

8. THE BOY.

1. **T**HERE'S something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted, careless one,
With his uncheck'd, unbidden joy,
His dread of books and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unrepress'd by sadness,—
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its vëry track,
And felt its very gladness.
2. And yet, it is not in his play,
When every trace of thought is löst,
And not when you would call him gay,
That his bright presence thrills me most,
His shout may ring upon the hill,
His voice be echo'd in the hall,
His mërry laugh like music trill,
And I in sadness hear it all,—
For, like the wrinkles on my brow,
I scarcely notice such things now,—
3. But when, amid the earnest game,
He stops, as if he music heard,
And, heedless of his shouted name
As of the cärol¹ of a bird,
Stands gazing on the empty air,
As if some dream were passing there;—
'Tis then that on his face I look—
His beautiful but thoughtful face—
And, like a löng-forgotten book,
Its sweet familiar meanings trace,—
4. Remembering a thousand things
Which passed me on those golden wings,
Which time has fetter'd now;

¹ Un repress'd', not subdued.—² Cär' ol, a song of joy

Things that came o'er me with a thrill,
And left me silent, sad, and still,
And threw upon my brow
A holier and a gentler cast,
That was too innocent to last.

- 5 'Tis stränge how thoughts upon a child
Will, like a presence, sometimes press,
And when his pulse is beating wild,
And life itself is in excess¹—
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardor straining high—
How in his heart will spring
A feeling whose mysterious² thrall³
Is strönger, sweeter far than all!
And on its silent wing,
How, with the clouds, he'll float away,
As wandering and as löst as they! N. P. WILLIS.

9. PETER OF CORTONA.

A LITTLE shepherd, about twelve years old, one day abandoned⁴ the flock which had been committed to his care, and set öff for Flörence,⁵ where he knew no one but a lad of his own age, almost as poor as himself, and who, like him, had left the village of Cortona,⁶ to become a scullion⁷ in the kitchen of the Cardinal Sachetti. A far nobler object conducted Peter to Florence. He knew that that city contained an academy of fine arts, a school of painting, and the little shepherd was ambitious of being a painter.

2. After searching throughout the city, he stopped at the gate of the Cardinal's palace, and inhaling from a distance the odor of the kitchen, he waited patiently until his lordship was served,

¹ Ex cëss', more than what is necessary; overflowing.—² Mys tē' rious, secret; not easily understood.—³ Thräll, bondage, slavery.—⁴ A bän' doned, forsook.—⁵ Flör' ence, a noted city in Italy, capital of the Grand Duchy of Tuscany.—⁶ Cor tō' na, a town of Tuscany.—⁷ Scüllion, the lowest order of servants.

in order to speak to his friend Thomas. He had to wait a long time; but at last, the much wished-for moment of the interview arrived.

3. "Here you are, Peter; and what are you going to do in Florence?" "I am going to learn painting."

4. "You had much better follow my example, and learn to cook; at all events, you are sure of not having to die of hunger." "You eat, then, as much as you like here?" said Peter.

5. "I believe you," replied the little scullion; "and might give myself a fit of indigestion¹ every day, if I were so disposed." "In that case," replied Peter, "I see we may manage very well. As you have too much, and I have not enough, you can find food, and I shall find appetite, and we shall get on very well together."

6. "Yes, that will do," said Thomas. "Very well, then, let it do at once," resumed Peter; "for as I have not dined, we may as well begin from this very moment the arrangement I had come to propose to you."

7. Thomas made him creep up secretly into the garret where he slept, offered him half his bed, told him to wait awhile, and that he would soon return with some of the remains of the Cardinal's dinner. We need not say whether the repast was a merry one. Thomas had an excellent heart, and Peter an excellent appetite.

8. "Now, then, as you are well lodged, and well fed, the only question is, how are you going to work?" "Like every one else who draws with pencils and paper."

9. "But," urged Thomas, "you have money, then, to buy pencils and paper?" "I! I have no money at all; but I said to myself, as I came along, Thomas, who is a scullion in the Cardinal's kitchen, can not fail to have money; and since he is rich, it is just the same as if I were so."

