

Exercises.

1.

[The following particulars are presented to be united in a connected narrative. The expressions may be changed, as it may be necessary to weave the circumstances together in one continued narration.]

History furnishes no parallel to the character of Washington.
 Washington died, after a short illness, on the 14th of December, 1799.
 He captured Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, in 1781.
 This event established the independence of the United States.
 On the 25th of December, 1776, he crossed the Delaware, and soon gained the important battles of Trenton and Princeton.
 He was elected President of the United States in 1789.
 He was President for eight years.
 He was again chosen Commander-in-chief of the American army in 1798.
 His abilities were first exercised by Dinwiddie in 1753.
 He was the Aid-de-camp of Gen. Braddock in 1755.
 After resigning the Presidency he retired to Mount Vernon, where he devoted himself to the pursuits of agriculture.
 He was born in 1732, in the county of Fairfax, in Virginia.
 He was descended from an English family, which emigrated from Weshire about 1630.
 He received his education from a private tutor.

2.

William Penn lost his wife in 1694, and was much afflicted by the event.
 He married again in about two years, and employed himself in traveling over Ireland as a preacher of the peculiar doctrines of his sect.
 In 1699 he visited America with his wife and family, and returned to England in 1701.
 He died at Rushcomb, near Twyford, in Berks, July 30th, 1718.
 He was buried at Jordan, near Beaconsfield, Bucks.
 His character was truly benevolent and humane, and his labors were exerted for the good of mankind.
 The long prosperity of Pennsylvania furnishes the best evidence of his wisdom as a legislator.
 He was born in London in 1644.
 He was expelled from College on account of his religious opinions.
 His religious opinions differed widely from those of the Established Church.
 The College was of the same religious sentiments with the Established Church.
 His father left him an estate worth 1500 pounds per annum.
 Charles 2d, King of England, granted him a province of North America, then called New Netherlands; but now, from William Penn, called Pennsylvania.
 When he was in College, he withdrew from the national forms of wor-

ship with other students, who, like himself, had listened to the preaching of Thomas Loe, a quaker of eminence.

In 1672 he married a lady of principles similar to his own, and fixed his residence at Rickmansworth, where he labored hard to disseminate the principles of his sect both by his preachings and his writings.

In 1682 he came out to America for the first time, and laid out the city of Philadelphia, where he invited settlers from all parts of England, and held out to them a greater degree of religious liberty under his constitution than had ever before been enjoyed by any sect or people.

LXI.

NARRATION EXPANDED.*

Example.

At the battle of Philippi, Lucilius wishing to give his intimate friend Brutus an opportunity to escape, pretended himself to be Brutus, and being led before Anthony, boldly avowed the artifice. Anthony, admiring his fidelity to his friend, informed him of the death of Brutus, and offered him his friendship. Lucilius accepted the offer, and continued his faithful friend.

Same story expanded.

At the battle of Philippi, when Brutus, after the route of his army, was in danger of falling into the hands of his enemies, his bosom friend Lucilius gave him an opportunity to escape, calling out, "I am Brutus! lead me to Anthony!" Being conducted to Anthony, he spoke with great resolution: "I have employed this artifice," said he, "that Brutus might not fall alive into the hands of his enemies. The gods will never permit that fortune shall triumph so far over virtue. In spite of fortune, Brutus will always be found, dead or alive, in a situation worthy of his courage." Anthony, admiring the firmness of Lucilius, said to him, "you merit a greater recompense than it is in my power to bestow. I have been just now informed of the death of Brutus; and as your fidelity to him is now at an end, I beg earnestly to be received in his place; love me as you did him, I wish no more." Lucilius embraced the offer, engaged himself

* The plan in narrative writing is simply the statement of events in the order of their occurrence; and the expansion is the mention, with varying degrees of minuteness of their statement, of the different circumstances connected with these events, accompanied by incidental remarks and reflections.

to Anthony, and maintaining the same fidelity to him that he had done to Brutus, adhered to him when he was abandoned by all the world.

The same story still more expanded.

