized him, and after nine days he died. He died, but his memory will live from generation to generation, and will be venerated to the end of time. Search history through, and you will not find an action more glorious and sublime than the deed of this simple-minded man—the smith of Ragenbach.

VI.—THE LIFE-BOAT.

1. Quick! man the life-boat! See yon bark
That drives before the blast!
There's a rock a-head, the night is dark,
And the storm comes thick and fast.
Can human power in such an hour,
Avert the doom that's o'er her?
Her mainmast's gone, but she still drives on
To the fatal reef before her.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

2. Quick! man the life-boat! hark! the gun
Booms through the vapory air;
And see! the signal flags are on,
And speak the ship's despair.
That forked flash, that pealing crash,
Seemed from the wave to sweep her:
She's on the rock, with a terrible shock,
And the wail comes louder and deeper.
The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

3. Quick! man the life-boat! See—the crew
Gaze on their watery grave:
Already, some, a gallant few,
Are battling with the wave;
And one there stands, and wrings his hands,
As thoughts of home come o'er him;

For his wife and child, through the tempest wild,
 He sees on the heights before him.
 The life-boat! Man the life-boat!

4. Speed, speed the life-boat! Off she goes!
 And, as they pulled the oar,
 From shore and ship a cheer arose,
 That rang from ship to shore.
 Life-saving ark! yon fated bark
 Has human lives within her;
 And dearer than gold is the wealth untold,
 Thou'lt save, if thou canst win her.
 On, life-boat! Speed thee, life-boat!
5. Hurrah! the life-boat dashes on,
 Though darkly the reef may frown;
 The rock is there—the ship is gone
 Full twenty fathoms down.
 But, cheered by hope, the seamen cope
 With the billows single-handed:
 They are all in the boat!—hurra! they're afloat!
 And now they are safely landed
 By the life-boat! Cheer the life-boat!

VII.—THE MISER.

1. An old man sat by a fireless hearth,
 Though the night was dark and chill,
 And mournfully over the frozen earth
 The wind sobbed loud and shrill.
 His locks were gray, and his eyes were gray,
 And dim, but not with tears;
 And his skeleton form had wasted away
 With penury, more than years.
2. A rush-light was casting its fitful glare
 O'er the damp and dingy walls,
 Where the lizard hath made his slimy lair,
 And the venomous spider crawls;
 But the meanest thing in this lonesome room
 Was the miser worn and bare,
 Where he sat like a ghost in an empty tomb
 On his broken and only chair.

3. He had bolted the window, and barred the door,
And every nook had scanned;
And felt the fastening o'er and o'er,
With his cold and skinny hand;
And yet he sat gazing intently round,
And trembled with silent fear,
And startled and shuddered at every sound
That fell on his coward ear.
4. "Ha! ha!" laughed the miser; "I'm safe at last,
From this night so cold and drear,
From the drenching rain and driving blast,
With my gold and treasures here.
I am cold and wet with the icy rain,
And my health is bad, 'tis true;
Yet if I should light that fire again,
It would cost me a cent or two.
5. But I'll take a sip of the precious wine;
It will banish my cold and fears;
It was given long since, by a friend of mine—
I have kept it for many years."
So he drew a flask from a moldy nook,
And drank of its ruby tide;
And his eyes grew bright with each draught he took,
And his bosom swelled with pride.
6. "Let me see; let me see!" said the miser then,
" 'Tis some sixty years or more
Since the happy hour when I began
To heap up the glittering store;
And well have I sped with my anxious toil,
As my crowded chest will show;
I've more than would ransom a kingdom's spoil,
Or an emperor could bestow."
7. He turned to an old worm-eaten chest,
And cautiously raised the lid,
And then it shone like the clouds of the west,
With the sun in their splendor hid;
And gem after gem, in precious store,
Are raised with exulting smile;
And he counted and counted them o'er and o'er,
In many a glittering pile.

8. Why comes the flush to his pallid brow,
 While his eyes like his diamonds shine?
 Why writhes he thus in such torture now?
 What was there in the wine?
 He strove his lonely seat to gain;
 To crawl to his nest he tried;
 But finding his efforts were all in vain,
 He clasped his gold, and—*died*.

CUTTER.

VIII.—AN INCIDENT OF OCEAN LIFE.

1. OUR noble ship lay at anchor in the Bay of Tangier, a fortified town in the extreme northwest of Africa. The day had been extremely mild, with a gentle breeze sweeping to the northward and westward; but toward the close of the afternoon the sea-breeze died away, and one of those sultry, oven-like atmospheric breathings came from the great sun-burnt Sahara. Half an hour before sundown the captain gave the cheering order for the boatswain to call the hands to go in swimming, and in less than five minutes the forms of our tars were seen leaping from the arms of the lower yards.

2. One of the studding sails had been lowered into the water, with its corners suspended from the main yard-arm and the swinging boom, and into this most of the swimmers made their way. Among those who seemed to be enjoying the sport most heartily, were two of the boys, Tim. Wallace and Fred. Fairbanks, the latter of whom was the son of our old gunner, and in a laughing mood they started out from the studding sail on a race. There was a loud ringing shout of joy on their lips as they put off, and they darted through the water like fishes. The surface of the sea was smooth as glass, though its bosom rose in long heavy swells that set in from the Atlantic.

3. The vessel was moored with a long sweep from both cables, and the buoy of the starboard anchor was far away on the starboard quarter, where it rose and fell with the lazy swells, like a drunken man. Toward this buoy the two lads made their way, Fred. Fairbanks taking the lead; but

when they were within about twenty or thirty fathoms of the buoy, Tim shot ahead and promised to win the race. The old gunner watched the progress of his little son with a great degree of pride, and when he saw him drop behind, he leaped upon the quarter-deck, and was just upon the point of urging him on by a shout, when a cry reached his ear that made him start as if he had been struck with a cannon-ball.

4. "A shark! a shark!" came forth from the captain of the fore-castle, and at the sound of these terrible words the men who were in the water leaped and plunged toward the ship. Right abeam, at the distance of three or four cable lengths, a sharp wake was seen in the water, where the back of the monster was visible. His course was for the boys. For a moment, the gunner stood like one bereft of sense, but on the next, he shouted at the top of his voice, for the boys to turn; but the little fellows heard him not—stoutly the two swimmers strove for the goal, all unconscious of the bloody death-spirit that hovered so near them. Their merry laugh still rang over the waters, and at length they both touched the buoy together.

IX.—AN INCIDENT OF OCEAN LIFE.—CONCLUDED.

1. O, WHAT drops of agony started from the brow of the gunner! A boat had put off, but Fairbanks knew that it could not reach the boys in season, and every moment he expected to see the monster sink from sight—then he knew that all hope would be gone. At this moment a cry reached the ship, that went through every heart like a stream of fire—the boys had discovered their enemy!

2. The cry started old Fairbanks to his senses, and quicker than thought he sprang from the quarter-deck. The guns were all loaded and shotted, fore and aft, and none knew their temper better than he. With steady hand, made strong by sudden hope, the old gunner seized a priming-wire and picked the cartridge of one of the quarter guns; then he took from his pocket a percussion wafer and set it in its place, and set back the hammer of the patent lock.

With a giant strength the old man swayed the breech of the heavy gun to its bearing, and then seizing the string of the lock, he stood back and watched for the next swell that would bring the shark in range. He had aimed the piece some distance ahead of his mark, but yet a little moment would settle his hopes and fears.

3. Every breath was hushed, and every heart in that old ship beat painfully. The boat was yet some distance from the boys, while the horrid sea-monster was fearfully near. Suddenly the air was awoken by the roar of the heavy gun, and as the old man knew his shot was gone, he sank back upon the combing of the hatch and covered his face with his hands, as if afraid to see the result of his own efforts; for if he had failed, he knew that his boy was lost. For a moment after the report of the gun had died away upon the air, there was a dead silence, but as the dense smoke arose from the surface of the water, there was at first a low murmur breaking from the lips of the men—that murmur grew louder and stronger, till it swelled to a joyous, deafening shout.

4. The old gunner sprang to his feet and gazed off on the water, and the first thing that met his view was the huge carcass of the shark, floating with his white belly up—a mangled, lifeless mass. In a few moments the boat reached the daring swimmers, and, half dead with fright, they were brought on board. The old man clasped his boy in his arms, and then, overcome by the powerful excitement, he leaned upon a gun for support. I have seen men in all the phases of excitement and suspense, but never have I seen three human beings more overcome by thrilling emotions, than on that startling moment when they first knew the effect of our gunner's shot.

X.—HASSAN, OR THE CAMEL-DRIVER.

1. IN silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels past:
One cruise of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contained a scanty store:

A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
 To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
 The sultry sun had gained the middle sky,
 And not a tree and not an herb was nigh:
 The beasts, with pain, their dusty way pursue,
 Shrill roared the winds, and dreary was the view!
 With desperate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
 Thrice sighed, thrice struck his breast, and thus began:
 "Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

2. "Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
 The thirst, or pinching hunger, that I find!
 Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage.
 When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage?
 Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign;
 Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?"

3. "Ye mute companions of my toil, that bear
 In all my griefs a more than equal share!
 Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
 Or moss-crowned fountains mitigate the day,
 In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
 Which plains more blest, or verdant vales bestow:
 Here rocks alone, and ceaseless sands are found,
 And faint and sickly winds forever howl around.
 Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

4. "Cursed be the gold and silver which persuade
 Weak men to follow far fatiguing trade!
 The lily peace outshines the silver store,
 And life is dearer than the golden ore:
 Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
 To every distant mart and wealthy town.
 Why heed we not, while, mad, we haste along,
 The gentle voice of peace, or pleasure's song?
 Or wherefore think the flowery mountain's side,
 The fountain's murmur, and the valley's pride,—
 Why think we these less pleasing to behold
 Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold?
 Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

5. "O cease, my fears!—all frantic as I go,
 When thought creates unnumbered scenes of wo.
 What if the lion in his rage I meet!
 Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
 And, fearful! oft, when day's declining light
 Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
 By hunger roused, he scours the groaning plain,
 Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train:
 Before them, death with shrieks directs their way,
 Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
 Sad was the hour and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

6. "At that dread hour, the silent asp shall creep,
 If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep:
 Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around
 And wake to anguish with a burning wound
 Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
 From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure!
 They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find:
 Peace rules the day, where reason rules the mind.
 Sad was the hour and luckless was the day,
 When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

7. "O, hapless youth, for she thy love hath won,
 The tender Zara will be most undone!
 Big swelled my heart, and owned the powerful maid,
 When fast she dropt her tears, as thus she said:—
 'Farewell the youth whom sighs could not detain,
 Whom Zara's breaking heart implored in vain!
 Yet, as thou go'st, may every blast arise
 Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs!
 Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see,
 No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like me.'
 O! let me safely to the fair return,
 Say with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn;
 O! let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
 Recalled by wisdom's voice, and Zara's tears."

8. He said, and called on Heaven to bless the day,
 When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his way.

XI.— FORTY YEARS AGO.

1. I've wandered to the village, Tom,
I've sat beneath the tree,
Upon the school-house play-ground,
That sheltered you and me;
But none were left to greet me, Tom,
And few were left to know,
Who played with us upon the green,
Just forty years ago.
2. The grass was just as green, Tom,
Barefooted boys at play
Were sporting, just as we did then,
With spirits just as gay.
But the master sleeps upon the hill,
Which, coated o'er with snow,
Afforded us a sliding-place,
Some forty years ago.
3. The old school-house is altered some ;
The benches are replaced
By new ones, very likè the same
Our jack-knives had defaced.
But the same old bricks are in the wall,
And the bell swings to and fro,
Its music's just the same, dear Tom,
'Twas forty years ago.
4. The spring that bubbled 'neath the hill,
Close by the spreading beech,
Is very low ; 'twas once so high
That we could scarcely reach ;
And kneeling down to take a drink,
Dear Tom, I started so,
To think how very much I've changed
Since forty years ago.
5. Near by that spring, upon an elm,
You know I cut your name,
Your sweetheart's just beneath it, Tom,
And you did mine the same.
Some heartless wretch has peeled the bark :
'Twas dying sure, but slow,
Just as she died whose name you cut
There forty years ago.

6. My lids have long been dry, Tom,
 But tears came in my eyes;
 I thought of her I loved so well,
 Those early broken ties.
 I visited the old church-yard,
 And took some flowers to strow
 Upon the graves of those we loved
 Just forty years ago.
- 7 Some are in the church-yard laid,
 Some sleep beneath the sea;
 But none are left of our old class,
 Excepting you and me.
 And when our time shall come, Tom,
 And we are called to go,
 I hope we'll meet with those we loved
 Some forty years ago.

XII.—THE FATAL FALSEHOOD.

1. MRS. OPIE, in her "Illustrations of Lying," gives, as an instance of what she terms "the lie of benevolence," the melancholy tale of which the following is the conclusion.—Vernon is a clergyman in Westmoreland, whose youngest son, at a distance from home, had, in a moment of passion, committed murder. The youth had been condemned and executed for his crime. But his brothers had kept the cause and form of his death concealed from their father, and had informed him that their brother had been taken suddenly ill, and died on his road homeward. The father hears the awful truth, under the following circumstances, when on a journey.

2. The coach stopped at an inn outside the city of York; and, as Vernon was not disposed to eat any dinner, he strolled along the road, till he came to a small church, pleasantly situated, and entered the church-yard to read, as was his custom the inscriptions on the tombstones. While thus engaged, he saw a man filling up a new-made grave, and entered into conversation with him. He found it was the sexton himself; and he drew from him several anecdotes of the persons interred around them.

3. During their conversation they had walked over the whole of the ground, when, just as they were going to leave the spot, the sexton stopped to pluck some weeds from a grave near the corner of it, and Vernon stopped also; taking hold, as he did so, of a small willow sapling, planted near the corner by itself.

4. As the man rose from his occupation, and saw where Vernon stood, he smiled significantly, and said, "I planted that willow; and it is on a grave, though the grave is not marked out."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; it is the grave of a murderer."

"Of a murderer!"—echoed Vernon, instinctively shuddering, and moving away from it.

5. "Yes," resumed he, "of a murderer who was hanged at York. Poor lad!—it was very right that he should be hanged; but he was not a hardened villain! and he died so penitent! and as I knew him when he used to visit where I was groom, I could not help planting this tree for old acquaintance' sake."—Here he drew his hand across his eyes.

6. "Then he was not a low-born man?"

"Oh! no; his father was a clergyman, I think."

"Indeed! poor man: was he living at the time?" said Vernon, deeply sighing.

"Oh! yes; for his poor son did fret so, lest his father should ever know what he had done: he said he was an angel upon earth; and he could not bear to think how he would grieve; for, poor lad, he loved his father and his mother too, though he did so badly."

7. "Is his mother living?"

"No; if she had, he would have been alive; but his evil courses broke her heart; and it was because the man he killed reproached him for having murdered his mother, that he was provoked to murder him."

"Poor, rash, mistaken youth! then he had provocation?"

"Oh! yes; the greatest: but he was very sorry for what he had done; and it would have done your heart good to hear him talk of his poor father."

8. "I am glad I did not hear him," said Vernon hastily, and in a faltering voice, (for he thought of Edgar.)

"And yet, sir, it would have done your heart good, too."

"Then he had virtuous feelings, and loved his father, amidst all his errors?"

"Aye"

"And I dare say his father loved him, in spite of his faults."

"I dare say he did," replied the man; "for one's children are our own flesh and blood, you know, sir, after all that is said and done; and may be this young fellow was spoiled in the bringing up."

9. "Perhaps so," said Vernon, sighing deeply.

"However, this poor lad made a very good end."

"I am glad of that! and he lies here," continued Vernon, gazing on the spot with deeper interest, and moving nearer to it as he spoke. "Peace be to his soul! but was he not dissected?"

"Yes; but his brothers got leave to have the body after dissection. They came to me, and we buried it privately at night."

10. "His brothers came! and who were his brothers?"

"Merchants, in London; and it was a sad cut on them; but they took care that their father should not know it."

"No!" cried Vernon, turning sick at heart.

"Oh! no; they wrote *him* word that his son was ill; then went to Westmoreland, and —"

"Tell me," interrupted Vernon, gasping for breath, and laying his hand on his arm, "tell me the name of this poor youth!"

11. "Why, he was tried under a false name, for the sake of his family; but his real name was Edgar Vernon."

The agonized parent drew back, shuddered violently and repeatedly, casting up his eyes to heaven, at the same time, with a look of mingled appeal and resignation. He then rushed to the obscure spot which covered the bones of his son, threw himself upon it, and stretched his arms over it, as if embracing the unconscious deposit beneath, while his head rested on the grass, and he neither spoke nor moved. But he uttered one groan; — then all was stillness!

12. His terrified and astonished companion remained motionless for a few moments,—then stooped to raise him; but the FIAT OF MERCY had gone forth, and the paternal heart, broken by the sudden shock, had suffered, and breathed its last.

MRS. OPIE.

XIII.—THE CYNIC.

1. THE Cynic is one who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one. He is the human owl, vigilant in darkness and blind to light, mousing for vermin, and never seeing noble game.

2. The Cynic puts all human actions into only two classes—*openly* bad, and *secretly* bad. All virtue, and generosity, and disinterestedness, are merely the *appearance* of good, but selfish at the bottom. He holds that no man does a good thing except for profit. The effect of his conversation upon your feelings is to chill and sear them; to send you away sour and morose.

3. His criticisms and innuendoes fall indiscriminately upon every lovely thing, like frost upon the flowers. If Mr. A is pronounced a religious man, he will reply: *yes, on Sundays*. Mr. B has just joined the church: *certainly; the elections are coming on*. The minister of the gospel is called an example of diligence: *it is his trade*. Such a man is generous: *of other men's money*. This man is obliging: *to lull suspicion and cheat you*. That man is upright: *because he is green*.

4. Thus his eye strains out every good quality, and takes in only the bad. To him religion is hypocrisy, honesty a preparation for fraud, virtue only a want of opportunity, and undeniable purity, asceticism. The livelong day he will coolly sit with sneering lip, transfixing every character that is presented.

5. It is impossible to indulge in such habitual severity of opinion upon our fellow-men, without injuring the tenderness and delicacy of our own feelings. A man will be what his most cherished feelings are. If he encourage a noble generosity, every feeling will be enriched by it; if he nurse bitter and venomous thoughts, his own spirit will absorb the

poison, and he will crawl among men as a burnished adder, whose life is mischief, and whose errand is death.

6. He who hunts for flowers, will find flowers; and he who loves weeds, may find weeds. Let it be remembered that no man, who is not himself mortally diseased, will have a relish for disease in others. Reject then the morbid ambition of the Cynic, or cease to call yourself a man.

H. W. BEECHER.

XIV.—THE FIELD OF WATERLOO.

1. Stop!—for thy tread is on an empire's dust!
 An earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
 Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
 Nor column, trophied for triumphal show?
 None: but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
 As the ground was before, thus let it be.—
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
 And is this all the world has gained by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields! king-making victory?
2. There was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry: and bright
 The lamps shone o'er *the* women and brave men;
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;—
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
3. Did ye not hear it?—No;—'twas but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street:
 On with the dance! let joy be unconfined,
 No sleep till morn, when youth and pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
 But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more.
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is!—it is!—the cannon's opening roar!
4. Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear

That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
 And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
 He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell!

5. Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

6. And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder, peal on peal, afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering with white lips, "The foe! they come, they come!"

7. And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard—and heard too have her Saxon foes:—
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring, which instills
 The stirring memory of a thousand years;
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears.

8 And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving—if aught inanimate e'er grieves—
 Over the unreturning brave—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,

Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure; when **this** fiery mass
 Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low!

9. Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
 The midnight brought the signal sound of strife;
 The morn the marshaling in arms; the day
 Battle's magnificently stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover—heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse—friend, foe—in one red burial blent!

BYRON.

XV.—VARIETIES IN PROSE.

1.—A TRUE LADY.

“I CAN not forbear pointing out to you, my dearest child,” said Lord Collingwood to his daughter, “the great advantages that will result from a temperate conduct and sweetness of manner to all people on all occasions. Never forget that you are a gentlewoman, and that all your words and actions should prove you gentle. I never heard your mother—your dear, good mother—say a harsh or hasty thing to any person in my life. Endeavor to imitate her. I am quick and hasty in my temper, but, my darling, it is a misfortune which, not having been sufficiently restrained in my youth, has caused me inexpressible pain. It has given me more trouble to subdue this impetuosity than anything I ever undertook.

2.—THE ZENAIDA DOVE.

1. MR. AUDUBON, in his valuable work on American Ornithology, relates an anecdote illustrative of the deep impressions liable to be made on the mind from hearing the cooing of the Zenaida Dove, a pigeon which frequents the small islands in the Gulf of Florida. “The cooing of the Zenaida Dove,” says he, “is so peculiar, that one who hears it for the first time naturally stops to ask, ‘What bird is that?’”

2. "A man, who was once a pirate, assured me, that several times, while at certain wells, dug in the burning, shelly sands of a well-known island, the soft and melancholy cry of the doves awoke in his breast feelings which had long slumbered, melted his heart to repentance, and caused him to linger at the spot in a state of mind, which he only, who compares the wretchedness of guilt within him with the happiness of former innocence, can truly feel.

3. "He said he never left the place without increased fears of futurity, associated as he was, although I believe by force, with a band of the most desperate villains that ever annoyed the navigation of the Florida coast. So deeply moved was he by the notes of any bird, and especially those of a dove, the only soothing sounds he ever heard during his life of horrors, that, through those plaintive notes, and them alone, he was induced to escape from his vessel, abandon his turbulent companions, and return to a family deploring his absence.

4. "After paying a parting visit to those wells, and listening once more to the cooings of the Zenaida Dove, he poured out his soul in supplications for mercy, and once more became what is said to be 'the noblest work of God,' an honest man. His escape was effected amidst difficulties and dangers; but no danger seemed to him to be compared with the danger of one living in the violation of human and divine laws; and now he lives in peace, in the midst of his friends."

AUDUBON.

3.—WHAT HOPE DID.

It stole on its pinions of snow to the bed of disease; and the sufferer's frown became a smile, the emblem of peace and endurance. It went to the house of mourning—and from the lips of sorrow there came sweet and cheerful songs. It laid its head upon the arm of the poor man, which was stretched forth at the command of unholy impulses, and saved him from disgrace and ruin. It dwelt like a living thing in the bosom of the mother, whose son tarried long after the promised time of his coming; and saved her from desolation, and the "care that killeth." It hovered about the head of the

youth who had become the Ishmael of society; and led him on to works which even his enemies praised. It snatched the maiden from the jaws of death, and went with an old man to Heaven.

XVI.—POETICAL SELECTIONS.

1.—THE LAST MINSTREL.

1. THE way was long, the wind was cold,
 The minstrel was infirm and old;
 His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
 Seemed to have known a better day:
 The harp, his sole remaining joy,
 Was carried by an orphan boy:
 The last of all the bards was he,
 Who sung of Border chivalry.
 For, well-a-day! their date was fled,
 His tuneful brethren all were dead;
 And he, neglected and oppressed,
 Wished to be with them, and at rest.

2. No more on prancing palfrey borne,
 He caroled, light as lark at morn:
 No longer courted and caressed,
 High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
 He poured to lord, and lady gay,
 The unpremeditated lay:
 Old times were changed, old manners gone,
 A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
 The bigots of the iron time,
 Had called his harmless art a crime.
 A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
 He begged his bread from door to door;
 And tuned to please a peasant's ear,
 The harp a king had loved to hear.

SCOTT

2.—THE LIGHT AT HOME.

THE Light at home! how bright it beams
 When evening shades around us fall;
 And from the lattice far it gleams;
 To love, and rest, and comfort call.

When tired with the toils of day,
 The strife for glory, gold, or fame,
 How sweet to seek the quiet way,
 Where loving lips will lip our name,
 Around the Light at Home.

- 2 When through the dark and stormy night,
 The wayward wanderer homeward hies ;
 How cheering is that twinkling light,
 Which through the forest gloom he spies !
 It is the light at home, he feels
 That loving hearts will greet him there,
 And softly through his bosom steals,
 That joy and love which banish care,
 Around the Light at Home.

- 3 The Light at Home, when'er at last,
 It greets the seaman through the storm.
 He feels no more the chilling blast
 That beats upon his manly form.
 Long years upon the sea have fled,
 Since Mary gave the parting kiss,
 But the sad tears which then she shed,
 Will now be paid with rapturous bliss,
 Around the Light at Home

4. The Light at Home! how still and sweet
 It peeps from yonder cottage door—
 The weary laborer to greet—
 When the rough toils of day are o'er.
 Sad is the soul that does not know
 The blessings that its beams impart,
 The cheerful hopes and joys that flow,
 And lighten up the heaviest heart,
 Around the Light at Home.

3.—THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Who is the happy warrior? who is he,
 That every man in arms would wish to be?
 'T is he who fixes good on good, and owes
 To virtue every triumph that he knows—
 Who, if he rise to station of command,
 Rises by open means, and there will stand
 On honorable terms, or else retire,
 And in himself possess his own desire—

Who therefore does not stoop or lie in wait
 For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state—
 Whom they *must follow*—on whose head must fall,
 Like showers of manna, if they come at all—
 Who, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
 His breath in confidence of heaven's applause—
This is the happy warrior—this is he,
 Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

XVII.—DEATH OF MORRIS.

1. It was under the burning influence of revenge that the wife of Macgregor commanded that the hostage, exchanged for her husband's safety, should be brought into her presence. I believe her sons had kept this unfortunate wretch out of her sight, for fear of the consequences; but if it was so, their humane precaution only postponed his fate. They dragged forward, at her summons, a wretch, already half dead with terror, in whose agonized features, I recognized, to my horror and astonishment, my old acquaintance Morris.

2. He fell prostrate before the female chief with an effort to clasp her knees, from which she drew back, as if his touch had been pollution, so that all he could do in token of the extremity of his humiliation, was to kiss the hem of her plaid. I never heard entreaties for life poured forth with such agony of spirit. The ecstasy of fear was such, that, instead of paralyzing his tongue, as on ordinary occasions, it even rendered him eloquent; and, with checks as pale as ashes, hands compressed in agony, eyes that seemed to be taking their last look of all mortal objects, he protested, with the deepest oaths, his total ignorance of any design on the life of Rob Roy, whom he swore he loved and honored as his own soul. In the inconsistency of his terror, he said, he was but the agent of others, and he muttered the name of Rashleigh.—He prayed but for life—for life he would give all he had in the world;—it was but life he asked—life, if it were to be prolonged under tortures and privations;—he asked only breath, though it should be drawn in the damp of the lowest caverns of their hills.

3. It is impossible to describe the scorn, the loathing, and

contempt, with which the wife of Macgregor regarded this wretched petitioner for the poor boon of existence. "I could have bid you live," she said, "had life been to you the same weary and wasting burden that it is to me—that it is to every noble and generous mind. — But you — wretch! you could creep through the world unaffected by its various disgraces, its ineffable miseries, its constantly accumulating masses of crime and sorrow,—you could live and enjoy yourself, while the noble-minded are betrayed, — while nameless and birthless villains tread on the neck of the brave and long descended, — you could enjoy yourself, like a butcher's dog in the shambles, batten on garbage, while the slaughter of the brave went on around you! This enjoyment you shall not live to partake; you shall die, base dog, and that before yon cloud has passed over the sun."

4. She gave a brief command, in Gaelic, to her attendants, two of whom seized upon the prostrate suppliant, and hurried him to the brink of a cliff which overhung the flood. He set up the most piercing and dreadful cries that fear ever uttered — I may well term them dreadful; for they haunted my sleep for years afterward. As the murderers, or executioners, call them as you will, dragged him along, he recognized me, even in that moment of horror, and exclaimed, in the last articulate words I ever heard him utter, "O, Mr. Osbaldistone, save me! — save me!"

5. I was so much moved by this horrid spectacle, that, although in momentary expectation of sharing his fate, I did attempt to speak in his behalf, but, as might have been expected, my interference was sternly disregarded. The victim was held fast by some, while others, binding a large, heavy stone in a plaid, tied it round his neck, and others again eagerly stripped him of some part of his dress. Half naked, and thus manacled, they hurried him into the lake, there, about twelve feet deep, drowning his last death-shriek with a loud halloo of vindictive triumph, over which, however, the yell of mortal agony was distinctly heard.

6. The heavy burden splashed in the dark-blue waters of the lake; and the Highlanders, with their pole-axes and swords, watched an instant, to guard, lest, extricating him-

self from the load to which he was attached, he might have struggled to regain the shore. But the knot had been securely bound; the victim sunk without effort; the waters, which his fall had disturbed, settled calmly over him; and the unit of that life for which he had pleaded so strongly, was forever withdrawn from the sum of human existence.

SCOTT.

XVIII.—POOR LITTLE JIM,

1. THE cottage was a thatched one, the outside old and mean,
But all within that little cot was wondrous neat and clean;
The night was dark and stormy, the wind was howling wild,
As a patient mother sat beside the death-bed of her child:
A little worn-out creature, his once bright eyes grown dim:
It was a collier's wife and child, they called him little Jim.
2. And oh! to see the briny tears fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offered up the prayer, in thought, she was afraid to speak,
Lest she might waken one she loved far better than her life;
For she had all a mother's heart, had that poor collier's wife.
With hands uplifted, see, she kneels beside the sufferer's bed,
And prays that He would spare her boy, and take herself instead.
3. She gets her answer from the child: soft fall the words from him
"Mother, the angels do so smile, and beckon little Jim,
I have no pain, dear mother, now, but O! I am so dry,
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again, and, mother, don't you cry."
With gentle, trembling haste she held the liquid to his lip;
He smiled to thank her, as he took each little, tiny sip.
4. "Tell father, when he comes from work, I said good-night to him
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep." Alas! poor little Jim!
She knew that he was dying; that the child she loved so dear,
Had uttered the last words she might ever hope to hear:
The cottage door is opened, the collier's step is heard,
The father and the mother meet, yet neither speak a word.
5. He felt that all was over, he knew his child was dead,
He took the candle in his hand and walked toward the bed;
His quivering lips gave token of the grief he'd fain conceal,
And see, his wife has joined him—the stricken couple kneel:
With hearts bowed down by sadness, they humbly ask of Him,
In heaven once more to meet again their own poor little Jim.

XIX.—THE SUNSET OF BATTLE.

1. THE shadows of evening are thickening. Twilight closes, and the thin mists are rising in the valley. The last charging squadron yet thunders in the distance; but it presses only on the foiled and scattered foe. For this day the fight is over! And those who rode foremost in its field at morning—where are they now? On the bank of yon little stream, there lies a knight, his life-blood is ebbing faster than its tide. His shield is rent, and his lance is broken. Soldier, why faintest thou? The blood that swells from that deep wound will answer.

2. It was this morning that the sun rose bright upon his hopes—it sets upon his grave. This day he led the foremost rank of spears, that in their long row leveled when they had crossed their foe's dark line—then death shouted in the onset! It was the last blow that reached him. He has conquered, though he shall not triumph in the victory. His breastplate is dented. His helmet has the traces of well-dealt blows. The scarf on his breast—she would shrink but to touch it now who placed it there. Soldier, what will thy mistress say? She will say that the knight died worthily.

3. Aye, rouse thee, for the fight yet charges in the distance! Thy friends are shouting—thy pennon floats on high. Look on yon crimsoned field that seems to mock the purple clouds above it! prostrate they lie, drenched in their dark red pool; thy friends and enemies; the dead and dying! The veteran, with the stripling of a day. The nameless trooper, and the leader of a hundred hosts. Friend lies by friend. The steed with his rider. And foes, linked in their long embrace—their first and last—the gripe of death. Far o'er the field they lie, a gorgeous prey to ruin! White plume and steel morion; saber and yataghan; crescent and cross; rich vest and bright corslet; we came to the fight, as we had come to a feasting; glorious and glittering, even in death, each shining warrior lies!

4. His last glance still seeks that Christian banner! The cry that shall never be repeated, cheers on its last charge. Oh, but for strength to reach the field once more! to die in

the foe's front! Peace, dreamer! Thou hast done well
Thy place in the close rank is filled; and yet another waits
for his who holds it.

5. Knight, hast thou yet a thought? bend it on Heaven!
The past is gone; the future lies before thee. Gaze on yon
gorgeous sky; thy home should be beyond it! Life, honor,
love—they pass to Him that gave them. Pride, that came
on like ocean's billows—see round thee how it lies mute and
passive. The wealthy here are poor. The high-born have
no precedence. The strong are powerless; the mean, con-
tent. The fair and lovely have no followers. Soldier! she
who sped thee on thy course to-day, her blue eyes shall seek
thee in the conquering ranks to-morrow; but it shall seek
thee in vain! Well! thus it is thou shouldst have died!—
worth all to live for. Wouldst thou be base to have thy
death a blessing? Proud necks shall mourn for thee.
Bright eyes shall weep for thee. They that live envy thee.
Death! glory takes out thy sting!

6. Warrior! aye, the stream of that rill flows cool; but
thy lip no more shall taste it. The moonlight that silvers
its white foam, shall glitter on thy corslet, when thy eye is
closed and dim. Lo! now the night is coming. The mist
is gathering on the hill. The fox steals forth to seek his
quarry, and the gray owl sweeps whirling by, rejoicing in
the stillness. Oh, soldier! how sweetly sounds thy lady's
lute! how fragrant are the dew-sprinkled flowers that twine
round the casement from which she leans! that lute shall
enchant thee, those flowers shall delight thee—no more!

7. One other charge! Soldier, it may not be. To thy
saint and thy lady commend thee! Hark to the low trum-
pet that sounds the recall! Hark to its long note; sweet is
that sound in the ears of the spent and routed foe! The
victor hears it not. When the breath rose that blew that
note, he lived; its peal has rung, and his spirit has departed.
Heath! thou shouldst be the soldier's pillow! Moon, let thy
cold light this night fall upon him! But, morning, thy soft
dews shall tempt him not! the soldier must wake no more.
He sleeps the sleep of honor. His cause was his country's
freedom, and her faith. He is dead! The cross of a Chris-

man knight is on his breast; his lips are pressed to his lady's token. Soldier, farewell!

XX.—POETICAL SELECTIONS.

1.—ABSALOM BESS.

1. A BENEVOLENT man was Absalom Bess,—
At each and every tale of distress
He blazed right up like a rocket;
He felt for all who 'neath poverty's smart
Were doomed to bear life's roughest part,—
He felt for them in his inmost heart,
But never felt in his pocket.
2. He did n't know rightly what was meant
By the Bible's promised four hundred per cent.,
For charity's donation;
But he acted as if he thought railroad stocks,
And bonds secure beneath *earthly* locks,
Were better, with pockets brim full of rocks,
Than *heavenly* speculation.
3. Yet all said he was an excellent man;
For the poor he'd preach, for the poor he'd plan,—
To better them he was willing;
But the oldest one who had heard him pray,
And preach for the poor in a pitiful way,
Could n't remember, exactly, to say
He had ever given a shilling.
4. O, an excellent man was Absalom Bess,
And the world threw up its hands to bless,
Whenever his name was mentioned;
But he died one day, he did, and O!
He went right down to the shades below,
Where all are bound, I fear, to go,
Who are *only* good intentioned.

SHILLABEE

2.—FAMINE.

1. O, the long and dreary winter!
O, the cold and cruel winter!
Ever thicker, thicker, thicker,
Froze the ice on lake and river

Ever deeper, deeper, deeper,
 Fell the soft snow o'er the **landscape**,
 Fell the covering snow and drifted
 Through the forest, round the village.

2. Hardly from his buried wigwam
 Could the hunter force a passage ;
 With his mittens and his snow-shoes,
 Vainly walked he through the forest,
 Sought for beast or bird and found none,
 Saw no track of deer or rabbit,
 In the snow beheld no foot-prints,
 In the ghastly, gleaming forest
 Fell, and could not rise from weakness,
 Perished there from cold and hunger.

- 3 O, the famine and the fever !
 O, the wasting of the famine !
 O, the blasting of the fever !
 O, the wailing of the children !
 O, the anguish of the women !
 All the earth was sick and famished,
 Hungry was the air around them,
 Hungry was the sky above them,
 And the hungry stars in heaven
 Like the eyes of wolves glared at them.

LONGFELLOW.

XXI.—ANECDOTES.

1.—VERY SUGGESTIVE.

A CLERGYMAN, preaching a sermon on some particular patriarch, was extremely high in his panegyric, and spoke of him as far excelling every saint in the calendar. He took a view of the celestial hierarchy, but in vain; he could not assign to his saint a place worthy so many virtues as he possessed; every sentence ended thus: "Where, then, can we place this great patriarch?" One of the congregation, tired at last of the repetition, exclaimed, "As I am going away, you may put him in my pew."

2.—FIRST EXPERIENCE.

1. A VERY intelligent Irishman tells the following incident of his experience in America: I came to this country several years ago, and, as soon as I arrived, hired out to a gentleman who farmed a few acres. He showed me over the premises, the stables, the cow, and where the corn, hay, oats, etc., were kept, and then sent me in to my supper. After supper, he said to me: "James, you may feed the cow, and give her corn *in the ear*." I went out and walked about, thinking, "what could he mean? Had I understood him?" I scratched my head, then resolved I would inquire again; so I went into the library where my master was writing very busily, and he answered without looking up: "I thought I told you to give the cow some corn *in the ear*."

2. I went out more puzzled than ever. What sort of an animal must this Yankee cow be? I examined her mouth and ears. The teeth were good, and the ears like those of kine in the old country. Dripping with sweat, I entered my master's presence once more. "Please, sir, you bid me give the cow some corn *in the ear*, but didn't you mean the *mouth*?" He looked at me a moment, and then burst into such a convulsion of laughter, that I made for the stable as fast as my feet could take me, thinking I was in the service of a crazy man.

3.—EASY TO MAKE SERMONS.

1. "It amazes me that ministers don't write better sermons; I am sick of the dull, prosy affairs," said a lady in the presence of Dr. Nesbit. "But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write good sermons," suggested the Doctor. "Yes," rejoined the lady, "but you are so long about it. I could write one in half the time if I only had the text." "O, if a text is all you want," said Dr. Nesbit, "I will furnish that. Take this one from Solomon: 'It is better to dwell in a corner of a house top, than in a wide house with a brawling woman.'" "Do you mean *me*, sir?" inquired the lady quickly. "O, my good woman," was the response, "you will never make a sermonizer; you are too quick in making your application."

4.—THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.

1 BUCKLAND, the distinguished geologist, one day, after dissecting a Mississippi alligator, asked a good many of the most distinguished of his class to dine with him. His guests congregated. The dinner-table looked splendid, with glass, china, and plate, and the meal commenced with excellent soup. "How do you like the soup?" asked the doctor, after having finished his own plate, addressing a famous gourmand of the day. "Very good, indeed," answered the other; "turtle, is it not—I only ask because I find no green fat?" The doctor shook his head. "I think it has something of a musky taste," said another, "not unpleasant, but peculiar."

2. "All alligators have," replied Buckland, "the cayman particularly so. The fellow whom I dissected this morning, and whom you have just been eating ——" There was a general rout of the whole guests. Every one turned pale. Half-a-dozen started up from the table. Two or three ran out of the room; and only two, who had stout stomachs, remained till the close of an excellent entertainment. "See what imagination can do!" said Buckland. "If I had told them it was turtle, or terrapin, or birds'-nest soup, they would have pronounced it excellent. Such is prejudice." "But was it really an alligator?" asked a lady. "As good a calf's head as ever wore a coronet," answered Buckland.

XXII.—POETICAL SELECTIONS.

1.—THE STREET WAS A RUIN.

1. THE street was a ruin, and night's horrid glare
 Illumined with terror the face of despair,
 While houseless, bewailing,
 Mute pity assailing,
 A mother's wild shrieks pierced the merciless air;
 Beside her stood Edward, imploring each wind
 To wake his loved sister, who lingered behind.
 Awake, my poor Mary!
 Oh! fly to me, Mary!
 In the arms of your Edward a pillow you'll find.

2. In vain he called, for now the volumed smoke,
 Crackling between the rafters, broke ;
 Through the rent seams the forked flames aspire,
 All, all is lost—the roof's on fire! the roof's on fire!
 A flash from the window brought Mary to view,
 She screamed as around her the flames fiercely blew,
 Where art thou, mother!
 Oh! fly to me, brother!
 Ah! save your poor Mary, who lives but for you—
 Leave not poor Mary!
 Ah! save your poor Mary!
3. Her visioned form descrying,
 On wings of horror flying,
 The youth directs his frantic gaze,
 Then plunges in the maddening blaze!
 Aloft he dauntless soars,
 The flaming room explores;
 The roof in cinders crushes,
 Through tumbling walls he rushes!
 She's safe from fear's alarms:
 She faints in Edward's arms!
- O! nature, such thy triumphs are,
 Thy simplest child can bravely dare.

R. TREAT PAINE.

2.—ENVY.

EVERY thing contains within itself
 The seeds and sources of its own corruption ;
 The cankering rust corrodes the brightest steel :
 The moth frets out your garment, and the worm
 Eats its slow way into the solid oak :
 But envy, of all evil things the worst,
 The same to-day, to-morrow, and forever,
 Saps and consumes the heart in which it works.

3.—THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

1. THE scene was more beautiful far to my eye,
 Than if day in its pride had arrayed it:
 The land-breeze blew mild, and the azure-arched sky
 Looked pure as the spirit that made it:
 The murmur rose soft, as I silently gazed
 On the shadowy waves' playful motion,
 From the dim distant hill, 'till the light-house fire blazed
 Like a star in the midst of the ocean.

2. No longer the joy of the sailor-boy's breast
 Was heard in his wildly-breathed numbers ;
 The sea-bird had flown to her wave-girdled nest,
 The fisherman sunk to his slumbers :
 One moment I looked from the hill's gentle slope,
 All hushed was the billows' commotion,
 And o'er them the light-house looked lovely as hope,
 That star of life's tremulous ocean.
3. The time is long past, and the scene is afar,
 Yet, when my head rests on its pillow,
 Will memory sometimes rekindle the star
 That blazed on the breast of the billow :
 In life's closing hour, when the trembling soul flies,
 And death stills the heart's last emotion ;
 O, then may the seraph of mercy arise,
 Like a star on eternity's ocean !

MOORE.

 XXIII.—FALSE WITNESS DETECTED.

1. "Do you entertain any ill-will toward the prisoner?"
 asked Therese's counsel of the attendant.

"None," said the witness.

"Have you ever quarreled with her?"

"No."

2. "Do you truly believe that she deposited the jewel in her trunk?"

"I do not like to think ill of any one."

"That is not an answer to my question:—do you believe that she put it there?"

"How else could it have come there?"

"Answer me, Yes or No," said the advocate. "Do you believe that Therese secreted the jewel in her trunk? Yes or No?"

"Yes!" at last faltered out the attendant.

3. "Now, my girl," continued the advocate, "pay heed to what you say; remember you are upon your oath! Will you swear that you did not put it there yourself?" There was a pause and a profound silence. After about a minute had elapsed, "Well," said the advocate. Another pause; while, in an assembly where hundreds of human hearts

were throbbing, not an individual stirred, or even appeared to breathe, such was the pitch of intensity to which the suspense of the court was wound up.

4. "Well," said the advocate, a second time; will you answer me? Will you swear, that you yourself did not put the jewel into Therese's trunk?"

"I will!" at last said the attendant, boldly.

"You swear it?"

"I do."

"And why did you not answer me at once?"

"I do not like such questions to be put to me," replied the attendant.

5. For a moment the advocate was silent. A feeling of disappointment seemed to pervade the whole court; now and then a half-suppressed sigh was heard, and here and there a handkerchief was lifted to an eye, which was no sooner wiped than it was turned again upon Therese with an expression of the most lively commiseration. The maid herself was the only individual who appeared perfectly at her ease; even the baroness looked as if her firmness was on the point of giving way, as she drew closer to Therese, round whose waist she now had passed her arm.

6. "You have done with the witness?" said the advocate for the prosecution.

"No," replied the other, and reflected for a moment or two longer. At length, "Have you any keys of your own?" said he.

"I have!"

"I know you have," said the advocate. "Are they about you?"

"Yes."

"Is not one of them broken?"

After a pause, "Yes."

7. "Show them to me."

The witness, after searching some time in her pocket, took the keys out and presented them.

"Let the trunk be brought into the court, said the advocate.

8. "Now, my girl," resumed the advocate, "attend to the

questions which I am going to put to you, and deliberate well before you reply; because I have those to produce who will answer them truly, should you fail to do so. Were you ever in the service of a Monsieur St. Ange?"

"Yes," replied the attendant, evidently disconcerted.

"Did you not open, in that gentleman's house, a trunk that was not your own?"

"Yes," with increased confusion.

"Did you not take from that trunk an article that was not your own?"

"Yes; but I put it back again."

"I know you put it back again," said the advocate. "You see, my girl, I am acquainted with the whole affair; but, before you put it back again, were you not aware that you were observed?"

The witness was silent.

9. "Who observed you? Was it not your mistress? Did she not accuse you of intended theft? Were you not instantly discharged?" successively asked the advocate, without eliciting any reply. "Why do you not answer, girl?" peremptorily demanded he.

"If you are determined to destroy my character," said the witness, bursting into tears, "I can not help it."

"No," rejoined the advocate; "I do not intend to destroy a character; I mean to save one,—one which, before you quit the court, I shall prove to be as free from soil as the snow of the arm which is leaning upon that bar!" continued the advocate, pointing towards Therese.

10. The trunk was here brought in. "You know that trunk?"

"Yes."

"Whose is it?"

"It belongs to the prisoner."

"And these are your keys?"

"Yes."

"Were these keys out of your possession the day before that trunk was searched, and the jewel found in it?"

"No."

"Nor the day before that?"

“No.”

11. Now mind what you are saying. You swear, that, for two days preceding the morning upon which that trunk was searched, those keys were never once out of your own possession?”

“I do.”

“Will not one of these keys open that trunk?”

The witness was silent.

“Never mind! we shall try. As readily as if it had been made for it!” resumed the advocate, applying the key and lifting the lid.

12. “There may be fifty keys in the court that would do the same thing,” interposed the public prosecutor.

“True,” rejoined his brother; “but this is not one of them,” added he, holding up the other key, “for she tried this key first and broke, as you see, the ward in the attempt.”

“How will you prove that?” inquired the prosecutor.

“By producing the separate part.”

“Where did you find it?”

“In the lock!” emphatically exclaimed the advocate.

A groan was heard; the witness had fainted. She was instantly removed, and the innocence of Therese was as clear as the noonday!

KNOWLES.

XXIV.—POETICAL SELECTIONS.

1.—RAIN ON THE ROOF.

1. WHEN the humid showers gather over all the starry spheres,
And the melancholy darkness gently weeps in rainy tears,
’Tis a joy to press the pillow of a cottage chamber bed,
And listen to the patter of the soft rain overhead.

2 Every tinkle on the shingles has an echo in the heart,
And a thousand dreary fancies into busy being start;
And a thousand recollections weave their bright hues into woof,
As I listen to the patter of the soft rain on the roof.

3. There in fancy comes my mother, as she used to years ago,
To survey the infant sleepers ere she left them till the dawn

I can see her bending o'er me, as I listen to the strain
Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain.

4. Then my little seraph sister, with her wings and waving hair,
And her bright-eyed, cherub brother—a serene, angelic pair—
Glide around my wakeful pillow with their praise or mild reproof,
As I listen to the murmur of the soft rain on the roof.

5. And another comes to thrill me with her eyes' delicious blue.
I forget, as gazing on her, that her heart was all untrue;
I remember that I loved her as I ne'er may love again,
And my heart's quick pulses vibrate to the patter of the rain.

6. There is naught in art's bravuras that can work with such a spell,
In the spirit's pure, deep fountains, whence the holy passions swell,
As that melody of nature—that subdued, subduing strain,
Which is played upon the shingles by the patter of the rain!

COATES KINNEY.

2.—THE SHIPWRECK.

1. At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hen-coops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars;
For yet they strove, although of no great use.
There was no light in heaven but a few stars:
The boats put off, o'ercrowded with their crews:
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And going down head-foremost—sunk, in short.
2. Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell;
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave;
Then some leaped overboard, with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave;
And the sea yawned around her like a hell;
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strives to strangle him before he die.
3. And first a universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows; but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek: the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

BYRON.

XXV.—ANECDOTES.

1.—SIDNEY SMITH ON SWEARING.

1. SIDNEY SMITH, when traveling in a stage-coach one day, long before railroads were dreamed of, was terribly annoyed by a young man who had acquired the polite habit of swearing to such an extent, that he interlarded his discourse with it, as though it were a constituent part of the language. As there was a lady present, the matter was doubly annoying. After enduring the young man's displays for some time, the "wag, wit, and wicar," as one of his cockney admirers called him, asked permission to tell the company a little anecdote, and thus commenced :

2. "Once upon a time—boots, sugar-tongs and tinder-boxes—there was a king of—boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes—England who, at a great ball,—boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes—picked up the Duchess of—boots, sugar-tongs and tinder-boxes—Shrewsbury's garter—boots, sugar-tongs and tinder-boxes—and said, '*Honi soit qui mal y—boots, sugar-tongs and tinder-boxes—pense,*' which means in English, 'Evil to him who—boots, sugar-tongs and tinder-boxes—evil thinks.' This was the origin of—boots, sugar-tongs and tinder-boxes—the order of the garter."

3. When Sidney Smith had concluded, the young gentleman said, "a very good story, sir; but what has boots, sugar-tongs, and tinder-boxes to do with it?" "I will tell you, my young friend," said Smith, "when you tell me what blasphemy has to do with your conversation. In the meantime allow me to say, that's my style of swearing."

2.—THE BARRISTER AND THE WITNESS.

1. THERE is a point beyond which human forbearance can not go, and the most even of tempers will become roused at times. At an assizes held during the past year, both judge and counsel had a deal of trouble to make a timid witness speak sufficiently loud to be heard by the jury; and it is possible that the temper of the counsel may thereby have been turned from the even tenor of its way. After this gentleman had gone through the various stages of bar plead

ing, and had coaxed, threatened, and even bullied witnesses, there was called into the box a young ostler, who appeared to be simplicity personified.

2. "Now, sir," said the counsel, in a tone that would at any other time have been denounced as vulgarly loud, "I hope we shall have no difficulty in making you speak out."

"I hope not, zur," was shouted, or rather bellowed out by the witness, in tones which almost shook the building, and would certainly have alarmed any timid or nervous lady.

"How dare you speak in that way, sir?" said the counsel.

3. "Please, zur, I can't speak any louder," said the astonished witness, attempting to speak louder than before, evidently thinking the fault to be in his speaking too softly.

"Pray, have you been drinking?" shouted the counsel, who had now thoroughly lost the last remnant of his temper.

"Yes, zur," was the reply.

"And what have you been drinking?"

"Coffee, zur!"

4. "And what did you have in your coffee, sir?" shouted the exasperated counsel.

"*A spunc, zur!*" innocently bawled the witness, in his highest key, amidst the roars of the whole court—excepting only the now thoroughly wild counsel, who flung down his brief, and rushed out of court.

3.—POINTED REPROOF.

1. SOME eighty years ago a very zealous professor of religion went to Dr. Gill, and told him she had something against him, and she considered it her duty to reprove him.

2. "Well, my good lady," said he, "what is the difficulty?"

"Why, sir, I think your bands are too long."

"Ah! do you? I have never thought any thing about it; I will get a pair of scissors, and I will thank you to cut off as much as you think best."

She replied, "I hope you will not be offended."

"Not at all, not at all, madam," he replied.

3. Without much ceremony she folded and cut off quite a large piece of the bands.

"Are you now satisfied? look again and see; perhaps

you had better cut off a little more while you are about it, and be satisfied."

"I do not know but I had ; I think they are still rather long;" and she cut off a second piece, saying, "there, I think, that will do."

4. "Well, my friend," said the Doctor, "I must now tell you I have something against you."

"Have you, sir," she exclaimed, "what is it?"

"I think your tongue is rather too long, and you had better let me cut a piece off."

XXVI.—HATE OF THE BOWL.

1. Go feel what I have felt—
 Go bear what I have borne—
 Sink 'neath the blow a father dealt,
 And the cold world's proud scorn:
 Then suffer on from year to year—
 Thy sole relief the scorching tear.
2. Go kneel as I have knelt,
 Implore, beseech, and pray—
 Strive the besotted heart to melt,
 The downward course to stay—
 Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
 Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.
3. Go weep as I have wept
 O'er a loved father's fall—
 See every promised blessing swept—
 Youth's sweetness turned to gall—
 Life's fading flowers strewed all the way,
 That brought me up to woman's day.
4. Go see what I have seen—
 Behold the strong man bow,
 With gnashing teeth, lips bathed in blood,
 And cold and livid brow—
 Go catch his withering glance, and see
 There mirrored, his soul's misery.
5. Go to thy mother's side,
 And her crushed bosom cheer—

Thine own deep anguish hide—

Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear ;

Mark her wan cheek and pallid brow—

The gray that streaks her dark hair now—

Her failing frame and trembling limb ;

And trace the ruin back to him

Whose blighted faith, in early youth,

Promised eternal love and truth,

But who, forsworn, hath yielded up

That promise to the cursed cup ;

And led her down, through love and light,

And all that made her prospects bright ;

And chained her there, mid want and strife,

That lowly thing, a drunkard's wife ;

And stamped on childhood's brow so mild,

That withering blight, a drunkard's child !

6. Go hear, and feel, and see, and know,
 All that *my soul* hath felt and known ;
 Then look upon the wine-cup's glow—
 See if its beauty can atone—
 Think if its flavor you will try !
 When all proclaim 'tis drink and die !
7. Tell me I hate the bowl—
 Hate is a feeble word :
 I loathe—abhor—my very soul
 With strong disgust is stirred—
 Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell,
 Of the dark beverage of hell.

XXVII.—STEAM-ENGINE.

1. THE following account of the parts of the steam-engine is intended, without entering into minute practical details, still fully to explain the principle or general nature of the machine. It should serve to render very interesting to an attentive reader, a visit to any place where a steam-engine is in use ; and it should make evident the folly of many of the modern schemes for improving the engine.

2. The part which first claims attention, is the great barrel, constituting the center or main portion of the machine, in

which the piston is moved up and down by the action of steam entering, alternately above and below it, through the pipes. The barrel, or cylinder, is bored with extreme accuracy, and the piston is padded round its edge with hemp or other soft material, so as to be perfectly air or steam-tight. Lately, pistons have been made altogether of metal, and, in some cases, from working with less friction, these answer even better than others.

3. The next part to be mentioned is the boiler, which is made of suitable size and strength. The steam passes from the boiler along the pipe, and there, by any suitable cock or valves, worked by the engine itself, is directed alternately to the upper and under part of the barrel; and while it is entering to press on one side of the piston, the waste steam is allowed to escape from the other side, either to the atmosphere, for high-pressure engines, or into the condenser, for those of low-pressure—the condenser being always kept at a low temperature by cold water running into it, and pumped out again by the piston.

4. The supply of steam from the boiler to the cylinder is regulated by a valve placed somewhere in the pipe, and made obedient to what is called the governor, which may, in truth, be described as a pair of tongs with heavy balls at the ends, to make their opening more energetic, and attached to some turning part of the machine. If the engine move with more than the assigned speed, the balls open or fly asunder beyond their middle station, and, by a simple contrivance, are then made to act on a valve which contracts the steam-tube; on the contrary, with too slow a motion, they collapse, and open the valve. The supply of water to the boiler is regulated by a float on the surface of the water in the boiler; which float, on descending to a certain point, by reason of the consumption of water, opens a valve to admit more. There is a safety valve in the boiler, viz., a well-fitted flap or stopper, held against an opening by a weight, but loaded so as to open before danger can arise from the overheating of the water.

5. The rapidity of the combustion, or force of the fire, is exactly regulated by the state of the boiler and the wants

of the machine, thus: there is a large open tube rising from near the bottom of the boiler, through its top, to a height of several feet; and when the water in the boiler is too hot, and the steam, therefore, too strong, part of the water is pressed up into this tube, and, by the agency of a float which rests on its surface, it shuts the chimney-valve, or damper; the draught is then diminished, and the fuel saved, until a brisker fire is again required.

6. The great beam, turning on an axis, transmits the force of the piston to the remote machinery. When the object is to raise water, the pump-rods are simply connected with the end of the beam; but when any rotary motion is wanted, the end is made to turn a crank by the rod; and uniformity of motion is obtained by the influence of the great fly-wheel fixed to the axis of the crank.

7. The fertile genius of James Watt did not stop at the accomplishment of the important particulars described above; but throughout the whole detail of the component parts, and of the various applications of the engine, he contrived miracles of simplicity and usefulness. We should exceed the prescribed bounds of this article, by entering more minutely into the subject; but we may remark, that, in the present perfect state of the engine, it appears a thing almost endowed with intelligence.

8. It regulates with perfect accuracy and uniformity the number of its strokes in a given time, counting or recording them moreover, to tell how much work it has done, as a clock records the beats of its pendulum; it regulates the quantity of steam admitted to work; the briskness of the fire; the supply of water to the boiler; the supply of coals to the fire; it opens and shuts its valves with absolute precision as to time and manner; it oils its joints; it takes out any air which may accidentally enter into parts which should be vacuous; and when any thing goes wrong which it can not of itself rectify, it warns its attendants by ringing a bell: yet, with all these talents and qualities, and even when exerting the force of hundreds of horses, it is obedient to the hand of a child.

9. Its aliment is coal, wood, charcoal. or other combusti

bles; it consumes none while idle; it never tires, and wants no sleep; it is not subject to malady when originally well made; and only refuses to work when worn out with age: it is equally active in all climates, and will do work of any kind; it is a water pumper, a miner, a sailor, a cotton-spinner, a weaver, a blacksmith, a miller, etc.: and a small engine in the character of a steam-pony, may be seen dragging after it on a railroad a hundred tuns of merchandise, or a regiment of soldiers, with thrice the speed of our fleetest horse-coaches. It is the king of machines, and a permanent realization of the Genii of Eastern fable, submitting supernatural powers to the command of man.

ARNOTT.

XXVIII.—NATURE'S GENTLEMAN.

1. Whom do we dub as gentlemen? The knave, the fool, the brute—

If they but own full title of gold and wear a courtly suit!
The parchment scroll of titled line, the ribbon at the knee,
Can still suffice to ratify and grant such high degree:
But nature, with a matchless hand, sends forth *her* nobly-born,
And laughs the paltry attributes of wealth and rank to scorn;
She moulds with care a spirit rare, half human, half divine,
And cries exulting, "Who can make a gentleman like mine?"

2. She may not spend her common skill about the outward part,
But showers beauty, grace, and light, upon the mind and heart.
She may not choose ancestral fame his pathway to illum—
The sun that sheds the brightest day may rise from mist and gloom.
Should fortune pour her welcome store, and useful gold abound,
He shares it with a bounteous hand and scatters blessings round.
The treasure sent is rightly spent, and serves the end designed,
When held by nature's gentleman, the good, the just, the kind.

3. He turns not from the cheerless home, where sorrow's offsprings dwell;

He'll greet the peasant in his hut—the culprit in his cell;
He stays to hear the widow's plaint of deep and mourning love,
He seeks to aid her lot below, and prompt her faith above;
The orphan child, the friendless one, the luckless, or the poor,
Will never meet his spurning frown, or leave his bolted door;
His kindred circle's all mankind, his country, all the globe—
An honest name, his jeweled star, and truth, his ermine robe.

4. He wisely yields his passions up to reason's firm control—
 His pleasures are of crimeless kind, and never taint the soul.
 He may be thrown among the gay and reckless sons of life,
 But will not love the revel scene, nor heed the brawling strife.
 He wounds no breast with jeer or jest, yet bears no honeyed tongue!
 He's social with the gray-haired one and merry with the young;
 He gravely shares the council speech or joins the rustic game.
 And shines as nature's gentleman, in every place the same.

5. No haughty gesture marks his gait, no pompous tone his word,
 No studied attitude is seen, no palling nonsense heard;
 He'll suit his bearing to the hour—laugh, listen, learn, or teach,
 With joyous freedom in his mirth, and candor in his speech.
 He worships God with inward zeal, and serves him in each deed;
 He would not blame another's faith nor have one martyr bleed;
 Justice and mercy form his code; he puts his trust in Heaven;
 His prayer is, "If the heart mean well, may all else be forgiven!"

6. Though few of such may gem the earth, yet such rare gems
 there are,
 Each shining in his hallowed sphere as virtue's polar star.
 Though human hearts too oft are found all gross, corrupt, and
 dark,
 Yet, yet some bosoms breathe and burn, lit by Promethean spark;
 There are some spirits nobly just, unwarped by pelf or pride,
 Great in the calm but greater still when dashed by adverse tide,—
 They hold the rank no king can give, no station can disgrace,
 Nature puts forth *her* gentlemen, and monarchs must give place.

ELIZA COOK.

XXIX.—THE BAROMETER.

1. THE state of the atmosphere, as to weight, differs at different times in the same situation, so as to produce a change of about three inches in the height of the mercurial barometer; that is to say, from twenty-eight to thirty-one inches. On the occasion of the great Lisbon earthquake, however, the mercury fell so far in the barometers, even in Britain, as to disappear from that portion at the top usually left uncovered for observation.

2. The uncovered part of a barometer is commonly five or six inches in length, with a divided scale attached to it.

on which the figures, 28, 29, etc., indicate the number of inches from the surface of the mercury, at the bottom, to the respective divisions:—on the lower part of the scale, the words wind and rain are generally written; meaning, that when the mercury sinks to them, wind and rain are to be expected; and on the upper part dry and fine appear, for a corresponding reason: but we have to recollect, that it is not the absolute height of the mercury which indicates the existing or coming weather, but the recent change in its height—a falling barometer usually telling of wind and rain, a rising one, of serene and dry weather.

3. But we may remark here, that when water, which has been suspended in the atmosphere, and has formed a part of it, separates as rain, the weight and bulk of the mass are diminished: and a wind must occur, when a sudden condensation of aeriform matter, in any situation, disturbs the equilibrium of the air; for the air around will rush towards the situation of diminished pressure.

4. To the husbandman the barometer is of considerable use, by aiding and correcting the prognostics of the weather, which he draws from local signs familiar to him; but its great use, as a weather-glass, seems to be to the mariner, who roams over the whole ocean, and is often under skies and climates altogether new to him. The watchful captain of the present day, trusting to this extraordinary monitor, is frequently enabled to take in sail and to make ready for the storm, where, in former times, the dreadful visitation would have fallen on him unprepared.

5. The marine barometer has not yet been in general use for many years, and the author of this work was one of a numerous crew, who probably owed their preservation to its almost miraculous warning. It was in a southern latitude; the sun had just set with placid appearance, closing a beautiful afternoon, and the usual mirth of the evening watch was proceeding, when the captain's order came to prepare, with all haste, for a storm. The barometer had begun to fall with appalling rapidity.

6. As yet the oldest sailors had not perceived a threatening in the sky, and were surprised at the extent and hurry

of the preparations; but the required measures were not completed, when a more awful hurricane burst upon them than the most experienced had ever braved. Nothing could withstand it; the sails, already furled, and closely bound to the yards, were riven away in tatters; even the yards and masts themselves were in great part disabled, and, at one time, the whole had nearly fallen by the board. Such, for a few hours, was the mingled roar of the hurricane among the rigging, of the waves around, and of the incessant peals of thunder, that no human voice could be heard; and, amid the general consternation, even the trumpet sounded in vain.

7. In that awful night, but for the little tube of mercury which had given the warning, neither the strength of the noble ship, nor the skill and energies of the commander, could have availed any thing, and not a man would have escaped to tell the tale. On the following morning the wind was again at rest, but the ship lay upon the yet heaving waves, an unsightly wreck.

ARNOTT.

XXX.—LEAP FOR LIFE.

1. OLD Ironsides at anchor lay
 In the harbor of Mahon;
 A dead calm rested on the bay,
 And the winds to sleep had gone:
 When little Jack, the captain's son,
 With gallant hardihood,
 Climbed shroud and spar, and then upon
 The main truck rose and stood.

2. A shudder ran through every vein,
 All hands were turned on high;
 There stood the boy with dizzy brain,
 Between the sea and sky.
 No hold had he above, below,
 Alone he stood in air:
 At that far height none dared to go;
 No aid could reach him there.

- 3 We gazed, but not a man could speak,
 With horror all aghast;
 In groups, with pallid brow and cheek,
 We watched the quivering mast.
 The atmosphere grew thick and hot,
 And of a lurid hue,
 As riveted unto the spot
 Stood officers and crew.
4. The father came on deck,—he gasped,
 “Oh God! thy will be done!”
 Then suddenly a rifle grasped,
 And aimed it at his son;—
 “Jump! far out, boy, into the wave,
 Jump, or I fire!” he said;
 “This chance alone your life can save,
 Jump! jump!” The boy obeyed.
5. He sunk, he rose, he lived, he moved,
 He for the ship struck out—
 On board we hailed the lad beloved,
 With many a manly shout;
 His father drew, with silent joy,
 Those wet arms round his neck,
 And folded to his heart the boy,
 Then fainted on the deck.

GEO. P. MORRIS.

XXXI.—THE DEMAGOGUE.

1. THE lowest of politicians is that man who seeks to gratify an invariable selfishness by pretending to seek the public good. For a profitable popularity he accommodates himself to all opinions, to all dispositions, to every side, and to every prejudice. He is a mirror, with no face of its own but a smooth surface from which each man of ten thousand may see himself reflected.

2. He glides from man to man coinciding with their views, simulating their tastes, and pretending their feelings; with this one he loves a man; with that one he hates the same man; he favors a law, and he dislikes it; he approves and opposes; he is on both sides at once, and seemingly wishes

that he could be on one side more. He attends meetings to suppress intemperance,—but at elections makes every grog-shop free to all drinkers. He can with equal relish plead most eloquently for temperance, or toss off a dozen glasses of whiskey in a dirty doggery.

3. He thinks that there is a time for every thing, and therefore at one time he jeers and leers, and swears with a carousing blackguard crew; and at another time, professing to have been happily converted, he displays all the various features of devotion. Indeed, he is a capacious Christian—an epitome of faith.

4. He piously asks the class-leader of the welfare of his charge, for *he* was always a Methodist, and always will be,—until he meets a Presbyterian; then he is a Presbyterian, Old School or New, as the case requires; however, as he is not a bigot, he can afford to be a Baptist in a good Baptist neighborhood, and with a wink he tells the pious elder that he never had one of his children baptized, not he! He whispers to the Reformer that he abhors all creeds but Baptism and the Bible. After this, room will be found in his heart for the fugitive sects also, which come and go like clouds in a summer-sky.

5. Upon the stump his tact is no less rare. He roars and bawls with courageous plainness, on points about which all agree; but on subjects where men differ, his meaning is nicely balanced on a pivot that it may dip either way. He depends for success chiefly upon humorous stories. A glowing patriot telling stories is a dangerous antagonist; for it is hard to expose the fallacy of a hearty laugh, and men convulsed with merriment are slow to perceive in what way an argument is a reply to a story: men who will admit that he has not a solitary moral virtue, will vote for him, and assist him in obtaining the office to which he aspires.

H. W. BEECHER.

XXXII.—POETICAL SELECTIONS.

1.—THE HYPOCRITE.

1. He was a man,
 Who stole the livery of the court of heaven,
 To serve the devil in ; in virtue's guise,
 Devoured the widow's house, and orphan's bread ;
 In holy phrase, transacted villainies
 That common sinners durst not meddle with.

2. At sacred feast, he sat among the saints,
 And with his guilty hands touched holiest things ;
 And none of sin lamented more, or sighed
 More deeply, or with graver countenance,
 Or longer prayer, wept o'er the dying man,
 Whose infant children, at the moment, he
 Planned how to rob. In sermon style he bought,
 And sold, and lied ; and salutation made,
 In Scripture terms. He prayed, by quantity,
 And with his repetitions, long and loud,
 All knees were weary.

3. With one hand he put
 A penny in the urn of poverty,
 And with the other took a shilling out.
 On charitable lists,—those trumps, which told
 The public ear, who had, in secret, done
 The poor a benefit, and half the alms
 They told of, took themselves to keep them sounding,—
 He blazed his name, more pleased to have it there,
 Than in the book of life.