10. Thomas scratched his ear, and replied that, "so far as a few bones were concerned, there was no want of those in the house; but as to money, he must wait at least three years longer, before he had any right to ask for wages."

¹In digestion, inability to digest food; want of due preparation in the stomach.

11. Peter resigned himself to his fate. The walls of his garret were white; Thomas supplied the young artist with more charcoal than he could use for his sketches, and Peter set vigorously to work to draw on the walls. We know not by what means little Thomas succeeded in procuring a small piece of money; but the child had too good a heart to be wanting in honesty, therefore we must believe that the little scullion had legitimately¹ obtained the half-pistole² which he one day triumphantly brought to his companion.

12. What joy was there, then! The artist could now have pencils and paper. He went out at break of day to study the pictures in the churches, the monuments in the public squares, and the views around the city; and in the evening, with an empty stomach, but with a mind well filled with what he had seen, he furtively³ returned to the garret, where he was always sure to find his dinner ready, and placed by Thomas under the matress, less for the purpose of concealment, than to keep it warm during his friend's absence.

10. PETER OF CORTONA—CONCLUDED.

THE charcoal sketches⁴ soon disappeared under more correct designs, for Peter covered with his best drawings the walls of the narrow cell, in which the friendship of a child had afforded him so generous an asylum.⁵

2. One day, the Cardinal Sachetti, whose palace was undergoing repair, visited, in company with the architect,⁶ the upper stories, to which, perhaps, he had never before ascended, and entered the garret of the little scullion. Peter was absent; but his numerous drawings sufficiently testified the laborious industry of the child who inhabited this retreat.

3. The Cardinal and the architect were struck with the merits of these productions; they at first supposed Thomas to be the

¹Legitimately, honestly; in a lawful manner.—²Pistole, a gold piece of money, worth about three dollars and sixty cents.—³Furtively, secretly.—⁴Sketches, drawings.—⁵Asylum, a safe retreat or abode.—⁶Architect (ark'itekt), one who directs in building houses and other structures

author of them, and the prēl'ate¹ summoned him into Lis presence, in order to compliment him on his talents. When poor Thomas became aware that the Cardinal had visited his garret, and that he had seen what he called the smudges of his friend Peter, he believed himself lōst.

4. "You are no lōnger one of my scullions," said the Cardinal to him, little thinking that the child had a fellow-lodger. Thomas, mistaking the purport² of his words, imagined that his master dismissed him from his kitchen: then the poor little fellow, seeing that his own existence, as well as that of his friend, was much compromised³ by this act of severe justice, threw himself at his master's feet, saying:

5. "Oh, signore! what will become of my poor friend Peter, if you send him away?" The Cardinal demanded an explanation of these words, which he could not understand, and thus discovered that the drawings were the work of a little shepherd, whom Thomas had secretly maintained for two years.

6. "When he returns at night, you will bring him to me," said the Cardinal, laughing at the mistake, and generously forgiving Thomas. That evening, the artist did not make his appearance at the palace of the Cardinal; two days, a week, a fortnight, elapsed, and still nothing was heard of Peter of Cortona.

7. At length, the Cardinal, who was greatly in'terested in the fate of the young artist, succeeded in discovering that, for a fortnight, the charitable monks of an isolated⁴ convent had received and detained with them a young draughtsman,⁵ from fourteen to fifteen years of age, who had come to ask permission to copy a picture of Raphael's⁶ which was in the chapel of the cloister. This child was Peter. He was taken back to the palace of the Cardinal, who, after receiving him with kindness, placed him in the school of one of the best painters in Rome.

8. Fifty years later, there were two old men, living togēther

¹Prēl'ate, a clergyman of high rank. A cardinal is a prelate of the highest order in the Roman Church, next in rank to the Pope.—²Purport, meaning.—³Com'promised, put in danger. ⁴Is'olated, separated from others; lonely.—⁵Draughtsman (drafts'man), painter, sketcher.—⁶Raphael was a very eminent painter, whose works are the admiration of the world. He lived between the years 1483 and 1520

like brothers, in one of the handsomest private dwellings of Flōrence. It was said of the one—"He is the greatest painter of our day;" of the other—"He will be the model of friends in all future ages."