After the second battle of Philippi between Anthony and Octavius, two of the Roman triumvirs, and Brutus, which proved fatal to the latter, and indeed, to the liberty of Rome, one Lucilius Lucinus, an intimate friend of Brutus, observing a body of Thracian horse taking no notice of any other in their pursuit, but making directly towards Brutus, resolved to stop them, and save the life of his general at the hazard of his own. Accordingly, without acquainting Brutus with his design, he halted till the Thracians came up and surrendered him; then he cried out, "I am Brutus!" and begging quarter, desired they would carry him to Anthony, pretending that he feared Octavius. The Thracians, overjoyed with their prey, and thinking themselves happy, immediately detached some of their own body to acquaint Anthony with their good fortune; and, in the mean time, giving over the pursuit, returned to the field of battle with their prisoner. The report being spread in an instant, all over the army, that Brutus was taken, and that the Thracians were bringing him alive to Anthony, both soldiers and officers flocked together from all parts to see him. Some pitied his misfortunes, others accused him of a meanness unbecoming his former glory, for, suffering himself out of two much love of life, to be a prey to barbarians. As for Anthony, he was not a little concerned at this adventure, being quite at a loss in what manner he should receive, and how he should treat his illustrious captive; but he was soon delivered from his uneasiness; for as the Thracians drew near, he knew the prisoner, who had passed himself upon the Thracians for Brutus, and now addressing the Triumvir with a generous confidence: "Be assured, Anthony," said he, "that no enemy either has or ever shall take Marcus Brutus alive; forbid it, ye Gods, that fortune should ever prevail so much above virtue! But let him be discovered, dead or alive, he will certainly be found in such a state as is worthy of him. As for me, I have delivered myself up to save him, and am now ready to suffer whatever torments you think proper to inflict upon me, without demanding or expecting any quarter." Anthony, wonderfully taken with the fidelity, virtue, and generosity of Lucilius, turned to the Thracians, now sensible of, and outraged at their disappointment, and addressed them thus: "I perceive, my fellow soldiers, that you are concerned, and full of resentment for having been thus imposed upon by Lucilius; but be assured, that you have met with a booty better than that you have sought for; you have been in search of an enemy, and you have brought me a friend. I was truly at a loss how I should have treated Brutus, if you had brought him to me alive; but of this I am sure, that it is better to have such a man as Lucilius our friend, than our enemy." Having thus spoken, he embraced Lucilius and commended him to the care of one of his friends.

The student may now expand the following story or narrative:

STORY OF MEGAN.

Megan was one of a tribe of Indians, who ranged the extensive wilds about the Falls of Niagara. He was possessed of such superior personal and mental qualities as are very seldom concentrated in the same person, generous and humane, as well as brave, he knew how to conquer a foe, and how to raise him when disarmed; and, while he hastened to shed the blood of his enemies, he paused to drop the tear of sympathy with afflicted

friends. By these shining qualifications he was endeared to those around him, and was looked upon as a future ornament and champion of his tribe.

From the age in which he was able to bend a bow, he was ever employed, either in pursuit of game in the forest, or in showing his skill in the management of his canoe. His nation was now involved in a war, which opened to him a field of action, and afforded frequent opportunities to display his valor. In one of his excursions, he rescued from captivity a beautiful female of his nation, who had been taken some weeks before, and for whom he had conceived a passion, previously to her being taken.

Their mutual attachment was not a little strengthened by this adventure; she was conducted home in triumph, a day was appointed for the nuptial ceremonies, and Megan looked forward with fond expectation to the happy days he should spend with his beloved Alcoris. But, alas! how often are the fairest hopes we can conceive, the most deceitful! A few days only had elapsed, since his return, when he yielded to a vice that may be called a characteristic of these people; — he drank too freely of spirit and lay down in his canoe, which was fastened to a rock on shore, and was soon lost in sleep. Impatient at his too long absence, Alcoris went in search of him, and what was her surprise and horror, as she drew near the place, to see his canoe loosened by a rival, who had made several fruitless attempts to gain her affection, and rapidly floating down the swift current towards the great falls! In vain did she cry out, in vain extend her arms towards the dearest object of her affection. He enjoyed a sweet tranquillity till roused to a sense of his danger by the noise of the cataract. Megan is now apprised of his fate. He looks back, recognizes Alcoris, and waving his cap — goes over the falls and is seen no more.*

The student may now reverse the process of expanding, and present an abridgement of the following narration.†

Many are the tales that have been repeated to us of the revolutionary struggles of our ancestors. Yet each little incident connected with those times of peril, though often listened to, becomes interesting to us, who are now enjoying the blessings of that priceless freedom for which our fathers bled.