4. Seest thou the man !
 A serpent with an angel's voice ! a grave,
 With flowers bestrewed ! and yet, few were deceived.
 His virtues, being over-done, his face,
 Too grave, his prayers too long, his charities,
 Too pompously attended, and his speech,
 Larded too frequently, and out of time,
 With serious phraseology, were rents,
 That in his garments opened, in spite of him,
 Thro' which, the well-accustomed eye, could see
 The rottenness of his heart.

2.—THE MISER.

1. But there is one in folly farther gone,
 With eye awry, incurable, and wild,
 The laughing-stock of demons and of men,
 And by his guardian angel quite given up—
 The miser, who with dust inanimate
 Holds wedded intercourse.

2. Ill-guided wretch!
 Thou mayst have seen him at the midnight hour—
 When good men sleep, and in light-winged dreams
 Send up their souls to God—in wasteful hall,
 With vigilance and fasting worn to skin
 And bone, and wrapped in most debasing rags—
 Thou mayst have seen him bending o'er his heaps,
 And holding strange communion with his gold;
 And as his thievish fancy seems to hear
 The night-man's foot approach, starting alarmed,
 And in his old, decrepit, withered hand,
 That palsy shakes, grasping the yellow earth
 To make it sure.

3. Of all God made upright,
 And in their nostrils breathed a living soul,
 Most fallen, most prone, most earthy, most debased;
 Of all that sell Eternity for Time,
 None bargain on so easy terms with Death.
 Illustrious fool! nay, most inhuman wretch!
 He sits among his bags, and, with a look
 Which hell might be ashamed of, drives the poor
 Away unalmsed, and midst abundance dies,
 Sorest of evils! dies of utter want.

POLLOK

LXXXIII.—THE WHALE-SHIP AND THE CANNIBALS.

1. A NEW ENGLAND whale-ship foundered in a gale, some years ago, in the Pacific Ocean. Her crew took to the boats; and, after toiling for several days and nights, two of the boats came in sight of an island. One of them was run through the surf, and the crew jumped on shore, making signs to the natives, to express their destitute condition. But no pity dwelt in those savage breasts. Rushing upon

the exhausted seamen with their clubs, they instantly killed them, and made preparations to feast upon their bodies, for they were cannibals.

2. Seeing the fate of their companions, the other boat's crew pulled hastily away from that dreadful spot; and, after almost incredible sufferings were picked up by a friendly vessel and saved. Some years passed, and another ship was wrecked in the same seas, and near the same island. Her commander had been second mate of the former ship, and was saved with the boat's crew which witnessed the destruction of their ship-mates by the cannibals. Again he approached the island, a wrecked mariner, and reduced by hunger and exhaustion to an emaciated state. He recognized the fatal shore, and told his companions of the cannibals who dwelt beyond it. But they were too weak to put out to sea again. To do so was to die. They could but die if they landed; and, perhaps, the savages might be merciful.

3. Perceiving none of the natives, they hauled their boat up on the beach, and sought the shelter of the adjoining woods, in the hope of finding fruits or berries for subsistence. But, once in the woods, their fears increased. They moved stealthily along, alarmed at the cracking of the dry bushes beneath their feet, and at the rustling of the leaves.

4. Death seemed to speak in every sound, and to leer upon them through every opening glade of the forest. Cold sweats gathered on their sunburnt brows; and more than once they halted, and consulted on the propriety of returning to the boat; but as often they resolved to advance, especially as they found themselves ascending a wooded hill, which they hoped might furnish them with a nook or cave in which to hide. Thus trembling they proceeded.

5. They approached the summit of the hill, which was bold and rocky. The foremost of the party ventured from the shelter of the trees to view the island. Cautiously he stole, step by step, to the mountain's brow, till his eye caught sight of the village below. Then he literally sprang into the air, clapped his hands and shouted, "*Safe! SAFE! SAFE!*"

6. "What is the matter?" asked his companions, who

thought him crazy. "We are safe, I tell you, we are safe!" pointing to the village on the plain below. Looking down, the now joyful seamen beheld a church lifting its modest front above the huts of the natives.

7. Then they shared in the transports of their companion. They leaped, they wept, they embraced. They knew by the church that the missionary was there. They knew that where he lived and labored, cannibalism must be dead. They accordingly descended to the plain, and found, instead of a cruel death, the utmost kindness, perfect security, and a generous hospitality. Had those wrecked mariners been skeptics or infidels, would they have needed any further proof of the humanizing and renovating power of the Gospel, or of the utility of missions?

• XXXIV.—AFTER A TEMPEST.

1. The day had been a day of wind and storm;—
 The wind was laid, the storm was overpassed,
 And, stooping from the zenith, bright and warm,
 Shone the great sun on the wide earth at last
 I stood upon the upland slope and cast
 My eye upon a broad and beauteous scene,
 Where the vast plain lay girt by mountains vast,
 And hills o'er hills lifted their heads of green,
 With pleasant vales scooped out, and villages between.
2. The rain-drops glistened on the trees around,
 Whose shadows on the tall grass were not stirred,
 Save when a shower of diamonds, to the ground,
 Was shaken by the flight of startled bird;
 For birds were warbling round, and bees were heard
 About the flowers; the cheerful rivulet sung
 And gossiped, as he hastened ocean-ward;
 To the gray oak, the squirrel, chiding, clung,
 And, chirping, from the ground the grasshopper upsprung.
3. And from beneath the leaves, that kept them dry,
 Flew many a glittering insect here and there;
 And darted up and down the butterfly,
 That seemed a living blossom of the air.
 The flocks came scattering from the thicket, where

The violent rain had pent them ; in the way
 Strolled groups of damsels, frolicsome and fair ;
 The farmer swung the scythe or turned the hay,
 And 'twixt the heavy swaths his children were at play.

4. It was a scene of peace—and, like a spell,
 Did that serene and golden sunlight fall
 Upon the motionless wood that clothed the cell,
 And precipice, upspringing like a wall,
 And glassy rivers, and white waterfall,
 And happy living things that trod the bright
 And beauteous scene ; while, far beyond them all,
 On many a lovely valley, out of sight,
 Was poured from the blue heavens the same soft, golden light
5. I looked, and thought the quiet of the scene
 An emblem of the peace that yet shall be,
 When o'er earth's continents, and isles between,
 The noise of war shall cease from sea to sea,
 And married nations dwell in harmony ;
 When millions, crouching in the dust to one,
 No more shall beg their lives on bended knee,
 Nor the black stake be dressed, nor in the sun
 The o'erlabored captive toil, and wish his life were done.
6. Too long a clash of arms amid her bowers,
 And pools of blood, the earth has stood aghast,
 The fair earth, that should only blush with flowers
 And ruddy fruits ; but not for aye can last
 The storm ; and sweet the sunshine when 't is past :
 Lo, the clouds roll away—they break—they fly,
 And, like the glorious lights of summer, cast
 O'er the wide landscape from the embracing sky,
 On all the peaceful world the smile of heaven shall lie.

BRYANT

XXXV.—ANECDOTES.

1.—CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

1. THE scene of the following anecdote is laid in a drawing-room in Paris. One of the company was showing a gold medal which had been awarded him, and which was worth five thousand francs. The medal passed from hand to hand, and when, half an hour afterward, the owner asked for it

again, it could not be found. Every nook and corner was searched, but in vain.

2. This sudden disappearance produced considerable agitation in the company, which was select but numerous, and finally some one proposed that every one should be searched, the men by the men and the women by the women. All the persons present eagerly signified their assent, with the exception of a single individual, who was presented that very night for the first time in the house. This man declared very calmly, but very decidedly, that he could not consent to be searched. The effect these words produced may easily be imagined. It was no longer doubted that he was the robber, and the gentleman who introduced him was more dead than alive.

3. The master of the house was about turning the supposed thief into the street, and the owner of the medal was about entreating the company to forget the circumstance, when a lady having risen from her seat, lo! the missing medal suddenly fell out of one of the flounces of her dress, into which it had accidentally slipped and buried itself. The sensation produced by the sudden denouement was prodigious. A cry of joyful surprise resounded throughout the room. The individual suspected of the theft was declared innocent.

4. Renouncing the stoical calmness, verging on indifference, which had hitherto characterized his demeanor, "This," said he, "gentlemen, is the explanation of my conduct, which doubtless seemed to you inexplicable. If I would not consent to be searched, it was because I was a stranger to every one present, with one exception, and because, by a strange coincidence—so strange that no one would have believed it possible—I had on my person a medal exactly similar to the one that was lost."

5. He then produced the medal, which, if it had been found on him, would have ruined him a quarter of an hour before, but which was now but an additional proof of his innocence. This incident is but another proof of the uncertainty of human judgment.

2.—ALL GONE OUT.

A GENTLEMAN having appointed to meet his friend on particular business, went to the house and knocked at the door, which was opened by a servant girl. He informed her he wanted her master. "He is gone out, sir," said she. "Then your mistress will do," said the gentleman. "She is gone out, too," said the girl. "My business is of consequence," returned he: "is your master's son at home?" "No sir; he is gone out." "That's unlucky, indeed; but perhaps it may not be long before they return—I will step in and sit by your fire." "O, sir, the fire has gone out too!" said the girl. Upon which the gentleman bade her inform her master, that he did not expect to be received so coolly.

3.—EXPRESSIVE GESTURE.

EMPHASIS is known to be of great consequence to a public speaker. Gesture is sometimes equally impressive. An anecdote is related of a clergyman who was tormented with a termagant wife. In the course of time she paid "the debt of nature," and her husband personally officiated at her funeral. His speech was devoted in part to "the thousand ills that flesh is heir to," and was concluded by a Scripture quotation. Extending his right hand toward the grave, he said:—"There the wicked cease from troubling," and then placing the same hand on his heart, he added, "and the weary are at rest."

XXXVI.—MARCO BOZZARIS.

He fell in an attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Plataea, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were—"To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."

1. AT midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour,
When Greece, her knee in supppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power:
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;

In dreams his song of triumph heard;
 Then wore his monarch's signet ring:
 Then pressed that monarch's throne, a king;
 As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
 As Eden's garden-bird.

- 2 At midnight, in the forest shades,
 Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
 True as the steel of their tried blades,
 Heroes in heart and hand.
 There, had the Persian's thousands stood,
 There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
 On old Plataea's day;
 And now there breathed that haunted air
 The sons of sires, who conquered there,
 With arms to strike, and souls to dare,
 As quick, as far as they.
3. An hour passed on—the Turk awoke:
 That bright dream was his last;
 He woke to hear his sentries shriek,
 "To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
 He woke—to die 'midst flame, and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and saber stroke,
 And death-shots, falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain cloud;
 And heard, with voice, as trumpet loud,
 Bozzaris, cheer his band:
 "Strike! till the last armed foe expires;
 Strike! for your altars and your fires;
 Strike! for the green graves of your sires;
 God, and your native land!"
4. They fought, like brave men, long and well;
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
 They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile, when rang the proud hurrah!
 And the red field was won;
 Then saw, in death, his eyelids close,
 Calmly, as to a night's repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

- 5 Come to the bridal chamber, Death !
 Come to the mother, when she feels,
 For the first time, her first-born's breath ;
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence, are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke ;
 Come in consumption's ghastly form,
 The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm ;
 Come when the heart beats high, and warm,
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine,
 And thou art terrible! the tear,
 The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier ;
 And all we know, or dream, or fear,
 Of agony, are thine.
6. But, to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
 Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
 And in its hollow tones are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
 Bozzaris! with the storied brave,
 Greece nurtured, in her glory's time,
 Rest thee—there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.
 We tell thy doom without a sigh ;
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's—
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.

HALLECK.

XXXVII.—ANECDOTES.

1.—BENEVOLENCE.

1. At a missionary meeting among the negroes in the West Indies, it is related, these three resolutions were adopted :

- (1.) We will all give something.
- (2.) We will all give according to our abilities.
- (3.) We will all give willingly.

2. At the close of the meeting, a leading negro took his seat at a table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to contribute. Many advanced to the table, and handed in their contributions, some more and some less.

Among the contributors was an old negro, who was very rich, almost as rich as all the rest united. He threw down a small silver coin. "Take dat back again," said the chairman of the meeting. "Dat may be 'cording to de fust resolution, but not 'cording to de second."

3. The rich old man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back to his seat much enraged. One after another came forward, and all giving more than himself, he was ashamed, and again threw a piece of money on the table, saying, "Dar, take dat!" It was a valuable piece of gold, but given so ill-temperedly, that the chairman answered, "No, sir, dat won't do! Dat may be 'cording to de fust and second resolutions, but not 'cording to de third." He was obliged to take it up again. Still angry with himself and all the rest, he sat a long time, until nearly all were gone, and then advanced to the table, with a smile on his countenance, and laid a large sum of money on the table. "Dar, now, berry well," said the presiding negro; "dat will do; dat am 'cording to all de resolutions."

2.—A CONSIDERATE DOCTOR.

1. A POOR girl, who had just recovered from a fit of sickness, gathered up her scanty earnings, and went to the doctor's office to settle her bill. Just at the door, the lawyer of the place passed into the office before her, on a similar errand.

"Well, doctor," said he, "I believe I am indebted to you, and I should like to know how much."

"Yes," said the doctor, "I attended upon you about a week, and what should you charge me for a week's service? or what do you realize, on an average, for a week's service?"

2. "O," said the lawyer, "perhaps seventy-five dollars."

"Very well, then, as my time and profession are as valuable as yours, your bill is seventy five dollars."

The poor girl's heart sunk within her, for should her bill be any thing like that, how could she ever pay? The lawyer paid his bill and passed out, when the doctor turned to the young woman, and kindly inquired her errand.

3. "I come," said she, "to know what I owe you, although I do not know that I can ever pay you."

"I attended you about a week," said he.

"Yes, sir!"

"What do you earn a week?"

"Seventy-five cents."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, sir."

Then your bill is seventy-five cents."

The poor girl paid him thankfully, and went back with a light heart.

3.—KILL OR CURE.

A DOCTOR was employed by a poor man to attend his wife, who was dangerously ill. The doctor gave a hint that he had fears of not being paid.

"I have five pounds," said the man to the doctor, "and if you *kill* or *cure*, you shall have them." The woman died in the doctor's hands, and after a reasonable time he called for his five pounds. The man asked the doctor if he *killed* his wife?

"No!"

"Did you *cure*?"

"No!"

"Then," said the poor man, "you have no legal demand!"

XXXVIII.—DAVID'S LAMENT OVER ABSALOM.

1. THE king stood still

Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
The sack-cloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of woe:

2. "Alas! my noble boy, that thou shouldst die!

Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy, Absalom!

3. Cold is thy brow, my son, and I am chill,
 As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
 How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
 Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
 And hear thy sweet 'my father,' from these dumb,
 And cold lips, Absalom!
4. The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
 Of music, and the voices of the young;
 And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
 And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
 But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
 To meet me, Absalom!
5. But, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
 Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
 How will its love for thee, as I depart,
 Yearn for thine ear, to drink its last, deep token!
 It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
 To see thee, Absalom!
6. And now farewell! 'T is hard to give thee up,
 With death, so like a gentle slumber, on thee;
 And thy dark sin! oh! I could drink the cup,
 If, from this woe, its bitterness had won thee.
 May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
 My erring Absalom!"
7. He covered up his face, and bowed himself,
 A moment, on his child; then, giving him
 A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
 His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
 And, as a strength were given him of God,
 He rose up calmly, and composed the pall,
 Firmly and decently, and left him there,
 As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

WILLIS

XXXIX.—CHARACTER OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

1. THE Irish people have been as little known to, as they have been grossly defamed by the rest of Europe. The Irish peasantry, who necessarily compose the great body of the population, combine in their character many of those sin-

gular and repugnant qualities which peculiarly designate the people of different nations; and this remarkable contrariety of characteristic traits pervades almost the whole current of their natural dispositions. Laborious, domestic, accustomed to wants in the midst of plenty, they submit to hardships without repining, and bear the severest privations with stoic fortitude. The sharpest wit, and the shrewdest subtilty, which abound in the character of the Irish peasant, generally lie concealed under the semblance of dullness, or the appearance of simplicity; and his language, replete with the keenest humor, possesses an idiom of equivocation, which never fails successfully to evade a direct answer to an unwelcome question.

2. Inquisitive, artful, and penetrating, the Irish peasant learns mankind without extensive intercourse, and has an instinctive knowledge of the world, without mingling in its societies; and never, in any other instance, did there exist a people who could display so much address and so much talent in the ordinary transactions of life as the Irish peasantry.

3. The Irish peasant has, at all periods, been peculiarly distinguished for unbounded but indiscriminate hospitality, which, though naturally devoted to the necessities of a friend, is never denied by him even to the distresses of an enemy. To be in want or misery, is the best recommendation to his disinterested protection; his food, his bed, his raiment are equally the stranger's and his own; and the deeper the distress, the more welcome is the sufferer to the peasant's cottage.

4. His attachments to his kindred are of the strongest nature. The social duties are intimately blended with the natural disposition of an Irish peasant; though covered with rags, oppressed with poverty, and perhaps with hunger, the finest specimens of generosity and heroism are to be found in his unequalled character.

5. An enthusiastic attachment to the place of their nativity is another striking trait of the Irish character, which neither time nor absence, prosperity nor adversity, can obliterate or diminish. Wherever an Irish peasant was born.

there he wishes to die; and, however successful in acquiring wealth or rank in distant places, he returns with fond affection to renew his intercourse with the friends and companions of his youth and his obscurity.

6. An innate spirit of insubordination to the laws has been strongly charged upon the Irish peasantry; but a people to whom the punishment of crimes appears rather as a sacrifice to revenge than a measure of prevention, can never have the same deference to the law, as those who are instructed in the principles of justice, and taught to recognize its equality. It has, however, been uniformly admitted by every impartial writer on the affairs of Ireland, that a spirit of strict justice has ever characterized the Irish peasant.

7. Convince him, by plain and impartial reasoning, that he is wrong; and he withdraws from the judgment-seat, if not with cheerfulness, at least with submission: but, to make him respect the laws, he must be satisfied that they are impartial; and, with that conviction on his mind, the Irish peasant is as perfectly tractable, as the native of any other country in the world.

8. An attachment to, and a respect for females is another characteristic of the Irish peasant. The wife partakes of all her husband's vicissitudes; she shares his labor and his miseries, with constancy and with affection. At all the sports and meetings of the Irish peasantry, the women are always of the company: they have a great influence; and, in his smoky cottage, the Irish peasant, surrounded by his family, seems to forget all his privations. The natural cheerfulness of his disposition banishes reflection; and he experiences a simple happiness, which even the highest ranks of society might justly envy.

SIR J. BARRINGTON.

DIDACTIC.

XL.—INDUSTRY AND ELOQUENCE.

1 IN the ancient republics of Greece and Rome oratory was a necessary branch of a finished education. A much smaller proportion of the citizens were educated than among us; but of these a much larger number became orators. No man could hope for distinction or influence, and yet slight this art. The commanders of their armies were orators as well as soldiers, and ruled as well by their rhetorical as by their military skill. There was no trusting with them as with us, to a natural facility, or the acquisition of an accidental fluency by occasional practice.

2. They served an apprenticeship to the art. They passed through a regular course of instruction in schools. They submitted to long and laborious discipline. They exercised themselves frequently, both before equals and in the presence of teachers, who criticised, reproved, rebuked, excited emulation, and left nothing undone which art and perseverance could accomplish.

3. The greatest orators of antiquity, so far from being favored by natural tendencies, except, indeed, in their high intellectual endowments, had to struggle against natural obstacles; and, instead of growing up spontaneously to their unrivaled eminence, they forced themselves forward by the most discouraging, artificial process.

4. Demosthenes combated an impediment in speech and an ungainliness of gesture, which, at first, drove him from the forum in disgrace. Cicero failed, at first, through weakness of lungs and an excessive vehemence of manner, which wearied the hearers and defeated his own purpose. These defects were conquered by study and discipline. He exiled himself from home, and, during his absence, in various lands, passed not a day without a rhetorical exercise, seeking the

masters who were most severe in criticism, as the surest means of leading him to the perfection at which he aimed.

5. Such, too, was the education of their other great men. They were all, according to their ability and station, orators; orators, not by nature or accident, but by education, formed in a strict process of rhetorical training.

6. The inference to be drawn from these observations, is, that if so many of those who received an accomplished education, became accomplished orators, because to become so was one purpose of their study; then, it is in the power of a much larger proportion among us to form ourselves into creditable and accurate speakers. The inference should not be denied until proved false by experiment.

7. Let this art be made an object of attention; let young men train themselves to it faithfully and long; and if any of competent talents and tolerable science be found, at last, incapable of expressing themselves in continued and connected discourse, so as to answer the ends of public speaking, then, and not till then, let it be said, that a peculiar talent, or natural aptitude, is requisite, the want of which must render effort vain: then, and not till then, let us acquiesce in this indolent and timorous notion, which contradicts the whole testimony of antiquity and all the experience of the world.

WIRT.

XLI.—AWAKE TO EFFORT.

"The night cometh when no man can work."

1. Awake to effort while the day is shining,
 The time to labor will not always last,
 And no regret, repentance, nor repining,
 Can bring to us again the buried Past.
 The silent sands of life are falling fast;
 Time tells our busy pulses, one by one;
 And shall our work, so needful and so vast,
 Be all completed, or but just begun,
 When twilight shadows veil life's dim departing sun?
2. What duties have our idle hands neglected?
 What useful lesson have we learned and taught?
 What warmth, what radiance have our minds reflected?
 What rich and rare materials have we brought

- For deep investigation, earnest thought?
 Concealed within the soul's unfathomed mine,
 How many a sparkling gem remains unwrought,
 That Industry might place on Learning's shrine,
 Or lavish on the world, to further God's design!
3. The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean,
 Will leave a track behind forever more;
 The lightest wave of influence, set in motion,
 Extends and widens to the eternal shore.
 We should be wary, then, who go before
 A myriad yet to be, and we should take
 Our bearing carefully, where breakers roar,
 And fearful tempests gather; one mistake
 May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake.
4. To effort! ye whom God has nobly gifted
 With that prevailing power, undying song;
 For human good let every hand be lifted,
 For human good let every heart be strong.
 Is there no crying sin—no grievous wrong
 That ye may help to weaken or repress?
 In wayside hut and hovel—'midst the throng,
 Down-trodden by privation and distress—
 Is there no stricken heart that ye can cheer and bless?
5. Sing idle lays to idle harps no longer:
 Go peal an anthem at the gate of heaven—
 Exertion makes the fainting spirit stronger—
 Sing till the bonds of Ignorance are riven,
 Till dark Oppression from the earth is driven—
 Sing, till from every land and every sea,
 One universal triumph-song is riven,
 To hail the long expected jubilee,
 When every bond is broke, and every vassal free.
6. And ye, whose birthright is the glorious dower
 Of Eloquence, to thrill the immortal soul!
 Use not unwisely the transcendent power
 To waken, guide, restrain, direct, control
 The heart's deep earnest feelings; let the goal
 Of your ambition be, a name enshrined
 By love and gratitude upon the scroll,
 Where generations yet unborn shall find
 The deathless deeds of those who loved and blessed mankind

XLII.—CHEERFULNESS.

1. THERE is no one quality that so much attaches man to his fellow man as cheerfulness. Talents may excite more respect, and virtue more esteem; but the respect is apt to be distant, and the esteem cold. It is far otherwise with cheerfulness. It endears a man to the heart, not the intellect or the imagination. There is a kind of reciprocal diffusiveness about this quality that recommends its possessor by the very effect it produces. There is a mellow radiance in the light it sheds on all social intercourse, which pervades the soul to a depth that the blaze of intellect can never reach.

2. The cheerful man is a double blessing—a blessing to himself and to the world around him. In his own character, his good nature is the clear, blue sky of his own heart, on which every star of talent shines out more clearly. To others he carries an atmosphere of joy, and hope, and encouragement, wherever he moves. His own cheerfulness becomes infectious, and his associates lose their moroseness and their gloom in the amber-colored light of the benevolence he casts around him.

3. It is true that cheerfulness is not always happiness. The face may glow in smiles while the heart “runs in coldness and darkness below,” but cheerfulness is the best external indication of happiness that we have, and it enjoys this advantage over almost every other good quality, that the counterfeit is as valuable to society as the reality. It answers as a medium of public circulation, fully as well as the true coin.

4. A man is worthy of all praise, whatever may be his private griefs, who does not intrude them on the happiness of his friends, but constantly contributes his quota of cheerfulness to the general public enjoyment. “Every heart knows its own bitterness,” but let the possessor of that heart take heed that he does not distill it into his neighbor’s cup, and thus poi-son his felicity.

5. There is no sight more commendable and more agreeable than a man, whom we know fortune has dealt with badly, smothering his peculiar griefs in his own bosom,

and doing his duty in society with an unruffled brow and a cheerful mien. It is a duty which society has a right to demand—a portion of that great chain which binds humanity together, the links of which every one should preserve bright and unsullied.

6. It may be asked, what shall that man do whose burdens of grief are heavy, and made still heavier by the tears he has shed over them in private; shall he leave society? Certainly, until he has learned to bear his own burden. Shall he not seek the sympathy of his friends? He had better not; sympathy would only weaken the masculine strength of mind which enables us to endure. Besides, sympathy unsought for is much more readily given, and sinks deeper in its healing effects into the heart. No! no! cheerfulness is a duty which every man owes. Let him faithfully discharge the debt.

XLIII.—VARIETIES.

1.—BE COMPREHENSIVE.

1. **TALK** to the point, and stop when you reach it. The faculty which some possess of making one idea cover a quire of paper, is despicable. To fill a volume upon nothing, is a credit to nobody, though Chesterfield wrote a very clever poem upon Nothing.

2. There are men who get one idea into their heads, and but one, and they make the most of it. You can see it and almost feel it in their presence. On all occasions it is produced till it is worn as thin as charity. They remind you of a twenty-four pounder discharging at a humming-bird. You hear a tremendous noise, see a volume of smoke, but you look in vain for the effects. The bird is scattered to atoms.

3. Just so with the idea. It is enveloped in a cloud, and lost amid the rumblings of words and flourishes. Short letters, sermons, speeches, and paragraphs, are favorites with us. Commend us to the young man who wrote to his father, "Dear sir, I am going to get married;" and also to the old gentleman, who replied, "Dear son, go ahead."

4. Such are the men for action. They do more than they say. The half is not told in their cases. They are worth their weight in gold for every purpose of life, and are men every where prized.

2.—THE MENTAL FACULTIES.

1. THE perceptive faculties are those by which we become acquainted with the existence and qualities of the external world.

2. Consciousness is the faculty by which we become cognizant of the operations of our own minds.

3. Original suggestion is the faculty which gives rise to original ideas, occasioned by the perceptive faculties or consciousness.

4. Abstraction is the faculty by which, from conceptions of individuals, we form conceptions of genera and species, or, in general, of classes.

5. Memory is the faculty by which we retain and recall our knowledge of the past.

6. Reason is that faculty by which, from the use of the knowledge obtained by the other faculties, we are enabled to proceed to other and original knowledge.

7. Imagination is that faculty by which, from materials already existing in the mind, we form complicated conceptions or mental images, according to our own will.

8. Taste is that sensibility by which we recognize the beauties and deformities of nature or art, deriving pleasure from the one and suffering pain from the other.

DR. WAYLAND.

3.—HOW TO PROSPER IN BUSINESS.

1. IN the first place make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide upon some particular employment, and persevere in it. All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity.

2. Be not afraid to work with your own hands, and diligently, too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice." "He who remains in the mill grinds, not he who goes and comes"

3. Attend to your business ; never trust to another. " A pot that belongs to many, is ill-stirred and worse boiled."

4. Be frugal. " That which will not make a pot will make a pot lid." " Save the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

5. Be abstemious. " Who dainties love shall beggars prove."

6. Rise early. " The sleeping fox catches no poultry." " Plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and keep."

7. Treat every one with respect and civility. " Every thing is gained, and nothing lost by courtesy." Good manners insure success.

8. Never anticipate wealth from any other source than labor ; especially never place dependence upon becoming the possessor of an inheritance.

9. " He who waits for dead men's shoes, may have to go for a long time barefoot." " He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race."

10. Above all things never despair. " God is where He was." He helps those who truly trust in Him.

XLIV.—POETICAL SELECTIONS.

1.—ADVICE TO A YOUNG LAWYER.

1. WHENE'ER you speak, remember every cause
 Stands not on eloquence, but stands on laws—
 Pregnant in matter, in expression brief,
 Let every sentence stand with bold relief;
 On trifling points nor time nor talents waste,
 A sad offense to learning and to taste;
 Nor deal with pompous phrase, nor e'er suppose
 Poetic flights belong to reasoning prose.

2. Loose declamation may deceive the crowd,
 And seem more striking as it grows more loud ;
 But sober sense rejects it with disdain,
 As nought but empty noise, and weak as vain.

3. The froth of words, the schoolboy's vain parade
 Of books and cases—all his stock in trade—
 The pert conceits, the cunning tricks and play
 Of low attorneys, strung in long array,
 The unseemly jest, the petulant reply,
 That chatters on, and cares not how, or why,
 Strictly avoid—unworthy themes to scan,
 They sink the speaker and disgrace the man,
 Like the false lights, by flying shadows cast,
 Scarce seen when present and forgot when past.

4. Begin with dignity; expound with grace
 Each ground of reasoning in its time and place;
 Let order reign throughout—each topic touch,
 Nor urge its power too little, nor too much;
 Give each strong thought its most attractive view,
 In diction clear and yet severely true,
 And as the arguments in splendor grow,
 Let each reflect its light on all below;
 When to the close arrived, make no delays
 By petty flourishes, or verbal plays,
 But sum the whole in one deep solemn strain,
 Like a strong current hastening to the main.

JUDGE STORY.

2.—LET US TRY TO BE HAPPY.

1. Let us try to be happy! We may, if we will,
 Find some pleasures in life to o'er balance the ill;
 There was never an evil, if well understood,
 But what, rightly managed, would turn to a good.
 If we were but as ready to look to the light
 As we are to sit moping because it is night,
 We should own it a truth, both in word and in deed,
 That who tries to be happy is sure to succeed.

2. Let us try to be happy! Some shades of regret
 Are sure to hang round, which we can not forget;
 There are times when the lightest of spirits must bow,
 And the sunniest face wear a cloud on its brow.
 We must never bid feelings, the purest and best,
 Lie blunted and cold in our bosom at rest;
 But the deeper our own griefs the greater our need
 To try to be happy, lest other hearts bleed.

3. O, try to be happy! It is not for long;
We shall cheer on each other by counsel or song.
If we make the best use of our time that we may,
There is much we can do to enliven the way:
Let us only in earnestness each do our best,
Before God and our conscience, and trust for the rest;
Still taking this truth, both in word and in deed,
That who tries to be happy is sure to succeed

XLV.—VARIETIES.

1.—PHYSICAL EDUCATION.

1. THAT is, undoubtedly, the wisest and best regimen, which takes the infant from the cradle, and conducts him along through childhood and youth up to high maturity, in such a manner as to give strength to his arm, swiftness to his feet, solidity and amplitude to his muscles, symmetry to his frame, and expansion to his vital energies. It is obvious that this branch of education comprehends not only food and clothing, but air, exercise, lodging, early rising, and whatever else is requisite to the full development of the physical constitution. The diet must be simple, the apparel must not be warm, nor the bed too soft.

2. Let parents beware of too much restriction in the management of their darling boy. If they would make him hardy, and rugged, and fearless, they must let him go abroad often in his early boyhood, and amuse himself by the hour together, in smoothing and twirling the hoary locks of winter. Instead of keeping him shut up all day with a stove, and graduating his sleeping-room by Fahrenheit, they must let him face the keen edge of a north wind when the mercury is below zero; and, instead of minding a little shivering and complaining when he returns, cheer up his spirits and send him out again. In this way they will teach him that he was not born to live in the nursery, nor to brood over the fire; but to range abroad as free as the snow and the air, and to gain warmth from exercise.

3. I love and admire the youth who turns not back from the howling wintry blast, nor withers under the blaze of summer; who never magnifies "mole-hills into mountains," but whose daring eye, exulting, scales the eagle's airy crag, and who is ready to undertake any thing that is prudent and lawful within the range of possibility. Who would think of planting the mountain-oak in a green-house? or of rearing the cedar of Lebanon in a lady's flower-pot? Who does not know that in order to attain their mighty strength and majestic forms, they must freely enjoy the rain and the sunshine, and must feel the rocking of the tempest?

2.—VULGAR WORDS.

1. THERE is as much connection between the words and the thoughts, as there is between the thoughts and the words; the latter are not only the expression of the former, but they have power to react upon the soul and leave the stain of corruption there.

2. A young man who allows himself to use profane and vulgar words, has not only shown that there is a foul spot on his mind, but by the utterance of that word he extends that spot and inflames it, till by indulgence it will soon pollute and ruin the whole soul.

3. Be careful of your words, as well as of your thoughts. If you can control the tongue, that no improper words be pronounced by it, you will soon be able to control the mind and save it from corruption. You extinguish the fire by smothering it, or prevent bad thoughts bursting out in language. Never utter a word, any where, which you would be ashamed to speak in the presence of the most religious man. Try this practice a little, and you will soon have command of yourself.

3.—PROVERBS.

RASH oaths, kept or broken, often produce guilt.

Use the means and trust God for the blessing.

Zealously strive to do good for the sake of good.

Always tell the truth; you will find it easier than lying

Virtuous actions, sooner or later, will find their reward.

Standing water is unwholesome—so, too, is a standing debt.

Zeal without judgment is an evil, though it be zeal unto good.

If folly were a pain there would be groaning in every house.

The choicest pleasures of life lie within the range of moderation.

Tattlers and hypocrites are twins, and the offspring of the devil.

Faith has a quiet breast.

Speak not rather than speak ill.

Quick to forgive, and slow to anger.

The sweetest pleasures are soon gone.

Guilt is best discovered by its own fears.

Patience is the key of content.

XLVI.—THE PERSONALITY AND USES OF A LAUGH.

1. I WOULD be willing to choose my friend by the quality of his laugh, and abide the issue. A glad, gushing outflow—a clear, ringing, mellow note of the soul, as surely indicates a genial and genuine nature, as the rainbow in the dew-drop heralds the morning sun, or the frail flower in the wilderness betrays the zephyr-tossed seed of the parterre.

2. A laugh is one of God's truths. It tolerates no disguises. Falsehood may train its voice to flow in softest cadences—its lips to wreath into smiles of surpassing sweetness—its face

“——— to put on
That look we trust in ———”

but its laugh will betray the mockery. Who has not started and shuddered at the hollow “he-he-he!” of some velvet-voiced Mephistopheles, whose sinuous fascinations, without this note of warning—this premonitory rattle—might have bound the soul with a strong spell!

3. Leave nature alone. If she is noble, her broadest expression will soon tone itself down to fine accordance with

life's earnestness: if she is base, no silken interweavings can keep out of sight her ugly head of discord. If we put a laugh into strait-jacket and leading-strings, it becomes an abortion; if we attempt to refine it, we destroy its pure, mellifluous ring; if we suppress a laugh, it struggles and dies on the heart, and the place where it lies is apt ever after to be weak and vulnerable. No, laugh truly, as you would speak truly, and both the inner and the outer man will rejoice. A full, spontaneous outburst opens all the delicate valves of being, and glides, a subtle oil, through all its complicated mechanism.

4. Laugh heartily, if you would keep the dew of your youth. There is no need to lay our girlhood and boyhood so doggedly down upon the altar of sacrifice, as we toil up life's mountain. Dear, innocent children, lifting their dewy eyes and fair foreheads to the benedictions of angels—prattling and gamboling because it is a great joy to live, should flit like sunbeams among the stern-faced and stalwart. Young men and maidens should walk with strong, elastic tread and cheerful voices among the weak and uncertain. White hairs should be no more the insignia of age, but the crown of ripe and perennial youth.

5. Laugh for your beauty. The joyous carry a fountain of light in their eyes, and round into rosy dimples, where the echoes of gladness play at "hide and go seek." Your "lean and hungry Cassius" is never betrayed into a laugh, and his smile is more cadaverous than his despair.

6. Laugh, if you would live. He only exists, who drags his days after him like a massive chain, asking sympathy with uplifted eyebrows and weak utterance, as the beggar asks alms. Better die, for your own sake and the world's sake, than to pervert the uses, and graces, and dignities of life.

7. Make your own sunshine and your own music—keep your heart open to the smile of the good Father, and brave all things.

"Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt;
And every laugh so merry draws one out."

XLVII.—DON'T RUN IN DEBT.

1. Don't run in debt—never mind, never mind,
 If your clothes are all faded and torn;
 Fix 'em up, make them do, it is better by far,
 Than to have the heart weary and worn.
 Who'll love you the more for the set of your hat,
 Or your ruff, or the tie of your shoe,
 The style of your vest, or your boots or cravat.
 If they know you're in debt for the new?
2. There's no comfort, I tell you, in walking the street
 In fine clothes, if you know you're in debt,
 And feel that perchance you some tradesman may meet,
 Who will sneer—"They're not paid for yet."
3. Good friends, let me beg of you don't run in debt,
 If the chairs and the sofa are old;
 They will fit your backs better than any new set,
 Unless they're paid for—with gold.
 If the house is too small, draw the closer together,
 Keep it warm with a hearty good-will;
 A big one unpaid for, in all kinds of weather,
 Will send to your warm heart a chill.
4. Don't run in debt—dear girls, take a hint,
 If the fashions have changed since last season,
 Old Nature is out in the very same tint,
 And old Nature we think has some reason.
 But just say to your friend, that you can not afford
 To spend time to keep up with the fashion;
 That your purse is too light, and your honor too bright
 To be tarnished with such silly passion.
5. Gents, don't run in debt—let your friends, if they can,
 Have fine houses, and feathers, and flowers,
 But, unless they are paid for, be more of a man,
 Than to envy their sunshiny hours.
 If you've money to spare, I have nothing to say—
 Spend your dollars and dimes as you please,
 But mind you, the man who his note has to pay,
 Is the man who is never at ease.
6. Kind husbands, don't run in debt any more;
 'T will fill your wife's cup of sorrow,
 To know that a neighbor may call at your door,
 With a bill you must settle to-morrow;

O! take my advice—it is good! it is true!
 (But, lest you may some of you doubt it,)
 I'll whisper a secret, now seeing 'tis you:
 I have tried it, and know all about it.

7. The chain of a debtor is heavy and cold,
 Its links, all corrosion and rust,
 Gild it o'er as you will, it is never of gold;
 Then spurn it aside with disgust.

ELIZA COOK.

XLVIII.—NO EXCELLENCE WITHOUT LABOR.

1. THE education, moral and intellectual, of *every* individual, must be chiefly his own work. Rely upon it that the ancients were right—both in morals and intellect, we give their final shape to our own characters, and thus become, emphatically, the architects of our own fortunes. How else could it happen that young men, who have had precisely the same opportunities, should be continually presenting us with such different results, and rushing to such opposite destinies? Difference of talent will not solve it, because that difference very often is in favor of the disappointed candidate.

2. You shall see, issuing from the walls of the same college—nay, sometimes from the bosom of the same family—two young men, of whom the one shall be admitted to be a genius of high order, the other scarcely above the point of mediocrity; yet you shall see the genius sinking and perishing in poverty, obscurity, and wretchedness; while on the other hand you shall observe the mediocre plodding his slow, but sure way up the hill of life, gaining steadfast footing at every step, and mounting at length to eminence and distinction, an ornament to his family, a blessing to his country. Now, whose work is this? Manifestly their own. They are the architects of their respective fortunes.

3. The best seminary of learning that can open its portals to you, can do no more than afford you the opportunity of instruction: but it must depend at last on yourselves, whether you will be instructed or not, or to what point you will push your instruction. And of this be as-

asured, I speak from observation a certain truth : there is no excellence without great labor. It is the fiat of fate from which no power of genius can absolve you.

4. Genius unexerted is like the poor moth that flutters around a candle till it scorches itself to death. If genius be desirable at all, it is only of that great and magnanimous kind, which, like the condor of South America, pitches from the summit of Chimborazo above the clouds, and sustains itself at pleasure, in that empyreal region, with an energy rather invigorated than weakened by the effort.

5. It is this capacity for high and long-continued exertion—this vigorous power of profound and searching investigation—this careering and wide-spreading comprehension of mind, and those long reaches of thought, that

“—Pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon,
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom line could never touch the ground,
And drag up drown-ed honor by the locks—”

this is the prowess, and these the hardy achievements which are to enroll your names among the great men of the earth.

WIRT.

XLIX.—WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WAY.

1. WE have faith in old proverbs full surely,
For wisdom has traced what they tell,
And truth may be drawn up as purely
From them, as it may from a “well.”
Let us question the thinkers and doers,
And hear what they honestly say,
And you'll find they believe, like bold-woers,
In “Where there's a will there's a way.”
2. The hills have been high for man's mounting,
The woods have been dense for his ax,
The stars have been thick for his counting,
The sands have been wide for his tracks.
The sea has been deep for his diving,
The poles have been broad for his sway,
But bravely he's proved by his striving,
That “Where there's a will there's a way.”

3. Have ye vices that ask a destroyer,
 Or passions that need your control?
 Let Reason become your employer,
 And your body be ruled by your soul.
 Fight on, though ye bleed at the trial,
 Resist with all strength that ye may,
 Ye may conquer Sin's host by denial,
 For "Where there's a will there's a way."
4. Have ye poverty's pinching to cope with?
 Does suffering weigh down your might?
 Only call up a spirit to hope with,
 And dawn may come out of the night.
 Oh! much may be done by defying
 The ghost of Despair and Dismay,
 And much may be gained by relying
 On "Where there's a will there's a way."
5. Should ye see afar off that worth winning,
 Set out on a journey with trust,
 And ne'er heed though your path at beginning
 Should be among brambles and dust.
 Though it is by footsteps ye do it,
 And hardships may hinder and stay,
 Keep a heart and be sure you go through it,
 For "Where there's a will there's a way."

ELIZA COOK.

 L.—VARIETIES.

1.—A MAXIM OF WASHINGTON.

1. "LABOR to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, conscience," was one of a series of maxims which Washington framed or copied for his own use when a boy. His rigid adherence to principle, his steadfast discharge of duty, his utter abandonment of self, his unre-served devotion to whatever interests were committed to his care, attest the vigilance with which he obeyed that maxim. He kept alive that spark. He made it shine before men. He kindled it into a flame that illumined his life. No occasion was so momentous, no circumstance so minute, as to

absolve him from following its guiding ray. The explanation in his account-book, in regard to his wife's annual visit to the camp during the revolutionary war, and his passing allusion to the "self-denial" which the exigences of his country had cost him, furnish a charming illustration of his habitual exactness.

2 The fact that every barrel of flour, which bore the brand of "George Washington, Mount Vernon," was exempted from the otherwise uniform inspection in the West India ports—that name being regarded as an ample guarantee of the quality and quantity of any article to which it was affixed—supplies a not less striking proof that his exactness was every where understood.

2.—MIRTH.

1. It is something even to look upon enjoyment, so that it be free and wild, and in the face of nature, though it is but the enjoyment of an idiot. It is something to know that heaven has left the capacity of gladness in such a creature's breast; it is something to be assured that, however lightly men may crush that faculty in their fellows, the great Creator of mankind imparts it even to his despised and slighted work. Who would not rather see a poor idiot happy in the sunlight, than a wise man pining in jail?

2. Ye men of gloom and austerity, who paint the face of Infinite Benevolence with an eternal frown, read in the everlasting book, wide open to your view, the lesson it would teach. Its pictures are not in the black and somber hues, but bright and glowing tints; its music, save when ye drown it, is not in sighs and groans, but in songs and cheerful sounds. Listen to the million of voices in the summer air, and find one dismal as your own. Remember, if you can the sense of hope and pleasure which every grand return of day awakens in the breast of all your kind, who have not changed your nature, and learn wisdom even from the witless, when their hearts are lifted up, they know not why, by all the mirth and happiness it brings.

CHAS. DICKENS.

3.—ENGAGING MANNERS.

THERE are a thousand pretty, engaging little ways which every person may put on, without the risk of being deemed either affected or foppish. The sweet smile, the quiet cordial bow, the earnest movement in addressing a friend, or more especially a stranger, whom one may recommend to our good regards, the inquiring glance, the graceful attention which is captivating when united with self-possession, these will insure us the good regards of even a churl. Above all there is a certain softness of manner which should be cultivated, and which, in either man or woman, adds a charm that almost entirely compensates for lack of beauty. The voice may be modulated so to intonate, that it will speak directly to the heart, and from that elicit an answer; and politeness may be made essential to our nature. Neither is time thrown away in attending to such things, insignificant as they may seem to those who engage in weightier matters.

 LI.—GOOD TEMPER.

1. THERE'S not a cheaper thing on earth,
Nor yet one half so dear;
'TIS worth more than distinguished birth,
Or thousands gained a year.
2. It lends the day a new delight;
'TIS virtue's firmest shield;
And adds more beauty to the night
Than all the stars may yield.
3. It maketh poverty content,
To sorrow whispers peace;
It is a gift from heaven sent
For mortals to increase.
4. It meets you with a smile at morn;
It lulls you to repose;
A flower for peer and peasant born,
An everlasting rose.
5. A charm to banish grief away,
To free the brow from care;

- Turns tears to smiles, makes dullness gay—
Spreads gladness every where.
- 6 And yet 'tis cheap as summer's dew,
That gems the lily's breast;
A talisman for love as true
As ever man possessed.
7. As smiles the rainbow through the cloud
When threat'ning storm begins—
As music 'mid the tempest loud,
That still its sweet way wins—
8. As springs an arch across the tide,
• When waves conflicting foam,
So comes this seraph to our side,
This angel to our home.
9. What may this wondering spirit be,
With power unheard before—
This charm, this bright divinity?
Good nature—nothing more!
10. Good temper—'tis the choicest gift
That woman homeward brings,
And can the poorest peasant lift
To bliss unknown to kings.

LII.—OPPOSITE EXAMPLES.

1. I ASK the young man who is just forming his habits of life, or just beginning to indulge those habitual trains of thought out of which habits grow, to look around him and mark the examples whose fortune he would covet, or whose fate he would abhor. Even as we walk the streets, we meet with exhibitions of each extreme.

2. Here, behold a patriarch, whose stock of vigor three-score years and ten seem hardly to have impaired. His erect form, his firm step, his elastic limbs, and undimmed senses, are so many certificates of good conduct; or, rather, so many jewels and orders of nobility with which nature has honored him for his fidelity to her laws. His fair com-

plexion shows that his blood has never been corrupted ; his pure breath, that he has never yielded his digestive apparatus to abuse ; his exact language and keen apprehension, that his brain has never been drugged or stupefied by the poisons of distiller or tobaccoconist.

3. Enjoying his appetites to the highest, he has preserved the power of enjoying them. As he drains the cup of life, there are no lees at the bottom. His organs will reach the goal of existence together. Painlessly as a candle burns down in its socket, so will he expire ; and a little imagination would convert him into another Enoch, translated from earth to a better world without the sting of death.

4. But look on an opposite extreme, where an opposite history is recorded. What wreck so shocking to behold as the wreck of a dissolute man ! — the vigor of life exhausted, and yet the first steps in an honorable career not taken ; in himself a lazar-house of diseases ; dead, but by a heathenish custom of society, not buried ! Rogues have had the initial letter of their title burnt into the palms of their hands ; even for murder, Cain was only branded on the forehead ; but over the whole person of the debauchee or the inebriate, the signatures of infamy are written.

5. How nature brands him with stigma and opprobrium ! How she hangs labels all over him, to testify her disgust at his existence, and to admonish others to beware of his example ! How she loosens all his joints, sends tremors along his muscles, and bends forward his frame, as if to bring him upon all-fours with kindred brutes, or to degrade him to the reptile's crawling ! How she disfigures his countenance, as if intent upon obliterating all traces of her own image, so that she may swear she never made him ! How she pours rheum over his eyes, sends foul spirits to inhabit his breath, and shrieks, as with a trumpet, from every pore of his body. "BEHOLD A BEAST !"

6. Such a man may be seen in the streets of our cities every day : if rich enough, he may be found in the saloons, and at the tables of the "Upper Ten ;" but surely, to every man of purity and honor, to every man whose wisdom as well as whose heart is unblemished, the wretch who comes

cropped and bleeding from the pillory, and redolent with its appropriate perfumes, would be a guest or a companion far less offensive and disgusting. Now let the young man, rejoicing in his manly proportions, and in his comeliness, look on this picture, and on this, and then say, after the likeness of which model he intends his own erect stature and sublime countenance shall be configured.

H. MANN.

LIII.—ADDRESS TO THE INDOLENT.

1. Is not the field, with lively culture green,
 A sight more joyous than the dead morass?
 Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
 And fanned by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass
 The foul November fogs, and slumb'rous mass,
 With which sad nature veils her drooping face?
 Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as glass,
 Gay dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?—
 The same in all holds true, but chief in human race.

2. Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven,
 When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
 How tasteless then whatever can be given!
 Health is the vital principle of bliss,
 And exercise of health. In proof of this
 Behold the wretch who slugs his life away,
 Soon swallowed in disease's sad abyss,
 While he whom toil has braced, or manly play,
 Was light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

3. O, who can speak the vigorous joy of health,—
 Unclogged the body, unobscured the mind?
 The morning rises gay, with pleasing stealth
 The temperate evening falls serene and kind.
 In health the wiser brutes true gladness find:
 See! how the younglings frisk along the meads,
 As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
 Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds;
 Yet what but high-strung health this dancing pleasure breeds?

4. There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
 Who wretched, sigh for virtue, yet despair.
 "All may be done," methinks I hear them say,
 "Even death despised by generous actions fair,—
 All, but for those who to these bowers repair!
 Their every power dissolved in luxury,
 To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
 And from the powerful arms of sloth get free—
 T is rising from the dead:—Alas!—it can not be!"

5. Would you, then, learn to dissipate the band
 Of these huge, threatening difficulties dire,
 That in the weak man's way like lions stand,
 His soul appall, and damp his rising fire?
 Resolve,—resolve! and to be men aspire.
 Exert that noblest privilege,—alone
 Here to mankind indulged:—*control desire!*
 Let godlike reason, from her sovereign throne,
 Speak the commanding word, *I will!*—and it is done.

THOMSON.

 LIV.—VARIETIES.

1.—DO IT YOURSELF.

1. WHY ask the teacher or some classmate to solve that problem? Do it yourself. You might as well let them eat your dinner as "do your sums for you." It is in studying as in eating—he that does it gets the benefit, and not he that sees it done.

2. Do not ask your teacher to parse all the difficult words, or assist you in the performance of any of your duties. Do it yourself. Never mind, though they look dark as Egypt. Do n't ask even a hint from any body. Every trial increases your ability, and you will finally succeed by dint of the very wisdom and strength gained in this effort, even though at first the problem was beyond your skill. It is the study and not the answer that really rewards your pains.

3. Look at that boy who has succeeded after six hours of hard study, perhaps. How his eye is lit up with a proud joy, as he marches to his class! He reads like a conqueror,

and well he may. His poor, weak schoolmate, who gave up after the first trial, now looks up to him with something of wonder as a superior.

4. There lies a great gulf between those boys who stood yesterday side by side. They will never stand together as equals again. The boy that did it for himself has taken a stride upward, and, what is better still, has gained strength for greater efforts. The boy who waited to see others do it has lost both strength and courage, and is already looking for some excuse to give up school and study forever.

2.—ELOQUENCE.

ELOQUENCE consists in feeling a truth yourself, and in making those who hear you feel it. Oratory is not vociferation; it is not stamping a hole in the platform, nor beating all the dust out of the cushion of the pulpit; nor tearing off the skirt of your coat in the violence of your gesticulations. It is not holding the breath until the face is purple and the eyes bloodshot; it is not hissing through the teeth like the fizzle of a squib, nor crouching down, then bounding upward like a wildcat springing on its prey; nor ranting about from one side of the rostrum to another until the skin is drenched in perspiration, and the body weakened into helplessness. You are not eloquent in all this, unless it be for the grave, for it is suicidal.

3.—GOOD ADVICE.

WHATEVER you read, whatever you see, or hear, or do, at the earliest opportunity reduce it, be it much or little, to a few simple ideas, a short sketch, not longer than an epitaph, that it may be clearly impressed on the memory, without being a burden or taking too much room. Most people run on the moment they are set on a subject, if they are at all personally interested. They plunge into circumstances, lose their heads, and fling masses of description, narrative, whole documents, dialogues—in a word, the whole thing over again, at their hearers. The great art is to extract the essence of a story, and perfume it with a little sentiment—

good nature, if nothing else. It will take its place in your memory, be always at hand, and be producible as well as welcome.

LV.—A PSALM OF LIFE.

1. TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
 ("Life is but an empty dream!")
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,
 And things are not what they seem.
2. Life is real! Life is earnest!
 And the grave is not its goal:
 "Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
 Was not written of the soul.
3. Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
 Is our destined end and way,
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Find us further than to-day.
4. Art is long, and time is fleeting,
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating
 Funeral marches to the grave.
5. In the world's broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
 Be a hero in the strife!
6. Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
 Let the dead Past bury its dead!
 Act!—act in the living Present!
 Heart within, and God o'er head.
7. Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time;
8. Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, shall take heart again.

9 Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

LVI.—VARIETIES.

1.—EFFECTS OF TEMPERATURE ON MAN.

1. OWING mainly to the flexibility of his constitution, although obtaining much artificial aid, man can subsist under the greatest climatic extremes. The Esquimaux endure the cold between the parallels of seventy and eighty degrees; the African Negroes subsist under the burning sun of the Equator; while Europeans, accustomed to an intermediate temperature, have borne the rigor of the highest accessible latitude, and the fiercest heat of the Torrid Zone.

2. The power of the human frame to resist cold, according to Sir John Ross, who experienced four successive Arctic winters, appears to vary remarkably in different constitutions. His general conclusion is, that the ruddy, elastic, florid, or clear-complexioned man, endowed with what physicians call the sanguine temperament, has a peculiar power of retaining heat; while those having pale, flabby, sallow countenances, whose temperament is said to be phlegmatic or melancholic, are proportionately deficient.

3. The most ample clothing will not compensate for the deficiency, since it can only retain the internal heat; and if this be wanting one might as well attempt to "warm a piece of ice by means of a blanket." He places his chief reliance on abundance of food; and it is well known that an Esquimaux takes as much as ten or twelve pounds weight of animal food in twenty-four hours, its effect being heightened by the fat and oleaginous quality of the diet.

4. The oxygen which is inhaled with atmospheric air combines chemically with the carbon of the food, and that chemical action is the cause of heat and vital force. Therefore a much larger supply of animal food, which contains many times more carbon than vegetables, is necessary

in a cold climate; while, amid torrid heat, rice and fruit form a more appropriate diet.

2.—OPPOSITION.

“A CERTAIN amount of opposition,” says John Neal, “is a great help to a man.” Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head-wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage any where in a dead calm. Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition. Opposition is what he wants, and must have, to be good for any thing. Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance.

3.—A GOOD CHARACTER.

A GOOD character in a young man is what a firm foundation is to the architect, who proposes to erect a building—on it he can build with safety; but let a single part of this be defective, and he goes on a hazard, amid doubting and distrust, and ten to one the edifice he erects on it will tumble down at last, and mingle all that was built on it in ruin. Without a good character poverty is a curse—with it, it is scarcely an evil. All that is bright in the hope of youth, all that is calm and blissful in the sober scenes of life, all that is soothing in the vale of years, centers in, and is derived from, a good character.

LVII.—WHAT 'LL THEY THINK.

1. WHO cares what they 'll think, or what they 'll say, concerning ourselves, so long as we have the approval of our own reason and conscience? What they 'll think and what they 'll say, are to us as idle scarecrows, dead carcasses of conventionality, which we hold in abhorrence and contempt.

2. And yet, how many waste their lives, and fritter away their man and womanhood in the everlasting query, “What 'll they think?” They are serfs to the world around them—bond-slaves to the whims and caprices of others. “What 'll they think?” arranges all their household, fashions their drawing-rooms, their feasts, their

equipage, their garments, their amusements, their sociality, their religion, their every thing! Poor, hampered souls!

3. Society abounds in such. Men are often enough of the lot, but women oftener. If one hoops, all must hoop; if one flounces, all must flounce. No matter whether it is convenient or prudent, they must follow the lead. "What'll they think?" if one dares to stand alone, is their withering fear and torment.

4. They have lost all desire to be independent. It is how will the Priggses look at it, that determines them. They must do just as the Priggses do. Out upon the Priggses and all their retinue! They are emasculating society, confusing weak men's ideas, and making weak women's minds weaker. Let us have done with, "What'll they think?" and bury it with the corpses of the bowing, scraping, cringing, and fawning of feudal days and universal slave ages.

LVIII.—PADDLE YOUR OWN CANOE.

1. Voyager upon life's sea,
To yourself be true;
And where'er your lot may be,
Paddle your own canoe.
Never, though the winds may rave,
Falter nor look back,
But upon the darkest wave
Leave a shining track.
2. Nobly dare the wildest storm,
Stem the hardest gale,
Brave of heart and strong of arm,
You will never fail.
When the world is cold and dark,
Keep an end in view,
And toward the beacon mark,
Paddle your own canoe.
3. Every wave that bears you on
To the silent shore,
From its sunny source has gone
To return no more:

Then let not an hour's delay
Cheat you of your due ;
But while it is called to-day,
Paddle your own canoe.

- 4 If your birth denied you wealth,
Lofty state and power,
Honest fame and hardy health
Are a better dower ;
But if these will not suffice,
Golden gain pursue,
And to win the glittering prize,
Paddle your own canoe.
5. Would you wrest the wreath of fame
From the hand of Fate ;
Would you write a deathless name,
With the good and great ;
Would you bless your fellow men ?
Heart and soul imbue
With the holy task, and then
Paddle your own canoe.
6. Would you crush the tyrant Wrong,
In the world's fierce fight ?
With a spirit brave and strong,
Battle for the Right ;
And to break the chains that bind
The many to the few—
To enfranchise slavish mind,
Paddle your own canoe.
7. Nothing great is lightly won,
Nothing won is lost—
Every good deed nobly done,
Will repay the cost :
Leave to Heaven, in humble trust,
All you will to do ;
But if you succeed, you must
Paddle your own canoe.

LIX.—VARIETIES.

1.—PURE AIR.

1. NOTHING is more detrimental to health than foul air. The air drawn into the lungs is the great purifier of the blood; from the blood every part and fiber of the body receive growth and nourishment; and if this be allowed to carry impurities through the system, health will be speedily destroyed. Either immediate death, or eventual disease, will unavoidably ensue. As you are going to rest at night, suspend a bird at the top of your curtained bedstead, on the inside, and you will find it lifeless in the morning. It is for this reason that domesticated birds are so frequently short-lived and sickly. They need to inhale the free air from the lakes and mountains.

2. Washington Irving remarks, that, on his endeavoring to sleep in a close room, after his famous wild-wood rambles in the west, he found the air so oppressive as almost to banish sleep from his eyelids. Dr. Franklin states, that he seldom or never slept in a room, at home or abroad, either in summer or in winter, without having raised in his apartment one or more of the windows. Let parents, teachers, and invalids be sure to furnish for themselves, and for those under their guardianship, the purest air that circulates about them. Many a cheek will look fairer, and many a heart will beat fuller and freer, if all will attend to this salutary caution.

2.—THINKING.

MAN may see and hear, and read and learn, whatever he pleases, and as much as he pleases—he will never know any thing, except that which he has thought over; that which, by thinking, he has made the property of his mind. Man, by thinking only, becomes truly man. Take away thought from man's life, and what remains?

3.—FRETTING.

1. "FRET not thyself," says the Psalmist. Mankind have a great proneness to fret. Their business does not prosper;

customers do not pay promptly; competition is sharp; friends prove treacherous; malice and envy hurl their shafts; domestic affairs go contrariwise; the wicked seem to prosper, while the righteous are abased. In every lot there is ample material of which to make a goad, that may pierce and rankle in our souls, if we are only so disposed. Disease is sometimes acute — coming on suddenly in the midst of health, raging violently through the system, causing fever and racking pains. So with fretting. At times it overtakes the constitutionally patient and gentle. Strong provocations assail them unawares, throw them off their guard, and cause an overflow of spleen.

2. Diseases, however, often assume the chronic type, becoming imbedded in the system, deranging its organs, interfering with the performance of the natural and healthful functions, and lingering, year after year, like a vampire, to extract the vital juices. In like manner fretting becomes chronic. Peevishness, irritability, censoriousness, and complaining, indulged in, assume a habit. It argues a sadly diseased condition of the soul, when this distemper of fretfulness becomes one of its fixtures. To such an one every thing goes wrong. The whole mechanism of society is thrown out of gear; and instead of moving smoothly, as when lubricated by the oil of kindness and charity, its cogs clash, and its pivots all grate harshly.

LX.—POETICAL SELECTIONS.

1.—FAITH AND DUTY.

1. SOMETHING ever doth impress us
 With a sense of right or wrong;
 Something waiteth still to bless us,
 As we journey life along;
 Something viewless whispers to us
 Words of hope and promise sure;
 Voices speak prophetic through us,
 Of a life that shall endure!
2. There's a silent, voiceless teacher,
 Striving with the human will;

Unto each weak, earth-born creature
 Wisdom's letters doth instill:
 Heed them, better grow and wiser.
 They will soften life's hot fray;
 Duty make your stern adviser,
 Aim to reach the perfect day.

- 3 Trust the high hopes that impel us,
 And inspire our firm belief—
 They alone can well fortell us,
 Human works how frail and brief:
 Trust the God that reigns above us,
 Faithful to his precepts be,
 He will guide, and guard, and love us,
 Through a blest eternity.

4. Heed the heavenly aspirations
 That imbue with hope the soul;
 Mark the glorious life-creations
 Flowing in without control:
 See in all things truth and beauty,
 Love o'erflowing from the skies;
 Exercising Faith and Duty,
 Earth would be a paradise.

NEAL BERNARD

2.—MORAL COURAGE.

DARE nobly then; but, conscious of your trust,
 As ever warm and bold, be ever just;
 Nor court applause in these degenerate days—
 The villain's censure is extorted praise.

But chief, be steady in a noble end,
 And show mankind that truth has yet a friend.
 'Tis mean for empty praise of wit to write,
 As foplings grin to show their teeth are white;
 To brand a doubtful folly with a smile,
 Or madly blaze unknown defects, is vile:
 'Tis doubly vile, when, but to prove your art,
 You fix an arrow in a blameless heart.

PCPA

3.—WORK.

WORK with your hands, work with your mind,
 Just as your nature has fitly designed;
 Build ye a temple, hew out a stone,
 Do ye a work, just to call it your own.

Write out a thought—to lighten the labor
 Of that one who reads, it may be your neighbor.
 Work, as each day hastens away,
 Bearing along the bright and the gay ;
 Live out a life of excellent worth,
 Having bestowed on the source of your birth
 Garlands in works, to brighten the earth !

HENRY PROVERB.

LXI.—VARIETIES.

1.—RULES FOR CONVERSATION.

1. THAT conversation may answer the ends for which it is designed, the parties who are to join in it must come together with a determined resolution to please and be pleased. As the end of the conversation is either to amuse or instruct the company, or to receive benefit from it, you should not be eager to interrupt others, or uneasy at being yourself interrupted.

2. Give every one leave to speak in his turn, hear with patience, and answer with precision. Inattention is ill manners, and shows contempt, and contempt is never forgotten.

3. Trouble not the company with your own private concerns. Yours are as little to them as theirs are to you. Contrive, but with dexterity and propriety, that each person shall have an opportunity of discoursing on the subject with which he is best acquainted ; thus, he will be pleased, and you will be informed. When the conversation is flowing in a serious and useful channel, never disturb it by an ill-timed jest.

4. In remarks on absent people, say nothing that you would not say if they were present. "I resolve," says Bishop Beveridge, "never to speak of a man's virtues before his face, nor of his faults behind his back." This is a golden rule, the observance of which would, at one stroke, banish flattery and defamation from the earth.

2.—GOOD SENSE.

1. GOOD sense will preserve us from censoriousness, will lead us to distinguish circumstances, keep us from looking

after visionary perfection, and make us see things in their proper light. It will lead us to study dispositions, peculiarities, accommodations; to weigh consequences; to determine what to observe, and what to pass by; when to be immovable, and when to yield.

2. Good sense will produce good manners, keep us from taking freedoms, and handling things roughly; will never agitate claims of superiority, but teach us to submit ourselves one to another. Good sense will lead persons to regard their own duties, rather than to recommend those of others.

LXII.—LITERARY PURSUITS AND ACTIVE BUSINESS.

1. HEED not the idle assertion that literary pursuits will disqualify you for the active business of life. Point out to those who make it, the illustrious characters who have reaped, in every age, the highest honors of studious and active exertion. Show them Demosthenes, forging, by the light of the midnight lamp, those thunderbolts of eloquence, which

“Shook the arsenal, fulmined over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes’ throne.”

2. Ask them if Cicero would have been hailed with rapture as the father of his country, if he had not been its pride and pattern in philosophy and letters. Inquire whether Cæsar, or Frederick, or Bonaparte, or Wellington, or Washington, fought the worse because they knew how to write their own commentaries. Remind them of Franklin, tearing at the same time the lightning from heaven and the scepter from the hands of the oppressors.

3. Do they say to you that study will lead you to skepticism? Recall to their memory the venerable names of Bacon, Milton, Newton, and Locke. Would they persuade you that devotion to learning will withdraw your steps from the paths of pleasure? Tell them they are mistaken. Tell them that the only true pleasures are those which result from the diligent exercise of all the faculties of body, and mind, and heart, in pursuit of noble ends by noble means.

4. Repeat to them the ancient apologue of the youthful Hercules, in the pride of strength and beauty, giving up his generous soul to the worship of virtue. Tell them your choice is also made. Tell them, with the illustrious Roman orator, you would rather be in the wrong with Plato, than in the right with Epicurus. Tell them that a mother in Sparta would have rather seen her son brought home from battle a corpse upon his shield, than dishonored by its loss. Tell them that your mother is America, your battle the warfare of lips, your shield the breastplate of Religion.

A. H. EVERETT.

LXIII.—OPPORTUNITY FOR EFFORT.

1. EXAMPLES of greatness and goodness before us, bid us work, and the changing present offers ample opportunity. Around us, every where, the new crowds aside the old. Improvement steps by seeming perfection. Discovery upsets theories and clouds over established systems. The usages of one generation become matters of tradition, for the amusement of the next. Innovation rises on the site of homes revered for early associations. Science can scarcely keep pace with the names of publications qualifying or abrogating the past. Machinery becomes old iron, as its upstart successor usurps its place.

2. The new ship dashes scornfully by the naval prodigy of last year, and the steamer laughs at them both. The railroad engine, as it rushes by the crumbling banks of the canal, screams out its mockery at the barge rotting piecemeal. The astronomer builds up his hypothesis, and is comforting himself among the nebulæ, when invention comes to the rescue; the gigantic telescope points upward, and lo! the raw material of which worlds are manufactured becomes the centers of systems, blazing in the infinite heavens, and the defeated theorizer retreats into space, with his speculations, to be again routed, when human ingenuity shall admit us one hair-breadth further into creation.

3. There is no effort of science or art that may not be exceeded; no depth of philosophy that can not be deeper

sounded; no flight of imagination that may not be passed by strong and soaring wing. All nature is full of unknown things—earth, air, water, the fathomless ocean, the limitless sky, lie almost untouched before us. What has hitherto given prosperity and distinction, has not been more open to others than to us; to no one, past or present, more than to the student going forth from the school-room to-morrow.

4. Let not, then, the young man sit with folded hands, calling on Hercules. Thine own arm is the demigod. It was given thee to help thyself. Go forth into the world trustful, but fearless. Exalt thine adopted calling or profession. Look on labor as honorable, and dignify the task before thee, whether it be in the study, office, counting-room, workshop, or furrowed field. There is an equality in all, and the resolute will and pure heart may ennoble either.

GEO. R. RUSSELL.

LXIV.—SUPPOSE.

1. "NOW WHAT did you do that for? Suppose he should buy rum with it?"