11. THE LAST LEAF.

- 1 I SAW him once before,
As he pass'd by the door,
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.
2. They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.
3. But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,¹
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gōne."
4. The mōssy marbles² rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,³
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved⁴ for many a year
On the tomb.
5. My grandmamma has said,—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Lōng ago,—

Wan (wōn), pale and sickly.—²Mar'bles, tombstones.—³Blōss youth.—⁴Cārved, sculptured; cut out.

That he had a Roman¹ nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

6. But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

7. I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-corner'd hat,
And the breeches,² and all that,
Are so queer!

8. And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,—
Let them smile as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

O. W. HOLMES.

12. AMUSING ANECDOTE.

A YOUNG Parisian,³ going to Amsterdam,⁴ was attracted by the remarkable beauty of a house situated near the canal. He addressed a Dutchman in French, who stood near him in the vessel, with, "Pray, sir, may I ask who that house belongs to?" The Hollander answered him in his own language, "*Ik kan niet verstaan*" [I do not understand you].

2. The Parisian, not doubting that he understood, took the

¹Roman nose, a nose that is slightly curved like the beak of an eagle, and hence sometimes called an *aquiline* nose.—²Breeches (brich-
ez).—³Paris'ean, an inhabitant of the city of Paris in France; a Frenchman.—⁴Am' ster dam, an important city, the capital of the king-
dom and province of Holland

Dutchman's answer for the name of the proprietor.¹ "Oh, oh," said he, "it belongs to Mr. Kaniferstane. Well, I am sure he must be very agreeably situated; the house is most charming, and the garden appears delicious. I don't know that ever I saw a better. A friend of mine has one much like it, near the river at Chäise;² but I certainly give this the preference." He added many other observations of the same kind, to which the Dutchman, not understanding them, made no reply.

3. When he arrived at Amsterdam, he saw a most beautiful woman on the quays,³ walking arm in arm with a gentleman. He asked a person that passed him who that charming lady was; but the man, not understanding French, replied "*Ik kan niet verstaan*." "What, sir," replied our traveler, "is that Mr. Kaniferstane's wife, whose house is near the canal? Indeed, this gentleman's lot is enviable; to possess such a noble house, and so lovely a companion."

4. The next day, when he was walking out, he saw some trumpeters playing at a gentleman's door, who had secured the largest prize in the Dutch lottery. Our Parisian, wishing to be informed of the gentleman's name, he was still answered, "*Ik kan niet verstaan*." "Oh," said he, "this is too great an accession⁴ of good fortune! Mr. Kaniferstane, proprietor of such a fine house, husband of such a beautiful woman, and to get the largest prize in the lottery! It must be allowed that there are some fortunate men in the world."

5. About a week after this, our traveler, walking about, saw a very superb burying. He asked whose it was. "*Ik kan niet verstaan*," replied the person of whom he asked the question. "Ah!" exclaimed he; "poor Mr. Kaniferstane, who had such a noble house, such an angelic wife, and the largest prize in the lottery. He must have quitted this world with great regret; but I thought his happiness was too complete⁵ to be of long duration."⁶ He then went home, reflecting all the way on the instability⁷ of human affairs.

Pro pri' e tor, owner.—²Chaise (Sház), a small town in France.—
³Quays (kéz), wharfs; moles or piers used for the purpose of loading or
unloading vessels.—⁴Ac cès' sion, addition.—⁵Com plète', wanting noth-
ing; full.—⁶Du rà' tion, remaining in a particular state; continuance
—⁷In sta bil' i ty, changeableness.

13. LIFE.

1. **T**HE days of Infancy are all a dream,
How fair, but oh! how short they seem—
'Tis Life's sweet opening SPRING!
2. The days of Youth advance:
The bounding limb, the ardent glance.
The kindling soul they bring—
It is Life's burning SUMMER time.
3. Manhood—matured¹ with wisdom's fruit,
Reward of Learning's deep pursuit—
Succeeds, as AUTUMN follows Summer's prime.
4. And that, and that, alas! goes by;
And what ensues?² The languid³ eye,
The failing frame, the soul o'ercast;
'Tis WINTER's sickening, withering blast,
Life's blessèd season—for it is the last.