"Proudly, O children of freedom,
The stars of your banner float high;
Bright is the halo of glory,
O'er the graves where your ancestors lie.
Cherished may every memorial be,
Of the brave ones who perished that ye might be free."

Such was the motto that my sister wrote, when I told her that, in my next composition, I should weave up a reminiscence of the Revolution, and

* This narrative is a genuine college exercise, presented some years ago at one of the colleges in this State.

† This narration is a school exercise, presented within a few weeks by one of the pupils, a young lady of about thirteen years of age, at the public school of which the author has the charge. It has been thought that models and specimens of this kind would be more useful than more finished writings; because they present to the student something within his reach. It will not be very difficult for him, after he has attained some ease in writing, to adopt as his motto the principle, "Eccelsior."

requested her to write a sentiment to grace the commencement; but, when she glanced at the simple incident I intended to relate, she thought the motto and the sketch were not very appropriate; but, as I insisted on its appropriateness to my brave Arthur's story; and, as I also had the slip of paper in my hand on which it was pencilled, (possession being nine points of the law,) I was allowed to retain it, or rather she was obliged to yield to my whim, and, accordingly, I transferred it in triumph to the top of the page on which I commence —

A REVOLUTIONARY STORY.

Near the extremity of the beautiful peninsula on which Charlestown situated, stood a large old-fashioned house, in the year 1775, whose time-worn walls were partially concealed, in the warmer seasons, by luxuriant grape-vines, that, spreading over the latticed portico, ran across the small windows, and clambered along the gable roof. A group of horse-chestnut trees, and a hedge composed of the briery bushes of the barberry and blackberry, with here and there a sweetbrier, covered with its delicate pink blossoms, enclosed a yard overgrown with bright green grass, and which extended around the eastern and western sides of the mansion. Beneath the vine-covered windows on the west a small parterre of flowers bloomed, while beyond, a vegetable garden extended to where the bright waves of the river Charles rolled onward. The house was occupied by Mrs. Leslie, her two children, and a female domestic, — Captain Leslie being with the American army, at the neighboring town of Cambridge, where it had been stationed for nearly two months, while the British troops lay shut up in Boston.

It was the beginning of June, and, as the afternoon of a beautiful day drew near its close, Mrs. Leslie laid aside the sewing materials that had absorbed her attention during the morning, and, stepping out upon the green turf, directed her steps towards a low wooden bench beneath a large apple-tree, where a young and sweet-looking girl was sitting. As her mother approached, Anna Leslie dropped her knitting work and held forth a few simple, but fragrant, flowers. A caress was the reward which the affectionate girl expected and received for her gift. As she threw a glance so expressive of love on her mother's face, it was sad for that mother to know, that she could not perceive the smile of affection in return; for her child's dark blue eyes were sightless, — poor Anna Leslie was blind. Few persons would have thought, as they looked in the lovely child's face, as some strain of music, some loved and familiar tone, or some bright, happy thought awakened in her countenance a beautiful expression, which accorded well with her symmetrical features, — few persons would have thought that Anna had been born blind, that she never had viewed the charming scenes of nature, that her eye had never glanced over the pages of literature, or the works of art. But a mother's watchful tenderness and patient instruction had, during the twelve years of her life, somewhat supplied the deficiency which her misfortune occasioned; and her brother Arthur, two years older than herself, had, with more than a brother's usual affection, cherished and protected his helpless sister. Unlike the interesting and unfortunate Laura Bridgeman, Anna could hear the loved voices of her friends and the sweet tones of her mother's harpsichord. She could give utterance, too, in a low, clear voice, to her thoughts and feelings, and, although she saw not her mother's smile, she heard the whispered words of love, and returned her affectionate greeting.

Drawing her daughter's arm within her own, Mrs. Leslie returned slowly towards the house. The blushing June roses were sending forth their rich odor from the large bushes, covered with flowers, that bordered the path, and Mrs. Leslie plucked an opening bud and placed it in her daughter's