2. To this querulous exclamation, the beautiful woman, who had just given a bit of silver to a poor beggar, replied, "if we are to suppose anything, why not suppose good?"

3. Noble answer! Why suppose because your neighbor has a row of fine houses, and you have remained poor, though starting in life with him, that he has obtained his wealth by fraud and evil doing? if you are going to suppose at all, why not suppose good? Why not suppose that he had more mature judgment, a happier faculty of turning knowledge to account—why not suppose good?

4. Why suppose, because a girl, in the exuberance of youth and animal spirits, gives way to childish impulses of mirth, that she is bold, forward and presuming; that she is in danger of losing delicacy and reputation?

5. It is dastardly to suppose evil; what does the word mean? "suspicion without proof; to lay down or state as a proposition or fact that may exist or be true, though not known to be true or exist."

6. How more than insufferably mean it is then, in supposing wrong motives to regulate the conduct of those around us, and yet how prone to the sin is the majority of mankind!

MRS. DENISON.

LXV.—THE SPIDER AND THE FLY.

1. A SPIDER, that began to feel
Those cravings for a dainty meal,
Which always urge the spider brood
To deeds of perfidy and blood,
Vowed that he would commence his labors,
And cheat and grind his simple neighbors.
So, sallying forth, prepared to weave
A web, well fashioned to deceive,
With wondrous skill, he soon completed
His silken snare, and then retreated.
2. Ere long, a little thoughtless fly,
Devoid of guile, came buzzing by ;
And, curious to behold a work
In which no danger seemed to lurk,
It touched the treacherous web, and found
Its limbs in toils, its pinions bound :
The spider, warned of what had passed,
Came from his nook, and nimbly cast
One thread around his dupe, and then
With haste retreated to his den,
Well pleased, exulting at the thought
Of the vile deed his scheme had wrought.
3. Again, and yet again, intent
Upon his prey, he came and went,
Each time remembering to throw o'er
His helpless victim one thread more ;
Until, at last, when, tightly chained,
He showed that nought of strength remained,
The hapless captive, overpowered,
Was by his ruffian foe devoured.
4. Hence warned, both old and young may learn
The path of safety to discern ;
That none but those who stand aloof
From haunts where Satan weaves his woof.

And view intemperance as the breath
Of pestilence, disease, and death,
Are truly safe.

5. Oh, then, beware ;
Resist the tempter ; flee the snare—
Remember that, with every glass
The tippler takes, a web will pass
Around his soul, until, at length,
Robbed of his wits, deprived of strength,
He'll sink, the scorn of every tongue,
"Unwept, unhonored and unsung."

6. When will mankind together band,
To drive intemperance from the land ?
How long shall "brother war with brother,"
And injure and destroy each other,
Contemn the law, all right defy,
And play the spider and the fly ?

LXVI. —PARALLEL BETWEEN POPE AND DRYDEN.

1. IN acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who, before he became an author, had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation ; those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden and more certainty in that of Pope.

2. Poetry was not the sole praise of either ; for both excelled likewise in prose : but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied ; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden obeys the motions of his own mind ; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid ; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising

into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and leveled by the roller.

3. Of genius—that power which constitutes a poet, that quality without which judgment is cold, and knowledge is inert, that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates—the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigor Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more: for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said that if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems.

4. Dryden's performances were always hasty—either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestic necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather at one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden, therefore, are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON.

LXVII.—PRESENT CONDITION OF MAN VINDICATED.

1. HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
 All but the page prescribed, their present state:
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know
 Or who could suffer Being here below?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
 Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
 Oh, blindness to the future! kindly given,
 That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven:

Who sees with equal eye, as God of all.
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

2. Hope humbly, then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
 Wait the great teacher, Death ; and God adore.
 What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
 Man never Is, but always To be blest :
 The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

3 Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutored mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
 His soul, proud science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or Milky Way ;
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-capt hill, a humbler heaven ;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
 Some happier island in the watery waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To be, contents his natural desire ;
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

4. Go, wiser thou ! and in thy scale of sense
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;
 Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
 Say, here he gives too little, there too much :
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, if man's unhappy, God's unjust ;
 If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there :
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.

5. In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies :
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes—
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.

Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause

POPE.

LXVIII.—ADVICE TO PREACHERS OF THE GOSPEL.

1. It is unquestionably to be wished, that he who devotes himself to the arduous labor which preaching requires, should be wholly ambitious to render himself useful to the cause of religion. To such, reputation can never be a sufficient recompense. But if motives so pure have not sufficient sway in your breast, calculate, at least, the advantages of self-love, and you may perceive how inseparably connected these are with the success of your ministry.

2. Is it on your own account that you preach? Is it for you that religion assembles her votaries in a temple? You ought never to indulge so presumptuous a thought. However, I only consider you as an orator. Tell me, then, what is this you call eloquence? Is it the wretched trade of imitating that criminal, mentioned by a poet in his satires, who “balanced his crimes before his judges with antithesis?”

3. Is it the puerile secret of forming jejune quibbles? of rounding periods? of tormenting one’s self by tedious studies, in order to reduce sacred instruction into a vain amusement? Is this, then, the idea which you have conceived of that divine art which disdains frivolous ornaments—which sways the most numerous assemblies, and which bestows on a single man the most personal and majestic of all sovereignties? Are you in quest of glory? You fly from it. Wit alone is never sublime; and it is only by the vehemence of the passions that you can become eloquent.

4. Reckon up all the illustrious orators. Will you find among them conceited, subtle, or epigrammatic writers? No; these immortal men confined their attempts to affect and persuade; and their having been always simple, is that which will always render them great. How is this? You wish to proceed in their footsteps, and you stoop to the

degrading pretensions of a rhetorician! And you appear in the form of a mendicant, soliciting commendations from those very men who ought to tremble at your feet. Recover from this ignominy. Be eloquent by zeal, instead of being a mere declaimer through vanity. And be assured, that the most certain method of preaching well for yourself, is to preach usefully to others. MAURY.

LXIX.—POETRY OF SCIENCE.

1. THE mystery of our being, and the mystery of our ceasing to be, acting upon intelligences that are forever striving to comprehend the enigma of themselves, lead by a natural process to a love for the ideal. The discovery of those truths which advance the human mind towards that point of knowledge to which all its secret longings tend, should excite a higher feeling than any mere creation of the fancy, how beautiful soever it may be.

2. The phenomena of reality are more startling than the phantoms of the ideal. Truth is stranger than fiction. Surely many of the discoveries of science which relate to the combinations of matter, and exhibit results which we could not by any previous efforts of reasoning dare to reckon on, results which show the admirable balance of the forces of nature, and the might of their uncontrolled power, exhibit to our senses subjects for contemplation truly poetic in their character.

3. We tremble when the thunder-cloud bursts in fury above our heads. The poet seizes on the terrors of the storm to add to the interest of his verse. Fancy paints a storm-king, and the genius of romance clothes his demons in lightnings, and they are heralded by thunders. These wild imaginings have been the delight of mankind; there is subject for wonder in them; but is there any thing less wonderful in the well-authenticated fact, that the dew-drop which glistens on the flower, or that the tear which trembles on the eye-lid, holds, locked in its transparent cells, an amount of electric fire equal to that which is discharged during a storm from a thunder-cloud?

4. In these studies of the effects which are continually presenting themselves to the observing eye, and of the phenomena of causes, as far as they are revealed by science in its search of the physical earth, it will be shown that beneath the beautiful vesture of the external world there exists, like its quickening soul, a pervading power, assuming the most varied aspects, giving to the whole its life and loveliness, and linking every portion of this material mass in a common bond with some great universal principle beyond our knowledge.

5. Whether by the improvement of the powers of the human mind, man will ever be enabled to embrace within his knowledge the laws which regulate these remote principles, we are not sufficiently advanced in intelligence to determine. But if admitted even to a clear perception of the theoretical power which we regard as regulating the known forces, we must still see an unknown agency beyond us, which can only be referred to the Creator's will.

ROBERT HUNT.

LXX.—EARLY RISING CONDUCIVE TO HEALTH.

1. Unwary belles,
 Who, day by day, the fashionable round
 Of dissipation tread, stealing from art
 The blush Eliza owns, to hide a cheek
 Pale and deserted; come, and learn of me
 How to be ever blooming, young and fair.
 Give to the mind improvement. Let the tongue
 Be subject to the heart and head. Withdraw
 From city smoke, and trip with agile foot,
 Oft as the day begins, the steepy down
 Or velvet lawn, earning the bread you eat.

2. Rise with the lark, and with the lark to bed;
 The breath of night's destructive to the hue
 Of ev'ry flower that blows. Go to the field,
 And ask the humble daisy why it sleeps
 Soon as the sun departs? Why close the eyes
 Of blossoms infinite, long ere the moon
 Her oriental vail puts off?

Nor let the sweetest blossom nature boasts
 Be thus exposed to night's unkindly damp.
 Well may it droop, and all its freshness lose,
 Compelled to taste the rank and poisonous steam
 Of midnight theater, and morning ball.
 Give to repose the solemn hour she claims,
 And from the forehead of the morning, steal
 The sweet occasion.

3. Oh, there is a charm
 Which morning has, that gives the brow of age
 A smack of youth, and makes the life of youth
 Shed perfumes exquisite. Expect it not,
 Ye who till noon upon a down-bed lie,
 Indulging feverous sleep—a wakeful dream,
 Of happiness, no mortal heart has felt
 But in the regions of Romance. Ye fair,
 Like you, it must be wooed, or never won;
 And, being lost, it is in vain ye ask
 For milk of roses, and Olympian dew.
 Cosmetic art no tincture can afford
 The faded features to restore: no chain,
 Be it of gold, and strong as adamant,
 Can fetter beauty to the fair one's will.

HURDIS.

LXXI.—ORATORY.

1. It is absolutely necessary for the orator to keep one man in view amidst the multitude that surround him; and, while composing, to address himself to that one man whose mistakes he laments, and whose foibles he discovers. This man is to him as the genius of Socrates, standing continually at his side, and by turns interrogating him, or answering his questions. This is he whom the orator ought never to lose sight of in writing, till he obtain a conquest over his prepossessions. The arguments which will be sufficiently persuasive to overcome his opposition, will equally control a large assembly.

2. The orator will derive still farther advantages from a numerous concourse of people, where all the impressions made at the time will convey the finest triumphs of the

art, by forming a species of action and reaction between the auditory and the speaker. It is in this sense that Cicero is right in saying, "That no man can be eloquent without a multitude to hear him."

3. The auditor came to hear a discourse; the orator attacks him, accuses him, makes him abashed; addresses him at one time as his confidant, at another as his mediator or his judge. See with what address he unvails his most concealed passions; with what penetration he shows him his most intimate thoughts; with what energy he annihilates his best framed excuses! The culprit repents. Profound attention, consternation, confusion, remorse, all announce that the orator has penetrated, in his retired meditations, into the recesses of the heart. Then, provided no ill-timed sally of wit follow to blunt the strokes of Christian eloquence, there may be in the church two thousand auditors, yet there will be but one thought, but one opinion; and all those individuals united, form that ideal man whom the orator had in view while composing his discourse.

4. But, you may ask, where is this ideal man, composed of so many different traits, to be found, unless we describe some chimerical being? Where shall we find a phantom like this, singular but not outré, in which every individual may recognize himself, although it resembles not any one? Where shall we find him? In your own heart. Often retire there. Survey all its recesses. There you will trace both the pleas for those passions which you will have to combat, and the source of those false reasonings which you must point out. To be eloquent we must enter within ourselves. The first productions of a young orator are generally too far fetched. His mind, always on the stretch, is making continual efforts, without his ever venturing to commit himself to the simplicity of nature, until experience teaches him that, to arrive at the sublime, it is, in fact, less necessary to elevate his imagination, than to be deeply impressed with his subject.

5. If you have studied the sacred books; if you have observed men; if you have attended to writers on morals, who serve you instead of historians; if you have become

familiar with the language of orators, make trial of your eloquence upon yourself, become, so to speak, the auditor of your own discourses; and thus, by anticipating the effect which they ought to produce, you will easily delineate true characters; you will perceive that, notwithstanding the shades of difference which distinguish them, all men bear an interior resemblance to one another, and that their vices have a uniformity, because they always proceed either from weakness or interest. In a word, your descriptions will not be indeterminate; and the more thoroughly you shall have examined, what passes within your own breast, with more ability will you unfold the hearts of others.

MAURY.

LXXII.—FLOWERS.

1. Spake full well, in language quaint and olden,
One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
When he called the flowers, so blue and golden,
Stars, that in earth's firmament do shine.
2. Stars they are, wherein we read our history,
As astrologers and seers of eld;
Yet not wrapped about with awful mystery,
Like the burning stars which they beheld.
3. Wondrous truths, and manifold as wondrous,
God hath written in those stars above;
But not less in the bright flow'rets under us
Stands the revelation of His love.
4. Bright and glorious is that revelation,
Written all over this great world of ours,
Making evident our own creation,
In these stars of earth—these golden flowers.
5. And the poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same universal Being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart
6. Gorgeous flowers in the sunlight shining,
Blossoms flaunting in the eye of day;
Tremulous leaves, with soft and silver lining,
Buds that open only to decay.

7. Brilliant hopes, all woven in gorgeous tissues,
Flaunting gaily in the golden light;
Large desires, with most uncertain issues,
Tender wishes, blossoming at night!
8. These in flowers and men are more than seeming;
Workings are they of the self-same Power,
Which the poet, in no idle dreaming,
Seeth in himself and in the flower.
9. Every where about us are they glowing,
Some, like stars, to tell us Spring is born;
Others, their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
Stand, like Ruth, amid the golden corn.
10. Not alone in Spring's armorial bearing,
And in Summer's green-emblazoned field,
But in arms of brave old Autumn's wearing,
In the center of his brazen shield;
11. Not alone in meadows and green alleys,
On the mountain-top, and by the brink
Of sequestered pools in woodland vaileys,
Where the slaves of nature stoop to drink;
12. Not alone in her vast dome of glory,
Not on graves of bird and beast alone,
But in old cathedrals, high and hoary,
On the tombs of heroes, carved in stone;
13. In the cottage of the rudest peasant,
In ancestral homes, whose crumbling towers,
Speaking of the Past unto the Present,
Tell us of the ancient games of flowers;
14. In all places, then, and in all seasons,
Flowers expand their light and soul-like wings,
Teaching us, by most persuasive reasons,
How akin they are to human things.
15. And with childlike, credulous affection,
We behold their tender buds expand;
Emblems of our own great resurrection,
Emblems of "the bright and better land."

MORAL AND RELIGIOUS.

LXXIII.—THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE.

1. SUCH is the intrinsic excellence of Christianity that it is adapted to the wants of all, and it provides for all, not only by its precepts and by its doctrines, but also by its evidence.

2. The poor man may know nothing of history, or science, or philosophy; he may have read scarcely any book but the Bible; he may be totally unable to vanquish the skeptic in the arena of public debate; but he is nevertheless surrounded by a panoply which the shafts of infidelity can never pierce.

3. You may go to the home of the poor cottager, whose heart is deeply imbued with the spirit of vital Christianity; you may see him gather his little family around him: he expounds to them the wholesome doctrines and principles of the Bible, and if they want to know the evidence upon which he rests his faith, of the divine origin of his religion, he can tell them upon reading the book which teaches Christianity, he finds not only a perfectly true description of his own natural character, but in the provisions of this religion a perfect adaptation to all his needs.

4. It is a religion by which to live—a religion by which to die; a religion which cheers in darkness, relieves in perplexity, supports in adversity, keeps steadfast in prosperity, and guides the inquirer to that blessed land where “the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

5. We entreat you, therefore, to give the Bible a welcome—a cordial reception; obey its precepts, trust its promises, and rely implicitly upon that Divine Redeemer, whose religion brings glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace and good will to men.

6. Thus will you fulfill the noble end of your existence, and the great God of the universe will be your father and your friend; and when the last mighty convulsion shall shake the earth, and the sea, and the sky, and the fragments

of a thousand barks, richly freighted with intellect and learning, are scattered on the shores of error and delusion your vessel shall in safety outside the storm and enter in triumph the haven of eternal rest. EDW. WINTHROP.

LXXIV.—POETICAL SELECTIONS.

I.—MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

1. THIS book is all that's left me now!
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree:
My mother's hands this Bible clasped;
She, dying, gave it me.
2. Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear,
Who round the hearth-stone used to close,
After the evening prayer;
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill!
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.
3. My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my dear mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear.
Her aged face—I see it yet,
As thronging memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!
4. Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false I found thee true,
My counselor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy:
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

2.—TARRY WITH ME.

1. TARRY with me, O my Savior!
For the day is passing by;
See! the shades of evening gather,
And the night is drawing nigh:
Tarry with me! tarry with me!
Pass me not unheeded by.
- 2 Many friends were gathered round me,
In the bright days of the past;
But the grave has closed above them,
And I linger here the last:
I am lonely, tarry with me
Till the dreary night is past.
3. Dimmed for me is earthly beauty;
Yet the spirit's eye would fain
Rest upon thy lovely features;
Shall I seek, dear Lord, in vain?
Tarry with me, O my Savior,
Let me see thy smile again!
4. Dull my ear to earth-born music;
Speak thou, Lord, in words of cheer;
Feeble, tottering my footsteps,
Sinks my heart with sudden fear;
Cast thine arms, dear Lord, around me
Let me feel thy presence near.

LXXV.—VARIETIES.

1.—GOODNESS OF GOD.

1. THE light of nature, the works of creation, the general consent of nations, in harmony with divine revelation, attest the being, the perfections, and the providence of God. Whatever cause we have to lament the frequent inconsistency of human conduct, with this belief, yet an avowed atheist is a monster, that rarely makes his appearance. God's government of the affairs of the universe, an acknowledgment of his active, superintending providence, over that portion of it, which constitutes the globe we inhabit, is rejected, at least theoretically, by very few.

2. That a superior, invisible power, is continually employed in managing and controlling by secret, imperceptible, irresistible means, all the transactions of the world, is so often manifested in the disappointment, as well as in the success of our plans, that blind and depraved must our minds be, to deny what every day's transactions so fully prove. The excellence of the divine character, especially in the exercise of that goodness toward his creatures, which is seen in the dispensation of their daily benefits, and in overruling occurring events, to the increase of their happiness, is equally obvious.

3. Do we desire evidence of these things? Who is without them, in the experience of his own life? Who has not reason, to thank God for the success, which has attended his exertions in the world? Who has not reason to thank him, for defeating plans, the accomplishment of which, it has been afterward seen, would have resulted in injury or ruin? Who has not cause, to present him the unaffected homage of a grateful heart, for the consequences of events, apparently the most unpropitious, and for his unquestionable kindness, in the daily supply of needful mercies?

2.—THE SNOW OF AGE.

"No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none is heavier, for it never melts."

1. THE figure is by no means novel, but the closing part of the sentence is new as well as emphatic. The Scripture represents age by the almond tree, which bears blossoms of the purest white. "The almond tree shall flourish"—the head shall be hoary. Dickens says of one of his characters whose hair was turning gray, that it looked as if Time had lightly splashed his snows upon it in passing.

2. "It never melts"—no, never. Age is inexorable. Its wheels must move onward—they know no retrograde movement. The old man may sit and sing, "I would I were a boy again"—but he grows older as he sings. He may read of the elixir of youth, but he can not find it; he may sigh for the secrets of that alchemy which is able to make him young again, but sighing brings it not. He may gaze back

ward with an eye of longing upon the rosy schemes of early years; but, as one who gazes on his home from the deck of a departing ship, every moment carries him farther and farther away. Poor old man! he has little more to do than die.

3. "It never melts." The snow of winter comes and sheds its white blessings upon the valley and the mountain; but soon the sweet Spring comes and smiles it all away. Not so with that upon the brow of the tottering veteran. There is no Spring whose warmth can penetrate its eternal frost. It came to stay. Its single flakes fell unnoticed—and now it is drilled there. We shall see it increase until we lay the old man in his grave. There it shall be absorbed by the eternal darkness—for there is no age in heaven.

4. Yet why speak of age in a mournful strain? It is beautiful, honorable, eloquent. Should we sigh at the proximity of death, when life and the world are so full of emptiness? Let the old exult because they are old—if any must weep, let it be the young, at the long succession of cares that are before them. Welcome the snow, for it is the emblem of peace and of rest. It is but a temporal crown which shall fall at the gates of Paradise, to be replaced by a brighter and a better.

LXXVI.—SUSPENSE.

1. WHEN all is known, the darkest fate
 The smitten heart may learn to bear,
 And feel, when time can not abate,
 The settled calmness of despair;
 But who can well endure the grief—
 Which knows no refuge or defense,
 That age of pain, in moments brief—
 The untold anguish of suspense!

2. When once the first rude shock is past
 The heart may still the storm outride,
 As, from the wreck around it cast,
 It finds support to breast the tide;

But thus to linger day by day,
 A prey to that foreboding sense
 Which gives a pang to each delay,
 And agonizes with suspense!

3. To feel an ever present dread
 Of some impending, nameless ill,
 Is keener than the shaft, when sped,
 Which makes the wounded bosom thrill.
 Then let me know the worst of fate,
 Though it may rend with pangs intense,
 For sure no pangs were e'er so great
 As are the tortures of suspense.

4. And yet, the soul that trusts in God
 Can find a balm for every woe,
 Since His own hand upholds the rod,
 And mercy tempers every blow;
 O then, my soul, be strong in trust—
 Whatever fate He may dispense,
 Although the swelling heart may burst,
 While agonizing in suspense.

REV. SIDNEY DYER.

LXXVII.—THE TELESCOPE AND MICROSCOPE.

1. It was the telescope that, by piercing the obscurity which lies between us and distant worlds, put infidelity in possession of the argument against which we are now contending; but, about the time of its invention, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man with a discovery, which serves to neutralize the whole of this argument. This was the microscope. The one led me to a system in every star—the other leads me to see a world in every atom.

2. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and of its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity—the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbor within it the tribes and families of a busy population. The one told me of the magnificence of the world I tread upon—the other

redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament.

3. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may lie fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe—the other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may lie a region of invisibles; and that, could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might there see a theater of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded, a universe within the compass of a point so small, as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all His attributes, where He can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidences of his glory.

4. Now, mark how all this may be made to meet the argument of our infidel astronomers. By the telescope, they have discovered that no magnitude, however vast, is beyond the grasp of the Divinity; but by the microscope, we have also discovered, that no minuteness, however shrunk from the notice of the human eye, is beneath the condescension of His regard. Every addition to the powers of the one instrument extends the limit of His visible dominions; but, by every addition of the powers of the other instrument, we see each part of them more crowded than before with the wonders of His unwearying hand. The one is constantly widening the circle of His territory—the other is as constantly filling up its separate portions with all that is rich, and various, and exquisite. In a word, by the one I am told that the Almighty is now at work in regions more distant than geometry has ever measured, and among worlds more manifold than numbers have ever reached; but, by the other, I am also told, that with a mind to comprehend the whole, in the vast compass of its generality, He has also

a mind to concentrate a close and a separate attention on each and on all of its particulars; and that the same God, who sends forth an upholding influence among the orbs and the movements of astronomy, can fill the recesses of every single atom with the intimacy of His presence, and travel, in all the greatness of His unimpaired attributes, upon every one spot and corner of the universe He has formed.

5. They, therefore, who think that God will not put forth such a power, and such a goodness, and such a condescension, in behalf of this world, as are ascribed to Him in the New Testament, because He has so many other worlds to attend to, think of Him as a man. They confine their view to the informations of the telescope, and forget altogether the informations of the other instrument. They only find room in their minds for His one attribute of a large and general superintendence; and keep out of their remembrance the equally impressive proofs we have for His other attribute, of a minute and multiplied attention to all that diversity of operations, where it is He that worketh all in all.

6. And when I think, that as one of the instruments of philosophy has hightened our every impression of the first of these attributes, so another instrument has no less hightened our impression of the second of them—then I can no longer resist the conclusion, that it would be a transgression of sound argument, as well as a daring of impiety, to draw a limit around the doings of this unsearchable God—and, should a professed revelation from heaven tell me of an act of condescension, in behalf of some separate world, so wonderful, that angels desire to look into it, and the Eternal Son had to move from His seat of glory to carry it into accomplishment, all I ask is the evidence of such a revelation; for, let it tell me as much as it may of God letting himself down for the benefit of one single province of His dominions, this is no more than what I see lying scattered, in numberless examples, before me; and running through the whole line of my recollections; and meeting me in every walk of observation to which I can betake myself; and, now that the microscope has unveiled the wonders of another region, I see strewed around me, with a profusion which baffles my every

attempt to comprehend it, the evidence that there is no one portion of the universe of God too minute for His notice, nor too humble for the visitations of His care.

DR. CHALMERS

LXXVIII.—THE UNSEEN BATTLE-FIELD.

1. **THERE** is an unseen battle-field
 In every human breast,
 Where two opposing forces meet,
 But where they seldom rest.
2. That field is veiled from mortal sight,
 'T is only seen by One
 Who knows alone where victory lies,
 When each day's fight is done.
3. One army clusters strong and fierce,
 Their chief of demon form ;
 His brow is like the thunder-cloud,
 His voice the bursting storm,
4. His captains, **Pride**, and **Lust**, and **Hate**,
 Whose troops watch night and day,
 Swift to detect the weakest point,
 And thirsting for the fray.
5. Contending with this mighty force
 Is but a little band ;
 Yet there, with an unquailing front,
 Those warriors firmly stand!
6. Their leader is a God-like form,
 Of countenance serene ;
 And glowing on his naked breast
 A simple cross is seen.
7. His captains, **FAITH**, and **HOPE**, and **LOVE**,
 Point to that wondrous sign ;
 And, gazing on it, all receive
 Strength from a Source divine.
8. They feel it speak a glorious truth
 A truth as great as sure,
 That to be victors they must learn
 To love, confide, endure.

9. That faith sublime in wildest strife,
 Imparts a holy calm;
 For every deadly blow a shield,
 For every wound a balm.
10. And when they win that battle-field,
 Past toil is quite forgot;
 The plain where carnage once had reigned,
 Becomes a hallowed spot:
11. A spot where flowers of joy and peace
 Spring from the fertile sod,
 And breathe the perfume of their praise
 On every breeze—to God.

 LXXIX.—VARIETIES.

1.—THE PROPER LIMITS OF BENEVOLENCE.

1. KIND and amiable people, your benevolence is most lovely in its display, but oh! it is perishable in its consequences. Does it never occur to you that in a few years this favorite will die; and that he will go to the place where neither cold nor hunger will reach him; but that a mighty interest remains, of which both of us may know the certainty, though neither you nor I can calculate the extent? Your benevolence is too short: it does not shoot far enough ahead; it is like regaling a child with a sweetmeat or a toy, and then abandoning the happy, unreflecting infant to exposure.

2. You make the poor old man happy with your crumbs and your fragments, but he is an infant on the mighty range of duration; and will you leave the soul, which has the infinity to go through, to its chance? How comes it that the grave should throw so impenetrable a shroud over the realities of eternity? how comes it that heaven, and hell, and judgment, should be treated as so many nonentities; and that there should be as little real and operative sympathy felt for the soul which lives forever, as for the body after it is dead, or for the dust into which it molds? Eternity is longer than time; the arithmetic, my brethren, is all on

one side upon this question; and the wisdom which calculates, and guides itself by calculation, gives its weighty and respectable support to what may be called the benevolence of faith.

CHALMERS.

2.—ACCESS TO GOD.

1. HOWEVER early in the morning you seek the gate of access, you find it already open; and the midnight moment when you find yourself in the sudden arms of death, the winged prayer can bring an instant Savior near. And this wherever you are. It needs not that you ascend some special Pisgah or Moriah. It needs not that you should enter some awful shrine, or pull off your shoes on some holy ground.

2. Could a memento be reared on every spot from which an acceptable prayer had passed away, and on which a prompt answer has come down, we should find Jehovah-shammah, "the Lord hath been here," inscribed on many a cottage hearth, and many a dungeon floor. We should find it not only in Jerusalem's proud Temple, and David's cedar galleries, but in the fisherman's cottage by the brink of Genesareth and in the chamber where Pentecost began.

3. Whether it be the field where Isaac went to meditate, or the rocky knoll where Jacob lay down to sleep, or the brook where Israel wrestled, or the den where Daniel gazed on lions and the lions gazed on him, on the hill-sides where the Man of sorrows prayed all night, we should still discern the prints of the ladder's feet let down from heaven—the landing-place of mercies, because the starting-point of prayer. And all this whatsoever you are.

4. It needs no saints, no proficient in piety, no adept in eloquent language, no dignity of earthly rank. It needs but a blind beggar, a loathsome leazar. It needs but a penitent publican, or a dying thief. And it needs no sharp ordeal, no costly passport, no painful expiation, to bring you to the mercy-seat. The Savior's merit—the name of Jesus, priceless as they are, cost the sinner nothing. They are freely put at his disposal, and instantly and constantly he may use of them. This access to God in every place, at

every moment without any price or personal merit, is it not a privilege?

JAMES HAMILTON.

LXXX.—GOD, THE TRUE SOURCE OF CONSOLATION.

1. O THOU, who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee!
2. The friends who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes, are flown;
And he who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.
3. But Thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.
4. When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimmed and vanished, too!
5. Oh! who could bear life's stormy doom,
Did not Thy wing of love
Come brightly wafting through the gloom
Our peace-branch from above!
6. Then, sorrow, touched by Thee, grows bright
With more than rapture's ray,
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We never saw by day.

MOORE

LXXXI.—“WE 'LL ALL MEET AGAIN IN THE MORNING.”

1. O WILD is the tempest, and dark is the night,
But soon will the daybreak be dawning;
Then the friendships of yore
Shall blossom once more,
“And we'll all meet again in the morning.”

2. Art thou doomed in a far distant region to roam,
 To meet the cold gaze of the stranger ;
 Dost thou yearn for the smiles of the loved ones at home,
 While thou pray'st God to shield them from danger ?
 Ah! the light of the waters may shadow my form,
 Yet soon will the daybreak be dawning ;
 And thou 'lt mingle once more
 With the loved ones on shore—
 "For we 'll all meet again in the morning."

3. Dost thou miss the sweet voice of a fond loving wife,
 Whose music brought balm to thy sorrow ;
 Didst thou see her decline in the sunset of life,
 Nor felt one bright hope for the morrow ?
 O, cheer up, dear brother! the night may be dark,
 Yet soon will the daybreak be dawning ;
 Of all ties bereft,
 One hope is still left—
 "We 'll all meet again in the morning."

4. Art thou wearied, O pilgrim, on life's desert waste ;
 Dost thou sigh for the shade of the wild-wood ;
 Have the world's choicest fruits proved bitter to taste,
 And mocked all the dreams of thy childhood ?
 O, cheer up, poor pilgrim, faint not on thy way.
 For soon will the daybreak be dawning ;
 Then the dreams which have fled,
 Shall arise from the dead—
 "And all will be bright in the morning!"

5. O, servant of Christ! too heavy the cross,
 Has thy trust in thy Master been shaken?
 In doubt and in darkness thy faith has been lost,
 And thou criest, "My God, I 'm forsaken!"
 But cheer up, dear brother! the night can not last,
 And soon will the daybreak be dawning ;
 Then the trials of earth
 We have borne from our birth,
 "Will all be made right in the morning!"

LXXXII.—TELL ME, YE WINGED WINDS.

1. TELL me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do you not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?

The loud wind softened to a whisper low,
And sighed for pity as it whispered—"No!"

2. Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives
And friendship never dies?

The loud waves rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopped for a while, and sighed to answer—"No!"

3. And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth,
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot,
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?

Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet, but sad, responded—"No!"

4. Tell me, my secret soul,
O! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot,
Where mortals may be blest
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?

Faith, Hope, and Love—best boons to mortals given—
Waved their bright wings, and whispered—"Yes! in heaven!"

LXXXIII.—ON A SURVEY OF THE HEAVENS, BEFORE
DAY-BREAK.

1. Ye many twinkling stars who yet do hold
Your brilliant places in the sable vault
Of night's dominion—planets, and central orbs
Of other systems; big as the burning sun
Which lights this nether globe, yet to our eye
Small as the glow-worm's lamp! to you I raise
My lowly orisons, while, all bewildered,
My vision strays o'er your ethereal hosts;
Too vast, too boundless for our narrow mind,
Warped with low prejudices, to unfold,
And sagely comprehend—thence higher soaring—
Through ye I raise my solemn thoughts to Him,
The mighty Founder of this wondrous maze,
The great Creator! Him! who now sublime,
Wrapt in the solitary amplitude
Of boundless space, above the rolling spheres
Sits on His silent throne, and meditates.

2. The angelic hosts, in their inferior heaven,
Hymn to the golden harps His praise sublime,
Repeating loud, "The Lord our God is great!"
In varied harmonies: the glorious sounds
Roll o'er the air serene: the Æolian spheres,
Harping along their viewless boundaries,
Catch the full note, and cry, "The Lord is great!"
Responding to the seraphim. O'er all,
From orb to orb, to the remotest verge
Of the created world, the sound is borne,
Till the whole universe is full of Him.

3. Oh! 'tis this heavenly harmony which now
In fancy strikes upon my listening ear,
And thrills my inmost soul. It bids me smile
On the vain world, and all its bustling cares,
And gives a shadowy glimpse of future bliss,
Oh! what is man, when at ambition's height—
What even are kings, when balanced in the scale
Of these stupendous worlds? Almighty God!
Thou, the dread Author of these wondrous works!
Say, canst thou cast on me, poor passing worm,
One look of kind benevolence?—Thou canst;

For Thou art full of universal love,
 And in Thy boundless goodness wilt impart
 Thy beams as well to me as to the proud,
 The pageant insects of a glittering hour.

4. Oh! when reflecting on these truths sublime,
 How insignificant do all the joys,
 The gauds and honors of the world appear!
 How vain ambition! Why has my wakeful lamp
 Outwatched the slow-paced night? Why on the page—
 The schoolman's labored page—have I employed
 The hours devoted by the world to rest,
 And needful to recruit exhausted nature?
 Say; can the voice of narrow Fame repay
 The loss of health? or can the hope of glory
 Send a new throb unto my languid heart,
 Cool, even now, my feverish aching brow,
 Relume the fires of this deep sunken eye,
 Or paint new colors on this pallid cheek?

H. K. WHITE.

LXXXIV.—DEFENSE OF PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

1. It is sufficiently evident that eloquence has a strong influence over the minds and passions of men. I do not call the attention of the reader to those compositions which filled Athens with valor, which agitated or calmed, at the will of the orator, the bosoms of a thousand warriors, and which all nations have consented to immortalize. The thunder, which Demosthenes hurled at the head of Philip, continues to roll to the present hour; and his eloquence, stripped as it is of action and utterance, mutilated by time, and enfeebled by translation, is yet powerful enough to kindle in our bosoms, at this remote age, a fire, which the hand of death has extinguished in the hearts of those who were originally addressed! We pass over, also, the eloquence which Cicero poured out, in a torrent so resistless, that the awful senate of Rome could not withstand its force; an eloquence that could break confederacies, disarm forces, control anarchy—an eloquence that years can not impair, age can not weaken, time can not destroy!

2. But we appeal to its influence, in an age not very

remote, nor very unlike the present, in a neighboring country, in the ministerial profession. The name of Massillon was more attractive than all the perfumes that Arabia could furnish; and this was the incense that filled the churches of spiritual Babylon. The theater was forsaken, while the church was crowded; the court forgot their amusements, to attend the preacher; and his spirit-controlling accents drew the monarch from his throne to his feet, stopped the impetuous stream of dissipation, and compelled the mocking world to listen!

3. This is not a picture delineated by fancy, but a representation of facts; and it is well known that no fashionable amusements had attractions when the French bishop was to ascend the pulpit. While he spoke, the king trembled; while he denounced the indignation of God against a corrupted court, nobility shrunk into nothingness; while he described the horrors of a judgment to come, infidelity turned pale, and the congregation, unable to support the thunder of his language, rose from their seats in agony! Let these instances suffice to show the power of eloquence, the influence which language, well chosen, has upon the mind of man, who alone, of all the creatures of God, is able to transmit his thoughts through the medium of speech, to know, to relish, and to use the charms of language.

4. I am well aware that an argument is deduced from the power of eloquence against the use of it in the pulpit. "It is liable to abuse," say they; "it tends to impose upon the understanding, by fascinating the imagination." Most true, it is liable to abuse; and what is there so excellent in its nature that is not? The doctrines of grace have been abused to licentiousness; and the liberty of christianity "used as a cloak of maliciousness." This, however, is no refutation of those doctrines, no argument against that liberty. Because eloquence has been abused, because it has served Anti-Christ, or rendered sin specious, is it, therefore, less excellent in itself? or is it, for that reason, to be rejected from the service of holiness? No; let it be employed in the service of God, and it is directed to its noblest ends; it answers the best of purposes!

5. "But the most eloquent are not always the most useful and God hath chosen the ignorant, in various instances, to confound the wise." It is granted. But does God uniformly work one way? When he sends, it is by whom he will send; and he can qualify, and does qualify those whom he raises up for himself. He can give powers as a substitute for literature, and by his own energy effect that which eloquence alone can not. But we set not up this attainment against his energy; we know that it is useful only in dependence upon it. We know, too, why the ignorant are frequently exalted in the scale of usefulness, to show that "the power is not of man, but of God;" and "that no flesh should glory in his presence." But has he not blessed talents also, for the same important purpose? Has he never employed eloquence usefully? Has his favor been uniformly limited, or ever limited to the illiterate? Because he sometimes works without the means, and apparently in defiance of the means, are we therefore to lay them aside? Who possessed more advantages, or more eloquence, than the apostle whose words are alluded to in this objection? Did Paul make a worse preacher for being brought up at the feet of Gamaliel?

6. But the gospel of Jesus disdains such assistance: for the apostle says to the Corinthians, "I came not to you with excellency of speech"—"and my speech, and my preaching, was not with enticing words of men's wisdom." That the gospel of Jesus disdains the assistance of eloquence, in a certain sense, I admit. It will not accept of any thing as its support. It stands upon its own inherent excellence, and spurns all extraneous aid. It is a sun absorbing every surrounding luminary. Its beauty eclipses every charm brought in comparison with it. Yet, is this a reason why in enforcing its glorious truths upon our fellow-men, we should disdain assistance which, although it aids not the gospel, is useful to them?

7. Follow the opposite principle, and lay aside preaching. The gospel approves itself to the conscience; every attempt to illustrate and enforce it is useless, when applied to the truth itself, for it can not be rendered more excellent than it is: yet it may be rendered more perspicuous to our fellow-

men; it needs enforcing as it regards them; and preaching has been instituted by God himself for that express purpose. So eloquence can not render assistance to the gospel itself; but may be useful to those who attend it. True eloquence has for its object, not merely to please, but to render luminous the subject discussed, and to reach the hearts of those concerned.

8. We live in a day when it becomes us to be equal every way to our adversaries. This we can never be, if we cherish a contempt for liberal science. Infidelity lifts her standard, and advances, with daring front, to "defy the armies of the living God." Distinguished talents rally around her ensign. The charms of eloquence, the force of reason, the majesty of literature, the light of science, are all enlisted under her banner; are all opposed to the "truth as it is in Jesus." Let us, in reliance upon Divine aid, meet them upon equal terms, contend with them on their own ground, turn against them their own weapons. Let us meet them in the plain, or upon the mountain; let us ascend to their elevation, or stoop to their level. Let us oppose science to science, eloquence to eloquence, light to light, energy to energy. Let us prove that we are their equals in intellect, their colleagues in literature: but that, in addition to this, "One is our master, even Christ"—that we have "a more sure word of prophecy"—and that our light borrowed from the fountain of illumination, will shine with undiminished luster, when their lamp, fed only by perishable, precarious supplies, shall be forever extinguished!

LXXXV.—POETICAL SELECTIONS.

1.—THE HEAVENLY CANAAN.

1. THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
2. There everlasting spring abides,
And never-fading flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green :
So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
4. But timorous mortals start and shrink,
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, trembling on the brink,
And fear to launch away.
5. Oh! could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love
With unclouded eyes ;—
6. Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream—nor death's cold flood.
Should fright us from the shore. WATTS

2.—GRATITUDE.

1. When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
2. Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom those comforts flowed.
3. When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.
4. Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy
5. Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

6. Through all eternity, to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise:
 But oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise!

ADDISON

LXXXVI.—INFIDELITY TESTED.

1. WE might ask the patrons of infidelity, what fury impels them to attempt the subversion of Christianity? Is it that they have discovered a better system? To what virtues are their principles favorable? Or is there one which Christians have not carried to a higher than any of which their party can boast? Have they discovered a more excellent rule of life, or a better hope in death, than that which the Scriptures suggest? Above all, what are the pretensions on which they rest their claims to be the guides of mankind, or which emboldened them to expect we should trample on the experience of ages, and abandon a religion which has been attested by a train of miracles and prophecies, in which millions of our forefathers have found a refuge in every trouble, and consolation in the hour of death; a religion which has been adorned with the highest sanctity of character and splendor of talents; which enrolls among its disciples the names of Bacon, Newton, and Locke, the glory of their species, and to which these illustrious men were proud to dedicate the last and best fruits of their immortal genius.

2. If the question at issue is to be decided by argument, nothing can be added to the triumph of Christianity; if by an appeal to authority, what have our adversaries to oppose to these great names? Where are the infidels of such pure, uncontaminated morals, unshaken probity, and extended benevolence, that we should be in no danger of being seduced into impiety by their example? Into what obscure recesses of misery, into what dungeons, have their philanthropists penetrated, to lighten the fetters and relieve the sorrows of the helpless captive? What barbarous tribes have their apostles visited? What distant climes have they explored, encompassed with cold, nakedness, and want, to

diffuse principles of virtue and the blessings of civilization? Or will they choose to waive their pretensions to this extraordinary, and in their eyes eccentric species of benevolence, and rest their character on their political exploits; on their efforts to reanimate the virtues of a sinking state, to restrain licentiousness, to calm the tumult of popular fury; and, by inculcating the spirit of justice, moderation and pity for fallen greatness, to mitigate the inevitable horrors of revolution? Our adversaries will, at least, have the discretion, if not the modesty to recede from this test.

3. More than all, their infatuated eagerness, their parrioidal zeal, to extinguish a sense of Deity, must excite astonishment and horror. Is the idea of an almighty and perfect ruler unfriendly to any passion which is consistent with innocence, or an obstruction to any design which is not shameful to avow?

4. Eternal God! on what are thine enemies intent? What are those enterprises of guilt and horror, that, for the safety of their performers, require to be enveloped in a darkness which the eye of Heaven must not pierce? Miserable men!—proud of being the offspring of chance; in love with universal disorder; whose happiness is involved in the belief of there being no witness to their designs, and who are at ease only because they suppose themselves inhabitants of a forsaken and fatherless world!

LXXXVII.—RELIGION THE ONLY BASIS OF SOCIETY.

1. FEW men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become without the belief of a God; how palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruin, were the ideas of a supreme being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind.

2. And let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvements perish for ever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction; once let them thoroughly abandon religion; and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow!

3. We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe, that, were the sun quenched in the heavens, our torches would illuminate, and our fires quicken and fertilize the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day? And what is he more, if atheism be true?

4. Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint; and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked, and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling, and man would become, in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be—a companion for brutes.

W. E. CHANNING.

LXXXVIII.—THE CELESTIAL ARMY.

1. I stood by the open casement,
And looked upon the night,
And saw the westward-going stars
Pass slowly out of sight.
- 2 Slowly the bright procession
Went down the gleaming arch,
And my soul discerned the music
Of their long triumphant march,

3. Till the great celestial army,
Stretching far beyond the poles,
Became the eternal symbol
Of the mighty march of souls.
4. Onward! forever onward,
Red Mars led down his clan,
And the moon, like a mailed maiden,
Was riding in the van.
5. And some were bright in beauty.
And some were faint and small—
But these might be in their great light,
The noblest of them all.
6. Downward! forever downward,
Behind earth's dusky shore,
They passed into the unknown night—
They passed, and were no more.
7. No more! O, say not so!
And downward is not just;
For the sight is weak and the sense is dim
That looks through the heated dust.
8. The stars and the mailed moon,
Though they seem to fall and die,
Still sweep with their embattled lines
An endless reach of sky.
9. And though the hills of death
May hide the bright array,
The marshaled brotherhood of souls
Still keeps its upward way.
10. Upward! forever upward!
I see their march sublime,
And hear the glorious music
Of the conquerors of time.
11. And long let me remember,
That the palest fainting one,
May unto Divine wisdom be
A bright and blazing sun.

LXXXIX.—THE PROMISES OF RELIGION TO THE YOUNG.

1. IN every part of Scripture, it is remarkable with what singular tenderness the season of youth is always mentioned, and what hopes are offered to the devotion of the young. It was at that age that God appeared unto Moses when he fed his flock in the desert, and called him to the command of his own people. It was at that age he visited the infant Samuel, while he ministered in the temple of the Lord, "in days when the word of the Lord was precious, and when there was no open vision." It was at that age that his spirit fell upon David, while he was yet the youngest of his father's sons, and when among the mountains of Bethlehem he fed his father's sheep.

2. It was at that age, also, that they brought young children unto Christ that he should touch them; and his disciples rebuked those that brought them. But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeas'd, and said to them, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." If these, then, are the effects and promises of youth and piety, rejoice, O young man, in thy youth!—rejoice in those days which are never to return, when religion comes to thee in all its charms, and when the God of nature reveals himself to thy soul, like the mild radiance of the morning sun, when he rises amid the blessings of a grateful world.

3. If already Devotion hath taught thee her secret pleasures; if, when Nature meets thee in all its magnificence or beauty, thy heart humbleth itself in adoration before the hand which made it, and rejoiceth in the contemplation of the wisdom by which it is maintained; if, when Revelation unveils her mercies, and the Son of God comes forth to give peace and hope to fallen man, thine eye follows with astonishment the glories of his path, and pours at last over his cross those pious tears which it is a delight to shed; if thy soul accompanieth him in his triumph over the grave, and entereth on the wings of faith into that heaven "where he sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on High," and seeth the "society of angels and of the spirits of just men made perfect," and listeneth to the "everlasting song

which is sung before the throne ;" if such are the meditations in which thy youthful hours are passed, renounce not, for all that life can offer thee in exchange, these solitary joys. The world which is before thee—the world which thine imagination paints in such brightness—has no pleasures to bestow which can compare with these ; and all that its boasted wisdom can produce has nothing so acceptable in the sight of Heaven, as this pure offering of thy infant soul.

4. In these days, " the Lord himself is thy shepherd, and thou dost not want. Amid the green pastures, and by the still waters " of youth, he now makes " thy soul to repose." But the years draw nigh, when life shall call thee to its trials ; the evil days are on the wing, when " thou shalt say thou hast no pleasure in them ;" and, as thy steps advance, " the valley of the shadow of death opens," through which thou must pass at last. It is then thou shalt know what it is to " remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." In these days of trial or of awe, " his spirit shall be with thee," and thou shalt fear no ill ; and, amid every evil that surrounds thee, " he shall restore thy soul. His goodness and mercy shall follow thee all the days of thy life ;" and when at last " the silver cord is loosed, thy spirit shall return to the God who gave it, and thou shalt dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

ALISON.

SENATORIAL.

XC.—SPIRIT OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

1. BE not deceived, my countrymen. Believe not these venal hirelings, when they would cajole you by their subtleties into submission, or frighten you by their vaporings into compliance. When they strive to flatter you by the terms "moderation and prudence," tell them that calmness and deliberation are to guide the judgment; courage and intrepidity command the action. When they endeavor to make us "perceive our inability to oppose our mother country," let us boldly answer—In defence of our civil and religious rights, we dare oppose the world; with the God of armies on our side, even the God who fought our father's battles, we fear not the hour of trial, though the hosts of our enemies should cover the field like locusts. If this be enthusiasm, we will live and die enthusiasts.

2. Blandishments will not fascinate us, nor will threats of a "halter" intimidate. For, under God, we are determined, that wheresoever, whensoever, or howsoever we shall be called to make our exit, we will die freemen. Well do we know that all the regalia of this world can not dignify the death of a villain, nor diminish the ignominy, with which a slave shall quit existence. Neither can it taint the unblemished honor of a son of freedom, though he should make his departure on the already prepared gibbet, or be dragged to the newly erected scaffold for execution. With the plaudits of his country, and what is more, the plaudits of his conscience, he will go off the stage. The history of his life, his children shall venerate. The virtues of their sires shall excite their emulation.

3. Who has the front to ask, Wherefore do you complain? Who dares assert, that every thing worth living for is not lost, when a nation is enslaved? Are not pensioners, stipendiaries, and salary-men, unknown before, hourly multiplying upon us, to riot in the spoils of miserable

America? Does not every eastern gale waft us some new insect, even of that devouring kind which eat up every green thing? Is not the bread taken out of the children's mouths and given unto the dogs? Are not our estates given to corrupt sycophants, without a design, or even a pretense of soliciting our assent; and our lives put into the hands of those whose tender mercies are cruelties? Has not an authority in a distant land, in the most public manner proclaimed a right of disposing of *the all* of Americans? In short, what have we to lose? What have we to fear? Are not our distresses more than we can bear? And, to finish all, are not our cities, in a time of profound peace, filled with standing armies, to preclude from us that last solace of the wretched—to open their mouths in complaint, and send forth their cries in bitterness of heart?

4. But is there no ray of hope? Is not Great Britain inhabited by the children of those renowned barons, who waded through seas of crimson gore to establish their liberty? and will they not allow us, their fellow men, to enjoy that freedom which we claim from nature, which is confirmed by our constitution, and which they pretend so highly to value? Were a tyrant to conquer us, the chains of slavery, when opposition should become useless, might be supportable; but to be shackled by Englishmen—by our equals—is not to be borne. By the sweat of our brow we earn the little we possess; from nature we derive the common rights of man; and by charter we claim the liberties of Britons. Shall we, dare we, pusillanimously surrender our birthright? Is the obligation to our fathers discharged? Is the debt we owe posterity paid? Answer me, thou coward, who hidest thyself in the hour of trial! If there is no reward in this life, no prize of glory in the next, capable of animating thy dastard soul, think and tremble, thou miscreant! at the whips and stripes thy master shall lash thee with on earth—and the flames and scorpions thy second master shall torment thee with hereafter!

5. Oh my countrymen! what will our children say, when they read the history of these times, should they find that we tamely gave way, without one noble struggle for the most

invaluable of earthly blessings! As they drag the galling chain, will they not execrate us? If we have any respect for things sacred, any regard to the dearest treasure on earth; if we have one tender sentiment for posterity; if we would not be despised by the whole world; let us, in the most open, solemn manner, and with determined fortitude, swear—we will die, if we can not live freemen. While we have equity, justice, and God on our side, tyranny, spiritual or temporal, shall never ride triumphant in a land inhabited by Englishmen.

JOSIAH QUINCY.

XCI.—ON REFORM IN PARLIAMENT.

1. MY LORDS,—I have yet to learn that a measure recommended upon principle, consistent in its form, and certainly proceeding upon an anxious wish to restore, and not to destroy—to improve, and not to impair—is to be at once cried down and abandoned, because it happens to enjoy the additional quality—I will not call it a recommendation—that it is honestly and sincerely greeted with approbation by a large body of his majesty's subjects.

2. But if it is said that I am talking of the people, and not of a few agitators, then I say I am also yet to learn that a measure recommended by its own merits, good in principle, and having the additional accident—I will not call it a recommendation, though I think it to be one—of being universally, and in an unprecedented degree, the favorite of the people of England, is at once to be set aside, and at once to be condemned and rejected, because it possesses the additional accident—again I will not call it a recommendation, but an accident—of pacifying even that portion of our fellow-subjects, which, as has been mentioned in this house, no exertion of human power can satisfy.

3. Still, my lords, I do not call upon you to adopt this measure because it happens to be consistent with popular feelings; I do not call upon you to adopt it upon that account; but I am persuaded, that if this measure be rejected, you will bring the security of the country, the peace of his

majesty, the stability of our ancient constitution, and the whole frame of society, from Cornwall to Sutherland—Ireland as well as England—into a state of jeopardy, which I earnestly pray to heaven may never come to pass.

4. My lords, I do not wish to use the language of threats; but I recollect, and history has recorded the fact, that when the great Earl of Chatham was addressing our most serene ancestors within these walls, when he was shaking them with his magnificent oratory, he suffered the lightning of his eloquence to smite the enemies of reform by menacing them with the dangers that must attend an attempt to withhold from the people their just rights; and I well remember that that was deemed no insult by those who heard him, but was considered honorable, highly honorable, to him who had the boldness to utter that denunciation. For my own part, all that I will venture to do, in this latter day of eloquence and of talent, standing in the honorable situation which I do in this house and in the country, is to call upon your lordships to reflect, and believe that the thunders of heaven are sometimes heard to roll in the voice of a united people!

H. BROUGHAM.

XCH.—REPLY OF MR. PITT.

1. THE atrocious crime of being a young man, which, with so much spirit and decency, the honorable gentleman has charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny; but content myself with wishing, that I may be one of those whose follies cease with their youth; and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience.

2. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not assume the province of determining; but, surely, age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings, have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided.

3. The wretch that, after having seen the consequences of a thousand errors, continues still to blunder, and whose age has only added obstinacy to stupidity, is surely the ob-

ject of either abhorrence or contempt; and deserves not that his gray head should screen him from insults. Much more is he to be abhorred, who, as he has advanced in age, has receded from virtue, and becomes more wicked, with less temptation:—who prostitutes himself for money which he can not enjoy, and spends the remains of his life in the ruin of his country.

4. But youth is not my only crime. I have been accused of acting a theatrical part. A theatrical part may imply, either some peculiarities of gesture, or a dissimulation of my real sentiments, and an adoption of the opinions and language of another man.

5. In the first sense, the charge is too trifling to be confuted; and deserves only to be mentioned, that it may be despised. I am at liberty—like every other man—to use my own language: and though I may perhaps, have some ambition, yet, to please this gentleman, I shall not lay myself under any restraint, or very solicitously copy his diction, or his mien, however matured by age, or modeled by experience. If, by charging me with theatrical behavior, any man mean to insinuate that I utter any sentiments but my own, I shall treat him as a calumniator and a villain: nor shall any protection shelter him from the treatment which he deserves. On such an occasion, I shall, without scruple, trample upon all those forms with which wealth and dignity intrench themselves; nor shall any thing but age, restrain my resentment:—age, which always brings one privilege—that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.

6. But, with regard to those whom I have offended, I am of opinion, that, had I acted a borrowed part, I should have avoided their censure. The heat that offended them, is the ardor of conviction, and that zeal for the service of my country, which neither hope, nor fear, shall influence me to suppress. I will not sit unconcerned, while my liberty is invaded; nor look in silence upon public robbery. I will exert my endeavors, at whatever hazard, to repel the aggressor, and drag the thief to justice—what power soever may protect the villainy, and whoever may partake of the plunder.

WM. PITT.

XCIII.—AMERICAN LABORERS.

1. THE gentleman, sir, has misconceived the spirit and tendency of Northern institutions. He is ignorant of Northern character. He has forgotten the history of his country. Preach insurrection to the Northern laborers! Who are the Northern laborers? The history of your country is their history. The renown of your country is their renown. The brightness of their doings is emblazoned on its every page. Blot from your annals the words and the doings of Northern laborers, and the history of your country presents but a universal blank. Sir, who was he that disarmed the Thunderer; wrested from his grasp the bolts of Jove; calmed the troubled ocean; became the central sun of the philosophical system of his age, shedding his brightness and effulgence on the whole civilized world; whom the great and mighty of the earth delighted to honor; who participated in the achievement of your independence, prominently assisted in molding your free institutions, and the beneficial effects of whose wisdom will be felt to the last moment of "recorded time?" Who, sir, I ask, was he? A Northern laborer—a Yankee tallow-chandler's son—a printer's runaway boy!

2. And who, let me ask the honorable gentleman, who was he that, in the days of our Revolution, led forth a Northern army—yes, an army of Northern laborers—and aided the chivalry of South Carolina in their defense against British aggression, drove the spoilers from their firesides, and redeemed her fair fields from foreign invaders? Who was he? A Northern laborer, a Rhode Island blacksmith—the gallant General Green—who left his hammer and his forge, and went forth conquering and to conquer in the battle for our independence! And will you preach insurrection to men like these?

3. Sir, our country is full of the achievements of Northern laborers! Where is Concord, and Lexington, and Princeton, and Trenton, and Saratoga, and Bunker Hill, but in the North? And what, sir, has shed an imperishable renown on the never-dying names of those hallowed spots, but the blood and the struggles, the high daring, and

patriotism, and sublime courage of Northern laborers? The whole North is an everlasting monument of the freedom, virtue, intelligence, and indomitable independence of Northern laborers! Go, sir, go preach insurrection to men like these!

4. The fortitude of the men of the North, under intense suffering for liberty's sake, has been almost god-like! History has so recorded it. Who comprised that gallant army, without food, without pay, shelterless, shoeless, penniless, and almost naked, in that dreadful winter—the midnight of our Revolution—whose wanderings could be traced by their blood-tracks in the snow; whom no arts could seduce, no appeal lead astray, no sufferings disaffect; but who, true to their country and its holy cause, continued to fight the good fight of liberty, until it finally triumphed? Who, sir, were these men? Why, Northern laborers!—yes, sir, Northern laborers! Who, sir, were Roger Sherman and —. But it is idle to enumerate. To name the Northern laborers who have distinguished themselves, and illustrated the history of their country, would require days of the time of this house. Nor is it necessary. Posterity will do them justice. Their deeds have been recorded in characters of fire!

C. C. NAYLOR.

XCIV.—EXTRACT FROM THE LAST SPEECH OF ROBERT EMMET.

1. I HAVE been charged with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my country, as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your lordship expressed it, "the life and blood of the conspiracy." You do me honor over-much: you have given to the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy, who are not only superior to me, but even to your own conceptions of yourself, my lord; men, before the splendor of whose genius and virtues, I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves dishonored to be called your friend—who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand.

2. What, my lord, shall you tell me, on the passage to that scaffold, which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has been, and will be shed, in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor? Shall you tell me this, and must I be so very a slave as not to repel it? I do not fear to approach the omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality here? by you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhalloved ministry, in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it.

3. Let no man dare, when I am dead, to charge me with dishonor! let no man attain my memory, by believing that I could have engaged in any cause but that of my country's liberty and independence; or, that I could have become the pliant minion of power, in the oppression, or the miseries, of my countrymen. The proclamation of the provisional government speaks forth our views; no inference can be tortured from it, to countenance barbarity, or debasement at home, or subjection, humiliation, or treachery from abroad. I would not have submitted to a foreign invader, for the same reason that I would resist the foreign and domestic oppressor; in the dignity of freedom, I would have fought upon the threshold of my country, and its enemy should enter only by passing over my lifeless corpse. Am I, who have lived but for my country, and who have subjected myself to the dangers of the jealous and watchful oppressor, and the bondage of the grave, only to give my countrymen their rights, and my country her independence, and am I to be loaded with calumny, and not suffered to resent or repel it? No, God forbid!

4. If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns, and cares of those, who are dear to them in this transitory life, O, ever dear and venerated shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny, upon the conduct of your suffering son; and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism,

which it was your care to instill into my youthful mind, and for which I am now to offer up my life. My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice. The blood, which you seek, is not congealed by the artificial terrors which surround your victim; it circulates warmly and unruffled, through the channels which God created for noble purposes, but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous, that they cry to heaven.

5. Be yet patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave: my lamp of life is nearly extinguished; my race is run: the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world,—it is the charity of its silence! Let no man write my epitaph: for, as no man, who knows my motives, dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them, and me, repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times, and other men, can do justice to my character: when my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.

XCV.—AGAINST THE AMERICAN WAR.

1. I CAN not, my lords, I will not join in congratulation on misfortune and disgrace. This, my lords, is a perilous and tremendous moment. It is not a time for adulation; the smoothness of flattery can not save us in this rugged and awful crisis. It is now necessary to instruct the throne in the language of truth. We must, if possible, dispel the delusion and darkness which envelop it; and display, in its full danger, and genuine colors, the ruin which is brought to our doors. Can ministers still presume to expect support in their infatuation? Can parliament be so dead to its dignity and duty, as to give their support to measures thus obtruded and forced upon them? Measures, my lords, which have reduced this late flourishing empire to scorn and contempt!

2. "But yesterday, and Britain might have stood against the world, now, none so poor as to do her reverence." The people, whom we at first despised as rebels, but whom we now acknowledge as enemies, are abetted against us, supplied with every military store, have their interest consulted, and their ambassadors entertained by our inveterate enemy—and ministers do not, and dare not interpose with dignity or effect.

3. The desperate state of our army abroad, is in part known. No man more highly esteems and honors the British troops than I do; I know their virtues and their valor; I know they can achieve any thing but impossibilities; and I know that the conquest of British America is an impossibility. You can not, my lords, you can not conquer America. What is your present situation there? We do not know the worst; but we know that in three campaigns we have done nothing, and suffered much.

4. You may swell every expense, and accumulate every assistance, and extend your traffic to the shambles of every German despot; your attempts will be forever vain and impotent—doubly so, indeed, from this mercenary aid on which you rely; for it irritates to an incurable resentment the minds of your adversaries, to overrun them with the mercenary sons of rapine and plunder, devoting them and their possessions to the rapacity of hireling cruelty. If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, while a foreign troop remained in my country, I never would lay down my arms; no, never, never, never.

CHATHAM.

XCVI.—ARBITRARY POWER NOT GIVEN TO MAN.

1 MR. HASTINGS has declared his opinion that he is a despotic prince; that he is to use arbitrary power, and that of course all his acts are covered with that shield. "I know," says he, "the constitution of Asia only from its practice." Will your lordships submit to hear the corrupt practices of mankind made the principles of government? No: it will be your pride and glory to teach men intrusted

with power, that, in their use of it, they are to conform to principles, and not to draw their principles from the corrupt practice of any man whatever.

2. Was there ever heard, or could it be conceived, that a governor would dare to heap up all the evil practices, all the cruelties, oppressions, extortions, corruptions, briberies, of all the ferocious usurpers, desperate robbers, thieves cheats, and jugglers, that ever had office from one end of Asia to another, and, consolidating all this mass of the crimes and absurdities of barbarous domination into one code, establish it as the whole duty of an English governor? I believe that, till this time, so audacious a thing was never attempted by man.

3. He have arbitrary power! My lords! the East India Company have not arbitrary power to give him—the king has no arbitrary power to give him; your lordships have it not, nor the commons, nor the whole legislature. We have no arbitrary power to give, because arbitrary power is a thing which neither any man can hold nor any man can give. No man can lawfully govern himself according to his own will, much less can one person be governed by the will of another. We are all born in subjection, all born equally, high and low, governors and governed, in subjection to one great immutable preëxistent law, prior to all our devices, and prior to all our contrivances, paramount to all our ideas, and all our sensations, antecedent to our very existence, by which we are knit and connected in the eternal frame of the universe, and out of which we can not stir.

BURKE.

XCVII.—BARBARITY OF NATIONAL HATREDS

1. MR. PRESIDENT, we must distinguish a little. That there exists in this country an intense sentiment of nationality; a cherished energetic feeling and consciousness of our independent and separate national existence; a feeling that we have a transcendent destiny to fulfill, which we mean to fulfill; a great work to do, which we know how to do, and are able to do; a career to run, up which we hope

to ascend, till we stand on the steadfast and glittering summits of the world; a feeling, that we are surrounded and attended by a noble historical group of competitors and rivals, the other nations of the earth, all of whom we hope to overtake, and even to distance—such a sentiment as this exists, perhaps, in the character of this people. And this I do not discourage, I do not condemn. But, sir, that among these useful and beautiful sentiments, predominant among them, there exists a temper of hostility toward this one particular nation, to such a degree as to amount to a habit, a trait, a national passion—to amount to a state of feeling which “is to be regretted,” and which really threatens another war—this I earnestly and confidently deny. I would not hear your enemy say this. Sir, the indulgence of such a sentiment by the people supposes them to have forgotten one of the counsels of Washington. Call to mind the ever seasonable wisdom of the Farewell Address: “The nation which indulges toward another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is, in some degree, a slave. It is a slave to its animosity, or to its affection, either of which is sufficient to lead it astray from its duty and its interest.”

2. No, sir! no, sir! We are above all this. Let the Highland clansman, half-naked, half-civilized, half-blinded by the peat-smoke of his cavern, have his hereditary enemy and his hereditary enmity, and keep the keen, deep, and pernicious hatred, set on fire of hell, alive, if he can; let the North American Indian have his, and hand it down from father to son, by what symbols he may please, of alligators, and rattlesnakes, and war-clubs smeared with vermilion and entwined with scarlet; let such a country as Poland—cloven to the earth, the armed heel on the radiant forehead, her body dead, her soul incapable to die—let her remember the “wrongs of days long past;” let the lost and wandering tribes of Israel remember theirs—the manliness and the sympathy of the world may allow or pardon this to them; but shall America, young, free, prosperous, just setting out on the highway of heaven, “decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just begins to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life and joy,” shall she be supposed

to be polluting and corroding her noble and happy heart, by moping over old stories of stamp act, and tea tax, and the firing of the Leopard upon the Chesapeake in a time of peace? No, sir! no, sir! a thousand times no! Why, I protest I thought all that had been settled. I thought two wars had settled it all. What else was so much good blood shed for, on so many more than classical fields of Revolutionary glory? For what was so much good blood more lately shed, at Lundy's Lane, at Fort Erie, before and behind the lines at New Orleans, on the deck of the Constitution, on the deck of the Java, on the lakes, on the sea, but to settle exactly these "wrongs of past days?" And have we come back sulky and sullen from the very field of honor? For my country, I deny it.

3. Mr. President, let me say that, in my judgment, this notion of a national enmity of feeling toward Great Britain belongs to a past age of our history. My younger countrymen are unconscious of it. They disavow it. That generation in whose opinions and feelings the actions and the destiny of the next are unfolded, as the tree in the germ, do not at all comprehend your meaning, nor your fears, nor your regrets. We are born to happier feelings. We look to England as we look to France. We look to them from our new world—not unrenowned, yet a new world still—and the blood mounts to our cheeks; our eyes swim; our voices are stifled with emulousness of so much glory; their trophies will not let us sleep; but there is no hatred at all; no hatred—no barbarian memory of wrongs, for which brave men have made the last expiation to the brave.

RUFUS CHOATE.

XCVIII.—VARIETIES.

1.—THE NATURE OF ELOQUENCE.

1. WHEN public bodies are to be addressed, on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments

Clearness, force and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It can not be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain.

2. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they can not compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it, but can not reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force.

3. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives, their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory, contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities.

4. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, out-running the deductions of logic, the high purpose, of firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward to his object,—this is eloquence.

WEBSTER.

2.—HANNIBAL TO HIS SOLDIERS.

1. ON what side soever I turn my eyes, I behold all full of courage and strength; a veteran infantry, a most gallant cavalry; you, my allies most faithful and valiant; you, Carthaginians, whom not only your country's cause, but the justest anger, impels to battle. The hope, the courage of assailants, is always greater than of those who act upon the defensive. With hostile banners displayed, you are come down upon Italy; you bring the war. Grief, injuries, indignities, fire your minds, and spur you forward to revenge.

2. First, they demand me—that I, your general, should

be delivered up to them; next, all of you, who had fought at the siege of Saguntum; and we were to be put to death by the extremest tortures. Proud, and cruel nation! every thing must be yours, and at your disposal! You are to prescribe to us, with whom we shall make war, with whom we shall make peace! You are to set us bounds; to shut us up within hills and rivers; but you—you are not to observe the limits, which yourselves have fixed.

3. Pass not the Iberus! What next? Touch not the Saguntines; is Saguntum upon the Iberus? move not a step toward that city. Is it a small matter, then, that you have deprived us of our ancient possessions, Sicily and Sardinia? you would have Spain, too? Well, we shall yield Spain; and then you will pass into Africa! Will pass, did I say? this very year, they ordered one of their consuls into Africa, the other into Spain.