ROBERT SOUTHBY.

14. THE TWO BOYS.

1. **T**HERE were two boys, who were bred up together,
Shared the same bed, and fed at the same board.
Each tried the other's sport, from their first chase,
Young hunters of the butterfly and bee,
To when they followed the fleet hare, and tried
The swiftness of the bird.
2. They lay beside
The silver trout stream, watching as the sun
Play'd on the bubbles: shared each in the store
Of either's garden; and together read
Of him, the master of the desert isle,
Till a low hut, a gun and a canoe,
Bounded their wishes.
3. Or if ever came
A thought of future days, 'twas but to say

¹ Matured, ripened; perfected in growth or years.—² Ensues' follows.—³ Languid (lång' gwid), weak; dull; drooping.

- That they would share each other's lot, and do
Wonders, no doubt. But this was vain; they parted
With promises of long remembrance, words
Whose kindness was the heart's, and those warm tears,
Hidden like shame by the young eyes that shed them,
But which are thought upon in after years
As what we would give worlds to shed once more.
4. They met again,—but different from themselves,—
At least, what each remember'd of themselves:
The one proud as a soldier of his rank,
And of his many battles; and the other
Proud of his Indian' wealth, and of the skill
And toil which gather'd it; each with a brow
And heart alike darken'd by years and care.
 5. They met with cold words and yet colder looks;
Each was changed in himself, and yet each thought
The other only changed, himself the same.
And coldness bred dislike; and rivalry²
Came like the pestilence³ o'er some sweet thoughts
That linger'd yet, healthy and beautiful,
Amid dark and unkindly ones. And they,
Whose boyhood had not known one jarring word,
Were strangers in their age: if their eyes met,
'Twas but to look contempt, and when they spoke,
Their speech was wormwood!⁴—and this, this is life.

L. ELIZABETH MACLEAN

15. WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

1. **W**E were boys together,
And never can forget
The school-house on the heather,⁵
In childhood where we met—

¹ Indian (Ind' yan), relating to India.—² Ri' val ry, state of being rivals; opposed to each other.—³ Pës' ti lence, the plague; an infectious disease, or one that is catching.—⁴ Wormwood (wërm' wüd), a bitter herb; bitterness.—⁵ Hëath' er, heath; a place overgrown with shrubs.

The humble home, to memory dear;
Its sörröws and its joys;
Where woke the transient¹ smile or tear,
When you and I were boys.

2. We were youths togëther,
And castles² built in air;
Your heart was like a feather,
And mine weighed down with care.
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alloys³
Foreshadow'd⁴ in the primrose time,
When you and I were boys.

3. We're old men togëther;
The friends we loved of yöre,⁵
With leaves of autumn weather,
Are göne forever more.
How blest to age the impulse⁶ given—
The hope time ne'er destroys—
Which led our thoughts from earth⁷ to heaven,
When you and I were boys!

GEORGE P. MORRIS.

16. ON THE WASTE OF LIFE.

AMERGUS was a gentleman of good estate: he was bred to no business, and could not contrive how to waste his hours agreeably; he had no relish for any of the proper works of life, nor any taste for the improvement of the mind; he spent generally ten hours of the four-and-twenty in bed; he dozed away two or three more on his couch; and as many more were dissolved⁸ in good liquor every evening, if he met with company of his own humor. Thus he made a shift to wear öff ten years of his life since the paternal⁹ estate fell into his hands.

¹Transient (trän'shent), passing away; fleeting; hasty.—²Castles (käs'slz), houses fortified for defense against enemies.—³Alloys', evils mixed with good; base metals mixed with precious ones.—⁴Fore sbäd' öwed, painted or drawn beforehand.—⁵Yöre, old time.—⁶Im' pulse, force quickly applied.—⁷Earth (ërh).—⁸Dissolved (diz zölyd'), worn away.—⁹Pa tër' nal, belonging to or derived from one's father.