nair. All around their little domain looked peacefully, but Anna echoed her mother's sigh, as the beating of the drum and other sounds of war came faintly from the hostile camps and awakened in their bosoms sorrowful thoughts of the situation of their country, and the welfare of the husband and father, whose life was so precious, yet in such peril. As they silently approached the house, Anna felt conscious that her mother was becoming absorbed in melancholy reverie, and, to divert her attention, proposed to meet Arthur. Mrs. Leslie consented, and they passed through the flower beds and proceeded to the lower parts of the grounds, where Arthur employed himself in cultivating the vegetable garden; for it was impossible to procure a man in the town for that purpose, all who were able having joined the army of their country. But Arthur, with the occasional assistance of Rachel, their faithful black servant, had managed to raise quite a respectable stock of vegetables, not only for his own family, but he sometimes found means to carry a portion to supply his father's table at the camp. Arthur, who had just completed his work and refreshed himself by a bath in the river, as his mother and sister appeared in sight, hastened to join them, and to communicate an account of an extensive depredation committed the preceding night in his garden. Naturally impetuous in his temper, Arthur now complained bitterly, and vowed vengeance on the British thief, as he persisted in calling him, for he had traced the footsteps over his delicate lettuce beds and young peas, till they terminated on the verge of the river. As his boyish imagination magnified his wrongs, Arthur's dark eye sparkled, his cheek flushed, and his red lip curled with scorn, and not till the sweet voice of his sister had communicated in a whisper a plan for watching that night, and at least ascertaining who the thief was, did his brow become unclouded, just as they entered their quiet, low-ceiled sitting-room. A very pleasant room it was, though old-fashioned. Its deep window seats were nicely cushioned, its clumsy-looking mahogany tables, with dark, time-colored surfaces, highly polished, the carved boxes and stands that came from Calcutta, its fireplace, surrounded by small Dutch tiles, the antique-looking portraits, that came over in the Mayflower, it was said, and the painted screens placed around, made the apartment a favorite with Arthur and Anna. The bright flowers in the old China vases, and the white drapery of the table, now spread with their simple evening repast, enlivened the somewhat sombre aspect of the room, for the sun had just sunk below the horizon and the vines hung thickly over the windows; but Rachel pushed them aside and commenced swaying her fly-brush, as Mrs. Leslie seated herself at the table. Rachel was somewhat a privileged being in the family, as she was a faithful and trusty domestic, and she often enlivened the children at meal times by her quaint expressions and anecdotes of the olden time. This evening she began to lament, as she glanced ruefully at the plain bread, fresh strawberries, and bright water from their own cool and shaded well, that her lady could no longer preside, as formerly, over the splendid silver plate and beautiful China tea-set, that once adorned the table, covered with the delicacies of the season. But now what was the use of the plainest cups and saucers without tea, and even the strawberries must be eaten without cream, for the British foragers had stolen their last now.

Arthur, who had been absorbed in his own thoughts, now joined in the conversation, for he generally felt interested when any thing was said respecting the injuries inflicted by the foes of his country; and, long after Mrs. Leslie had retired from the room, did the eager boy continue to listen to Rachel's tales, and even Anna at last left them, and passing out of the glass door into the large hall, for she was perfectly acquainted with every nook in her childhood's home, and could find her way without difficulty through every room of the house, she ascended the broad staircase with large wooden balustrades at the head of the hall, and entered her own

chamber. Drawing the snowy curtain aside, Anna seated herself on the window seat, for though she could not look out upon the moonlit scene it was pleasant to feel the cool fragrant breeze play over her face, and hear the rustling among the branches of the horse-chestnut trees. Long did Anna sit there, and longer she would have lingered, indulging in those waking dreams, sad and yet sometimes enchanting, that are peculiarly endeared to those who, like her, are shut out from many of the bright realities of life, if the door communicating with her mother's apartment had not gently opened, and Mrs. Leslie entered with a mother's care to see that all was safe. "Anna, my child, nine o'clock, and you sitting here, when the damp breeze from the river is blowing directly in the window? what imprudence!" The window was closed, and Anna was carefully enveloped in flannel, and only her urgent remonstrances prevented her mother from administering some hot herb tea. After Anna had retired, Mrs. Leslie withdrew to her chamber, full of anxiety for her beloved child, whose delicate health and helplessness seemed to increase the love she felt for her.