4. No, soldiers, there is nothing left for us, but what we can vindicate with our swords. Come on then, be men. The Romans may with more safety be cowards; they have their own country behind; have places of refuge to flee to, and are secure from danger in the roads thither; but for you, there is no middle fortune between death and victory. Let this be but well fixed in your minds, and once again, I say, you are conquerors. LIVY.

XCIX.—SPEECH OF PATRICK HENRY.

1. I HAVE but one lamp by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been, in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves, and the house? Is it that insidious smile with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports

with those warlike preparations which cover our waters, and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love?

2. Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask, gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us; they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing.

3. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded, and we have been spurned with contempt from the foot of the throne.

4. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges, for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle, in which we have been so long

engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight! I repeat it, sir, we must fight!

5. An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us. They tell us, sir, that we are weak, unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot?

6. Sir, we are not weak if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone, it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat but in submission and slavery. Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable, and let it come! I repeat it, sir, let it come!

7. It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry peace, peace, but there is no peace. The war is actually begun! The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle! What is it that gentlemen wish? what would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God! I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty, or give me death!

PATRICK HENRY.

C.—VARIETIES.

1.—RIGHT OF FREE DISCUSSION.

1. IMPORTANT as I deem it to discuss, on all proper occasions, the policy of the measures at present pursued, it is still more important to maintain the right of such discussion, in its full and just extent. Sentiments lately sprung up, and now growing fashionable, make it necessary to be explicit on this point. The more I perceive a disposition to check the freedom of inquiry by extravagant and unconstitutional pretenses, the firmer shall be the tone, in which I shall assert, and the freer the manner, in which I shall exercise it.

2. It is the ancient and undoubted prerogative of this people to canvass public measures and the merits of public men. It is a "home-bred right," a fireside privilege. It hath ever been enjoyed in every house, cottage and cabin in the nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as the right of breathing the air, or walking on the earth. Belonging to private life as a right, it belongs to public life as a duty; and it is the last duty, which those, whose representative I am, shall find me to abandon. Aiming at all times to be courteous and temperate in its use, except when the right itself shall be questioned, I shall place myself on the extreme boundary of my right, and bid defiance to any arm that would move me from my ground.

3. This high constitutional privilege, I shall defend and exercise, within this house, and without this house, and in all places; in time of peace, and at all times. Living I shall assert it; and should I leave no other inheritance to my children, by the blessing of God, I will leave them the inheritance of free principles, and the example of a manly, independent and constitutional defense of them.

WEBSTER.

2.—MORAL DESOLATION.

1. WAR may stride over the land with the crushing step of a giant. Pestilence may steal over it like an invisible

curse—reaching its victims silently and unseen—unpeopling here a village and there a city, until every dwelling is a sepulcher. Famine may brood over it with a long and weary visitation, until the sky itself is brazen, and the beautiful greenness gives place to a parched desert—a wide waste of unproductive desolation. But these are only physical evils. The wild flower will bloom in peace on the field of battle and above the crushed skeleton. The destroying angel of the pestilence will retire when his errand is done, and the nation will again breathe freely: the barrenness of famine will cease at last—the cloud will be prodigal of its hoarded rain—and the wilderness will blossom.

2. But for moral desolation there is no reviving spring. Let the moral and republican principles of our country be abandoned—our representatives bow in unconditional obsequiousness to individual dictation—let impudence and intrigue and corruption triumph over honesty and intellect, and our liberties and strength will depart forever. Of these there can be no resuscitation. The “abomination of desolation” will be fixed and perpetual; and as the mighty fabric of our glory totters into ruins, the nations of the earth will mock us in our overthrow, like the powers of darkness, when the throned one of Babylon became even as themselves—and the “glory of the Chaldee’s excellency” had gone down.

CL.—NOBILITY OF LABOR.

1. WHY, in the great scale of things, is labor ordained for us? Easily, had it so pleased the great Ordainer, might it have been dispensed with. The world itself might have been a mighty machinery, for producing all that man wants. Houses might have risen like an exhalation,

“With the sound
Of dulcet symphonies, and voices sweet,
Built like a temple.”

2. Gorgeous furniture might have been placed in them, and soft couches and luxurious banquets spread by hands unseen; and man, clothed with fabrics of nature’s weaving,

rather than with imperial purple, might have been sent to disport himself in those Elysian palaces.

3. "Fair scene!" I imagine you are saying; "fortunate for us had it been the scene ordained for human life!" But where, then, had been human energy, perseverance, patience, virtue, heroism? Cut off labor with one blow from the world, and mankind had sunk to a crowd of Asiatic voluptuaries.

4. No, it had not been fortunate! Better that the earth be given to man as a dark mass whereupon to labor. Better that rude and unsightly materials be provided in the ore-bed, and in the forest, for him to fashion in splendor and beauty. Better, I say, not because of that splendor and beauty, but because the act of creating them is better than the things themselves; because exertion is nobler than enjoyment; because the laborer is greater and more worthy of honor than the idler.

5. I call upon those whom I address, to stand up for the nobility of labor. It is heaven's great ordinance for human improvement. Let not the great ordinance be broken down. What do I say? It is broken down; and has been broken down for ages. Let it then be built again; here, if any where, on the shores of a new world—of a new civilization.

6. But how, it may be asked, is it broken down? Do not men toil? it may be said. They do indeed toil, but they too generally do because they must. Many submit to it, as in some sort, a degrading necessity; and they desire nothing so much on earth as an escape from it. They fulfill the great law of labor in the letter, but break it in the spirit. To some field of labor, mental or manual, every idler should hasten, as a chosen, coveted field of improvement.

7. But so he is not compelled to do, under the teachings of our imperfect civilization. On the contrary, he sits down, folds his hands, and blesses himself in idleness. This way of thinking is the heritage of the absurd and unjust feudal system, under which serfs labored, and gentlemen spent their lives in fighting and feasting. It is time that this opprobrium of toil were done away.

8. Ashamed to toil? Ashamed of thy dingy work-shop, and dusty labor-field; of thy hard hand, scarred with service more honorable than that of war; of thy soiled and weather-stained garments, on which mother nature has embroidered mist, sun and rain, fire and steam, her own heraldic honors? Ashamed of those tokens and titles, and envious of the flaunting robes of imbecile idleness and vanity? It is treason to nature, it is impiety to heaven; it is breaking heaven's great ordinance. Toil, I repeat—toil, either of the brain, of the heart, or of the hand, is the only true manhood—the only true nobility!

DEWEY.

CII.—THE RIGHT TO TAX AMERICA.

1. "BUT, Mr. Speaker, we have a right to tax America." Oh, inestimable right! Oh, wonderful, transcendent right! the assertion of which has cost this country thirteen provinces, six islands, one hundred thousand lives, and seventy millions of money. Oh, invaluable right! for the sake of which we have sacrificed our rank among nations, our importance abroad, and our happiness at home! Oh, right! more dear to us than our existence! which has already cost us so much, and which seems likely to cost us our all. Infatuated man! miserable and undone country! not to know that the claim of right, without the power of enforcing it, is nugatory and idle. We have a right to tax America—the noble lord tells us—therefore we ought to tax America. This is the profound logic which comprises the whole chain of his reasoning.

2. Not inferior to this was the wisdom of him who resolved to shear the wolf. What, shear a wolf! Have you considered the resistance, the difficulty, the danger of the attempt? No, says the madman, I have considered nothing but the right. Man has a right of dominion over the beasts of the forest; and therefore I will shear the wolf. How wonderful that a nation could be thus deluded! But the noble lord deals in cheats and delusions. They are the daily traffic of his invention; and he will continue to play off

his cheats on this house, so long as he thinks them necessary to his purpose, and so long as he has money enough at command to bribe gentlemen to pretend that they believe him. But a black and bitter day of reckoning will surely come; and whenever that day comes, I trust I shall be able, by a parliamentary impeachment, to bring upon the heads of the authors of our calamities, the punishment they deserve.

BURKE.

CHIL.—CHARACTER AND FATE OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

1. IN the fate of the Aborigines of our country—the American Indians—there is, my friends, much to awaken our sympathy, and much to disturb the sobriety of our judgment; much which may be urged to excuse their atrocities; much in their characters, which may betray us into an involuntary admiration. What can be more melancholy than their history? Two centuries ago, the smoke of their wigwams, and the fires of their councils rose in every valley, from Hudson's Bay to the farthest Florida, from the ocean to the Mississippi and the Lakes. The shouts of victory and the war-dance rang through the mountains and the glades. The thick arrows and the deadly tomahawk whistled through the forests; and the hunter's trace, and the dark encampment startled the wild beasts in their lairs. The warriors stood forth in their glory. The young men listened to the songs of other days. The mothers played with their infants, and gazed on the scene with warm hopes of the future. The aged sat down; but they wept not. They should soon be at rest in fairer regions, where the Great Spirit dwelt, in a home prepared for the brave, beyond the western skies. Braver men never lived; truer men never drew the bow. They had courage, and fortitude, and sagacity and perseverance, beyond most of the human race. They shrunk from no dangers, and they feared no hardships.

2. If they had the vices of savage life, they had the virtues also. They were true to their country, their friends and their homes. If they forgave not injury, neither did they forget kindness. If their vengeance was terrible, their fidelity and generosity were unconquerable also. Their love.

like their hate, stopped not on this side of the grave. But where are they? Where are the villages, and warriors, and youth? The sachems and the tribes? The hunters and their families? They have perished. They are consumed. The wasting pestilence has not alone done the mighty work. No—nor famine, nor war. There has been a mightier power, a moral canker, which hath eaten into their heart-cores—a plague, which the touch of the white man communicated—a poison, which betrayed them into a lingering ruin. The winds of the Atlantic fan not a single region which they may now call their own. Already, the last feeble remnants of the race are preparing for their journey beyond the Mississippi.

3. I see them leave their miserable homes, the aged, the helpless, the women and the warriors, “few and faint, yet fearless still.” The ashes are cold on their native hearths. The smoke no longer curls round their lowly cabins. They move on with a slow, unsteady step. The white man is upon their heels, for terror or despatch; but they heed him not. They turn to take a last look of their deserted villages. They cast a last glance upon the graves of their fathers. They shed no tears; they utter no cries; they heave no groans. There is something in their hearts which passes speech. There is something in their looks, not of vengeance or submission, but of hard necessity, which stifles both; which chokes all utterance; which has no aim or method. It is courage, absorbed in despair. They linger but for a moment. Their look is onward. They have passed the fatal stream. It shall never be repassed by them—no, never. Yet there lies not between us and them an impassable gulf. They know and feel that there is for them still one remove further, not distant, nor unseen. It is to the general burial ground of their race.

STORY.

CIV.—ILLUSTRIOUS MODEL FOR THE FORMATION OF CHARACTER.

1. LET your ambition, gentlemen, be to enroll your names among those over whose histories our hearts swell, and our

eyes overflow with admiration, delight, and sympathy, from infancy to old age; and the story of whose virtues, exploits, and sufferings will continue to produce the same effect throughout the world, at whatever distance of time they may be read. It is needless, and it were endless to name them. On the darker firmament of history, ancient and modern, they form a galaxy resplendent with their luster.

2. To go no farther back, look for your model to the signers of our Declaration of Independence. You see revived in those men the spirit of ancient Rome in Rome's best day; for they were willing, with Curtius, to leap into the flaming gulf, which the oracle of their own wisdom had assured them could be closed in no other way. There was one, however, whose name is not among those signers, but who must not, nay, can not be forgotten; for when a great and decided patriot is the theme, his name is not far off.

3. Gentlemen, you need not go to past ages nor to distant countries. You need not turn your eyes to ancient Greece or Rome, or to modern Europe. You have in your own Washington a recent model, whom you have only to imitate to become immortal. Nor must you suppose that he owed his greatness to the peculiar crisis which called out his virtues, and despair of such another crisis for the display of your own. His more than Roman virtues, his consummate prudence, his powerful intellect, and his dauntless decision and dignity of character, would have made him illustrious in any age. The crisis would have done nothing for him had not his character stood ready to match it.

4. Acquire this character, and fear not the recurrence of a crisis to show forth its glory. Look at the elements of commotion that are already at work in this vast republic, and threatening us with a moral earthquake that will convulse it to its foundation. Look at the political degeneracy which pervades the country, and which has already borne us so far away from the golden age of the revolution; look at all the "signs of the times," and you will see but little cause to indulge the hope that no crisis is

likely to occur to give full scope for the exertion of the most heroic virtues.

5. Hence it is that I so anxiously hold up to you the model of Washington. Form yourselves on that noble model. Strive to acquire his modesty, his disinterestedness, his singleness of heart, his determined devotion to his country, his candor in deliberation, his accuracy of judgment, his invincible firmness of resolve, and then may you hope to be in your own age, what he was in his—"first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of your countrymen."

6. Commencing your career with this high strain of character, your course will be as steady as the needle to the pole. Your end will be always virtuous, your means always noble. You will adorn as well as bless your country. You will exalt and illustrate the age in which you live. Your example will shake like a tempest that pestilential pool in which the virtues of our people are already beginning to stagnate, and restore the waters and the atmosphere to their revolutionary purity.

W^RT.

CV.—SUPPOSED SPEECH OF JOHN ADAMS.

1. THE war must go on. We must fight it through. And if the war must go on, why put off longer the Declaration of Independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. Why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory? If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us and will carry themselves gloriously through this struggle.

2. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts,

and can not be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life.

3. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it or to perish on the bed of honor. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord, and the very walls will cry out in its support.

4. Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die colonists; die slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

5. But whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honor it. They will celebrate it with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return they will shed

tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy.

6. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgment approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off as I began, that live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and by the blessing of God it shall be my dying sentiment; independence now; and independence forever.

WEBSTER.

CVI.—AMBITION OF A STATESMAN.

1. I HAVE been accused of ambition in presenting this measure—ambition, inordinate ambition. If I had thought of myself only, I should have never brought it forward. I know well the perils to which I expose myself—the risk of alienating faithful and valued friends, with but little prospect of making new ones, if any new ones could compensate for the loss of those we have long tried and loved; and I know well the honest misconception both of friends and foes. Ambition? If I had listened to its soft and seducing whispers—if I had yielded myself to the dictates of a cold, calculating, and prudential policy, I would have stood still and unmoved. I might even have silently gazed on the raging storm, enjoyed its loudest thunders, and left those who are charged with the care of the vessel of state to conduct it as they could.

2. I have been, heretofore, often unjustly accused of ambition. Low, groveling souls, who are utterly incapable of elevating themselves to the higher and nobler duties of pure patriotism—beings who, forever keeping their own selfish ends in view, decide all public measures by their presumed influence or their aggrandizement—judge me by the venal rule which they prescribe to themselves. I have given to the winds those false accusations, as I consign that which now impeaches my motives. I have no desire for office. not

even the highest. The most exalted is but a prison, in which the incarcerated incumbent daily receives his cold, heartless visitants, marks his weary hours, and is cut off from the practical enjoyment of all the blessings of genuine freedom.

3. I am no candidate for any office in the gift of the people of these States, united or separated; I never wish, never expect to be. Pass this bill, tranquilize the country, restore confidence and affection in the Union, and I am willing to go home to Ashland, and renounce public service forever. I should there find, in its groves, under its shades, on its lawns, mid my flocks and herds, in the bosom of my family, sincerity and truth, attachment and fidelity, and gratitude, which I have not always found in the walks of public life. Yes, I have ambition; but it is the ambition of being the humble instrument, in the hands of Providence, to reconcile a divided people; once more to revive concord and harmony in a distracted land—the pleasing ambition of contemplating the glorious spectacle of a free, united, prosperous, and fraternal people!

H. CLAY.

CVII.—SPEECH IN THE CONVENTION OF VIRGINIA.

1. SIR, I see no wisdom in making this provision for future changes. You must give governments time to operate on the people, and give the people time to become gradually assimilated to their institutions. Almost any thing is better than this state of perpetual uncertainty. A people may have the best form of government that the wit of man ever devised; and yet, from its uncertainty alone, may, in effect, live under the worst government in the world. Sir, how often must I repeat, that change is not reform. I am willing that this new constitution shall stand as long as it is possible for it to stand, and that, believe me, is a very short time.

2. Sir, it is vain to deny it. They may say what they please about the old constitution—the defect is not there. It is not in the form of the old edifice, neither in the

design nor the elevation; it is in the material—it is in the people of Virginia. To my knowledge that people are changed from what they have been. The four hundred men who went out to David were in debt. The partisans of Cæsar were in debt. The fellow-laborers of Catiline were in debt. And I defy you to show me a desperately indebted people any where who can bear a regular, sober government. I throw the challenge to all who hear me. I say that the character of the good old Virginia planter—the man who owned from five to twenty slaves, or less, who lived by hard work, and who paid his debts, is passed away. A new order of things is come. The period has arrived of living by one's wits—of living by contracting debts that one can not pay—and above all, of living by office-hunting.

3. Sir, what do we see? Bankrupts—branded bankrupts—giving great dinners—sending their children to the most expensive schools—giving grand parties—and just as well received as any body in society. I say, that in such a state of things the old constitution was too good for them; they could not bear it. No, sir—they could not bear a freehold suffrage and a property representation.

4. I have always endeavored to do the people justice; but I will not flatter them—I will not pander to their appetite for change. I will do nothing to provide for change. I will not agree to any rule of future apportionment, or to any provision for future changes, called amendments, to the constitution. They who love change—who delight in public confusion—who wish to feed the caldron, and make it bubble—may vote if they please for future changes. But by what spell—by what formula are you going to bind the people to all future time? You may make what entries upon parchment you please. Give me a constitution that will last for half a century—that is all I wish for. No constitution that you can make will last the one-half of half a century.

5. Sir, I will stake any thing short of my salvation, that those who are malcontent now, will be more malcontent three years hence than they are at this day. I have no favor for this constitution—I shall vote against its adop-

tion, and I shall advise all the people of my district to set their faces—ay—and their shoulders against it. But if we are to have it—let us not have it with its death-warrant in its very face, with the Sardonic grin of death upon its countenance.

JOHN RANDOLPH.

CVIII.—IGNORANCE IN OUR COUNTRY A CRIME.

1. IN all the dungeons of the old world, where the strong champions of freedom are now pining in captivity beneath the remorseless power of the tyrant, the morning sun does not send a glimmering ray into their cells, nor does night draw a thicker veil of darkness between them and the world, but the lone prisoner lifts his iron-laden arms to heaven in prayer, that we, the depositaries of freedom and of human hopes, may be faithful to our sacred trust; while, on the other hand, the pensioned advocates of despotism stand, with listening ear, to catch the first sound of lawless violence that is wafted from our shores, to note the first breach of faith or act of perfidy among us, and to convert them into arguments against liberty and the rights of man.

2. There is not a shout sent up by an insane mob, on this side of the Atlantic, but it is echoed by a thousand presses, and by ten thousand tongues, along every mountain and valley on the other. There is not a conflagration kindled here by the ruthless hand of violence, but its flame glares over all Europe, from horizon to zenith. On each occurrence of a flagitious scene, whether it be an act of turbulence and devastation, or a deed of perfidy or breach of faith, monarchs point them out as fruits of the growth and omens of the fate of republics, and claim for themselves and their heirs a further extension of the lease of despotism.

3. The experience of the ages that are past, the hopes of the ages that are yet to come, unite their voices in an appeal to us; they implore us to think more of the character of our people than of its numbers; to look upon our vast

natural resources, not as tempters to ostentation and pride, but as a means to be converted, by the refining alchemy of education, into mental and spiritual treasures; they supplicate us to seek for whatever complacency or self-satisfaction we are disposed to indulge, not in the extent of our territory, or in the products of our soil, but in the expansion and perpetuation of the means of human happiness; they beseech us to exchange the luxuries of sense for the joys of charity, and thus give to the world the example of a nation whose wisdom increases with its prosperity, and whose virtues are equal to its power. For these ends they enjoin upon us a more earnest, a more universal, a more religious devotion to our exertions and resources, to the culture of the youthful mind and heart of the nation. Their gathered voices assert the eternal truth, that, *in a republic, ignorance is a crime; and that private immorality is not less an opprobrium to the state than it is guilt in the perpetrator.*

H. MANN.

CIX.—REBELLION AND REVOLUTION.

1. I SHALL resist all encroachments on the constitution, whether it be the encroachment of this government on the States, or the opposite—the executive on congress, or congress on the executive. My creed is, to hold both governments, and all the departments of each, to their proper sphere, and to maintain the authority of the laws and the constitution, against all revolutionary movements. I believe the means which our system furnishes to preserve itself are ample, if fairly understood and applied; and I shall resort to them, however corrupt and disordered the times, so long as there is hope of reforming the government.

2. The result is in the hands of the Disposer of events. It is my part to do my duty. Yet, while I thus openly avow myself a conservative, God forbid I should ever deny the glorious right of rebellion and revolution! Should corruption and oppression become intolerable, and can not

otherwise be thrown off—if liberty must perish, or the government be overthrown—I would not hesitate, at the hazard of life, to resort to revolution, and to tear down a corrupt government, that could neither be reformed nor borne by freemen. But I trust in God that things will never come to that pass. I trust never to see such fearful times; for fearful indeed they would be, if they should ever befall us. It is the last remedy, and not to be thought of till common sense and the voice of mankind would justify the resort.

J. C. CALHOUN.

CX.—POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

1. WE are apt to treat the idea of our own corruptibility as utterly visionary, and to ask, with a grave affectation of dignity—what! do you think a member of congress can be corrupted? Sir, I speak what I have long and deliberately considered, when I say, that since man was created, there never has been a political body on the face of the earth, that would not be corrupted under the same circumstances. Corruption steals upon us in a thousand insidious forms, when we are least aware of its approaches.

2. Of all the forms, in which it can present itself, the bribery of office is the most dangerous, because it assumes the guise of patriotism to accomplish its fatal sorcery. We are often asked, where is the evidence of corruption? Have you seen it? Sir, do you expect to see it? You might as well expect to see the embodied forms of pestilence and famine stalking before you, as to see the latent operations of this insidious power. We may walk amid it, and breathe its contagion, without being conscious of its presence.

3. All experience teaches us the irresistible power of temptation, when vice assumes the form of virtue. The great enemy of mankind could not have consummated his infernal scheme, for the seduction of our first parents, but for the disguise in which he presented himself. Had he appeared as the devil, in his proper form—had the spear

of Ithuriel disclosed the naked deformity of the fiend of hell, the inhabitants of paradise would have shrunk with horror from his presence.

4. But he came as the insinuating serpent, and presented a beautiful apple, the most delicious fruit in all the garden. He told his glowing story to the unsuspecting victim of his guile—"It can be no crime to taste of this delightful fruit—it will disclose to you the knowledge of good and evil—it will raise you to an equality with the angels."

5. Such, sir, was the process; and, in this simple, but impressive narrative, we have the most beautiful and philosophical illustration of the frailty of man, and the power of temptation, that could possibly be exhibited. Mr. Chairman, I have been forcibly struck with the similarity between our present situation and that of Eve, after it was announced that Satan was on the borders of paradise. We, too, have been warned, that the enemy is on our borders.

6. But God forbid that the similitude should be carried any further. Eve, conscious of her innocence, sought temptation and defied it. The catastrophe is too fatally known to us all. She went "with the blessings of heaven on her head, and its purity in her heart," guarded by the ministry of angels—she returned covered with shame, under the heavy denunciation of heaven's everlasting curse.

7. Sir, it is innocence that temptation conquers. If our first parent, pure as she came from the hand of God, was overcome by the seductive power, let us not imitate her fatal rashness, seeking temptation when it is in our power to avoid it. Let us not vainly confide in our own infallibility. We are liable to be corrupted. To an ambitious man, an honorable office will appear as beautiful and fascinating as the apple of paradise.

8. I admit, sir, that ambition is a passion, at once the most powerful and the most useful. Without it human affairs would become a mere stagnant pool. By means of his patronage, the President addresses himself in the most irresistible manner, to this the noblest and strongest of our passions. All that the imagination can desire—honor,

power, wealth, ease, are held out as the temptation. Man was not made to resist such temptation. It is impossible to conceive, Satan himself could not devise, a system which would more infallibly introduce corruption and death into our political Eden. Sir, the angels fell from heaven with less temptation.

M'DUFFIE.

CXI.—EXTENSION OF THE REPUBLIC.

1. IN the grand and steady progress of the Republic, the career of duty and usefulness will be run by all its children, under a constantly increasing excitement. The voice, which, in the morning of life, shall awaken the patriotic sympathy of the land, will be echoed back by a community, incalculably swelled in all its proportions, before that voice shall be hushed in death.

2. The writer, by whom the noble features of our scenery shall be sketched with a glowing pencil, the traits of our romantic early history gathered up with filial zeal, and the peculiarities of our character seized with delicate perception, can not mount so entirely and rapidly to success, but that ten years will add new millions to the numbers of his readers. The American statesman, the orator, whose voice is already heard in its supremacy, from Florida to Maine, whose intellectual empire already extends beyond the limits of Alexander's, has yet new states and new nations, starting into being, the willing tributaries to his sway.

3. The wilderness, which one year is impassable, is traversed the next by the caravans of the industrious emigrants, who go to follow the setting sun with the language, the institutions, and the arts of civilized life. It is not the irruption of wild barbarians, sent to visit the wrath of God on a degenerate empire; it is not the inroad of disciplined banditti, marshaled by the intrigues of ministers and kings. It is the human family, let out to possess its broad patrimony. The states and nations, which are springing up in the valley of the distant west, are bound to us by the dearest ties of a common language, a common government, and a common descent.

4. Who, then, can forget that this extension of our territorial limits, is the extension of the empire of all we hold dear; of our laws, of our character, of the memory of our ancestors, of the great achievements in our history? Whithersoever the sons of the original states shall wander, to southern or western climes, they will send back their hearts to the rocky shores, the battle fields, and the intrepid councils of the Atlantic coast. These are placed beyond the reach of vicissitude. They have become already matter of history, of poetry, of eloquence.

E. EVERETT.

CXII.—SPEECH OF JAMES OTIS.

1. ENGLAND may as well dam up the waters of the Nile with bulrushes, as to fetter the step of freedom, more proud and firm in this youthful land, than where she treads the sequestered glens of Scotland, or couches herself among the magnificent mountains of Switzerland. Arbitrary principles, like those against which we now contend, have cost one king of England his life, another his crown, and they may yet cost a third his most flourishing colonies.

2. Some have sneeringly asked, "Are the Americans too poor to pay a few pounds on stamped paper?" No! America, thanks to God and herself, is rich. But the right to take ten pounds, implies the right to take a thousand; and what must be the wealth, that avarice, aided by power, can not exhaust! True, the specter is now small; but the shadow he casts before him is huge enough to darken all this fair land. Others, in sentimental style, talk of the immense debt of gratitude which we owe to England. And what is the amount of this debt? Why, truly it is the same that the young lion owes to the dam, which has brought it forth on the solitude of the mountain, or left it amid the winds and storms of the desert.

3. We plunged into the wave, with the great charter of freedom in our teeth, because the fagot and torch were behind us. We have waked the new world from its savage lethargy: forests have been prostrated in our path; towns

and cities have grown up suddenly as the flowers of the tropics, and the fires in our autumnal woods are scarcely more rapid than the increase of our wealth and population. And do we owe all this to the kind succor of the mother country? No! we owe it to the tyranny that drove us from her, to the pelting storms which invigorated our helpless infancy.

CXIII.—THE AGE OF REASON.

1. GENTLEMEN, I have no objection to the most extended and free discussion upon doctrinal points of the Christian religion; and, though the law of England does not permit it, I do not dread the reasonings of deists against the existence of Christianity itself, because, as it was said by its divine author, if it be of God, it will stand. An intellectual book, however erroneous, addressed to the intellectual world upon so profound and complicated a subject, can never work the mischief it is calculated to repress. Such works will only incite the minds of men, enlightened by study, to a closer investigation of a subject well worthy of their deepest and continued contemplation. The powers of the mind are given for human improvement in the progress of human existence. The changes produced by such reciprocations of lights and intelligences are certain in their progression, and make their way imperceptibly by the final and irresistible power of truth.

2. If Christianity be founded in falsehood, let us become deists in this manner, and I am contented. But this book has no such object and no such capacity; it presents no arguments to the wise and enlightened; on the contrary, it treats the faith and opinions of the wisest with the most shocking contempt, and stirs up men, without the advantages of learning or sober thinking, to a total disbelief of every thing hitherto held sacred; and consequently to a rejection of all the laws and ordinances of the State, which stand only upon the assumption of their truth.

3. Gentlemen, I can not conclude without expressing the

deepest regret at all the attacks upon the Christian religion by authors who profess to promote the civil liberties of the world. For under what other auspices than Christianity have the lost and subverted liberties of mankind in former ages been reasserted? By what zeal, but the warm zeal of devout Christians, have English liberties been redeemed and consecrated? Under what other sanctions, even in our own days, have liberty and happiness been spreading to the uttermost corners of the earth? What work of civilization, what commonwealth of greatness, has this bald religion of nature ever established?

4. We see, on the contrary, those nations that have no other light than that of nature to direct them, sunk in barbarism, or slaves to arbitrary governments; while under the Christian dispensation the great career of the world has been slowly but clearly advancing, lighter at every step, from the encouraging prophecies of the Gospel, and leading, I trust, in the end, to universal and eternal happiness. Each generation of mankind can see but a few revolving links of this mighty and mysterious chain; but by doing our several duties in our allotted stations, we are sure that we are fulfilling the purposes of our existence.

ERSKINE.

CXIV.—REPLY TO MR. CORRY.

1. HAS the gentleman done? has he completely done? He was unparliamentary from the beginning to the end of his speech. There was scarce a word he uttered that was not a violation of the privileges of the house. But I did not call him to order—why? because the limited talents of some men render it impossible for them to be severe without being unparliamentary. But before I sit down, I shall show him how to be severe and parliamentary at the same time.

2. On any other occasion, I should think myself justifiable in treating with silent contempt any thing which might fall from that honorable member; but there are times when the insignificance of the accuser is lost in the magnitude

of the accusation. I know the difficulty the honorable gentleman labored under when he attacked me, conscious that, on a comparative view of our characters, public and private, there is nothing he could say which would injure me. The public would not believe the charge. I despise the falsehood. If such a charge were made by an honest man, I would answer it in the manner I shall do before I sit down. But I shall first reply to it, when not made by an honest man.

3. The right honorable gentleman has called me "an unimpeached traitor." I ask why not "traitor," unqualified by an epithet? I will tell him—it was because he durst not. It was the act of a coward who raises his arm to strike, but has not the courage to give the blow. I will not call him villain, because it would be unparliamentary, and he is a privy counselor. I will not call him fool, because he happens to be chancellor of the exchequer. But I say, he is one who has abused the privilege of parliament, and freedom of debate, by uttering language, which, if spoken out of the house, I should answer only with a blow. I care not how high his situation, how low his character, how contemptible his speech; whether a privy counselor or a parasite—my answer would be a blow.

4. He has charged me with being connected with the rebels. The charge is utterly, totally, and meanly false. Does the honorable gentleman rely on the report of the house of lords for the foundation of his assertion? If he does, I can prove to the committee, that there was a physical impossibility of that report being true. But I scorn to answer any man for my conduct, whether he be a political coxcomb, or whether he brought himself into power by a false glare of courage or not.

GRATTAN.

CXV.—ON SUDDEN POLITICAL CONVERSIONS.

1. MR. PRESIDENT, public men must certainly be allowed to change their opinions, and their associations, whenever they see fit. No one doubts this. Men may have grown wiser—they may have attained to better and more correct

views of great public subjects. Nevertheless, sir, it must be acknowledged, that what appears to be a sudden, as well as a great change, naturally produces a shock. I confess, for one, I was shocked, when the honorable gentleman, at the last session, espoused this bill of the administration. Sudden movements of the affections, whether personal or political, are a little out of nature.

2. Several years ago, sir, some of the wits of England wrote a mock play, intended to ridicule the unnatural and false feeling—the sentimentality of a certain German school of literature. In this play two strangers were brought together at an inn. While they are warming themselves at the fire, and before their acquaintance is yet five minutes old, one springs up and exclaims to the other, “A sudden thought strikes me!—let us swear an eternal friendship!”

3. This affectionate offer was instantly accepted, and the friendship duly sworn, unchangeable and eternal! Now, sir, how long this eternal friendship lasted, or in what manner it ended, those who wish to know may learn by referring to the play. But it seems to me, sir, that the honorable member has carried his political sentimentality a good deal higher than the flight of the German school; for he appears to have fallen suddenly in love, not with strangers, but with opponents. Here we all had been, sir, contending against the progress of executive power, and more particularly, and most strenuously against the projects and experiments of the administration upon the currency. The honorable member stood among us, not only as an associate, but as a leader. We thought we were making some headway. The people appeared to be coming to our support and our assistance. The country had been roused; every successive election weakening the strength of the adversary, and increasing our own.

4. We were in this career of success, carried strongly forward by the current of public opinion, and only needed to hear the cheering voice of the honorable member—

“Once more to the breach, dear friends, once more!”

and we should have prostrated, forever, this anti-constitu

tional, anti-commercial, anti-republican, and anti-American policy of the administration. But, instead of these encouraging and animating accents, behold! in the very crisis of our affairs, on the very eve of victory, the honorable member cries out to the enemy—not to us, his allies, but to the enemy—“Holloa! a sudden thought strikes me!—I abandon my allies! Now I think of it, they have always been my oppressors! I abandon them; and now let you and me swear an eternal friendship!”

5. Such a proposition, from such a quarter, sir, was not likely to be long withstood. The other party was a little coy, but, upon the whole, nothing loath. After a proper hesitation, and a little decorous blushing, it owned the soft impeachment, admitted an equally sudden sympathetic impulse on its own side; and, since few words are wanted where hearts are already known, the honorable gentleman takes his place among his new friends, amid greetings and caresses, and is already enjoying the sweets of an eternal friendship.

WEBSTER.

CXVI.—INVECTIVE AGAINST WARREN HASTINGS.

1. BEFORE I come to the last magnificent paragraph, let me call the attention of those who, possibly, think themselves capable of judging of the dignity and character of justice in this country—let me call the attention of those who, arrogantly perhaps, presume that they understand what the features, what the duties of justice are here and in India—let them learn a lesson from this great statesman, this enlarged, this liberal philosopher: “I hope I shall not depart from the simplicity of official language, in saying, that the majesty of justice ought to be approached with solicitation, not descend to provoke or invite it, much less to debase itself by the suggestion of wrongs, and the promise of redress, with the denunciation of punishment before trial, and even before accusation.” This is the exhortation Mr. Hastings makes to his counsel. This is the character which he gives to British justice.

2. But I will ask your lordships, do you approve this representation? Do you feel that this is the true image of justice? Is this the character of British justice? Are these her features? Is this her countenance? Is this her gait or her mien? No; I think even now I hear you calling upon me to turn from this vile libel, this base caricature, this Indian pagod, formed of guilty and knavish tyranny to dupe the heart of ignorance—to turn from this deformed idol, to the true majesty of justice here. Here, indeed, I see a different form, enthroned by the sovereign hand of freedom—awful, without severity—commanding, without pride—vigilant and active, without restlessness or suspicion—searching and inquisitive, without meanness or debasement—not arrogantly scorning to stoop to the voice of afflicted innocence, and in its loveliest attitude when bending to uplift the suppliant at its feet.

3. It is by the majesty, by the form of that justice, that I do conjure and implore your lordships to give your minds to this great business; that I exhort you to look, not so much to words, which may be denied or quibbled away, but to the plain facts—to weigh and consider the testimony in your own minds; we know the result must be inevitable. Let the truth appear, and our cause is gained. It is this, I conjure your lordship, for your own honor, for the honor of the nation, for the honor of human nature, now entrusted to your care—it is this duty that the commons of England, speaking through us, claim at your hands.

4. They exhort you to it by every thing that calls sublimely upon the heart of man—by the majesty of that justice which this bold man has libeled—by the wide fame of your own tribunal—by the sacred pledge by which you swear in the solemn hour of decision; knowing that that decision will then bring you the highest reward that ever blessed the heart of man—the consciousness of having done the greatest act of mercy for the world, that the earth has ever yet received from any hand but heaven
My lords, I have done.

CXVII.—POPULAR ELECTIONS.

1. SIR, if there is any spectacle from the contemplation of which I would shrink with peculiar horror, it would be that of the great mass of the American people sunk into a profound apathy on the subject of their highest political interests. Such a spectacle would be more portentous to the eye of intelligent patriotism, than all the monsters of the earth, and fiery signs of the heavens, to the eye of trembling superstition. If the people could be indifferent to the fate of a contest for the presidency, they would be unworthy of freedom. If I were to perceive them sinking into this apathy, I would even apply the power of political galvanism, if such a power could be found, to rouse them from their fatal lethargy.

2. Keep the people quiet! Peace! peace! Such are the whispers by which the people are to be lulled to sleep, in the very crisis of their highest concerns. Sir, "you make a solitude, and call it peace!" Peace? 'Tis death! Take away all interest from the people, in the election of their chief ruler, and liberty is no more. What, sir, is to be the consequence? If the people do not elect the president, somebody must. There is no special providence to decide the question. Who, then, is to make the election, and how will it operate? You throw a general paralysis over the body politic, and excite a morbid action in particular members. The general patriotic excitement of the people, in relation to the election of the president, is as essential to the health and energy of the political system, as circulation of the blood is to the health and energy of the natural body. Check that circulation, and you inevitably produce local inflammation, gangrene, and ultimately death.

3. Make the people indifferent, destroy their legitimate influence, and you communicate a morbid violence to the efforts of those who are ever ready to assume the control of such affairs—the mercenary intriguers and interested office-hunters of the country. Tell me not, sir, of popular violence! Show me a hundred political factionists—men who look to the election of a president as the means of gratifying their high or their low ambition—and I will show

you the very materials for a mob; ready for any desperate adventure connected with their common fortunes. The reason of this extraordinary excitement is obvious. It is a matter of self-interest, of personal ambition. The people can have no such motives. They look only to the interest and glory of the country.

GEORGE M'DUFFIE.

CXVIII.—ORATION AGAINST VERRES.

1. I ASK now, Verres, what have you to advance against this charge? Will you pretend to deny it? Will you pretend that any thing false, that even any thing exaggerated is alleged against you? Had any prince, or any state, committed the same outrage against the privileges of Roman citizens, should we not think we had sufficient reason for declaring immediate war against them? What punishment, then, ought to be inflicted on a tyrannical and wicked pretor, who dared, at no greater distance than Sicily, within sight of the Italian coast, to put to the infamous death of crucifixion that unfortunate and innocent citizen, Publius Gavius Cosanus, only for his having asserted his privilege of citizenship, and declared his intention of appealing to the justice of his country against a cruel oppressor, who had unjustly confined him in prison at Syracuse, whence he had just made his escape? The unhappy man, arrested as he was going to embark for his native country, is brought before the wicked pretor. With eyes darting fury, and a countenance distorted with cruelty, he orders the helpless victim of his rage to be stripped, and rods to be brought; accusing him, but without the least shadow of evidence, or even of suspicion, of having come to Sicily as a spy.

2. It was in vain that the unhappy man cried out, "I am a Roman citizen, I have served under Lucius Pretius, who is now at Panormus, and will attest my innocence." The bloodthirsty pretor, deaf to all he could urge in his own defense, ordered the infamous punishment to be inflicted. Thus, fathers, was an innocent Roman citizen publicly man

gled with scourging; while the only words he uttered amid his cruel sufferings were, "I am a Roman citizen!" With these he hoped to defend himself from violence and infamy. But of so little service was this privilege to him, that while he was asserting his citizenship, the order was given for his execution—for his execution upon the cross!

3. O liberty! O sound once delightful to every Roman ear! O sacred privilege of Roman citizenship! once sacred, now trampled upon! But what then—is it come to this? Shall an inferior magistrate, a governor, who holds his power of the Roman people, in a Roman province, within sight of Italy, bind, scourge, torture with fire and red-hot plates of iron, and at last put to the infamous death of the cross, a Roman citizen? Shall neither the cries of innocence expiring in agony, nor the tears of pitying spectators, nor the majesty of the Roman commonwealth, nor the fear of the justice of his country, restrain the licentious and wanton cruelty of a monster, who, in confidence of his riches, strikes at the root of liberty and sets mankind at defiance?

CICERO.

CXIX.—FROM THE FIRST ORATION AGAINST CATILINE.

1. How far wilt thou, O Catiline, abuse our patience? How long shall thy madness outbrave our justice? To what extremities art thou resolved to push thy unbridled insolence of guilt! Canst thou behold the nocturnal arms that watch the palatium, the guards of the city, the consternation of the citizens; all the wise and worthy clustering into consultation; this impregnable situation of the seat of the senate, and the reproachful looks of the fathers of Rome? Canst thou, I say, behold all this, and yet remain undaunted and unabashed? Art thou sensible that thy measures are detected?

2. Art thou sensible that this senate, now thoroughly informed, comprehend the full extent of thy guilt? Point me out the senator ignorant of thy practices, during the last and the preceding night: of the place where you met,

the company you summoned, and the crime you concerted. The senate is conscious, the consul is witness to this: yet mean and degenerate—the traitor lives! Lives! did I say? He mixes with the senate; he shares in our counsels; with a steady eye he surveys us; he anticipates his guilt; he enjoys his murderous thoughts, and coolly marks us out for bloodshed. Yet we, boldly passive in our country's cause, think we act like Romans if we can escape his frantic rage.

3. Long since, O Catiline! ought the consul to have doomed thy life a forfeit to thy country; and to have directed upon thy own head the mischief thou hast long been meditating for ours. Could the noble Scipio, when sovereign pontiff, as a private Roman kill Tiberius Gracchus for a slight encroachment upon the rights of this country; and shall we, her consuls, with persevering patience endure Catiline, whose ambition is to desolate a devoted world with fire and sword?

4. There was—there was a time, when such was the spirit of Rome, that the resentment of her magnanimous sons more sternly crushed the Roman traitor, than the most inveterate enemy. Strong and weighty, O Catiline! is the decree of the senate we can now produce against you; neither wisdom is wanting in this state, nor authority in this assembly; but we, the consuls, we are defective in our duty.

CICERO.

CXX.—DEGENERACY OF ATHENS.

1. SUCH, O, men of Athens! were your ancestors: so glorious in the eye of the world; so bountiful and munificent to their country; so sparing, so modest, so self-denying, to themselves. What resemblance can we find, in the present generation, to these great men? At the time when your ancient competitors have left you a clear stage, when the Lacedemonians are disabled, the Thebans employed in troubles of their own, when no other state whatever is in a condition to rival or molest you—in short, when you are at full liberty, when you have the opportunity and the power

to become once more the sole arbiters of Greece—you permit, patiently, whole provinces to be wrested from you; you lavish the public money in scandalous and obscure uses; you suffer your allies to perish in time of peace, whom you preserved in time of war; and, to sum up all, you yourselves, by your mercenary court, and servile resignation to the will and pleasure of designing, insidious leaders, abet, encourage, and strengthen, the most dangerous and formidable of your enemies. Yes, Athenians, I repeat it, you yourselves are the contrivers of your own ruin.

2. Lives there a man who has confidence enough to deny it? Let him arise and assign, if he can, any other cause of the success and prosperity of Philip. “But,” you reply, “what Athens may have lost in reputation abroad she has gained in splendor at home. Was there ever a greater appearance of prosperity and plenty? Is not the city enlarged? Are not the streets better paved, houses repaired and beautified?” Away with such trifles! Shall I be paid with counters? An old square new vamped up! a fountain! an aqueduct! Are these acquisitions to boast of? Cast your eyes upon the magistrate under whose ministry you boast these precious improvements. Behold the despicable creature, raised all at once from dirt to opulence, from the lowest obscurity to the highest honors. Have not some of these upstarts built private houses and seats vying with the most sumptuous of our public palaces? And how have their fortunes and their power increased, but as the commonwealth has been ruined and impoverished?

DEMOSTHENES.

CXXI.—ON THE REDUCTION OF THE REVENUE.

1. THE sole object of proclaiming to the American people the unutterable character of this law, was to quiet the fearful agitation that then every where prevailed. What, sir, were the happy, the glorious effects of that compromise? The day before that law received the president's approval was overcast with the gathering cloud of civil war, deep-

ing, spreading, and blackening every hour. The ground on which we stood seemed to heave and quake with the first throes of a convulsion that was to rend in fragments the last republic on earth.

2. Are we prepared now to break the bonds of peace and renew the war? I have said you have the power to do so, but I deny your right. I do not measure that right by the standard of law in a municipal court. I can not conceive any idea more ridiculous or contemptible, than that which finds no standard of moral and political duties and rights for a Christian, a private gentleman, or a statesman, except that which is applicable to a contest before a justice's court, or a *nisi prius* jury. No, sir, I appeal to a law in the bosom of man prior and paramount to this. I appeal to the South, where I know that law will be obeyed, and where I know I do not appeal in vain. I invoke its characteristic chivalry; I summon to my aid that sensitive honor which feels a "stain like a wound," which abhors deception and shudders at violated faith.

3. Will that South, which I am sure I have truly described, join in this odious infraction of its own treaty, and unite in this miserable war against the laboring thousands who have their all in its securities?—a war not waged with open force and strong hand—a war not waged to avenge insulted honor, but to recover the difference between five and ten cents duty upon a yard of cotton. I repeat, will they engage in such a war? Your approach to this battle is not heralded by the trumpet's voice; no, you are to steal into the dwelling of the poor, and boldly capture a mechanic's dinner! You are to march into the cottage of the widow and fearlessly confiscate the breakfast of a factory girl, for the benefit of the planting and grain growing states of this mighty republic!

4. How little do they who have presented such arguments as these, in this report, know of the people of the South and West. The hardy race that have subdued the forests of the West, and in a green youth have constructed monuments of enterprise that shall survive the Pyramids. is not likely from merely sordid motives, to join in inflict

ing a great evil on any portion of our common country. The fearless pioneers of the West, whose ears are as familiar with the sharp crack of the Indian's rifle, and his wild war-whoop at midnight, as are those of your city dandies with the dulcet notes of the harp and piano—they, sir, are not the men to act upon selfish calculations and sinister inducements. They hold their rights by law, and they believe that compacts, expressed or implied, arising from individual engagements or public law, are to be kept and defended with their lives, if need be, and not to be broken at will, or regarded as the proper spirit of legislative or individual caprice.

THOS. CORWIN.

CXXII.—PATRIOTIC SELF-SACRIFICE.

1. I ROSE not to say one word which should wound the feelings of the president. The senator says, that, if placed in like circumstances, I would have been the last man to avoid putting a direct veto upon the bill, had it met my disapprobation; and he does me the honor to attribute to me high qualities of stern and unbending intrepidity. I hope, that in all that relates to personal firmness, all that concerns a just appreciation of the insignificance of human life—whatever may be attempted, to threaten or alarm a soul not easily swayed by opposition, or awed or intimidated by menace—a stout heart and a steady eye, that can survey, unmoved and undaunted, any mere personal perils that assail this poor, transient, perishing frame—I may, without disparagement, compare with other men.

2. But there is a sort of courage, which, I frankly confess I do not possess; a boldness to which I dare not aspire; a valor which I can not covet. I can not lay myself down in the way of the welfare and happiness of my country. That I can not, I have not the courage to do. I can not interpose the power with which I may be invested—a power conferred, not for my personal benefit, nor for my aggrandizement, but for my country's good—to check her onward march to greatness and glory. I have not courage enough

—I am too cowardly, for that. I would not, I dare not, in the exercise of such a trust, lie down, and place my body across the path that leads my country to prosperity and happiness. This is a sort of courage widely different from that which a man may display in his private conduct and private relations. Personal or private courage is totally distinct from that higher and nobler courage which prompts the patriot to offer himself a voluntary sacrifice to his country's good.

3. Apprehension of the imputation of the want of firmness sometimes impels to the performance of rash and inconsiderate acts. It is the greatest courage to be able to bear the imputation of the want of courage. But pride, vanity, egotism, so unamiable and offensive in private life, are vices which partake of the character of crimes in the conduct of public affairs. The unfortunate victim of these passions can not see beyond the little, petty, contemptible circle of his own personal interests. All his thoughts are withdrawn from his country, and concentrated on his consistency, his firmness, himself. The high, the exalted, the sublime emotions of a patriotism, which, soaring toward heaven, rises far above all mean, low, or selfish things, and is absorbed by one soul-transporting thought of the good and the glory of one's country, are never felt in his impenetrable bosom. That patriotism which, catching its inspirations from the immortal God, and leaving at an immeasurable distance below all lesser, groveling, personal interests and feelings, animates and prompts to deeds of self-sacrifice, of valor, of devotion, and of death itself—that is public virtue; that is the noblest, the sublimest of all public virtues!

HENRY CLAY.

CXXIII.—SOUTH CAROLINA AND MASSACHUSETTS.

1. THE eulogium pronounced on the character of the state of South Carolina, by the honorable gentleman, for her revolutionary and other merits, meets my hearty concurrence. I shall not acknowledge that the honorable

member goes before me in regard for whatever of distinguished talents, or distinguished character, South Carolina has produced. I claim part of the honor, I partake in the pride of her great names. I claim them for countrymen, one and all. The Laurenses, the Rutledges, the Pinckneys, the Sumpters, the Marions—Americans all—whose fame is no more to be hemmed in by state lines than their talents and patriotism were capable of being circumscribed within the same narrow limits. In their day and generation, they served and honored the country, and the whole country; and their renown is of the treasures of the whole country. Him whose honored name the gentleman himself bears—does he suppose me less capable of gratitude for his patriotism, or sympathy for his sufferings, than if his eyes had first opened upon the light in Massachusetts, instead of South Carolina? Sir, does he suppose it is in his power to exhibit a Carolina name so bright as to produce envy in my bosom? No, sir; increased gratification and delight, rather.

2. Sir, I thank God, that, if I am gifted with little of the spirit which is said to be able to raise mortals to the skies, I have yet none, as I trust, of that other spirit, which would drag angels down. When I shall be found, sir, in my place here in the senate, or elsewhere, to sneer at public merit, because it happens to spring up beyond the little limits of my own state or neighborhood; when I refuse, for any such cause, or for any cause, the homage due to American talent, to elevated patriotism, to sincere devotion to liberty and the country; or, if I see an uncommon endowment of heaven—if I see extraordinary capacity and virtue in any son of the South—and if, moved by local prejudices, or gangrened by state jealousy, I get up here to abate the tithe of a hair from his just character and just fame, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth! Sir, let me recur to pleasing recollections; let me indulge in refreshing remembrance of the past; let me remind you that, in early times, no states cherished greater harmony, both of principle and feeling, than Massachusetts and South Carolina. Would to God that harmony might again return! Shoulder to shoul-

der they went through the Revolution ; hand in hand they stood round the administration of Washington, and felt his own great arm lean on them for support. Unkind feeling, if it exist—alienation and distrust—are the growth, unnatural to such soils, of false principles since sown. They are weeds, the seeds of which that same great arm never scattered.

3. Mr. President, I shall enter on no encomium upon Massachusetts—she needs none. There she is—behold her, and judge for yourselves. There is her history—the world knows it by heart. The past, at least, is secure. There is Boston, and Concord, and Lexington, and Bunker Hill—and there they will remain forever. The bones of her sons, fallen in the great struggle for Independence, now lie mingled with the soil of every state from New England to Georgia—and there they will lie forever. And, sir, where American liberty raised its first voice, and where its youth was nurtured and sustained, there it still lives, in the strength of its manhood, and full of its original spirit. If discord and disunion shall wound it—if party strife and blind ambition shall hawk at and tear it—if folly and madness, if uneasiness under salutary and necessary restraints, shall succeed to separate it from that Union by which alone its existence is made sure—it will stand, in the end, by the side of that cradle in which its infancy was rocked ; it will stretch forth its arm, with whatever vigor it may still retain, over the friends who gather round it ; and it will fall at last, if fall it must, amid the proudest monuments of its own glory. and on the very spot of its origin !

WEBSTER.

CXXIV.—THE PASSING OF THE RUBICON.

1. A GENTLEMAN, Mr. President, speaking of Cæsar's benevolent disposition, and of the reluctance with which he had entered into the civil war, observes, "How long did he pause upon the brink of the Rubicon?" How came he to the brink of that river! How dared he cross it! Shall private men respect the boundaries of private property and

shall a man pay no respect to the boundaries of his country's rights? How dared he cross that river! Oh, but he paused upon the brink! He should have perished upon the brink ere he had crossed it! Why did he pause? Why does a man's heart palpitate when he is on the point of committing an unlawful deed? Why does the very murderer, his victim sleeping before him, and his glaring eye taking the measure of the blow, strike wide of the mortal part? Because of conscience! 'Twas that made Cæsar pause upon the brink of the Rubicon. Compassion! What compassion? The compassion of an assassin, that feels a momentary shudder as his weapon begins to cut!

2. Cæsar paused upon the brink of the Rubicon! What was the Rubicon? The boundary of Cæsar's province. From what did it separate his province? From his country. Was that country a desert? No; it was cultivated and fertile, rich and populous! Its sons were men of genius, spirit, and generosity! Its daughters were lovely, susceptible, and chaste! Friendship was its inhabitant! Love was its inhabitant! Domestic affection was its inhabitant! Liberty was its inhabitant! All bounded by the stream of the Rubicon! What was Cæsar, that stood upon the bank of that stream? A traitor, bringing war and pestilence into the heart of that country. No wonder that he paused—no wonder if, his imagination wrought upon by his conscience, he had beheld blood instead of water, and heard groans instead of murmurs! No wonder, if some gorgon horror had turned him into stone upon the spot! But, no!—he cried, "The die is cast!" He plunged!—he crossed!—and Rome was free no more!

KNOWLES.

CXXV.—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

1. IF Napoleon's fortune was great, his genius was transcendent; decision flashed upon his counsels; and it was the same to decide and to perform. To inferior intellects, his combinations appeared perfectly impossible, his plans perfectly impracticable; but, in his hands, simplicity marked their development, and success vindicated their adoption

2. His person partook the character of his mind—if the one never yielded in the cabinet, the other never bent in the field. Nature had no obstacles that he did not surmount—space no opposition that he did not spurn; and whether amid Alpine rocks, Arabian sands, or polar snows, he seemed proof against peril, and empowered with ubiquity! The whole continent of Europe trembled at beholding the audacity of his designs, and the miracle of their execution. Skepticism bowed to the prodigies of his performance; romance assumed the air of history; nor was there aught too incredible for belief, or too fanciful for expectation, when the world saw a subaltern of Corsica waving his imperial flag over her most ancient capitals. All the visions of antiquity became common places in his contemplation; kings were his people—nations were his outposts; and he disposed of courts, and crowns, and camps, and churches, and cabinets, as if they were the titular dignitaries of the chess-board!

3. Through the pantomime of his policy, fortune played the clown to his caprices. At his touch, crowns crumbled, beggars reigned, systems vanished, the wildest theories took the color of his whim, and all that was venerable, and all that was novel, changed places with the rapidity of a drama. Even apparent defeat assumed the appearance of victory—his flight from Egypt confirmed his destiny—ruin itself only elevated him to empire. Amid all these changes he stood immutable as adamant. It mattered little whether in the field or the drawing room—with the mob or the levee—wearing the Jacobin bonnet or the iron crown—banishing a Braganza, or espousing a Hapsburg—dictating peace on a raft to the czar of Russia, or contemplating defeat at the gallows of Leipsic—he was still the same military despot!

PHILLIPS

CXXVI.—THE STABILITY OF OUR GOVERNMENT.

1. If there be on the earth one nation more than another, whose institutions must draw their life-blood from the indi-

vidual purity of its citizens, that nation is our own. Rulers by divine right, and nobles by hereditary succession, may, perhaps, tolerate with impunity those depraving indulgences which keep the great mass abject. Where the many enjoy little or no power, it were a trick of policy to wink at those enervating vices, which would rob them of both the ability and the inclination to enjoy it. But in our country, where almost every man, however humble, bears to the omnipotent ballot-box his full portion of the sovereignty—where at regular periods the ministers of authority, who went forth to rule, return to be ruled, and lay down their dignities at the feet of the monarch multitude—where, in short, public sentiment is the absolute lever that moves the political world, the purity of the people is the rock of political safety.

2. We may boast, if we please, of our exalted privileges, and fondly imagine that they will be eternal; but whenever those vices shall abound, which undeniably tend to debasement, steeping the poor and ignorant still lower in poverty and ignorance, and thereby destroying that wholesome mental equality which can alone sustain a self-ruled people, it will be found, by woful experience, that our happy system of government, the best ever devised for the intelligent and good, is the very worst to be intrusted to the degraded and vicious. The great majority will then truly become a many-headed monster, to be tamed and led at will. The tremendous power of suffrage, like the strength of the eyeless Nazarite, so far from being their protection, will but serve to pull down upon their heads the temple their ancestors reared for them.

3. Caballers and demagogues will find it an easy task to delude those who have deluded themselves; and the freedom of the people will finally be buried in the grave of their virtues. National greatness may survive; splendid talents and brilliant honors may fling their delusive luster abroad—these may illumine the darkness that hangs round the throne of a monarch, but their light will be like the baleful flame that hovers over decaying mortality, and tells of the corruption that festers beneath. The immortal spirit will have gone;

and along our shores, and among our hills—those shores made sacred by the sepulcher of the pilgrim, those hills hallowed by the uncoffined bones of the patriot—even there, in the ears of their degenerate descendants, shall ring the last knell of departed liberty! C. SPRAGUE.

CXXVII.—AGAINST CURTAILING THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.

1. GENTLEMEN:—I address the men who govern us, and say to them—Go on, cut off three millions of voters; cut off eight out of nine, and the result will be the same to you, if it be not more decisive. What you do not cut off, is your own fault; the absurdities of your policy of compression, your fatal incapacity, your ignorance of the present epoch, the antipathy that you feel for it, and that it feels for you; what you will not cut off, is the times which are advancing, the hour now striking, the ascending movement of ideas, the gulf opening broader and deeper between yourself and the age, between the young generation and you, between the spirit of liberty and you, between the spirit of philosophy and you.

2. What you will not cut off, is this immense fact, that the nation goes to one side, while you go to the other; that what for you is the sunrise, is for it the sun's setting; that you turn your backs to the future, while this great people of France, its front all radiant with light from the rising dawn of a new humanity, turns its back to the past. Gentlemen, this law is invalid; it is null; it is dead even before it exists. And do you know what has killed it? It is that, when it meanly approaches to steal the vote from the pocket of the poor and feeble, it meets the keen, terrible eye of the national probity, a devouring light, in which the work of darkness disappears.

3. Yes, men who govern us, at the bottom of every citizen's conscience, the most obscure as well as the greatest, at the very depths of the soul—I use your own expression—of the last beggar, the last vagabond, there is a sentiment, sublime, sacred, insurmountable, indestructible, eternal—the sentiment, which is the very essence of the human

conscience, which the Scriptures call the corner-stone of justice, is the rock on which iniquities, hypocrisies, bad laws, evil designs, bad governments, fall and are shipwrecked. This is the hidden, irresistible obstacle veiled in the recesses of every mind, but ever present, ever active, on which you will always exhaust yourselves; and which, whatever you do, you will never destroy. I warn you, your labor is lost; you will not extinguish it, you will not confuse it. Far easier to drag the rock from the bottom of the sea, than the sentiment of right from the heart of the people!

VICTOR HUGO.

CXXVIII.—TO THE AMERICAN TROOPS BEFORE THE BATTLE OF LONG ISLAND, 1776.

1. THE time is now near at hand which must probably determine whether Americans are to be freemen or slaves; whether they are to have any property they can call their own; and whether their houses and farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and themselves consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the courage and conduct of this army. Our cruel and unrelenting enemy leaves us only the choice of a brave resistance, or the most abject submission. We have, therefore, to resolve to conquer or to die.

2. Our own, our country's honor, calls upon us for a vigorous and manly exertion; and if we now shamefully fail, we shall become infamous to the whole world. Let us, then, rely on the goodness of our cause, and the aid of the Supreme Being, in whose hands victory is, to animate and encourage us to great and noble actions. The eyes of all our countrymen are now upon us; and we shall have their blessings and praises, if happily we are the instruments of saving them from the tyranny meditated against them. Let us, therefore, animate and encourage each other, and show the whole world that a freeman contending for liberty on his own ground is superior to any slavish mercenary on earth.

3. Liberty, property, life and honor, are all at stake. Upon your courage and conduct rest the hopes of our bleeding and insulted country. Our wives, children and parents, expect safety from us only; and they have every reason to believe that heaven will crown with success so just a cause. The enemy will endeavor to intimidate by show and appearance; but remember they have been repulsed on various occasions by a few brave Americans. Their cause is bad—their men are conscious of it; and, if opposed with firmness and coolness on their first onset, with our advantage of works, and knowledge of the ground, the victory is most assuredly ours. Every good soldier will be silent and attentive, wait for orders, and reserve his fire until he is sure of doing execution.

WASHINGTON.

CXXIX.—LIBERTY AND UNION.

1. I PROFESS, sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view, the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our federal union. It is to that union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues, in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

2. I have not allowed myself, sir, to look beyond the union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving

liberty, when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him, as a safe counselor in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the union should be preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people, when it shall be broken up and destroyed.

3. While the union lasts we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise. God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind. When my eyes shall be turned to behold, for the last time, the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious union; on states dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance, rather, behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original luster, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as—What is all this worth? Nor those other words of delusion and folly—Liberty first and union afterward; but every where spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart—Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable!

WEBSTER.

CXXX.—DEATH OF JOHN Q. ADAMS.

1. MR. SPEAKER: The mingled tones of sorrow, like the voice of many waters, have come unto us from a sister state, —Massachusetts, weeping for her honored son. The state

I have the honor in part to represent once endured, with yours, a common suffering, battled for a common cause, and rejoiced in a common triumph. Surely, then, it is meet, that in this the day of your affliction, we should mingle our griefs.

2. When a great man falls, the nation mourns; when a patriarch is removed, the people weep. Ours, my associates, is no common bereavement. The chain which linked our hearts with the gifted spirits of former times has been suddenly snapped. The lips from which flowed those living and glorious truths that our fathers uttered are closed in death.

3. Yes, my friends, Death has been among us! He has not entered the humble cottage of some unknown, ignoble peasant; he has knocked audibly at the palace of a nation! His footstep has been heard in the halls of state! He has cloven down his victim in the midst of the councils of a people. He has borne in triumph from among you the gravest, wisest, most reverend head. Ah! he has taken him as a trophy who was once chief over many statesmen, adorned with virtue, and learning, and truth; he has borne at his chariot wheels a renowned one of the earth.

4. How often have we crowded into that aisle, and clustered around that now vacant desk, to listen to the counsels of wisdom as they fell from the lips of the venerable sage, we can all remember, for it was but of yesterday. But what a change! How wondrous! how sudden! 'Tis like a vision of the night. That form which we beheld but a few days since, is now cold in death!

5. But the last sabbath, and in this hall he worshiped with others. Now his spirit mingles with the noble army of martyrs and the just made perfect, in the eternal adoration of the living God. With him, "this is the end of earth." He sleeps the sleep that knows no waking. He is gone—and forever! The sun that ushers in the morn of that next holy day, while it gilds the lofty dome of the capitol, shall rest with soft and mellow light upon the consecrated spot beneath whose turf forever lies the PATRIOT FATHER and the PATRIOT SAGE.

L. E. HOLMES

CXXXI.—MORAL EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

1. THE sufferings of animal nature, occasioned by intemperance, are not to be compared with the moral agonies, which convulse the soul. It is an immortal being, who sins, and suffers; and, as his earthly house dissolves, he is approaching the judgment-seat, in anticipation of a miserable eternity.

2. He feels his captivity, and, in anguish of spirit, clanks his chain, and cries for help. Conscience thunders, remorse goads, and, as the gulf opens before him, he recoils, and trembles, and weeps, and prays, and resolves, and promises, and reforms, and "seeks it yet again;" again resolves, and weeps, and prays, and "seeks it yet again!"

3. Wretched man! he has placed himself in the hands of a giant, who never pities, and never relaxes his iron gripe. He may struggle, but he is in chains. He may cry for release, but it comes not; and lost! lost! may be inscribed on the door-posts of his dwelling.

4. In the meantime, these paroxysms of his dying nature decline, and a fearful apathy, the harbinger of spiritual death, comes on. His resolution fails, and his mental energy, and his vigorous enterprise; and nervous irritation and depression ensue. The social affections lose their fullness and tenderness, and conscience loses its power, and the heart its sensibility, until all that was once lovely, and of good report, retires and leaves the wretch, abandoned to the appetites of a ruined animal.

5. In this deplorable condition, reputation expires, business falters, and becomes perplexed, and temptations to drink multiply, as inclination to do so increases, and the power of resistance declines. And now the vortex roars, and the struggling victim buffets the fiery wave, with feebler stroke, and warning supplication, until despair flashes upon his soul, and, with an outcry that pierces the heavens, he ceases to strive, and disappears.

L. BEECHER.

DRAMATIC AND RHETORICAL.

CXXXII.—BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

1. THE warrior bowed his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
 And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;
 "I bring thee here my fortress-keys, I bring my captive train,
 I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord!—O! break my father's chain!"

2. "Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransomed man,
 this day!
 Mount thy good horse; and thou and I will meet him on his way."
 Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
 And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

3. And lo! from far, as on they pressed, there came a glittering band,
 With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land;
 "Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
 The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearned so long to see."

4. His dark eye flashed, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's hue came and went;
 He reached that gray-haired chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent;
 A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took—
 What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

5. That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropped from his like lead!
 He looked up to the face above—the face was of the dead!
 A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fixed and white;
 He met, at last, his father's eyes—but in them was no sight!

6. Up from the ground he sprang and gazed; but who could paint that gaze?
 They hushed their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze—
 They might have chained him, as before that stony form he stood;
 For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

7. "Father!" at length he murmured low, and wept like childhood then :

Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men !
He thought on all his glorious hopes, and all his young renown—
He flung his falchion from his side, and in the dust sat down.

8. Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,

"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for, now ;
My king is false—my hope betrayed ! My father—O ! the worth.
The glory, and the loveliness, are passed away from earth !

9. "I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire, beside thee, yet !

I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met !
Thou wouldst have known my spirit, then—for thee my fields were won ;

And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son !"

10. Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,

Amid the pale and wildered looks of all the courtier train ;
And, with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led.
And sternly set them face to face—the king before the dead :

11. "Came I not forth, upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss ?

—Be still, and gaze thou on, false king ! and tell me what is this ?
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer, where are they ?

—If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay !

12. "Into these glassy eyes put light—be still ! keep down thine ire !

Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is not my sire—
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed !

Thou canst not?—and a king!—his dust be mountains on thy head !"

13. He loosed the steed—his slack hand fell—upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look, then turned from that sad place ,

His hope was crushed, his after fate untold in martial strain—
His banner led the spears no more, amid the hills of Spain.

CXXXIII.—PHILIP VAN ARTEVELDE TO THE MEN OF GHENT.

1 SIRs, ye have heard these knights discourse to you
 Of your ill fortunes, telling on their fingers
 The worthy leaders ye have lately lost.
 True, they were worthy men, most gallant chiefs;
 And ill would it become us to make light
 Of the great loss we have suffer'd by their fall.
 They died like heroes; for no recreant step
 Had e'er dishonored them, no stain of fear,
 No base despair, no cowardly recoil.
 They had the hearts of freemen to the last,
 And the free blood that bounded in their veins
 Was shed for freedom with a liberal joy.

2. But had they guessed, or could they but have dreamed
 The great examples which they died to show
 Should fall so flat, should shine so fruitless here,
 That men should say, "For liberty these died,
 Wherefore let us be slaves"—had they thought this,
 O, then, with what an agony of shame,
 Their blushing faces buried in the dust,
 Had their great spirits parted hence for heaven!

3. What! shall we teach our chroniclers henceforth
 To write, that in five bodies were contained
 The sole brave hearts of Ghent! which five defunct,
 The heartless town, by brainless counsel led,
 Delivered up her keys, stript off her robes,
 And so with all humility besought
 Her haughty lord that he would scourge her lightly!
 It shall not be—no, verily! for now,
 Thus looking on you as ye stand before me,
 Mine eye can single out full many a man
 Who lacks but opportunity to shine
 As great and glorious as the chiefs that fell.