2. One evening, as he was musing alone, his thoughts happened to take a most unusual turn, for they cast a glance backward, and he began to reflect on his manner of life. He bethought himself what a number of living beings had been made a sacrifice to support his carcass,¹ and how much corn and wine had been mingled with these öfferings; and he set himself to compute what he had devoured since he came to the age of man.

3. "About a dozen feathered creatures, small and great, have, one week with another," said he, "given up their lives to prolong mine, which, in ten years, amounts to at least six thousand. Fifty sheep have been sacrificed in a year, with half a hecatomb² of black-cattle,³ that I might have the choicest parts öffered weekly upon my table. Thus a thousand beasts, out of the flock and the herd, have been slain in ten years' time to feed me, besides what the förest has supplied me with.

4. "Many hundreds of fishes have, in all their variety, been robbed of life for my repast,⁴ and of the smaller fry, some thousands. A mäasure of corn would hardly suffice⁵ me fine flour enough for a month's provision, and this arises to above six score bushels; and many hogsheds of wine and other liquors have passed through this body of mine—this wretched strainer of meat and drink! And what have I done all this time for Göd and man? What a vast profusion⁶ of good things wasted upon a useless life and a worthless liver!

5. "There is not the meanest creature among all those which I have devoured, but hath answered the end of its creation better than I. It was made to support human nature, and it has done so. Every crab and oyster I have eat, and every grain of corn I have devoured, hath filled up its place in the rank of beings with more propriety and honor than I have done. Oh, shameful waste of life and time!"

6. In short, he carried on his möral reflections with so just and severe a förcé of reason, as constrained⁷ him to change his whole course of life; to break öff his follies at once, and to apply himself to gain some useful knowledge, when he was

¹Cär' cass, body.—²Hëc' a tomb, the sacrifice of a hundred.—³Black'-cattle, cows, bulls, and oxen, as distinguished from sheep and goats, which are called small cattle.—⁴Re päst', meat; food.—⁵Suffice (suf flze'), satisfy.—⁶Pro fü' sion, a large quantre, —⁷Con strained', forced.

more than thirty years of age. He lived many following years, with the character of a worthy man and an excellent Christian; he died with a peaceful conscience, and the tears of his country were dropped upon his tomb.

7. The world, that knew the whole series¹ of his life, were amazed at the mighty change. They beheld him as a wonder of reformation, while he himself confessed and adored the Divine power and mercy which had transformed him from a brute to a man. But this was a single instance, and we may almost venture to write *miracle*² upon it. Are there not numbers, in this degenerate³ age, whose lives thus run to utter waste, without the least tendency⁴ to usefulness?

DR. FRANKLIN.

17. WHO WAS THE GENTLEMAN?

"PLEASE, sir, don't push so." It was in endeavoring to penetrate⁵ the dense⁶ crowd that nearly filled the entrance, and blocked up the doorway, after one of our popular lectures, that this exclamation met my attention. It proceeded from a little girl of not more than ten years, who, hemmed by the wall on one side, and the crowd on the other, was vainly endeavoring to extricate⁷ herself.

2. The person addressed paid no attention to the entreaty⁸ of the little one, but pushed on toward the door. "Look here, sir," said a man whose coarse apparel,⁹ sturdy frame, and toil-embrowned hands, contrasted¹⁰ strongly with the delicately gloved fingers, curling locks, and expensive broadcloth of the former. "Look here, sir, you're jamming that little girl's bonnet all to smash with those elbows of yours."

3. "Can't help that," gruffly replied the individual addressed; "I look to No. One." "You take care of No. One, do you? Well, that's all fair; so do I," replied the honest countryman;

¹ Sêries, course.—² Mir'acle, something wonderful; beyond the course of nature.—³ De gên'erâte, degraded; corrupt.—⁴ Tênd'en cy, course toward any thing; desire.—⁵ Pên'e trâte, pass through.—⁶ Dense, thick.—⁷ Ex'tri câte, set free.—⁸ En trêat'y, request.—⁹ Ap pâr'el, dress.—¹⁰ Contrast'ed, brought together to show the difference between two things.

and with these words, he took the little girl in his arms, and placing his broad shoulders against the slight form of the latter, he pushed him through the crowd, down the steps, landing him, with somewhat more haste than dignity, in the street below.