When the old clock in the corner of the hall struck nine, Arthur lighted his candle and hastened to his room. After closing the door, he took from his chest an old fowling-piece, and carefully examined it. Placing it on the table, he repaired to the window, and, parting the waving tendrils of the vine, looked out anxiously. Light clouds had been flying across the deep blue of the sky all the evening; but now, darker and darker they gathered in huge masses, till it was impossible to discern objects with any distinctness on the river, or even in the garden below. Arthur was a brave boy, but he hesitated at the thought of descending to the garden and there watching for the thief, for the increasing darkness made it impossible to see from the window; but his hesitation vanished, for he thought he faintly heard the sound of oars on the river, and snatching up his fowling-piece, and silently opening his door, he proceeded lightly along the hall. As he passed the clock, it struck ten, and its silvery sound somewhat startled him as he felt his way in the dark. Noiselessly he opened the hall door, and stepped out into the yard. Everything around was quiet, except the rustling of the branches as a gust passed by, and the sound of oars striking the waves, which he now heard with more distinctness. Arthur bounded lightly over the hedge of sweetbrier, and made his way through the dewy shrubbery to his garden. It was very dark, and as he hid behind a group of currant bushes and awaited the coming of the depredator, he could scarcely distinguish a single object. Suddenly the noise ceased on the river, and breathlessly Arthur watched through the gloom. He started as he thought he perceived a tall form bending over near him; but, looking more closely, he saw it was a large sunflower bowing its head in the breeze. Again; did his imagination deceive him? No; a tall Highlander, his tartan and plumes shaken by the wind, crept cautiously through the bushes and proceeded to fill a large bag with all that the increasing darkness would enable him to lay his hands on. Arthur's fears, if he had any, were now dispelled, so indignant did he feel as he saw the inroads made in his fine beds of vegetables, and he sprang behind the startled Highlander, and in a voice hoarse with rage, levelling his fowling-piece close to his head, threatened him with instant death if he made the least resistance. The frightened fellow, rendered confident and more daring by his former unmolested visit, had come totally unarmed save a dirk in his belt; but the surprise and consternation which his sudden detection had occasioned, not being able to see his enemy and with death so near, his presence of mind utterly forsook him, and he followed implicitly the commands of Arthur, who ordered him to take up the bag and to walk in front whether he should direct. Tremblingly the Highlander, not daring to move his head, for the loaded gun still threatened him with instant death, obeyed; and Arthur, following closely and silently through the garden and along the road, stopped

not till he arrived at the camp in Cambridge, where he delivered his prisoner into his father's hands. Proudly Captain Leslie gazed on his intrepid boy, and many were the compliments that his courage obtained from the officers and soldiers. Nothing could exceed the anger and mortification which the Highlander felt as he gazed in surprise on his youthful captor, and many were the oaths that fell from his lips, as he saw the scornful sneers and listened to the contemptuous remarks of the American soldiers as they passed him and looked upon his sturdy form, and compared it with the slight, graceful figure of Arthur Leslie. Arthur did not long remain at the camp, but hastened home to relieve the anxiety of his mother and sister, and just as the sun began to gild "tree, shrub, and flower," Arthur with one bound sprang over the thicket, shaking large pearly dew-drops from the roses, and entered the portico just as his mother was descending the stairs from his room, where the bed, which evidently had not been occupied, had dreadfully alarmed her. Her anxiety was somewhat allayed by the appearance of Arthur; and when at the breakfast table he related to her and to Anna the adventure of the night, Mrs. Leslie knew not whether to blame the temerity, or praise the courage which he undoubtedly had manifested. Rachel was delighted with her brave boy's conduct; and long afterward, when the war was ended and Captain Leslie had removed to the city, where Mrs. Leslie resumed her former station at the head of a splendid establishment, and the sweet Anna had cultivated, with her brother's assistance, the learning and accomplishments attainable by one in her situation, then did Rachel recount to her wondering hearers the story of Arthur's adventure with the Highlander.

LXII.

DESCRIPTION.

Description, as defined by Webster, is "a representation of names, natures, or properties, that give to another a view of the thing."

It is, in fine, a picture, delineated, not by lines, but by words; and it must be so presented as to convey a clear, definite, and exact semblance to the mind, such as the object described presents to the eye. Such a representation may be called a faithful description. Faithful descriptions, therefore, are faithful pictures. All definitions must be less perfect descriptions of a material thing, than a visible figure or delineation. But when a definition is expanded, so as to embrace not only all the particulars in which the object defined differs from other objects, but also those in which it resembles others of the same kind, such a definition, is, in fact, a description.

Owing to peculiar associations in the mind, and the difference in the habits of perception and observation, no two individuals would probably describe the same scene or the same object alike. This is particularly the case with young writers. Some, from a natural sluggishness of mind,