4. But, lo! the earl is "mercifully minded!"
 And, surely, if we, rather than revenge
 The slaughter of our bravest, cry them shame,
 And fall upon our knees, and say we've sinned,
 Then will my lord the earl have mercy on us,
 And pardon us our strike for liberty!

5. O, sirs! look round you, lest ye be deceived:
 Forgiveness may be spoken with the tongue.

Forgiveness may be written with the pen,
 But think not that the parchment and mouth pardon
 Will e'er eject old hatreds from the heart.
 There's that betwixt you been which men remember
 Till they forget themselves, till all's forgot—
 Till the deep sleep falls on them in that bed
 From which no morrow's mischief rouses them.
 There's that betwixt you been which you yourselves,
 Should ye forget, would then not be yourselves,
 For must it not be thought some base men's souls
 Have ta'en the seats of yours and turned you out
 If, in the coldness of a craven heart,
 Ye should forgive this bloody-minded man
 For all his black and murderous monstrous crimes?

HENRY TAYLOR

CXXXIV.—VARIETIES.

1.—SPEECH OF SEMPRONIUS.

1. My voice is still for war.
 Gods! can a Roman senate long debate,
 Which of the two to choose—slavery or death?
 No! let us rise at once, gird on our swords,
 And, at the head of our remaining troops,
 Attack the foe; break through the thick array
 Of his thronged legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.

2. Rise, fathers, rise! 't is Rome demands your help;
 Rise, and revenge her slaughtered citizens,
 Or share their fate! The slain of half her senate
 Enrich the fields of Thessaly, while we
 Sit here, deliberating in cold debates,
 If we should sacrifice our lives to honor,
 Or wear them out in servitude and chains.
 Rouse up, for shame! Our brothers of Pharsalia
 Point at their wounds, and cry aloud, "To battle!"

ADDISON

2. —CATO'S SOLILOQUY ON IMMORTALITY.

1. It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!
 Else, whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire.

This longing after immortality?
 Or, whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'Tis the divinity that stirs within us:
 'Tis Heaven itself that points out a hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.

2. Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes, and changes, must we pass?
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness, rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a power above us—
 And that there is, all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works—He must delight in virtue,
 And that, which He delights in must be happy.
 But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar

3. I'm weary of conjectures—this must end them.
 Thus I am doubly armed. My death and life,
 My bane and antidote, are both before me.
 This, in a moment, brings me to an end;
 But this, informs me I shall never die.
 The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
 At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
 The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
 Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
 Unhurt among the war of elements,
 The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds.

ADDISON

CXXXV.—MARMION TAKING LEAVE OF DOUGLAS.

1. THE train from out the castle drew;
 But Marmion stopped to bid adieu—
 "Though something I might 'plain," he said,
 "Of cold respect to stranger guest,
 Sent hither by your king's behest,
 While in Tantallon's towers I stayed—
 Part we in friendship from your land,
 And, noble earl, receive my hand.

2. But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
 Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
 "My manors, halls and bowers, shall still
 Be open, at my sovereign's will,
 To each one whom he lists, howe'er
 Unmeet to be the owner's peer.
 My castles are my king's alone,
 From turret to foundation-stone—
 The hand of Douglas is his own;
 And never shall in friendly grasp
 The hand of such as Marmion clasp!"

3. Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
 And shook his very frame for ire,
 And—"This to me!" he said;
 "An 't were not for thy hoary beard,
 Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
 To cleave the Douglas' head!
 And first I tell thee, haughty peer,
 He who does England's message here,
 Although the meanest in her state,
 May well, proud Angus, be thy mate!
 And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
 Even in thy pitch of pride,
 Here, in thy hold, thy vassals near,
 (Nay, never look upon your lord,
 And lay your hands upon your sword,)
 I tell thee, thou 'rt defied!
 And if thou saidst I am not peer
 To any lord in Scotland here,
 Lowland or Highland, far or near,
 Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

4. On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
 O'ercame the ashen hue of age;
 Fierce he broke forth: "And darest thou, then,
 To beard the lion in his den—
 The Douglas in his hall?
 And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?
 No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no!
 Up drawbridge, grooms!—what, warder, ho!
 Let the portcullis fall."

5. Lord Marmion turned—well was his need—
 And dashed the rowels in his steed;
 Like arrow through the archway sprung,

The ponderous gate behind him rung :
 To pass, there was such scanty room,
 The bars, descending, grazed his plume.
 The steed along the drawbridge flies,
 Just as it trembled on the rise :
 Not lighter does the swallow skim
 Along the smooth lake's level brim :
 And when lord Marmion reached his band,
 He halts, and turns with clenched hand,
 A shout of loud defiance pours,
 And shakes his gauntlet at the towers !

WALTER SCOTT.

CXXXVI.—ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

- 1 WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Thronged around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting—
 Possessed beyond the Muse's painting.
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined :
 Till once, 'tis said, when all were fired,
 Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatched her instruments of sound ;
 And, as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each—for madness ruled the hour—
 Would prove his own expressive power.
- 2 First, Fear, his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewildered laid—
 And back recoiled, he knew not why,
 Even at the sound himself had made.
- 3 Next, Anger rushed : his eyes on fire,
 In lightnings owned his secret stings—
 With one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hands the strings.
- 4 With woful measures, wan Despair—
 Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled ;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air :
 'Twas sad, by fits—by starts, 'twas wild

5. But thou, O Hope! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
 Still would her touch the strain prolong;
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She called on Echo still through all her song:
 And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close;
 And Hope, enchanted, smiled, and waved her golden hair
6. And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rose;
 He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
 And with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast, so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe:
 And ever and anon, he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat;
 And though, sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side,
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild, unaltered mien;
 While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head
7. Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed;
 Sad proof of thy distressful state!
 Of differing themes the veering song was mixed:
 And, now, it courted Love; now, raving, called on Hate.
8. With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired;
 And from her wild sequestered seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul;
 And, dashing soft from rocks around;
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound.
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
 Or o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
 Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.
9. But, oh! how altered was its sprightlier tone,
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,

Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her taskins gemmed with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known!
 The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen.
 Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
 Peeping from forth their alleys green.
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
 And Spor' leaped up, and seized his beechen spear

10 Last, came Joy's ecstatic trial:
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand addressed:
 But soon he saw the brisk awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
 They would have thought, who heard the strain,
 They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids,
 Amid the festal-sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing;
 While as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth a gay fantastic round:
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound,
 And he amid his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odors from his dewy wing. COLLINS.

CXXXVII.—ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR.

1. FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen! Lend me your ears.
 I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
 The evil, that men do, lives after them—
 The good is oft inter-red with their bones—
 So, let it be with Cæsar! Noble Brutus
 Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

2. Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 (For Brutus is an honorable man,
 So are they all, all honorable men,)
 Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral—
 He was my friend, faithful, and just to me:
 But Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honorable man.

3. He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
 Did this, in Cæsar, seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff;
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honorable man.

4. You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse; was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious;
 And sure, he is an honorable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.

5. You all did love him once; not without cause.
 What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him?
 O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason! Bear with me:
 My heart is in the coffin there, with Cæsar;
 And I must pause, till it come back to me.
 But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world! now, lies he there,
 And none so poor to do him reverence.

6. O masters! if I were disposed to stir
 Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
 I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong;
 Who, you all know, are honorable men.
 I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
 To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
 Than I will wrong such honorable men.
 But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
 I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
 Let but the commons hear this testament,
 (Which pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
 And they would go, and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
 And dip their napkins in his sacred blood—
 Yea, beg a hair of him, for memory,
 And, dying, mention it within their wills;
 Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
 Unto their issue.

7. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
 You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
 'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent;
 That day he overcome the Nervii—
 Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through,
 See what a rent the envious Casca made:
 Through this, the well beloved Brutus stabbed,
 And, as he plucked his curs-ed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!

8. This was the most unkindest cut of all!
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle, muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
 (Which all the while ran blood) great Cæsar fell.
 O what a fall was there my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 While bloody treason flourished over us.

9. O, now you weep; and I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!
 Here is himself—marred as you see, by traitors!

10. Good friends! sweet friends! let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
 They, that have done this deed, are honorable;
 What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
 That made them do it; they are wise, and honorable,
 And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.

11. I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
 I am no orator, as Brutus is;
 But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
 That love my friend; and that they know full well,
 That gave me public leave, to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor power of speech,
 To stir men's blood—I only speak right on,
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know—
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
 And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

SHAKSPEARE

CXXXVIII.—VARIETIES.

1.—THE PRIDE OF BIRTH.

I WAS not born
A shepherd's son to dwell with pipe and crook,
And peasant men amid the lowly vales ;
Instead of ringing clarions, and bright spears,
And crested knights!—I am of princely race;
And if my father would have heard my suit,
I tell thee, infidel, that long ere now
I should have seen how lances meet and swords
Do the field's work. Moslem!—on the hills,
Around my father's castle, I have heard
The mountain-peasants, as they dressed the vines,
Or drove the goats, by rock and torrent, home,
Singing their ancient songs; and these were all
Of the Cid Campeador; and how his sword,
Tizona, cleared its way through turbaned hosts,
And captured Afric's kings, and how he won
Valencia from the Moors—I will not shame
The blood we draw from him

MRS. HEMANS

2.—THREATENING.

IF they but speak the truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honor,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not so dried this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,
Nor my bad life 'reft me so much of friends
But they shall find awaked, in such a kind,
Both strength of limb and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

3.—LAILA'S ANGER AT THALABA'S SUSPICIONS.

BEGONE then, insolent!
Why dost thou stand and gaze upon me thus?
Aye! watch the features well that threaten thee

With fraud and danger! In the wilderness
 They shall avenge me—in the hour of want
 Rise on thy view, and make thee feel
 How innocent I am:
 And this remembered cowardice and insult
 With a more painful shame will burn thy cheek
 Than now heats mine with anger. SOUTHEY

CXXXIX.—HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

1. To be or not to be—that is the question!
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them—To die—to sleep—
 No more!—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished.

2. To die—to sleep—
 To sleep?—perchance to dream—aye, there's the rub!
 For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause! There's the respect,
 That makes calamity of so long life:
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes—
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin?

3. Who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death—
 That undiscovered country, from whose bourne
 No traveler returns—puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
 Than fly to others that we know not of!

4. Thus, conscience does make cowards of us all:
 And thus, the native hue of resolution

as sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

SHAKESPEARE.

 CXL.—THE MANIAC.

1. STAY, jailer, stay, and hear my woe!
 She is not mad that kneels to thee;
 For what I'm now, too well I know,
 And what I was, and what should be.
 I'll rave no more in proud despair;
 My language shall be mild, though sad:
 But yet I firmly, truly swear,
 I am not mad, I am not mad.
2. My tyrant husband forged the tale
 Which chains me in this dismal cell;
 My fate unknown my friends bewail—
 Oh! jailer, haste that fate to tell:
 Oh! haste my father's heart to cheer;
 His heart at once 't will grieve and glad
 To know, though kept a captive here,
 I am not mad, I am not mad.
3. He smiles in scorn, and turns the key;
 He quits the grate; I knelt in vain;
 His glimmering lamp, still, still I see—
 'T is gone! and all is gloom again.
 Cold, bitter cold!—No warmth! no light!—
 Life, all thy comforts once I had;
 Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
 Although not mad; no, no, not mad.
4. 'T is sure some dream, some vision vain;
 What! I—the child of rank and wealth—
 Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
 Bereft of freedom, friends, and health?
 Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
 Which never more my heart must glad,
 How aches my heart, how burns my head,
 But 't is not mad; no, 't is not mad.

5. Hast thou, my child, forgot, ere this,
 A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
 She 'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
 Nor round her neck how fast you clung;
 Nor how with her you sued to stay;
 Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
 Nor how—I 'll drive such thoughts away;
 They 'll make me mad, they 'll make me mad.
6. His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!
 His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!
 None ever bore a lovelier child:
 And art thou now forever gone?
 And must I never see thee more,
 My pretty, pretty, pretty lad?
 I will be free! unbar the door!
 I am not mad; I am not mad.
7. Oh! hark! what mean those yells and cries?
 His chain some furious madman breaks:
 He comes—I see his glaring eyes;
 Now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes.
 Help! help!—he's gone!—oh! fearful woe,
 Such screams to hear, such sights to see!
 My brain, my brain—I know, I know,
 I am not mad, but soon shall be.
8. Yes, soon; for, lo you!—while I speak—
 Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare!
 He sees me; now, with dreadful shriek,
 He whisks a serpent high in air.
 Horror!—the reptile strikes his tooth
 Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad;
 Ay, laugh, ye fiends; I feel the truth;
 Your task is done—I 'm mad! I 'm mad!

LEWIS.

CXLI.—ROLLA'S ADDRESS TO THE PERUVIANS.

1. MY brave associates, partners of my toil, my feelings, and my fame! Can Rolla's words add vigor to the virtuous energies which inspire your hearts? No; you have judged as I have, the foulness of the crafty plea by which these bold invaders would delude you. Your generous spirit has

compared, as mine has, the motives, which, in a war like this, can animate their minds and ours.

2. They, by a strange frenzy driven, fight for power, for plunder, and extended rule; we, for our country, our altars, and our homes. They follow an adventurer whom they fear, and obey a power which they hate; we serve a monarch whom we love, a God, whom we adore. Whene'er they move in anger, desolation marks their progress! Whene'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship.

3. They boast they come but to improve our state, enlarge our thoughts, and free us from the yoke of error! Yes, they will give enlightened freedom to our minds, who are themselves the slaves of passion, avarice, and pride. They offer us their protection. Yes, such protection as vultures give to lambs—covering and devouring them.

4. They call on us to barter all of good, we have inherited and proved, for the desperate chance of something better, which they promise. Be our plain answer this: The throne we honor is the people's choice; the laws we reverence are our brave fathers' legacy; the faith we follow teaches us to live in bonds of charity with all mankind, and die with hope of bliss beyond the grave. Tell your invaders this, and tell them too, we seek no change; and, least of all, such change as they would bring us. KNOWLES.

CXLII.—SOLILOQUY OF THE KING OF DENMARK.

1. OH, my offense is rank, it smells to heaven!
 It hath the primal eldest curse upon't—
 A brother's murder.—Pray, alas! I can not,
 Though inclination be as sharp as 't will;
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent,
 And like a man to double business bound,
 I stand and pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this curs-ed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
 To wash it white as snow?

2. Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offense?
 And what's in prayer but this twofold force,
 To be forestall'd ere we come to fall,
 Or pardoned being down? then I'll look up.
 My fault is past. But oh, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
 That can not be, since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, my own ambition, and my queen.

3 May one be pardoned, and retain the offense?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offense's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 And oft 't is seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law; but 't is not so above;
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In its true nature, and we ourselves compelled
 E'en to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence.

4. What then? what rests?
 Try what repentance can. What can it not?
 Yet what can it when one can not repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
 O lim'd soul, that struggling to be free,
 Art more engaged! help, angels, make essay!
 Bow, stubborn knees; and heart with strings of steel
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe!
 All may be well.

SHAKSPEARE

 CXLIII.—VARIETIES.

1.—MALICE.

How like a fawning publican he looks!
 I hate him, for he is a Christian,
 But more, for that, in low simplicity,
 He lends out money gratis, and brings down
 The rates of usance, here with us in Venice.
 If I can catch him once upon the hip,
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
 He hates our sacred nation, and he rails—

Even there where merchants most do congregate—
 On my bargains, and my well-won thrift;
 Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
 If I forgive him.

SHAKSPEARE

2.—EXPECTATION.

I AM giddy: expectation whirls me round.
 The imaginary relish is so sweet
 That it enchants my sense: what will it be,
 When that the watery palate tastes indeed
 Love's thrice reputed nectar? Death, I fear me;
 Swooning destruction; or some joy too fine,
 Too subtle potent, tuned too sharp in sweetness,
 For the capacity of my ruder powers;
 I fear it much; and I do fear, besides,
 That I shall lose distinction in my joys;
 As doth a battle, when they charge on heaps
 The enemy flying.
 My heart beats thicker than a feverous pulse;
 And all my powers do their bestowing lose,
 Like vassalage at unawares encountering
 The eye of majesty.

SHAKSPEARE

3.—PASSION.

PASSION, when deep, is still—the glaring eye,
 That reads its enemy with glance of fire;
 The lip, that curls and writhes in bitterness;
 The brow contracted, till its wrinkles hide
 The keen fixed orbs that burn and flash below;
 The hand firm clenched and quivering, and the foot
 Planted in attitude to spring and dart
 Its vengeance, are the language it employs.
 While passions glow, the heart, like heated steel,
 Takes each impression, and is worked at pleasure

4.—PROFOUND DESPAIR.

No change, no pause, no hope! yet I endure!
 I ask the earth, have not the mountains felt?
 I ask yon heaven, the all-beholding sun,
 Has it not seen? The sea, in storm or calm,
 Heaven's ever changing shadow, spread below,—
 Have its deaf waves not heard my agony?

Ah me! alas, pain, pain ever, forever!
 The crawling glaciers pierce me with the spears
 Of their moon-freezing crystals: the bright chains
 Eat with their burning cold into my bones:
 Heaven's wing-ed hound, polluting from thy lips,
 His beak in poison not his own, tears up
 My heart; and shapeless sights come wandering by,
 The ghastly people of the realm of dream,
 Mocking me: and the earthquake's fiends are charged
 To wrench the rivets from my quivering wounds,
 When the rocks split and close again behind:
 While from their loud abysses howling throng
 The genii of the storm, urging the rage
 Of whirlwind, and afflict me with keen hail.

SHELLY

CXLIV.—SOLILOQUY OF A DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

1. TIME was, when much he loved me;
 When we walked out, at close of day, t' inhale
 The vernal breeze. Ah, well do I remember,
 How, then, with careful hand, he drew my mantle
 Round me, fearful lest the evening dews
 Should mar my fragile health. Yes, then his eye
 Looked kindly on me when my heart was sad.
 How tenderly he wiped my tears away,
 While from his lips the words of gentle soothing
 In softest accents fell!

2. How blest my evenings too, when wintery blasts
 Were howling round our peaceful dwelling!
 Oh, it was sweet, the daily task performed,
 By the sweet hearth and cheerful fire, to sit
 With him I loved; to view with glistening eye,
 And all a parent's fondness, the budding graces
 Of our little ones.

3. Then ye had a father,
 My lovely babes, my more than helpless orphans.
 Your mother more than widowed grief has known:
 Yes, sharper pangs than those who mourn the dead,
 Seized on my breaking heart, when first I knew
 My lover, husband—oh, my earthly all—
 Was dead to virtue; when I saw the man

My soul too fondly loved, transformed to brute.
Oh, it was then I tasted gall and wormwood!

4. Then the world looked dreary; fearful clouds
Quick gathered round me; dark forebodings came.
The grave, before, was terror; now it smiled:
I longed to lay me down in peaceful rest,
There to forget my sorrows. But I lived,
And, oh, my God! what years of woe have followed!
I feel my heart is broken. He who vowed
To cherish me—before God's altar vowed—
Has done the deed. And shall I then upbraid him—
The husband of my youthful days—the man
To whom I gave my virgin heart away?
Patient I'll bear it all.

5. Peace, peace, my heart!
'Tis almost o'er. A few more stormy blasts,
And then this shattered, broken frame will fall,
And sweetly slumber where
The wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

CXLV.—CATILINE'S DEFIANCE.

1. CONSCRIPT Fathers,
I do not rise to waste the night in words;
Let that plebeian talk; 'tis not my trade;
But here I stand for right—let him show proofs—
For Roman right; though none, it seems, dare stand
To take their share with me. Ay, cluster there!
Cling to your master, judges, Romans, slaves!
His charge is false;—I dare him to his proofs.
You have my answer. Let my actions speak!

2. But this I will avow, that I have scorned,
And still do scorn, to hide my sense of wrong!
Who brands me on the forehead, breaks my sword,
Or lays the bloody scourge upon my back,
Wrongs me not half so much as he who shuts
The gates of honor on me—turning out
The Roman from his birthright; and, for what?
To fling your offices to every slave!
Vipers, that creep where man disdains to climb,
And, having wound their loathsome track to the top,

Of this huge, moldering monument of Rome.
 Hang hissing at the nobler man below!
 Come, consecrated Lictors, from your thrones;
 Fling down your scepters; take the rod and axe,
 And make the murder as you make the law!

3. Banished from Rome! What's banished, but set free
 From daily contact with the things I loathe?
 "Tried and convicted traitor!" Who says this?
 Who'll prove it, at his peril, on my head?

4. Banished! I thank you for't. It breaks my chain!
 I held some slack allegiance till this hour;
 But now my sword's my own. Smile on, my lords!
 I scorn to count what feelings, withered hopes,
 Strong provocations, bitter, burning wrongs,
 I have within my heart's hot cells shut up,
 To leave you in your lazy dignities.
 But here I stand and scoff you! here, I fling
 Hatred and full defiance in your face!
 Your Consul's merciful—for this all thanks:
 He dares not touch a hair of Catiline!

5. "Traitor!" I go; but I return. This—trial?
 Here I devote your senate! I've had wrongs
 To stir a fever in the blood of age,
 Or make the infant's sinews strong as steel.
 This day's the birth of sorrow! This hour's work
 Will breed proscriptions! Look to your hearths, my lords!
 For there, henceforth, shall sit, for household gods,
 Shapes hot from Tartarus!—all shames and crimes!
 Wan treachery, with his thirsty dagger drawn;
 Suspicion, poisoning his brother's cup;
 Naked rebellion, with the torch and axe,
 Making his wild sport of your blazing thrones;
 Till anarchy comes down on you like night,
 And massacre seals Rome's eternal grave!

6. I go; but not to leap the gulf alone.
 I go; but, when I come, 't will be the burst
 Of ocean in the earthquake—rolling back
 In swift and mountainous ruin. Fare you well!
 You build my funeral-pile; but your best blood
 Shall quench its flame! Back, slaves! I will return!

CROLY

CXLVI.—MARULLUS TO THE ROMAN POPULACE.

1. WHEREFORE rejoice, that Cæsar comes in triumph?
 What conquest brings he home?
 What tributaries follow him to Rome,
 To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
 You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

2. O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome!
 Knew ye not Pompey? Many a time and oft
 Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
 To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
 Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
 The live-long day, with patient expectation,
 To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;
 And when you saw his chariot but appear,
 Have you not made a universal shout,
 That Tiber trembled underneath her banks
 To hear the replication of your sounds,
 Made in her concave shores?

3. And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out a holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
 Begone! Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
 Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
 That needs must light on this ingratitude! SHAKESPEARE.

CXLVII.—THE MISER PUNISHED.

1. So, so! all safe! Come forth, my pretty usurers—
 Come forth, and feast my eyes! Be not afraid.
 No keen-eyed agent of the government
 Can see you here. They wanted me, forsooth,
 To lend you, at the lawful rate of usance,
 For the state's needs. Ha, ha! my shining pots,
 My yellow darlings, my sweet golden circlets!
 Too well I loved you to do that—and so
 I pleaded poverty, and none could prove
 My story was not true.

2. Ha! could they see
 These bags of ducats, and that precious pile

Of ingots, and those bars of solid gold,
 Their eyes, methinks, would water. What a comfort
 Is it to see my moneys in a heap
 All safely lodged under my very roof!
 Here's a fat bag—let me untie the mouth of it.
 What eloquence! what beauty! what expression!
 Could Cicero so plead? could Helen look
 One half so charming?

3 Ah! what sound was that?—
 The trap-door fallen? and the spring-lock caught?—
 Well, have I not the key?—Of course I have!
 'Tis in this pocket—No. In this?—No. Then
 I left it at the bottom of the ladder—
 Ha! 't is not there. Where then?—Ah! mercy, Heaven!
 'Tis in the lock outside!

4. What's to be done?
 Help, help! Will no one hear? O! would that I
 Had not discharged old Simon!—but he begged
 Each week for wages—would not give me credit.
 I'll try my strength upon the door—Despair!
 I might as soon uproot the eternal rocks
 As force it open. Am I here a prisoner,
 And no one in the house? no one at hand,
 Or likely soon to be, to hear my cries?
 Am I entombed alive?—Horrible fate!
 I sink—I faint beneath the bare conception!

5. Darkness? Where am I?—I remember now—
 This is a bag of ducats—'tis no dream—
 No dream! The trap-door fell, and here am I
 Immured with my dear gold—my candle out—
 All gloom—all silence—all despair! What, ho!
 Friends!—friends?—I have no friends. What right have I
 To use the name? These money-bags have been
 The only friends I've cared for—and for these
 I've toiled, and pinched, and screwed, shutting my heart
 To charity, humanity and love!

6. Detested traitors! since I gave you all—
 Ay, gave my very soul—can ye do naught
 For me in this extremity?—Ho! without there!
 A thousand ducats for a loaf of bread!
 Ten thousand ducats for a glass of water!

A pile of ingots for a helping hand!—
Was that a laugh?—Ay, 'twas a fiend that laughed
To see a miser in the grip of death!

7. Offended heaven! have mercy!—I will give
In alms all this vile rubbish, aid me thou
In this most dreadful strait! I 'll build a church—
A hospital!—Vain! vain! Too late, too late!
Heaven knows the miser's heart too well to trust him!
Heaven will not hear!—Why should it? What have I
Done to enlist heaven's favor—to help on
Heaven's cause on earth, in human hearts and homes?—
Nothing! God's kingdom will not come the sooner
For any work or any prayer of mine.

8. But must I die here—in my own trap caught? ·
Die—die?—and then! O! mercy! Grant me time—
Thou who canst save—grant me a little time,
And I'll redeem the past—undo the evil
That I have done—make thousands happy with
This hoarded treasure—do thy will on earth
As it is done in heaven—grant me but time!—
Nor man nor God will heed my shrieks! All's lost!

OSBORNE.

 CXLVIII.—BRUTUS' HARANGUE ON THE DEATH OF CÆSAR.

1. ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers—hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear. Believe me for my honor; and have respect to my honor, that you may believe. Censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there is any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.

2. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honor for his valor, and death for his ambition.

3. Who is here so base, that he would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him I have offended. Who is here so rude, that he would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him I have offended. Who is here so vile, that he will not love his country? If any, speak; for him I have offended. I pause for a reply—

4. None! Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offenses enforced, for which he suffered death.

5. Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not?—With this, I depart—and, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

SHAKSPEARE.

CXLIX.—THE BARON'S LAST BANQUET.

1. O'ER a low couch the setting sun
 Had thrown its latest ray,
 Where, in his last strong agony,
 A dying warrior lay—
 The stern old Baron Rudiger,
 Whose frame had ne'er been bent
 By wasting pain, till time and toil
 Its iron strength had spent.
2. "They come around me here, and say
 My days of life are o'er—
 That I shall mount my noble steed
 And lead my band no more;
 They come, and to my beard they dare
 To tell me now, that I,
 Their own liege lord and master born—
 That I—ha! ha!—must die!
3. "And what is death? I've dared him oft
 Before the Paynim's spear—
 Think ye he's entered at my gate,
 Has come to seek me here?

I've met him, faced him, scorned him,
 When the fight was raging hot—
 I'll try his might—I'll brave his power—
 Defy, and fear him not!

4. "Ho! sound the tocsin from the tower—
 And fire the culverin!—
 Bid each retainer arm with speed—
 Call every vassal in!
 Up with my banner on the wall!
 The banquet board prepare!—
 Throw wide the portal of my hall,
 And bring my armor there!"
5. A hundred hands were busy then ;
 The banquet forth was spread,
 And rang the heavy oaken floor
 With many a martial tread ;
 While from the rich, dark tracery,
 Along the vaulted wall,
 Lights gleamed on harness, plume, and spear,
 O'er the proud old Gothic hall.
6. Fast hurrying through the outer gate,
 The mailed retainers poured
 On through the portal's frowning arch,
 And thronged around the board ;
 While at its head, within his dark,
 Carved oaken chair of state,
 Armed cap-a-pie, stern Rudiger,
 With girded falchion, sate.
7. "Fill every beaker up, my men!
 Pour forth the cheering wine!
 There's life and strength in every drop—
 Thanksgiving to the vine!
 Are ye all there, my vassals true?
 Mine eyes are waxing dim—
 Fill round, my tried and fearless ones,
 Each goblet to the brim!"
8. "Ye're there, but yet I see you not!
 Draw forth each trusty sword—
 And let me hear your faithful steel .
 Clash once around my board!

I hear it faintly—louder yet!
 What clogs my heavy breath?
 Up, all!—and shout for Rudiger,
 ‘Defiance unto death!’ ”

9. Bowl rang to bowl, steel clanged to steel,
 And rose a deafening cry,
 That made the torches flare around,
 And shook the flags on high:
 “Ho! cravens! do ye fear him?
 Slaves! traitors! have ye flown?
 Ho! cowards, have ye left me
 To meet him here alone?”

10. “But I defy him!—let him come!”
 Down rang the massy cup,
 While from its sheath the ready blade
 Came flashing half-way up;
 And with the black and heavy plumes
 Scarce trembling on his head,
 There, in his dark, carved, oaken chair,
 Old Rudiger sat—dead!

A. G. GREENE.

CL.—SONG OF THE GREEKS.

1 AGAIN to the battle, Achaians!
 Our hearts bid the tyrants defiance;
 Our land—the first garden of Liberty’s tree—
 It has been, and shall yet be, the land of the free,
 For the cross of our faith is replanted,
 The pale dying crescent is daunted,
 And we march that the foot-prints of Mahomet’s slaves
 May be washed out in blood from our forefathers’ graves.
 Their spirits are hovering o’er us,
 And the sword shall to glory restore us.

2. Ah! what though no succor advances,
 Nor Christendom’s chivalrous lances
 Are stretched in our aid?—Be the combat our own!
 And we’ll perish or conquer more proudly alone;
 For we’ve sworn by our country’s assaulters,
 By the virgins they’ve dragged from our altars.

By our massacred patriots, our children in chains,
 By our heroes of old, and their blood in our veins,
 That, living, we will be victorious,
 Or that, dying, our deaths shall be glorious.

3. A breath of submission we breathe not:
 The sword that we 've drawn we will sheathe not;
 Its scabbard is left where our martyrs are laid,
 And the vengeance of ages has whetted its blade.
 Earth may hide, waves engulf, fire consume us;
 But they shall not to slavery doom us:
 If they rule, it shall be o'er our ashes and graves—
 But we 've smote them already with fire on the waves,
 And new triumphs on land are before us—
 To the charge!—heaven's banner is o'er us.

4. This day shall ye blush for its story?
 Or brighten your lives with its glory?—
 Our women—O, say, shall they shriek in despair,
 Or embrace us from conquest, with wreaths in their hair?
 Accursed may his memory blacken,
 If a coward there be that would slacken
 Till we 've trampled the turban, and shown ourselves worth
 Being sprung from, and named for, the god-like of earth.
 Strike home! and the world shall revere us
 As heroes descended from heroes.

5. Old Greece lightens up with emotion!
 Her inlands, her isles of the ocean,
 Fanes rebuilt, and fair towns, shall with jubilee ring,
 And the Nine shall new hallow their Helicon's spring.
 Our hearths shall be kindled in gladness,
 That were cold, and extinguished in sadness;
 While our maidens shall dance with their white waving arms,
 Singing joy to the brave that delivered their charms—
 When the blood of yon Mussulman cravens
 Shall have crimsoned the beaks of our ravens!

CAMPBELL.

CLL.—WARREN'S ADDRESS AT THE BUNKER HILL BATTLE.

1. Stand! the ground 's your own, my braves!
 Will ye give it up to slaves?
 Will ye look for greener graves?
 Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?
 Hear it—in that battle peal!
 Read it—on yon bristling steel!
 Ask it—ye who will.

2. Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
 Will ye to your homes retire?
 Look behind you! they 're afire!
 And before you, see
 Who have done it! From the vale
 On they come! and will ye quail?
 Leaden rain and iron hail
 Let their welcome be!

3. In the God of battles trust!
 Die we may—and die we must:
 But, O! where can dust to dust
 Be consigned so well,
 As where heaven its dews shall shed
 On the martyred patriot's bed,
 And the rocks shall raise their head,
 Of his deeds to tell?

PIERPONT.

CLII.—TELL ON HIS NATIVE HILLS.

1. Oh, with what pride I used
 To walk these hills, and look up to my God,
 And bless him that the land was free. 'T was free—
 From end to end, from cliff to lake 't was free!
 Free as our torrents are that leap our rocks,
 And plow our valleys, without asking leave!
 Or as our peaks, that wear their caps of snow
 In very presence of the regal sun!

2. How happy was it then! I loved
 Its very storms. Yes, I have sat
 In my boat at night, when, midway o'er the lake,
 The stars went out, and down the mountain gorge
 The wind came roaring. I have sat and eyed
 The thunder breaking from his cloud, and smiled
 To see him shake his lightnings o'er my head,
 And think I had no master save his own!

3. On yonder jutting cliff—o'ertaken there
 By the mountain blast, I've laid me flat along,

And while gust followed gust more furiously,
 As if to sweep me o'er the horrid brink,
 And I have thought of other lands, whose storms
 Are summer-flaws to those of mine, and just
 Have wished me there—the thought that mine was free
 Has checked that wish, and I have raised my head,
 And cried in thralldom to that furious wind,
 Blow on!—this is the land of liberty!

KNOWLES

 CLIII.—BRUCE'S ADDRESS.

1. Scots, who have with Wallace bled,
 Scots, whom Bruce has often led,
 Welcome to your gory bed,
 Or to glorious victory!
2. Now 's the day, and now 's the hour—
 See the front of battle lower—
 See approach proud Edward's power—
 Edward, chains and slavery!
3. Who would be a traitor knave?
 Who would fill a coward's grave?
 Who so base as be a slave?
 Traitor! coward! turn, and flee!
4. Who for Scotland's king and law
 Freedom's sword would strongly draw?
 Freeman stand!—or freeman fa'!
 Caledonia, on with me!
5. By oppression's woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall—they shall be free!
6. Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Forward! let us do or die!

BURNS

 CLIV.—MACBETH TO THE DAGGER. °

1. Is THIS a dagger which I see before me,
 The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee —

I have thee not; and yet I see thee still.
 Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
 To feeling, as to sight? or art thou but
 A dagger of the mind? a false creation
 Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
 I see thee yet, in form as palpable
 As this which now I draw.

2. Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
 And such an instrument I was to use.
 Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
 Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;
 And on thy blade and dudgeon, gouts of blood,
 Which was not so before. There's no such thing!—
 It is the bloody business, which informs
 Thus to mine eyes.

3. Now o'er the one-half world,
 Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse
 The curtained sleep: now witchcraft celebrates
 Pale Hecate's offerings; and withered Murder,
 —Alarumed by his sentinel, the wolf,
 Whose howl's his watch—thus with his stealthy pace,
 Toward his design moves like a ghost.

4. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
 The very stones prate of my whereabouts;
 And take the present horror from the time,
 Which now suits with it. While I threat, he lives—
 I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
 Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
 That summons thee to heaven, or to hell.

SHAKESPEARE.

 CLV.—SPARTACUS TO THE GLADIATORS AT CAPUA.

1. YE call me chief; and ye do well to call him chief who
 for twelve long years, has met upon the arena every shape
 of man or beast the broad empire of Rome could furnish,
 and who never yet lowered his arm. If there be one among
 you who can say, that ever, in public fight or private brawl,
 my actions did belie my tongue, let him stand forth, and

say it. If there be three in all your company dare face me on the bloody sands, let them come on. And yet I was not always thus—a hired butcher, a savage chief of still more savage men!

2. My ancestors came from old Sparta, and settled among the vine-clad rocks and citron groves of Cyrasella. My early life ran quiet as the brooks by which I sported; and when, at noon, I gathered the sheep beneath the shade, and played upon the shepherd's flute, there was a friend, the son of a neighbor, to join me in the pastime. We led our flocks to the same pasture, and partook together our rustic meal.

3. One evening, after the sheep were folded, and we were all seated beneath the myrtle which shaded our cottage, my grandsire, an old man, was telling of Marathon, and Leuctra; and how, in ancient times, a little band of Spartans, in a defile of the mountains, had withstood a whole army. I did not then know what war was; but my cheeks burned, I knew not why, and I clasped the knees of that venerable man, until my mother, parting the hair from off my forehead, kissed my throbbing temples, and bade me go to rest, and think no more of those old tales and savage wars. That very night, the Romans landed on our coast. I saw the breast that had nourished me trampled by the hoof of the war-horse; the bleeding body of my father flung amid the blazing rafters of our dwelling!

4. To-day I killed a man in the arena; and, when I broke his helmet-clasps, behold! he was my friend. He knew me, smiled faintly, gasped, and died—the same sweet smile upon his lips that I had marked, when, in adventurous boyhood, we scaled the lofty cliff to pluck the first ripe grapes, and bear them home in childish triumph! I told the pretor that the dead man had been my friend, generous and brave; and I begged that I might bear away the body, to burn it on a funeral pile, and mourn over its ashes. Ay! upon my knees, amid the dust and blood of the arena, I begged that poor boon, while all the assembled maids and matrons, and the holy virgins they call Vestals, and the rabble, shouted in derision, deeming it rare sport, forsooth, to see Rome's fiercest gladiator turn pale and trem-

ble at sight of that piece of bleeding clay! And the pretor drew back as I were pollution, and sternly said—"Let the carrion rot; there are no noble men but Romans!" And so, fellow-gladiators, must you, and so must I, die like dogs.

5. O, Rome! Rome! thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Ay! thou hast given, to that poor, gentle, timid shepherd-lad who never knew a harsher tone than a flute-note, muscles of iron and a heart of flint; taught him to drive the sword through plaited mail and links of rugged brass, and warm it in the marrow of his foe:—to gaze into the glaring eye-balls of the fierce Numidian lion, even as a boy upon a laughing girl! And he shall pay thee back, until the yellow Tiber is red as frothing wine, and in its deepest ooze thy life-blood lies curdled!

6. Ye stand here now like giants, as ye are! The strength of brass is in your toughened sinews; but to-morrow some Roman Adonis, breathing sweet perfume from his curly locks, shall with his lily fingers pat your red brawn, and bet his sestercées upon your blood. Hark! hear ye yon lion roaring in his den? 'Tis three days since he tasted flesh; but to-morrow he shall break his fast upon yours—and a dainty meal for him ye will be!

7. If ye are beasts, then stand here like fat oxen, waiting for the butcher's knife! If ye are men,—follow me! Strike down yon guard, gain the mountain passes, and there do bloody work, as did your sires at old Thermopylæ! Is Sparta dead? Is the old Grecian spirit frozen in your veins, that you do crouch and cower like a belabored hound beneath his master's lash? O, comrades! warriors! Thracians.—if we must fight, let us fight for ourselves! If we must slaughter, let us slaughter our oppressors! If we must die, let it be under the clear sky, by the bright waters, in noble, honorable battle!

E. KELLOGG.

CLVI.—WOISEY'S FALL.

1. FAREWELL, a long farewell, to all my greatness!
 This is the state of man; to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,

And bears his blushing honors thick upon him ;
 The third day comes a frost—a killing frost ;
 And when he thinks, good easy man ! full surely
 His greatness is a ripening—nips the root,
 And then he falls, as I do.

2. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory,
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me, and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream that must forever hide me.

3. Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye !
 I feel my heart new opened ; oh ! how wretched
 Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favors !
 There is, betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of princes and his ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again.

SHAKESPEARE

 CLVII.—THE RUM MANIAC.

1. "SAY, Doctor, may I not have rum,
 To quench this burning thirst within ?
 Here on this cursed bed I lie,
 And can not get one drop of gin.
 I ask not health, nor even life—
 Life ! what a curse it 's been to me !
 I'd rather sink in deepest hell,
 Than drink again its misery.

2. "But, Doctor, may I not have rum ?
 One drop alone is all I crave :
 Grant this small boon—I ask no more—
 Then I 'll defy—yes, e'en the grave ;
 Then, without fear, I 'll fold my arms,
 And bid the monster strike his dart,
 To haste me from this world of woe,
 And claim his own—this ruined heart.

3. "A thousand curses on his head
 Who gave me first the poisoned bowl,

Who taught me first this bane to drink—
 Drink—death and ruin to my soul.
 My soul! oh cruel, horrid thought!
 Full well I know thy certain fate;
 With what instinctive horror shrinks
 The spirit from that awful state!

4. “Lost—lost—I know forever lost!
 To me no ray of hope can come:
 My fate is sealed; my doom is —
 But give me rum; I will have rum.
 But, Doctor, do n't you see him there?
 In that dark corner low he sits;
 See! how he sports his fiery tongue,
 And at me burning brimstone spits!

5. “Say, do n't you see this demon fierce!
 Does no one hear? will no one come?
 Oh save me—save me—I will give—
 But rum! I must have—will have rum!
 Ah! now he's gone; once more I'm free:
 He—the boasting knave and liar—
 He said that he would take me off
 Down to — But there! my bed's on fire!

6. “Fire! water! help! come, haste—I 'b lie:
 Come, take me from this burning bed:
 The smoke—I'm choking—can not cry;
 There now—it's catching at my head!
 But see! again that demon's come;
 Look! there he peeps through yonder crack;
 Mark how his burning eyeballs flash!
 How fierce he grins! what brought him back?

7. There stands his burning coach of fire;
 He smiles and beckons me to come—
 What are those words he's written there?
 ‘In hell, we never want for rum!’”
 One loud, one piercing shriek was heard,
 One yell rang out upon the air;
 One sound, and one alone, came forth—
 The victim's cry of wild despair.

8. “Why longer wait? I'm ripe for hell;
 A spirit's sent to bear me down:

There, in the regions of the lost,
 I sure will wear a fiery crown.
 Damned, I know, without a hope!—
 One moment more, and then I 'll come!—
 And there I 'll quench my awful thirst
 With boiling, burning, fiery rum!

ALISON.

CLVIII.—BATTLE HYMN.

1. FATHER of earth and heaven! I call thy name!
 Round me the smoke and shout of battle roll;
 My eyes are dazzled with the rustling flame;
 Father! sustain an untried soldier's soul.
 Or life, or death, whatever be the goal
 That crowns or closes round the struggling hour,
 Thou knowest, if ever from my spirit stole
 One deeper prayer, 't was that no cloud might lower
 On my young fame!—O hear! God of eternal power!
2. Now for the fight! Now for the cannon-peal!
 Forward—through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire,
 Glorious the shout, the shock, the clash of steel,
 The volley's roll, the rocket's blasting spire!
 They shake! like broken waves their squares retire!
 On then, hussars! Now give them rein and heel;
 Think of the orphaned child, the murdered sire:
 Earth cries for blood!—in thunder on them wheel!
 This hour to Europe's fate shall set the triumph-seal!

THEO. KORNER.

CLIX.—ROCKS OF MY COUNTRY.

1. Rocks of my country! let the cloud your crested heights array,
 And rise ye, like a fortress proud, above the surge and spray!
 My spirit greets you as ye stand, breasting the billow's foam:
 O! thus forever guard the land, the sacred land of home!
2. I have left rich blue skies behind, lighting up classic shrines,
 And music in the southern wind, and sunshine on the vines.
 The breathings of the myrtle-flowers have floated o'er my way;
 The pilgrim's voice, at vesper-hours, hath soothed me with its
 lay.

3. The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain, the purple heavens of Rome,
 Yes, all are glorious—yet again I bless thee, Land of Home!
 For thine the sabbath peace, my land! and thine the guarded hearth;
 And thine the dead, the noble band, that make the holy earth.
- 4 Their voices meet me in thy breeze, their steps are on thy plains;
 Their names by old majestic trees are whispered round thy fanes.
 Their blood hath mingled with the tide of thine exulting sea;
 O! be it still a joy, a pride, to live and die for thee!

MRS. HEMANS.

CLX.—BRUTUS ON THE DEATH OF LUCRETIA.

1. Thus, thus, my friends! fast as our breaking hearts
 Permitted utterance, we have told our story:
 And now, to say one word of the imposture—
 The mask necessity has made me wear.
 When the ferocious malice of your king—
 King! do I call him?—when the monster, Tarquin,
 Slew, as most of you may well remember,
 My father, Marcus, and my elder brother,
 Envyng at once their virtues and their wealth,
 How could I hope a shelter from his power,
 But in the false face I have worn so long?

2. Would you know why I summoned you together?
 Ask ye what brings me here? Behold this dagger,
 Clotted with gore! Behold that frozen corpse!
 See where the lost Lucretia sleeps in death!
 She was the mark and model of the time,
 The mold in which each female face was formed,
 The very shrine and sacristy of virtue!

3. The worthiest of the worthy! not the nymph
 Who met old Numa in his hallowed walks,
 And whispered in his ear her strains divine,
 Can I conceive beyond her!—the young choir
 Of vestal virgins bent to her!—Such a mind,
 Might have abashed the boldest libertine,
 And turned desire to reverential love
 And holiest affection!

4. Oh my countrymen !
 You all can witness when that she went forth
 It was a holiday in Rome: old age
 Forgot its crutch; labor its task! all ran;
 And mothers, turning to their daughters, cried
 "There, there 's Lucretia!"—Now look ye where she lies,
 That beauteous flower, that innocent sweet rose,
 Torn up by ruthless violence—gone! gone!

5. Say—would you seek instructions! would you seek
 What ye should do?—Ask ye yon conscious walls
 Which saw his poisoned brother, saw the crime
 Committed there, and they will cry, Revenge!—
 Ask yonder senate-house, whose stones are purple
 With human blood, and it will cry, Revenge!
 Go to the tomb where lie his murdered wife,
 And the poor queen who loved him as her son,
 Their unappeased ghosts will shriek, Revenge!
 The temples of the gods, the all-viewing heaven,—
 The gods themselves—will justify the cry,
 And swell the general sound—Revenge! Revenge!

PAYNE

 CLXI.—VARIETIES.

1.—RICHARD II. ON THE VANITY OF POWER.

1. Of comfort no man speak:
 Let 's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs;
 Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes
 Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.
 Let 's choose executors and talk of wills:
 And yet not so—for what can we bequeath,
 Save our depos-ed bodies to the ground?
 Our lands, our lives, and all are Bolingbrooke's,
 And nothing can we call our own, but death,
 And that small model of our barren earth,
 Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

2. For heaven's sake let us sit upon the ground,
 And tell sad stories of the death of kings—
 How some have been deposed, some slain in war;
 Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed;
 Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed;

All murdered—for within the hollow crown,
 That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
 Keeps death his court, and there the antic sits,
 Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp;
 Allowing him a breath, a little scene
 To monarchize, be feared and killed with looks;
 Infusing him with self and vain conceit—
 As if this flesh which walls about our life,
 Were brass impregnable: and humored thus,
 Comes at the last and with a little pin
 Bores through his castle wall, and—farewell, king!

SHAKSPEARE

2.—PITY FOR A POOR OLD MAN.

1. WHAT cutting blast! and he can scarcely crawl;
 He freezes as he moves—he dies! if he should fall:
 With cruel fierceness drives this icy sleet,
 And must a Christian perish in the street,
 In sight of Christians?—There! at last he lies—
 Nor unsupported can he ever rise:
 He can not live.—In pity do behold
 The man affrighted, weeping, trembling, cold:
 Oh! how those flakes of snow their entrance win
 Through the poor rags, and keep the frost within;
 His very heart seems frozen as he goes,
 Leading that starved companion of his woes:
 He tried to pray—his lips, I saw them move,
 And he so turned his piteous looks above;
 But the fierce wind the willing heart opposed,
 And, ere he spoke, the lips in misery closed:
 Poor suffering object! yes, for ease you prayed,
 And God will hear—He only, I'm afraid.

2. When reached his home to what a cheerless fire
 And chilling bed will those cold limbs retire?
 Yet ragged, wretched as it is, that bed
 Takes half the space of his contracted shed;
 I saw the thorns beside the narrow grate,
 With straw collected in a putrid state:
 There will he, kneeling, strive the fire to raise,
 And that will warm him rather than the blaze;
 The sullen, smoky blaze, that can not last
 One moment after his attempt is past:
 And I so warmly and so purely laid,
 To sink to rest—indeed, I am afraid.

CRABBE

3.—SEYD'S DETERMINED REVENGE.

GULNARE!—if for each drop of blood a gem
 Were offered rich as Stamboul's diadem;
 If for each hair of his a massy mine
 Of virgin ore should supplicating shine;
 If all our Arab tales divulge or dream
 Of wealth were here—that gold should not redeem!
 It had not now redeemed a single hour;
 But that I know him fettered, in my power;
 And, thirsting for revenge, I ponder still
 On pangs that longest rack, and latest kill.

BYRON

4.—REVENGE.

Must I despise thee too, as well as hate thee?
 Complain of grief!—Complain thou art a man.
 Priam from fortune's lofty summit fell,
 Great Alexander 'mid his conquests mourned,
 Heroes and demigods have known their sorrows,
 Cæsars have wept—and I have had my blow!
 But 't is revenged; and now, my work is done!
 Yet, ere I fall, be it one part of vengeance
 To make even thee confess that I am just.
 Thou seest a prince, whose father thou hast slain,
 Whose native country thou hast laid in blood,
 Whose sacred person—oh!—thou hast profaned,
 Whose reign extinguished! What was left to me,
 So highly born?—No kingdom, but revenge!
 No treasure, but thy tortures, and thy groans!
 If cold white mortals censure this great deed,
 Warn them, they judge not of superior beings,
 Souls made of fire, and children of the sun,
 With whom revenge is virtue!

T. C. S. G.

CLXII.—OTHELLO'S APOLOGY.

1. Most potent, grave, and reverend seigniors:
 My very noble, and approved good masters:
 That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true; true, I have married her:
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent; no more.

2. Rude am I in speech,
 And little blessed with the set phrase of peace:
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
 Their dearest action in the tented field;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broils and battle;
 And therefore, little shall I grace my cause,
 In speaking of myself.

3. Yet, by your patience,
 I will, a round, unvarnished tale deliver,
 Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic—
 For such proceedings I am charged withal—
 I won his daughter with.

4. Her father loved me; oft invited me;
 Still questioned me the story of my life,
 From year to year: the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I had past.
 I ran it through, e'en from my boyish days,
 To the very moment, that he bade me tell it.
 Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances;
 Of moving accidents by flood and field;
 Of hairbreadth 'scapes, in the imminent deadly breach;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
 And with it all my travel's history.

5. All these to hear,
 Would Desdemona seriously incline;
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence,
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
 She'd come again, and with a greedy ear,
 Devour up my discourse. Which, I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate;
 Whereof by parcels, she had something heard,
 But not distinctly.

6. I did consent;
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke,

That by my youth suffered. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains, a world of sighs.
 She swore in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange;
 'T was pitiful; 't was wondrous pitiful;
 She wished she had not heard it; yet she wished
 That heaven had made her such a man.

7. She thanked me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story,
 And that would woo her. On this hint I spake;
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed;
 And I loved her, that she did pity them.
 This is the only witchcraft which I've used.

SHAKSPEARE

CLXIII.—HOTSPUR'S DESCRIPTION OF A FOP

1. My liege, I did deny no prisoners.
 But I remember, when the fight was done,
 When I was dry with rage, and extreme toil,
 Breathless, and faint, leaning upon my sword,
 Came there a certain lord, neat, trimly dressed,
 Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reaped,
 Showed like stubble-land at harvest home.

2. He was perfumed like a milliner;
 And, twixt his finger and his thumb, he held
 A pouncet-box, which, ever and anon,
 He gave his nose. And still he smiled, and talked,
 And as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
 To bring a slovenly, unhandsome corpse
 Betwixt the wind and his nobility.

3. With many holiday and lady terms,
 He questioned me; among the rest, demanded
 My prisoners, in her majesty's behalf;
 I then, all smarting with my wounds, being galled
 To be so pestered with a popinjay,
 Out of my grief and my impatience,
 Answered negligently—I know not what—
 He should, or should not; for he made me mad,
 To see him shine so brisk, and smell so sweet,

And talk so like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns, and drums, and wounds—heaven save the mark—
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth,
Was spermaceti—for an inward bruise:

4. And that it was great pity—so it was—
That villainous saltpeter should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good, tall fellow had destroyed
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns,
He would himself have been a soldier.

5. This bald, unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current, for an accusation,
Betwixt my love, and your high majesty.

SHAKESPEARE.

CLXIV.—THE GAMBLER'S WIFE.

1. DARK is the night! how dark—no light—no fire!
Cold, on the hearth, the last faint sparks expire!
Shivering she watches by the cradle side,
For him who pledged her love—last year a bride!
2. "Hark! 'tis his footstep! No—'tis past: 'tis gone:
Tick!—Tick!—How wearily the time crawls on!
Why should he leave me thus? He once was kind!
And I believed 'twould last—how mad!—how blind!
3. "Rest thee, my babe!—rest on!—'tis hunger's cry:
Sleep!—for there is no food! the fount is dry!
Famine and cold their wearying work have done,
My heart must break!—and thou!" The clock strikes one
4. "Hush! 'tis the dice-box! Yes, he's there, he's there,
For this! for this he leaves me to despair!
Leaves love! leaves truth! his wife! his child! for what!
The wanton's smile—the villain—and the sot!
5. "Yet I'll not curse him! No! 'tis all in vain!
'Tis long to wait, but sure he'll come again!
And I could starve and bless him, but for you,
My child!—his child!—O fiend!" The clock strikes two

6. "Hark! how the sign-board creaks! The blast howls by!
Moan! moan! A dirge swells through the cloudy sky!
Ha! 'tis his knock! he comes!—he comes once more!
'Tis but the lattice flaps! Thy hope is o'er.
7. "Can he desert me thus? He knows I stay
Night after night in loneliness to pray
For his return—and yet he sees no tear!
No! no! it can not be. He will be here.
8. "Nestle more closely, dear one, to my heart!
Thou 'rt cold! thou 'rt freezing! But we will not part.
Husband!—I die!—Father!—It is not he!
Oh God! protect my child!" The clock strikes three.
9. They 're gone! they 're gone! the glimmering spark hath fled
The wife and child are numbered with the dead!
On the cold hearth, out-stretched in solemn rest,
The child lies frozen on its mother's breast!
The gambler came at last—but all was o'er—
Dead silence reigned around—The clock struck four!

COATES

CLXV.—CASSIUS AGAINST CÆSAR.

1. Honor is the subject of my story,
I can not tell what you, and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as myself.
I was born as free as Cæsar; so were you;
We have both fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

2. For, once upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber, chafing with its shores,
Cæsar says to me—"Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me, into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?"—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plung'd in,
And bade him follow; so, indeed he did.
The torrent roared, and we did buffet it;
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside,
And stemming it, with hearts of controversy.

But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried—"Help me, Cassius, or I sink."

3. I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy, upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar; and this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
If Cæsar carelessly but nod to him.

4. He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their color fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did lose its luster; I did hear him groan,
Aye, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
"Alas!" it cried—"Give me some drink, Titinius."

5. Ye gods! it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.
Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a Colossus, and we, petty men,
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

6. Men, at some time, are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar! What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together: yours is as fair a name;
Sound them: it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them: 't is as heavy: conjure with 'em:
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

7. Now, in the name of all the gods at once,
Upon what meats doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he hath grown so great? Age, thou art ashamed;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?

When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
 Oh! you, and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked
 The infernal devil, to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

SHAKSPERE

CLXVI.—RIENZI'S ADDRESS TO THE ROMANS.

1. I COME not here to talk. You know too well
 The story of our thralldom. We are slaves!
 The bright sun rises to his course and lights
 A race of slaves! He sets, and his last beams
 Fall on a slave; not such as swept along
 By the full tide of power, the conqueror led
 To crimson glory and undying fame:
 But base, ignoble slaves; slaves to a horde
 Of petty tyrants, feudal despots, lords,
 Rich in some dozen paltry villages;
 Strong in some hundred spearmen; only great
 In that strange spell—a name.

2. Each hour, dark fraud,
 Or open rapine, or protected murder,
 Cry out against them. But this very day
 An honest man, my neighbor—there he stands—
 Was struck—struck like a dog, by one who wore
 The badge of Ursini; because, forsooth,
 He tossed not high his ready cap in air,
 Nor lifted up his voice in servile shouts,
 At sight of that great ruffian! Be we men,
 And suffer such dishonor? men, and wash not
 The stain away in blood? Such shames are common;
 I have known deeper wrongs; I, that speak to you
 I had a brother once—a gracious boy,
 Full of gentleness, of calmest hope,
 Of sweet and quiet joy: there was the look
 Of heaven upon his face, which limners give
 To the beloved disciple.

3. How I loved
 That gracious boy! Younger by fifteen years,
 Brother at once, and son! He left my side,

A summer bloom on his fair cheek, a smile
 Parting his innocent lips. In one short hour,
 That pretty, harmless boy was slain! I saw
 The corse, the mangled corse, and then I cried
 For vengeance! Rouse, ye Romans! rouse, ye slaves!
 Have ye brave sons? Look in the next fierce brawl
 To see them die. Have ye fair daughters? Look
 To see them live, torn from your arms, distained,
 Dishonored; and if ye dare call for justice,
 Be answered by the lash!

4. Yet this is Rome,
 That sat on her seven hills, and, from her throne
 Of beauty, ruled the world! Yet we are Romans!
 Why, in that elder day, to be a Roman,
 Was greater than a king! and once again—
 Hear me, ye walls, that echoed to the tread
 Of either Brutus! once, again, I swear,
 The eternal city shall be free. MISS MITFORD

CLXVII.—THE SAILOR BOY'S DREAM.

- 1 IN slumbers of midnight the sailor-boy lay;
 His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
 But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
 And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.
- 2 He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
 And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
 While memory stood sidewise, half-covered with flowers,
 And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.
3. Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
 And bade the young dreamer in ecstacy rise—
 Now far, far behind him the green waters glide,
 And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.
- 4 The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
 And the swallow sings sweet from her nest in the wall.
 All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
 And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.
5. A father bends o'er him with looks of delight,
 His cheek is imperled with a mother's warm tear,

- And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
 With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.
- 6 The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
 Joy quickens his pulse—all his hardships seem o'er,
 And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
 "Oh God thou hast blest me—I ask for no more."
- 7 Ah! what is that flame, which now bursts on his eye?
 Ah! what is that sound which now larums his ear?
 'T is the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky!
 'T is the crash of the thunder, the groan of the spherel
8. He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck;
 Amazement confronts him with images dire—
 Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck—
 The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!
9. Like mountains the billows tremendously swell—
 In vain the lost wretch calls on Mercy to save;
 Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
 And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave!
10. Oh! sailor-boy, woe to thy dream of delight!
 In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss—
 Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,
 Thy parent's fond pressure, and love's honeyed kiss?
11. Oh! sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again
 Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;
 Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
 Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.
12. No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
 Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge:
 But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
 And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge.
- 13 On beds of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid,
 Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;
 Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made.
 And every part suit to thy mansion below.
14. Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,
 And still the vast waters above thee shall roll—
 Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye—
 Oh! sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul. DIMOND.

CLXVIII.—HENRY V. AT HARFLEUR.

1. ONCE more unto the breach, dear friends, once more;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead.
 In peace there 's nothing so becomes a man
 As modest stillness and humility;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage;
 Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
 Let it pry through the portage of the head
 Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
 As fearfully as doth a gall-ed rock
 O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
 Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.

2. Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide,
 Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
 To his full hight. Now on, you noblest English,
 Whose blood is fetched from fathers of war-proof;
 Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheathed their swords for lack of argument:
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war!

3. And you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs are made in England, show us here
 The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not.
 For there is none of you so mean and base
 That hath not noble luster in your eye;
 I see you stand like grayhounds in the slips,
 Straining upon the start: the game 's a-foot;
 Follow your spirit; and, upon this charge,
 Cry, Heaven for Harry, England, and St. George!

SHAKESPEARE.

CLXIX.—SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

1 ALL the world 's a stage,
 And all the men and women merely players:
 They have their exits and their entrances,

And one man in his time plays many parts,
 His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
 Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
 Then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail
 Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
 Sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, a soldier,
 Full of strange oaths, and beard like a pard,
 Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
 Seeking the bubble reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth.

2. And then, the justice,
 In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances:
 And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slippered pantaloan,
 With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
 His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
 For his shrunk shank, and his big manly voice,
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange, eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

SHAKSPEARE

CLXX.—PARRHASIUS.

1. PARRHASIUS stood, gazing forgetfully
 Upon his canvas. There Prometheus lay,
 Chained to the cold rocks of Mount Caucasus,
 The vultures at his vitals, and the links
 Of the lame Lemnian festering in his flesh;
 And, as the painter's mind felt through the dim,
 Rapt mystery, and plucked the shadows wild
 Forth with his reaching fancy, and with form
 And color clad them, his fine, earnest eye
 Flashed with a passionate fire, and the quick curl
 Of his thin nostril, and his quivering lip,
 Were like the winged god's breathing from his flight.

2. "Bring me the captive now!
 My hand feels skillful, and the shadows lift
 From my waked spirit airily and swift;
 And I could paint the bow
 Upon the bended heavens; around me play
 Colors of such divinity to-day.
- 3 "Ha! bind him on his back!
 Look! as Prometheus in my picture here!
 Quick! or he faints! stand with the cordial near!
 Now, bend him to the rack!
 Press down the poisoned links into his flesh!
 And tear agape that healing wound afresh!
- 4 "So! let him writhe! How long
 Will he live thus? Quick, my good pencil, now!
 What a fine agony works upon his brow!
 Ha! gray-haired, and so strong!
 How fearfully he stifles that short moan!
 Gods! if I could but paint a dying groan!
- 5 "'Pity' thee? So I do;
 I pity the dumb victim at the altar;
 But does the robed priest for his pity falter?
 I'd rack thee, though I knew
 A thousand lives were perishing in thine;
 What were ten thousand to a fame like mine?
6. "Ah! there's a deathless name!
 A spirit that the smothering vault shall spurn,
 And, like a steadfast planet, mount and burn;
 And though its crown of flame
 Consumed my brain to ashes as it won me;
 By all the fiery stars! I'd pluck it on me!
- 7 "Ay, though it bid me rifle
 My heart's last fount for its insatiate thirst;
 Though every life-strung nerve be maddened first;
 Though it should bid me stifle
 The yearning in my throat for my sweet child,
 And taunt its mother till my brain went wild.
8. "All! I would do it all,
 Sooner than die, like a dull worm, to rot;
 Thrust foully in the earth to be forgot.
 Oh heavens! but I appall

Your heart, old man! forgive—ha! on your lives
Let him not faint! rack him till he revives!

9. "Vain—vain—give o'er. His eye
Glazes apace. He does not feel you now.
Stand back! I'll paint the death dew on his brow!
Gods! if he do not die
But for one moment—one—till I eclipse
Conception with the scorn of those calm lips!

10. "Shivering! Hark! he mutters
Brokenly now; that was a difficult breath;
Another? Wilt thou never come, oh, Death?
Look! how his temple flutters!
Is his heart still? Aha! lift up his head!
He shudders—gasps—Jove help him—so, he's dead!"

11. How like a mountain devil in the heart
Rules this unreined ambition! Let it once
But play the monarch, and its haughty brow
Glow with a beauty that bewilders thought
And unthrones peace forever. Putting on
The very pomp of Lucifer, it turns
The heart to ashes, and with not a spring
Left in the desert for the spirit's lip,
We look upon our splendor, and forget
The thirst of which we perish!

WILLIS.

CLXXI.—THE SEMINOLE'S DEFIANCE.

1. BLAZE, with your serried columns! I will not bend the knee;
The shackle ne'er again shall bind the arm which now is free!
I've mailed it with the thunder, when the tempest muttered
low;
And where it falls, ye well may dread the lightning of its blow
I've scared you in the city; I've scalped you on the plain;
Go, count your chosen where they fell beneath my leaden rain!
I scorn your proffered treaty; the pale-face I defy;
Revenge is stamped upon my spear, and "blood" my battle-
cry!
2. Some strike for hope of booty; some to defend their all:—
I battle for the jcy I have to see the white man fall.

I love, among the wounded, to hear his dying moan,
 And catch, while chanting at his side, the music of his groan.
 Ye've trailed me through the forest; ye've tracked me o'er
 the stream;

And struggling through the everglade your bristling bayonets
 gleam.

But I stand as should the warrior, with his rifle and his spear;
 The scalp of vengeance still is red, and warns you—"Come
 not here!"

3 Think ye to find my homestead?—I gave it to the fire.
 My tawny household do ye seek?—I am a childless sire.
 But, should ye crave life's nourishment, enough I have, and
 good;

I live on hate—'t is all my bread; yet light is not my food.
 I loathe you with my bosom! I scorn you with mine eye!
 And I'll taunt you with my latest breath, and fight you till I
 die!

I ne'er will ask for quarter, and I ne'er will be your slave;
 But I'll swim the sea of slaughter till I sink beneath the
 wave!

G. W. PATTEN.

CLXXII.—LOVE OF COUNTRY.

1. BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
 Who never to himself hath said,
 "This is my own, my native land!"
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
 As home his footsteps he hath turned,
 From wandering on a foreign strand?
 If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
 For him no minstrel-raptures swell.

2. High though his titles, proud his name,
 Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
 Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
 The wretch, concentrated all in self,
 Living, shall forfeit fair renown;
 And, doubly dying, shall go down
 To the vile dust from which he sprung,
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

3 O Caledonia! stern and wild,
 Meet nurse for a poetic child,

Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
 Land of the mountain and the flood,
 Land of my sires; what mortal hand
 Can e'er untie the filial band,
 That knits me to thy rugged strand?

SCOTT.

 CLXXIII.—VARIETIES.

1.—MELANCHOLY.

1. O MAN! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time!
 Misspending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious youthful prime!
 Alternate follies take the sway;
 Licentious passions burn;
 Which tenfold force give nature's law,
 That man was made to mourn.

2. Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might;
 Man then is useful to his kind,
 Supported is his right:
 But see him on the edge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn,
 Then age and want, oh! ill-matched pair!
 Show man was made to mourn.

3. A few seem favorites of fate,
 In pleasures lap caressed;
 Yet think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.
 But, oh! what crowds in every land
 Are wretched and forlorn;
 Through weary life this lesson learn
 That man was made to mourn.

4. Many and sharp the nameless ills
 Inwoven with our frame!
 More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, remorse, and shame!
 And man, whose heaven-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn,

Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn.

5. See yonder poor, o'er-labored wight,
 So abject, mean and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil;
 And see his lordly fellow-worm
 The poor petition spurn,
 Unmindful though a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.
6. O death! the poor man's dearest friend,
 The kindest and the best!
 Welcome the hour my aged limbs
 Are laid by thee to rest!
 The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
 From pomp and pleasure torn;
 But, oh! a blest relief to those
 That weary-laden mourn!

BURNS.

2.—JEALOUSY.

I do mistrust thee, woman! and each word
 Of thine stamps truth on all suspicion heard.
 Borne in his arms through fire from yon Serai—
 Say, wert thou lingering there with him to fly?
 Thou need'st not answer, thy confession speaks,
 Already reddening on thy guilty cheeks!
 Then, lovely dame, bethink thee! and beware;
 'T is not his life alone may claim such care;
 Another word—and—nay—I need no more.
 Accurséd was the moment when he bore
 Thee from the flames, which better far—but—no—
 I then had mourned thee with a lover's woe—
 Now 't is thy lord that warns, deceitful thing!
 Know'st thou that I can clip thy wanton wing?
 In words alone I am not wont to chafe:
 Look to thyself, nor deem thy falsehood safe!

BYRON

3.—HOPE.

It shall be my delight to tend his eyes,
 And view him sitting in the house, ennobled
 With all those high exploits by him achieved,
 And on his shoulders waving down those locks

That, of a nation armed, the strength contained;
 And, I persuade me, God hath not permitted
 His strength again to grow up with his hair,
 Garrisoned round about him like a camp
 Of faithful soldiery, were not his purpose
 To use him farther yet in some great service;
 Not to sit idle with so great a gift
 Useless, and thence ridiculous about him;
 And, since his strength with eye-sight was not lost,
 God will restore him eye-sight to his strength.

MILTON.

4.—FEAR.

Oh, agony of fear!
 Would that he yet might live! even now I heard
 The legate's followers whisper, as they passed,
 They had a warrant for his instant death,
 All was prepared by unforbidden means,
 Which we must pay so dearly, having done,
 Even now they search the tower, and find the body,
 Now they suspect the truth; now they consult
 Before they come to tax us with the fact;
 O, horrible! 't is all discovered!