4. The young gentleman picked himself up, but rather intimidated¹ by the stout fist of the stranger, and rather abashed² by the laughter of the crowd, concluded it was about time for him to go home. In polite society the former would be courted and admired, and the latter overlooked and despised. "Who was the gentleman?"

5. On a raw and blustering day last winter, a young girl, with a basket³ on her arm, entered one of our stores. After making a few purchases she turned to leave. Two gentlemen stood in the doorway, whose appearance indicated⁴ that they thought themselves something; whose soft sleek coats and delicate hands were apparently⁵ of about the same quality as their brain.

6. As they made not the slightest movement as she approached, the young girl hesitated a moment, but seeing no other way, she politely requested them to stand aside. They lazily moved a few inches, allowing her barely room to pass, giving her, as she did so, a broad stare, that brought the color to her cheek, and the fire to her eye. In stepping upon the icy pavement her foot slipped, and in endeavoring to save herself, her basket fell, and the wind scattered its contents in every direction.

7. At this, the two gentlemen burst into a loud laugh, and seemed to consider it as vastly amusing. "Let me assist you," exclaimed a pleasant voice; and a lad about sixteen, whose hands showed that they were accustomed to labor, and whose coarse but well-patched coat indicated that he was the child of poverty, sprang forward, and, gathering up the articles, presented the basket with a bow and a smile that would have graced a drawing-room. "Who was the gentleman?"

8. Boys, you are all ambitious to become gentlemen. It is all very natural, but remember, that neither your own nor your parents' position in life, your tailor, your boot-black, or your

¹ In tîm'i dât ed, made afraid.—² A bâshed', put to shame.—³ Bâsk'et —⁴ In' di cât ed, showed.—⁵ Ap pâr'ent ly, in appearance.

barber, can make you one. The true gentleman is the same everywhere; not only at the social party or ball, but in the noisy mill, the busy shop, the crowded assembly, at home or in the street; never oppressing the weak or ridiculing the unfortunate; respectful and attentive to his superiors;² pleasant and affable³ to his equals; careful and tender of the feelings of those whom he may consider beneath him.

18. A MODERN CINCINNATUS.⁴

THOSE who have read of the old Roman who left his plow, and ruled the nation, returning again to his humble farm, must be proud to think how many instances of the same kind our own history furnishes. Washington was a Cincinnatus, and here is an account of another.

2. At the session of the South Carolina Legislature, in 1814, the members were perplexed for a suitable man to elect governor. The difficulty did not arise from any scarcity of candidates,⁵ for then, as now, men were ambitious, but from a want of the right sort of man. The matter became worse as the time wore on, and the election of some objectionable candidate seemed inevitable.⁶

3. One day, however, as several of them were conversing upon the matter, Judge O'Neill, then a young man, and present by invitation, said, "Gentlemen, why not elect General David R. Williams?" "David R. Williams! he's our man—he's the man!" they all exclaimed, as they began to scatter to tell the news. The day of election came on, and General Williams was elected by a large vote.

4. A messenger was at once dispatched⁷ with a carefully prepared letter to inform the general of his election, requesting his acceptance, and hoping he would name the day on which he

Social (sò'shal), made up of companions; relating to society.—² Superiors, those above us.—³ Affable, talking pleasantly; easy to converse with.—⁴ Cincinnatus, a celebrated Roman who was called from the plow to direct the affairs of his country and command her armies.—⁵ Candidates, persons who seek or are proposed for any office.—⁶ Inevitable, that can not be avoided.—⁷ Dispatched, sent.

would take the oath of office. After a long ride, the messenger stopped at the general's residence, in Marlboro' district, we believe, and inquired if he was in. He was told that Mr. Williams was over at his plantation. The gentleman said he would ride over, as he had a note to deliver to him as soon as possible.

5. When about half way, he met a fine-looking man, dressed in plain homespun, and driving a team of mules. "Am I on the road to the plantation of General Williams?" asked the messenger. "Yes, sir; it is about a mile further on," was the reply. "Is the general at home?" "No, sir." "Where is he?" "I am General Williams." "You General David R. Williams?" "I am the man." "Don't deceive me. I have an important letter for Gen. Williams. If that is your name," said the doubting messenger, "here it is," handing the letter to the general.

6. Mr. Williams opened the letter, and found, to his utter astonishment, that, without his knowledge or consent, he had been elected governor of South Carolina. He took the messenger home, and entertained him for the night, preparing a note in the mean time accepting the appointment, and naming a time on which he would be in Columbia. The messenger returned. On the appointed day, a few minutes before twelve, a man, dressed in homespun, and on horseback, rode into town; hitching his animal to a tree, he made his way to the Capitol,¹ where he found a brilliant concourse of people.

7. But few knew him personally; still there was something commanding about him. He took his seat in a vacant chair; and when the clock in front of the Speaker had struck the hour of twelve, the general rose, and delivered the most masterly speech that had ever been delivered there. The farmer-statesman entirely electrified² the assembly. He made an excellent governor. This thing conveys a beautiful idea: here was a farmer elected; he accepted, and from the plow went to the governor's office to preside,³ in a stormy crisis,⁴ over the destiny of a sovereign⁵ State. Long live his memory!

Capitol, the building where the legislature meet.—² Electrified, suddenly excited; struck with great surprise.—³ Preside, to govern: to sit above others.—⁴ Crisis, time when any thing is at its height, and ripe for a change.—⁵ Destiny, fate; fortune.—⁶ Sovereign (sùv'eriu), supreme; obeying no other authority.

19. CLEAR THE WAY.

1. **M**EN of thought! be up, and stirring night and day:
 Sow the seed—withdraw the curtain—CLEAR THE WAY!
 Men of action, aid and cheer them, as ye may!
 There's a fount about to stream,
 There's a light about to beam,
 There's a warmth about to glow,
 There's a flower about to blow;
 There's a midnight blackness changing into gray.
 Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY!
2. Once the welcome light has broken, who shall say
 What the unimagined glories of the day?
 What the evil that shall perish in its ray?
 Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
 Aid it, hopes of honest men;
 Aid it, paper; aid it, type;
 Aid it, for the hour is ripe,
 And our earnest must not slacken into play.
 Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY!
3. Lo! a cloud's about to vanish from the day;
 And a brazen wrong to crumble into clay.
 Lo! the right's about to conquer: CLEAR THE WAY!
 With the right shall many more
 Enter smiling at the door;
 With the giant wrong shall fall
 Many others, great and small,
 That for ages long have held us for their prey.
 Men of thought and men of action, CLEAR THE WAY!
- CHARLES MACKAY.

20. CONVERSATION.

NEVER speak any thing for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offense against humanity itself; for, where there is no

regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no color of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as other people can not believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

2. As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate,¹ nor speak any thing positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion. Let your words be few, especially when your superiors or strangers are present, lest you betray your own weakness, and rob yourselves of the opportunity which you might otherwise have had, to gain knowledge, wisdom, and experience, by hearing those whom you silence by your impertinent² talking.

3. Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your oppo'nent³ with reason, not with noise. Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer. Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant,⁴ pertinent,⁵ and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak; or they speak, and then think.

4. Some men excel in husbandry,⁶ some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation, learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies; put him upon talking on that subject, observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing. By this means, you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with; and at an easy rate acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

¹ Equiv'ocate, to use expressions or words which may be understood in two ways, so that a lie is actually told under the appearance of truth.—² Impertinent, not relating to the subject; rude; intrusive; meddling with what does not belong to us.—³ Oppo'nent, one with whom we differ.—⁴ Significant, full of meaning.—⁵ Pertinent, appropriate to the case; fitted to the end.—⁶ Husbandry, the business of cultivating the earth, raising cattle, and the management of the dairy.