SHELLEY

5.—THE POWER OF LOVE.

BUT love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immured in the brain;
 But with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power;
 And gives to every power a double power,
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye;
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopped;
 Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails;
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste;
 For valor, is not love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
 Subtle as sphinx, as sweet and musical
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
 And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods,
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.

Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs ;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility. SHAKESPEARE.

CLXXIV.—FROM LALLA ROOKH.

- 1 But see—he starts—what heard he then ?
 That dreadful shout!—across the glen
 From the land-side it comes, and loud
 Rings through the chasm ; as if the crowd
 Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,
 Its Ghouls and Dives and shapes of hell,
 Had all in one dread howl broke out,
 So loud, so terrible that shout!
 “They come—the Moslems come!” he cries,
 His proud soul mounting to his eyes—
 “Now spirits of the brave, who roam
 Enfranchised through yon starry dome,
 Rejoice—for souls of kindred fire
 Are on the wing to join your choir!”

- 2 He said—and, light as bridegrooms bound
 To their young loves, reclimbed the steep
 And gained the shrine—his chiefs stood round—
 Their swords, as with instinctive leap,
 Together, at that cry accurst,
 Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst,
 And hark!—again—again it rings ;
 Near and more near its echoings
 Peal through the chasms—Oh! who that then
 Had seen those listening warrior-men,
 With their swords grasped, their eyes of flame
 Turned on their chief—could doubt the shame,
 The indignant shame with which they thrill
 To hear those shouts and yet stand still?

3. He read their thoughts—they were his own—
 “What! while our arms can wield these blades,
 Shall we die tamely? die alone?
 Without one victim to our shades,
 One Moslem heart, where, buried deep,
 The saber from its toil may sleep?
 No—God of Iran's burning skies!

Thou scorn'st the inglorious sacrifice.
 No—though of all earth's hope bereft,
 Life, swords, and vengeance still are left:
 We 'll make yon valley's reeking caves
 Live in the awestruck minds of men,
 Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
 Tell of the Gueber's bloody glen!
 Follow, brave hearts!—this pile remains
 Our refuge still from life and chains;
 But his the best, the holiest bed,
 Who sinks entombed in Moslem dead!"

MOORE.

CLXXV.—MOLOCH AND SATAN, BEFORE THE POWERS OF
 HELL.

1. ONE there was whose loud defying tongue
 Nor hope nor fear had silenced, but the swell
 Of overboiling malice. Utterance long
 His passion mocked and long he strove to tell
 His laboring ire; still syllable none fell
 From his pale quivering lip, but died away
 For very fury; from each hollow cell
 Half sprang his eyes, that cast a flamy ray.

2. "This comes," at length burst from the furious chief,
 "This comes of dastard counsels! Here behold
 The fruits of wily cunning! the relief
 Which coward policy would fain unfold
 To soothe the powers that warred with heaven of old.
 O wise! O potent! O sagacious snare!
 And lo! our prince—the mighty and the bold,
 There stands he, spell-struck, gaping at the air
 While heaven subverts his reign and plants her standard there."

3. Here as recovered, Satan fixed his eye
 Full on the speaker—dark as it was stern—
 He wrapped his black vest round him gloomily
 And stood like one whom weightiest thoughts concern.
 Him Moloch marked and strove again to turn
 His soul to rage. "Behold, behold," he cried,
 "The lord of hell, who bade these legions spurn
 Almighty rule—behold he lays aside
 The spear of just revenge, and shrinks, by man defied."

4. Thus ended Moloch, and his burning tongue
 Hung quivering as if mad to quench its heat
 In slaughter. So, his native wilds among,
 The famished tiger pants, when near his seat,
 Pressed on the sands, he marks the traveler's feet.
 Instant low murmurs rose, and many a sword
 Had from its scabbard sprung; but toward the seat
 Of the arch-fiend, all turned with one accord,
 As loud he thus harangued the sanguinary horde:

5. "Ye powers of hell, I am no coward. I proved this of old. Who led your forces against the armies of Jehovah? Who coped with Ithuriel, and the thunders of the Almighty? Who, when stunned and confused ye lay on the burning lake, who first awoke and collected your scattered powers? Lastly, who led you across the unfathomable abyss to this delightful world, and established that reign here which now totters to its base? How, therefore, dares yon treacherous fiend to cast a stain on Satan's bravery? He, who preys only on the defenseless—who sucks the blood of infants, and delights only in acts of ignoble cruelty and unequal contention! Away with the boaster who never joins in action; but, like a cormorant, hovers over the field, to feed upon the wounded and overwhelm the dying. True bravery is as remote from rashness as from hesitation. Let us counsel coolly, but let us execute our counseled purposes determinedly. In power, we have learned by that experiment which lost us heaven, that we are inferior to the thunder-bearer: in subtlety—in subtlety alone, we are his equals." WHITE.

CLXXVI.—THE FIREMAN.

1. HOARSE wintry blasts a solemn requiem sung
 To the departed day,
 Upon whose bier
 The velvet pall of midnight had been flung,
 And nature mourned through one wide hemisphere
 Silence and darkness held their cheerless sway,
 Save in the haunts of riotous excess,
 And half the world in dreamy slumbers lay—

Lost in the maze of sweet forgetfulness,
 When lo! upon the startled ear,
 There broke a sound so dread and drear—
 As, like a sudden peal of thunder,
 Burst the bands of sleep asunder,
 And filled a thousand throbbing hearts with fear.

2. Hark! the faithful watchman's cry
 Speaks a conflagration nigh!—
 See! yon glare upon the sky,
 Confirms the fearful tale.
 The deep-mouthed bells, with rapid tone,
 Combine to make the tidings known;
 Affrighted silence now has flown,
 And sounds of terror freight the chilly gale!

3. At the first note of this discordant din,
 The gallant fireman from his slumber starts:
 Reckless of toil and danger, if he win
 The tributary meed of grateful hearts.
 From pavement rough, or frozen ground,
 His engine's rattling wheels resound,
 And soon before his eyes
 The lurid flames, with horrid glare,
 Mingled with murky vapors rise,
 In wreathy folds upon the air,
 And veil the frowning skies!

4. Sudden a shriek assails his heart—
 A female shriek, so piercing wild,
 As makes his very life-blood start—
 "My child! Almighty God, my child!"
 He hears,
 And 'gainst the tottering wall,
 The ponderous ladder rears;
 While blazing fragments round him fall,
 And crackling sounds assail his ears.

5. His sinewy arm, with one rude crash,
 Hurls to the earth the opposing sash;
 And heedless of the startling din—
 Though smoky volumes round him roll,
 The mother's shriek has pierced his soul,
 See! see! he plunges in!
 The admiring crowd, with hopes and fears,

In breathless expectation stands,
 When lo! the daring youth appears,
 Hailed by a burst of warm, ecstatic cheers,
 Bearing the child triumphant in his hands!

CLXXVII.—THE DYING BRIGAND.

- 1 SHE stood before the dying man,
 And her eye grew wildly bright—
 “Ye will not pause for a woman’s ban,
 Nor shrink from a woman’s might;
 And his glance is dim that made you fly,
 As ye before have fled:
 Look dastards!—how the brave can die—
 Beware!—he is not dead!

- 2 By his blood you have tracked him to his lair!—
 Would you bid the spirit part?—
 He that durst harm one single hair
 Must reach it through my heart.
 I can not weep, for my brain is dry—
 Nor plead, for I know not how;
 But my aim is sure, and the shaft may fly,—
 And the bubbling life-blood flow!

3. Yet leave me, while dim life remains,
 To list his parting sigh;
 To kiss away those gory stains,
 To close his beamless eye!
 Ye will not! no—he triumphs still,
 Whose foes his death-pangs dread—
 His was the power—yours but the will:
 Back—back—he is not dead!

- 4 His was the power that held in thrall,
 Through many a glorious year,
 Priests, burghers, nobles, princes, all
 Slaves worship, hate, or fear.
 Wrongs, insults, injuries thrust him forth
 A bandit chief to dwell;
 How he avenged his slighted worth,
 Ye, cravens, best may tell!

5. His spirit lives in the mountain breath,
 It flows in the mountain wave;

Rock—stream—hath done the work of death—
 Yon deep ravine—the grave!—
 That which hath been again may be!—
 Ah! by yon fleeting sun,
 Who stirs, no morning ray shall see—
 His sand of life has run!”

6. Defiance shone in her flashing eye,
 But her heart beat wild with fear—
 She starts—the bandit's last faint sigh
 Breathes on her sharpened ear—
 She gazes on each stiffening limb,
 And the death-damp chills her brow;—
 “For him I lived—I die with him!
 Slaves, do your office now!”

CLXXVIII.—SOLILOQUY FROM MANFRED.

1. THE spirits I have raised abandon me—
 The spells which I have studied baffle me—
 The remedy I recked of tortured me;
 I lean no more on superhuman aid,
 It hath no power upon the past, and for
 The future, till the past be gulfed in darkness,
 It is not of my search. My mother earth!
 And thou, fresh breaking day; and you, ye mountains,
 Why are ye beautiful? I can not love ye.

2. And thou, the bright eye of the universe,
 That openest over all, and unto all
 Art a delight—thou shinest not on my heart:
 And you, ye crags, upon whose extreme edge
 I stand, and on the torrent's brink beneath
 Behold the tall pines dwindle as to shrubs
 In dizziness of distance; when a leap,
 A stir, a motion, even a breath, would bring
 My breast upon its rocky bosom's bed
 To rest forever—wherefore do I pause?

3. I feel the impulse—yet I do not plunge;
 I see the peril—yet do not recede;
 And my brain reels—and yet my foot is firm:
 There is a power upon me which withholds

And makes it my fatality to live:
 If it be life to wear within myself
 This barrenness of spirit, and to be
 My own soul's sepulcher, for I have ceased
 To justify my deeds unto myself—
 The last infirmity of evil.

4. Ay, thou winged and cloud-cleaving minister,
[An eagle passes.]

Whose happy flight is highest into heaven,
 Well mayest thou swoop so near me—I should be
 Thy prey, and gorge thine eaglets; thou art gone
 Where the eye can not follow thee; but thine
 Yet pierces downward, onward or above
 With a pervading vision.

5. Beautiful!
 How beautiful is all this visible world!
 How glorious in its action and itself!
 But we, who name ourselves its sovereigns, we,
 Half-dust, half-deity, alike unfit
 To sink or soar, with our mixed essence make
 A conflict of its elements, and breathe
 The breath of degradation and of pride,
 Contending with low wants and lofty will
 Till our mortality predominates,
 And men are—what they name not to themselves,
 And trust not to each other.

6. Hark! the note,
[The shepherd's pipe in the distance is heard.]
 The natural music of the mountain reed—
 For here the patriarchal days are not
 A pastoral fable—pipes in the liberal air,
 Mixed with the sweet bells of the sauntering herd;
 My soul would drink those echoes. Oh, that I were
 The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,
 A living voice, a breathing harmony,
 A bodiless enjoyment—born and dying
 With the blest tone which made me!

BYRON

CLXXIX.—GINEVRA.

1. SHE was an only child, her name Ginevra,
 The joy, the pride of an indulgent father;

And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
 Marrying an only son, Francisco Doria,
 Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

2. She was all gentleness, all gayety,
 Her pranks the favorite theme of every tongue.
 But now the day was come, the day, the hour,
 Now frowning, smiling for the hundredth time,
 The nurse, the ancient lady, preached decorum ;
 And in the luster of her youth she gave
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francisco.

3. Great was the joy ; but at the nuptial feast,
 When all sat down, the bride herself was wanting,
 Nor was she to be found ! Her father cried,
 " 'T is but to make a trial of our love !"
 And filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook,
 And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.

4. 'T was but that instant she had left Francisco,
 Laughing, and looking back, and flying still,
 Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger ;
 But, now, alas she was not to be found ;
 Nor from that hour could any thing be guessed,
 But that she was not !

5. Weary of his life,
 Francisco flew to Venice, and embarking,
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
 The father lived, and long might you have seen
 An old man wandering as in quest of something ;
 Something he could not find, he knew not what.
 When he was gone the house remained awhile
 Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.

6. Full fifty years were past, and all forgotten,
 When on an idle day, a day of search,
 'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
 That mouldering chest was noticed, and 't was said
 By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra ;
 " Why not remove it from its lurking place ?"

7. 'T was done as soon as said, but on the way
 It burst, it fell ; and lo ! a skeleton,
 With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,
 A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold.

All else had perished—save a wedding-ring
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
 Engraven with a name, the name of both, 'Ginevra'

8. There then she had found a grave!
 Within that chest had she concealed herself,
 Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy,
 When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
 Fastened her down forever!

ROGERS

CLXXX.—"EXCELSIOR!"

1. THE shades of night were falling fast,
 As through an Alpine village passed
 A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
 A banner with the strange device,
 "Excelsior!"
2. His brow was sad; his eye, beneath,
 Flashed like a falchion from its sheath:
 And like a silver clarion rung
 The accents of that unknown tongue,
 "Excelsior!"
3. In happy homes he saw the light
 Of household fires gleam warm and bright:
 Above, the spectral glaciers shone;
 And from his lips escaped a groan,
 "Excelsior!"
4. "Try not the pass!" the old man said,
 "Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
 The roaring torrent's deep and wide!"
 And loud that clarion voice replied,
 "Excelsior!"
5. "Oh! stay," the maiden said, "and rest
 Thy weary head upon this breast!"—
 A tear stood in his bright blue eye;
 But still he answered, with a sigh,
 "Excelsior!"
6. "Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
 Beware the awful avalanche!"

This was the peasant's last good-night;—
A voice replied, far up the hight,
"Excelsior!"

7. At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Uttered the oft-repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
"Excelsior!"

8. A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping in his hand of ice
That banner with the strange device,
"Excelsior!"

9. There, in the twilight cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay;
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star—
"Excelsior!"

LONGFELLOW.

CLXXXI.—SOLILOQUY OF KING RICHARD III.

1. GIVE me another horse—bind up my wounds—
Have mercy, Jesu—soft: I did but dream!
O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!
The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight.
What do I fear? Myself? There's none else by.
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.
Is there a murderer here? No: yes; I am.
Then fly. What! From myself? Great reason, why?
Lest I revenge. What? Myself on myself?
I love myself? Wherefore? For any good
That I myself have done unto myself?
O, no; alas! I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.

2. I am a villain: yet I lie; I am not.
Fool, of thyself speak well—fool, do not flatter—
My conscience hath a thousand several tongues;
And every tongue brings in a several tale;
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the highest degree,

Murder, stern murder, in the direst degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all, Guilty! guilty!
 I shall despair. There is no creature loves me,
 And, if I die, no soul will pity me;
 Nay; wherefore should they; since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself?—
 Methought the souls of all that I had murdered
 Came to my tent, and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

SHAKSPEARE

CLXXXII.—MOONLIGHT AND MUSIC.

1. How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
 There's not the smallest orb, which thou beholdest,
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim:
 But, while this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we can not hear it.—
 Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn;
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
 And draw her home with music.

2. Do thou but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
 Which is the hot condition of their blood;
 If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
 Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of music. Therefore, the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
 Since nought so stockish hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,

Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus:
 Let no such man be trusted.

SHAKSPEARE

CLXXXIII.—THE ISLES OF GREECE.

1. THE isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,—
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
 Eternal summer gilds them yet;
 But all, except their sun, is set.
2. The mountains look on Marathon—
 And Marathon looks on the sea;
 And musing there an hour alone,
 I dreamed that Greece might still be free,
 For, standing on the Persian's grave,
 I could not deem myself a slave.
3. 'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
 Though linked among a fettered race,
 To feel at least a patriot's shame,
 Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
 For what is left the poet here?
 For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.
4. Must we but weep o'er days more blessed?
 Must we but blush?—Our fathers' blood—
 Earth! render back from out thy breast
 A remnant of our Spartan dead!
 Of the three hundred grant but three,
 To make a new Thermopylæ.
5. What! silent still? and silent all?
 Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
 Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
 And answer, "Let one living head,
 But one arise,—we come, we come!"
 'Tis but the living who are dumb.
6. In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
 Fill high the cup with Samian wine!

Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
 And shed the blood of Scio's vine!—
 Hark! rising to the ignoble call,
 How answers each bold bacchanal!

7. The tyrant of the Chersonese
 Was freedom's best and bravest friend:
 That tyrant was Miltiades!
 O that the present hour would lend
 Another despot of the kind!
 Such chains as his were sure to bind.

8. Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
 They have a king who buys and sells.
 In native swords and native ranks
 The only hope of courage dwells;
 But Turkish force and Latin fraud
 Would break your shield, however broad.

9. Place me on Sunium's marble steep,
 Where nothing, save the waves and I,
 May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
 There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
 A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
 Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

BYRON

CLXXXIV.—VARIETIES.

1.—DISAPPOINTED AMBITION.

WHAT is 't to me, if all have stooped in turn?
 Does fellowship in chains make bondage proud?
 Does the plague lose its venom if it taint
 My brother with myself? Is 't victory,
 If I but find stretched by my bleeding side
 All who come with me in the golden morn,
 And shouted as my banner met the sun?
 I can not think on 't. There's no faith in earth!
 The very men with whom I walked through life,
 Nay, till within this hour, in all the bonds
 Of courtesy and high companionship,
 They all deserted me; Metellus, Scipio,
 Æmilius, Cato, even my kinsman, Cæsar.

All the chief names and senators of Rome,
 This day, as if the heavens had stamped me black,
 Turned on their heel, just at the point of fate;
 Left me a mockery, in the rabble's midst,
 And followed their plebeian consul, Cicero!
 This was the day to which I looked through life;
 And it has failed me—vanished from my grasp,
 Like air.

CROLY

2.—DESPAIR.

I TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless;
 That only men incredulous of despair,
 Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air
 Beat upward to God's throne in loud access
 Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness
 In hearts, as countries, lieth silent, bare
 Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare
 Of the free chartered heavens. Be still! express
 Grief for thy dead in silence like to death!
 Most like a monumental statue sat
 In everlasting watch and moveless woe,
 Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.
 Touch it, spectator! Are its eyelids wet?
 If it could weep, it could arise and go!

E. BARRETT BROWNING

3.—LOVE.

1. STRANGE! that one lightly-whispered tone
 Is far, far sweeter unto me,
 Than all the sounds that kiss the earth.
 Or breathe along the sea;
 But, lady, when thy voice I greet,
 Not heavenly music seems so sweet.
2. I look upon the fair, blue skies,
 And naught but empty air I see,
 But when I turn me to thine eyes,
 It seemeth unto me
 Ten thousand angels spread their wings
 Within those little azure rings.
3. The lily hath the softest leaf
 That ever western breeze hath fanned,
 But thou shalt have the tender flower,
 Say I may take thy hand;

That little hand to me doth yield
More joy than all the broidered field.

4. O, lady! there be many things
That seem right fair, below, above;
But sure not one among them all
Is half so sweet as love;
Let us not pay our vows alone,
But join two altars both in one. O. W. HOLMES

CLXXXV.—LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

Wizard. Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day
When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle array!
For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight,
And the clans of Culloden are scattered in flight:
They rally!—they bleed!—for their kingdom and crown;
Woe, woe to the riders that trample them down!
Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,
And their hoof-beaten bosoms are trod to the plain.
But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,
What steed to the desert flies frantic and far?
'T is thine, O Glenullin! whose bride shall await,
Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at the gate.
A steed comes at morning: no rider is there;
But its bridle is red with the sign of despair.
Weep Albin! to death and captivity led!
Oh, weep! but thy tears can not number the dead:
For a merciless sword o'er Culloden shall wave,
Culloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

Lochiel. Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling scow
Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear,
Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering sight,
This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

Wizard. Ha! laugh'st thou, Lochiel, my vision to scorn?
Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn!
Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth,
From his home in the dark-rolling clouds of the North?
Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode
Companionless, bearing destruction abroad;
But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!
Ah! home let him speed—for the spoiler is nigh.

Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast
 Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?
 'T is the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven
 From his eyry, that beacons the darkness of heaven.
 Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might,
 Whose banners arise on the battlements' high,
 Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;
 Return to thy dwelling, all lonely!—return!
 For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood,
 And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

Lochiel. False Wizard, avaunt; I have marshaled my clan.
 Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms are one!
 They are true to the last of their blood and their breath
 And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.
 Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!
 Let him dash his proud foam like a wave on the rock!
 But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause,
 When Albin her claymore indignantly draws;
 When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd,
 Clanranald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,
 All plaided and plumed in their tartan array—

Wizard. Lochiel! Lochiel! beware of the day!
 For, dark and despairing, my sight I may seal,
 But man can not cover what God would reveal:
 'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
 And coming events cast their shadows before.
 I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring
 With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.
 Lo! anointed by heaven with vials of wrath,
 Behold, where he flies on his desolate path!
 Now, in darkness and billows, he sweeps from my sight:
 Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!
 'T is finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors;
 Culloden is lost, and my country deplores:
 But where is the iron-bound prisoner? where?
 For the red eye of battle is shut in despair.
 Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,
 Like a limb from his country, cast bleeding and torn?
 Ah, no! for a darker departure is near;
 The war-drum is muffled; and black is the bier;
 His death-bell is tolling; oh! mercy, dispel
 Yon sight that it freezes my spirit to tell!
 Life flutters, convulsed, in his quivering limbs,
 And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.

Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet,
 Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,
 With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale—

Lochiel Down, soothless insulter! I trust not the tale,
 For never shall Albin a destiny meet,
 So black with dishonor, so foul with retreat.
 Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore,
 Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten shore,
 Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains,
 While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,
 Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low,
 With his back to the field and his feet to the foe,
 And leaving in battle no blot on his name,
 Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

CAMPBELL

CLXXXVI.—SONG OF THE WAR.

1. In their ragged regimentals,
 Stood the old continentals,
 Yielding not,
 When the grenadiers were lunging,
 And like hail fell the plunging
 Cannon shot;
 When the files
 Of the isles
 From the smoky night encampment,
 Bore the banner of the rampant
 Unicorn,
 And grummer, grummer, grummer,
 Rolled the roll of the drummer,
 Through the morn!

- 2 Then with eyes to the front all,
 And with guns horizontal.
 Stood our sires;
 And the balls whistled deadly,
 And in streams flashing redly
 Blazed the fires;
 As the roar
 On the shore
 Swept the strong battle breakers
 O'er the green-sodded acres
 Of the plain,

And louder, louder, louder,
Cracked the black gunpowder,
Cracked amain!

3. Now like smiths at their forges
Worked the red St. George's
Cannoniers,
And the "villainous saltpeter"
Rang a fierce discordant meter
Round their ears:
As the swift
Storm-drift,
With hot sweeping anger,
Came the horseguards' clangor
On our flanks;
Then higher, higher, higher,
Burned the old-fashioned fire
Through the ranks!

4. Then the old-fashioned colonel
Galoped through the white infernal
Powder cloud;
And his broad sword was swinging,
And his brazen throat was ringing,
Trumpet loud:
Then the blue
Bullets flew,
And the trooper jackets redden
At the touch of the leaden
Rifle breath,
And rounder, rounder, rounder,
Roared the iron six-pounder
Hurling death!

CLXXXVII.—CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

1. HALF a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of death,
Rode the six hundred.
"Charge!" was the captain's cry;
Theirs not to reason why,

Theirs not to make reply,
 Theirs but to do or die,
 Into the valley of death, rode the six hundred

2. Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon in front of them
 Volleyed and thundered ;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 Boldly they rode and well,
 Into the mouth of hell,

Into the jaws of death, rode the six hundred.

3. Cannon to right of them,
 Cannon to left of them,
 Cannon behind them
 Volleyed and thundered ;
 Stormed at with shot and shell,
 They that had struck so well
 Rode through the jaws of death
 Half a league back again,
 Up from the mouth of hell

All that was left of them, left of six hundred.

4. Honor the brave and bold!
 Long shall the tale be told,
 Yes, when our babes are old—
 How they rode onward.

TENNYSON

CLXXVIII.—LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

1. A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
 And I'll give thee a silver pound,
 To row us o'er the ferry."
- 2 "Now, who be ye would cross Loch-Gyle,
 This dark and stormy water?"
 "O! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 And this—Lord Ullin's daughter.
3. "And fast before her father's men,
 Three days we've fled together,
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather.
4. "His horsemen hard behind us ride:
 Should they our steps discover.

- Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?"
5. Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
"I 'll go, my chief—I 'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:
6. "And, by my word! the bonny bird
In danger, shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are raging white,
I 'll row you o'er the ferry."
7. By this, the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And, in the scowl of heaven, each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.
8. But still, as wilder grew the wind,
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.
9. "O haste thee, haste!" the lady cries,
"Though tempests round us gather,
I 'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father."
10. The boat has left the stormy land,
A stormy sea before her—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.
11. And while they rowed, amid the roar
Of waters fast prevailing,
Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore,
His wrath was changed to wailing.
12. For, sore dismayed, through storm and shade,
His child he did discover;
One lovely arm she stretched for aid,
And one was round her lover.
13. "Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
"Across this stormy water:
And I 'll forgive your Highland chief:
My daughter! oh, my daughter!"
14. 'T was vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
Return, or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

A M U S I N G .

CLXXXIX.--THE WIDOW BEDOTT TO ELDER SNIFFLES.

1. SENCE the first time I heerd you preach, I 've had an undiscribable desire to have some privit conversashun with you in regard to the state of my mind—your discourse was so wonderful sarchin, that I felt to mourn over my backslidden state of stewpidity, and my consarn increased every time I 've sot under the droppins of your sanctuery. Last night, when I heerd of your sickness I felt wonderful overcom; onable to conseal my aggitation, I retired to my chamber, and bust into a flud of tears. I felt for you, elder Sniffles—I felt for you. I was wonderful exercised in view of your lone condition.

2. O, it 's a terrible thing to be alone in the world! I know all about it by experience, for I 've been pardnerless for nigh twelve year; its a trying thing, but I thought 't was better to be alone than to run enny resk—for yer know it 's runnin' a great resk to take a second companion, espeshelly if they aint decidedly pious—and them that 's tried to perswade me to change my condition, dident none of 'em give very satisfactory evidence of piety—'taint for me to say how menny I 've refused on account of their want of religion. Accordin' to my notions, riches and grander aint to be compared to religion, no how you can fix it, and I always told 'em so.

3. But I was tellin' how overcome I was when I heerd of your being attacked with influenzy. I felt as if I must go right over and take care of you. I wouldent desire no better intertainment than to nuss you up, and if 'twant for the speech of peeple, Ide fly to your relefe instanter; but I know 't would make talk, and so I 'm necessitated to stay away.

4. But I felt so consarned about you that I could n't help writin' these few lines to you to let you know how anxious I be on your account, and to beg of you to take care of

yourself. O elder, do be careful—the influenzy 's a dangcr-ous eppidemik, if you let it run on without attendin' to it in season—do be careful—consider what a terrible thing 't would be for you to be took away in the height of yer yusefulnis; and O, elder, no body wouldent feel yer loss with more intensitude than what I should, though mebbly I hadent oughter say so.

5. O, elder Sniffles, I do feel as if I couldent part with you no how. I 'm so interested in your preachin', and it 's had such a wonderful attendancy to subdew my prejudishes agin' your denominashun, and has sot me considerin' whether or no there aint good christuns in all denominashuns, 'cept, of course, the unevarsallers.

6. O, reverend elder, I intreat you to take care of your preshus health. I send you herewith a paper of boneset, you must make some good stiff tea on 't and drink about a quart to-night afore you retire. Molasses or vinegar 's a good thing, too, for a cold or coff; jest take about a pint of molasses and bile it down with a teacup of vinegar and a hunk of butter as big as a hen's egg, and stir in about a half a teacup full of peppersass, and eat it down hot jest afore bedtime—and take a strip of flannil, and rub some hog's lard on 't, though goose ile 's about as good, and pin it round yer throte rite off; and I send likewise a bag of hops—you must dip it in bilin' vinegar and lap it on yer chist when you go to bed, and keep a dippin' on 't as fast as it begins to git cool; and jest afore you git into bed, soke yer feet in bilin' hot water with some red peppers in it; now do n't forgit nothing I 've proscribed.

7. But I was a tellin' how exercised I was when I heerd of your sickness. I went immejitly to my chamber, and gin away to a voiellent flud of tears. I retired to my couche of repose, but my aggetashun prevented my sleepin'. I felt quite a call to express my feelins in poetry—I 'm very apt to when ennything comes over me—so I riz and lited my candle, and composed these stanzys, which I hope will be aggreible to you.

8. O reverend sir, I do declare,
It drives me a'most to frenzy,

To think of you a lyin' there
Down sick with influenzy.

- 9 A body 'd a thought it was enough
To mourn yer wife's departer,
Without such trouble as this 'ere
To come a follerin' arter.
10. But sickness and affliction are trials sent
By the will of a wise creation,
And always ought to be underwent
With fortytude and resignashun.
11. Then mourn not for your pardner's deth,
But to submit endever;
For sposed she hadent a died so soon,
She could n't a lived forever.
12. O, I could to your bedside fly,
And wipe your wepin' eyes,
And try my best to cure you up,
If 't wouldent create surprize.
13. It's a world of trouble we tarry in—
But elder do n't dispair;
That you may soon be movin' agin,
Is constantly my prayer.
14. Both sick and well, you may depend
Youle never be forgot,
By your faithful and affectionate friend,

PRISCILLA POOL BEDOTT.

CXC.—THE LAVIN'—A POE—M.

1. LORDS and Ladies of creation, to a metrical oration,—
Funny epical narration,—your attention I implore;
Not a blood-and-thunder story, with a hero grim and gory,
And a highferluten glory, heavy, dull,—in short, a bore;
But an "ower-true tale" of "hair breadth 'scapes," and dangers
haply o'er:

Past, I trust, for evermore.

2 As I sat one morning lonely in my school-room, thinking only
Of the mighty glorious oyster-soup, I'd had the night before,
Suddenly I heard a clatter, as of some one beating batter,

And my thoughts began to scatter, as I started for the door,
As I hastened, half in anger, muttering, to my school-room door,
Muttering this, and something more.

3. "That 's some mother, now; I wonder if she 's come to give
me thunder,

For the flogging that I gave her hopeful dear the day before;
If it is, I 'll speak her civil, though she rates me like the devil,
I 've endured as grand an evil, and, perchance, as great a bore,"—
In my days of pedagogy I 've endured full many a bore,
And expect to many more.

4. As my bodings thus concentrated, open flew the door, and
entered

A two-fisted Amazonian, in her socks some six feet four;
And the door-posts seemed to squeeze her, as with mien of king
or kesar,

Crossed my Rubicon this Cæsar, and came striding up the floor,
With her green eyes glaring at me as she strode the creaking
floor:—

Sight forgotten nevermore!

5. At her gaze my heart beat quicker, for I saw she was in
liquor,

By her wild gesticulations and the Billingsgate she swore:
Thought I, "vixen,"—quite uncourtly—"though you are enormous
portly,

If you do not very shortly take yourself from out the door,
Take your fat and burly carcass past the threshold of yon door,
You will rue it evermore."

6. Then I told her in a flurry, she must be off in a hurry,
And I pointed, as I told her, to the open standing door;
Sternly then I frowned upon her, shook my fist like practiced
foiner,

When, upon my word of honor, down she sat upon the floor;
With her arms braced out beside her, sat she down upon the
floor!—

Rose there then a wild uproar.

7. Every pupil, in a titter, stretched his neck to see the critter,
See a sight to them uncommon—woman sitting on the floor,
Woman sitting still and swearing, while her eyes were wildly
glaring,

And in stentor tones declaring, if I got her out of door,
I should have to take her in my arms and lug her out of door;
This she told me evermore.

8. First I hushed the wild confusion, caused by this unique in-
trusion,

And a single word sufficing perfect quiet to restore;
For a moment I reflected: "She's a woman, loved, respected,
By some heart with her's connected, that may grieve in sorrow sore,
For this lorn and fallen being, whom my vengeance hovers o'er;
Loved, though fallen, evermore.

9. "Can I rudely treat a woman? It will be an act inhuman:
One which I, through all the future, shall with deep remorse de-
plore;

O'er the outrage will grow witty News Reporters of the city"—
Here she swore again, and pity fled my heart, grown soft before:
Mauger sex and gallant promptings, thought I, she shall out of
door,

And return thence nevermore.

10. Then I thought, "My arch virago, with your craft, a la
Iago,

I will try a simple stratagem, I ne'er have tried before;
And if I'm not mistaken, you will have your courage shaken,
And will take away your bacon, from that place upon the floor;
From your comic situation, sprawling on my school-room floor,
And you'll sit there nevermore."

11. There's a maxim worth possession, and 't is this: a sound
discretion

Is the better part of valor, when there's danger hovering o'er;
So I seized a pail of water, and resolved I'd duck this daughter,
And I did n't do nothing shorter, as she sat upon the floor;
For I dashed the liquid round her in a deluge on the floor,—
And, my conscience, how she swore!

12. For a moment, gasping, choking, while the moisture in was
soaking,

Sat she still in wild amazement, fixed like statue to the floor:
But right short her hesitation, for I smiled in exultation,
When, *withouten explanation*, broke she for the open door;
Never looking once behind her, quickly bounced she out of door;
And I saw her nevermore.

CXCI.—DR. BASHAW'S ORATION.

1. FELLOW CITIZENS :—It is but natural for me to feel my own self importance, and self insufficiency on this momentous and direful occasion; but as I seldom have recourse to the high absurdity of apologizing, I shall continue to proceed, notwithstanding I do not feel myself absolutely tantamount to the task you have imposed upon me.

2. We have met, fellow citizens, on this delightful and desecrated spot, for the sublime purpose of contaminating our nation's ever glorious anniversary. Fellow citizens! I feel my want of that hypercritical learning so necessary to the complete disembodiment of my exaggerated imagination.

3. Let us now, with the deepest-toned energies of the heart, take a transient survey of the many contaminating causes which led to the masculine independence; yea, a declaration that caused a diabolical amputation of one of the most transcendent members of the British Empire.

4. Let us, then, in a prolixly brief way, glance at, or rather anticipate, some of the ostensible causes which gave rise to that mighty and obstreperous revolution—a revolution which raised up from the nethermost depths of contemptibility the most dignified generals the world has ever saw—generals whose characters are particularly and unintentionally stamped upon the ever invulnerable lists of fame, where they must ever stand, highly ridiculous and venerable, far above the reach of the the most copious mind that ever exaggerated in the ethereal blue.

CXCII.—THE APPLE-DUMPLINGS AND GEORGE THE THIRD

1. ONCE in the chase, this monarch drooping,
 From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
 Entered, through curiosity, a cot,
 Where an old crone was hanging on the pot:
 The wrinkled, blear-eyed, good old granny,
 In this same cot, illumed by many a cranny,
 Had apple-dumplings ready for the pot;

In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
 When lol the monarch, in his usual way,
 Like lightning asked, "What's here? what's here?
 what? what? what? what?"

2. Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
 His eyes with admiration did expand—
 And oft did majesty the dumpling grapple;
 "'Tis monstrous, monstrous, monstrous hard," he cried,
 "What makes the thing so hard?" The dame replied,
 Low courtesying, "Please your majesty, the apple."
 "Very astonishing indeed! strange thing!"
 (Turning the dumpling round) rejoined the king,
 "'Tis most extraordinary now, all this is—
 It beats the conjurer's capers all to pieces—
 Strange I should never of a dumpling dream—
 But Goody, tell me, where, where, where's the seam?"
 "Sire, there's no seam," quoth she, "I never knew
 That folks did apple-dumplings sew!"—
 "No!" cried the staring monarch with a grin,
 "Then, where, where, where pray, got the apple in?"

WOLCOT

 CXCIIL.—THE DIRECTING POST.

1. In winter, once, an honest traveling wight
 Pursued his road to Derby, late at night;
 'Twas very cold, the wind was bleak and high,
 And not a house nor living thing was nigh;
 At length he came to where some four roads met,
 (It rained too, and he was completely wet,
 And being doubtful which way he should take
 He drew up to the finger-post to make
 It out—and after much of poring, fumbling,
 Some angry oaths, and a great deal of grumbling,
 'Twas thus the words he traced—"To Derby—five,"
 "A goodly distance yet, as I'm alive!"

2. But on he drove a weary length of way,
 And wished his journey he'd delayed till day:
 He wondered that no town appeared in view,
 (The wind blew stronger, it rained faster, too,
 When to his great relief he met a man:
 "I say, good friend, pray tell me, if you can,

How far is 't hence to Derby?" "Derby, hey!
 Why zur, thee be'est completely come astray;
 This y'ant the road." "Why, zounds! the guide-post showed
 'To Derby, five'—and pointed down this road!"
 "Ay, yes sir, that may be, for you maun know,
 The post it war blown down last night, and so
 This morn I put it up again, but whether
 (As I can't put great A and B together)
 The post is right, I'm zure I can not zay—
 The town is just five miles the other way."

CXCIV.—PARODY,—THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

1. How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
 When fond recollection presents them to view!
 The cheese-press, the goose-pond, the pigs in the wild-wood,
 And every old stump that my infancy knew.
 The big linkum-basswood, with wide-spreading shadow;
 The horses that grazed where my grandmother fell;
 The sheep on the mountain, the calves in the meadow,
 And all the young kittens we drowned in the well—
 The meek little kittens, the milk-loving kittens,
 The poor little kittens, we drowned in the well.
2. I remember with pleasure my grandfather's goggles,
 Which rode so majestic astraddle his nose;
 And the harness, oft mended with tow-string and "toggles,"
 That belonged to old Dolly, now free from her woes.
 And fresh in my heart is the long maple wood-pile,
 Where often I've worked with beetle and wedge,
 Striving to whack up enough to last for a good while,
 And grumbling because my old ax had no edge.
 And there was the kitchen, and pump that stood nigh it,
 Where we sucked up the drink through a quill in the spout;
 And the hooks where we hung up the pumpkin to dry it;
 And the old cider pitcher, "no doing without;"
 The brown-earthen pitcher, the nozzle-cracked pitcher,
 The pain-easing pitcher, "no doing without."
3. And there was the school-house, away from each dwelling,
 Where school-ma'ams would govern with absolute sway;
 Who taught me my "arithmetick," reading, and spelling,
 And "whaled me like blazes" about every day!

I remember the ladder that swung in the passage,
 Which led to the loft in the peak of the house;
 Where my grandmother hung up her "pumpkin and sausage,"
 To keep them away from the rat and the mouse.
 But now, far removed from that nook of creation,
 Emotions of grief big as tea-kettles swell,
 When Fancy rides back to my old habitation,
 And thinks of the kittens we drowned in the well—
 The meek little kittens, the milk-loving kittens,
 The poor little kittens, we drowned in the well.

CXCV.—LYCEUM SPEECH OF MR. ORATOR CLIMAX.

1. MR. PRESIDENT,—Happiness is like a crow perched upon the neighboring top of a far distant mountain, which some fisherman vainly strives, to no purpose, to ensnare. He looks at the crow, Mr. President,—and—Mr. President, the crow looks at him; and, sir, they both look at each other. But the moment he attempts to reproach him, he banishes away like the schismatic taints of the rainbow, the cause of which, it was the astonishing and perspiring genius of a Newton, who first deplored and enveloped the cause of it.

2. Can not the poor man, sir, precipitate into all the beauties of nature, from the loftiest mounting up to the most humblest valley, as well as the man prepossessed of indigence? Yes, sir; while trilling transports crown his view, and rosy hours allure his sanguinary youth, he can raise his mind up to the laws of nature, incompressible as they are, while viewing the lawless storm that kindleth up the tremendous roaring thunder, and fireth up the dark and rapid lightnings, and causeth it to fly through the intensity of space, that belches forth those awful and sublime meteors, and roll-abolly-aliases, through the unfathomable regions of fiery hemispheres.

3. Sometimes, sir, seated in some lovely retreat, beneath the shadowy shades of an umbrageous tree, at whose venal foot flows some limping stagnant stream, he gathers around him his wife and the rest of his orphan children. He there takes a retrospective view upon the diagram of futurity, and

casts his eye like a flashing meteor forward into the past. Seated in their midst, aggravated and exhaled by the dignity and independence coincident with honorable poverty, his countenance irrigated with an intense glow of self deficiency and excommunicated knowledge, he quietly turns to instruct his little assemblage. He there endeavors to distill into their young youthful minds, useless lessons to guard their juvenile youths against vice and immortality.

4. There, on a clear sunny evening, when the silvery moon is shining forth in all her indulgence and ubiquity, he teaches the first sediments of gastronomy, by pointing out to them the bear, the lion, and many other fixed invisible consternations, which are continually involving upon their axletrees, through the blue cerulean fundamus above. From this vast ethereal he dives with them to the very bottom of the unfathomable oceans, bringing up from thence liquid treasures of earth and air. He then courses with them on the imaginable wing of fancy through the boundless regions of unimaginable either, until, swelling into impalpable immensity, he is forever lost in the infinite radiation of his own overwhelming genius.

CXCVI.—THE WHISKERS.

1. THE kings who ruled mankind with haughty sway,
 The prouder pope, whom even kings obey—
 Love, at whose shrine both popes and monarchs fall,
 And e'en self-interest, that controls them all—
 Possess a petty power, when all combined,
 Compared with fashion's influence on mankind:
 For love itself will oft to fashion bow;
 The following story will convince you how:

2. A petit maitre wooed a fair,
 Of virtue, wealth, and graces rare;
 But vainly had preferred his claim,
 The maiden owned no answering flame;
 At length, by doubt and anguish torn,
 Suspense, too painful to be borne,
 Low at her feet he humbly kneeled,
 And thus his ardent flame revealed:

3. "Pity my grief, angelic fair,
Behold my anguish and despair;
For you, this heart must ever burn—
O bless me, with a kind return;
My love, no language can express,
Reward it then, with happiness;
4. Nothing on earth but you I prize,
All else is trifling in my eyes;
And cheerfully would I resign
The wealth of worlds, to call you mine
But, if another gain your hand,
Far distant from my native land,
Far hence from you and hope I'll fly,
And in some foreign region die."
5. The virgin heard, and thus replied:
"If my consent to be your bride,
Will make you happy, then be blest;
But grant me, first, one small request;
A sacrifice I must demand,
And in return will give my hand."
6. "A sacrifice! O speak its name,
For you I'd forfeit wealth and fame;
Take my whole fortune—every cent—"
7. "'T was something more than wealth I meant"
8. "Must I the realms of Neptune trace?
O speak the word—where'er the place,
For you, the idol of my soul,
I'd e'en explore the frozen pole;
Arabia's sandy deserts tread,
Or trace the Tigris to its head."
9. "O no, dear sir, I do not ask,
So long a voyage, so hard a task;
You must—but ah! the boon I want,
I have no hope that you will grant."
10. "Shall I, like Bonaparte, aspire
To be the world's imperial sire?
Express the wish, and here I vow,
To place a crown upon your brow."

11. "Sir, these are trifles"—she replied—
 "But, if you wish me for your bride,
 You must—but still I fear to speak—
 You 'll never grant the boon I seek."
12. "O say;" he cried—"dear angel say—
 What must I do, and I obey;
 No longer rack me with suspense,
 Speak your commands, and send me hence."
13. "Well, then, dear generous youth!" she cried,
 "If thus my heart you really prize,
 And wish to link your fate with mine,
 On one condition I am thine;
 'T will then become my pleasing duty,
 To contemplate a husband's beauty;
 And, gazing on your manly face,
 His feelings and his wishes trace;
 To banish thence each mark of care,
 And light a smile of pleasure there.
 O let me then, 't is all I ask,
 Commence at once the pleasing task;
 O let me, as becomes my place,
 Cut those huge whiskers from your face."
14. She said—but O, what strange surprise—
 Was pictured in her lover's eyes!
 Like lightning, from the ground he sprung,
 While wild amazement tied his tongue;
 A statue, motionless, he gazed,
 Astonished, horror-struck, amazed.
 So, looked the gallant Perseus, when
 Medusa's visage met his ken;
 So, looked Macbeth, whose guilty eye
 Discerned an "air-drawn dagger" nigh;
 And so, the prince of Denmark stared,
 When first his father's ghost appeared.
15. At length our hero silence broke,
 And thus, in wildest accents spoke:
 "Cut off my whiskers! O ye gods!
 I'd sooner lose my ears, by odds;
 Madam, I'd not be so disgraced,
 So lost to fashion and to taste,

To win an empress to my arms ;
 Though blest with more than mortal charms.
 My whiskers! zounds!" He said no more,
 But quick retreated through the door,
 And sought a less obdurate fair,
 To take the beau with all his hair. WOODSWORTH.

CXCVII.—ELOQUENCE IN A WESTERN COURT.

1. GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY:—Can you for an instant suppose that my client here, a man that has alers sustained a high depredation in society ; a man you all on you suspect and esteem for his many good quantities ; yes, gentlemen, a man what never drinks more nor a quart of liquor a day ; can you, I say, for an instant suppose that this 'ere man would be guilty of hooking a box of percushams? Rattle-snakes and coonskins forbid !

2. Picture to yourselves, gentlemen, a feller fast asleep in his log cabin, with his innocent wife and orphan children by his side—all nature hushed in deep repose, and nought to be heard but the muttering of the silent thunder and the hollerin' of bull frogs. Then imagine to yourself a feller sneakin' up to the door like a despicable hyena, softly entering the dwelling of the peaceful and happy family, and in the most mendacious manner hooking a whole box of percushams.

3. Gentlemen, I will not, I can not dwell upon the monstrosity of such a scene. My feelings turn from such a picture of moral turpentine, just like a big woodehuck would turn from my dog Rose. I can not, for an instant, harbor the idea that any man in these diggins, much less this 'ere man, could be guilty of committing an act of sich rantank-erous and unextrampled discretion.

4. And now, gentlemen, after this 'ere brief view of the case, let me retreat of you to make up your minds candidly and impractically, and give us sich a verdict as we might reasonably suspect from sich an enlightened and intolerant body of our fellow-citizens. Remember that, in the lan-

guage of the immortal Nimrod, who fell in the Battle of Bunker Hill, "It is better that ten men should escape, than one guilty should suffer."

DR. VALENTINE.

CXCVIII.—POETRY NOW-A-DAYS.

1. How very absurd is half the stuff
 Called "Poetry," now-a-days!
 The "Stanzas," and "Epics," and "Odes," are enough
 To put every lover of rhyme in a huff,
 And disgust the old hens with their "lays."
2. There 's one sighing for "wings to soar o'er the sea,"
 And "bask in some distant clime,"
 Without ever thinking how "sore" he 'd be,
 After flying away on such a spree,
 With nothing to eat, the meantime.
3. Another insists on being a "bird,"
 To "fly to his lady-love's bower,"
 When he knows that the "lady" to whom he referred
 Don't own such a thing; for (upon my word)
 In a "yaller" brick house, up in story the third,
 She 's living this very hour.
4. One asks but "a cave in some forest dell,
 Away from the cold world's strife."
 Now, the woods in fine weather are all very well,
 But give him a six weeks' "rainy spell,"
 And he 'll soon "cave in" in his forest cell,
 And be sick enough of the life.
5. Another one wants his "love to go
 And roam o'er the dark blue sea;"
 Perhaps he don't think, if there "comes on a blow,"
 That they 'd both be sea-sick down below,
 And a wretched pair they 'd be.
6. Another young man would like to die
 "When the roses bloom in spring."
 Just let him get sick, and he 'll change his cry;
 His "passing away" is "all in my eye;"
 Of "dreamless sleeps" he gets quite shy;
 It is n't exactly the thing.

7. Another would "die and be laid in a dell,
Beneath some murmuring rill."
Now, in poetry's jingle, it's nice to tell;
But a nasty, wet place!—so why not as well
Have a nice, dry grave on the hill?
8. One "loves"—how he loves!—"the glittering foam
And the mad waves' angry strife."
Just take the young genius who wrote the pome,
Where the "billows dash and the sea-birds roam,"
And he'd give all he had to be safely at home;
He'd stay there the rest of his life.
9. Another young "heart-broken" calls on his "own,
To cheer him with one sweet smile;"
Then he follows it up in a love-sick tone,
With his "bosom pangs:" (if the truth was known,)
It is n't the "love" that causes his moan,
But a superabundance of "bile."

CXCIX.—DANIEL VERSUS DISHCLOTH.

1. WE will consider the law, as our laws are very considerable, both in bulk and magnitude according as the statutes declare, *considerandi*, *considerando*, *considerandum*; and are not to be meddled with by those who do not understand them. Law always expresses itself with true grammatical precision, never confounding words, cases, or genders, except, indeed, when a woman happens to be slain, then the verdict is always brought in *manslaughter*. We all know that the essence of the law is altercation; for the law can altercate, fulminate, deprecate, irritate, and go on at any rate. Now the quintessence of the law has, according to its name, five parts:—the first is the beginning, or *incipiendum*;—the second, the uncertainty, or *dubitandum*;—the third, delay, or *puzzlendum*;—fourthly, replication without *endum*;—and fifthly, *monstrum et horrendum*. All of which are fully exemplified in the following case of DANIEL *versus* DISHCLOTH.

2. Daniel was a groom in the same family in which Dishcloth was cook-maid; Daniel returning home one day somewhat fuddled, he stooped down to take a sop out of the

dripping-pan; Dishcloth thereupon laid hold upon him, and in the struggle pushed him into the dripping-pan, which spoiled his clothes. He was advised to bring an action against the cook-maid therefor, the pleadings of which are as follows:—

3. The first counsel who spoke was Mr. Serjeant Snuffle. He began with saying:—"Since I have the honor to be pitched upon to open this case to your lordship, I shall not impertinently presume to take up any of your lordship's time, by a roundabout, circumlocutory manner of speaking, or talking, quite foreign to the purpose, and not anywise relating to the matter in hand; I shall—I will—I design to show what damages my client has sustained, hereupon, whereupon, and thereupon. Now, my lord, my client being a servant in the same family with Dishcloth, and, not being at board-wages, imagined he had a right to the fee simple of the dripping-pan,—therefore, he made an attachment on the sop with his right hand,—which the defendant replevied with *her* right hand,—tripped up our heels, and tumbled us into the dripping-pan.

4. Now, in Broughton's Reports, *Slack vs. Smallcoat*, it is said, *primus strokus, sine jocus, absolutos est provokos*; now, who gave the *primus strokus*? Who gave the first offense? Why, the cook-maid; she placed the dripping-pan there; for, my lord, though we will allow, if it had not been where we *were*, we could not have tumbled where we *did*—yet, my lord—if the dripping-pan had not been where *it* was, we could not have fallen down *into* the dripping-pan."

5. The next counsel, on the same side, began with—"My lord, he who makes use of many words to no purpose, has not much to say for himself; therefore, I shall come to the point at once, at once and immediately I shall come to the point. My client was in liquor—the liquor in him having served an ejection upon his understanding, common sense was non-suited, and he was a man beside himself, or, as Doctor Biblicus declares, in his dissertation upon bumpers in the one hundred and thirty-ninth folio volume of the abridgment of the statutes, page one thousand two hundred and eighty-six, that a drunken man is a *homo duplicans*,

or a double man—not only because he sees things double, but also, because he is not as he should be, '*perfecto ipse*'—but is as he should not be, '*defecto ipse*.' ”

6. The counsel for the cook-maid rose up gracefully, playing with his ruffles prettily, and tossing the ties of his wig about emphatically. He began with—“ My lud, and gentlemen of the jury,—I humbly do conceive, I have the authority to declare that I am counsel in this case for the defendant—therefore, my lud, I shall not flourish away in words: words are no more than fillagree works; some people may think them an embellishment; but to me, it is a matter of astonishment, how any one can be so impertinent to use them to the detriment of all rudiments; but, my lud, this is not to be looked at through the medium of right and wrong; for the law knows no medium, and right and wrong are but mere shadows.

7. “ Now, in the first place, they have called a kitchen, *my client's premises*. Now, a kitchen is *nobody's premises*—a kitchen is not a warehouse, a wash-house, a brew-house, an out-house, or an in-house, nor a dwelling-house, nor any house—no, my lud, 't is absolutely and bona fide neither more nor less than a kitchen, or, as the law more classically expresses it—a kitchen is, *camera necessaria pro usos cook-are; cum sauce-panis, stew-panis, scullero, dressero, coal-holo, stovis, smoak-jacko, pro rostandum, boilandum, fry-andum, et plum-pudding mixandum; pro turtle supos, calves' head hashibus, cum calippe et caliphashibus*. Moreover, we shall not avail ourselves of an alibi, but admit the existence of a cook-maid. Now, my lud, we shall take a new ground, and beg a new trial—for as they have curtailed our name in their pleadings from plain Mary into Moll, I hope the court will not allow of this—for if the court were to allow mistakes what would become of the law?—although where there are no mistakes, it is clearly the business of the law to make them.”

8. Therefore, the court, after due consideration, granted the parties a new trial; for the law is our liberty, and happy it is for us that we have the privilege of going to law.

STEVENS.

C. - THE HOUSEKEEPER'S SOLILOQUY.

1. HERE 's a big washing to be done—
One pair of hands to do it—
Sheets, shirts and stockings, coats and pants,
How will I e'er get through it?
2. Dinner to get for six or more,
No loaf left o'er from Sunday;
And baby cross as he can live—
He 's always so on Monday.
3. 'T is time the meat was in the pot,
The bread was worked for baking,
The clothes were taken from the boil—
Oh dear! the baby 's waking!
4. Hush, baby dear! there, hush-sh-sh!
I wish he 'd sleep a little,
'Till I could run and get some wood,
To hurry up that kettle.
5. Oh dear! oh dear! if P—— comes home,
And finds things in this pother,
He 'll just begin and tell me all
About his tidy mother!
6. How nice her kitchen used to be,
Her dinner always ready
Exactly when the noon-bell rang—
Hush, hush, dear little Freddy!
7. And then will come some hasty words,
Right out before I 'm thinking,—
They say that hasty words from wives
Set sober men to drinking.
8. Now, is not that a great idea,
That men should take to sinning,
Because a weary, half-sick wife,
Can't always smile so winning?
9. When I was young I used to earn
My living without trouble.
Had clothes and pocket-money, too,
And hours of leisure double.

10. I never dreamed of such a fate,
 When I, a-lass! was courted—
 Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper, chambermaid,
 laundress, dairy woman, and scrub generally, doing the work of
 six,
 For the sake of being supported!

MRS. F. D. GAGA.

CCI.—THE REJECTED.

1. Not have me! Not love me! Oh, what have I said?
 Sure, never was lover so strangely misled.
 Rejected! and just when I hoped to be blessed!
 You can't be in earnest! It must be a jest.
2. Remember—remember how often I've knelt,
 Explicitly telling you all that I felt,
 And talked about poison in accents so wild,
 So very like torture, you started—and smiled.
3. Not have me! Not love me! Oh, what have I done?
 All natural nourishment did I not shun?
 My figure is wasted; my spirits are lost;
 And my eyes are deep sunk, like the eyes of a ghost.
4. Remember, remember—ay, madam, you must—
 I once was exceedingly stout and robust;
 I rode by your palfrey; I came at your call,
 And nightly went with you to banquet and ball.
5. Not have me! Not love me! Rejected! Refused!
 Sure, never was lover so strangely ill-used!
 Consider my presents—I do n't mean to boast—
 But, madam, consider the money they cost!
6. Remember you've worn them; and just can it be
 To take all my trinkets, and not to take me?
 Nay, do n't throw them at me! You'll break do not
 start—
 I do n't mean my gifts—but you will break my heart!
7. Not have me! Not love me! Not go to the church!
 Sure, never was lover so left in the lurch!
 My brain is distracted, my feelings are hurt;
 Oh, madam, do n't tempt me to call you—a flirt.

8. Remember my letters ; my passion they told ;
 Yes, all sorts of letters, save letters of gold ;
 The amount of my notes, too—the notes that I penned,—
 Not bank notes—no, truly, I had none to send !
9. Not have me ! Not love me ! And is it, then, true
 That opulent Age is the lover for you ?
 'Gainst rivalry's bloom I would strive—'t is too much
 To yield to the terror of rivalry's crutch.
10. Remember—remember I might call him out ;
 But, madam, you are not worth fighting about ;
 My sword shall be stainless, in blade, and in hilt ;
 I thought you a jewel—I find you a jilt.

 CCII.—THE CONFESSION.

1. THERE 's some thing on my breast, father,
 There 's some thing on my breast ;
 The live-long day, I spend in sighs ;
 At night I can not rest.
2. I can neither sleep nor eat, father ;
 Though I would fain do so ;
 A heavy load oppresseth me—
 A heavy load of woe.
3. 'T is not the lack of gold, father,
 Nor lack of worldly gear ;
 My lands are broad and rich, father,
 My friends are kind and dear.
4. My kin—they all are true, father,
 And mourn to see my grief :
 But oh ! 't is not a kinsman's hand
 Can give my heart relief.
5. 'T is not that Mary 's false, father,
 'T is not that she 's unkind,
 Though busy flatterers swarm around,
 I know her constant mind.
6. It is not that, nor all of those,
 That chills my troubled breast—
 It 's those confounded cucumbers,
 I 've eat, and can 't digest.

CCIII.—THE BACHELOR'S SOLILOQUY.

TO MARRY, or not to marry? that's the question.
 Whether 't is nobler in the bach to suffer
 The jeers and banterers of outrageous females,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by proposing, end them. To court; to marry,
 To be a bach no more: and, by a marriage end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand and one ills
 Bachelors are heir to; 't is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To court, to marry;
 To marry! perchance to rue—ay, there 's the rub;
 For in that state what afterthoughts may come,
 When we have shuffled off this bachelor coil,
 Must bring repentance. There's the respect
 That makes men live so long a single life,
 For who would bear the scorn of pretty girls,
 The hints of widows, the insolence of married men,
 The inconveniences of undarned socks,
 And thread-bare coats, and shirts with buttons off,
 The pangs of love-fits, and the misery
 Of sleeping with cold feet, the dumps, the blues,
 The horrors and the owl-like loneliness;
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare "will you have me?" Who would bear
 To fret and groan under a single life,
 But that the dread of something after marriage—
 That undiscovered net-work from whose meshes
 No venturer escapes, puzzles the will
 And makes us rather bear the ills we have
 Than fly to others that we know not of?

CCIV.—THE INEXPERIENCED SPEAKER.

THE awkward, untried speaker rises now.
 And to the audience makes a jerking bow.
 He staggers—almost falls—stares—strokes his chin—
 Clears out his throat, and . . ventures to begin.
 "Sir, I am . . sensible"—(some titter near him)—
 "I am, sir, sensible"—"Hear! hear!" (they cheer him.)
 Now bolder grown—for praise mistaking pother—
 He pumps first one arm up, and then the other.

"I am, sir, sensible—I am indeed—
 That, . . . though—I should—want—words—I must proceed
 And . . . for the first time in my life, I think—
 I think—that—no great—orator—should—shrink—
 And, therefore,—Mr. Speaker,—I, for one—
 Will . . . speak out freely.—Sir—I 've not yet done.
 Sir, in the name of those enlightened men
 Who sent me here to . . . speak for them—why, then . . .
 To do my duty—as I said before—
 To my constituency—I 'll . . . say no more."

CCV.—THE FRENCHMAN AND THE RATS.

1. A FRENCHMAN once, who was a merry wight,
 Passing to town from Dover in the night,
 Near the roadside an ale-house chanced to spy
 And being rather tired as well as dry,
 Resolved to enter; but first he took a peep,
 In hopes a supper he might get, and cheap.
 He enters: "Hallo! Garçon, if you please,
 Bring me a leetel bit of bread and cheese.
 And hallo! Garçon, a pot of porter, too!" he said.
 "Vich I shall take, and den myself to bed."

2. His supper done, some scraps of cheese were left,
 Which our poor Frenchman, thinking it no theft,
 Into his pocket put; then slowly crept
 To wished-for bed; but not a wink he slept—
 For, on the floor some sacks of flour were laid,
 To which the rats a nightly visit paid.
 Our hero now undressed, popped out the light,
 Put on his cap and bade the world good-night;
 But first his breeches, which contained the fare,
 Under his pillow he had placed with care.

3. Sans ceremonie, soon the rats all ran,
 And on the flour-sacks greedily began;
 At which they gorged themselves; then smelling round,
 Under the pillow soon the cheese they found;
 And while at this they all regaling sat,
 Their happy jaws disturbed the Frenchman's nap;
 Who, half-awake, cries out, "Hallo! hallo!
 Vat is dat nibble at my pillow so?"

Ah! 't is one big, one very big, huge rat!
 Vat is it that he nibble, nibble at?"

4. In vain our little hero sought repose;
 Sometimes the vermin galloped o'er his nose;
 And such the pranks they kept up all the night,
 That he, on end antipodes upright,
 Bawling aloud, called stoutly for a light.
 "Hallo! Maison! Garçon, I say!
 Bring me the bill for vat I have to pay!"
 The bill was brought, and to his great surprise,
 Ten shillings was the charge, he scarce believes his eyes.
 With eager haste, he quickly runs it o'er,
 And every time he viewed it thought it more.

5. "Vy zounds, and zounds!" he cries, "I sall no pay;
 Vat charge ten shelangs for vat I have mange?
 A leetel sop of portar, dis vile bed,
 Vare all de rats do run about my head?"
 "Plague on those rats!" the landlord muttered out;
 "I wish, upon my word, that I could make 'em scout:
 I'll pay him well that can." "Vat 's dat you say?"
 "I'll pay him well that can." "Attend to me I pray:
 Vil you dis charge forego, vat I am at,
 If from your house I drive away de rat!"
 "With all my heart," the jolly host replies.
 "Ecoutez donc, ami;" the Frenchman cries.
 "First, den—Regardez, if you please,
 Bring to dis spot a leetel bread and cheese:
 Eh bien! a pot of porter, too;
 And den invite de rats to sup vid you:
 And after dat—no matter dey be villing—
 For dat dey eat, you charge dem just ten shelang:
 And I am sure, ven dey behold de score,
 Dey 'll quit your house, and never come no more."

CCVI.—BORROWED NAILS—HEADS AND POINTS.

1. The moon was shining silver bright,
 All bloodless lay the untrodden snow;
 When freedom from the mountain high
 Exclaimed "Now, don't be foolish. Joe!"

2. An hour passed on, the Turk awoke,
A bumble bee went thundering by,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
And spread its pall upon the sky.
3. His echoing axe the settler swung,
He was a lad of high renown;
And deep the pearly caves among,
Giles Scroggins courted Molly Brown.
4. Loud roars the wild, inconstant blast,
And cloudless sets the sun at even;
When twilight dews are falling fast,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven!
5. Oh, ever thus, from childhood's hour,
By torch and trumpet fast arrayed;
Beneath yon ivy-mantled tower,
The bull-frog croaks his serenade.
6. My love is like the red, red rose,
He bought a ring with posy true;
Sir Barney Bodkin broke his nose,
And, Saxon, I am Rhoderick Dhu!

CCVII.—FOURTH OF JULY ORATION.

1. **FELLOW CITIZENS:**—This is the ever adorable, memorable, and patriotic Fourth of July. This am the day upon which the American Eagle first chawed up its iron cage, and, with a Yankee Doodle scream, pounced upon its affrighted tyrants and tore up their despotic habliments into a thousand giblets.

2. This, fellow citizens, am the Fourth of July—a day worthy to be the first-day of the year, and a day which will be emblazoned by our latest posterity, when all other days have sunk into oblivious *non compos mentis*.

3. This, fellow citizens, am the day when our ancestral progenitors unanimously fought, bled and died, in order that we and our childrens' children might cut their own vine and fig tree without being molested or daring to make any one afraid.

4. This am the Fourth of July, fellow citizens, and who is there that can sit supinely downward on this prognostic anniversary, and not revert their mental reminescences to the great epochs of the Revolution—to the blood bespangled plains of Bunker Hill, Monmouth, Yorktown, and follow the heroic heroes of those times through trackless snows, and blood-stained deserts, to the eternal mansions of free trade and sailor's rights; and the adoreable enjoyments of the privelidges and prerogatives, which fall like heavenly dew upon every American citizen, from the forests of Maine to the everglades of Florida; and from the fisheries of the Atlantic coast to the yellow banks of California, where the jingling of the golden boulders mixes up with the screams of the catamount, and the mountain goat leaps from rock to rock—and—and where—and—and—I thank you, fellow citizens, for your considerable attention.

CCVIII.—MR. JOHN SMITH'S WILL.

1. Now, Mr. Smith, who had taken his leave,
 Was a prudentish sort of a man;
 He always said to prevent, not retrieve,
 Was far the properest plan;
 So, to hinder heart-burning and jealous hate
 And contending heirs make still,
 Before he surrendered himself to fate
 He prudently framed a will.
 But he kept it shut from mortal look,
 Nor could any define its tone;
 To the favored to-be 't was a close-sealed book,
 As well as the destined-to-none.
 So hope ran strong and hope ran high
 In every degree of kin;
 For virtues of Smith was breathed many a sigh.
 But smiles were reserved for his tin.
- 2 Nor wife nor child
 On Smith had e'er smiled,
 To inherit the money for which he had toiled;
 And he 'd no nearer kin than uncles or cousins,

But these he had in numberless dozens.
 Now, cold was his clay,
 And appointed the day
 When his will was to open in legal way;
 And the summons was put in the "Post," and all
 Of the "next of kin" were invited to call
 To see what share to their lot would fall;
 And every heir
 Had assembled there
 From sea and land, and no one knows where:
 There was Smith from the plain,
 And Smith from the still,
 And Smith from the main,
 And Smith from the mill,
 And Smith from the mountain,
 And Smith from the mart,
 And Smith from the fountain,
 And Smith from the cart;
 From the farthest off to the very near,
 The Smiths all came the will to hear.

3. And they soberly sat
 In neighborly chat,
 Talking all about this and that,
 While the clock near the door
 Was watched more and more
 As the minute-hand neared the hour of four—
 The hour set when the opening seal
 Their joy or their chagrin would reveal.
 "Watch a pot and 't will never boil,"
 Hasten time—'t is an up-hill toil;
 Watch a clock for the hour to go,
 'T is the weariest work a man can know;
 And thus as they watched their patience waned,
 Though not a voice of the mass complained,
 For they thought it would n't be prudent to show
 That they were aught anxious their doom to know
4. Four struck at last, and, in eager array,
 They gathered around an old man gray,
 Who straightway out from its iron nook
 Mr. Smith's very "last will" then took,
 Nicely with black tape strongly tied,
 With a huge black seal on either side.

The click of the shears, as the threads did part,
 Went with a thrill to each waiting heart,
 And then with anxious ear they hung
 Upon every word from that old man's tongue.

5. His "soundness of mind"
 And his creed were defined,
 And then came the names to whom he was kind,
 A cane to this,
 And a box to that;
 To one his dog,
 Another his cat;
 To this his buckles,
 To this his hat;
 Till, through the long list of legacies run,
 The name of the heir was lighted upon;
 When, in tones like the tones of a bell,
 These were the words from his will that fell:—
 "And further, I, John,
 Have fixed upon,
 To fill my place upon earth when I 'm gone,
 John Smith the tenth, to be my heir,
 My house to maintain and my honors to bear."
6. Now, here was a stew
 To know what to do,
 Or who the fortune had fallen to;
 They could n't tell, were they to be shot,
 For fifteen Johns were then on the spot;
 And which was the tenth with the prefix "John"
 They were sadly at loss to fix upon.
 Then they argued the matter early and late,
 But doubting grew with the growing debate.
7. And law-suits gathered, and fees flew free,
 And juries tried it and could n't agree,
 And fortunes were spent, till hope was gone,
 In finding who was the favored John!
 But they found instead that it would n't pay,
 And so in court they allowed it to lay
 In the dust and rust of years piled away.
8. A century is it since John Smith died,
 And his family name is scattered wide,

And towns have arisen upon his broad land,
 Prosperity beaming on every hand;
 A factory hums o'er his old hearth-stone,
 But John Smith the tenth one was never known,
 And John Smith's will will in chancery be,
 Till Time is lost in Eternity's sea. SHILLABER.

CCVIX.—EXAMINATION OF A WITNESS.

Judge. WHAT do you follow for a livelihood?

Witness. Nothing in particular, your honor.

Judge. You do not appear to have any property; how do you get your bread?

Witness. Sometimes, sur, I get it at Mr. O'Tool's, sometimes at Dennis McFarland's, and sometimes at the grocery round the corner.

Judge. Stop, you do n't understand me; I mean, how do you support yourself?

Witness. I support myself on a chair, in the day-time, and on a bed in the night-time, sur.

Judge. I do n't sit here to be trifled with by such fellows as you! Are you a mechanic?

Witness. No, sur, I am a Presbyterian.

Judge. Come, sir, if you do n't answer my question, I'll have you taken care of.

Witness. Troth, and if yer honor will do that same, I shall be dapely obliged to you, for the times are so hard that I can hardly take care of myself.

Judge. I believe you are an idle vagabond.

Witness. Yer honor is very slow of belief, or you would have found that out some time ago.

Judge. What do you know of the case before the court?

Witness. Nothing at all, sur.

Judge. Then why do you stand there?

Witness. Because I have no chair in which to sit down, sur.

Judge. Go about your business.

CCX.—MRS. CAUDLE'S LECTURE.

1. THERE, Mr. Caudle, I hope you 're in a little better temper than you were this morning. There, you need n't begin to whistle: people don't come to bed to whistle. But it's like you; I can't speak, that you do n't try to insult me. Once, I used to say you were the best creature living: now, you get quite a fiend. *Do* let you rest? No, I won't let you rest. It's the only time I have to talk to you, and you *shall* hear me. I'm put upon all day long: it's very hard if I can't speak a word at night; and it is n't often I open my mouth, goodness knows!

2. Because *once* in your lifetime your shirt wanted a button, you must almost swear the roof off the house. You *didn't* swear? Ha, Mr. Caudle! you do n't know what you do when you're in a passion. You were not in a passion, wer'nt you? Well, then I do n't know what a passion is; and I think I ought by this time. I've lived long enough with you, Mr. Caudle, to know that.

3. It's a pity you hav'nt something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt. If you'd *some* wives, you would, I know. I'm sure I'm never without a needle-and-thread in my hand; what with you and the children, I'm made a perfect slave of. And what's my thanks? Why, if once in your life a button's off your shirt—what do you say '*ah*' at? I say once, Mr. Caudle; or twice or three times, at most. I'm sure, Caudle, no man's buttons in the world are better looked after than yours. I only wish I'd kept the shirts you had when you were first married! I should like to know where were your buttons then?

4. Yes, it is worth talking of! But that's how you always try to put me down. You fly into a rage, and then, if I only try to speak, you won't hear me. That's how you men always will have all the talk to yourselves: a poor woman is n't allowed to get a word in. A nice notion you have of a wife, to suppose she's nothing to think of but her husband's buttons. A pretty notion, indeed, you have of marriage. Ha! if poor women only knew what they had to go through! What with buttons, and one thing and another!

They'd never tie themselves up to the best man in the world, I'm sure. What would they do, Mr. Caudle?—Why, do much better without you, I'm certain.

5. And it's my belief, after all, that the button was n't off the shirt; it's my belief that you pulled it off, that you might have something to talk about. Oh, you're aggravating enough, when you like, for any thing! All I know is, it's very odd that the button should be off the shirt; for I'm sure no woman's a greater slave to her husband's buttons than I am. I only say it's very odd.

6. However, there's one comfort; it can't last long. I'm worn to death with your temper, and shan't trouble you a great while. Ha, you may laugh! And I dare say you would laugh! I've no doubt of it! That's your love; that's your feeling! I know that I'm sinking every day, though I say nothing about it. And when I'm gone, we shall see how your second wife will look after your buttons! You'll find out the difference, then. Yes, Caudle, you'll think of me, then; for then, I hope, you'll never have a blessed button to your back.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

CCXI.—CHARGE TO THE JURY.

1. GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY:—You are sworn in all cases to decide according to the evidence; at the same time, if you have any doubt, you are bound to give the prisoner the benefit of it. Suppose you have to pronounce on the guilt or innocence of a gentleman accused of felony. You will naturally doubt whether any gentleman would commit such offences; accordingly, however strong may be the testimony against him, you will, perhaps, acquit him. The evidence of your own senses is, at least, as credible as that of the witnesses; if, therefore, your eyesight convince you that the prisoner is a well-dressed person, you have a right to presume his respectability; and it is for you to say whether a respectable person would be likely to be guilty of the crimes imputed to him.

2. In like manner, when you see a shabby-looking fellow

in the dock, charged, for example, with sheep stealing, the decision rests with you, first, whether or not that individual is a ragamuffin, and, secondly, how far it is probable that a man of that description would steal sheep. Of course, as has been before said, you will always be guided by the evidence; but, then, whether the evidence is trustworthy or not, is a matter for your private consideration. You may believe it if you choose, or you may disbelieve it; and whether, gentlemen of the jury, you will believe it or disbelieve it will depend on the constitution of your minds.

3. If your minds are so constituted that you wish to find the prisoner guilty, perhaps you will believe it; if they happen to be so constituted that you desire to find him not guilty, why then, very likely, you will disbelieve it. You are to free your minds from all passion and prejudice, if you can, and, in that case, your judgment will be unbiassed: but if you can not, you will return a verdict accordingly. It is not, strictly speaking, for you to consider what will be the effect of your verdict; but if such a consideration should occur to you, and you can not help attending to it, that verdict will be influenced by it to a certain extent.

4. You are probably aware that when you retire, you will be locked up until you contrive to agree. You may arrive at unanimity by fair discussion, or by some of you starving out the others, or by tossing up; and your conclusion, by which ever of these processes arrived at, will be more or less in accordance with your oaths. Your verdict may be right; it is to be hoped it will: it may be wrong; it is to be hoped it will not. At all events, gentlemen of the jury, you will come to some conclusion or other; unless it should so happen that you separate without coming to any. PUNCH.

CCXII.—TRUTH IN PARENTHESIS

1. I REALLY take it very kind—
 This visit, Mrs. Skinner;
 I have not seen you such an age—
 (The wretch has come to dinner!)

- Your daughters, too—what loves of girls—
 What heads for painters' easels!
 Come here, and kiss the infant, dears—
 (And give it, p'rhaps, the measles!)
2. Your charming boys, I see, are home,
 From Reverend Mr. Russell's;
 'T was very kind to bring them both—
 (What boots for my new Brussels!)
 What! little Clara left at home?
 Well, now, I call that shabby!
 I should have loved to kiss her so—
 (A flabby, dabby babby!)
3. And Mr. S., I hope he 's well—
 But, though he lives so handy,
 He never once drops in to sup—
 (The better for our brandy!)
 Come, take a seat—I long to hear
 About Matilda's marriage;
 You 've come, of course, to spend the day—
 (Thank Heaven! I hear the carriage!)
4. What! must you go?—next time, I hope,
 You 'll give me longer measure.
 Nay, I shall see you down the stairs—
 (With most uncommon pleasure!)
 Good bye! good bye! Remember, all,
 Next time you 'll take your dinners—
 (Now, David, mind—I 'm not at home,
 In future, to the Skinners.)

HOOD

 CCXIII.—THE MODERN BELLE.

1. THE daughter sits in the parlor,
 And rocks on her easy-chair,
 She is dressed in silks and satins,
 And jewels are in her hair;
 She winks, and giggles, and simpers,
 And simpers, and giggles, and winks:
 And though she talks but little,
 It 's vastly more than she thinks.

2. Her father goes clad in russet—
 All dirty and seedy at that:
 His coat is out at the elbows,
 And he wears a shocking bad hat.
 He is hoarding and saving his dollars,
 So carefully, day by day,
 While she on her whims and fancies
 Is squandering them all away.
3. She lies in bed of a morning
 Until the hour of noon,
 Then comes down, snapping and snarling
 Because she 's called too soon.
 Her hair is still in papers,
 Her cheeks still dabbered with paint—
 Remains of last night's blushes
 Before she attempted to faint.
4. Her feet are so very little,
 Her hands are so very white,
 Her jewels so very heavy,
 And her head so very light;
 Her color is made of cosmetics—
 Though this she 'll never own;
 Her body is mostly cotton,
 And her heart is wholly stone.
5. She falls in love with a fellow
 Who swells with a foreign air;
 He marries her for her money,
 She marries him for his hair.
 One of the very best matches;
 Both are well mated in life;
 She 's got a fool for a husband,
 And he 's got a fool for a wife.

 CCXIV.—ORATOR PUFF

- 1 **MR. ORATOR PUFF** had two tones in his voice,
 The one squeaking thus, and the other down so;
 In each sentence he uttered he gave you your choice,
 For one-half was B alt, and the rest G below,
 Oh! oh! Orator Puff,
 One voice for an orator 's surely enough.

2. But he still talked away, spite of coughs and of frowns
 So distracting all ears with his ups and his downs,
 That a wag once, on hearing the orator say,
 "My voice is for war," asked him, "Which of them pray?"
 Oh! oh! Orator Puff,
 One voice for an orator's surely enough.
3. Reeling homeward, one evening, top-heavy with gin,
 And rehearsing his speech on the weight of the crown,
 He tripped near a saw-pit, and tumbled right in,
 "Sinking fund," the last words as his noddle came down
 Oh! oh! Orator Puff,
 One voice for an orator's surely enough.
- 4 "Oh! save!" he exclaimed, in his he-and-she-tones,
 "Help me out! help me out!—I have broken my bones!"
 "Help you out!" said a Paddy, who passed, "what a bother!
 Why, there's two of you there; can't you help one another?"
 Oh! oh! Orator Puff,
 One voice for an orator's surely enough.

THOS. MOORE.

CCXV.—NOBODY'S SONG.

1. I'm thinking just now of Nobody,
 And all that Nobody's done,
 For I've a passion for Nobody,
 That Nobody else would own;
 I bear the name of Nobody,
 For from Nobody I sprung;
 And I sing the praise of Nobody,
 As Nobody mine has sung.
2. In life's morning Nobody
 To me was tender and dear;
 And my cradle was rocked by Nobody,
 And Nobody was ever near:
 I was petted and praised by Nobody,
 And Nobody brought me up;
 And when I was hungry, Nobody
 Gave me to dine or to sup.
3. I went to school to Nobody,
 And Nobody taught me to read;

AMUSING.

I played in the street with Nobody,
And to Nobody ever gave heed;
I recounted my tale to Nobody,
For Nobody was willing to hear;
And my heart it clung to Nobody,
And Nobody shed a tear.

4. And when I grew older, Nobody
Gave me a helping turn;
And by the good aid of Nobody
I began my living to earn:
And hence I courted Nobody,
And said Nobody's I'd be,
And asked to marry Nobody,
And Nobody married me.
5. Thus I trudge along with Nobody,
And Nobody cheers my life;
And I have a love for Nobody
Which Nobody has for his wife.
So here 's a health to Nobody,
For Nobody's now in town,
And I've a passion for Nobody,
That Nobody else would own.

CCXVI.—COQUETTE PUNISHED.

1. ELLEN was fair, and knew it, too,
As other village beauties do,
Whose mirrors never lie;
Secure of any swain she chose,
She smiled on half a dozen beaux,
And, reckless of a lover's woes,
She cheated these, and taunted those;
"For how could any one suppose
A clown could take her eye?"
- 2 But whispers through the village ran,
That Edgar was the happy man,
The maid designed to bless;
For, wheresoever moved the fair,
The youth was, like her shadow, there,
And rumor boldly matched the pair,
For village folks will guess

3. Edgar did love, but was afraid
 To make confession to the maid,
 So bashful was the youth:
 Certain to meet a kind return,
 He let the flame in secret burn,
 Till from his lips the maid should learn
 Officially the truth.
4. At length, one morn, to take the air,
 The youth and maid, in one-horse chair,
 A long excursion took.
 Edgar had nerved his bashful heart,
 The sweet confession to impart,
 For, ah! suspense had caused a smart,
 He could no longer brook.
5. He drove, nor slackened once his reins,
 Till Hempstead's wide extended plains
 Seemed joined to skies above:
 Nor house, nor tree, nor shrub was near,
 The rude and dreary scene to cheer,
 Nor soul within ten miles to hear—
 And still poor Edgar's silly fear,
 Forbade to speak of love.
6. At last, one desperate effort broke
 The bashful spell, and Edgar spoke,
 With most persuasive tone;
 Recounted past attendance o'er,
 And then, by all that's lovely, swore,
 That he would love, forever more,
 If she 'd become his own.
7. The maid, in silence, heard his prayer.
 Then, with a most provoking air,
 She tittered in his face;
 And said, "'T is time for you to know,
 A lively girl must have a beau,
 Just like a reticule—for show;
 And at her nod to come, and go—
 But he should know his place.
8. Your penetration must be dull,
 To let a hope within your skull
 Of matrimony spring.

Your wife! ha, ha! upon my word,
 The thought is laughably absurd,
 As any thing I ever heard—
 I never dreamed of such a thing."

9. The lover sudden dropped his rein,
 When on the center of the plain—
 "The linch-pin's out!" he cried;
 "Be pleased one moment to alight,
 Till I can set the matter right,
 That we may safely ride."
10. He said, and handed out the fair—
 Then laughing, cracked his whip in air,
 And wheeling round his horse and chair,
 Exclaimed, "Adieu, I leave you there
 In solitude to roam."
 "What mean you, sir!" the maiden cried,
 "Did you invite me out to ride,
 To leave me here, without a guide?
 Nay, stop, and take me home."
11. "What! take you home!" exclaimed the beau,
 "Indeed, my dear, I'd like to know
 How such a hopeless wish could grow,
 Or in your bosom spring.
 What! take Ellen home? ha! ha! upon my word,
 The thought is laughably absurd,
 As any thing I ever heard;
 I never dreamed of such a thing!"

CCXVII.—THE LOST PANTALOONS.

1. It chanced to be our washing day,
 And all our things were drying,
 The storm came roaming through the lines
 And set them all a-flying;
 I saw the shirts and petticoats
 Go riding off like witches,
 I lost—ah! bitterly I wept,—
 I lost my Sunday breeches.

2. I saw them straddling through the air,
 Alas! too late to win them,

I saw them chase the clouds as if
 The mischief had been in them.
 They were my darlings and my pride,
 My boyhood's only riches;
 Farewell, farewell, I faintly cried,
 My breeches, O, my breeches.

3. That night I saw them in my dreams,
 How changed from what I knew them;
 The dew had steeped their faded seams,
 The wind had whistled through them;
 I saw the wide and ghastly rents
 Where demon claws had torn them:
 A hole was in their hinder parts
 As if an imp had worn them.

4. I have had many happy years
 And tailors kind and clever;
 But those young pantaloons have gone
 Forever and forever;
 And not till fate has cut the last
 Of all my earthly stitches,
 This aching heart shall cease to mourn
 My loved—my long lost breeches.

CCXVIII.—STUMP SPEECH.

1. FELLOW CITIZENS:—I am, as you all know, a modest and unassuming man. I was born at an early period of my existence, in old Franklin County, and until I was nearly fourteen years of age, was entirely without parentage.

2. I had to struggle with obscurity, to which an unlucky star had confined me, until I was enabled to rise among my fellow citizens like a bright exaltation of the morning; but if it had not been for the goodness of several old ladies, who gave me an education, I might have been as ignorant as common people, or, even as you, fellow citizens.

3. Friends and fellow citizens! although I do not feel exactly tantamount to equivalent to addressing you on the momentous questions now agitating this conflictuous community, yet I intend to speak my sentiments fearlessly, in

the course of my remarks upon what I shall allude to, while I am discoursing before you; and I now declare that the crisis which were to have arriven have arroven.

4. I tell you this question ought to be severed down upon the heads of the people. We want the blood and spirit of our ancestral progenitors, who were not afraid to run the gauntelope of public opinion.

5. The wheels of government are stopped; the majestic ship of state which, like a Shanghai rooster on a rickety hen coop, was floating calmly down the peaceful stream of time, is now fast drifting upon the rocks and quick sands of disunion, soon to be dashed into a thousand flinters, unless you jump *into* the rescue, and avoid the terrible calamity by electing me to Congress.

6. Fellow citizens! I entreat and beseceth of you, hearken not to the siren voice that whispers in your credulous ears the delusive sounds of peace and harmony; for in our legislative halls, confusion, riot, and anarchy reign supreme. Then, arouse you; shake the dew drops from your hunting shirts; sound the tocsin; beat the drum, and blow the horn until the startled echoes, reverberating from hill top to hill top, shall cause the adamantine mountains of New England, the ferruginous soil of Missouri, and the auriferous particles of California to prick up their ears, and inquire of their neighbors, what can the matter be?

7. Fellow citizens; I repeat it. To your posts! and, from the topmost mountains of the Alleghanies bid defiance to the universal airth, by shouting our terrific watchword, Hail Columbia, in such thunder tones, that the enemies of our country shall be utterly scatterlophisticated before the morning sun reaches to the full zenith of his meridian hight.

CCXIX.—PARODY ON HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To spout, or not to spout, that is the question;
 Whether 't is better for a shame-faced fellow,
 With voice unmusical and gesture awkward,
 To stand a mere spectator in this business,
 Or have a touch of rhetoric? To speak—to spout,
 No more: and by this effort, to say we end

That bashfulness, that nervous trepidation,
 Displayed in maiden speeches—'t were a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To read—to speechify
 Before folks—perhaps to fail!—ay, there 's the rub;
 For from that ill success what sneers may rise,
 Ere we have scrambled through the sad oration,
 Must give us pause. 'T is the same reason,
 That makes a novice stand in hesitation,
 And gladly hide his own diminished head
 Beneath some half-fledged orator's importance,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 By a mere recitation. Who would speeches hear
 Responded to, with hearty acclamation,
 And yet restrain himself from holding forth,
 But for the dread of some unlucky failure—
 Some unforeseen mistake—some frightful blunder—
 Some vile pronunciation and inflection,
 Improper emphasis or wry-necked period,
 Which carping critics note and raise the laugh,
 Not to our credit, nor so soon forgot?
 We muse on this! Then starts the pithy question,
 Had we not best be mute and hide our faults,
 Than spout to publish them?

CCXX.—CHARGE OF A DUTCH MAGISTRATE.

1. MR. FOREMAN and Toder Jurymens:—Hans peen drierd for murder pefore you, and you must pring in te verdict; put it must pe 'cordin' to law.

2. De man he kill'd vash n't kill'd at all, as vas broved; he is in ter chail, at Morrystown, for sheep stealing. Put dat ish no matter; te law says ven ter ish a doubt you give him to ter brisoner; put here ter ish no doubt, zo you see ter brisoner ish guilty.

3. Pcsides, he ish a great loafer, I have known him fifty years, and he has not done any work in all dat times; and dere is no one depending upon him for dere living, for he ish no use to nopody.

4. I dinks, derfore, Mr. Foreman, he petter pe hung next Fourth of July, as der militia is going to drain in anoder county, and dere will be noting going on here.

CCXXI.—THE NANTUCKET SKIPPER.

- 1 MANY a long, long year ago,
Nantucket skippers had a plan
Of finding out, though "lying low,"
How near New York their schooners ran.
2. They greased the lead before it fell,
And then by sounding, through the night,
Knowing the soil that stuck so well,
They always guessed their reckoning right.
3. A skipper gray, whose eyes were dim,
Could tell, by tasting, just the spot,
And so below he 'd "douse the glim"—
After, of course, his "something hot."
4. Snug in his berth, at eight o'clock,
This ancient skipper might be found;
No matter how his craft would rock,
He slept—for skippers' naps are sound.
5. The watch on deck would now and then
Run down and wake him, with the lead;
He 'd up, and taste, and tell the men
How many miles they went ahead.
6. One night, 't was Jotham Marden's watch,
A curious wag—the pedlar's son;
And so he taised, (the wanton wretch!)
"To-night I 'll have a grain of fun.
7. "We 're all a set of stupid fools,
To think the skipper knows, by tasting,
What ground he 's on; Nantucket schools
Do n't teach such stuff, with all their basting!"
8. And so he took the well-greased lead,
And rubbed it o'er a box of earth
That stood on deck—(a parsnep-bed,)
And then he sought the skipper's berth.
9. "Where are we now, sir? Please to taste."
The skipper yawned, put out his tongue,
And oped his eyes in wondrous haste,
And then upon the floor he sprung!

15. The skipper stormed, and tore his hair,
 Thrust on his boots, and roared to Marden,
 "Nantucket's sunk, and here we are,
 Right over old Marm Hackett's garden!"

J. T. FIELDER

CCXXII.—THE FROG.

1. Or all the funny things that live
 In woodland, marsh, or bog,
 That creep the ground, or fly the air,
 The funniest is the frog.
 The frog—the scientifickest
 Of Nature's handiwork—
 The frog, that neither walks nor runs,
 But goes it with a jerk.
2. With pants and coat of bottle green,
 And yellow fancy vest,
 He plunges into mud and mire,
 All in his Sunday best.
 He has his trials by the lump,
 Yet holds himself quite cool;
 For when they come, he gives a jump,
 And drowns 'em in the pool.
3. There! see him sitting on that log,
 Above the dirty deep;
 You feel inclined to say, "Old chap,
 Just look before you leap!"
 You raise your cane to hit him, on
 His ugly-looking mug;
 But, ere you get it half way up,
 Adown he goes, ker chug.

CCXXIII.—PARODY ON BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

1. Nor a sous had he got,—not a guinea or note,
 And he looked confoundedly flurried,
 As he bolted away without paying his shot,
 And the landlady after him hurried.
2. We saw him again at dead of night,
 When home from the club returning;

We twigged the doctor beneath the light
Of the gas-lamp brilliantly burning.

3. All bare, and exposed to the midnight dews,
Reclined in the gutter we found him;
And he looked like a gentleman taking a snooze
With his Marshall cloak around him.
4. "The doctor's as drunk as he *can* be," we said,
And we managed a shutter to borrow;
We raised him, and sighed at the thought that his head
Would "consumedly ache" on the morrow.
5. We carried him home, and put him to bed,
And we told his wife and his daughter
To give him, next morning, a couple of red
Herrings, with iced soda-water.
6. Loudly they talked of his money that's gone,
And his lady began to upbraid him;
But little he recked, so they let him snore on
'Neath the counterpane just as we laid him.
7. We tucked him in, and had hardly done,
When, beneath the window calling,
We heard the rough voice of a son of a gun
Of a watchman, "One o'clock!" bawling.
8. Slowly and sadly we all walked down
From his room in the uppermost story;
A rush-light we placed on the cold hearth-stone,
And we left him alone in his glory!

INGOLDSBY LEGENDS.

CCXXIV.—THE HYPOCHONDRIAC.

1. GOOD morning, Doctor; how do you do? I haint quite so well as I have been; but I think I'm some better than I was. I do n't think that last medicine you gin me did me much good. I had a terrible time with the ear ache iast night; my wife got up and drapt a few draps of Walnut sap into it, and that relieved it some; but I did n't get a wink of sleep till nearly daylight. For nearly a week, Doctor, I've had the worst kind of a narvous head-ache;

it has been so bad sometimes that I thought my head would bust open. Oh, dear! I sometimes think that I'm the most afflictedest human that ever lived.

2. Since this cold weather sot in, that troublesome cough, that I have had every winter for the last fifteen year, has began to pester me agin. (*Coughs.*) Doctor, do you think you can give me any thing that will relieve this desprit pain I have in my side?

3. Then I have a crick, at times, in the back of my neck, so that I can't turn my head without turning the hull of my body. (*Coughs.*)

4. Oh dear! What shall I do! I have consulted almost every doctor in the county, but they don't any of them seem to understand my case. I have tried every thing that I could think of; but I can't find any thing that does me the leastest good. (*Coughs.*)

5. Oh this cough—it will be the death of me yet! You know I had my right hip put out last fall at the raising of Deacon Jones' saw mill; its getting to be very troublesome just before we have a change of weather. Then I've got the sciatica in my right knee, and sometimes I'm so crippled up that I can hardly crawl round in any fashion.

6. What do you think that old white mare of ours did while I was out plowing last week? Why, the weacked old critter, she kept a backing and backing, on till she back'd me right up agin the colter, and knock'd a piece of skin off my shin nearly so big. (*Coughs.*)

7. But I had a worse misfortune than that the other day, Doctor. You see it was washing-day—and my wife wanted me to go out and bring in a little stove-wood—you know we lost our help lately, and my wife has to wash and tend to every thing about the house herself.

8. I knew it would n't be safe for me to go out—as it was a raining at the time—but I thought I'd risk it any how. So I went out, pick'd up a few chunks of stove-wood, and was a coming up the steps in to the house, when my feet slipp'd from under me, and I fell down as sudden as if I'd been shot. Some of the wood lit upon my face, broke down the bridge of my nose, cut my upper lip, and knock'd out

three of my front teeth. I suffered dreadfully on account of it, as you may suppose, and my face aint well enough yet to make me fit to be seen, specially by the women folks (*Coughs.*) Oh dear! But that aint all, Doctor, I've got fifteen corns on my toes—and I'm afeard I'm a going to have the yellow jaundice. (*Coughs.*)

CCXXV.—BUZFUZ VERSUS PICKWICK.

1. You have heard from my learned friend, gentlemen of the jury, that this is an action for a breach of promise of marriage, in which the damages are laid at fifteen hundred pounds. The plaintiff, gentlemen, is a widow—yes, gentlemen, a widow. The late Mr. Bardell, some time before his death, became the father, gentlemen, of a little boy. With this little boy, the only pledge of her departed exciseman, Mrs. Bardell shrunk from the world, and courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell street; and here she placed in her front parlor window a written placard, bearing this inscription: "Apartments, furnished, for a single gentleman. Inquire within." Mrs. Bardell's opinions of the opposite sex, gentlemen, were derived from a long contemplation of the inestimable qualities of her lost husband. She had no fear—she had no distrust—all was confidence and reliance. "Mr. Bardell," said the widow, "was a man of honor,—Mr. Bardell was a man of his word,—Mr. Bardell was no deceiver,—Mr. Bardell was once a single gentleman himself; to single gentlemen I look for protection, for assistance, for comfort and consolation;—in single gentlemen I shall perpetually see some thing to remind me of what Mr. Bardell was, when he first won my young and untried affections; to a single gentleman, then, shall my lodgings be let."

2. Actuated by this beautiful and touching impulse. (among the best impulses of our imperfect nature, gentlemen,) the lonely and desolate widow dried her tears, furnished her first floor, caught her innocent boy to her maternal bosom, and put the bill up in her parlor window

Did it remain there long? No. The serpent was on the watch; the train was laid; the mine was preparing; the sapper and miner was at work! Before the bill had been in the parlor window three days—three days, gentlemen—a being, erect upon two legs, and bearing all the outward semblance of a man, and not of a monster, knocked at the door of Mrs. Bardell's house. He inquired within; he took the lodgings; and on the very next day, he entered into possession of them. This man was Pickwick—Pickwick, the defendant.

3. Of this man I will say little. The subject presents but few attractions; and I, gentlemen, am not the man, nor are you, gentlemen, the men, to delight in the contemplation of revolting heartlessness, and of systematic villainy. I say systematic villainy, gentlemen; and when I say systematic villainy, let me tell the defendant, Pickwick, if he be in court, as I am informed he is, that it would have been more decent in him, more becoming, if he had stopped away. Let me tell him, further, that a counsel, in the discharge of his duty, is neither to be intimidated, nor bullied, nor put down; and that any attempt to do either the one or the other will recoil on the head of the attempter, be he plaintiff, or be he defendant; be his name Pickwick, or Noakes, or Stoakes, or Stiles, or Brown, or Thompson.

4. I shall show you, gentlemen, that for two years Pickwick continued to reside constantly, and without interruption or intermission, at Mrs. Bardell's house. I shall show you that Mrs. Bardell, during the whole of that time, waited on him, attended to his comforts, cooked his meals, looked out his linen for the washerwoman when it went abroad, darned, aired, and prepared it for wear when it came home; and, in short, enjoyed his fullest trust and confidence. I shall show you that on many occasions he gave half-pence, and on some occasions even sixpence, to her little boy. I shall prove to you that on one occasion, when he returned from the country, he distinctly and in terms offered her marriage; previously, however, taking special care that there should be no witnesses to their solemn contract. And I am in a situation to prove to you, on the testimony of three of his

own friends—most unwilling witnesses, gentlemen—most unwilling witnesses—that on that morning, he was discovered by them holding the plaintiff in his arms, and soothing her agitation by his caresses and endearments.

5. And now, gentlemen, but one word more. Two letters have passed between these parties—letters that must be viewed with a cautious and suspicious eye—letters that were evidently intended, at the time, by Pickwick, to mislead and delude any third parties into whose hands they might fall. Let me read the first:—“Garraway’s, twelve o’clock.—Dear Mrs. B.: Chops and tomato sauce. Yours, Pickwick.” Gentlemen, what does this mean? *Chops and tomato sauce! Yours, Pickwick!* Chops!—gracious fathers!—and tomato sauce! Gentlemen, is the happiness of a sensitive and confiding female to be trifled away by such shallow artifices as these? The next has no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious. “Dear Mrs. B.: I shall not be at home tomorrow. Slow coach.” And then follows this very remarkable expression—“Do n’t trouble yourself about the warming-pan.” *The warming-pan!* Why, gentlemen, *who does* trouble himself about a warming-pan? Why is Mrs. Bardell so earnestly entreated not to agitate herself about this warming-pan, unless (as is no doubt the case) it is a mere cover for hidden fire—a mere substitute for some endearing word or promise, agreeably to a preconcerted system of correspondence, artfully contrived by Pickwick with a view to his contemplated desertion? And what does this allusion to the slow coach mean? For aught I know it may be a reference to Pickwick himself, who has most unquestionably been a criminally slow coach during the whole of this transaction, but whose speed will be now very unexpectedly accelerated, and whose wheels, gentlemen, as he will find to his cost, will very soon be greased by you.

6. But enough of this, gentlemen. It is difficult to smile with an aching heart. My client’s hopes and prospects are ruined; and it is no figure of speech to say that her “occupation is gone” indeed. The bill is down; but there is no tenant. Eligible single gentlemen pass and repass: but there is no invitation for them to inquire within or without.

All is gloom and silence in the house: even the voice of the child is hushed; his infant sports are disregarded, when his mother weeps. But Pickwick, gentlemen—Pickwick, the ruthless destroyer of this domestic oasis in the desert of Goswell street—Pickwick, who has choked up the well, and thrown ashes on the sward—Pickwick, who comes before you to-day with his heartless tomato sauce and warming-pans—Pickwick still rears his head with unblushing effrontery, and gazes without a sigh on the ruin he has made! Damages, gentlemen, heavy damages, is the only punishment with which you can visit him—the only recompense you can award to my client. And for those damages she now appeals to an enlightened, a high minded, a right-feeling, a conscientious, a dispassionate, a sympathizing, a contemplative jury of her civilized countrymen!

CHARLES DICKENS.

CCXXVI.—SOCRATES SNOOKS.

1. MISTER Socrates Snooks, a lord of creation,
The second time entered the married relation:
Xantippe Caloric accepted his hand,
And they thought him the happiest man in the land.
But scarce had the honeymoon passed o'er his head,
When, one morning, to Xantippe, Socrates said,
"I think, for a man of my standing in life,
This house is too small, as I now have a wife:
So, as early as possible, carpenter Carey
Shall be sent for to widen my house and my dairy.

2. "Now, Socrates, dearest," Xantippe replied,
"I hate to hear every thing vulgarly *my'd*;
Now, whenever you speak of your chattels again,
Say, *our* cow house, *our* barn yard, *our* pig pen."
"By your leave, Mrs. Snooks, I will say what I please
Of *my* houses, *my* lands, *my* gardens, *my* trees."
"Say *Our*," Xantippe exclaimed in a rage.
"I won't, Mrs. Snooks, though you ask it an age!"

3. Oh, woman! though only a part of man's rib,
If the story in Genesis do n't tell a fib,

Should your naughty companion e'er quarrel with you,
 You are certain to prove the best man of the two.
 In the following case this was certainly true;
 For the lovely Xantippe just pulled off her shoe,
 And laying about her, all sides at random,
 The adage was verified—"Nil desperandum."

4. Mister Socrates Snooks, after trying in vain,
 To ward off the blows which descended like rain,—
 Concluding that valor's best part was discretion—
 Crept under the bed like a terrified Hessian:
 But the dauntless Xantippe, not one whit afraid,
 Converted the siege into a blockade.

5. At last, after reasoning the thing in his pate,
 He concluded 't was useless to strive against fate;
 And so, like a tortoise protruding his head,
 Said, "My dear, may we come out from under *our* bed?"
 "Hah! hah!" she exclaimed, "Mr. Socrates Snooks,
 I perceive you agree to my terms, by your looks:
 Now, Socrates,—hear me,—from this happy hour,
 If you 'll only obey me, I 'll never look sour."
 'T is said the next Sabbath, ere going to church,
 He chanced for a clean pair of trowsers to search:
 Having found them, he asked, with a few nervous twitches,
 "My dear, may we put on our new Sunday breeches?"

CCXXVII.—VARIETIES.

1.—HUSBAND VERSUS WIFE.

ABEL McAdam—may his tribe increase—
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the gas-light of his room,
 A female spirit (dressed up a la Bloom-
 Er,) writing some thing in a book of gold.
 Exceeding drink had made McAdam bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest, dear?" The spirit raised its head,
 And with a voice like that of cooing dove,
 Murmured, "The names of men whom women love."
 "And is mine one?" asked Abel. "No, sir-ee,"
 Replied the spirit. Abel roared with glee,

Then coolly said, "Sweet sprite, write me as one
 Who ne'er finds fault with what a woman's done."
 The Bloomer wrote and vanished; but the next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names by love of woman blessed;
 When, lo! McAdam's name led all the rest!

2.—WHY DIGGEST THOU?

"Old man, for whom diggest thou this grave?"
 I asked as I walked along;
 For I saw in the heart of London streets
 A dark and busy throng.
 'T was a strange, wild deed, but a wilder wish
 Of the parted soul, to lie,
 'Mid the troubled numbers of living men
 Who would pass him idly by.
 So I said, "For whom diggest thou this grave,
 In the heart of London town?"
 And the deep-toned voice of the digger replied—
 "We're laying a gas-pipe down."

3.—THE RETORT.

- 1 Old Birch, who taught a village school,
 Wedded a maid of homespun habit;
 He was as stubborn as a mule,
 And she was playful as a rabbit.
- 2 Poor Kate had scarce become a wife,
 Before her husband sought to make her
 The pink of country polished life,
 And prim and formal as a Quaker.
- 3 One day the tutor went abroad,
 And simple Kitty sadly missed him;
 When he returned, behind her lord
 She slyly stole, and fondly kissed him!
- 4 The husband's anger rose!—and red
 And white his face alternate grew!
 "Less freedom, ma'am!" Kate sighed and said,
 "Oh, dear! I did n't know 't was you!"

CCXXVIII.—FUSS AT FIRES.

1. It having been announced to me, my young friends, that you were about forming a fire-company, I have called you together to give you such directions as long experience in a first-quality engine company qualifies me to communicate. The moment you hear an alarm of fire, scream like a pair of panthers. Run any way, except the right way—for the furthest way round is the nearest way to the fire. If you happen to run on the top of a wood-pile, so much the better; you can then get a good view of the neighborhood. If a light breaks on your view, "break" for it immediately; but be sure you do n't jump into a bow window. Keep yelling, all the time; and, if you can't make night hideous enough yourself, kick all the dogs you come across, and set them yelling, too. A brace of cats dragged up stairs by the tail would be a "powerful auxiliary." When you reach the scene of the fire, do all you can to convert it into a scene of destruction. Tear down all the fences in the vicinity. If it be a chimney on fire, throw salt down it; or, if you can't do that, perhaps the best plan would be to jerk off the pump-handle and pound it down. Don't forget to yell, all the while, as it will have a prodigious effect in frightening off the fire. The louder the better, of course; and the more ladies in the vicinity, the greater necessity for "doing it brown."

2. Should the roof begin to smoke, get to work in good earnest, and make any man "smoke" that interrupts you. If it is summer, and there are fruit-trees in the lot, cut them down, to prevent the fire from roasting the apples. Don't forget to yell! Should the stable be threatened, carry out the cow-chains. Never mind the horse—he'll be alive and kicking; and if his legs do n't do their duty, let them pay for the roast. Ditto as to the hogs—let them save their own bacon, or smoke for it. When the roof begins to burn, get a crow-bar and pry away the stone steps; or, if the steps be of wood, procure an axe and chop them up. Next, cut away the wash-boards in the basement story; and, if that do n't stop the flames, let the chair-boards on the

first floor share a similar fate. Should the "devouring element" still pursue the "even tenor of its way," you had better ascend to the second story. Pitch out the pitchers, and tumble out the tumblers. Yell all the time!

3. If you find a baby abed, fling it into the second story window of the house across the way; but let the kitten carefully down in a work-basket. Then draw out the bureau drawers, and empty their contents out of the back window; telling some body below to upset the slop-barrel and rain-water hogshead at the same time. Of course, you will attend to the mirror. The further it can be thrown, the more pieces will be made. If any body objects, smash it over his head. Do not, under any circumstances, drop the tongs down from the second story: the fall might break its legs, and render the poor thing a cripple for life. Set it straddle of your shoulders, and carry it down carefully. Pile the bed-clothes carefully on the floor, and throw the crockery out of the window. By the time you will have attended to all these things, the fire will certainly be arrested, or the building be burnt down. In either case, your services will be no longer needed; and, of course, you require no further directions, except at all times to keep up a yell.

CCXXIX.—PRAYING FOR RAIN.

1. How difficult, alas! to please mankind!

One or the other every moment mutters:
This wants an eastern, that a western wind;
A third, petition for a southern, utters.
Some pray for rain, and some for frost and snow:
How can Heaven suit all palates?—I do n't know.
2. Good Lamb, the curate, much approved,
Indeed by all his flock beloved,
Was one dry summer begged to pray for rain:
The parson most devoutly prayed—
The powers of prayer were soon displayed;
Immediately a torrent drenched the plain.
3. It chanced that the church warden, Robin Jay,
Had of his meadow not yet saved the hay:

Thus was his hay to health quite past restoring.
 It happened too that Robin was from home;
 But when he heard the story, in a foam
 He sought the parson, like a lion roaring.

6. "Zounds! Parson Lamb, why, what have you been doing?
 A pretty storm, indeed, ye have been brewing!
 What! pray for rain before I saved my hay!
 Oh! you 're a cruel and ungrateful man!
 I that forever help you all I can;
 Ask you to dine with me and Mistress Jay
 Whenever we have some thing on the spit,
 Or in the pot a nice and dainty bit;
5. "Send you a goose, a pair of chicken,
 Whose bones you are so fond of picking;
 And often too a keg of brandy!
 You that were welcome to a treat,
 To smoke and chat, and drink and eat;
 Making my house so very handy!
6. "You, parson, serve one such a scurvy trick!
 Zounds! you must have the bowels of Old Nick.
 What! bring the flood of Noah from the skies,
 With my fine field of hay before your eyes!
 A numskull, that I wer'n't of this aware.—
 Hang me, but I had stopped your pretty prayer!"
 "Dear Mister Jay?" quoth Lamb, "alas! alas!
 I never thought upon your field of grass."
7. "Oh! parson, you 're a fool, one might suppose—
 Was not the field just underneath your nose?
 This is a very pretty losing job!"—
 "Sir," quoth the curate, "know that Harry Cobb,
 Your brother warden, joined to have the prayer."—
 "Cobb! Cobb! why this for Cobb was only sport:
 What doth Cobb own that any rain can hurt?"
 Roared furious Jay as broad as he could stare.
8. The fellow owns, as far as I can larn,
 A few old houses only, and a barn;
 As that's the case, zounds! what are showers to him?
 Not Noah's flood could make his trumpery swim.
 "Besides—why could you not for drizzle pray?
 Why force it down in buckets on the hay?

Would I have played with your hay such a freak?
No! I'd have stopped the weather for a week."

9. "Dear Mister Jay, I do protest,
I acted solely for the best;
I do affirm it, Mister Jay, indeed.
Your anger for this once restrain,
I'll never bring a drop again
Till you and all the parish are agreed."

PETER FINDER

CCXXX.—THE DAPPLE MARE.

1. "Once on a time," as ancient tales declare,
There lived a farmer in a quiet dell
In Massachusetts, but exactly where,
Or when, is really more than I can tell—
Except that, quite above the public bounty,
He lived within his means and Bristol county.
2. By patient labor and unceasing care,
He earned, and so enjoyed, his daily bread;
Contented always with his frugal fare,
Ambition to be rich ne'er vexed his head:
And thus unknown to envy, want, or wealth,
He flourished long in comfort, peace and health.
3. The gentle partner of his humble lot,
The joy and jewel of his wedded life,
Discharged the duties of his peaceful cot,
Like a true woman and a faithful wife;
Her mind improved by thought and useful reading,
Kind words and gentle manners showed her breeding.
4. Grown old at last, the farmer called his son,
The youngest, (and the favorite I suppose,)
And said—"I long have thought, my darling John,
'T is time to bring my labors to a close;
So now to toil I mean to bid adieu,
And deed, my son, the homestead farm to you."
5. The boy embraced the boon with vast delight,
And promised while their precious lives remained,
He'd till and tend the farm from morn till night,
And see his parents handsomely maintained;

God help him, he would never fail to love, nor
Do aught to grieve his generous old gov'nor!

8. The farmer said—"Well, let us now proceed,
(You know there's always danger in delay,)
And get 'Squire Robinson to write the deed;
Come—where's my staff?—we'll soon be on the way."
But John replied, with tender, filial care,
"You're old and weak—I'll catch 'he Dapple Mare."
7. The mare was saddled, and the old man got on,
The boy on foot trudged cheerfully along,
The while, to cheer his sire, the duteous son
Beguiled the weary way with talk and song.
Arrived at length, they found the 'Squire at home,
And quickly told him wherefore they had come.
8. The deed was writ in proper form of law,
With many a "foresaid," "therefore," and "the same,"
And made throughout without mistake or flaw,
To show that John had now a legal claim
To all his father's land—conveyed, given, sold,
Quit-claimed, et cetera—to have and hold.
9. Their business done, they left the lawyer's door,
Happier, perhaps than when they entered there;
And started off as they had done before—
The son on foot, the father on the mare.
But ere the twain a single mile had gone,
A brilliant thought occurred to Master John.
10. Alas for truth!—alas for filial duty!—
Alas that Satan in the shape of pride,
(His most bewitching form save that of beauty,)
Whispered the lad—"My boy, you ought to ride!"
"Get off!" exclaimed the younker—" 't is n't fair
That you should always ride the Dapple Mare!"
11. The son was lusty, and the sire was old,
And so, with many an oath and many a frown,
The hapless farmer did as he was told,
The man got off the steed, the boy got on,
And rode away as fast as she could trot,
And left his sire to trudge it home on foot!

12. That night, while seated round the kitchen fire
 The household sat, cheerful as if no word
 Or deed, provoked the injured father's ire,
 Or ought to make him sad had e'er occurred—
 Thus spoke he to his son—"We quite forgot,
 I think, t' include that little turnip lot!"
- 13 "I'm very sure my son, it would n't hurt it,"
 Calmly observed the meditative sire,
 "To take the deed, my lad, and just insert it:"
 Here the old man inserts it—in the fire!
 Then cries aloud with most triumphant air,
 "Who now, my son, shall ride the Dapple Mare?"

JOHN G. SAXE.

CCXXXI.—FIRST APPEARANCE IN TYPE.

1. "An, here it is! I'm famous now;
 An author and a poet,
 It really is in print. Hurrah!
 How proud I'll be to show it,
 And gentle Anna! what a thrill
 Will animate her breast,
 To read these ardent lines, and know
 To whom they are addressed.

2. "Why, bless my soul! here's some thing wrong;
 What can the paper mean,
 By talking of the 'graceful brook,'
 That '*ganders* o'er the green?'
 And here's a *t* instead of *r*,
 Which makes it 'tippling rill,'
 We'll seek the 'shad' instead of 'shade,'
 And 'hell' instead of 'hill.'

3. "'Thy looks so'—what?—I recollect,
 'T was 'sweet,' and then 't was 'kind;'
 And now, to think,—the stupid fool—
 For 'bland' has printed 'blind,'
 Was ever such provoking work?
 ('T is curious, by the by,
 That any thing is rendered blind
 By giving it an *i*.)

4. "The color of the 'rose' is 'nose,'
 'Affection' is 'affliction.'
 (I wonder if the likeness holds
 In fact as well as fiction?)
 'Thou art a friend.' The *r* is gone;
 Whoever would have deemed
 That such a trifling thing could change
 A friend into a fiend.

5. "'Thou art the same,' is rendered 'lame,'
 It really is too bad!
 And here because an *i* is out
 My lovely 'maid' is mad.
 They drove her blind by poking in
 An *i*—a process new—
 And now they've gouged it out again,
 And made her crazy, too.

6. "I'll read no more. What shall I do?
 I'll never dare to send it.
 The paper's scattered far and wide,
 'T is now too late to mend it.
 Oh, fame! thou cheat of human life,
 Why did I ever write?
 I wish my poem had been burnt,
 Before it saw the light.

7. "Was ever such a horrid hash,
 In poetry or prose?
 I've said she was a 'fiend!' and praised
 The color of her 'nose.'
 I wish I had the printer here
 About a half a minute,
 I'd bang him to his heart's content,
 And with an *h* begin it."

CCXXXII.—LOVE AND PHYSIC.

1 A CLEVER man was Dr. Digg,
 Misfortunes well he bore;
 He never lost his patience till
 He had no patients more;

- And though his practice once was large,
 It did not swell his gains,
 The pains he labored for were but
 The labor for his pains.
2. Though "art is long," his cash got short,
 And well might Galen dread it,
 For who will trust a name unknown
 When merit gets no credit?
 To marry seemed the only way
 To ease his mind of trouble;
 Misfortunes never singly come,
 And misery made them double.
3. He had a patient, rich and fair,
 That hearts by scores was breaking,
 And as he once had felt her wrist,
 He thought her hand of taking;
 But what the law makes strangers do
 Did strike his comprehension,
 Who live in these United States,
 Do first declare intention.
4. And so he called—his beating heart
 With anxious fears was swelling—
 And half in habit took her hand,
 And on her tongue was dwelling:
 But thrice, though he essayed to speak,
 He stopped, and stuck, and blundered,
 For say what mortal could be cool,
 Whose pulse was 'most a hundred?
5. "Madame," at last he faltered out—
 His love had grown courageous—
 "I have discerned a new complaint,
 I hope to prove contagious:
 And when the symptoms I relate,
 And show its diagnosis,
 Ah, let me hope from those dear lips,
 Some favorable prognosis.
6. "This done," he cries, "let's tie those ties
 Which none but death can sever,
 Since 'like cures like,' I do infer
 That love cures love forever."

He paused—she blushed, however strange
 It seems on first perusal,
 Although there was no promise made,
 She gave him a refusal.

7. "I can not marry one who lives
 By other folks' distresses—
 The man I marry I must love,
 Not fear his fond caresses ;
 For who, whatever be their sex,
 However strange the case is,
 Would like to have a doctor's bill
 Stuck up into their faces?"

8 Perhaps you think, 'twixt love and rage,
 He took some deadly potion,
 Or with his lancet breathed a vein
 To ease his pulse's motion.
 To guess the vent of his despair,
 The wisest one might miss it ;
 He reached his office—then and there,
He charged her for the visit!

CCXXXIII.—VARIETIES.

I.—SALE OF OLD BACHELORS.

I DREAMED a dream in the midst of my slumbers,
 And as fast as I dreamed it was coined into numbers—
 My thoughts ran along in such beautiful meter,
 I'm sure I ne'er saw any poetry sweeter.
 It seemed that a law had been recently made
 That a tax on old bachelors' pates should be laid ;
 And in order to make them all willing to marry,
 The tax was as large as a man could well carry.
 The bachelors grumbled, and said 't were no use,
 'T was horrid injustice and shameful abuse ;
 And declared, that to save their own heart's blood from spilling,
 Of such a vile tax they would ne'er pay a shilling.
 But the rulers determined their course to pursue,
 So they set the old bachelors up at vendue ;
 A crier was sent through the town to and fro,
 To rattle his bell and his trumpet to blow ;

And to call out to all he might meet in the way,
 "Ho! forty old bachelors sold here to-day!"
 And presently all the old maids in the town,
 Each one in her very best bonnet and gown,
 From thirty to sixty, fair, plain, red and pale,
 Of every description all flocked to the sale.
 The auctioneer then in his labors began,
 And called out aloud, as he held up a man,
 "How much for a bachelor—who wants to buy?"
 In a twink every maiden responded, "I—I"
 In short, at a hugely extravagant price,
 The bachelors all were sold off in a trice;
 And forty old maidens, some younger, some older,
 Each lugged an old bachelor home on her shoulder.

2.—A RECIPE.

"Just take enough of good Scotch snuff,"
 Said the parson to his hearer;
 "You'll keep awake, and grace partake,
 And to the truth come nearer."
 Said Mister Smith, "Go now forthwith,
 My dear good parson Hermon,
 And take enough of that same snuff
And put it in your sermon!"

3.—A TALE OF WONDER.

- 1 Now the laugh shakes the hall, and the ruddy wine flows;
 Who, who is so merry and gay?
 Lemona is happy, for little she knows
 Of the monster so grim, that lay hushed in repose,
 Expecting his evening prey.
- 2 While the music played sweet, and, with tripping so light,
 Bruno danced through the maze of the hall;
 Lemona retired, and her maidens in white,
 Led her up to her chamber, and bid her good night,
 Then went down again to the hall.
3. The monster of blood now extended his claws,
 And from under the bed did he creep;
 With blood all besmeared, he now stretched out his paws;
 With blood all besmeared, he now stretched out his jaws
 To feed on the angel asleep.

- 4 He seized on a vein, and gave such a bite,
 And he gave, with his fangs, such a tug—
 She shrieked! Bruno ran up the stairs in a fright;
 The guests followed after, when brought to the light,
 "Mercy on us!" they cried, "what a *bug!*"

4.—PARODY.

1. Oh, ever thus since childhood's hour,
 We 've seen our fondest hopes decay;
 We never raised a calf, or cow, or
 Hen that laid an egg a day,
 But it was "marked" and took away.
2. We never raised a sucking pig,
 To glad us with its sunny eye,
 But when 't was grown up fat and big,
 And fit to roast, or broil, or fry—
 We could not find it in the sty.

CCXXXIV.—THE OLD HAT.

1 I HAD a hat—it was not all a hat—
 Part of the brim was gone—yet still I wore
 It on, and people wondered, as I passed;
 Some turned to gaze—others, just cast an eye,
 And soon withdrew it, as 't were in contempt.
 But still, my hat, although so fashionless,
 In complement extern, had that within,
 Surpassing show—my head continued warm,
 Being sheltered from the weather, spite of all
 The want (as has been said) of shading brim.

2. A change came o'er the color of my hat.
 That which was black grew brown, and then men stared
 With both their eyes, (they stared with one before;)
 The wonder now was twofold—and it seemed
 Strange, that things so torn, and old, should still
 Be worn, by one who might—but let that pass!
 I had my reasons, which might be revealed,
 But for some counter reasons far more strong,
 Which tied my tongue to silence. Time passed on.
 Green spring and flowery summer, autumn brown,

And frosty winter came,—and went, and came,—
 And still, through all the seasons of two years,
 In park, in city, yea, in routs and balls,
 The hat was worn, and borne. Then folks grew wild
 With curiosity—and whispers rose,
 And questions passed about—how one so trim
 In coats, boots, pumps, gloves, trowsers, could ensconce
 His caput in a covering so vile.

3. A change came o'er the nature of my hat.
 Grease-spots appeared; but still, in silence, on
 I wore it; and then family and friends
 Glared madly at each other. There was one,
 Who said—but hold! no matter what was said,
 A time may come when I—away, away—
 Not till the season's ripe, can I reveal
 Thoughts that do lie too deep for common minds;
 Till then, the world shall not pluck out the heart
 Of this my mystery. When I will—I will!
 The hat was greasy now, and old, and torn—
 But torn, old, greasy, still I wore it on.

4. A change came o'er the business of this hat.
 Women, and men, and children scowled on me;
 My company was shunned—I was alone—
 None would associate with such a hat—
 Friendship itself proved faithless, for a hat.
 She that I loved, within whose gentle breast
 I treasured up my heart, looked cold as death:
 Love's fires went out, extinguished by a hat.
 Of those that knew me best, some turned aside,
 And scudded down dark lanes—one man did place
 His finger on his nose's side, and jeered—
 Others, in horrid mockery, laughed outright;
 Yea, dogs, deceived by instinct's dubious ray,
 Fixing their swart glare on my ragged hat,
 Mistook me for a beggar, and they barked.
 Thus women, men, friends, strangers, lover, dogs—
 One thought pervaded all—it was, my hat.

5. A change—it was the last—came o'er this hat
 For lo! at length, the circling months went round,
 The period was accomplished, and one day
 This tattered, brown, old greasy coverture,
 (Time had endeared its vileness,) was transferred

To the possession of a wandering son
 Of Israel's fated race, and friends once more
 Greeted my digits with the wonted squeeze:
 Once more I went my way along, along,
 And plucked no wondering gaze; the hand of scorn,
 With its annoying finger, men and dogs,
 Once more grew pointless, jokeless, laughless, growlless;
 And last, not least, of rescued blessings—love,
 Love smiled on me again, when I assumed
 A brand-new beaver of the Andre mold;
 And then the laugh was mine, for then came out
 The secret of this strangeness—'t was a *bet!*

CCXXXV.—THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

1. Two honest tradesmen meeting in the Strand,
 One took the other briskly by the hand;
 "Hark ye," said he, "'t is an odd story this,
 About the crows!"—"I do n't know what it is,"
 Replied his friend. "No! I'm surprised at that;
 Where I come from it is the common chat:
 But you shall hear: an odd affair indeed!
 And that it happened, they are all agreed;
 Not to detain you from a thing so strange,
 A gentleman, that lives not far from 'Change,
 This week, in short, as all the alley knows,
 Taking a puke, has thrown up three black crows."

2. "Impossible!"—"Nay, but it's really true,
 I had it from good hands, and so may you."
 "From whose, I pray?" So, having named the man,
 Straight to inquire, his curious comrade ran.
 "Sir, did you tell?"—relating the affair—
 "Yes, sir, I did; and if it's worth your care,
 Ask Mr. Such-a-one, he told it me;
 But, by the by, 't was two black crows, not three."

3. Resolved to trace so wondrous an event,
 Whip to the third, the virtuoso went.
 "Sir,"—and-so-forth—"Why, yes; the thing's a fact
 Though, in regard to number, not exact;
 It was not two black crows, 't was only one;
 The truth of that you may depend upon,

The gentleman himself told me the case.

"Where may I find him?" "Why—in such a place."

4. Away he goes, and, having found him out—

"Sir, be so good as to resolve a doubt."

Then, to his last informant, he referred,

And begged to know if true, what he had heard.

"Did you, sir, throw up a black crow?" "Not I!"

"Bless me! how people propagate a lie!

Black crows have been thrown up, three, two, and one,

And here I find, at last, all comes to none!

Did you say nothing of a crow at all?"

"Crow—crow—perhaps I might, now I recall

The matter over." "And pray, sir, what was 't?"

"Why, I was horrid sick, and, at the last,

I did throw up, and told my neighbor so,

Something that was as black, sir, as a crow"

CCXXXVI.—CHAR-CO-O-AL!

1. THE chimney soot was falling fast,
As through the streets and alleys passed
A man who sang, with noise and din,
This word of singular meanin,
Char-co-o-all!
2. His face was grim, his nose upturned,
As if the very ground he spurned—
And like a trumpet sound was heard,
The accents of that awful word,
Char-co-o-all!
3. In muddy streets he did descry
The "moire antiques" held high and dry,
With feet and ankles shown too well,
And from his lips escaped a yell!—
Char-co-o-all!
4. "Do n't go there!" was the warning sound;
The pipes have all burst underground,
The raging torrent's deep and wide;"
But loud his trumpet voice replied,
Char-co-o-all!

5. "Oh stop!" good Bidy cried, "and lave
A brimful peck upon this pave."
A smile his inky face came o'er,
And on he went with louder roar,
Char-co-o-al!
6. "Beware of Main street crossing deep,
Away from Walnut gutter keep!"
This was the sweeper's only greet,
A voice replied far up the street,
Char-co-o-al!
7. At set of sun, as homeward went,
The joyous men of cent per cent,
Counting the dollars in their till,
A voice was heard, both loud and shrill,
Char-co-o-al!
8. A man upon the watchman's round,
Half-steeped in mud and ice was found,
Shouting with voice, though not so strong,
That awful word which heads my song,
Char-co-o-al!
9. There in the gas-light, dim and gray,
Dreaming unconsciously he lay,
And from his nose, turned up still more,
Came sounding like a thrilling snore—
Char-co-o-al!

CCXXXVII.—ALL TIPSY BUT ME.

1. Out of the tavern I've just stepped to-night—
Street! you are caught in a very bad plight;
Right hand and left hand are both out of place—
Street, you are drunk; 't is a very clear case.
2. Moon! 't is a very queer figure you out—
One eye is staring while t' other is shut—
Topsy, I see, and you're greatly to blame;
Old as you are, 't is a horrible shame.
3. Then the street lamps—what a scandalous sight!
None of them soberly standing upright:

Rocking and staggering—why, on my word,
Each of those lamps is as drunk as a lord.

- 4 All is confusion! now is n't it odd?
Nothing is sober that I see abroad;
Sure it were rash with this crew to remain;
Better go into the tavern again.

CCXXXVIII.—EFFECTS OF INFLUENZA.

“GOOD bordig, Biss Biller.”

“Good bordig, Bister Sbith.”

“How 's your Ba this bordig?”

“I do d't thig she 's buch better this bordig, Bister Sbith,
I do d't at all.”

“Have you bade up your bides yet what is the batter
with her?”

“Do, dot egsactly; Dr. Buggids, our fabily physiciad,
thicks it's the beasels. Bisses Jodes, who has it id her
fabily, says it's the sball-pox, but I thick it's dothig bore
thad an eruptiod of the skid frob eatig too buch beat, or
sobthig else.”

“Has she taked eddy bedicid?”

“Dot buch.”

“Have you tried bribstode add bolasses?”

“Do. Is it codsidered good?”

“Ad idfallible rebedy—cures everythig. Biss Browd's
little dog was quite udwell dight before last—had a ruddig
at the dose add subthig like the bups; before puttig it to
bed she gave it half a wide-glass of the bixture, add iast
dight at tea it was able to seat itself in the cake-basket,
add help itself frob the sugar-bowl. It works like bagic,
just like bagic.”

“Astodishig! I shall addidister the rebedy to B. ibbedi-
ately!”

“Do so, with by copplibets.”

“I will. Good bordig, Bister Sbith.”

“Good bordig, Biss Biller.”

CCXXXIX.—BOBADIL'S MILITARY TACTICS.

1. I WILL tell you, sir, by the way of private and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure and to myself; but were I known to his majesty and the lords, observe me, I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of his subjects, in general, but to save the one-half, nay, three parts of yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever.

2. And how would I do it, think you? Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more to myself; gentlemen they should be, of a good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an *instinct*, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your Punto, your Reverso, your Stoccato, your Imbrocato, your Passado, your Montanto, till they could all play very near, or altogether, as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March or thereabout; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honor refuse us!

3. Well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill *them*; twenty more, kill *them*; twenty more, kill *them*, too: and thus would we kill, every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand: forty thousand,—forty times five, five times forty,—two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this I will venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform (provided there be no treason practiced upon us,) by discreet manhood, that is, civilly, by the sword.

BEN JONSON.

 CCXL.—SPEECH OBITUARY.

1. MR. SPEAKER: Sir,—Our fellow-citizen, Mr. Silas Higgins, who was lately a member of this branch of the Legislature, is dead, and he died yesterday in the forenoon

He had the brown-creaters, (bronchitis was meant,) and was an uncommon individual. His character was good up to the time of his death, and he never lost his voice. He was fifty-six year old, and was taken sick before he died at his boarding house, where board can be had at a dollar and seventy-five cents a week, washing and lights included. He was an *ingenus creetur*, and, in the early part of his life, had a father and mother.

2. He was an officer in our State militia since the last war, and was brave and polite; and his uncle, Timothy Higgins, belonged to the Revolutionary war, and was commissioned as lieutenant by General Washington, first President and commander-in-chief of the army and navy of the United States, who died at Mount Vernon, deeply lamented by a large circle of friends, on the 14th of December, 1799, or thereabout, and was buried soon after his death, with military honors, and several guns were bu'st in firing salutes.

3. Sir! Mr. Speaker: General Washington presided over the great continental Sanhedrim and political meeting that formed our constitution; and he was, indeed, a first-rate good man. He was first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen; and, though he was in favor of the United States Bank, he was a friend of edication; and from what he said in his farewell address, I have no doubt he would have voted for the tariff of 1846, if he had been alive, and had n't ha' died beforehand. His death was considered, at the time, as rather premature, on account of its being brought on by a very hard cold.

4. Now, Mr. Speaker, such being the character of General Washington, I motion that we wear crape around the left arm of this Legislature, and adjourn until to-morrow morning, as an emblem of our respects for the memory of S. Higgins who is dead, and died of the brown-creaters yesterday in the forenoon!

CCXLI.—THANKSGIVING DINNER.

“ELDER SNIFFLES, let me give you another piece o’ the turkey.”

“I’m obleeged to you, Mr. Maguire; you probably recollect that I remarked in my discourse this morning, that individuals were too prone to indulge in an excessive indulgence in creature comforts on thanksgiving occasions. In view of the lamentable fact that the sin of gormandizing is carried to a sinful excess on this day, I, as a preacher of the Gospel, deem it my duty to be unusually abstemious on such occasions: nevertheless, considering the peculiar circumstances under which I am placed this day, I think I will waive objections and take another small portion of the turkey.”

“That’s right, elder—what part will you take now?”

“Well, I’m not particular; a small quantity of the breast, with a part of a leg and some of the stuffing, will be quite sufficient.”

“Pass the cranberries to Elder Sniffles, Jeff—elder, help yourself; wife, give the elder some more o’ the turnip sass and potater.”

“Thank you, Mrs. Maguire. I am an advocate for a vegetable diet—and have always maintained that it is more congenial to individuals of sedentary habits and intellectual pursuits like myself, than animal food.”

“Jeff, my son, pass the bread. Sister Bedott, send your plate for some more o’ the turkey.”

“No, I’m obleeged to ye—I’ve had sufficient.”

“Jeff, cut the chicken pie.”

“Sure enough—I almost forgot that I was to carve the pie—Aunt Silly, you’ll take a piece of it, won’t you?”

“Well, I do n’t care if I dew take a little mite on t. I’m a great favoryte o’ chicken pie—always thought ’t was a delightful beverage—do n’t you, Elder Sniffles?”

“A very just remark, Mrs. Bedott—very indeed; chicken pie is truly a very desirable article of food.”

“Allow me to help you to some of it, elder.”

“Thank you, my young friend; as I before remarked, I

am entirely opposed to an immoderate indulgence of the appetite at all times, but particularly on thanksgiving occasions—and am myself always somewhat abstemious. However, I consider it my duty at the present time to depart, to some extent, from the usual simplicity of my diet. I will, therefore, comply with your request, and partake of the chicken pie.”

“Take some more o’ the cranberry sass, elder: cranberries is hulsome.”

“A very just remark, Mrs. Maguire—they are so; nevertheless, I maintain that we should not indulge too freely in even the most wholesome of creature comforts; however, since you desire it, I will take a small portion more of the cranberries.”

“Husband, dew pass that pickled tongue—it hain’t been touched—take some on ’t, Elder Sniffles.”

“I ’m obliged to you, Mrs. Maguire—but I confess I am somewhat fearful of taking articles of that description upon my stomach, as they create a degree of acidity which is incompatible with digestion. Is it not so, my young friend? You are undoubtedly prepared to decide, as you are, I believe, pursuing the study of the medical science.”

“I think you are altogether mistaken, Elder Sniffles. We should always take a due proportion of acid with our food, in order to preserve the equilibrium of the internal economy, and produce that degree of effervescence which is necessary to a healthy secretion.”

“Exactly. Your view of the subject is one which never struck me before; it seems a very just one. I will partake of the pickled tongue in consideration of your remarks.”

“Take a slice on ’t, Sister Bedott. You seem to need some tongue to-day—you ’re oncommon still.”

“What a musical man you be, brother Magwire! but it strikes me when an indiwiddiwal has an opportunity o’ hearin’ intellectible conversation they ’d better keep still and improve it. Ain ’t it so, Elder Sniffles?”

“A very just remark, Mrs. Bedott; and one which has often occurred to my own mind.”

“Take some more of the chicken pie, Elder Sniffles.”

"Excuse me, my young friend; I will take nothing more."

"What! you don't mean to give it up yet, I hope, elder."

"Indeed, Mr. Maguire, I assure you I would rather not take any thing more, for as I before remarked, I am decidedly opposed to excessive eating upon this day."

"Well, then, we'll have the pies and puddins. Jeff, my son, fly round and help your mar change the plates. I'll take the puddin, Melissy—you may tend to the pies. Jeff, set on the cider. So here's a plum-puddin'—it looks nice—I guess you've had good-luck to-day, wife. Sister Bedott, you'll have some on't?"

"No; I'm obleeged to ye. I've got ruther of a headache to-day, and plum puddin's rich. I guess I'll take a small piece o' the punkin pie."

"Elder Sniffles, you'll be helped to some on't of course?"

"Indeed, Mr. Maguire, the practice of indulging in articles of this description after eating meat is esteemed highly pernicious, and I inwardly protest against it; furthermore, as Mrs. Bedott has very justly remarked, plum pudding is rich—however, considering the peculiar circumstances of the occasion, I will for once overstep the boundaries which I have prescribed for myself."

"Am I to understand that you'll have some, or not?"

"I will partake, in consideration of time and place."

"Gracious! wife, this is as good puddin' as I ever eat."

"Elder Sniffles, will you take some o' the pie—here is a mince pie and punkin pie."

"I will take a small portion of the pumpkin pie if you please, Mrs. Maguire, as I consider it highly nutritious; but, as regards the mince pie, it is an article of food which I deem excessively deleterious to the constitution, inasmuch as it is composed of so great a variety of ingredients. I esteem it exceedingly difficult of digestion. Is it not so, my young friend?"

"By no means, elder; quite the contrary—and the reason is obvious. Observe, elder—it is cut into the most minute particles; hence it naturally follows, that being, as it were, completely calcined before it enters the system—it leaves. so

to speak, no labor to be performed by the digestive organs, and it is disposed of without the slightest difficulty."

"Ah, indeed! your reasoning is quite new to me—yet I confess it to be most satisfactory and lucid. In consideration of its facility of digestion I will partake also of the mince pie."

'Wife, fill the elder a glass o' cider."

"Desist! Mrs. Maguire, desist, I entreat you! I invariably set my face like a flint against the use of all intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

"Gracious! you do n't mean to call new cider an intoxicatin' liquor, I hope? Why, man alive, it's jest made—hain't begun to work."

"Nevertheless, I believe it to be exceedingly insalubrious, and detrimental to the system. Is not that its nature, my young friend?"

"Far from it, elder—far from it. Reflect a moment and you will readily perceive, that being the pure juice of the apple—wholly free from all alcoholic mixture—it possesses all the nutritive properties of the fruit, with the advantage of being in a more condensed form, which at once renders it much more agreeable, and facilitates assimilation."

"Very reasonable—very reasonable indeed. Mrs. Maguire, you may fill my glass."

"Take another slice o' the puddin', Elder Sniffles."

"No more, I'm obliged to you, Mr. Maguire."

"Well, won't you be helped to some more o' the pie?"

"No more, I thank you, Mr. Maguire."

"But you'll take another glass o' cider, won't you?"

"In consideration of the nutritious properties of new cider, which your son has abundantly shown to exist, I will permit you to replenish my glass."

"So you won't take nothin' more, elder?"

"Nothing more, my friends—nothing more whatsoever—for as I have several times remarked during the repast, I am an individual of exceedingly abstemious habits—endeavoring to enforce by example that which I so strenuously enjoy by precept from the pulpit, to wit—temperance in all things."

CCXLII.—THE MYSTERIOUS WALKER

1. Off at eve when twilight holy
 Earth her mantle casteth o'er,
 Cometh one who walketh slowly,
 Slowly past my open door—
 Walketh by, all sad and lonely,
 Some times walks he back again ;
 No companion hath he—only
 With him his cigar and cane:
 Slowly walking, to none talking,
 Goes he forth and back again ;
 Sad and lonely, with him only
 Always that cigar and cane!

2. Never, while the sunbeams garish
 Pour upon the earth their light,
 Has that form, a little sparish,
 Have those whiskers met my sight ;
 But when sounds of insects humming,
 Hymn the praise of eve's fair star,
 And Miss Jones begins that strumming
 After tea, on her guitar,—
 Then I spy him, far off coming,
 By the light of his cigar!
 But whence comes he, or where goeth,
 Walking fast and back again,
 None can tell me—no one knoweth
 Whose are that cigar and cane!

3. To the right or left ne'er looking,
 Onward as he slowly goes,
 Interruption never brooking,
 After his cigar and nose—
 No acquaintance ever seeking,
 'Mid the crowds that he may meet—
 No one knowing—to none speaking,
 As he walks along the street—
 Ever seeming like one dreaming
 O'er the flight of vanished years—
 Sadly pondering—on still wandering—
 Looking, as he disappears,
 In the smoke he cast behind him,
 Like the ghost of by-gone years!

4. Silent, sad, and meditative,
 Like a man who, walking, dreams—
 Or a sage, all contemplative,
 Or like one in love, he seems!
 Is he single still?—or may be,
 Doomed awhile thus far to roam,
 Thinks he of a wife and baby,
 He was forced to leave at home?
 Something looks he like a stray bee,
 To his hive but newly come!
 Much I fear though ('t would appear so,)
 If the truth were fairly known,
 That his beeship we should reshipe—
 That he 's nothing but a drone;
 Idly stalking—smoking, walking,
 With cigar and cane alone!
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CCXLIII.—PLEADING EXTRAORDINARY.

1. MAY IT PLEASE THE COURT—*Gentlemen of the Jury*—
 You sit in that box as the great reservoir of Roman liberty,
 Spartan fame, and Grecian polytheism. You are to swing
 the great flail of justice and electricity over this immense
 community, in hydraulic majesty, and conjugal superfluity.
 You are the great triumphal arch on which evaporates the
 even scales of justice and numerical computation. You are
 to ascend the deep arcana of nature, and dispose of my
 client with equiponderating concatenation, in reference to
 his future velocity and reverberating momentum.

2. Such is your sedative and stimulating character. My
 client is only a man of domestic eccentricity and matrimo-
 nial configuration, not permitted, as you are, gentlemen, to
 walk in the primeval and lowest vales of society, but he has
 to endure the red hot sun of the universe, on the heights
 of nobility and feudal eminence. He has a beautiful wife
 of horticultural propensities, that henpecks the remainder
 of his days with soothing and bewitching verbosity, that
 makes his pandemonium as cool as Tartarus.

3. He has a family of domestic children, that gather

around the fireplace of his peaceful homicide in tumultuous consanguinity, and cry with screaming and rebounding pertinacity for bread, butter, and molasses. Such is the glowing and overwhelming character and defeasance of my client, who stands convicted before this court of oyer, and terminer, and *lex non scripta*, by the persecuting petifogger of this court, who is as much exterior to me as I am to the judge, and you, gentlemen of the jury.

4. This Borax of the law here, has brought witnesses into this court, who swear that my client stole a firkin of butter. Now, I say, every one of them swore to a lie, and the truth is concentrated within them. But if it is so, I justify the act on the ground that the butter was necessary for a public good, to tune his family into harmonious discord. But I take other mountainous and absquatulated grounds on this trial, and move a quash be laid upon this indictment.

5. Now, I will prove this by a learned expectoration of the principle of the law. Now butter is made of grass, and, it is laid down by St. Peter Pindar, in his principle of subterraneous law, that grass is *couchant* and *levant*, which in our obicular tongue, means that grass is of a mild and free nature; consequently, my client had a right to grass and butter both.

6. To prove my second great principle, "let facts be submitted to a candid world." Now butter is grease, and Greece is a foreign country, situated in the emaciated regions of Liberia and California; consequently, my client can not be tried in this horizon, and is out of the benediction of this court. I will now bring forward the *ultimatum respondentia*, and cap the great climax of logic, by quoting an inconceivable principle of law, as laid down in Latin, by Pothier, Hudibras, Blackstone, Hannibal, and Sangrado. It is thus: *Hæc hoc morus multicaulis, a mensa at thoro, ruta baga centum*. Which means, in English, that ninety-nine men are guilty, where one is innocent.

7. Now, it is your duty to convict ninety-nine men first; then you come to my client, who is innocent, and acquitted according to law. If these great principles shall be duly depreciated in this court, then the great north pole of lib-

erty, that has stood so many years in pneumatic tallness, shading the republican regions of commerce and agriculture, will stand the wreck of the Spanish Inquisition, the pirates of the hyperborean seas, and the marauders of the Aurora Bolivar! But, gentlemen of the jury, if you convict my client, his children will be doomed to pine away in a state of hopeless matrimony; and his beautiful wife will stand lone and delighted, like a dried up mullen-stalk in a sheep-pasture.

L. B. PARTINGTON.

CCXLIV.—THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELOR.

1. A COUNSEL in the Common Pleas,
 Who was esteemed a mighty wit,
 Upon the strength of a chance hit
 Amid a thousand flippancies,
 And his occasional bad jokes
 In bullying, bantering, browbeating,
 Ridiculing, and maltreating
 Women, or other timid folks,
 In a late cause resolved to hoax
 A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one
 Who, by his uncouth look and gait,
 Appeared expressly meant by fate
 For being quizzed and played upon:
 So having tipped the wink to those
 In the back rows,
 Who kept their laughter bottled down,
 Until our wag should draw the cork,
 He smiled jocosely on the clown,
 And went to work.
2. "Well, Farmer Numskull, how go calves at York?
 "Why—not, sir, as they do wi' you,
 But on four legs, instead of two."
 "Officer!" cried the legal elf,
 Piqued at the laugh against himself,
 "Do, pray, keep silence down below there.
 Now look at me, clown, and attend;
 Have I not seen you somewhere, friend?"
 "Yees—very like—I often go there."
 "Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic;"
 The counsel cried with grin sardonic;
 "I wish I'd known this prodigy,

This genius of the clods, when I
 On circuit was at York residing.
 Now, Farmer, do for once speak true—
 Mind, you 're on oath, so tell me, you,
 Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
 Are there as many fools as ever
 In the West Riding?"

"Why—no, sir, no; we 've got our share,
 But not so many as when *you* were there!"

HORACE SMITH

CCXLV.—A MODEST WIT.

1. A SUPERCILIOUS nabob of the east—
 Haughty, being great—purse-proud, being rich,
 A governor, or general, at the least,
 I have forgotten which—
 Had in his family an humble youth,
 Who went from England in his patron's suite,
 An unassuming boy, and in truth
 A lad of decent parts, and good repute.
2. This youth had sense and spirit;
 But yet, with all his sense,
 Excessive diffidence
 Obscured his merit.
3. One day, at table, flushed with pride and wine,
 His honor, proudly free, severely merry,
 Conceived it would be vastly fine
 To crack a joke upon his secretary.
4. "Young man," he said, "by what art, craft or trade,
 Did your good father gain a livelihood?"—
 "He was a saddler, sir," Modestus said,
 "And in his time was reckoned good."
5. "A saddler, eh! and taught you Greek,
 Instead of teaching you to sew!
 Pray, why did not your father make
 A saddler, sir, of you?"
6. Each parasite, then, as in duty bound,
 The joke applauded, and the laugh went round.
 At length Modestus, bowing low,
 Said, (craving pardon, if too free he made,)
 "Sir, by your leave I fain would know
 Your father's trade!"

7. "My father's trade! Bless me, that's too bad!
My father's trade? Why, blockhead, are you mad?
My father, sir, did never stoop so low—
He was a gentleman, I'd have you know."
8. "Excuse the liberty I take,"
Modestus said, with archness on his brow,
"Pray, why did not your father make
A gentleman of you?"
-

CCXLVI.—THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

1. On! learning's a very fine thing,
As, also, are wisdom and knowledge;
For a man is as great as a king,
If he has but the airs of a college.
And now-a-days all must admit,
In learning we're wondrously favored,
For you scarce o'er your window can spit,
But some learn-ed man is beslavered!
2. We'll all of us shortly be doomed
To part with our plain understanding;
For intellect now has assumed
An attitude truly commanding!
All ranks are so dreadfully wise,
Common sense is set quite at defiance,
And the child for its porridge that cries,
Must cry in the language of science!
3. The Weaver it surely becomes
To talk of his web's involution;
For doubtless the hero of thrums,
Is a member of some Institution.
He speaks of supply and demand,
With the air of a great legislator,
And almost can tell you off-hand,
That the smaller is less than the greater!
4. The Blacksmith, 'mid cinders and smoke,
Whose visage is one of the dimmest,
His furnace profoundly will poke,
With the air of a practical chemist;

- Poor Vulcan has recently got
 A lingo that 's almost historic,
 And can tell you that iron is hot,
 Bccause it is filled with calorio!
5. The Mason, in book-learnéd tone,
 Describes, in the very best grammar,
 The resistance that dwells in the stone,
 And the power that resides in the hammer;
 For the son of the trowel and hod
 Looks as big as the frog in the fable,
 While he talks in a jargon as odd
 As his brethren, the builders of Babel!
6. The Cobbler who sits at your gate,
 Now pensively points his hog's bristle,
 Though the very same Cobbler of late
 O'er his work used to sing and to whistle;
 But cobbling 's a paltry pursuit
 For a man of polite education;
 His works may be trod under foot,
 Yet he 's one of the lords of creation!
7. Oh! learning 's a very fine thing!
 It almost is treason to doubt it—
 Yet many of whom I could sing,
 Perhaps, might as well be without it:
 And without it my days I will pass,
 For to me it was ne'er worth a dollar,
 And I do n't wish to look like an ass
 By trying to talk like a scholar!

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

CCXLVII.—A TEA PARTY.

1. WHEN the party commences, all starched and all glum,
 They talk of the weather, their corns, or sit mum:
 They will tell you of ribbons, of cambric, of lace,
 How cheap they were sold—and will tell you the place.
 They discourse of their colds, and they hem and they cough,
 And complain of their servants to pass the time off.
2. But tea, that enlivener of wit and of soul,
 More loquacious by far than the draughts of the bowl,

Soon loosens the tongue and enlivens the mind,
 And enlightens their eyes to the faults of mankind.
 It brings on the tapis their neighbors' defects,
 The faults of their friends, or their willful neglects ;
 Reminds them of many a good-natured tale
 Of those who are stylish and those who are frail,
 Till the sweet-tempered dames are converted by tea,
 Into character-manglers—Gunaikophagi.
 In harmless chit-chat an acquaintance they roast,
 And serve up a friend, as they serve up a toast.
 Some gentle faux pas, or some female mistake,
 Is like sweetmeats delicious, or relished as cake:
 A bit of broad scandal is like a dry crust,
 It would stick in the throat, so they butter it first
 With a little affected good nature, and cry
 Nobody regrets the thing deeper than I.

3. Ah ladies, and was it by heaven designed,
 That ye should be merciful, loving, and kind!
 Did it form you like angels and send you below,
 To prophesy peace—to bid charity flow?
 And have you thus left your primeval estate,
 And wandered so widely—so strangely of late?
 Alas! the sad course I too plainly can see,
 These evils have all come upon you through tea.

4. Cursed weed, that can make your fair spirits resign
 The character mild of their mission divine,
 That can blot from their bosoms that tenderness true,
 Which from female to female for ever is due.
 Oh how nice is the texture, how fragile the frame
 Of that delicate blossom, a female's fair fame.
 'T is the sensitive plant, it recoils from the breath,
 And shrinks from the touch as if pregnant with death.
 How often, how often, has innocence sighed,
 Has beauty been reft of its honor, its pride,
 Has virtue, though pure as an angel of light,
 Been painted as dark as a demon of night ;
 All offered up victims—an auto da fe,
 At the gloomy cabals, the dark orgies of tea.

5. If I, in the remnant that's left me of life,
 Am to suffer the torments of slanderous strife,
 Let me fall, I implore, in the slang-whanger's claw,
 Where the evil is open, and subject to law ;

Not nibbled and mumbled, and put to the rack,
 By the sly undermining of tea-party clack.
 Condemn me, ye gods, to a newspaper roasting,
 But spare me! oh spare me, a tea-table toasting!

CCXLVIII.—THERE ONCE WAS A TOPER.

1 THERE once was a toper—I'll not tell his name—
 Who had for his comfort a scolding old dame;
 And often and often he wished himself dead,
 For if drunk he came home, she would beat him to bed
 He spent all his evenings away from his home,
 And when he returned, he would sneakingly come
 And try to walk straightly, and say not a word—
 Just to keep his dear wife from abusing her lord;
 For, if he dared say his tongue was his own,
 'T would set her tongue going, in no gentle tone,
 And she'd huff him, and cuff him, and call him hard names,
 And he'd sigh to be rid of all scolding old dames.

2. It happened, one night, on a frolic he went,
 He staid till his very last penny was spent,
 But how to go home, and get safely to bed,
 Was the thing on his heart that most heavily weighed.
 But home he must go: so he caught up his hat,
 And off he went singing, by this and by that,
 "I'll pluck up my courage, I guess she's in bed,
 If she aint, 't is no matter, I'm sure: Who's afraid?"
 He came to his door: he lingered until
 He peeped: and he listened, and all seemed quite still;
 In he went, and his wife sure enough was in bed!
 "Oh!" says he, "it's just as I thought: Who's afraid!"

3 He crept about softly, and spoke not a word,
 His wife seemed to sleep, for she never o'en stirred!
 Thought he, "for *this* night, then, my fortune is made!
 For my dear scolding wife is asleep! Who's afraid?"
 But soon, he felt thirsty; and slyly he rose,
 And groping around, to the table he goes,
 The pitcher found empty, and so was the bowl,
 The pail and the tumblers,—she'd emptied the whole!
 At length in a corner, a vessel he found!
 Says he, "here's something to drink, "I'll be bound!"

And eagerly seizing, he lifted it up,—
And drank it all off, in one long hearty sup!

4. It tasted so queerly: and, what it could be,
He wondered:—it neither was water, nor tea!
Just then a thought struck him and filled him with fear,
"Oh! it must be the poison for rats, I declare!"
And loudly he called on his dear sleeping wife,
And begged her to rise: "for," said he, "on my life,—
I fear it was *poison*, the bowl did contain!
Oh! dear! yes,—it *was* poison, I now feel the pain!"
"And what made you dry, sir?" the wife sharply cried:
"'T would serve you just right if from poison you died:
And you 've done a *fine* job, and you 'd now better march,
For just see, you brute, you have drank all my starch!"

CCXLIX.—YES OR NO.

1. WHEN of a man I ask a question,
I wish he 'd answer "yes" or "no;"
Not stay to make some smooth evasion,
And only tell me, "may be so."
2. When of a friend I wish to borrow,
A little cash, to hear him say
I 've none to-day, but on to-morrow,"
Is worse than if he told me "nay."
3. I from my soul despise all quibbling,
I 'll use it not with friend or foe,
But when they ask, without dissembling,
I 'll plainly answer, "yes" or "no."
4. Why all this need of plastering over,
What we in fact intend to show;
Why not at once, with much less labor,
Say frankly "yes, my friend," or "no."
5. But when I ask that trembling question,
"Will you be mine, my dearest miss?"
Then may there be no hesitation,
But say distinctly, "yes, sir, yes."

CCL.—QUERIES.

1. Is it any body's business,
 If a gentleman should choose
 To wait upon a lady,
 If the lady do n't refuse?
 Or to speak a little plainer,
 That the meaning all may know;
 Is it any body's business
 If a lady has a beau?
2. Is it any body's business
 When that gentleman may call,
 Or when he leaves a lady,
 Or if he leaves at all?
 Or is it necessary
 That the curtain should be drawn,
 To save from further trouble,
 The outside lookers-on?
3. Is it any body's business
 But the lady's, if her beau
 Rides out with other ladies,
 And does n't let her know?
 Is it any body's business
 But the gentleman's, if she
 Accepts another escort,
 Where he does n't chance to be?
4. Is a person on the sidewalk,
 Whether great or whether small,
 Is it any body's business
 Where that person means to call?
 Or if you see a person,
 As he's calling any where,
 Is it any of your business
 What his business may be there?
5. The substance of our query,
 Simply stated, would be this—
 Is it *any body's business*
 What *another's business is?*
 If it is, or if it is n't,
 We would really like to know,
 For we're certain if it is n't,
 There are some who make it so.

CCLI.—DEACON STOKES.

1. THERE is something very curious in the manner
 In which you can twist words into rhymes,
 Single and double ;
 To see how one thing with another chimes ;
 That is, if you have wit enough to plan a
 Story, or something else to write about
 Without much trouble.

2. Suppose we try it now ; one Asa Stokes,
 One of those men whom every thing provokes,
 A surly-tempered, evil-minded, bearish,
 Ill-natured kind of being ;
 He was the deacon of the parish,
 And had the overseeing
 Of some small matters, such as the ringing
 Of the church-bell, and took the lead in singing.

3. Well, Deacon Stokes had gone to bed, one night,
 About eleven or before,
 'T was in December, if my memory 's right, in '24.
 'T was cold enough to make a Russian shiver ;
 I think I never knew one
 Colder than this,—in faith it was a blue one !
 As by the almanac foretold, 't was
 A real Lapland night. O dear ! how cold 't was !

4. There was a chap about there named Ezekiel,
 A clever, good-for-nothing fellow,
 Who very often used to get quite mellow ;
 Of whom the Deacon always used to speak ill ;
 For he was fond of cracking jokes
 On Deacon Stokes, to show on
 What terms he stood among the women folks, and so on.

5. It came to pass that on the night I speak of,
 Ezekiel left the tavern bar-room, where
 He spent the evening, for the sake of
 Drowning his care, by partaking
 Of the merry-making and enjoyment
 Of some good fellows there, whose sole employment
 Was, all kinds of weather, on every night,
 By early candle light, to get together
 Reading the papers, smoking pipes and chewing,
 Telling long yarns, and pouring down the ruin.

6 Pretty well corned, and up to any thing,
 Drunk as a lord, and happy as a king,
 Blue as a razor, from his midnight revel,
 Nor fearing muskets, women, or the devil;
 With a light heart—much lighter than a feather—
 With a light soul that spurned the freezing weather,
 And with a head ten times as light as either;
 And a purse, perhaps, as light as all together,
 On went Ezekiel, with a great expansion
 Of thought, until he brought
 Up at a post before the Deacon's mansion.

7. With one arm round the post, awhile he stood
 In thoughtful mood, with one eye turned
 Up toward the window where, with feeble glare,
 A candle burned;
 Then with a serious face, and a grave, mysterious
 Shake of the head, Ezekiel said—
 (His right eye once more thrown upon the beacon
 That from the window shone,) "I'll start the Deacon!"

8. Rap, rap, rap, rap, went Deacon Stokes's knocker.
 But no one stirred; rap, rap, it went again;
 "By George, it must be after ten, or
 They must take an early hour for turning in."
 Rap, rap, rap, rap—"My conscience, how they keep
 A fellow waiting—Patience, how they sleep!"

9. The Deacon then began to be alarmed,
 And in amazement threw up the casement;
 And with cap on head, of fiery red,
 Demanded what the cause was of the riot,
 That thus disturbed his quiet.

10. "Quite cool this evening, Deacon Stokes," replied
 The voice below. "Well, sir, what is the matter?"
 "Quite chilly, Deacon; how your teeth do chatter!"
 "You vagabond, a pretty time you have chosen
 To show your wit; for I am almost frozen;
 Be off, or I will put the lash on!"
 "Why bless you, Deacon, do 'nt be in a passion!"
 'T was all in vain to speak again,
 For with the Deacon's threat about the lash,
 Down went the sash.

11. Rap, rap, rap, rap, the knocker went again,
And neither of them was a very light rap ;
Thump, thump, against the door went Ezekiel's cane,
And that once more brought Deacon Stokes's night-cap.

12. "Very cold weather, Deacon Stokes, to-night!"
"Begone, you vile, insolent dog, or I'll
Give you a warming that shall serve you right ;
You villain, it is time to end the hoax!"
"Why bless your soul and body, Deacon Stokes,
Do n't be so cross when I've come here, in this severe
Night, which is cold enough to kill a horse,
For your advice upon a very difficult and nice
Question. Now, bless you, do make haste and dress you."

13. "Well, well, out with it, if it must be so ;
Be quick about it, I'm very cold."
"Well, Deacon, I do n't doubt it,
In a few words the matter can be told.
Deacon, the case is this ; I want to know
If this cold weather lasts all summer here,—
What time will green peas come along next year?"

THOMAS QUILP.

CCLII -THE DRUNKARD'S RESOLUTION.

1. TOUCH thee? No, viper of vengeance! Didst thou not promise to make me strong? aye, strong as Sampson; and rich, rich as Cræsus? But instead of this, villain! you have stripped me of my flocks; left my pockets empty; robbed me of my senses; made me wretched; made me miserable; and then laid me in the ditch. Touch thee? No! I will slay thee, rather.

2. But one embrace before thou diest. I always thought 't was best to give the devil his due; and (tasting), devil, thou hast a pleasant face, a sparkling eye, a ruby lip, and thy breath (tasting) is sweeter than the breath of roses. My honey (tasting), thou shalt not die. I'll stand by thee, day and night; I'll fight for thee; I'll teach (hic) others a little wisdom; I'll live (tasting) on milk and (hic) honey, and (tasting) be the happiest man on earth.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CCLIII.—THE OLD ARM CHAIR.

- 1 I LOVE it! I love it! and who shall dare
To chide me for loving that old arm chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs.
'T is bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start;
Would you know the spell? a mother sat there.
And a sacred thing is that old arm chair.
2. In childhood's hour I lingered near
That hallowed seat with a listening ear,
To the gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live;
She told me shame would never betide,
With truth for my creed, and God for my guide;
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm chair.
3. I sat and watched her many a day
When her eye grew dim, and her locks were gray,
And I almost worshiped her when she smiled
And turned from her Bible to bless her child:
Years rolled on, but the last one sped,
My idol was shattered, my earth-star fled!
I felt how much the heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm chair.
4. 'T is past! 't is past! but I gaze on it now
With quivering lip and throbbing brow;
'T was there she nursed me, 't was there she died,
And memory still flows with lava tide.
Say it is folly, and deem me weak,
As the scalding drops start down my cheek;
But I love it! I love it! and can not tear
My soul from my mother's old arm chair! ELIZA COOK.

CCLIV.—POLITICAL INTEGRITY.

1. THIS immaculate, invincible uprightness in public station, is no dream of visionaries. We can not dismiss it as a glory of the past, impracticable and fabulous at present. This is infidelity to Providence, to history, to the ever living heart of Christ. Besides, the instances stand forth, illustrious and imperial, in every Christian nation—the honor of statesmanship, the defense of governments, the strength of their age against all partisan or selfish conspiracies.

2. Look, for a single example of that power, into the last generation, and the legislative halls of England. Trained in the best refinement and learning of his time, coming forth from the midst of London fashions and palaces, where the frowns of the world are most formidable, and its flatteries most seductive, familiar from his childhood with the luxuries of fortune and the policies of a false expediency, yet with his vision quickened by Christian faith, and his whole nature lightened and invigorated by the lessons of Olivet and Calvary, Wilberforce enters Parliament. Many a hard test tries his steadfastness. Erect, and yet courteous, he never swerves. He sees straight through every moral sophistry, and no chicanery can cheat him into one doubtful compliance. Hardest of all, Melville is impeached. Friendship, favor, interest, social alliance, popularity, all importune this Christian statesman to take up the cause of the accused.

3. There was the eloquent countenance, and the trumpet tongue of Pitt pleading the same way. But there was one voice on the other side, stiller, grander, the voice of a righteous sincerity, and from that he was accustomed to take no appeal. He knew Melville was wrong, the accusation just. Not an instant's hesitation. He stood up to speak for Right, stripped bare of all enchantments, and he knew that, speaking for that, he spoke for man, for his country, for God; because he who obeys a law higher than that of states, obeys a law in which alone any state is safe. Proud and powerful men looked on with disappointment,

not to say with wrath. Every sentence was like hacking away old and precious bonds of fellowship.

4. Melville was condemned, and how? Let the words of another's history answer: "It was felt that in a question of simple integrity, where casuistry had to be eluded, and plausibility swept aside, this religious tongue was the last authority in England. In the British senate, in the nineteenth century, when a point of morality was to be settled, it was not to the man of dueling honor, it was not to the philosophic moralist, that men looked for a decision; it was to the Christian senator whose code was the Bible," kneeling every morning before the All-seeing Eye, going up to his seat from his closet, through all the perplexities of his place, saying ever secretly to his God, "Lead me only by Thy light."

PROF. HUNTINGTON.

CCLV.—WHO SHALL JUDGE MAN?

1. Who shall judge a man from nature?
 Who shall know him by his dress?
 Paupers may be fit for princes,
 Princes fit for something less.
 Crumpled shirt and dirty jacket
 May beclothe the golden ore
 Of the deepest thought and feeling—
 Satin vest could do no more.
2. There are springs of crystal nectar
 Ever swelling out of stone;
 There are purple buds and golden,
 Hidden, crushed, and overgrown.
 God, who counts by souls, not dresses,
 Loves and prospers you and me;
 While He values thrones the highest
 But as pebbles in the sea.
3. Man, upraised above his fellows
 Oft forgets his fellows then;
 Masters—rulers—lords, remember,
 That your meanest hands are men!
 Men of labor, men of feeling,
 Men by thought and men by fame,

Claiming equal rights to sunshine
In a man's ennobling name.

4. There are foam-embroidered oceans,
There are little weed-clad rills,
There are feeble, inch-high saplings,
There are cedars on the hills;
God, who counts by souls, not stations,
Loves and prospers you and me:
For to him all vain distinctions
Are as pebbles in the sea.
5. Toiling hands alone are builders
Of a nation's wealth and fame;
Titled laziness is pensioned,
Fed, and fattened on the same;
By the sweat of other's foreheads,
Living only to rejoice,
While the poor man's outraged freedom
Vainly listeth up its voice.
6. Truth and justice are eternal,
Born with loveliness and light;
Secret wrong shall never prosper
While there is a starry night.
God, whose world-heard voice is singing
Boundless love to you and me,
Sinks oppression with its titles,
As the pebbles in the sea.

CCLVI.—HIGHLAND MARY.

1. YE banks and braes and streams around
The castle of Montgom'ry;
Green be your woods and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie.
There summer first unfolds his robes,
And there they longest tarry;
For there I took my last farewell
Of my sweet Highland Mary.
2. How sweetly bloomed the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom;
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasped her to my bosom.

The golden hours, on angel wings,
 Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
 For dear to me as light and life,
 Was my sweet Highland Mary.

- 3 With many a vow and locked embrace,
 Our parting was full tender ;
 And pledging oft to meet again,
 We tore ourselves asunder,
 But, oh ! fell death's untimely frost,
 That nipt my flower so early !
 Now green 's the sod and cold 's the clay,
 That wraps my Highland Mary.
4. Oh !, pale, pale now those rosy lips
 I oft have kissed so fondly ;
 And closed for aye the sparkling glance,
 That dwelt on me so kindly.
 And moldering now in silent dust,
 That heart that loved me dearly ;
 But still within my bosom's core
 Shall live my Highland Mary !

BURNS

CCLVII.—THE ROOK AND THE LARK.

1. "GOOD-NIGHT, Sir Rook," said a little Lark ;
 "The daylight fades, it will soon be dark ;
 I've bathed my wings in the sun's last ray,
 I've sung my hymn to the dying day,
 So now I haste to my quiet nook
 In the dewy meadow : good-night, Sir Rook."
2. "Good-night, poor Lark," said his titled friend,
 With a haughty toss and a distant bend ;
 "I also go to my rest profound,
 But not to sleep on the cold, damp ground ;
 The fittest place for a bird like me,
 Is the topmost bough of the tall pine-tree.
- 3 "I opened my eyes at the peep of day,
 And saw you taking your upward way,
 Dreaming your fond romantic dreams,
 An ugly speck in the sun's bright beams ;
 Soaring too high to be seen or heard—
 And said to myself, what a foolish bird !

4. "I trod the park with a princely air;
I filled my crop with the richest fare;
I cawed all day 'mid a lordly crew,
And made more noise in the world than you!
The sun shone full on my ebon wing;
I looked and wondered; good-night, poor thing!"
- 5 "Good-night, once more," said the Lark's sweet voice,
"I see no cause to repent my choice;
You build your nest in the lofty pine,
But is your slumber more soft than mine?
You make more noise in the world than I,
But whose is the sweeter minstrelsy?"

CCLVIII.—THE OLD MAN DREAMS.

1. O, FOR one hour of youthful joy!
Give me back my twentieth spring!
I'd rather laugh a bright-haired boy
Than reign a gray-haired king!
2. Off with the wrinkled spoils of age!
Away with learning's crown!
Tear out life's wisdom-written page,
And dash its trophies down!
3. One moment let my life-blood stream
From boyhood's fount of flame!
Give me one giddy, reeling dream
Of life all love and fame!
4. My listening angel heard the prayer,
And, calmly smiling, said,
"If I but touch thy silvered hair,
Thy hasty wish hath sped.
5. "But is there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day?"
6. Ah! truest soul of womankind!
Without thee what were life?
One bliss I can not leave behind:
I'll take—my—precious—wife!

7. The angel took a sapphire pen
 And wrote in rainbow dew,
 "The man would be a boy again,
 And be a husband, too!"
8. "And is there nothing yet unsaid
 Before the change appears?
 Remember, all their gifts have fled
 With those dissolving years!"
9. "Why, yes; for memory would recall
 My fond paternal joys;
 I could not bear to leave them all:
 I'll take—my—girls—and—boys!"
10. The smiling angel dropped his pen—
 "Why, this will never do;
 The man would be a boy again,
 And be a father, too!"
11. And so I laughed—my laughter woke
 The household with its noise—
 And wrote my dream, when morning broke,
 To please the gray-haired boys.

DR. HOLMES.

 CCLIX.—THE SNIVELER.

1. ONE of the most melancholy productions of a morbid condition of life is the sniveler; a biped that infests all classes of society, and prattles, from the catechism of despair, on all subjects of human concern. The spring of his mind is broken. A babyish, nerveless fear has driven the sentiment of hope from his soul. He cringes to every phantom of apprehension, and obeys the impulses of cowardice, as though they were the laws of existence. He is the very Jeremiah of conventionalism, and his life one long and lazy lamentation. In connection with this maudlin brotherhood, his humble aim in life is, to superadd the snivelization of society to its civilization. Of all bores he is the most intolerable and merciless.

2. He drawls misery to you through his nose on all occasions. He stops you at the corner of the street to intrust

you with his opinion on the probability, that the last measure of Congress will dissolve the Union. He fears, also, that the morals and intelligence of the people are destroyed by the election of some rogue to office. In a time of general health, he speaks of the pestilence that is to be. The mail can not be an hour late, but he prattles of railroad accidents and steamboat disasters. He fears that his friend who was married yesterday, will be a bankrupt in a year, and whimpers over the trials which he will then endure. As a citizen and politician, he has ever opposed every useful reform, and wailed over every rotten institution as it fell. He has been, and is, the foe of all progress, and always cries over the memory of the "good old days." In short, he is ridden with an eternal nightmare, emits an eternal wail.

E. P. WHIPPLE.

CCLX.—THE LAST FOOTFALL.

1. THERE is often sadness in the tone,
 And a moisture in the eye,
 And a trembling sorrow in the voice,
 When we bid a last good-bye.
 But sadder far than this, I ween,
 O, sadder far than all,
 Is the heart-throb with which we strain
 To catch the last footfall.

2. The last press of a loving hand
 Will cause a thrill of pain,
 When we think, "Oh, should it prove that we
 Shall never meet again."
 And as lingeringly the hands unclasp,
 The hot, quick drops will fall;
 But bitterer are the tears we shed,
 When we hear the last footfall.

3. We never felt how dear to us
 Was the sound we loved full well,
 We never knew *how* musical,
 Till its last echo fell:
 And till we heard it pass away
 Far, far beyond recall,

We never thought what grief 't would be
To hear the last footfall.

4. And years and days that long are passed,
And the scenes that *seemed* forgot,
Rush through the mind like meteor-light
As we linger on the spot;
And little things that were as nought,
But now will be our all,
Come to us like an echo low
Of the last, the last footfall!

CCLXI.—VARIETIES.

1.—THE MOUNTAINS OF LIFE.

1. THERE 's a land far away, 'mid the stars, we are told,
Where they know not the sorrows of time—
Where the pure waters wander through valleys of gold,
And life is a treasure sublime;
'T is the land of our God, 't is the home of the soul,
Where the ages of splendor eternally roll—
Where the way-weary traveler reaches his goal,
On the evergreen Mountains of Life.
2. Our gaze can not soar to that beautiful land,
But our visions have told of its bliss,
And our souls by the gale of its gardens are fanned,
When we faint in the desert of this;
And we some times have longed for its holy repose,
When our spirits were torn with temptations and woes,
And we 've drank from the tide of the river that flows
From the evergreen Mountains of Life.
3. O, the stars never tread the blue heavens at night,
But we think where the ransomed have trod;
And the day never smiles from his palace of light,
But we feel the bright smile of our God.
We are traveling homeward through changes and gloom,
To a kingdom where pleasures unceasingly bloom.
And our guide is the glory that shines through the tomb,
From the evergreen Mountains of Life.

2.—NIGHT AND DEATH.

MYSTERIOUS night! when the first man but knew
 Thee by report, unseen, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue?
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus, with the host of heaven, came,
 And lo! creation widened on his view.
 Who could have thought what darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O Sun? or who could find,
 While fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,
 That to such endless orbs thou makest us blind?
 Weak man! why, to shun death, this anxious strife?
 If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

J. BLANCO WHITE.

3.—“DELIVER US FROM EVIL.”

1. “DELIVER us from evil,” Heavenly Father!
 It still besets us wheresoe'er we go!
 Bid the bright rays of revelation gather
 To light the darkness in our way of woe!
 Remove the sin that stains our souls—forever!
 Our doubts dispel—our confidence restore!
 Write thy forgiveness on our hearts, and never
 Let us in vain petition for it more.
2. Release us from the sorrows that attend us!
 Our nerves are torn—at every vein we bleed!
 Almighty Parent! with thy strength befriend us!
 Else we are helpless in our time of need!
 Sustain us, Lord, with thy pure Holy Spirit—
 New vigor give to Nature's faltering frame;
 And, at life's close, permit us to inherit
 The hope that 's promised in the Savior's name!

G. P. MORRIS

4.—THE SABBATH.

WITH silent awe I hail the sacred morn,
 Which slowly wakes while all the fields are still;
 A soothing calm on every breeze is borne,
 A graver murmur gurgles from the rill,

And echo answers softer from the hill;
 And softer sings the linnet from the thorn—
 The skylark warbles in a tone less shrill.
 Hail, light serene! Hail, sacred Sabbath morn!
 The rooks float silent by in airy drove;
 The sun, a placid yellow luster shows;
 The gales that lately sighed along the grove,
 Have hushed their downy wings in dead repose;
 The hovering rack of clouds forget to move—
 So smiled the day when the first morn arose!

DR. LEYDEN

CCLXII.—THE ISLE OF LONG AGO.

1. O, A WONDERFUL stream is the river Time,
 As it runs through the realm of tears,
 With a faultless rhythm and a musical rhyme,
 And a boundless sweep and a surge sublime,
 As it blends with the Ocean of Years.
2. How the winters are drifting, like flakes of snow,
 And the summers, like buds between;
 And the year in the sheaf—so they come and they go,
 On the river's breast, with its ebb and flow,
 As it glides in the shadow and sheen.
3. There 's a magical isle up the river of Time,
 Where the softest of airs are playing;
 There 's a cloudless sky and a tropical clime,
 And a song as sweet as a vesper chime,
 And the Junes with the roses are staying.
4. And the name of that Isle is the Long Ago,
 And we bury our treasures there;
 There are brows of beauty and bosoms of snow—
 There are heaps of dust—but we loved them so!—
 There are trinkets and tresses of hair;
5. There are fragments of song that nobody sings,
 And a part of an infant's prayer;
 There 's a lute unswept, and a harp without strings,
 There are broken vows and pieces of rings,
 And the garments that she used to wear

6. There are hands that are waved, when the fairy shore
 By the mirage is lifted in air;
 And we some times hear, through the turbulent roar,
 Sweet voices we heard in the days gone before,
 When the wind down the river is fair.
7. O, remembered for aye, be the blessed Isle,
 All the day of our life till night—
 When the evening comes with its beautiful smile,
 And our eyes are closing to slumber awhile,
 May that "Greenwood" of Soul be in sight!

B. F. TAYLOR.

CCLXIII.—LLEWELLYN AND HIS DOG.

1. THE spearmen heard the bugle sound, and cheerly smiled
 the morn;
 And many a brach, and many a hound, attend Llewellyn's horn;
 And still he blew a louder blast, and gave a louder cheer;
 "Come, Gelert! why art thou the last Llewellyn's horn to hear?
 O! where does faithful Gelert roam, the flower of all his race?
 So true, so brave,—a lamb at home, a lion in the chase!"
 That day Llewellyn little loved the chase of hart or hare;
 And scant and small the booty proved, for Gelert was not there.
2. Unpleased Llewellyn homeward hied, when, near the portal
 seat,
 His truant Gelert he espied, bounding his lord to greet,
 But when he gained the castle-door, aghast the chieftain stood;
 The hound was smeared with gouts of gore: his lips and fangs
 ran blood!
 Llewellyn gazed with wild surprise; unused such looks to meet,
 His favorite checked his joyful guise, and crouched, and licked
 his feet.
 Onward in haste, Llewellyn passed (and on went Gelert, too),
 And still, where e'er his eyes were cast, fresh blood-gouts shocked
 his view!

3. O'rtured his infant's bed he found, the blood-stained cover
 rent;
 And all around the walls and ground with recent blood besprent
 He called his child; no voice replied; he searched with terror wild;
 Blood! blood! he found on every side, but no where found his child,

"Death-hound! by thee my child's devoured!" the frantic father
cried;

And to the hilt his vengeful sword he plunged in Gelert's side.
His suppliant, as to earth he fell, no pity could impart;
But still his Gelert's dying yell passed heavy o'er his heart.

4. Aroused by Gelert's dying yell, some slumberer wakened nigh:
What words the parent's joy can tell, to hear his infant cry!
Concealed beneath a mangled heap, his hurried search had missed,
All glowing from his rosy sleep, his cherub boy he kissed!
Nor scratch had he, nor harm, nor dread; but the same couch
beneath

Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead, tremendous still in death!
Ah! what was then Llewellyn's pain! for now the truth was clear,
The gallant hound the wolf had slain, to save Llewellyn's heir.

5. Vain, vain was all Llewellyn's woe! "Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed that laid thee low, this heart shall ever rue!"
And now a noble tomb they raise, with costly sculpture decked;
And marbles, storied with his praise, poor Gelert's bones protect.
Here never could the spearmen pass, or forester, unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass Llewellyn's sorrow proved.
And here he hung his horn and spear, and oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sounds would hear poor Gelert's dying yell.

W. R. SPENCER.

CCLXIV.—THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

The chambered nautilus lives in a series of enlarging compartments,
arranged in a widening spiral. It forsakes, after a time, one com-
partment, makes a new one and dwells there, and so on till it dies.

1. THIS is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.
2. Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,

Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
 As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
 Before thee lies revealed—
 Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

3. Year after year beheld the silent toil
 That spread his lustrous coil:
 Still, as the spiral grew,
 He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
 Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
 Built up its idle door,
 Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more
4. Thanks for the heavenly message brought to thee,
 Child of the wandering sea,
 Cast from her lap, forlorn!
 From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
 Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!
 While on mine ear it rings,
 Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:
5. Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
 As the swift seasons roll!
 Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

DR. HOLMES.

CCLXV.—THE POWER OF HABIT.

I REMEMBER once riding from Buffalo to the Niagara Falls. I said to a gentleman, "What river is that, sir?"

"That," he said, "is Niagara river."

"Well, it is a beautiful stream," said I; "bright and fair and glassy; how far off are the rapids?"

"Only a mile or two," was the reply.

"Is it possible that only a mile from us we shall find the water in the turbulence which it must show near to the Falls?"

"You will find it so, sir." And so I found it; and the

first sight of Niagara I shall never forget. Now, launch your bark on that Niagara river; it is bright, smooth, beautiful and glassy. There is a ripple at the bow; the silver wake you leave behind adds to your enjoyment. Down the stream you glide, oars, sails and helm in proper trim, and you set out on your pleasure excursion. Suddenly some one cries out from the bank, "Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you."

"Ha! hah! we have heard of the rapids, but we are not such fools as to get there. If we go too fast, then we shall up with the helm and steer to the shore; we will set the mast in the socket, hoist the sail, and speed to the land. Then on, boys; do n't be alarmed—there is no danger."

"Young men, ahoy there!"

"What is it?"

"The rapids are below you!"

"Ha! hah! we will laugh and quaff; all things delight us. What care we for the future! No man ever saw it. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. We will enjoy life while we may; will catch pleasure as it flies. This is enjoyment; time enough to steer out of danger when we are sailing swiftly with the current."

"Young men, ahoy!"

"What is it?"

"Beware! Beware! The rapids are below you!"

Now you see the water foaming all around. See how fast you pass that point! Up with the helm! Now turn! Pull hard! quick! quick! quick! pull for your lives! pull till the blood starts from thy nostrils, and the veins stand like whip-cords upon thy brow! Set the mast in the socket! hoist the sail! ah! ah! it is too late! "Shrieking, cursing howling, blaspheming; over they go."

Thousands go over the rapids every year, through the power of habit, crying all the while, "when I find out that it is injuring me I will give it up!"

J. B. GOUGH.

CCLXVI.—E PLURIBUS UNUM

1. THOUGH many and bright are the stars that appear,
 In that flag by our country unfurled;
 And the stripes that are swelling in majesty there,
 Like a rainbow adorning the world,
 Their lights are unsullied as those in the sky,
 By a deed that our fathers have done;
 And they 're leagued in as true and as holy a tie,
 In their motto of "Many in one."
2. From the hour when those patriots fearlessly flung
 That banner of starlight abroad,
 Ever true to themselves, to that motto they clung,
 As they clung to the promise of God:
 By the bayonet traced at the midnight of war,
 On the fields where our glory was won;
 Oh! perish the heart or the hand that would mar
 Our motto of "Many in one."
3. Mid the smoke of the contest—the cannon's deep roar
 How oft hath it gathered renown!
 While those stars were reflected in rivèrs of gore,
 When the cross and the lion went down;
 And though few were their lights in the gloom of that hour,
 Yet the hearts that were striking below,
 Had God for their bulwark and truth for their power
 And they stopped not to number their foe.
4. From where our green mountain tops blend with the sky
 And the giant St. Lawrence is rolled,
 To the waves where the balmy Hesperides lie,
 Like the dream of some prophet of old;
 They conquered—and dying, bequeathed to our care—
 Not this boundless dominion alone—
 But that banner, whose loveliness hallows the air,
 And their motto of "Many in one."
5. We are many in one, while there glitters a star
 In the blue of the heavens above;
 And tyrants shall quail mid their dungeons afar,
 When they gaze on that motto of love.
 It shall gleam o'er the sea, mid the bolts of the storm,
 Over tempest, and battle, and wreck,
 And flame where our guns with their thunder grow warm
 'Neath the blood on the slippery deck.

6. The oppressed of the earth to that standard shall fly,
 Wherever its folds shall be spread;
 And the exile shall feel 't is his own native sky
 Where its stars shall float over his head.
 And those stars shall increase, till the fullness of time,
 Its millions of cycles has run—
 Till the world shall have welcomed its mission sublime,
 And the nations of earth shall be one.
7. Though the old Alleghany may tower to heaven,
 And the Father of waters divide,
 The links of our destiny can not be riven,
 While the truth of these words shall abide.
 Oh! then, let them glow on each helmet and brand,
 Though our blood like our rivers shall run;
 Divide as we may in our own native land,
 To the rest of the world we are one.
8. Then, up with our flag—let it stream on the air,
 Though our fathers are cold in their graves;
 They had hands that could strike, had souls that could dare.
 And their sons were not born to be slaves.
 Up, up with that banner, where'er it may call,
 Our millions shall rally around;
 A nation of freemen that moment shall fall
 When its stars shall be trailed on the ground.

G. W. CUTLER.

CCLXVII.—THE UNION.

1. DISSOLVE the Union! Let the blush of shame
 Hide, with its crimson glow, the brazen cheek
 Of him who dares avow the traitorous aim.
 'T is not the true, the wise, the good, who speak
 Words of such fearful import: 't is the weak,
 Drunk with fanaticism's poisoned wine,
 Who, reckless of the future, blindly seek
 To hold their saturnalia at the shrine,
 That noble souls have held, and still must hold, divine.

2. Dissolve the Union! madmen, would you rend
 The glorious motto from our country's crest?
 Would ye despoil the stars and stripes that send

Home, food, protection, to the world's oppressed?
 Have ye no reverence for the high bequest,
 That our immortal sires bestowed ere while?
 Has sin effaced the image God impressed
 On your humanity, that you could smile,
 To see the lurid flames of freedom's funeral pile?

3. Dissolve the Union! In the day and hour
 Ye rend the blood-cemented ties in twain,
 The fearful cloud of civil war shall lower
 On every old blue hill and sunny plain,
 From torrid Mexico to frigid Maine!
 Dissolve the Union! No, ye can not part,
 With idle words, the blessed ties that bind,
 In one the interests of the mighty heart,
 That treasure up the hopes of all mankind.
 Awhile, perhaps, the blind may lead the blind,
 From beaten paths to quagmires, ere they find
 The ray that shone so beautiful and bright,
 Was but a phantom lure to deeper, darker night

4. Dissolve the Union! Never! Ye may sow
 The seeds of vile dissension through the land,
 May madly aim a parricidal blow,
 And show your disregard of all its grand
 Eternal interests; but a noble band
 Of patriots, tried, and true, will still remain,
 With heart to heart, and sinewy hand to hand,
 To guard from foul dishonor's cankering stain,
 The jewels God has shrined in freedom's holy fane.

5. Dissolve the Union!—perish first the page
 That gave to human sight the hideous scrawl—
 Let not the freemen of a future age
 Read these detested words: they would recall
 Shame, madness, imbecility, and all
 That mars the noontide glory of our time.
 True to the undivided, stand or fall,
 To waver now is little less than crime,
 To battle for the right is glorious, is sublime.

CCLXVIII.—ESTO PERPETUA.

1. ESTO PERPETUA! ever enduring,
Still may the national glory increase;
Union and harmony ever securing,
Prosperity, freedom, religion, and peace.
- 2 Great God of the nations, thy goodness hath crowned us,
A land and a people peculiar to thee;
Let thy wisdom and power, still mantled around us,
Preserve what that goodness hath taught to be free!
3. Esto perpetua! O, be it written,
On every bright link of the sisterhood's chain!
And be the red arm of the fratricide smitten,
Who would sully the compact or rend it in twain.
4. Let it shine on the folds of our banner outflowing,
Let it speak on the walls of each parliament hall,
Till the North and the South with its sanctity glowing,
Shout, "Esto perpetua!—union for all."
5. Esto perpetua! Who would erase it
From the mount where so long like a beacon it stood,
Where the sages of freedom delighted to place it,
And martyrs have shaded each letter with blood?
6. From Marshfield, the warning in thunder is breaking,
From Ashland, like music, it floats on the air;
From the grave of the Hermitage solemnly waking
Esto perpetua, guard it with care!
7. Dissever our Union? O, how would the measure
Of each in the great computation be cast,
Her heroes and sages, her blood and her treasure;
Her hopes of the future, her deeds of the past—
8. Her battle fields fertile with valorous daring—
The bones of her martyrs that under them rest—
Her monument tributes their memory sharing—
With the North and the South, the East and the West?
- 9 The fame of her Jefferson proudly defying,
Like his own Declaration the mildew of time;
The names of her signers, revered and undying,
While truth holds a temple, or freedom a shrine;

10. The fame of her Franklin, whose genius ascended
 The storm-demon's throne when his thunders were loud.
 And seizing the scepter of lightning, appended
 His name to the scroll of each menacing cloud;
11. The fame of her Henry, whose eloquence breaking
 The spell which had fettered the nations so long
 Was heard in the palace, its tyranny shaking,
 And ringing the knell of oppression and wrong;
12. The fame of her Washington, broad as creation,
 The Christian, philosopher, hero, and sage;
 Uniting the models of every nation,
 The pride and perfection of every age—
13. These national jewels, O cherish their luster,
 All beauty excelling, all value above;
 Nor sever one gem from the family cluster,
 Nor shatter the casket of union and love!

GEO. W. YOUNG.

CCLXIX.—LAY OF THE MADMAN.

1. MANY a year hath passed away,
 Many a dark and dismal year,
 Since last I roamed in the light of day,
 Or mingled my own with another's tear;
 Woe to the daughters and sons of men—
 Woe to them all when I roam again!
2. Here have I watched, in this dungeon cell,
 Longer than Memory's tongue can tell;
 Here have I shrieked, in my wild despair,
 When the damned fiends, from their prison came,
 Sported and gamboled, and mocked me here,
 With their eyes of fire, and their tongues of flame
 Shouting forever and aye my name!
 And I strove in vain to burst my chain,
 And longed to be free as the winds again,
 That I might spring in the wizard ring,
 And scatter them back to their hellish den!
 Woe to the daughters and sons of men—
 Woe to them all, when I roam again!

- 3 How long have I been in this dungeon here.
 Little I know, and, nothing I care;
 What to me is the day, or night,
 Summer's heat, or autumn sere,
 Spring-tide flowers, or winter's blight,
 Pleasure's smile, or sorrow's tear?
 Time! what care I for thy flight,
 Joy! I spurn thee with disdain;
 Nothing love I but this clanking chain;
 Once I broke from its iron hold,
 Nothing I said, but silent, and bold,
 Like the shepherd that watches his gentle fold,
 Like the tiger that crouches in mountain lair,
 Hours upon hours so watched I here;
 Till one of the fiends that had come to bring
 Herbs from the valley and drink from the spring,
 Stalked through my dungeon entrance in!
 Ha! how he shrieked to see me free—
 Ho! how he trembled, and knelt to me,
 He, who had mocked me many a day,
 And barred me out from its cheerful ray—
 Gods! how I shouted to see him pray!
 I wreathed my hands in the demon's hair,
 And choked his breath in its muttered prayer,
 And danced I then, in wild delight,
 To see the trembling wretch's fright!
- 4 Gods! how I crushed his hated bones!
 'Gainst the jagged wall and the dungeon-stones;
 And plunged my arm adown his throat,
 And dragged to life his beating heart,
 And held it up that I might gloat,
 To see its quivering fibers start!
 Ho! how I drank of the purple flood,
 Quaffed, and quaffed again, of blood,
 Till my brain grew dark, and I knew no more,
 Till I found myself on this dungeon floor,
 Fettered and held by this iron chain;
 Ho! when I break its links again,
 Ha! when I break its links again,
 Woe to the daughters and sons of men!

CCLXX.—LOVE, MURDER, AND MATRIMONY—ALMOST.

1. In Manchester a maiden dwelt,
 Her name was Phœbe Brown,
 And she was considered by good judges to be by all
 odds, the best looking girl in the town.

2. Her age was nearly seventeen,
 Her eyes were sparkling bright,
 A very lovely girl she was, and for a year and a
 half there had been a good-looking young man paying his atten-
 tions to her, by the name of Reuben White.

3. Now Reuben was a nice young man,
 As any in the town;
 And Phœbe loved him very dear,
 But on account of his being obliged to work for a
 living, he never could make himself agreeable to Mr. and Mrs.
 Brown.

4. Her parents were resolved
 Another she should wed—
 A rich old miser in the place;
 And old Brown frequently declared, that rather
 than have his daughter marry Reuben White he 'd knock him on
 the head.

5. But Phœbe's heart was brave and strong:
 She feared no parent's frowns;
 And as for Reuben White so bold,
 I've heard him say more than fifty times, that
 with the exception of Phœbe, he did n't care a cent for the whole
 race of Browns.

6. Now Phœbe Brown and Reuben White
 Determined they would marry;
 Three weeks ago last Tuesday night
 They started for old Parson Webster's, with the
 fixed determination to be united in the holy bonds of wedlock,
 though it was tremendous dark, and rained like the very Old
 Harry.

7. But Captain Brown was wide awakr,
 He loaded up his gun,
 And then pursued the loving pair—
 And overtook 'em when they 'd got about half
 way to the Parson's, when Reuben and Phœbe started upon a run-

8. Old Brown then took a deadly aim,
 Toward young Reuben's head;
 But, oh! it was a bleeding shame,
 For he made a mistake, and shot his only daughter, and had the unspeakable anguish of seeing her drop down stone dead.

9. Then anguish filled young Reuben's heart,
 And vengeance crazed his brain—
 He drew an awful jack-knife out,
 And plunged it into old Brown about fifty or sixty times, so that it was very doubtful about his ever coming to again.

10. The briny drops from Reuben's eyes
 In torrents pour'd down;
 He yielded up the ghost and died—
 And in this melancholy, and heart-rending manner terminates the history of Reuben and Phocbe, and likewise of old Captain Brown.

CCLXXI.—THE MISER AND PLUTUS.

1. THE wind is high, the window shakes,
 With sudden start the miser wakes!
 Along the silent room he stalks;
 Looks back, and trembles, as he walks!
2. Each lock and every bolt he tries,
 In every crack and corner pries;
 Then opes his chest, with treasure stored,
 And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
3. But now with sudden qualms possessed,
 He wrings his hands, he beats his breast;
 By conscience stung he wildly stares,
 And thus his guilty soul declares:
4. "Had the deep earth her store confined,
 This heart had known sweet peace of mind;
 But virtue's sold! Good heavens! what price
 Can recompense the pangs of vice?"
5. O bane of good! seducing cheat!
 Can man, weak man, thy power defeat?
 Gold banished honor from the mind,
 And only left the name behind;

6. Gold sowed the earth with every ill—
 Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill;
 'T was gold instructed coward hearts
 In treachery's more pernicious arts.
 Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
 Virtue resides on earth no more!

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 CCLXXII.—RECOLLECTIONS.

1. Do you remember all the sunny places,
 Where in bright days long past, we played together?
 Do you remember all the old home faces,
 That gathered round the hearth in wintry weather?
 Do you remember all the happy meetings,
 In summer evenings, round the open door—
 Kind looks, kind hearts, kind words, and tender greetings,
 And clasping hands, whose pulses beat no more?
 Do you remember them?
2. Do you remember when we first departed
 From 'mid the old companions who were round us,
 How very soon again we grew light-hearted,
 And talked with smiles of all the links that bound us?
 And after, when our footsteps were returning,
 With unfelt weariness, o'er hill and plain,
 How our young hearts kept boiling up and burning,
 To think how soon we 'd be at home again?
 Do you remember this?
3. Do you remember how the dreams of glory
 Kept fading from us like a fairy treasure;
 How thoughtless we of being famed in story,
 And more of those to whom our fame gave pleasure?
 Do you remember in far countries, weeping
 When a light breeze, a flower, hath brought to mind
 Old happy thoughts, which till that hour were sleeping,
 And made us yearn for those we left behind?
 Do you remember this?
4. Do you remember when no sound woke gladly,
 But desolate echoes through our home were ringing,
 How for a while we talked—then paused full sadly,
 Because our voices bitter things were bringing?

Ah me! those days—those days! my friend, my brother,
 Sit down and let us talk of all our woe,
 For we have nothing left but one another;—
 Yet where they went, old playmate, we shall go;
 Let us remember this.

MRS. NORTON

CCLXXIII.—LITTLE BY LITTLE.

1. "LITTLE by little," an acorn said,
 As it slowly sank in its mossy bed;
 "I am improving every day,
 Hidden deep in the earth away."
 Little by little each day it grew;
 Little by little it sipped the dew;
 Downward it sent out a thread-like root;
 Up in the air sprung a tiny shoot.
 Day after day, and year after year,
 Little by little, the leaves appear;
 And the slender branches spread far and wide,
 Till the mighty oak is the forest's pride.

2. Far down in the depths of the dark blue sea,
 An insect train work ceaselessly;
 Grain by grain they are building well,
 Each one alone in its little cell.
 Moment by moment and day by day,
 Never stopping to rest or to play.
 Rocks upon rocks they are rearing high,
 Till the top looks out on the sunny sky;
 The gentle wind and the balmy air,
 Little by little, bring verdure there;
 Till the summer sunbeams gayly smile
 On the buds and flowers of the coral isle.

3. "Little by little," said a thoughtful boy,
 "Moment by moment, I'll well employ,
 Learning a little every day,
 And not spending all my time in play.
 And still this rule in my mind shall dwell,
 'Whatever I do, I will do it well.'
 Little by little, I'll learn to know
 The treasured wisdom of long ago;

And one of these days perhaps we'll see
 That the world will be the better for me."
 And do not you think that this simple plan
 Made him a wise and a useful man?

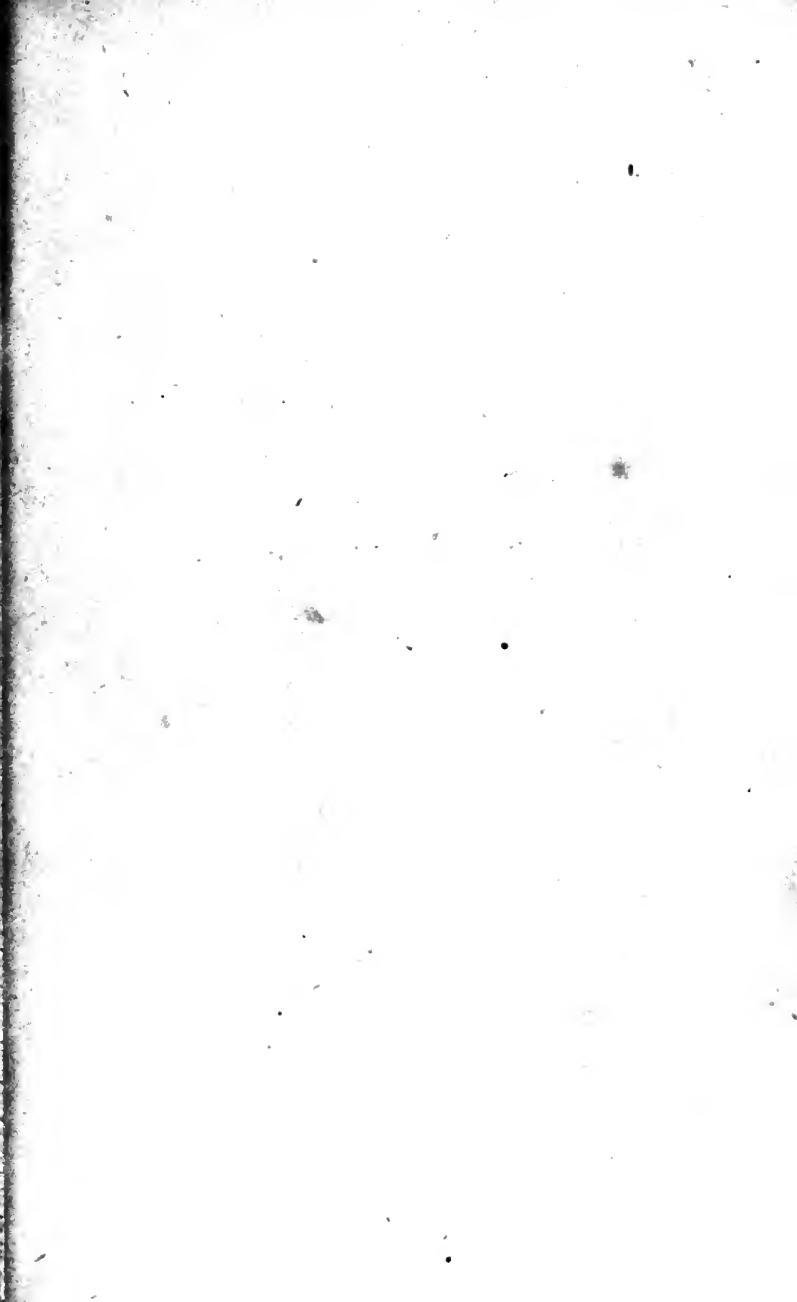
CCLXXIV.—I'M WITH YOU ONCE AGAIN.

- 1 I'm with you once again, my friends,
 No more my footsteps roam;
 Where it began my journey ends,
 Amid the scenes of home.
 No other clime has skies so blue,
 Or streams so broad and clear,
 And where are hearts so warm and true
 As those that meet me here?

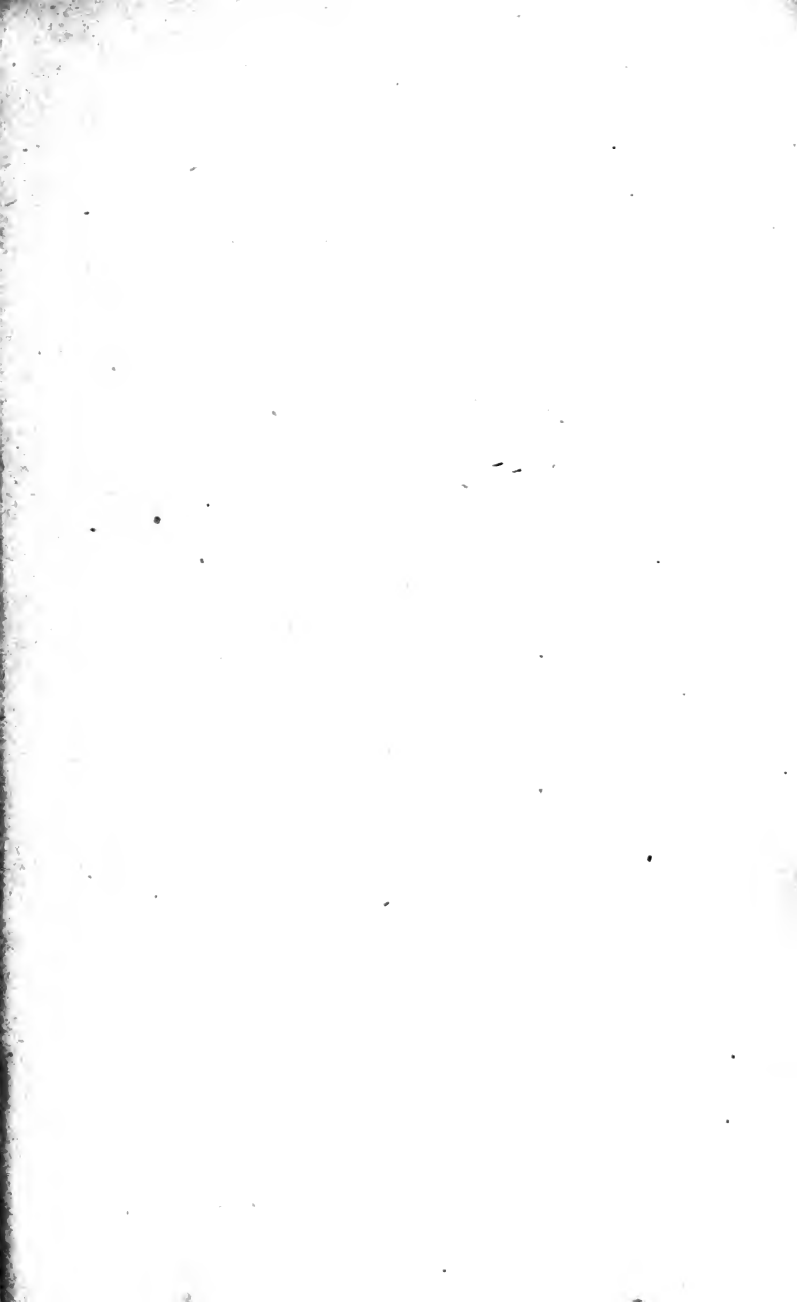
- 2 Since last, with spirits wild and free,
 I pressed my native strand,
 I've wandered many miles at sea,
 And many miles on land:
 I've seen fair regions of the earth
 With rude commotion torn,
 Which taught me how to prize the worth
 Of that where I was born.

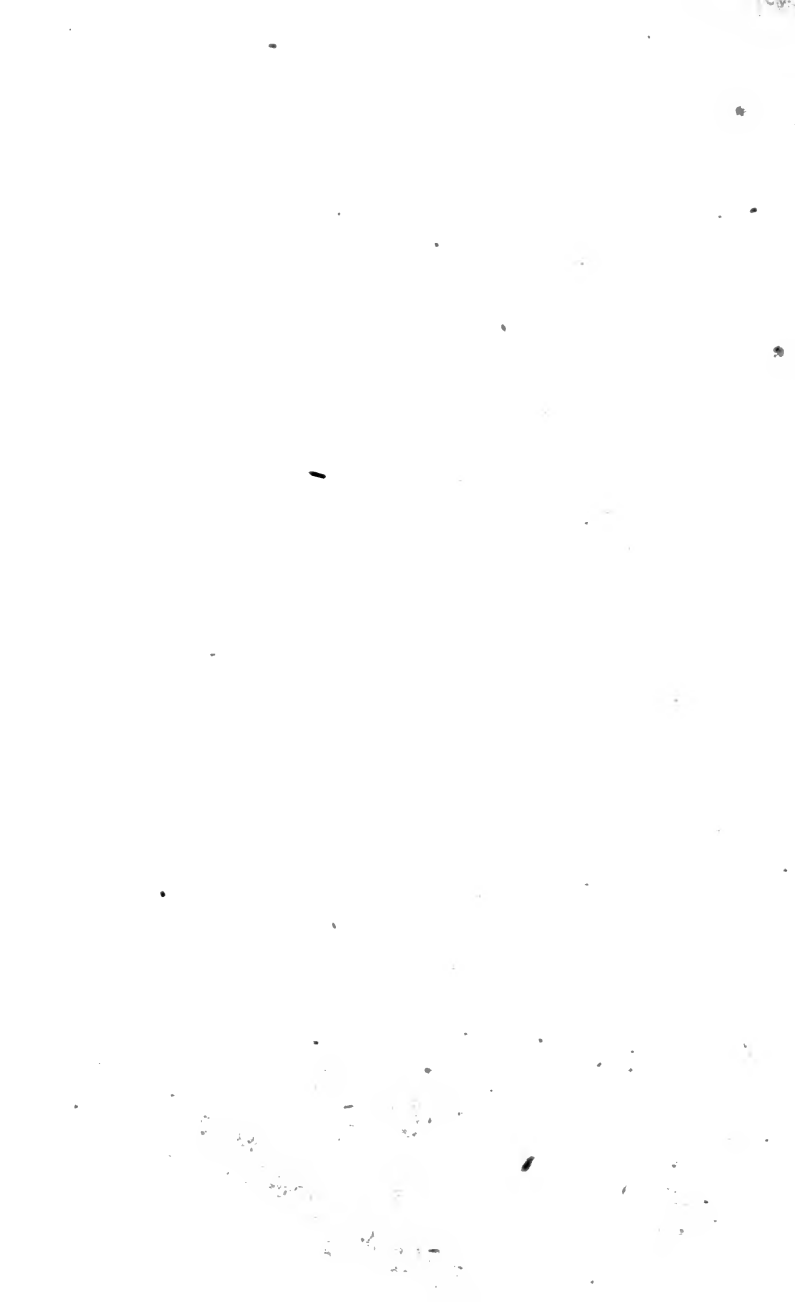
3. In other countries when I heard
 The language of my own,
 How fondly each familiar word
 Awoke an answering tone!
 But when our woodland songs were sung
 Upon a foreign mart,
 The vows that faltered on the tongue
 With rapture thrilled my heart!

4. My native land! I turn to you,
 With blessing and with prayer,
 Where man is brave and woman true,
 And free as mountain air.
 Long may our flag in triumph wave,
 Against the world combined,
 And friends a welcome—foes a grave,
 Within our borders find.









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